

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF
THOMAS DEKKER NOW
FIRST COLLECTED WITH
ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND
A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE SECOND



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THE
Honest Whore,

With,
The Humours of the Patient Man,
and the Longing Wife.



Tho : Dekker.



LONDON
Printed by V. S. for John Hodgets, and are to
be folde at his shop in Paules
church-yard. 1604.

[Of the first part of *The Honest Whore* there are other editions bearing date 1605, 1615, 1616, and 1635. That of 1605 is the most correct, and has formed the basis of the present text. Of the second part no earlier impression than that of 1630 is known to exist.]



THE HONEST WHORE.

ACTVS PRIMVS. SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter at one doore a Funerall, a Coronet lying on the Hearse, Scutchins and Garlands hanging on the fides, attended by Gasparo Trebatzi, Duke of Millan, Castruchio, Sinezi, Pioratto Fluello, and others at another doore. Enter Hipolito in discontented appearance : Matheo a Gentleman his friend, labouring to hold him backe.

Duke.

BEhold, yon Commet shewes his head againe
Twice hath he thus at crosse-turnes throwne
on us
Prodigious lookes : Twice hath he troubled
The waters of our eyes. See, hee's turn'd wilde ;
Go on in Gods name.

All. On afore there ho.

Duke. Kinsmen and friends, take from your manly
fides

Your weapons to keepe backe the desperate boy
From doing violence to the innocent dead.

Hipolito. I pry thee deare *Matheo*.

Matheo. Come y'are mad.

Hip. I do arrest thee murderer : set downe.
Villaines set downe that sorrow, 'tis all mine.

Duke. I do beseech you all, for my bloods sake
Send hence your milder spirits, and let wrath
Joyne in confederacy with your weapons points ;
If he proceed to vex us, let your swords
Seeke out his bowels : funerall grieve loathes words.

All. Set on.

Hip. Set downe the body.

Mat. O my Lord !

Y'are wrong : i'th open street ? you see shee's dead.

Hip. I know she is not dead.

Duke. Franticke yong man,
Wilt thou beleeeve these gentlemen ? pray speake :
Thou dost abuse my child, and mockst the teares
That here are shed for her : If to behold
Those roses withered, that set out her cheekes :
That paire of starres that gave her body light,
Darkned and dim for ever : All those rivers
That fed her veines with warm and crimfon streames
Frozen and dried up : if these be signes of death,
Then is she dead. Thou unreligious youth,
Art not asham'd to emptie all these eyes
Of funerall teares (a debt due to the dead)
As mirth is to the living : Sham'st thou not
To have them stare on thee ? hark, thou art curst
Even to thy face, by those that scarce can speake.

Hip. My Lord.

Duke. What wouldst thou have ? is she not dead ?

Hip. Oh, you ha kild her by your cruelty.

Du. Admit I had, thou kill'st her now againe ;
And art more savage then a barbarous Moore.

Hip. Let me but kisse her pale and bloodlesse lip.

Duke. O fie, fie, fie.

Hip. Or if not touch her, let me look on her.

Mat. As you regard your honour.

Hip. Honour ! smoake.

Mat. Or if you lov'd her living, spare her now.

Duke. I, well done sir, you play the gentleman :

Steale hence : 'tis nobly done : away : Ile joyne
My force to yours. to stop this violent torment :

Passé on. *Exeunt with Funerall.*

Hip. *Mathæo* thou dost wound me more.

Mat. I give you physick noble friend, not wounds.

Duke. O well said, well done, a true gentleman :

Alack, I know the sea of lovers rage

Comes rushing with so strong a tide : it beates

And beares downe all respects of life, of honour,

Of friends, of foes, forget her gallant youth.

Hip. Forget her ?

Duke. Na, na, be but patient :

For why deaths hand hath fued a strict divorce

Twixt her and thee : what's beautie but a coarfe ?

What but faire sand-dust are earths purest formes :

Queenes bodies are but trunks to put in wormes.

Mathæo. Speake no more sentences, my good
Lord, but slip hence ; you see they are but fits, Ile
rule him I warrant ye. I, so, tread gingerly, your
Grace is heere somewhat too long already. S'blood
the jest were now, if having tane some knockes o'th
pate already, he should get loose againe, and like a
mad Oxe, tosse my new blacke cloakes into the
kennell. I must humour his Lordship : my Lord
Hipolito, is it in your stomacke to goe to dinner ?

Hipolito. Where is the body ?

Mathæo. The body, as the Duke spake very wisely,
is gone to be worm'd.

Hipolito. I cannot rest I'll meet it at next turne,
I'll see how my love looks.

Mathæo holds him in's armes.

Mathæo. How your love looks ! worfe then a
scare-crow, wrastle not with me : the great fellow gives
the fall for a ducat.

Hipolito. I shall forget my selfe.

Mathæo. Pray do so, leave your selfe behind your
selfe, and go whither you will. S'foot, do you long to
have base rogues that maintaine a saint *Anthonies* fire
in their noses (by nothing but two peny Ale) make

ballads of you ? if the Duke had but so much mettle in him, as is in a coblers awle, he would ha beene a vext thing : he and his traine had blowne you up, but that their powder haz taken the wet of cowards : you'le bleed three pottles of Aligant, by this light, if you follow 'em, and then we shall have a hole made in a wrong place, to have Surgeons roll thee up like a babie in swadling clouts.

Hipolito. What day is to day, *Mathæo* ?

Mathæo. Yea mary, this is an easie question : why to day is. let me see, Thurfeday.

Hipolito. Oh, Thurfeday.

Mathæo. Heere's a coile for a dead commodity, sfoote women when they are alive are but dead commodities, for you shall have one woman lie upon many mens hands.

Hipolito. She died on monday then.

Mathæo. And that's the most villanous day of all the week to die in : and she was well, and eat a messe of water-grewel on monday morning.

Hip. I, it cannot be,
Such a bright taper should burne out so soone.

Mat. O yes my Lord, so soone : why I ha knowne them, that at dinner have beene as well, and had so much health, that they were glad to pledge it, yet before three a clock have beene found dead drunke.

Hip. On thurfeday buried ! and on monday died,
Quick haste birladie : fure her winding sheete
Was laid out fore her body, and the wormes
That now must feast with her, were even bespoken,
And solemnly invited like strange guests.

Mat. Strange feeders they are indeed my Lord,
and like your Jeaster or yong Courtier, will enter upon
any mans trencher without bidding.

Hip. Curst be that day for ever that rob'd her
Of breath, and me of blisse, henceforth let it stand
Within the Wizards booke (the kalendar)
Markt with a marginall finger, to be chosen
By theeves, by villaines, and black murderers,

As the best day for them to labour in.
 If henceforth this adulterous bawdy world
 Be got with child with treason, sacrilege,
 Atheisme, rapes, treacherous friendship, perjurie,
 Slaunder, (the beggars sinne) lies, (sinne of fooles)
 Or any other damn'd impieties,
 On *Monday* let 'em be delivered :
 I sweare to thee *Mathew*, by my soule,
 Hereafter weekly on that day I'll glew
 Mine eie-lids downe, because they shall not gaze
 On any female cheekes. And being lockt up
 In my close chamber, there I'll meditate
 On nothing but my *Infalices* end,
 Or on a dead mans scull draw out mine owne.

Mat. You'll doe all these good workes now every
 monday, because it is so bad : but I hope upon tuesday
 morning I shall take you with a wench.

Hip. If ever whilst fraile blood through my veins
 runne,
 On womans beames I throw affection,
 Save her that's dead : or that I loosely flie
 To th' shore of any other wafting eie,
 Let me not prosper heaven. I will be true,
 Even to her dust and ashes : could her tombe
 Stand whilst I liv'd, so long that it might rot,
 That should fall downe, but she be ne're forgot.

Mat. If you have this strange monster, Honestie,
 in your belly, why so Jig-makers and Chroniclers shall
 picke something out of you : but and I smell not you
 and a bawdy house out within these ten daies, let my
 nose be as big as an English bag-pudding : Ile follow
 your Lordship though it be to the place aforementioned.

Exeunt.

*Enter Fufligo in some fantastick Sea-suite at one
 doore, a Porter meets him at another.*

Fufl. How now Porter, will she come ?

Porter. If I may trust a woman sir, she will come.

Fust. There's for thy paines, godamercy, if ever I stand in need of a wench that will come with a wet finger, Porter, thou shalt earne my money before anie *Clarissimo* in Millane; yet so god sa me thee's mine owne sister body and soule, as I am a christian Gentleman; farewell, Ile ponder till thee come: thou hast beene no bawd in fetching this woman, I assure thee.

Porter. No matter if I had fir, better men than Porters are bawdes.

Fust. O God fir, many that have borne offices. But Porter art fure thou wentst into a true house?

Porter. I thinke so, for I met with no thieves.

Fust. Nay, but art fure it was my sister *Viola*.

Porter. I am fure by all superscriptions it was the party you ciphred.

Fust. Not very tall.

Porter. Nor very low, a midling woman.

Fust. 'Twas she 'faith, 'twas she, a pretty plump cheek like mine.

Porter. At a blush, a little very much like you.

Fust. Gods so, I would not for a duckat she had kickt up her heeles, for I ha spent an abomination this voyage, marie I did it amongst failers and gentlemen: there's a little modicum more, porter, for making thee stay, farewell honest porter.

Porter. I am in your debt sir, God preserve you.

Exit.

Enter Viola.

Fu. Not so neither, good porter; gods lid, yonder she coms. Sister *Viola*, I am glad to see you stirring: it's newes to have me here, ist not sister?

Viola. Yes trust me; I wondred who should be so bold to send for me: you are welcome to *Millan* brother.

Fust. Troth sister I heard you were married to a very rich chuffe; and I was very sorry for it, that I had no better clothes, and that made me send: for you

know we Millaners love to strut vpon Spanish leather.
And how does all our friends?

Viola. Very well; you ha travelled enough now,
I trow, to fowe your wilde oates.

Fust. A pox on em; wilde oates, I ha not an oate
to throw at a horfe; troth sifter I ha fowde my oates,
and reapt 200. duckats if I had 'em here, marry I must
entreat you to lend me some thirty or forty till the
ship come, by this hand Ile discharge at my day, by
this hand.

Viola. These are your old oathes.

Fust. Why sifter do you thinke Ile forswear my
hand?

Viola. Well, well you shall have them: put your
felfe into better fashon, becaufe I must employ you
in a serious matter.

Fust. Ile sweate like a horfe if I like the matter.

Viola. You ha cast off all your old swaggering
humours.

Fust. I had not faild a league in that great fish-
pond (the sea) but I cast up my very gall.

Viola. I am the more sorry, for I must employ a
true swaggerer.

Fust. Nay by this yron sifter, they shall find I
am powder and touch-boxe, if they put fire once
into me.

Viola. Then lend me your eares.

Fust. Mine eares are yours deare sifter.

Viola. I am married to a man that haz wealth
enough, and wit enough.

Fust. A Linnen Draper I was told sifter.

Viola. Very true, a grave Citizen, I want nothing
that a wife can wish from a husband: but heere's the
spite, hee haz not all things belonging to a man. ✓

Fust. Gods my life, hee's a very mandrake, or elfe
(God blesse us) one a thefe whiblins, and that's worse,
and then all the children that he gets lawfully of your
body sifter, are bastards by a statute.

Vio. O you runne over me too fast brother; I have

heard it often said, that he who cannot be angry, is no man. I am sure my husband is a man in print, for all things else, save only in this, no tempest can move him.

Fust. Slid, would he had beene at sea with us, he should ha beene mov'd, and mov'd agen, for Ile be sworne la, our drunken ship reel'd like a Dutchman.

Viola. No losse of goods can increase in him a wrinkle, no crabbed language make his countenance fowre, the stubburnnes of no servant shake him, he haz no more gall in him than a Dove, no more sting than an Ant : Musitian will he never be, (yet I finde much musicke in him) but he loues no frets, and is so free from anger that many times I am ready to bite off my tongue, because it wants that vertue which all womens tongues have (to anger their husbands) Brother mine can by no thunder, turne him into a sharpnesse.

Fust. Belike his blood, sister, is well brewd then.

Viola. I protest to thee, *Fustigo*, I love him most affectionately, but I know not ——— I ha such a tickling within mee ——— such a strange longing ; nay, verily I doe long.

Fustigo. Then y'are with child sister, by all signes and tokens ; nay, I am partly a Physitian, and partly something else. I ha read *Albertus Magnus*, and *Aristotles* Emblemes.

Viola. Y'are wide ath bow hand still brother : my longings are not wanton, but wayward : I long to have my patient husband eate up a whole Porcupine, to the intent, the bristling quills may sticke about his lips like a flemish mustacho, and be shot at me : I shall be leaner than the new Moone, unlesse I can make him horne mad.

Fust. Sfoote halfe a quarter of an houre does that : make him a cuckold.

Viola. Puh, he would count such a cut no unkindnesse.

Fust. The honestest Citizen he ; then make him drunk and cut off his beard.

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Viola. Fie, fie, idle, idle, hee's no Frenchman, to fret at the losse of a little scalde haire. No brother, thus it shall bee, you must be secret.

Fu. As your Mid-wife I protest sister, or a Barber-surgeon.

Viola. Repaire to the *Tortoys* here in *S. Christophers* streete, I will send you mony, turne your selfe into a brave man: instead of the armes of your mistresse, let your sword and your military scarfe hang about your necke.

Fufl. I must have a great Horfe-mans French feather too sister.

Viola. O, by any means, to shew your light head, else your hat will sit like a coxcombe: to be brieft, you must be in all points a most terrible wide-mouth'd swaggerer.

Fufl. Nay, for swaggering points let me alone.

Viola. Resort then to our shop, and (in my husbands prefence) kisse me, snatch rings, jewels, or any thing, so you give it backe agen brother in secret.

Fufl. By this hand sister.

Viola. Sweare as if you came but new from knighting.

Fufl. Nay, Ile sweare after 400. a yeare.

Viola. Swagger worse then a Lievetenant among fresh-water souldiers, call me your love, your ingie, your cosen, or so; but sister at no hand.

Fufl. No, no, it shall be cozen, or rather coz, that's the gulling word betweene the Cittizens wives and their mad-caps, that man'em to the garden; to call you one a mine Aunts, sister, were as good as call you arrant whore; no, no, let me alone to cozen you rarely.

Viola. H'az heard I have a brother, but never saw him, therefore put on a good face.

Fufl. The best in *Millan* I warrant.

Viola. Take up wares, but pay nothing, rife my bosome, my pocket, my purse, the boxes for mony to dice withall; but brother, you must give all backe agen in secret.

Fustigo. By this welken that heere roares I will,
or else let me never know what a secret is : why
sister do you thinke Ile cunny-catch you, when you
are my cozen ? Gods my life, then I were a starke
✓ Asse, if I fret not his guts, beg me for a foole.

Viola. Be circumspect, and do so then, farewell.

Fust. The *Tortoys* sister ! Ile stay there, forty
duckats. *Exit.*

Viola. Thither Ile send : this law can none deny,
Women must have their longings, or they die. *Exit.*

Gasparo the Duke, Doctor Benedickt, two servants.

Duke. Give charge that none do enter, lock the
doores ;

And fellowes, what your eyes and eares receive,
Upon your lives trust not the gadding aire ||
To carry the least part of it : the glasse, the houre-
glasse.

Doctor. Here my Lord.

Duke. Ah, 'tis neere spent.

But *Doctor Benedickt* does your Art speake truth ?
Art sure the soporiferous streame will ebbe,
— And leave the Cristall banks of her white body
(Pure as they were at first) just at the houre ?

Doctor. Just at the houre my Lord.

Duke. Uncurtaine her :
Softly, see *Doctor* what a coldish heate
Spreads over all her body.

Doctor. Now it workes :
— The vitall spirits that by a sleepe charme
Were bound up fast, and threw an icie rust
On her exterior parts, now gin to breake ;
Trouble her not my Lord.

Duke. Some stooles : you cal'd
For musick, did you not ? Oh ho, it speakes,
It speakes, watch firs her waking, note those sands.
Doctor sit downe : A Dukedome that should wey
Mine owne downe twice, being put into one scale,
And that fond desperate boy *Hipolito*,

Making the weight up, should not (at my hands)
 Buy her i'th tother, were her state more light
 Than hers, who makes a dowry up with almes.
 Doctor Ile starve her on the Appenine
 Ere he shall marry her : I must confesse,
Hipolito is nobly borne, a man,
 Did not mine enemies blood boile in his veines,
 Whom I would court to be my son-in-law ?
 But Princes whose high spleenes for empery swell,
 Are not with easie Art made parallel.

2 *Ser.* She wakes my Lord.

Duke. Look Doctor *Benedict*,
 I charge you on your lives maintaine for truth,
 What ere the Doctor or my selfe averre,
 For you shall beare her hence to *Bergamo*.

Inf. Oh God, what fearefull dreames ?

Doctor. Lady.

Inf. Ha.

Duke. Girle.

Why *Infelica*, how ist now, ha, speake ?

Inf. I'me well, what makes this Doctor here ? I'me well.

Duke. Thou wert not so even now, sicknes pale hand
 Laid hold on thee even in the midst of feasting ;
 And when a cup crown'd with thy lovers health
 Had toucht thy lips, a fencible cold dew
 Stood on thy cheekes, as if that death had wept
 To see such beautie alter.

Inf. I remember

I sate at banquet, but felt no such change.

Duke. Thou hast forgotten then how a messenger
 Came wildely in with this unfavory newes,
 That he was dead.

Inf. What messenger ? who's dead ?

Duke. *Hipolito*, alack, wring not thy hands.

Inf. I saw no messenger, heard no such newes.

Doctor. Trust me you did sweet Lady.

Duke. La you now.

2 *Ser.* Yes indeed Madam.

Duke. La you now, tis well, good knaves.

Inf. You ha slaine him, and now you'le murder me.

Duke. Good *Infelica* vex not thus thy selfe,
Of this the bad report before did strike
So coldly to thy heart, that the swift currents
Of life were all frozen up.

Inf. It is untrue,
'Tis most untrue, O most unnaturall father !

Duke. And we had much to doe by Arts best
cunning,
To fetch life back againe.

Doctlor. Most certaine Ladie.

Duke. Why la you now, you'le not beleewe me,
friends

Sweate we not all? had we not much to do?

2 Ser. Yes indeede, my Lord, much.

Duke. Death drew such fearefull pictures in thy face,
That were *Hipolito* alive agen,
I'de kneele and woo the noble gentleman
To be thy husband, now I fore repent
My sharpnesse to him, and his family ;
Nay, do not weep for him, we all must die :
Doctlor, this place where she so oft hath seene
His lively prefence, hurts her, does it not?

Doctlor. Doubtlesse my Lord it does.

Duke. It does, it does :

Therefore sweet girle thou shalt to *Bergamo*.

Inf. Even where you will, in any place there's
woe.

Duke. A coach is ready, *Bergamo* doth stand
In a most wholesome aire, sweet walkes, there's deere,
I, thou shalt hunt and send us venison,
Which like some goddesse in the *Ciprian* groves,
Thine owne faire hand shall strike ; firs, you shall
teach her

To stand, and how to shoote, I, she shall hunt :
Cast off this sorrow. In girle, and prepare
This night to ride away to *Bergamo*.

Inf. O most unhappy maide.

Exit.

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Duke. Follow her close.

No words that she was buried on your lives,
Or that her ghost walkes now after shee's dead ;
Ile hang you if you name a funerall.

1 Ser. Ile speake Greeke, my Lord, ere I speake
that deadly word. *(Exeunt.)*

2 Ser. And Ile speake Welch, which is harder
then Greeke.

Duke. Away, look to her ; Doctor *Benedict*,
Did you observe how her complexion altered
Upon his name and death, O would t'were true.

Doctor. It may my Lord.

Duke. May I how I wish his death.

Doctor. And you may have your wish : say but the
word,

And 'tis a strong Spell to rip up his grave :

I have good knowledge with *Hipolito* ;

He calls me friend, Ile creepe into his bosome,

And sting him there to death ; poison can do't.

Duke. Performe it ; Ile create thee ehalfe mine heire.

Doctor. It shall be done, although the fact be foule.

Duke. Greatnesse hides sin, the guilt upon my soule
Exeunt.

Enter Castruchio, Pioratto, and Fluello.

Cast. Signior *Pioratto*, signior *Fluello*, shalls be
merry I shalls play the wags now !

Flu. I, any thing that may beget the child of
laughter.

Cast. Truth I have a pretty sportive conceit new
crept into my braine, will move excellent mirth.

Pio. Let's ha't, let's ha't, and where shall the
sceane of mirth lie ?

Cast. At signior *Candido's* house, the patient man,
nay the monstrous patient man ; they say his blood is
immoveable, that he haz taken all patience from a
man, and all constancie from a woman.

Flu. That makes so many whores now a daies.

Cast. I, and so many knaves too.

Pio. Well sir.

Cast. To conclude, the report goes, he's so milde, so affable, so suffering, that nothing indeed can move him : now do but think what sport it will be to make this fellow (the mirror of patience) as angry, as vext, and as mad as an English cuckold.

Flu. O, 'twere admirable mirth, that : but how wilt be done Signior ?

Cast. Let me alone, I have a trick, a conceit, a thing, a device will sting him i'faith, if he have but a thimblefull of blood in's belly, or a spleene not so big as a taverne token.

Pio. Thou stirre him ? thou move him ? thou anger him ? alas, I know his approved temper : thou vex him ? why hee haz a patience above mans injuries : thou maist sooner raise a spleene in an Angell, than rough humour in him : why Ile give you instance for it. This wonderfully temper'd signior *Candido* upon a time invited home to his house certaine Neapolitane Lords, of curious taste, and no meane pallats, conjuring his wife of all loves, to prepare cheere fitting for such honourable trencher-men. Shee (just of a womans nature, covetous to try the uttermost of vexation, and thinking at last to get the start of his humour) willingly neglected the preparation, and became unfurnisht, not onely of dainty, but of ordinary dishes. He (according to the mildnesse of his breast) entertained the Lords, and with courtly discourse beguiled the time (as much as a Cittizen might do :) to conclude, they were hungry Lords, for there came no meate in ; their stomackes were plainely gull'd, and their teeth deluded, and (if anger could have seiz'd a man) there was matter enough yfaith to vexe any Citizen in the woeld, if he were not too much made a foole by his wife.

Flu. I, ile sweare fort : sfoot, had it beene my case, I should ha plaid mad trickes with my wife and family : first, I would ha spitted the men, stew'd the maides, and bak't the mistresse, and so served them in.

Pio. Why 'twould ha tempted any blood but his,

And thou to vex him ? thou to anger him
With some poore shallow jest ?

Cast. Sbloud Signior *Pioratto* (you that disparage my conceit) Ile wage a hundred duckats upon the head on't, that it moves him, frets him, and galles him.

Pio. Done, 'tis a lay, joyne gols on't : witnes signior *Fluello*.

Cast. Witnesse : 'tis done :
Come, follow me : the house is not farre off,
Ile thrust him from his humour, vex his breast,
And win a hundred duckats by one jest. *Exeunt.*

Enter Candidoes wife, George, and two Prentises in the shop.

Wife. Come, you put up your wares in good order here, doe you not think you, one peece cast this way, another that way ? you had need have a patient master indeed.

George. I, Ile be sworne, for we have a curst mistress.

Wife. You mumble, do you mumble ? I would your master or I could be a note more angry : for two patient folkes in a house spoile all the servants that ever shall come under them.

1 Prent. You patient ! I, so is the devill when hee is home-madde.

Enter Castruchio, Fluello, and Pioratto.

All three. Gentlemen, what do you lack ? what ist you buy ?

See fine hollands, fine cambrickes, fine lawnes.

George. What ist you lacke ?

2 Prentise. What ist you buy ?

Cast. Where's signior *Candido* thy Maister ?

George. Faith signior, hee's a little negotiated, he'l appeare presently,

Cast. Fellow, let's see a lawne, a choice one sirra,

George. The best in all *Millan*, Gentlemen, and

this is the peece. I can fit you Gentlemen with fine callicoos too for dublets, the onely sweet fashion now, most delicate and courtly, a meeke gentle callico, cut upon two double affable taffetaes, ah most neate, feate, and unmatched.

Flu. A notable voluble-tongde villaine.

Pio. I warrant this fellow was never begot without much prating.

Cast. What, and is this she saist thou?

George. I, and the purest she that ever you fingerd since you were a gentleman : looke how even she is, looke how cleane she is, ha, as even as the brow of *Cinthia*, and as cleane as your sonnes and heires when they ha spent all.

Cast. Puh, thou talk'st, pox on't 'tis rough.

George. How? is she rough? but if you bid pox on't sir, twil take away the roughnesse presently.

Flu. Ha signior; haz he fitted your French curse?

George. Looke you Gentleman, here's another, compare them I pray, *compara Virgilium cum Homero*, compare Virgins with Harlots.

Cast. Puh, I ha seene better, and as you terme them, evener and cleaner.

George. You may see further for your mind, but trust me, you shall not find better for your body.

Enter Candido.

Cast. O here he comes, let's make as tho we passe,

Come, come, wee'll try in some other shop,

Cand. How now; what's the matter?

George. The gentlemen find fault with this lawne, fall out with it, and without a cause too.

Cand. Without a cause!

And that makes you to let 'em passe away:

Ah: may I crave a word with you gentlemen?

Flu. He calls us.

Cast. Makes the better for the iest.

- Cand.* I pray come neare, y'are very welcome gallants,
- Pray pardon my mans rudenesse, for I feare me
Ha's talkt above a Prentife with you, Lawnes !
Looke you kind gentlemen this ! no :-I this :
Take this upon my honest-dealing faith,
To be a true weaue, not too hard, nor slack,
But eene as farre from falshood, as from black.
- Cast.* Well, how doe you rate it ?
- Cand.* Very conscionably, 18.s. a yard.
- Cast.* That's too deare : how many yards does the whole piece containe thinke you ?
- Cand.* Why some 17 yards, I thinke, or there abouts,
How much would serue your turne ? I pray.
- Cast.* Why let me see—would it were better too.
- Cand.* Truth, tis the best in *Millan* at few words.
- Cast.* Well : let me have then a whole peny-worth.
- Cand.* Ha, ha : y'are a merry Gentleman.
- Cast.* A pennorth I say.
- Cand.* Of Lawne !
- Cast.* Of lawne ? I of lawne, a pennorth, sblood doft not heare ? a whole pennorth, are you deafe ?
- Cand.* Deafe ? no Sir : but I must tell you,
Our wares do seldome meete such customers,
- Cast.* Nay, and you and your lawnes be so squeamish,
Fare you well.
- Cand.* Pray stay, a word, pray Signior : for what purpose is it I beseech you ?
- Cast.* 'Sblood, whats that to you : Ile have a peny-worth.
- Cand.* A penny-worth ! why you shall : Ile serue you presently.
2. *Pren.* Sfoot a penny-worth Mistresse !
- Mist.* A penny-worth ! call you these gentlemen ?
- Cast.* No, no : not there.
- Can.* What then kinde Gentleman, what at this corner here ?
- Cast.* No nor there neither.

He have it just in the middle, or else not.

Can. Just in the middle : ha-you shall too : what ?
Have you a single penny ?

Cass. Yes here's one.

Cand. Lend it me I pray.

Flu. An excellent followed jest.

Wife. What will he spoile the lawne now ?

Cand. Patience, good wife.

Wife. I, that patience makes a foole of you : Gentlemen, you might ha found some other Citizen to have made a kind gull on, besides my husband.

Cand. Pray Gentlemen take her to be a woman,
Do not regard her language.—O kinde soule :
Such words will drive away my customers.

Wife. Customers with a murren : call you these customers ?

Cand. Patience, good wife.

Wife. Pox a your patience.

George. Sfoot mistresse, I warrant these are some cheating companions.

Cand. Looke you Gentleman, there's your ware,
I thanke you, I have your money ; heare, pray know
my shop, pray let me have your custome.

Wife. Custome quoth a.

Cand. Let me take more of your money.

Wife. You had need so.

Pio. Harke in thine eare, th'ast lost an hundred duckats.

Cass. Well, well, I know't : ift possible that *Homo*
Should be nor man, nor woman : not once mov'd ;
No not at such an injurie, not at all !

— Sure hee's a pigeon, for he has no gall.

Flu. Come, come, y'are angry tho you smother it :
Y'are vext ifaith—confesse.

Cand. Why Gentlemen
Should you conceit me to be vext or mov'd ?
He haz my ware, I have his money for't,
And that's no Argument I am angry : no :
The best Logitian cannot proue me so.

Flu. Oh, but the hatefull name of a penny-worth of lawne,

And then cut out i'th middle of the peece :
Pah, I guesse it by my selfe, would move a lambe
Were he a Linnen-draper-would i'faith.

Can. Well, give me leave to answere you for that :

We're fet here to please all customers,
Their humours and their fancies :offend none :
We get by many, if we leese by one.
May be his minde stood to no more then that,
A penie-worth serves him, and 'mongst trades tis found,
Denie a pennorth, it may crosse a pound.
Oh, he that meanes to thrive, with patient eye
Must please the devill if he come to buy.

Flu. O wondrous man, patient 'bove wrong or woe,
How blest were men, if women could be so.

Cand. And to expresse how well my breast is pleas'd,

And satisfied in all :-*George* fill a beaker. *Exit George.*
He drinke unto that Gentleman, who lately
Bestowed his monie with me.

Wife. Gods my life,

We shall haue all our gaines drunke out in beakers,
To make amends for pennyworths of lawne.

Enter Geor.

Cand. Here wife, begin you to the Gentleman.

Wife. I begin to him !

Cand. *George* fil't up againe :

Twas my fault, my hand shooke. *Exit George.*

Pio. How strangely this doth show ?

A patient man link't with a waspish shrow.

Flu. A silver and gilt beaker : I have a trick to
work upon that beaker, sure 'twill fret him, it cannot
chuse but vexe him. Sig. *Castruchio*, in pittie to thee I
have a conceit, will save thy 100 duckats yet, 'twill
doo't, and worke him to impatience.

Cast. Sweete *Fluello*, I should be bountiful to that conceit.

Flu. Well 'tis enough.

Enter George.

- Can.* Here Gentlemen to you,
I with your custome, y'are exceeding welcome.
- Can.* I pledge you Sig. *Candido* ;here you, that
must receive a 100 Duccats.
- Pior.* Ile pledge them deepe ifaith *Castruchio*.
Signior *Fluello*.
- Flu.* Come : play't off to me,
I am your last man.
- Cand.* *George* supply the cup.
- Flu.* So, so, good honest *George*,
Heere Signor *Candido*, all this to you.
- Cand.* O you must pardon me, I use it not.
- Flu.* Will you not pledge me then?
- Cand.* Yes, but not that :
Great love is showne in little.
- Flu.* Blurt on your sentences,—Sfoot you shall
pledge me all.
- Cand.* Indeed I shall not.
- Flu.* Not pledge me? S'blood, Ile carrie away
the beaker then.
- Cand.* The beaker? oh! that at your pleasure sir.
- Flu.* Now by this drinke I will.
- Cast.* Pledge him, he'll do't else.
- Flu.* So : I ha done you right on my thumb
naile,
What will you pledge me now?
- Cand.* You know me sir, I am not of that sin.
- Flu.* Why then farewell :
Ile beare away the beaker by this light.
- Cand.* That's as you please, tis very good.
- Flu.* Nay it doth please me, and as you say, tis a
very good one.
- Fare-well Signior *Candido*.
- Pio.* Farewell *Candido*.
- Cand.* Y'are welcome Gentlemen.
- Cast.* Heart not mov'd yet?
- ✓ | I thinke his patience is above our wit. *Exeunt.*
George. I told you before Mistresse, they were all
cheaters.

Wife. Why foole, why husband, why mad-man, I hope you will not let 'em sneake away so with a silver and gilt beaker, the best in the house too : go fellowes make hue and cry after them.

Cand. Pray let your tongue lie still, all will be well :

Come hither *George*, hie to the Constable,
And in calme order wish him to attach them,
Make no great stirre, because they're gentlemen,
And a thing partly done in merriment.
'Tis but a size above a jest thou know'st,
Therefore pursue it mildly, go be gone,
The Constable's hard by, bring him along,—make
hast againe.

Wife. O y'are a goodly patient Woodcock, are you not now ? *(Exit George.)*

See what your patience comes to : everie one saddles you, and rides you, you'll be shortly the common stone-horse of *Millan* : a woman's well holp't up with such a meacocke ; I had rather have a husband that would swaddle me thrice a day, then such a one, that will be gul'd twice in halfe an houre : Oh I could burne all the wares in my shop for anger.

Cand. Pray weare a peacefull temper, be my wife, That is, be patient : for a wife and husband Share but one foule between them : this being knowne,

Why should not one foule then agree in one ? *(Exit.)*

Wife. Hang your agreements : but if my beaker be gone.—

Enter Castruchio, Fluello, Pioratto, and George.

Cand. Oh, here they come.

George.—The Constable sir, let 'em come along with me, because there should be no wondring : he staies at dore.

Cast. Constable goodman *Abram*.

Flu. Now Signor *Candido*, Sblood why doe you attach us ?

Cast. Sheart ! attach us !

Cand. Nay sweare not gallants,
Your oathes may move your soules, but not move
me,

You have a silver beaker of my wives.

Flu. You say not true : 'tis gilt.

Cand. Then you say true.

And being gilt, the guilt lies more on you.

Cast. I hope y'are not angry fir.

Cand. Then you hope right, for I am not angry.

Flu. No, but a little mov'd.

Cand. I mov'd ! 'twas you were mov'd, you were
brought hither.

Cast. But you (out of your anger and impatience)
Caus'd us to be attacht.

Cand. Nay you misplace it.

Out of my quiet sufferance I did that,
And not of any wrath : had I showne anger,
I should have then perswade you with the law,
And hunted you to shame, as many worldlings
Do build their anger upon feebler grounds,
The more's the pittie ; many loose their lives
For scarce so much coine as will hide their palme :
Which is most cruell, those have vexed spirits
That persue lives, in this opinion rest,
The losse of Millions could not move my brest.

Flu. Thou art a blest man, and with peace dost
deale,

Such a meeke spirit can blesse a Common-weale.

Cand. Gentlemen, now 'tis upon eating time,
Pray part not hence, but dine with me to-day.

Cast. I never heard a carter yet say nay
To such a motion. Ile not be the first.

Pio. Nor I.

Flu. Nor I.

Cand. The Constable shall beare you company.
George call him in, let the world say what it can,
Nothing can drive me from a patient man.

Exeunt.

Enter Roger with a floole, cushin, looking-glasse and chafing-dish, those being set down, he pulls out of his pocket, a viol with white cullor in it; and two boxes, one with white, another red painting, he places all things in order and a candle by them, singing with the ends of old Ballads as he does it. At last Bellafront (as he rubs his cheek with the cullors) whistles within.

Ro. Anon forfooth.

Bell. What are you playing the rogue about?

Ro. About you forfooth: I'm drawing up a hole in your white silke stocking.

Bell. Is my glasse there? and my boxes of complexion?

Ro. Yes forfooth: your boxes of complexion are here I thinke: yes 'tis here: her's your two complexions, and if I had all the foure complexions, I should nere set a good face upon't, some men I see are borne under hard-favoured planets as well as women: zounds I looke worse now then I did before, and it makes her face glister most damnably, ther's knavery in dawbing I hold my life, or else this is onely female *Pomatum*.

Enter Bellafronte not full ready, without a gowne, she sits downe, with her bodkin curles her haire, colours her lips.

Bell. Where's my ruffe and poker you block-head?

Ro. Your ruffe, your poker, are ingendring together upon the cup-bord of the Court, or the Court cup-bord.

Bell. Fetch 'em: Is the pox in your hammes, you can goe no faster?

Ro. Woo'd the pox were in your fingers, unlesse you could leave flinging; catch. *Exit.*

Bell. He catch you, you dog by and by: do you grumble? She sings.

*Cupid is a God, as naked as my nail,
He whip him with a rod, if he my true love faile.*

Ro. There's your ruffe, shall I poke it?

Bell. Yes honest *Ro.* no stay : prithee good boy,
hold here,

*Downe, downe, downe, downe, I fall downe and arise,
downe*

I never shall arise.

Ro. Troth M. then leave the trade if you shall
never rise.

Bell. What trade goodman *Abram*?

Ro. Why that of downe and arise or the falling
trade.

Bell. Ile fall with you by and by.

Ro. If you doe I know who shall smart for't :

Troth Mistrresse, what doe I looke like now?

Bell. Like as you are : a panderly Sixpenny
Rascall.

Ro. I may thanke you for that : infaith I looke
like an old Proverbe, *Hold the candle before the
devill.*

Bell. Uds life, Ile stick my knife in your guts and
you prate to me so : what? *She sings.*

Well met, pug, the pearle of beauty : umh, umh.

*How now sir knave, you forget your duty, umh, umh,
Marry muffle sir, are you growne so dainty ; fa, la,
la, &c.*

Is it you sir? the worst of twenty, fa, la, la, leera la.
Pox on you, how dost thou hold my glasse?

Ro. Why, as I hold your doore : with my fingers.

Bell. Nay pray thee sweete honie *Ro.* hold up
handsomely. *Sing pretty wantons warble, &c.* We
shall ha guefts to day. I lay my little maiden-head,
my nose itches so.

Ro. I said so too last night, when our Fleas
twing'd me.

Bell. So, Poke my ruffe now, my gowne, my gowne,
have I my fall?

Where's my fall *Roger*?

One knockes.

Ro. Your fall forfooth is behind.

Bell. Gods my pittikins, some foole or other
knocks.

Ro. Shall I open to the foole mistresse?

Bell. And all these bables lying thus? away with
it quickly, I, I, knock, and be damn'd, whosoever you
be. So: give the fresh Salmon line now: let him
come a shoare, hee shall serve for my breakefast, tho
he go against my stomacke.

Roger fetch in Fluello, Castruchio, and Pioratto.

Flu. Morrow coz.

Cast. How does my sweet acquaintance?

Pio. Save thee little Marmofet: how dost thou
good pretty rogue?

Bell. Well, Godamercy good pretty rascall.

Flu. *Roger*, some light I pray thee.

Ro. You shall Signior, for we that live here in
this vale of miserie, are as darke as hell.

Exit for a candle.

Cast. Good Tobacco, *Fluello*?

Flu. Smell. (*Enter Roger.*)

Pio. It may be tickling geere: for it plaies with
my nose already.

Ro. Here's another light Angell, Signior.

Bell. What? you pyed curtal, what's that you are
neighing?

Ro. I say God send us the light of heaven, or some
more Angels.

Bell. Goe fetch some wine, and drinke halfe
of it.

Ro. I must fetch some wine gentlemen and drinke
halfe of it.

Flu. Here *Roger*.

Cast. No let me send prithe.

Flu. Hold you cankerworme.

Ro. You shall send both, if you please Signiors.

Pio. Stay, what's best to drinke a mornings?

Ro. Hypocras sir, for my mistress, if I fetch it, is most deare to her.

Flu. Hypocras ! ther then, here's a teston for you, you snake.

Ro. Right sir, heres iij.s. vj.d. for a pottle and a manchet. *Ex.*

Cast. Her's most *Herculanian Tobacco*, ha-lome acquaintance !

Bell. Fah, not I, makes your breath stinke, like the pisse of a Foxe. Acquaintance, where supt you last night ?

Cast. At a place sweete acquaintance where your health danc'd the Canaries yfaith : you should ha bin there.

Bell. I there among your Punkes, marry, fah, hang'em : I scorn't : will you never leave sucking of eggs in other folkes hens neasts ?

Cast. Why in good troth, if you'le trust me acquaintance, there was not one hen at the board, aske *Fluello*.

Flu. No faith Coz, none but cocks, signior *Mala-vella* drunk to thee.

Bell. O, a pure beagle ; that horse-leach there !

Flu. And the knight, *S. Oliver Lollio* swore he would bestow a taffata petticoate on thee, but to breake his fast with thee.

Bell. With me ! Ile choake him then, hang him Mole-catcher, it's the dreamingst snotty-nose.

Pio. Well, many tooke that *Lollio* for a foole, but hee's a subtile foole.

Bell. I, and he has fellowes : of all filthy dry-fisted knights, I cannot abide that he should touch me.

Cast. Why wench, is he scabbed ?

Bell. Hang him, hee'l not live to be so honest, nor to the credite to have scabbes about him, his betters have 'em : but I hate to weare out any of his course Knight-hood, because hee's made like an Aldermans night-gowne, fac'd all with conny before, and within

nothing but Fox: this sweet *Oliver* will eate Mutton till he be ready to burst, but the leane jawde-slave will not pay for the scraping of his trencher.

Pio. Plague him, fet him beneath the salt, and let him not touch a bit, till every one has had his full cut.

Flu. Lord *Ello*, the Gentleman-Usher came into us too, marry 'twas in our cheefe, for he had bin to borrow money for his Lord, of a Cittizen.

Cast. What an Asse is that Lord, to borrow money of a Cittizen!

Bell. Nay, Gods my pittie, what an Asse is that Cittizen to lend monie to a Lord!

Enter Matheo and Hipolito, who saluting the Company, as a stranger walks off. Roger comes in sadly behinde them, with a pottle pot, and stands aloofe off.

Matheo. Saue you Gallants, signior *Fluello*, exceedingly well met, as I may say.

Fluello. Signior *Matheo*, exceedingly well met too, as I may say.

Ma. And how fares my little pretty Mistrisse?

Bell. Ee'ne as my little pretty servant; sees three court dishes before her, and not one good bit in them: how now? why the devill stand'st thou so? Art in a trance?

Ro. Yes forfooth.

Bell. Why dost not fill out their wine?

Ro. Forfooth 'tis fild out already: all the wine that the signior has bestow'd upon you is cast away, a Porter ranne a litle at me, and so fac'd me downe that I had not a drop.

Bell. I'me a curst to let such a withered Artichocke faced-Rascall grow under my nose: now you looke like an old he-cat, going to the gallowes: Ile be hang'd if he ha not put up the mony to cony & atch us all.

Ro. No truely forfooth, tis not put up yet.

Bell. How many Gentlemen hast thou served thus ?

Ro. None but five hundred, besides prentises and serving-men.

Bell. Dost thinke Ile pocket it up at thy hands ?

Ro. Yes forfooth, I feare you will pocket it up.

Bell. Fie, fie, cut my lace good servant, I shall ha the mother presently, I'me so vext at this horse-plumme.

Flu. Plague, not for a scal'd pottle of wine.

Ma. Nay, sweet *Bellafronte*, for a little pigs-wash !

Cast. Here *Roger*, fetch more, a mischance. Y'faith Acquaintance.

Bell. Out of my sight, thou ungodly puritanical creature.

Ro. For the tother pottle ? yes forfooth. *Exit.*

Bell. Spill that too : what Gentleman is that, servant ? your Friend ?

Ma. Gods so a stoole, a stoole, if you love me mistresse, entertaine this Gentleman respectfully, and bid him welcome.

Bell. Hee's very welcome, pray Sir sit.

Hip. Thankes Lady.

Flu. Count *Hipolito*, ist not ? cry you mercie signior, you walke here all this while, and we not heard you ? let mee bestow a stoole upon you, beseech you, you are a stranger heere, we know the fashions ath' house.

Cast. Please you be heere my Lord. *Tobacco.*

Hip. No good *Castruchio*.

Flu. You have abandoned the Court I see my Lord since the death of your Mistresse, well she was a delicate piece-beseech you sweete, come let us serve under the collors of your acquaintance still : for all that, please you to meete here at my lodging of my coz, I shall bestow a banquet upon you.

Hip. I never can deserve this kindnesse sir. What may this Ladie be, whom you call coz ?

Flu. Faith sir a poore gentlewoman, of passing

good carriage, one that has some suits in law, and lies here in an Attornies house.

Hip. Is she married?

Flu. Ha, as all your Puncks are, a Captaines wife, or so, never saw her before my Lord?

Hip. Never trust me a goodly creature.

Flu. By gad when you know her as we do, you'll swear she is the prettiest, kindest, sweetest, most bewitching honest Ape under the pole. A skinne, your fatten is not more soft, nor lawne whiter.

Hip. Belike then shee's some sale curtizan.

Flu. Troth as all your best faces are, a good wench.

Hip. Great pittie that shee's a good wench.

Ma. Thou shalt ha ifaith mistresse: How now signiors, what, whispering? did not I lay a wager I should take you within seven daies in a house of vanity.

Hip. You did, and I beshrew your heart, you have won.

Ma. How do you like my mistresse?

Hip. Well, for such a mistresse: better, if your mistresse be not your maister.

I must breake manners gentlemen, fare you well.

Ma. S'foot you shall not leave us.

Bell. The gentleman likes not the tast of our company.

Omn. Befeech you stay.

Hip. Trust me my affaires becken for me, pardon me.

Ma. Will you call for me halfe an houre hence here?

Hip. Perhaps I shall.

Mat. Perhaps? fah! I know you can sweare to me you wil.

Hip. Since you will presse me on my word, I will.
Exit.

Bell. What fullen picture is this servant?

Mat. It's Count *Hypolito*, the brave Count.

Pio. As gallant a spirit, as any in *Millan* you sweet Jew.

Flu. Oh he's a most essentiall gentleman, coz.

Cast. Did you never heare of Count *Hipolito* acquaintance?

Bell. Marie muffle a your Counts, and be no more life in 'em.

Ma. He's so malcontent ! firra *Bellafronta*, & you be honest gallants, let's sup together, and have the Count with us : thou shalt fit at the upper end punck.

Bell. Punck, you souc'd gurnet ?

Mat. Kings truce : come, Ile bestow the supper to have him but laugh.

Cast. He betraies his youth too grossly to that tyrant melancholy.

Mat. All this is for a woman.

Bell. A woman ! some whore ! what sweet Jewell ist ?

Pto. Wo'd she heard you.

Flu. Troth so wud I.

Cast. And I by heaven.

Bell. Nay good servant, what woman ?

Ma. Pah.

Bell. Prithee tell me ; a buffe and tell me : I warrant he's an honest fellow, if he take on thus for a wench : good rogue who ?

Ma. By th' Lord I will not, must not, faith mistress : ist a match sirs ? this night, at *Th' antilop* : I, for there's best wine, and good boyes.

Omn. *It's done at Th' antilop.*

Bell. I cannot be there to night.

Ma. Cannot ? by th' Lord you shall.

Bell. By the Lady I will not : shaall !

Flu. Why then put it off till Fryday : wut come then coz ?

Bell. Well. *Enter Roger.*

Ma. Y'are the waspishest Ape. *Roger*, put your mistress in minde to sup with us on Friday next : y'are best come like a madwoman, without a band, in your wastcoat, and the linings of your kirtle outward, like every common hackney that steales out at the back gate of her sweet knights lodging.

Bell. Go, go, hang your selfe.

Cast. It's dinner time *Mathao*, shal's hence ?

Omn. Yes, yes, farewell wench.

Exeunt.

Bell. Farewell boyes : *Roger* what wine fent they for ?

Ro. Bastard wine, for if it had beene truely begotten, it wud not ha beene asham'd to come in, here's v.s. to pay for nursing the bastard.

Bell. A company of rookes ! O good sweet *Roger*, run to the Poulters, and buy me some fine larkes.

Ro. No woodcocks ?

Bell. Yes faith a couple, if they be not deere.

Ro. Ile buy but one, ther's one already here.

Exit.

Enter Hipolito.

Hip. Is the gentleman (my friend) departed mistreffe ?

Bell. His back is but new turn'd fir.

Hip. Fare you well.

Bell. I can direct you to him.

Hip. Can you ? pray.

Bell. If you please stay, he'll not be absent long.

Hip. I care not much.

Bell. Pray sit forfooth.

Hip. I'me hot.

If I may use your roome, Ile rather walke.

Bell. At your best pleasure whew-some rubbers there.

Hip. Indeed Ile none :—indeed I will not, thanks. Pretty-fine lodging. I perceive my friend Is old in your acquaintance.

Bell. Troth sir, he comes As other Gentlemen, to spend spare houres ; If your selfe like our roofe (such as it is) Your owne acquaintance may be as old as his.

Hip. Say I did like ; what welcome should I find ?

Bell. Such as my present fortunes can afford.

Hip. But would you let me play *Mathæo's* part ?

Bell. What part ?

Hip. Why imbrace you : dally with you, kisse :
Faith tell me, will you leave him and love me ?

Bell. I am in bonds to no man fir.

Hip. Why then,
Y'are free for any man : if any me.
But I must tell you Lady, were you mine,
You should be all mine : I could brooke no sharers,
I should be covetous, and sweep up all.
I should be pleasures usurer : 'faith I should.

Bell. O fate !

Hip. Why sigh you Lady ? may I know ?

Bell. T'has never bin my fortune yet to fingle
Out that one man, whose love could fellow mine.
As I have ever wisht it : O my Stars !
Had I but met with one kind gentleman,
That would have purchas'd sin alone, to himselfe,
For his owne private use, although scarce proper ;
Indifferent handsome : meetly leg'd and thyed :
And my allowance reasonable-yfaith,
According to my body-by my troth,
I would have beene as true unto his pleasures,
Yea, and as loyall to his afternoones,
As ever a poore gentlewoman could be.

Hip. This were well now to one but newly fledg'd,
And scarce a day old in this subtile world :
Twere prettie Art, good bird-lime, cunning net,
But come, come, 'faith-confesse : how many men
Have drunke this felse-fame protestation,
From that red ticing lip ?

Bell. Indeed not any.

Hip. Indeed ? and blush not !

Bell. No, in truth not any.

Hip. Indeed ! intruth !—how warily you sweare.
'Tis well : if ill it be not : yet had I
The ruffian in me, and were drawne before you
But in light collors, I do know indeed,
You could not sweare indeed, But thunder oathes
That should shake heaven, drowne the harmonious
spheres,
And pierce a foule (that lov'd her Makers honour)

With horror and amazement.

Bell. Shall I fweare ?

Will you beleewe me then ?

Hip. Worst then of all,

Our sins by custome, seeme (at last) but small.

Were I but o're your threshold, a next man,

And after him a next, and then a fourth,

Should have this golden hook, and lascivious baite,
Throwne out to the full length, why let me tell you :

I ha seene letters sent from that white hand,

Tuning such musicke to *Matheos* eare.

Bell. *Mathao* ! that's true, but beleewe it, I

No sooner had laid hold upon your presence,

But straight mine eie conveid you to my heart.

Hip. Oh, you cannot faine with me, why, I know Lady,

This is the common passion of you all,

To hooke in a kind gentleman, and then

Abuse his coine, conveying it to your lover,

And in the end you shew him a french trick,

And so you leave him, that a coach may run

Betweene his legs for bredth.

Bell. O by my soule !

Not I : therein ile prove an honest whore,

In being true to one, and to no more.

Hip. If any be dispos'd to trust your oath,

Let him : Ile not be he, I know you feigne

All that you speake, I : for a mingled harlot,

Is true in nothing but in being false.

What ! shall I teach you how to loath your selfe ?

And mildly too : not without sense or reason.

Bell. I am content, I would faine loath my selfe

If you not love me.

Hip. Then if your gracious blood be not all wasted,

I shall assay to do't.

Lend me your silence, and attention,—You have no
soule,

That makes you weigh so light : heavens treasure
bought it :

And halfe a crowne hath sold it :—for your body

Is like the common-shore, that still receives
 All the townes filth. The sin of many men
 Is within you, and thus much I suppose,
 That if all your committers stood in ranke,
 They'd make a lane, (in which your shame might dwell)
 And with their spaces reach from hence to hell.
 Nay, shall I urge it more, there has beene knowne
 As many by one harlot, maym'd and dismembred,
 As would ha stuf't an Hospitall : this I might
 Apply to you, and perhaps do you right :
 O y'are as base as any beast that beares,
 Your body is ee'ne hir'd, and so are theirs.
 For gold and sparkling jewels, (if he can)
 You'l let a Jew get you with Christian :
 Be he a Moore, a Tartar, tho his face
 Looke uglier then a dead mans skull.
 Could the devill put on a humane shape,
 If his purse shake out crownes, up then he gets,
 Whores will be rid to hell with golden bits.
 So that y'are crueller then Turkes, for they
 Sell Christians only, you sell your selves away.
 Why those that love you, hate you : and will terme you
 Lickerish damnation ; with themselves halfe funke
 After the sin is laid out, and ee'ne curse
 Their fruitlesse riot (for what one begets
 Another poisons) lust and murder hit,
 A tree being often shooke, what fruit can knit ?

Bell. O me unhappy !

Hip. I can vex you more ;
 A harlot is like *Dunkirke*, true to none,
 Swallows both English, Spanish, fulsome Dutch,
 Back-doord Italian, last of all the French,
 And he sticks to you 'faith : gives you your diet,
 Brings you acquainted, first with monsier Doctor
 And then you know what follows.

Bell. Misery.

Ranke, stinking, and most loathsome misery.

Hip. Me thinks a toad is happier then a whore,
 That with one poison swels, with thousands more

The other stocks her veines : harlot, fie, fie,
You are the miserablest creatures breathing,
The very slaves of nature : marke me else,
You put on rich attires, others eyes weare them,
You eat, but to supply your blood with sin :
And this strange curse ee'ne haunts you to your graues.
From fooles you get, and spend it upon slaves :
Like Beares and Apes, y'are baited and shew tricks
For money ; but your Bawd the sweetnesse licks.
Indeed you are their Journey-women, and do
All base and damn'd workes they list set you to :
So that you ne're are rich ; for do but shew me,
In present memory, or in ages past,
The fairest and most famous Courtezan,
Whose flesh was dear'st : that rais'd the price of sin,
And held it up ; to whose intemperate bosome,
Princes, Earles, Lords, the worst has bin a Knight,
The mean'st a Gentleman, have offred up
Whole Hecatombs of sighs, and rain'd in showres
Handfuls of gold, yet for all this, at last
Diseases suckt her marrow, then grew so poore,
That she has beg'd ee'ne at a beggars doore.
And (wherein heav'n has a finger) when this Idoll,
From coast to coast, has leapt on forraine shores,
And had more worship, then the outlandish whores :
When severall Nations have gone over her,
When for each severall City she has seene,
Her maidenhead has bin new, and bin fold deare :
Did live well there, and might have dy'd unknowne,
And undefam'd ; backe comes she to her owne,
And there both miserably lives and dies,
Scorn'd even of those that once ador'd her eyes,
As if her fatall-circled life thus ran,
Her pride should end there, where it first began.
What do you weepe to heare your story read ?
Nay, if you spoile your cheeks, Ile read no more.

Bell. O yes, I pray proceed :

Indeed, 'twill do me good to weep indeed.

Hip. To gives those teares a relish, this I adde,

Y^eare like the *Fewes*, scatter'd, in no place certain,
 Your dayes are tedious, your houres burdenfome :
 And wer't not for full suppers, midnight Revels,
 Dancing, wine, riotous meetings, which do drowne,
 And bury quite in you all vertuous thoughts,
 And on your eye-lids hang so heavily;
 They have no power to looke so high as heaven,
 You'de sit and mufe on nothing but despaire,
 Curfe that devill *Lust*, that so burnes up your blood,
 And in ten thousand shivers breake your glasse
 For his temptation. Say you taste delight,
 To have a golden Gull from Rize to Set,
 To meat you in his hot luxurious armes,
 Yet your nights pay for all : I know you dreame
 Of Warrants, Whips, and Beadles, and then start
 At a dores windy creak : think every Weezle
 To be a Constable, and every Rat
 A long tailed Officer : Are you now not slaves ?
 Oh you have damnation without pleasure for it !
 Such is the state of Harlots : To conclude,
 When you are old, and can well paint no more,
 You turne Bawd, and are then worfe then before :
 Make use of this : farewell.

Bel. Oh, I pray stay.

Hip. I see *Matheo* comes not : time hath bard
 me,
 Would all the Harlots in the towne had heard me.

Exit.

Bel. Stay yet a little longer, no : quite gone !
 Curst be that minute (for it was no more,
 So soone a maid is chang'd into a whore)
 Wherein I first fell, be it for ever blacke.
 Yet why should sweet *Hipolito* shun mine eyes ;
 For whose true love I would become pure-honest,
 Hate the worlds mixtures, and the smiles of gold ?
 Am I not faire ? why should he flie me then ?
 Faire creatures are desir'd, not scorn'd of men.
 How many Gallants have drunke healths to me,
 Out of their dagger'd armes, and thought them blest,

Enjoying but mine eyes at prodigall feasts !
 And does *Hipolito* detest my love ?
 Oh, sure their heedlesse lusts but flattred me,
 I am not pleasing, beautifull nor young.
Hipolito hath spied some ugly blemish,
 Eclipping all my beauties ; I am foule :
 Harlot ! I, that's the spot that taints my soule :
 His weapon left heere ? O fit instrument !
 To let forth all the poison of my flesh !
 Thy Master hates me, cause my blood hath rang'd :
 But when 'tis forth, then he'll beleewe I'me chang'd.
Hip. Mad woman, what art doing ? *Enter Hip.*
Bell. Either love me,
 Or cleave my bosome on thy Rapiers point :
 Yet doe not neither ; for thou then destroy'st
 That which I love thee for (thy vertues) here, here
 Th'art crueller, and kilst me with disdain :
 To die so, sheds no blood, yet 'tis worse paine. *Exit*
 Not speake to me ! not looke ! not bid farewell !
 Hated ! this must not be, some meanes Ile try. *Hip.*
 Would all Whores were as honest now, as I. *Excunt.*

SCENA VII.

Enter Candido, his wife, George, and two prentises in the shop: Fusligo enters, walking by.

Geor. See Gentlemen, what you lack ! a fine Holland, a fine Cambrick, see what you buy.

1. *Pren.* Holland for shirts, Cambrick for bands, what ist you lack ?

Fusl. Sfoot, I lack 'em all, nay more, I lack monie to buie 'em : let me see, let me looke againe : masse this is the shop ; What Coz ! sweet Coz ! how dost

1 What ! has he left his weapon here behind him
 And gone forgetfull ? O fit instrument.—1604.

2 Or split my heart upon thy Rapiers point.—1604.

3 Not speake to me ! not bid farewell ? a scorne !—1604.

i'faith, since last night after candlelight ! we had good sport i'faith, had we not ? and when shal's laugh agen ?

Wife. When you will, Cozen.

Fust. Spoke like a kind Lacedemonian : I see yonders thy husband.

Wife. I, there's the sweet youth, God bleffe him.

Fust. And how ist Cozen ? and how, how ist thou squall ?

Wife. Well, Cozen, how fare you ?

Fust. How fare I ? troth for sixpence a meale, wench, as well as heart can with, with Calves chaldrons, and chitterlings, besides, I have a Punck after supper, as good as a roasted Apple.

Cand. Are you my wives Cozen ?

Fust. I am sir, what hast thou to do with that ?

Cand. O, nothing but y'are welcome.

Fust. The Divels dung in thy teeth : Ile be welcome whether thou wilt or no, I : What ring's this Coz ? very pretty & fantasticall i'faith, lets see it.

Wife. Puh ! nay you wrench my finger.

Fust. I ha sworne Ile ha't, and I hope you will not let my oathes be crackt in the ring, will you ? I hope sir, you are not malicolly at this for all your great lookes : are you angry ?

Cand. Angry ? not I sir, nay if she can part So easily with her ring, 'tis with my heart.

Geor. Suffer this, sir, and suffer all, a whorson Gull, to—

Cand. Peace *George*, when she has reapt what I have sowne,

She'll say, one graine tastes better of her owne,
Then whole sheaves gather'd from anothers land :
Wit's never good, till bought at a deare hand.

George. But in the meane time she makes an Affe of some body.

2. *Pren.* See, see, see, sir, as you turne your back, they do nothing but kisse.

Cand. No matter, let 'em : when I touch her lip,

I shall not feele his kisses, no nor misse
Any of her lip : no harme in kissing is.

Looke to your businesse, pray, make up your wares.

Fust. Troth Coz, and wel remembred, I would thou
wouldst give me five yards of Lawne, to make my Punck
some falling bands a the fashion, three falling one upon
another : for that's the new edition now : she's out of
linnen horribly too, troth she' as never a good smock
to her back neither, but one that has a great many
patches in't, and that I'me fain to weare my selfe for
want of shift too : prithee put me into wholesome
naperie, and bestow some clean commodities upon us.

Wife. Reach me those Cambricks, and the Lawnes
hither.

Can. What to do, wife ? to lavish out my goods
upon a foole ?

Fust. Foole ! Sneales eate the foole, or I'll so bat-
ter your crowne, that it shall scarce go for five shil-
lings.

2. Pren. Do you heare sir ? y'are best be quiet, and
say a foole tels you so.

Fust. Nailes, I think so, for thou telst me.

Cand. Are you angry sir, because I nam'd the
foole ?

Trust me, you are not wise, in mine owne house,
And to my face to play the Antick thus :
If you'll needs play the madman, choose a stage
Of lesfer compasse, where few eyes may note
Your actions errour : but if still you misse,
As here you do, for one clap, ten will hisse.

Fust. Zwoundes Cozen, he talkes to me, as if I
were a scurvy Tragedian.

2. Pren. Sirra George, I ha thought upon a device,
how to breake his pate, beat him soundly, and ship
him away.

Geor. Doo't.

2. Pren. Ile go in, passe through the house, give
some of our fellow Prentices the watch-word when
they shall enter, then come and fetch my master in

by a wile, and place one in the hall to hold him in conference, whilst we cudgell the Gull out of his cox-combe.

Geor. Doo't : away, doo't.

Wife. Must I call twice for these cambricks and lawnes ?

Cand. Nay see, you anger her, *George* prithee dispatch.

2. Pren. Two of the choicest peeces are in the warehousse, sir.

Cand. Go fetch them presently. *Exit 1. Prentise.*

Fust. I, do, make haste, sirra.

Car. Why were you such a stranger all this while, being my wives cozen ?

Fust. Stranger ? no sir, I me a naturall Milaner borne.

Can. I perceive still it is your natural guise to mistake me, but you are welcome sir, I much wish your acquaintance.

Fust. My acquaintance ? I scorn that i'faith ; I hope my acquaintance goes in chaines of gold three and fifty times double : you know who I meane, Coz, the possis of his gate are a painting too.

Enter the 2. Prentise.

2. Pren. Signior *Pandulfo* the Marchant, desires conference with you.

Can. Signior *Pandulfo* ? Ile be with him straight, Attend your mistress and the Gentleman. *Exit.*

Wife. When do you shew those peeces ?

Fust. I, when do you shew those peeces ?

Omn. Presently sir, presently, we are but charging them.

Fust. Come sirra : you Flat-cap, where be these whites ?

Geor. Flat-cap : harke in your eare sir, y'are a flat foole, an Ass, a Gull, and I'll thrum you : do you see this cambrick sir ?

Fust. Sfoot Cuz, a good jest, did you heare him ? he told me in my eare, I was a flat Foole, an Ass,

a Gull, and Ile thrum you : do you see this Cambrick fir ?

Wife. What, not my men, I hope ?

Fust. No, not your men, but one of your men ifaith.

1. *Pr.* I pray fir, come hither, what say you to this ? here's an excellent good one.

Fust. I marry, this likes me well, cut me off some halfe score yards.

2. *Pren.* Let your whores cut, y'are an impudent coxcombe, you get none, and yet Ile thrum you,—A very good Cambrick fir.

Fust. Agen, agen, as God judge me : Sfoot Cuz, they stand thrumming here with me all day, and yet I get nothing.

2. *Pren.* A word I pray fir, you must not be angry, Prentises have hot bloods, young fellows,—What say you to this peece ? Looke you, 'tis so delicate, so soft, so even, so fine a thrid, that a Lady may weare it.

Fust. Sfoot I think so, if a Knight marry my Punck, a Lady shall weare it : cut me off 20 yards : th'art an honest lad.

1. *Pren.* Not without monie, gull, and Ile thrum you too.

Omn. Gull, we'll thrum you.

Fust. O Lord sister, did you not heare something crie thump ? zounds your men here make a plaine Assé of me.

Wife. What, to my face so impudent ?

Georg. I, in a cause so honest, we'll not suffer Our Maisters goods to vanish mony lesse.

Wife. You will not suffer them.

2. *Pren.* No, and you may blush, In going about to vex so mild a breast, As is our Maisters.

Wife. Take away those pieces.

Cozen, I give them freely.

Fust. Masse, and Ile take 'em as freely.

Omn. We'll make you lay 'em downe againe more freely.

Wife. Help, help, my brother wil be murdered.

Enter Cam.

Can. How now, what coile is here ? forbear, I say.

Geor. He cals us Flatcaps, and abuses us.

Cand. Why, sirs ? do such examples flow from me ?

Wife. They are of your keeping sir, alas poore brother.

Fust. I faith they ha pepperd me, sifter : look, dost not spin ? call you these Prentises ? Ile nere play at cards more when clubs is trump : I have a goodly coxcomb, sifter, have I not ?

Cand. Sister and brother, brother to my wife.

Fust. If you have any skill in Heraldry, you may soon know that, break but her pate, and you shall see her blood and mine is all one.

Cand. A Surgeon, run, a Surgeon : Why then wore you that forged name of Cozen ?

Fust. Because it's a common thing to call Coz, and Ningle now adayes all the world over.

Cand. Cozen ! A name of much deceit, folly, and sin,

For under that common abused word,
Many an honest tempred Citizen
Is made a monster, and his wife train'd out
To foule adulterous action, full of fraud.
I may well call that word, A Cities Bawd.

Fust. Troth brother, my sifter would needs ha me take upon me to gull your patience a little : but it has made double Gullies on my coxcomb.

Wife. What, playing the woman ? blabbing now you foole ?

Cand. O my wife did but exercise a jest upon your wit.

Fust. Sfoot, my wit bleeds for't, me thinks.

Cand. Then let this warning more of sence afford,

The name of Cozen is a bloody word,

Fust. Ile nere call Coz againe whilst I live, to

have such a coyle about it : this should be a Coronation day ; for my head runs Claret lustily.

Exit. Enter an Officer.

Cand. Go with the Surgeon to have great respect. How now, my friend, what, do they sit to day ?

Offi. Yes sir, they expect you at the Senate-house.

Can. I thanke your paines, Ile not be last man there.

Exit Offi.

My gowne, *George*, go, my gowne. A happy land, Where grave men meet each cause to understand, Whose consciences are not cut out in bribes, To gull the poore mans right : but in even scales, Peize rich and poore, without corruptions veyles. Come, where's the gowne ?

Geor. I cannot find the key sir.

Cand. Request it of your Mistresse.

Wife. Come not to me for any key.

Ile not be troubled to deliver it.

Cand. Good wife, kind wife, it is a needfull trouble, but for my gowne.

Wife. Mothes swallow downe your gowne :

You set my teeth on edge with talking on't.

Cand. Nay prithee, sweet, I cannot meet without it,

I should have a great fine set on my head.

Wife. Set on your coxcomb : tush, fine me no fines.

Cand. Beleeve me (sweet) none greets the Senate-house,

Without his robe of reverence, that's his Gowne.

Wife. Well then y'are like to crosse that custome once,

You get nor key, nor gowne, and so depart :

This trick will vex him sure, and fret his heart.

Exit.

Cand. Stay, let me see, I must have some deuce,

My cloake's too short : fye, fye, no cloke will do't :

It must be something fashioned like a gowne,

With my armes out : oh *George*, come hither *George* :
I prithee lend me thine advice.

Geor. Troth sir, were it any but you, they would
breake open chest.

Can. O no, break open chest ! that's a theeves
office :

Therein you counsell me against my bloud :
'Twould shew impatience that, any meeke meanes
I would be glad to embrace. Masse, I have got it :
Go, step up, fetch me downe one of the Carpets,
The saddest colour'd Carpet, honest *George*,
Cut thou a hole i'th'middle for my necke,
Two for mine armes, nay prithee look not strange.

Geo. I hope you do not thinke sir, as you meane.

Cand. Prithee about it quickly, the houre chides
me :

Warily *George*, softly, take heed of eyes, *Exit George*.
Out of two evils hee's accounted wife,
That can pick out the least ; the Fine impos'd
For an un-gowned Senator, is about
Forty Cruzadoes, the Carpet not 'bove foure.
Thus have I chofen the lesser evill yet,
Preserv'd my patience, foyl'd her desperate wit.

Geo. Here, sir, here's the Carpet. *Enter George*.

Cand. O well done, *George*, wee'l cut it just i' th'
midst :

Tis very well I thank thee, helpe it on.

Geor. It must come over your head, sir, like a
wenches peticoat.

Cand. Th'art in the right, good *George*, it must
indeed.

Fetch me a night-cap : for Ile gird it close,
As if my health were queazy : 'twill shew well
For a rude carelesse night-gowne, wil't not think'ft ?

Geor. Indifferent well, sir, for a night-gowne, being
girt and pleated.

Cand. I, and a night-cap on my head.

Ge. That's true sir, Ile run and fetch one, and a
staffe. *Ex. Ge.*

Can. For thus they cannot chuse but conſter it,
One that is out of health, takes no delight,
Weares his apparrell without appetite,
And puts on heedleſſe raiment without forme.

Enter Geo.

So, ſo, kind *George*, be ſecret now : and prithee do
not laugh at me till I'me out of ſight.

Geo. I laugh ? not I ſir.

Cand. Now to the Senate-houſe :

Methinkes, Ide rather weare, without a frowne,
A patient Carpet, then an angry Gowne. *Exit.*

Geo. Now, looks my M. juſt like one of our carpet
knights, only he's ſomewhat the honeſter of the two.

Enter Candidoes wife.

Wife. What, is your Maſter gone ?

Geo. Yes forfooth, his backe is but new turn'd.

Wife. And in his cloake ? did he not vex and
ſweare ?

Geo. No, but hee'l make you ſweare anon : no,
indeed, he went away like a lambe.

Wife. Key ſinke to hell ; ſtill patient, patient ſtill !
I am with child to vex him : prithee *George*,
If e're thou look'ſt for favour at my hands,
Uphold one jeſt for me.

Geo. Againſt my maſter ?

Wi. Tis a meere jeſt in fayth : ſay wilt thou doo't ?

Ge. Well, what iſt ?

Wife. Here, take this key, thou know'ſt where all
things lie.

Put on thy Maſters beſt apparell, Gowne,
Chaine, Cap, Ruffe, every thing, be like himſelfe,
And 'gainſt his comming home, walke in the ſhop,
Fayne the ſame carriage, and his patient looke,
Twill breed but a jeſt thou know'ſt, ſpeake, wilt thou ?

Geo. Twill wrong my maſters patience.

Wife. Prythee *George*.

Geo. Well, if you'l ſave me harmleſſe, and put me
under covert barne, I am content to pleaſe you, pro-
vided it may breed no wrong againſt him.

Wife. No wrong at all : here take the Key, be gone :
 If any vex him, this : if not this, none. *Exeunt.*

SCENA VIII.

Enter a Bawd and Roger.

Bawd. O *Roger, Roger*, where's your mistress, where's your mistress ? there's the finest, neatest Gentleman at my house, but newly come over : Oh where is she, where is she, where is she ?

Rog. My mistress is abroad, but not amongst 'em : my mistress is not the whore now that you take her for.

Bawd. How ! is she not a whore ! do you go about to take away her good name, *Roger* ? you are a fine Pandar indeed.

Rog. I tell you, *Madona Finger-locke*, I am not fad for nothing, I ha not eaten one good meale this three and thirty dayes : I had wont to get fixeene pence by fetching a pottle of Hypocras : but now those dayes are past. We had as good doings, *Madona Finger-locke*, she within dores, and I without, as any poore yong couple in *Millan*.

Bawd. Gods my life, and is she chang'd now ?

Rog. I ha lost by her squeamishnesse, more then would have builded twelve bawdy houses.

Baw. And had she no time to turn honest but now ? what a vile woman is this ! twenty pound a night, Ile be sworne, *Roger*, in good gold and no silver : why here was a time, if she should ha pickt out a time, it could not be better ! gold enough stirring ; choice of men, choice of haire, choice of beards, choice of legs, and choice of every, every, every thing : it cannot sink into my head, that she should be such an Ass. *Roger*, I never beleeeve it.

Rog. Here she comes now. *Enter Bellafronte.*

Baw. O sweet *Madona*, on with your loose gowne,

your felt and your fether, there's the sweetest, prepreft, gallantest Gentleman at my house, he smells all of Muske and Amber greece, his pocket full of crownes, flame-coloured doublet, red satin hose, Carnation silk stockings, and a leg and a body, oh!

Bell. Hence, thou our sexes monster, poysonous Bawd,
Lusts Factor, and damnations Orator,
Gossip of hell : were all the Harlots sinnes
Which the whole world containes, numbred together,
Thine farre exceeds them all : of all the creatures
That ever were created, thou art basest.
What serpent would beguile thee of thy office ?
It is detestable : for thou liv'st
Upon the dregs of Harlots, guard'st the dore,
Whilst couples goe to dauncing : O course devill !
Thou art the bastards curse, thou brand'st his birth,
The lechers French disease : for thou dry-suck'st him :
The Harlots poyson, and thine owne confusion.

Baw. Mary come up with a pox, have you no body to raile against, but your Bawd now ?

Bell. And you, knave Pandar, kinsman to a Bawd.

Rog. You and I *Madona*, are Cozens.

Bell. Of the same blood and making, neere allied,
Thou, that slave to sixpence, base mettall'd villaine.

Rog. Sixpence ? nay that's not so : I never tooke under two shillings foure-pence, I hope I know my fee.

Bell. I know not against which most to inveigh :
For both of you are damn'd so equally.

Thou neuer spar'st for oathes, swear'st any thing,
As if thy soule were made of shoe-leather.

God dam me, Gentlemen, if she be within,

When in the next roome she's found dallying.

Rog. If it be my vocation to sweare, every man in his vocation : I hope my betters swear and dam themselves, and why should not I ?

Bell. *Roger*, you cheat kind Gentlemen.

Rog. The more gullies they.

Bell. Slave, I casheer thee.

Baw. And you doe casheer him, he shall be entertain'd.

Rog. Shall I? then blurt a your service.

Bell. As hell would have it, entertain'd by you! I dare the divell himfelfe to match those two. *Exit.*

Baw. Mary gup, are you growne so holy, so pure, so honest with a pox!

Rog. Scurvie honest Punck! but stay *Madona*, how must our agreement be now? for you know I am to have all the commings in at the hall dore, and you at the chamber dore.

Ba. True *Rog.* except my vailes.

Rog. Vailes, what vailes?

Ba. Why as thus, if a couple come in a Coach, and light to lie downe a little, then *Roger* that's my fee, and you may walk abroad; for the Coach-man himfelfe is their Pandar.

Ro. Is a fo? in truth I have almost forgot, for want of exercife: But how if I fetch this Citizens wife to that Gull, and that *Madona* to that Gallant, how then?

Ba. Why then, *Roger*, you are to have sixpence a lane, so many lanes, so many sixpences.

Ro. Ist fo? then I see we two shall agree and live together.

Ba. I *Roger*, so long as there be any Tavernes and bawdy houses in Millain. *Exeunt.*

SCENA IX.

Enter Bellafronte with Lute, Pen, inke, and paper being placed before her.

Song.

THe Courtiers flatterring Jewels,
(Temptations onely fuels)
The Lawyers ill-got monies,
That suck up poore Bees Honyes:
The Citizens sonne's ryot,
The gallant colly dyet:

The Honest Whore.

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*Silks and Velvets, Pearles and Ambers,
Shall not draw me to their Chambers.
Silks and Velvets, &c.*

Shee writes.

Oh 'tis in vaine to write : it wil not please,
Inke on this paper would ha but presented
The foule blacke spots that stick upon my foule,
And rather make me loathfomer, then wrought
My loves impressiō in *Hipolitoes* thought.
No, I must turne the ~~chasse~~ leaves of my brest,
And pick out some sweet means to breed my rest.
Hipolito, beleewe me I will be
As true unto thy heart, as thy heart to thee,
And hate all men, their gifts and company.

Enter Mathazo, Castruchio, Fluello, Pioratto.

Mat. You, goody Puncke, *subaudi* Cockatrice, O
yare a sweet whore of your promise, are you not
think you? how well you came to supper to us last
night; mew, a whore and breake her word! nay you
may blush, and hold downe your head at it well
enough: Sfoot, aske these Gallants if we staid not till
we were as hungry as Sergeants.

Flu. I, and their Yeomen too.

Castr. Nay faith *Acquaintance*, let me tell you, you
forgat your selfe too much: we had excellent cheere,
rare vintage, and were drunke after supper.

Pior. And when wee were in our Woodcocks
(sweete Rogue) a brace of Gullies, dwelling here in
the City, came in, and paid all the shot.

Mat. Pox on her, let her alone.

Bell. O, I pray doe, if you be Gentlemen:
I pray depart the house: beshrew the doore
For being so easily intreated: faith,
I lent but little eare unto your talke,
My minde was busied otherwise in troth,
And so your words did unregarded passe:
Let this suffice, I am not as I was.

Flu. I am not what I was ! no Ile be sworne thou art not : for thou wert honest at five, and now th'art a Puncke at fiteene : thou wert yesterday a simple whore, and now th'art a cunning Conny-catching baggage to day.

Bell. I'll say Ime worse, I pray forsake me then,

I doe desire you leave me, Gentlemen.

And leave your selves : O be not what you are,
(Spend-thrifts of foule and body)

Let me perswade you to forsake all Harlots,
Worse then the deadliest poysons, they are worse :
For o're their foules hangs an eternall curse,
In being slaves to slaves, their labours perish,
Th'are seldome blest with fruit ; for ere it blossoms,
Many a worrne confounds it.

They have no issue but foule ugly ones,
That run along with them, e'ne to their graves :
For stead of children, they breed ranke diseases,
And all you Gallants can bestow on them,
Is that French Infant, which ne'r acts, but speakes :
What shallow sonne and heire then, foolish gallant,
Would waste all his inheritance, to purchase
A filthy loath'd disease ? and pawne his body
To a dry evill : that usurie's worst of all,
When th'Intrest will eate out the Principall.

Mat. Sfoot, she gulle em the best : this is alwaies her fashion, when she would be rid of any company that shee cares not for, to enjoy mine alone.

Flu. Whats heere ? Instructions, Admonitions, and Caveats ? Come out, you scabbard of Vengeance.

Mat. *Fluello*, spurne your hounds when they foiste, you shal not spurne my Puncke, I can tell you my blood is vext.

Flu. Pox a your blood : make it a quarrell.

Mat. Y'are a slave, will that serve turne ?

Omnes. Sblood, hold, hold.

Cast. *Mathao*, *Fluello*, for shame put up.

Bell. O how many thus
Mov'd with a little folly, have let out

Their foules in brothell houfes, fell downe and died
Just at their harlots foot, as 'twere in pride.

Flu. *Mathao*, we shall meet.

Mat. I, I, any where, saving at Church :
Pray take heede we meete not there.

Flu. A due Damnation.

Castr. Cockatrice, farewell.

Pia. There's more deceit in women, then in hell.

Exeunt.

Mat. Ha, ha, thou dost gull em so rarely, so
naturally : if I did not thinke thou hadst beene in
earnest : thou art a sweete Rogue for't yfaith.

Bell. Why are not you gone too, signior *Mathao* ?
I pray depart my house : you may beleeeve me,
In troth I have no part of harlot in me.

Mat. How is this ?

Bell. Indeed I love you not : but hate you worse
Then any man, because you were the first
Gave money for my foule : you brake the Ice,
Which after turnd a puddle : I was led
By your temptation to be miserable :
I pray seeke out some other that will fall,
Or rather, I pray seeke out none at all.

Mat. Is't possible to be impossible ! an honest
whore ! I have heard many honest Wenches turne
Strumpets with a wet finger, but for a Harlot to turne
honest, is one of *Hercules* Labours. It was more
easie for him in one night to make fifty queanes, then
to make one of them honest againe in fifty yeares.
Come, I hope thou dost but jest.

Bell. Tis time to leave off jesting, I had almost
Jested away salvation : I shall love you,
If you will soone forsake me.

Mat. God be with thee.

Bell. O tempt no more women :
Shunne their weighty curse,
Women (at best) are bad, make them not worse
You gladly seeke our Sexes overthrow :
But not to raise our States for all your wrongs :
Will you vouchsafe me but due recompence,

To marry with me ?

Mat. How ! marry with a Puncke, a Cockatrice, a Harlot ! mary foh, Ile be burnt thorow the nose first.

Bell. Why la ! these are your othes : you love to undoe us,

To put heaven from us, whilst our best houres waste :
You love to make us lewd, but never chaste.

Mat. Ile heare no more of this : this ground upon,
Th'art damn'd for altring thy religion. *Exit.*

Bell. Thy Lust and Sinne speake so much :

Go thou my ruine,

The first fall my soule tooke ; by my example

I hope few maidens now will put their heads

Under mens girdles : who least trusts, is most wise :

Mens othes doe cast a mist before our eyes,

My best of wit, be ready, now I goe,

By some device to greet *Hipolito*.

SCENA X.

*Enter a servant setting out a Table, on which he places
a Scull, a Picture, a Booke, and a Taper.*

Ser. So, this is Monday morning, and now must I
to my hufwifry : would I had beene created a Shoo-
maker, for all the Gentle-craft are Gentlemen every
Monday by their Coppie, and scorne (then) to worke
one true stitch. My master means sure to turne me
into a student, for heere's my Booke, here my Deske,
here my Light, this my close chamber, and heere my
Puncke : so that this dull drowfie first day of the weeke,
makes me halfe a Priest, halfe a Chaundler, halfe a
Painter, halfe a Sexton, I and halfe a Bawd : for all
this day my office is to doe nothing but keepe the
doore. To prove it, look you, this good face and
yonder gentleman (so soone as ever my backe is
turnd) will be naught together. *Enter Hipolito.*

Hip. Are all the windows shut ?

Ser. Close sir, as the fist of a Courtier that hath
stood in three reignes.

Hip. Thou art a faithfull fervant, and observ'st
The Kalender, both of my solemne vowes,
And ceremonious sorrow : Get thee gone,
I charge thee on thy life, let not the sound
Of any womans voice pierce through that doore.

Ser. If they doe (my Lord) Ile pierce some of them :
What will your Lordship have to breakfast ?

Hip. Sighs.

Ser. What to dinner ?

Hip. Teares.

Ser. The one of them (my Lord) will fill you too full
of wind, the other wet you too much. What to supper ?

Hip. That which now thou canst not get me, the
constancy of a woman.

Ser. Indeed thats harder to come by then ever
was Oftend.

Hip. Prethee away.

Ser. Ile make away my selfe presently, which few
servants will doe for their Lords ; but rather helpe to
make them away : Now to my doore-keeping, I hope
to picke something out of it. *Exit.*

Hip. My *Infelices* face, her brow, her eie,
The dimple on her cheek : and such sweet skill,
Hath from the cunning workmans pencill flowne,
These lips looke fresh and lively as her owne,
Seeming to move and speake. Las ! now I see,
The reason why fond women love to buy
Adulterate complexion : here 'tis read,
False colours last after the true be dead.
Of all the Roses grafted on her cheekes,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the Musicke set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past womans excellence,
In her white bosome ; look ! a painted boord,
Circumscribes all : Earth can no blisse afford.
Nothing of her but this ! this cannot speake,
It has no lap for me to rest upon,
No lip worth tasting : here the wormes will feed,
As in her coffin : hence then idle Art,

True love's best pictur'd in a true-loves heart.
 Here art thou drawne sweet maide, till this be dead,
 So that thou liv'st twice, twice art buried.
 Thou figure of my friend, lie there. What's here ?
 Perhaps this shrewd pate was mine enemies :
 Las ! say it were : I need not feare him now :
 For all his braves, his contumelious breath,
 His frownes (tho dagger-pointed) all his plot,
 (Tho ne're so mischievous) his *Italian* pilles,
 His quarrels, and (that common fence) his law,
 See, see, they're all eaten out ; here's not left one :
 How cleane they're pickt away ! to the bare bone !
 How mad are mortals then to reare great names
 On tops of swelling houses ! or to weare out
 Their fingers ends (in durt) to scrape up gold !
 Not caring so (that sumpter-horfe) the backe
 Be hung with gawdy trappings, with what course
 Yea rags most beggarly, they cloath the foule :
 Yet (after all) their *Gayneffe* lookes thus foule.
 What fooles are men to build a garish tombe,
 Onely to save the carcase whilst it rots,
 To maintain't long in stinking, make good carrion,
 But leave no good deeds to preserve them found,
 For good deeds keep men sweet, long above ground,
 And must all come to this ; fooles, wife, all hither,
 Must all heads thus at last be laid together :
 Draw me my picture then, thou grave neate workeman,
 After this fashion, not like this ; these colours
 In time kissing but aire, will be kist off :
 But here's a fellow ; that which he layes on,
 Till doomes day, alters not complexion :
 Death's the best Painter then : They that draw shapes,
 And live by wicked faces, are but Gods Apes.
 They come but neere the life, and there they stay,
 This fellow drawes life too : his Art is fuller,
 The pictures which he makes are without colour.

Enter his servant.

Ser. Here's a person would speake with you Sir.

Hip. Hah !

Ser. A Parfon, fir, would speake with you.

Hip. Vicar ?

Ser. Vicar ? no fir, has too good a face to be a Vicar yet, a youth, a very youth.

Hip. What youth ? of man or woman ? locke the dores.

Ser. If it be a woman, mary-bones and Potato pies keepe me for medling with her, for the thing has got the breeches, 'tis a male-varlet sure my Lord, for a womans tayler ne're measur'd him.

Hip. Let him give thee his message and be gone.

Ser. Hee sayes hee's Signior *Matheos* man, but I know he lies.

Hip. How dost thou know it ?

Ser. Cause has nere a beard : 'tis his boy I thinke, fir, whofo-e're paid for his nursing.

Hip. Send him and keepe the dore. *Reads.*

Fata si liceat mihi,

Fingere arbitrio meo,

Temperem Zephyro levi vela.

Ide faile were I to choose, not in the Ocean,
Cedars are shaken, when shrubs do feele no bruize.

Enter Bellafront like a Page.

How ? from *Mathao* ?

Bell. Yes my Lord.

Hip. Art sick ?

Bell. Not all in health my Lord.

Hip. Keep off.

Bell. I do :

Hard fate when women are compeld to wooe.

Hip. This paper does speake nothing.

Bell. Yes my Lord,

Matter of life it speakes, and therefore writ
In hidden character, to me instruction

My Maister gives, and (lesse you please to stay
Till you both meet) I can the text display.

Hip. Do so ; read out.

Bell. I am already out :

Looke on my face, and read the strangest story !

Hip. What villaine, ho ? *Enter his servant.*

Ser. Call you my Lord ?

Hip. Thou slave, thou hast let in the devil.

Ser. Lord bleſſe us, where ? hee's not cloven my Lord that I can ſee : beſides the divell goes more like a Gentleman than a Page, good my Lord *Boon couragio.*

Hip. Thou haſt let in a woman, in mans ſhape. And thou art damn'd for't.

Ser. Not damn'd I hope for putting in a woman to a Lord.

Hip. Fetch me my rapier,—do not : I ſhall kill thee. Purge this infected chamber of that plague, That runnes upon me thus : Slave : thruſt her hence.

Ser. Alas my Lord, I ſhall never be able to thruſt her hence without helpe : come Mer-maid you muſt to Sea agen.

Bell. Here me but ſpeake, my words ſhall be all muſick :

Hear me but ſpeake.

Hip. Another beates the dore, T'other Shee-devill, looke.

Ser. Why then hell's broke looſe. *Exit.*

Hip. Hence, guard the chamber : let no more come on,

One woman ferves for man's damnation.
Beſhrew thee, thou doſt make me violate,
The chafeſt and moſt ſanctimonious vow,
That e're was entred in the court of heaven :
I was on meditations ſpotleſſe wings,
Upon my journey thither ; like a ſtorme
Thou beaſt my ripened cogitations,
Flat to the ground : and like a theefe doſt ſtand,
To ſteale devotion from the holy land.

Bell. If woman were thy mother ; if thy heart,
Be not all Marble (or if't Marble be)
Let my teares ſoften it, to pittie me,
I do beſeech thee do not thus with ſcorne,
Deſtroy a woman.

Hip. Woman I beseech thee,
Get thee some other suite, this fits thee not :
I would not grant it to a kneeling Queene,
I cannot love thee, nor I must not : See,
The copy of that obligation,
Where my foule's bound in heaue penalties.

Bell. Shee's dead you told me, she'll let fall her
suite.

Hip. My vowes to her, fled after her to heaven,
Were thine eyes cleare as mine, thou mightst behold
her,

Watching upon yon battlements of Starres,
How I observe them : should I breake my bond,
This boord would rive in twaine, these wooden lippes
Call me most perjur'd villaine, let it suffice,
I ha set thee in the path ; ist not a signe
I love thee, when with one so most most deare,
He have thee fellowes ? All are fellowes there.

Bell. Be greater then a King, save not a body,
But from eternall shipwracke keepe a foule,
If not, and that againe, sinnes path I tread,
The griefe be mine, the guilt fall on thy head.

Hip. Staie and take Phisick for it, read this booke,
Aske counsell of this head what's to be done,
He'll strike it dead that 'tis damnation,
If you turne Turke againe, oh do it not,
Tho heaven cannot allure you to doe well,
From doing ill let hell fright you : and learne this,
The foule whose bosome Lust did never touch,
Is Gods faire Bride, and maidens foules are such :
The foule that leaving Chastities white shore,
Swims in hot sensuall streames, is the diuels whore.
How now, who comes ? *Enter his servant.*

Ser. No more knaves my Lord that weare smocks :
heeres a letter from Doctor *Benedict* : I would not
enter his man, tho he had haire at his mouth, for
feare he should be a woman, for some women have
beards, mary they are halfe witches. Slid you are a
sweet youth to weare a cod-peece, and have no pins
to sticke upon it.

Hip. Ile meet the Doctor, tell him, yet to night
I cannot : but at morrow rising Sunne
I will not faile : goe woman, fare thee well. *Exeunt.*

Bell. The lowest fall can be but into hell :
It does not move him I must therefore fly
From this undoing Cittie, and with teares
Wash off all anger from my fathers brow,
He cannot sure but joy, seeing me new borne,
A woman honest first, and then turne whore,
Is (as with me) common to thousands more :
But from a strumpet to turne chaste, that sound
Has oft beene heard, that woman hardly found. *Exit.*

II. SCE. *Enter Fulligo, Crambo, and Poli.*

Fu. Hold up your hands gentlemen, here's one,
two, three : (nay I warrant they are found Pistols, and
without flawes. I had them of my sister (and I know
she uses to put nothing that's crackt) foure, five, sixe,
seaven, eight and nine, by this hand bring me but a
peece of his blood, and you shall have nine more : Ile
lurke in a Taverne not farre off, and provide supper to
close up the end of the Tragedy : The Linnen-Drapers
remember, stand to't, I beseech you, and play your
parts perfectly.

Cra. Looke you signior, tis not your gold that wee
weigh.

Fufl. Nay, nay, weigh it and spare not, if it lacke
one graine of corne, Ile give you a bushell of wheate
to make it up.

Cram. But by your favour signior, which of the
servants is it, because we'll punish justly.

Fufl. Mary 'tis the head man, you shall tast him
by his tongue, a prettie tall prating fellow, with a Tuf-
calonian beard.

Poli. Tufcalonian ! very good.

Fufl. Gods life, I was ne'r so thrumbed since I
was a Gentleman : my coxcombe was dry beaten, as if
my haire had beene hemp.

Cram. We'll dry beate some of them.

Fust. Nay, it grew so high, that my sister cried out murder, very manfully: I have her consent (in a manner) to have him pepperd: else Ile not doo't, to win more then ten cheaters do at a rifling: breake but his pate, or so, only his mazer, because Ile have his head in a cloth as well as mine, he's a Linnen Draper, and may take enough. I could enter mine Action of Batterie against him, but we may perhaps be both dead and rotten before the Lawiers would end it.

Cram. No more to doe, but insconce your selfe 'tith Taverne, provide no great cheare, a couple of Capons, some Fefants, Plovers, an Oringeado-pie, or so: but how bloodie soere the day be, fally you not forth.

Fust. No, no, nay if I stir, some bodie shall stinke: Ile not budge: Ile lie like a dog in a manger.

Cram. Wel, wel, to the Taverne, let not our supper be raw, for you shall have blood enough, your belly full.

Fust. Thats all, so god sa me, I thirst after, blood for blood, bump for bump, nose for nose, head for head, plaister for plaister, and so farewell: what shall I call your names because Ile leave word, if any such come to the Barre?

Cram. My name is Corporall *Crambo*.

Poh. And mine, Lieutenant *Poh*. *Excunt.*

Cram. *Poli* is as tall a man as ever opened Oister:

I would not be the Divell to meete *Poh*, Farewell.

Fust. Nor I, by this light, if *Poh* be such a *Poh*.

Excunt.

Enter Candidoes wife in her Shop, and the two Prentises.

Wife. Whats a clocke now?

1. *Pren.* Tis almost twelve.

Wife. That's well,

The Senate will leave wording presently :
But is *George* ready ?

2. *Pren.* Yes forfooth, he's furbush't.

Wife. Now as you ever hope to win my favour,
Throw both your duties and respects on him,
With the like awe as if he were your maister,
Let not your lookes betray it with a smile,
Or jeering glaunce to any customer,
Keepe a true setled countenance ; and beware
You laugh not whatfoe'r you heare or see.

2. *Pren.* I warrant you mistris, let us alone for
keeping our countenance : for if I list, theres neuer a
foole in all *Milaine* shal make me laugh, let him play
the foole neuer so like an asse, whether it be the fat
Court foole, or the leane Citty foole.

Wife. Enough then, call downe *George*.

2. *Pren.* I heare him comming.

Enter George.

Wife. Be ready with your legs then, let me see
How courtisie would become him : gallantly !
Beshrew my bloud, a proper seemely man,
Of a choice carriage, walks with a good port.

Geo. I thanke you Mistris, my back's broad enough,
now my Masters gown's on.

Wife. Sure, I should thinke twere the least of sin,
To mistake the Master, and to let him in.

Geo. Twere a good Comedy of Errors that ifaith.

2. *Pren.* Whist, whist, my Master.

Enter Candido, and Exit presently.

Wife. You all know your tasks : Gods my life !
What's that he has got on's backe ? who can tell ?

Geo. That can I, but I will not.

Wife. Girt about him like a mad-man,
What, has he lost his cloake too ?
This is the maddest fashion that ere I saw.
What said he *George* when he passed by thee ?

Geor. Troth mistress nothing : not so much as a Bee, he did not hum : not so much as a bawd, he did not hem : not so much as a Cuckold, he did not ha : neither hum, hem, nor ha, onely stared me in the face, passed along, and made haste in, as if my lookes had wrought with him, to give him a stoole.

Wi. Sure hee's vext now, this trick has mov'd his spleene,

Hee's angerd now, because he uttred nothing : And wordlesse wrath breakes out more violent, May be hee'l strive for place, when he comes downe : But if thou lovest me *George*, afford him none.

Geo. Nay let me alone to play my masters prize, as long as my mistress warrants me : I am sure I have his best clothes on, and I scorne to give place to any that is interior in apparell to me, that's an Axiome, a Principle, and is observ'd as much as the fashion ; let that persuade you then, that Ile shoulder with him for the upper hand in the shop, as long as this chaine will maintaine it.

Wife. Spoke with the spirit of a Maister, though with the tongue of a Prentise.

Enter Candido like a Prentise.

Why how now mad-man, what in your tricki-coats ?

Cand. O peace good mistress.

Enter Crambo and Poli.

See what you lacke, what is't you buy ? pure Callicoes, fine Hollands, choise Cambricks, neate Lawnes : see what you buy : pray come neare, my maister will use you well, he can afford you a penny-worth.

Wife. I that he can, out of a whole peece of Lawne ifaith.

Cand. Pray see your choice here Gentlemen.

Wife. O fine foole ! what, a mad-man ! a patient madman ! who ever heard of the like ? Well sir, Ile fit you and your humour presently : what, crosse points !

Ile untie em all in a trice, Ile vex you ifaith : boy,
take your cloke, quick, come. *Exit.*

Cand. Be covered *George*, this Chaine and weltd
gowne

Bare to this coate : then the world's upside downe.

George. Umh, umh, hum.

Cram. That's the shop, and there's the fellow.

Poh. I but the master is walking in there.

Cram. No matter, wee'l in.

Poh. Sbloud, doft long to lie in Limbo?

Cram. And Limbo be in hell, I care not.

Cand. Looke you, Gentlemen, your choice : Cam-
brickses?

Cram. No fir, some shirting.

Cand. You shall.

Cram. Have you none of this strip'd Canvas for
doublets?

Cand. None strip'd fir, but plaine.

2. Prent. I thinke there be one peece strip'd
within.

Geo. Step firra and fetch it, hum, hum, hum.

Cand. Looke you Gentlemen, Ile make but one
fpreading, here's a peece of cloth, fine, yet shall
weare like iron, tis without fault, take this upon my
word, tis without fault.

Cram. Then tis better than you firra.

Cand. I, and a number more : O that each foule
Where but as spotlesse as this innocent white,
And had as few brakes in it.

Cram. Twould have some then :

There was a fray here last day in this shop.

Cand. There was indeed, a little flea-biting.

Poh. A Gentleman had his pate broke :

Call you that but a flea-biting?

Cand. He had so.

Cram. Zounds do you stand to it? *He strikes him.*

Geo. Sfoot, clubs, clubs, prentices, downe with em,
Ah you rogues, strike a Citizen in's shop?

Can. None of you stirre I pray, forbear good
George.

Cram. I beseech you fir, wee mistooke our markes,
deliver us our weapons.

Geo. Your head bleeds fir, cry clubs.

Cand. I say you shall not, pray be patient,
Give them their weapons : firs, y'are best be gone,
I tell you here are boyes more tough then Beares :
Hence, lest more fists doe walke about your eares.

Both. We thanke you fir. *Exeunt.*

Cand. You shall not follow them :
Let them alone pray, this did me no harme,
Troth I was cold, and the blow made me warme,
I thanke em for't : besides, I had decreed
To have a veine prickt, I did meane to bleed :
So that there's monie sav'd : they are honest men,
Pray use 'em well, when they appeare agen.

George. Yes fir, wee'l use 'em like honest men.

Cand. I, well said *George*, like honest men, tho
they be arrant knaves, for that's the phrase of the
Citie ; helpe to lay up these wares.

Enter his wife with Officers.

Wife. Yonder he stands.

Off. What in a Prentices coate ?

Wife. I, I, mad, mad, pray take heede.

Cand. How now ! what news with them ?
What make they with my wife ?

Officers, is she attach'd ? Looke to your wares.

Wife. He talkes to himselfe : oh hee's much gone
indeed.

Off. Pray plucke up a good heart, be not so feare-
full :

Sirs hearke, wee'l gather to him by degrees.

Wife. I, I, by degrees I pray : Oh me !

What makes he with the Lawne in his hand ?
Hee'l teare all the ware in my shop.

Off. Feare not, wee'l catch him on a sudden.

Wife. You had need do so, pray take heed of your
warrant.

Off. I warrant mistris : Now signior *Candido*.

Cand. Now fir, what news with you fir?

Wife. What news with you he saies? Oh hee's far gone!

Off. I pray feare nothing, let's alone with him, Signior, you looke not like your selfe me thinkes, (Steale you a tother side,) y'are chang'd, y'are altred.

Cand. Chang'd fir, why true fir, is change strange, tis not the fashion unlesse it alter. Monarkes turne to beggars, beggars creepe into the nests of Princes, masters serve their Prentices, Ladies their serving-men, men to turne to women.

Off. And women turne to men.

Can. I, and women turne to men, you say true, ha, ha, a mad world, a mad world.

Off. Have we caught you fir?

Cand. Caught me! well, well, you have caught me.

Wife. He laughs in your faces.

George. A rescue (prentises) my masters catch-pol'd.

Off. I charge you keepe the peace, or have your legs 'gartered with yrons, we have from the Duke a warrant strong enough for what we doe.

Cand. I pray rest quiet, I desire no rescue.

Wife. La, he desires no rescue, las poore heart, He talkes against himselfe.

Cand. Well, what's the matter?

Off. Looke to that arme, Pray make sure worke, double the cord.

Cand. Why, why?

Wife. Look how his head goes, should he get but loose,

Oh twere as much as all our lives were worth.

Off. Feare not, we'll make all sure for our owne safetie.

Cand. Are you at leifure now? well, what's the matter?

Why doe I enter into bonds thus? ha!

Off. Because y'are mad, put feare upon your wife.

The Honest Whore. 67

Wife. O I, I went in danger of my life every minute.

Cand. What, am I mad say you, and I not know it !

Off. That proves you mad, because you know it not.

Wife. Pray talke to him as little as you can,
You see he's too farre spent.

Cand. Bound with strong cord,
A sisters threed yfaith had beene enough,
To lead me any where : wife, doe you long ?
You are mad too, or else you doe me wrong.

George. But are you mad indeed maister ?

Cand. My wife saies so,
And what she saies *George*, is all truth you know :
And whither now, to Bethlem monasterie, ha ! whither ?

Off. Faith ee'n to the mad-mens pound.

Can. A God's name, still I feele my patience found.

Exit.

Ge. Come we'l see whither he goes, if the master
be mad, we are his servants, and must follow his steps,
wee'l be mad-caps too : farewel mistress, you shal have
us all in Bedlam. *Exeunt.*

Wife. I thinke I have fitted you now, you and
your cloths,
If this move not his patience, nothing can,
I'll sweare then I have a Saint, and not a man.

SCENA XIII.

Enter Duke, Doctor, Fluello, Castruchio, Pioratto.

Du. Give us a little leave ; Doctor, your newes.

Doct. I sent for him my Lord, at last he came,
And did receive all speech that went from me,
As gilded pilles made to prolong his health :
My credit with him wrought it : for some men
Swallow even empty hooks, like fooles that feare

No drowning where tis deepest, cause tis cleare :
 In th'end we sat and eat : a health I dranke
 To *Infelices* sweete departed soule,
 This traine I knew would take.

Du. Twas excellent.

Doct. He fell with such devotion on his knees.
 To pledge the same.

Du. Fond superstitious foole !

Doct. That had he beene inflam'd with zeale of
 prayer,

He could not poure't out with more reverence :
 About my neck he hung, wept on my cheek,
 Kist it, and swore he would adore my lippes,
 Because they brought forth *Infelices* name.

Du. Ha, ha, alacke, alacke.

Doct. The Cup he lifts up high, and thus he said :
 Here noble maid : drinks, and was poisoned.

Du. And died !

Doct. And died, my Lord.

Du. Thou in that word
 Haft peec'd mine aged houres out with more yeares,
 Then thou hast taken from *Hipolito*.
 A noble youth he was, but lesſer branches
 Hindring the greater growth, muſt be lopt off,
 And feede the fire : Doctōr we'are now all thine,
 And use us ſo : be bold.

Doct. Thankes gracious Lord :
 My honored Lord :

Du. Hum.

Doct. I doe beſeech your grace to bury deepe,
 This bloodie act of mine.

Du. Nay, nay, for that,
 Doctōr, looke you to't : me it ſhall not move,
 The'yre curſt that ill do, not that ill doe love.

Do. You throw an angry forehead on my face :
 But be you pleas'd backward thus far to looke,
 That for your good, this evill I undertooke.

Du. I, I, we conſter ſo :

Doct. And onely for your love.

Du. Confest : tis true.

Doct. Nor let it stand against me as a bar,
To thrust me from your presence : nor beleve
(As Princes haue quick thoughts) that now my finger
Being dipt in blood, I will not spare the hand,
But that for gold (as what can gold not do ?)
I may be hir'd to worke the like on you.

Du. Which to prevent.

Doct. Tis from my heart as far.

Du. No matter Doctor, cause Ile feareles sleep,
And that you shall stand clear of that suspicion,
I banish thee for ever from my Court.
This principle is old, but true as Fate,
Kings may love treason, but the traitor hate. *Exit.*

Do. Ist so ? nay then Duke, your stale principle,
With one as stale, the Doctor thus shall quit,
He fals himselfe that digs anothers pit :
How now ! where is he ? will he not meet me ?

Enter the doctors man.

Doctors man. Meet you sir, he might have met
with three Fencers in this time, and have received
lesse hurt then by meeting one Doctor of Phisicke :
Why sir, he has walkt under the old Abbey wall yon-
der this houre, till hee's more cold then a Cittizens
countrie house in Janiuere, you may smell him behind
sir : la you, yonder he comes.

Do. Leave me. *Enter Hipolito.*

Do. man. Itch lurch if you will *Exit.*

Do. O my most noble friend !

Hip. Few but your selfe,
Could have intic'd me thus, to trust the Aire
With my close sighs : you sent for me, what news ?

Do. Come, you must doff this blacke, die that
pale cheek

Into his owne colour, goe, attire you selfe
Fresh as a Bridegroom when he meets his Bride,
The Duke has done much treason to thy Love,

Tis now reveal'd, tis now to be reveng'd :
Be merrie, honour'd friend, thy Lady lives.

Hip. What Lady ?

Do. *Infelice*, she's reviv'd,
Reviv'd : Alacke ! death never had the heart,
To take breath from her.

Hip. Umh : I thanke you sir,
Phisicke prolongs life, when it cannot save :
This helps not my hopes, mine are in their grave,
You doe some wrong to mocke me.

Do. By that love
Which I haue ever borne you, what I speake
Is truth : the maiden lives, that funerall,
Dukes teares, the mourning, was all counterfet :
A sleepe draught cosned the world and you :
I was his minister, and then chambred up,
To stop discoverie.

Hip. O treacherous Duke !

Do. He cannot hope so certainly for blisse,
As he beleeves that I have poison'd you :
He woo'd me too't, I yeelded, and confirm'd him
In his most bloodie thoughts.

Hip. A very deuill !

Do. Here did he closely coach to Bergamo,
And thither

Hip. Will I ride, stood Bergamo
In the Low Countries of blacke hell, Ile to her.

Do. You shall to her, but not to Bergamo :
How Passion makes you flie beyond your selfe :
Much of that wearie journey I ha cut off,
For she by letters hath intelligence,
Of your supposed death, her owne interment,
And all those plots, which that false Duke her father
Has wrought against you : and shee'l meete you.

Hip. O when ?

Do. Nay see : how covetous are your desires,
Earely to morrow morne.

Hip. O where good father ?

Doc. At Bethlem monasterie: are you pleas'd now?

Hip. At Bethlem monasterie! the place well fits,
It is the Schoole where those that loose their wits,
Practise againe to get them: I am sicke
Of that disease, all Love is lunatique.

Doc. Wee'l steale away this night in some disguise:
Father *Anselmo*, a most reverend Frier,
Expects our comming, before whom wee'l lay
Reasons so strong, that he shall yeeld in bands
Of holy wedlocke to tie both your hands.

Hip. This is such happinesse,
That to beleeeve it, tis impossible.

Doc. Let all your joyes then die in misbeliefe,
I will reveale no more.

Hip. O yes good father,
I am so well acquainted with despaire,
I know not how to hope: I beleeeve all.

Doc. Wee'l hence this night, much must be done,
much said:

But if the Doctor faile not in his charmes,
Your Lady shall ere morning fill these armes.

Hipol. Heavenly Phisitian! far thy fame shall
spread,

That makst two Lovers speak when they be dead.

Exeunt.

Candido's wife, and George: Pioratto meets them.

Wife. O watch good *George*, watch which way the
Duke comes.

Geo. Here comes one of the butter-flies, aske
him.

Wife. Pray sir, comes the Duke this way?

Pio. Hee's upon comming mistris. *Exit.*

Wife. I thanke you sir: *George*, are there many
mad folkes where thy maister lies?

Geo. O yes, of all countries some, but especially
mad Greeks they swarme: troth mistris, the world is
altered with you, you had not wont to stand thus with

a paper humbly complaining : but you're well enough serv'd : provender prickt you, as it does many of our Cittie-wives besides.

Wife. Dost thinke *George* we shall get him forth ?

George. Truly mistris I cannot tel, I thinke you'l hardly get him forth : why tis strange ! Sfoot I haue knowne many women that haue had mad rascalls to their husbands, whom they would belabour by all means possible to keepe em in their right wits, but of a woman to long to turne a tame man into a madman, why the diuell himselfe was never usde so by his dam.

Wife. How does he talke *George* ! ha ! good *George* tell me.

George. Why youre best goe see.

Wife. Alas, I am afraid.

George. Afraid ! you had more need be asham'd, he may rather be afraid of you.

Wife. But *George*, hee's not starke mad, is he ? he does not rave, he is not home-mad, *George*, is he ?

George. Nay I know not that, but he talkes like a Justice of peace, of a thousand matters, and to no purpose.

Wife. Ile to the Monastery : I shal be mad till I enjoy him, I shall be sicke untill I see him, yet when I doe see him, I shall weepe out mine eyes.

George. I, Ide faine see a woman weepe out her eyes, that's as true as to say, a mans cloake burnes, when it hangs in the water : I know you'l weepe mistris, but what saies the painted cloth ?

Trust not a woman when she cries,

For sheel pumpe water from her eyes :

With a wet finger, and in faster showers,

Then Aprill when he raines downe flowers.

Wife. I but *George*, that painted cloth is worthy to be hanged up for lying, all women have not teares at will, unlesse they have good cause.

George. I but mistris how easily will they finde a cause, and as one of our cheefe-trenchers sayes very learnedly :

*As out of wormewood Bees sucke Honey,
As from poore Clients Lawyers firke money.
As Parsley from a roasted cunny :
So, tho the day be ne'r so funny,
If wives will have it raine, downe then it drives,
The calmest husbands make the stormest wives.*

Wife. Tame George, but I ha done storming now.

Geo. Why that's well done: good mistris, throw aside this fashion of your humour, be not so fantastickall in wearing it: storme no more, long no more. This longing has made you come short of many a good thing that you might have had from my maister: Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke, Fluello, Pioratto, Sinezi.

Wife. O I beseech you pardon my offence, In that I durst abuse your Graces Warrant, Deliver forth my husband, good my Lord.

Duke. Who is her husband?

Flu. Candido my Lord.

Duke. Where is he?

Wife. Hee's among the lunatickes, He was a man made up without a gall, Nothing could move him, nothing could convert His meeke blood into fury, yet like a monster, I often beate at the most constant rocke Of his unshaken patience, and did long To vex him.

Duke. Did you so?

Wife. And for that purpose, Had warrant from your Grace, to carry him To *Bahlem Monastery*, whence they will not free him, Without your Graces hand that sent him in.

Du. You haue longd faire, tis you are mad I feare, Its fit to fetch him thence, and keepe you there: If he be mad, why would you have him forth?

Geo. And please your Grace, hee's not starke mad, but only talkes like a yong Gentleman, somewhat fantastickally, that's all: there's a thousand about your Court, City, and Country madder then he.

Duke. Provide a warrant, you shall have our hand.

Geo. Here's a warrant ready drawne my Lord.

Duke. Get pen and inke, get pen and inke.

Enter Caltruchio.

Cast. Where is my Lord the Duke?

Duke. How now ! more mad men ?

Cast. I haue strange newes my Lord.

Duke. Of what ? of whom ?

Cast. Of *Infelice*, and a marriage.

Duke. Ha ! where ? with whom ?

Cast. *Hipolito*.

Geo. Here my Lord.

Du. Hence with that woman, void the roome.

Flu. Away, the Duke's vext.

Geo. Whoop, come mistris, the Duke's mad too.

Du. Who told me that *Hipolito* was dead ? *Exeunt.*

Cast. He that can make any man dead, the doctor : but my Lord, hee's as full of life as wilde-fire, and as quicke : *Hipolito*, the Doctor, and one more rid hence this evening ; the Inne at which they light is Bethlem monastery : *Infelice* comes from *Bergamo* and meets them there : *Hipolito* is mad, for he means this day to be married, the after noone is the houre, and Frier *Anselmo* is the knitter.

Du. From *Bergamo* ? ist possible ? it cannot be. It cannot be.

Cast. I will not fweare my Lord,
But this intelligence I tooke from one,
Whose braines worke in the plot.

Duke. What's he ?

Cast. *Mathæo*.

Flu. *Mathæo* knowes all.

Pior. Hee's *Hipolitoes* bosome.

Duke. How farre stands Bethlem hence ?

Omnes. Six or seaven miles.

Du. Ist so ? not married till the afternoone :
Stay, stay, lets worke out some prevention : how !
This is most strange, can none but mad-men serve
To dresse their wedding dinner ? all of you
Get presently to horse, disguise your selves

Like Countrie Gentlemen,
Or riding Citizens, or so : and take
Each man a severall path, but let us meete
At Bethlem monastery, some space of time
Being spent betweene the arrivall each of other,
As if we came to see the Lunatickes.
To horse, away, be secret on your lives.
Love must be punisht that unjustly thrives. *Exeunt.*

Flu. Be secret on your lives ! *Castruchio,*
Yare but a scurvie spaniell ; honest Lord,
Good Lady : Zounds their love is just, tis good,
And I'll prevent you tho I swim in blood. *Exit.*

Enter Frier Anselmo, Hipolito, Mathazo, Infelice.

Hip. Nay, nay, resolve good father, or deny.

Anf. You presse me to an act, both full of danger,
And full of happines : for I behold
Your fathers frowns, his threats, nay perhaps death
To him that dare doe this : yet noble Lord,
Such comfortable beames break through these cloudes
By this blest mariage, that your honor'd word
Being pawnd in my defence, I will tie fast
The holy wedding knot.

Hip. Tush, feare not the Duke.

Anf. O son ! wisely to feare, is to be free from feare.

Hip. You have our words, and you shall have our
lives,

To guard you safe from all ensuing danger.

Mat. I, I, chop em up, and away.

Anf. Stay, when ist fit for me, and safest for you,
To entertaine this businesse ?

Hip. Not till the evening.

Anf. Be it so, there is a Chappell stands hard by,
Upon the west end of the Abbey wall,
Thither convey your selves, and when the Sunne
Hath turn'd his backe upon this upper world,
I'll marrie you : that done, no thundring voice
Can breake the sacred bond, yet Ladie, here you are
most safe.

Inse. Father, your love's most deere.

Mat. I, well faide, locke us into some little roome by our selves, that we may be mad for an houre or two.

Hip. O good *Mathæo* no, lets make no noise.

Mat. How! no noise! doe you know where you are! sfoot amongst al the mad-caps in *Millan*: so that to throw the house out at window will be the better, & no man will suspect that we lurke heere to steale mutton: the more sober we are, the more scurvy tis. And tho the Frier tell us, that here we are safest, I am not of his minde, for if those lay here that had lost their monie, none would ever looke after them, but heere are none but those that have lost their wits, so that if hue and cry be made, hither they'l come, and my reason is, because none goes to be married till he be starke mad.

Hip. Muffle your selves, yonders *Fluello*.

Enter Fluello.

Mat. Zounds!

Flu. O my Lord, these cloakes are not for this raine, the tempest is too great: I come sweating to tell you of it, that you may get out of it.

Mat. Why what's the matter!

Flu. What's the matter! you have matterd it faire: the Duke's at hand.

Omnes. The Duke!

Flu. The very Duke.

Hip. Then all our plots are turn'd upon our heads; and we are blown up with our own underminings. Sfoot, how comes he! what vilaine durst betraie our being here!

Flu. *Castruchio* told the Duke, and *Mathæo* here told *Castruchio*.

Hip. Would you betraie me to *Castruchio*!

Ma. Sfoote, he damn'd himself to the pit of hell, if he spake on't agen.

Hip. So did you sweare to me: so were you damn'd.

Mat. Pox on 'em, and there be no faith in men, if a man shall not beleewe oathes: he tooke bread and salt

by this light, that he would never open his lips.

Hip. Oh God, oh God.

Ans. Son be not desperate, haue patience, you shal trip your enemie downe by his owne flights : How far is the Duke hence ?

Flu. He's but new set out, *Castruchio*, *Pioratto* and *Sinexi* come along with him : you have time enough yet to preuent them, if you have but courage.

Ans. Ye shall steale secretly into the Chappell, And presently be married : if the Duke Abide here still, spite of ten thousand eyes, You shall scape hence like Friers.

Hip. O blest disguise ! O happy man !

Ans. Talke not of happinesse till your clos'd hand Have her by'th forehead, like the lock of Time : Be nor too slow, nor hasty, now you clime Up to the Tower of blisse, onely be wary And patient, thats all : if you like my plot, Build and dispatch : if not farewell, then not.

Hip. O yes, we doe applaud it : we'll dispute No longer, but will hence and execute.

Fluello you'll stay here, let us be gone, The ground that frighted Lovers tread upon, Is stucke with thornes.

Ans. Come then, away, tis meete, *Exeunt.*
To escape those thornes, to put on winged feet.

Mat. No words I pray *Fluello*, for it stands us upon.

Flu. Oh sir, let that be your lesson :
Alas poore Lovers ! on what hopes and feares,
Men tosse themselves for women : When she's got
The best has in her that which pleaseth not.

*Enter to Fluello, the Duke, Castruchio, Pioratto,
and Sinexi from severall doores muffled.*

Du. Who's there ?

Cas. My Lord.

Du. Peace ; send that Lord away.
A Lordship will spoile all, lets be all fellowes.
What's he ?

Cast. *Fluello*, or else *Sinexi* by his little legs.

Omnes. All friends, all friends.

Du. What, met upon the very point of time?
Is this the place?

Pio. This is the place my Lord.

Du. Dream you on Lordships! come no more
Lords I pray:

You have not seene these Lovers yet?

Omn. Not yet.

Duke. *Castruchio*, art thou sure this wedding feate
Is not till afternoone?

Cast. So it is given out my Lord.

Du. Nay, nay, tis like, theeves must obserue their
houres,

Lovers watch minutes like Astronomers,
How shall the *interim* houres by us be spent?

Flu. Lets all goe see the madmen.

Omn. Masse content. *Enter Towne like a sweeper.*

Du. O here comes one, question him, question him.

Flu. Now honest fellow, dost thou belong to the
house?

Tow. Yes forsooth, I am one of the implements, I
sweepe the mad-mens roomes, and fetch straw for 'em,
and buy chaines to tie em, and rods to whip em, I was
a mad wag my felfe here once, but I thank father *Anselmo*,
he lasht me into my right minde agen.

Du. *Anselmo* is the Frier must marry them,
Question him where he is.

Cast. And where is father *Anselmo* now?

Town. Marrie he's gone but eene now.

Du. I, wel done, tell me, whither is he gone?

Tow. Why to God a mighty.

Flu. Ha, ha, this fellow's a foole, talkes idely.

Pio. Sirra all the mad folks in *Millan* brought
hither?

Tow. How all! ther's a question indeed: why if
all the mad folkes in *Millan* should come hither,
there would not be left ten men in the Cittie.

Du. Few Gentlemen or Courtiers here, ha.

Tow. O yes, abundance, abundance, lands no sooner fall into their hands, but straight they run out a their wits : Cittizens sons & heirs are free of the house by their fathers copy : Farmers sons come hither like geese (in flocks) & when they ha sold all their corn fields, here they sit and pick the straws.

Si. Me thinkes you should have women here aswell as men.

Tow. O I, a plague on 'em, ther's no ho with 'em, they're madder then March hares.

Flu. Are there no Lawyers amongst you ?

Tow. O no, not one : never any Lawyer, we dare not let a Lawyer come in, for he'll make 'em mad faster then we can recover 'em.

Du. And how long ist e're you recover any of these ?

Tow. Why according to the quantitie of the Moone thats got into 'em, an Aldermans sonne will be mad a great while, a very great while, especially if his friends left him well, a whore will hardly come to her wits agen : a puritane there's no hope of him, unlesse he may pull downe the Steeple, and hang himselfe i'th bell-ropes.

Flu. I perceive all forts of fish come to your net.

Tow. Yes intruth, we have blockes for all heads, we have good store of wild-Oates heere : for the Courtier is mad at the Cittizen, the Cittizen is mad at the Countrie man, the Shoomaker is mad at the Cobler, the Cobler at the Carman, the puncke is mad that the marchants wife is no whore, the marchants wife is mad that the Punck is so common a whore : gods so, here's father *Anselmo*, pray say nothing that I tel tales out of the Schoole.

Exit.

Omn. God bleffe you father.

Ansel. I thanke you gentlemen. *Enter Anselmo.*

Cast. Pray may we see some of those wretched foules,

That here are in your keeping ?

Anf. Yea, you shall.

But gentlemen, I must disarme you then,
There are of mad-men, as there are of tame,
All humourd not alike : we have here some,
So apish and phantasticke, play with a feather,
And tho' twould grieve a soule to see Gods image
So blemisht and defac'd, yet doe they act
Such anticke and such pretty lunacies,
That spite of Sorrow they will make you smile :
Others agen we have like hungry Lions,
Fierce as wilde Bulls, untameable as flies,
And these have oftentimes from strangers sides
Snatcht rapiers suddenly, and done much harme,
Whom if you'll see, you must be weaponlesse.

Omn. With all our hearts.

Anf. Here, take these weapons in,
Stand off a little pray ; so, so, tis well :
He shew you here a man that was sometimes
A very grave and wealthy Cittizen,
Has serv'd a prentiship to this misfortune,
Beene here seven yeares, and dwelt in *Bergamo*.

Duke. How fell he from his wits ?

Anf. By losse at Sea ;
He stand aside, question him you alone,
For if he spy me, hee'l not speake a word,
Unlesse hee's throughly vext. *Discovers an old man*
wrapt in a net.

Flu. Alas poore soule !

Cast. A very old man.

Duke. God speed father.

1. Mad. God speed the Plough, thou shalt not
speed me.

Rio. We see you old man, for all you dance in a
net.

1. Mad. True, but thou wilt daunce in a halter,
and I shall not see thee.

Anf. O, doe not vex him pray.

Cast. Are you a Fisherman father ?

1. Mad. No, I am neither fish nor flesh.

Flu. What do you with that net then ?

1. *Mad.* Dost not see foole ? there's a fresh Salmon in't : if you step one foot further, you'l be over shoos, for you see I am over head and eares in the salt-water : and if you fal into this whirle-poole where I am, y'are drown'd : y'are a drown'd Rat. I am fishing here for five ships, but I cannot have a good draught, for my Net breakes still, and breakes, but Ile breake some of your neckes and I catch you in my clutches. Stay, stay, stay, stay, stay, wheres the wind ? wheres the wind ? wheres the winde ? wheres the winde ? Out you Gullies, you Goofe-caps, you Gudgeon-eaters ! do you looke for the wind in the heavens ? ha, ha, ha, ha, no, no, looke there, looke there, looke there, the winde is alwayes at that doore : hearke how it blowes, puffe, puffe, puffe.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

1. *Mad.* Do you laugh at Gods creatures ? do you mock old age, you Rogues ? Is this gray beard and head counterfet that you cry, ha, ha, ha ? Sirra, art not thou my eldest sonne ?

Pior. Yes indeed father.

1. *Mad.* Then th'art a foole, for my eldest son had a polt-foot, crooked legs, a verjuice face, and a peare colour'd beard : I made him a Scholler, and he made himselfe a foole. Sirra, thou there : hold out thy hand.

Du. My hand, wel, here tis.

1. *Mad.* Looke, looke, looke : has he not long nailles, and short haire ?

Flu. Yes, monstrous short haire, and abhominable long nailles.

1. *Mad.* Ten-peny nailles, are they not ?

Flu. Yes ten-peny nailles.

1. *Mad.* Such nailles had my second boy : kneele downe thou varlet, and aske thy father blessing : Such nailles had my middlemost son, and I made him a Promoter : and he scrapt, and scrapt, and scrapt, til he got the divel and all : but he scrapt thus and thus and thus and it went under his legs, till at length a

companie of Kites, taking him for carrion, swept up all, all, all all, all, all. If you love your lives, looke to your selves: see, see, see, see, the Turkes Gallies are fighting with my ships, Bownce goes the guns: oooh! cry the men: romble, romble goe the waters: Alas, there; tis funke, tis tunke: I am undone, I am undone, you are the damn'd Pirates have undone me: you are by the Lord, you are, you are, stop 'em, you are.

Anf. Why how now sirra! must I fall to tame you!

1. *Mad.* Tame me! no, Ile be madder then a roasted Cat: see, see, I am burnt with gunpowder, these are our clofe fights.

Anf. Ile whip you if you grow unruly thus.

1. *Mad.* Whip me! out you toad? whip me: what justice is this, to whip me because I am a beggar? Alas! I am a poore man: a very poore man: I am starv'd, and have had no meate by this light, ever since the great floud, I am a poore man.

Anf. Well, well, be quiet, and you shall have meate.

1. *Mad.* I, I pray do: for looke you, here be my guts: these are my ribs—you may looke through my ribs—see how my guts come out: these are my red guts, my very guts, oh, oh!

Anfel. Take him in there.

Omn. A very pitteous fight.

Cast. Father, I see you have a busie charge.

Anf. They must be usde like children, pleased with toyes,

And anon whipt for their unrulinesse:
 Ile shew you now a paire quite different
 From him that's gone: he was all words, and these
 Unlesse you urge em, seldome spend their speech,
 But save their tongues: la you, this hithermost
 Fell from the happy quietnes of minde,
 About a maiden that he lov'd, and died:
 He followed her to Church, being full of teares,
 And as her body went into the ground,
 He fell starke mad. This is a married man,
 Was jealous of a faire, but as some say,
 A very vertuous wife, and that spoil'd him.

2. *Mad.* All these are whoremongers, & lay with my wife : whore, whore, whore, whore, whore.

Flu. Observe him.

2. *Mad.* Gaffer Shoomaker, you puld on my wifes pumps, and then crept into her pantofles : lie there, lie there : this was her Tailer ; you cut out her loose-bodied Gowne, and put in a yard more then I allowed her, lie there by the Shoomaker : O maister Doctor ! are you here ? you gave me a Purgation, and then crept into my wifes chamber, to feele her pulses, and you said, and she said, and her maide said, that they went pit a pat, pit a pat, pit a pat : Doctor, Ile put you anone into my wifes Urinall ; heigh, come aloft Jacke : this was her schoole-maister, and taught her to play upon the Virginals, and still his Jacks leapt up, up : you prickt her out nothing but bawdy lessons, but Ile pricke you all, Fidler-Doctor : Tayler-shoomaker : shoomaker, Fidler, Doctor, Tayler : so, lie with my wife agen now.

Castr. See how he notes the other, now he feeds.

2. *Mad.* Give me some porridge.

3. *Mad.* Ile give thee none.

2. *Mad.* Give me some porridge.

3. *Mad.* Ile not giue thee a bit.

2. *Mad.* Give me that flap-dragon.

3. *Mad.* Ile not give thee a spoonefull : thou liest, its no Dragon, tis a Parrat, that I bought for my sweet heart, and Ile keepe it.

2. *Mad.* Here's an almond for Parrat.

3. *Mad.* Hang thy selfe.

2. *Mad.* Here's a rope for Parrat.

3. *Mad.* Eate it, for Ile eate this.

2. *Mad.* Ile shoote at thee, and thou't give me none.

3. *Mad.* Wut thou ?

2. *Mad.* Ile run a tilt at thee, and thou't give me none.

3. *Mad.* Wut thou ? doe and thou dar'st.

2. *Mad.* Bownce.

3. *Mad.* O oh! I am slaine! murder, murder, murder, I am slaine, my braines are beaten out.

Anf. How now you villains! bring me whips: Ile whip you.

3. *Mad.* I am dead, I am slaine, ring out the bell, for I am dead.

Duke. How will you doe now sirra? you ha kill'd him.

2. *Mad.* Ile answer't at Sessions: he was eating of almond Butter, and I long'd for't: the child had never been delivered out of my belly, if I had not kill'd 'him, Ile answer't at Sessions, so my wife may be burnt ith hand too.

Anf. Take 'hem in both: bury him, for he's dead.

3. *Mad.* Indee'de, I am dead, put me I pray into a good pit hole.

2. *Mad.* Ile answer't at Sessions. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bellafronte mad.

Anf. How now hufwife, whither gad you?

Bell. A nutting forsooth: how do you gaffer? how do you gaffer? there's a French curfie for you too.

Flu. Tis *Bellafronte*.

Pio. Tis the puncke by'th Lord.

Duke. Father, what's she I pray?

Anf. As yet I know not,

She came in but this day, talkes little idly,
And therefore has the freedome of the house.

Bell. Doe not you know me? nor you, nor you, nor you?

Omn. No indeed.

Bell. Then you are an Asse, and you an Asse, and you are an Asse, for I know you.

Anf. Why, what are they? come, tell me, what are they?

Bell. They are Fish-wives, will you buy any Gud-geons? gods fanty, yonder come Friers, I know them too: how doe you Frier?

Enter Hipolito, Mathæo, and Infalice disguised in the habites of Friers.

Anf. Nay, nay, away, you must not trouble Friers

The Duke is heere, speake nothing.

Bell. Nay indeed you shall not goe : wee'll run at barley-breake first, and you shall be in hell.

Mat. My puncke turn'd mad whore, as all her fellowes are !

Hip. Say nothing, but steal hence, when you spie time.

Anf. I'll locke you up, if y'are unruly, fie.

Bell. Fie, marrie so : they shall not goe indeed till I ha tolde 'hem their fortunes.

Duke. Good father, give her leave.

Bell. I pray, good father, and I'll give you my blessing.

Anf. Well then, be briefe, but if you are thus unruly,
I'll have you lockt up fast.

Pio. Come, to their fortunes.

Bell. Let me see, 1. 2. 3. and 4. I'll begin with the little Frier first, heer's a fine hand indeed, I never saw Frier have such a daintie hand : heere's a hand for a Ladie, heere's your fortune,
You love a Frier better than a Nun,
Yet long you'll love no Frier, nor no Friars sonne.
Bow a little, the line of life is out, yet I am afraid,
For all y'are holy, you'll not die a maid : God give you joy.

Now to you Frier *Tucke.*

Mat. God fend me good lucke.

Bell. You love one, and one loves you :
You are a false knave, and she's a Jew,
Here is a Diall that false ever goes.

Mat. O your wit drops !

Bell. Troth so does your nose ;
Nay lets shake hands with you too :
Pray open, here's a fine hand :
Ho Frier ho, God be here,
So he had need : you'll keepe good cheare,
Here's a free table, but a frozen breast,
For you'll starve those that love you best.
Yet you have good fortune, for if I am no liar,

Then you are no Frier, nor you, nor you no Frier,
Ha, ha, ha, ha. *Discovers them.*

Du. Are holy habits clokes for villanie?
Draw all your weapons.

Hip. Doe, draw all your weapons,

Duke. Where are your weapons? draw.

Omn. The Frier has guld us of 'em.

Mat. O rare tricke!

You ha learn'd one mad point of Arithmeticke.

Hip. Why fwels your spleene so hie? against what
bosom

Would you your weapons draw, hers, tis your
daughters:

Mine, tis your sonnes.

Du. Sonne?

Mad. Sonne, by yonder Sunne.

Hip. You cannot shed blood here but tis your
owne,

To spill your owne blood were damnation:

Lay smoothe that wrinkled brow, and I will throw

My selfe beneath your feet:

Let it be rugged still and flinted ore,

What can come forth but sparkles that will burne

Your selfe and us? she's mine, my claime's most good,

She's mine by marriage, tho she's yours by blood.

I have a hand (deare Lord) deepe in this act,

For I foresaw this storme, yet willingly

Put forth to meet it: Oft have I seene a father

Washing the wounds of his deare sonne in tears,

A sonne to curse the sword that strucke his father,

Both flaine i'th quarrell of your families,

Those scars are now tane off: And I beseech you

To feale our pardon, all was to this end,

To turne the ancient hates of your two houses

To fresh greene friendship, that your Loves might
looke

Like the Springs forehead, comfortably sweet:

And your vext soules in peacefull union meete,

Their blood will now be yours, yours will be theirs

And happinesse shall crowne your silver haire.

Fru. You see (my Lord) theres now no remedie.

Omn. Befeech your Lordship.

Du. You befeech faire, you have me in place fit
To bridle me, rise Frier, you may be glad
You can make madmen tame, and tame men mad,
Since Fate hath conquerd, I must rest content,
To strive now, would but adde new punishment :
I yeeld unto your happinesse, be blest,
Our families shall henceforth breath in rest.

Omn. O happy change !

Du. Yours now is my content,
 I throw upon your joyes my full consent.

Bell. Am not I a good girle, for finding the Frier in
 the wel ? Gods so, you are a brave man : will not you
 buy me some sugar plums, because I am so good a
 fortune teller.

Du. Would thou hadst wit (thou pretty foule) to
 aske,
 As I have will to give.

Bell. Prettie foule, a pretty foule is better then a
 pretty bodie : doe not you know my prettie foule ?
 I know you : Is not your name *Mathao* ?

Mat. Yes lamb.

Bell. Baa Lamb ! there you lie, for I am mutton :
 looke fine man, he was mad for me once, and I was
 mad for him once, and he was mad for her once, and
 were you never mad ? Yes I warrant, I had a fine
 jewell once, a verie fine jewell, and that naughty
 man stole it away from me, a very fine and a rich
 jewell.

Du. What jewell pretty maide ?

Bell. Maide, nay that's a lie : O 'twas a very rich
 jewell, called a Maiden head, and had not you it
 leerer.

Mat. Out you mad affe ! away.

Du. Had he thy Maiden-head ?

He shall make thee amends, and marrie thee.

Bell. Shall he ? O brave *Arthur* of *Bradley*
 then ?

Du. And if he bear the mind of a gentleman,
I know he will.

Mat. I thinke I rifled her of some such paltry jewell.

Du. Did you? then marry her, you see the
wrong

Has led her spirits into a lunacie.

Mat. How, marry her my Lord? sfoote marry a
madwoman: let a man get the tameſt wife he can
come by, ſhee'll be mad enough afterward, doe what
he can.

Du. Nay then, father *Anſelmo* here ſhall do his
beſt,
To bring her to her wits, and will you then?

Mat. I cannot tell, I may chooſe.

Du. Nay then Law ſhall compell: I tell you ſir,
So much her hard fate moves me, you ſhould not
breath

Under this aire, unleſſe you married her.

Mat. Well then, when her wits ſtand in their right
place,
I'll marrie her.

Bell. I thanke your Grace: *Mathæo*, thou art
mine:

I am not mad, but put on this diſguiſe,
Onely for you my Lord: for you can tell
Much wonder of me, but you are gone: farewell.

Mathæo, thou didſt firſt turne my foule blacke,
Now make it white agen: I doe proteſt,
I'm pure as fire now, chaſte as *Cynthias* breaſt.

Hip. I durſt be ſworne *Mathæo* ſhe's indeed.

Mat. Cony-catcht, guld, muſt I faile in your flie-
boat,

Becauſe I helpt to reare your maine-maſt firſt?
Plague found you for't, tis well.

The Cockolds ſtampe goes currant in all nations,
Some men ha hornes giv'n them at their creations,
If I be one of thoſe, why ſo: tis better
To take a common wench, and make her good,
Than one that ſimpers, and at firſt will ſcarce

Be tempted forth over the threshold doore,
Yet in one fennight, zounds, turnes arrant whore :
Come wench, thou shalt be mine, give me thy gols,
Wee'l talke of legs hereafter : see my Lord,
God give us joy.

Omn. God give you joy.

Enter Candido's wife, and George.

Geo. Come mistris, we are in Bedlam now, mas and
see, we come in pudding time, for here's the Duke.

Wife. My husband good my Lord.

Duke. Have I thy husband ?

Cast. Its *Candido* my Lord, he's here among the
lunaticks : father *Anselmo*, pray fetch him forth :
this mad woman is his wife, and tho she were
not with child, yet did she long most spitefully to
have her husband mad : and because shee would
be sure he should turne Jew, she placed him here in
Bethlem, yonder he comes.

Enter Candido with Anselmo.

Duke. Come hither Signior, are you mad ?

Cand. You are not mad.

Duke. Why I know that.

Cand. Then may you know I am not mad that know ✓
You are not mad, and that you are the Duke :
None is mad here but one. How do you wife ?
What do you long for now ? pardon my Lord :
She had lost her childe's nose else : I did cut out
Penyworths of lawne, the lawne was yet mine owne :
A carpet was my gowne, yet 'twas mine owne :
I wore my mans coate, yet the cloth mine owne :
Had a crackt crowne, the crowne was yet mine owne,
She sayes for this I me mad : were her words true,
I should be mad indeed : O foolish skill !
Is patience madnesse ? Ile be a mad-man still.

✓ *Wife.* Forgive me, and Ile vex your spirit no more.

Duke. Come, come, wee'l have you friends, joyne hearts, joyne hands.

Cand. See my Lord, we are even,
Nay rise, for ill deeds kneele unto none but heaven.

Duke. Signior, me thinkes patience has laid on you
Such heavy weight, that you should loath it.

Cand. Loath it!

Duke. For he whose breast is tender, blood so coole,

That no wrongs heate it, is a patient foole :

What comfort do you finde in being so calme ?

Cand. That which greene wounds receive from
soveraigne balme,

✓ — Patience my Lord : why tis the soule of peace :
Of all the vertues tis neer'st kin to heaven.
It makes men looke like gods : the best of men
That ere wore earth about him, was a sufferer,
A soft, meeke, patient, humble, tranquill spirit,
The first true Gentleman that ever breath'd,
The stock of Patience then cannot be poore :
All it desires, it has, what Monarch more ?
It is the greatest enemy to Law
That can be, for it doth embrace all wrongs,
And so chaines up Lawyers and Womens tongues.
Tis the perpetuall prisoners liberty :
His walkes and orchards : tis the bond-slaves freedom,
And makes him seeme proud of each yron chaine,
As tho he wore it more for state then paine :
It is the beggars musicke, and thus sings,
Although their bodies beg, their soules are kings.
O my dread Liege ! It is the sap' of blisse
Reares us aloft ; makes men and Angels kisse.
And last of all, to end a household strife,
It is the hony gainst a waspish wife.

Duke. Thou giv'st it lively colours : who dare say
Hee's mad, whose words march in so good array ?
Twere sinne all women should such husbands have,
For every man must then be his wifes slave.
Come therefore, you shall teach our Court to shine,
So calme a spirit is worth a golden Mine,
Wives (with meeke husbands) that to vex them long,
In Bedlam must they dwell, else dwell they wrong.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



THE
S E C O N D
PART OF THE
HONEST WHORE,

WITH THE HUMORS
of the Patient Man, the Impatient
Wife : the Honest Whore, perfwaded by
strong Arguments to turne Curtizan
again : her braue refuting thofe
Arguments.

And laftly, the Comickall Passages of an Italian
Bridewell, where the Scæne ends.

Written by THOMAS DEKKER.



LONDON,
Printed by *Elizabeth All-de*, for *Nathaniel Butter*.
An. Dom. 1630.



THE
H O N E S T
W H O R E.

Actus primus, Scæna prima.

*Enter at one doore Beraldo, Carolo, Fontinell, Astolfo,
with Seruingmen, or Pages attending on them ; at
another doore enter Lodouico, meeting them.*

Lodouico.



Ood day, Gallants.

Omnes, Good morrow, sweet

Lodouico.

Lodo. How doest thou *Carolo*.

Carolo. Faith as the Physicians doe in a Plague, ✓
see the World sicke, and am well my selfe.

Fontinell. Here's a sweet morning, Gentlemen.

Lod. Oh, a morning to tempt *Ioue* from his Ningle
Ganimed, which is but to giue Dary Wenches greene
gownes as they are going a milking ; what, is thy
Lord stirring yet ?

Astolfo. Yes, he will not be horst this houre,
sure.

Bercaldo. My lady fwearas he shall, for she longs to bee at Court.

Carolo. Oh, wee shall ride fwitch and spurre, would we were there once.

Enter Bryan the Footeman.

Lod. How now, is thy Lord ready?

Bryan. No so crees fa mee, my Lady will haue some little Tyng in her pelly first.

Caro. Oh, then they'le to breakefast.

Lod. Footman, does my Lord ride y'th Coach with my Lady, or on horsebacke?

Bry. No foot la, my Lady will haue me Lord sheet wid her, my Lord will sheet in de one side, and my Lady sheet in de toder side. *Excunt.*

Lod. My Lady sheet in de toder side: did you euer here a Rafcall talke so like a Pagan? Is't not strange that a fellow of his starre, should bee seene here so long in Italy, yet speake so from a Christian?

Enter Anthonio, Georgio, a poore Scholler.

Astol. An Irishman in Italy! that so strange! why, the nation haue running heads.

Exchange Walke.

Lod. Nay *Carolo*, this is more strange, I ha bin in *France*, theres few of them: Mary, *England* they count a warme chimney corner, and there they swarme like Crickets to the creuice of a Brew-house; but Sir, in *England* I haue noted one thing.

Omnes. What's that, what's that of *England*?

Lod. Mary this Sir, what's he yonder!

Bert. A poore fellow would speake with my Lord.

Lod. In *England*, Sir, troth I euer laugh when I thinke on't: to see a whole Nation should be mark't i'th forehead, as a man may say, with one Iron: why Sir, there all Costermongers are Irishmen.

Caro. Oh, that's to show their Antiquity, as coming from *Eue*, who was an Apple-wife, and they take after the Mother.

Omnes. Good, good, ha, ha.

Lod. Why then, should all your Chimny-sweepers likewise be Irishmen ? answer that now, come, your wit.

Caro. Faith, that's foone answered, for *S. Patricke* ✓ you know keepes Purgatory, hee makes the fire, and his Country-men could doe nothing, if they cannot sweep the Chimnies.

Omnes. Good agen.

Lod. Then, Sir, haue you many of them (like this fellow) (especially those of his haire) Footmen to Noblemen and others, and the Knaues are very faithfull where they loue, by my faith very proper men many of them, and as actiue as the cloudes, whirre, hah.

Omnes. Are they so ?

Lod. And stout ! exceeding stout ; Why, I warrant, this precious wild Villaine, if hee were put to't, would fight more desperately then sixteene Dunkerkes.

Asto. The women they say are very faire.

Lod. No, no, our Country Bona Robaes, oh ! are the sugrest delicious Rogues.

Asto. Oh, looke, he has a feeling of them.

Lod. Not I, I protest, there's a saying when they commend Nations : It goes, the Irishman for his hand, Welshman for a leg, the Englishman for a face, the Dutchman for beard.

Fron. I faith, they may make fwabbers of them.

Lod. The Spaniard, let me see, for a little foot (I take it) the Frenchman, what a pox hath he ? and so of the rest.

Are they at breakfast yet ? come walke.

Ast. This *Lodouico*, is a notable tounge fellow.

Fron. Discourfes well.

Berc. And a very honest Gentleman.

Asto. Oh ! hee's well valued by my Lord.

Enter Bellafront with a Petition.

Fron. How now, how now, what's she?

Bert. Let's make towards her.

Bella. Will it be long, fir, ere my Lord come forth?

Aff. Would you speake with my Lord?

Lord. How now, what's this, a Nurfes Bill? hath any here got thee with child, and now will not keepe it?

Bella. No fir, my businesse is vnto my Lord.

Lord. Hee's about his owne wife now, hee'll hardly dispatch two causes in a morning.

Aff. No matter what he saies, faire Lady, hee's a Knight, there's no hold to be taken at his words.

Fron. My Lord will passe this way presently.

Bert. A pretty plumpe Rogue.

Aff. A good lusty bouncing baggage.

Bert. Doe you know her?

Lord. A pox on her, I was sure her name was in my Table-booke once, I know not of what cut her dye is now, but she has beene more common then Tobacco: this is she that had the name of the Honest Whore.

Owen. Is this she?

Lord. This is the Kackamore that by washing was turned white: this is the Birding Peece new scowred: this is shee that (if any of her religion can be faued) was faued by my Lord *Hippolito*.

Aff. She has beene a goodly creature.

Lord. She has bin! that's the Epitaph of all Whores. I'm well acquainted with the poore Gentleman her Husband, Lord! what fortunes that man has overreached! She knowes not me, yet I have beene in her company, I scarce know her. For the beauty of her cheekes hath (like the Moone) suffred strange Eclipses since I beheld it: but women are like Medlars (no sooner ripe but rotten.)

A woman kil was made, but is spent first.

Yet man is oft proued, in performance worst.

Omnes. My Lord is come.

Enter Hypolito, Infæliche, and two waiting women.

Hip. We ha wasted halfe this morning : morrow
Lodouico.

Lod. Morrow Madam.

Hip. Let's away to Horfe.

Omnes. I, I to Horfe, to Horfe.

Bela. I doe befeech your Lordship, let your eye
read o're this wretched Paper.

Hip. I'm in hast, pray the good woman take some
apter time.

Infæ. Good Woman doe.

Bel. Oh las ! it does concerne a poore mans life.

Hip. Life ! sweet heart ? Seat your selfe, I'll but
read this and come.

Lod. What stockings haue you put on this morning,
Madam ? if they be not yellow, change them ; that
paper is a Letter from some Wench to your Husband.

Infæ. Oh sir, that cannot make me iealous.

Exeunt

Hip. Your busines, sir, to me ?

Ant. Yes my good Lord.

Hip. Presently sir ; are you *Mathæos* wife.

Bela. That most vnfortunate woman.

Hip. I'm sorry these stormes are fallen on him, I
loue *Mathæo*.

And any good shall doe him, hee and I
Haue sealed two bonds of friendship, which are strong
In me, how euer Fortune does him wrong ;
He speakes here hee's condemned. Is't so ?

Bel. Too true.

Hip. What was he whom he killed ? Oh, his
name's here ; old *Iacomo*, sonne to the *Florentine*
Iacomo, a dog, that to meet profit, would to the very
eyelids wade in blood of his owne children. Tell
Mathæo, the Duke my father hardly shall deny his

signed pardon, 'twas faire fight, yes if rumors tongue
goe true, so writes he here.

To morrow morning I returne from Court,
Pray be you here then. Ile haue done fir straight :
But in troth say, are you *Mathæos* wife ?
You haue forgot me.

Bel. No, my Lord.

Hip. Your Turner,
That made you smooth to run an euen byas,
You know I loued you when your very foule
Was full of discord : art not a good wench still ?

Bel. Vmph, when I had lost my way to heauen,
you shewed it :

I was new borne that day. *Enter Lodouico.*

Lod. S'foot, my Lord, your Lady askes if you haue
not left your Wench yet ? When you get in once, you
neuer haue done : come, come, come, pay your old
score, and send her packing, come.

Hip. Ride softly on before, Ile oretake you.

Lod. Your Lady sweares she'll haue no riding on
before, without ye.

Hip. Prethee good *Lodouico*.

Lod. My Lord pray hasten.

Hip. I come : to morrow let me see you, fare you
well : commend me to *Mathæo* : pray one word more :
Does not your father liue about the Court ?

Bel. I thinke he does, but such rude spots of
shame

Stick on my cheeke, that he scarce knowes my name

Hip. *Orlando Friscabaldo*, Is't not ?

Bel. Yes my Lord.

Hip. What does he for you ?

Bel. All he should : when Children
From duty start, Parents from loue may swarue.
He nothing does : for nothing I deserue.

Hip. Shall I ioyne him vnto you, and restore you
to wonted grace ?

Bel. It is impossible.

Exit Bellaf.

Hip. It shall be put to tryall : fare you well :

The face I would not looke on ! ture then 'twas rare,
When in despight of grieve, 'tis still thus faire.
Now, sir, your businesse with me.

Ant. I am bold to expresse my loue and duty to
your Lordship in these few leaues.

Hip. A Booke !

Ant. Yes my good Lord.

Hip. Are you a Scholler ?

Ant. Yes, my Lord, a poore one.

Hip. Sir, you honor me.

Kings may be Schollers Patrons, but faith tell me,
To how many hands besides hath this bird flowne,
How many partners share with me ?

An. Not one in troth, not one : your name I held
more deare,

I'm not (my Lord) of that low Character.

Hip. Your name I pray ?

Ant. Antonio Georgio.

Hip. Of Millan ?

Ant. Yes my Lord.

Hip. Ile borrow leaue

To read you o're, and then we'll talke : till then
Drinke vp this gold, good wits should loue good wine,
This of your loues, the earnest that of mine.
How now, sir, where's your Lady, not gone yet ?

Enter Bryan.

Bryan. I fart di Lady is runne away from dee, a
mighty deale of ground, she sent me backe for dine
owne sweet face, I pray dee come my Lord away, wut
tow goe now ?

Hip. Is the Coach gone ?

Saddle my Horfe the forrell.

Bryan. A pox a de Horfes nose, he is a lowfy raf-
cally fellow, when I came to gird his belly, his scuruy
guts rumbled, di Horfe farted in my face, and dow
knowest, an Irishman cannot abide a fart, but I haue
faddled de Hobby-horfe, di fine Hobby is ready, I

pray dee my good sweet Lord, wit tow goe now, and
I will runne to de Deuill before dee ?

Hip. Well, fir, I pray lets see you Master Scholler.

Bry. Come I pray dee, wut come sweet face ?
Exeunt.

Enter Lodouico, Carolo, Astolpho, Bercaldo.

Lod. Gods fo, Gentlemen, what doe we forget ?

Omnes. What ?

Lod. Are not we all enioyned as this day, Thursday is't not ? I as that day to be at the Linnen-drapers houle at dinner ?

Car. *Signior Candido*, the patient man.

Asto. Afore *Ioue*, true, vpon this day hee's married.

Berc. I wonder, that being so stung with a Waspe before, he dares venture againe to come about the eaues amongst Bees.

Lod. Oh 'tis rare fucking a sweet Hony-combe ; pray Heauen his old wife be buried deepe enough, that she rise not vp to call for her daunce, the poore Fidlers Instruments would cracke for it, shee'd tickle them : at any hand let's try what mettle is in his new Bride, if there be none, we'll put in some ; troth it's a very noble Citizen, I pittie he should marry againe, Ile walke along, for it is a good old fellow.

Caro. I warrant, the Wiues of *Millan* would giue any fellow twenty thoufand Duckets, that could but haue the face to beg of the Duke, that all the Citizens in *Millan* might be bound to the peace of patience, as the Linnen-draper is.

Lod. Oh fy vpon't, 'twould vndoe all vs that are Courtiers, we should haue no whoe with the wenches then.

Enter Hipollito.

Omnes. My Lord's come.

Hip. How now, what newes ?

Omnes. None.

Lod. Your Lady is with the Duke her Father.

Hip. And we'll to them both presently, whose that?

Enter Orlando Friscobaldo.

Omnes. Signior Friscobaldo.

Hip. Friscobaldo, oh! pray call him, and leaue me, wee two haue bufinesse.

Car. Ho Signior! Signior Friscobaldo.

The Lord *Hipollito*.

Exeunt.

Orla. My Noble Lord: my Lord *Hipollito*! the Dukes Sonne! his braue Daughters braue Husband! how does your honor'd Lordship! does your Nobility remember fo poore a Gentleman as Signior Orlando Friscobaldo! old mad Orlando!

Hip. Oh fir, our friends! they ought to be vnto vs as our Iewels, as dearely valued, being locked vp, & vnseene, as when we weare them in our hands. I see, Friscobaldo, age hath not command of your blood, for all Times sickle has gone ouer you, you are Orlando still.

Orl. Why my Lord, are not the fields mowen and cut downe, and stript bare, and yet weare they not pide coates againe? tho my head be like a Leeke, white: may not my heart be like the blade, greene?

Hip. Scarce can I read the Stories on your brow, Which age hath writ there, you looke youthfull still.

Orla. I eate Snakes, my Lord, I eate Snakes. My heart shall neuer haue a wrinkle in it, so long as I can cry Hem with a cleare voice.

Hip. You are the happier man, fir.

Orla. Happy man! Ile giue you (my Lord) the true picture of a happy man; I was turning leaues ouer this morning, and found it, an excellent Italian Painter drew it, If I haue it in the right colours, Ile bestow it on your Lordship.

Hip. I stay for it.

Orla. He that makes good his wife, but not his whore,
He that at noone-day walkes by a prison doore,

He that 'ith Sunne is neither beame nor moate,
 He that's not mad after a Petticoate,
 He for whom poore mens curfes dig ho graue,
 He that is neither Lords nor Lawyers slaue,
 He that makes This his Sea, and That his Shore,
 He that in's Coffin is richer then before,
 He that counts Youth his Sword, and Age his Staffe,
 He whose right hand carues his owne Epitaph,
 He that vpon his death-bead is a Swan,
 And Dead, no Crow, he is a happy man.

Hip. It's very well, I thanke you for this Picture.

Orla. After this Picture (my Lord) doe I strue to
 haue my face drawne :

For I am not couetous,

Am not in debt,

Sit neither at the Dukes side,

Nor lie at his feete.

Wenching and I haue done, no man I wrong,

No man I feare, no man I fee ;

I take heed how farre I walke, because I know
 yonders my home.

I would not die like a rich man, to carry nothing
 away saue a winding sheete :

But like a good man, to leaue *Orlando* behind me.

I sowed leaues in my Youth, and I reape now Bookes
 in my Age.

I fill this hand, and empty this, and when the bell
 shall toll for me, if I proue a Swan, & go singing
 to my nest, why so ?

If a Crow ! throw me out for carrion, & pick out mine
 eyes,

May not old *Friscabaldo* (my Lord) be merry now ! ha ?

Hip. You may, would I were partner in your
 mirth.

Orla. I haue a little,

Haue all things ;

I haue nothing ; I haue no wife, I haue no child, haue
 no chick, and why should not I be in my Iocun-
 dare ?

Hip. Is your wife then departed?

Orla. She's an old dweller in those high Countries,
Yet not from me,
Here, she's here: but before me, when a Knaue and
a Queane are married, they commonly walke like
Serieants together: but a good couple are seldome
parted.

Hip. You had a Daughter too sir, had you not?

Orla. Oh my Lord! this old Tree had one
Branch, (and but one Branch growing out of it) It
was young, it was faire, it was straight; I pruinde it
daily, dreft it carefully, kept it from the winde, help'd
it to the Sunne, yet for all my skill in planting, it
grew crooked, it bore Crabs; I hewed it downe,
What's become of it, I neither know, nor care.

Hip. Then can I tell you whats become of it;
That Branch is witherd.

Orl. So 'twas long agoe.

Hip. Her name I thinke was *Bellafront*, she's dead.

Orlando. Ha? dead?

Hip. Yes, what of her was left, not worth the
keeping,
Euen in my sight was throwne into a Graue.

Orl. Dead! my last and best peace goe with her,
I see deaths a good trencherman, he can eat courfe
homely meat, as well as the daintieft.

Hip. Why, *Friscabaldo*, was she homely?

Orla. O my Lord! a Strumpet is one of the
Deuils Vines; all the finnes like so many Poles are
stucke vpright out of hell, to be her props, that she
may spread vpon them. And when she's ripe, euery
Slaue has a pull at her, then must she be prest. The
yong beautifull Grape sets the teeth of Lust on edge,
yet to taste that lickrish Wine, is to drinke a mans
owne damnation. Is she dead?

Hip. Shee's turned to earth.

Orla. Wod she were turn'd to heauen; Vmh, is
she dead! I am glad the world has lost one of his
Idols; no Whore-monger will at midnight beat at the

doores ; In her graue sleepe all my shame, and her owne ; and all my sorrowes, and all her finnes.

Hip. I'm glad you are wax, not marble ; you are made

Of mans best temper, there are now good hopes
That all these heapes of ice about your heart,
By which a fathers loue was frozen vp,
Are thawed in these sweet showres fetcht from your eyes,

We are ne'r like Angels till our passion dyes,
She is not dead, but liues vnder worse fate,
I thinke she's poore, and more to clip her wings,
Her Husband at this houre lies in the layle,
For killing of a man, to saue his blood,
Ioyne all your force with mine : mine shall be showne,
The getting of his life perserues your owne.

Orla. In my daughter you will say ! does she liue then ? I am sorry I wasted teares vpon a Harlot, but the best is I haue a handkercher to drinke them vp, sope can wash them all out agen.
Is she poore ?

Hip. Trust me, I thinke she is.

Orla. Then she's a right Strumpet ; I ne'r knew any of their trade rich two yeeres together ; Siues can hold no water, nor Harlots hoord vp money ; they haue many vents, too many sluces to let it out ; Tauernes, Taylors, Bawds, Panders, Fidlers, Swaggerers, Fooles and Knaues, doe all waite vpon a common Harlots trencher : she is the Gally-pot to which these Drones flye : not for loue to the pot, but for the sweet sucket within it, her money, her money.

Hip. I almost dare pawne my word, her bosome giues warmth to no such Snakes ; when did you see her ?

Orla. Not seuentene Summers.

Hip. Is your hate so old ?

Orla. Older ; it has a white head, and shall neuer dye till she be buried,

Orl. And fare you well sir, goe thy waies, we haue few Lords of thy making, that loue wenches for their honesty; Las my Girle! art thou poore? pouerty dwells next doore to despair, there's but a wall betweene them; despair is one of helles Catch-poles; and lest that Deuill arrest her, Ile to her, yet she shall not know me; she shall drinke of my wealth, as beggers doe of running water, freely, yet neuer know from what Fountaines head it flows. Shall a silly bird picke her owne brest to nourish her yong ones and can a father see his child starue? That were hard; The Pelican does it, and shall not I. Yes, I will victuall the Campe for her, but it shall be by fome

stratagem ; that knaue there her husband will be hanged I feare, Ile keepe his necke out of the nooze if I can, he shall not know how.

Enter two Seruing-men.

Orl. How now knaues, whither wander you ?

1. To seeke your Worship.

Orl. Stay, which of you has my purse, what money haue you about you ?

2. Some fiteene or sixteene pounds, sir.

Orl. Giue it me, I thinke I haue some gold about me ; yes, it's well ; leaue my Lodging at Court, and get you home. Come sir, tho I neuer turned any man out of doores, yet Ile be so bold as to pull your Coate ouer your eares.

1. What doe you meane to doe sir ?

Orl. Hold thy tongue knaue, take thou my Cloake, I hope I play not the paltry Merchant in this bartring ; bid the Steward of my house, sleepe with open eyes in my absence, and to looke to all things, whatfoeuer I command by Letters to be done by you, see it done. So, does it fit well ?

2. As if it were made for your Worship.

Orl. You proud Varlets, you need not bee ashamed to weare blue, when your Master is one of your fellowes ; away, doe not see me.

Both. This is excellent.

Exeunt.

Orl. I should put on a worfe suite too ; perhaps I will. My Vizard is on, now to this maske. Say I should shaue off this Honor of an old man, or tye it vp shorter : Well, I will spoyle a good face for once. My beard being off, how should I looke ? euen like A Winter Cuckoo, or vnfeatherd Owle ;

Yet better lose this haire, then lose her foule. *Exit.*

*Enter Candido, Lodouico, and Carolo. Lodouico
other Guests, and Bride with Prentises.*

Cand. O Gentlemen, so late, y'are very welcome, pray sit downe.

Lod. *Carolo*, did'st ere see such a nest of Caps?

Aflo. Me thinkes

It's a most ciuill and most comely fight.

Lod. What does he'ith middle looke like?

Aflo. Troth like a spire steeple in a Country Village ouerpeering so many thatcht houfes.

Lod. It's rather a long pike staffe against so many bucklers without pikes'; they fit for all the world like a paire of Organs, and hee's the tall great roaring pipe 'ith middest.

Aflo. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Cand. What's that you laugh at, *Signiors*?

Lod. Troth shall I tell you, and aloude Ile tell it, We laugh to see (yet laugh we not in scorne) Amongst so many Caps that long Hat worne.

Lodo. Mine is as tall a felt as any is this day in *Millan*, and therefore I loue it, for the blocke was cleft out for my head, and fits me to a haire.

Cand. Indeed you are good obseruers, it shewes strange.

But Gentlemen, I pray neither contemne,
Nor yet deride a ciuill ornament;
I could build so much in the round Caps praise,
That loue this hye roofe, I this flat would raise.

Lod. Prethee sweet Bridegrome doo't.

Cand. So all these guests will pardon me, Ile doo't.

Omnes. With all our hearts.

Cand. Thus then in the Caps honor,
To euery Sex and state, both Nature, Time,
The Countries lawes, yea and the very Clime
Doe allot distinct habits, the spruce Courtier
Iets vp and downe in filke: the Warriour
Marches in buffe, the Clowne plods on in gray:
But for these vpper garments thus I say,
The Sea-man has his Cap, par'd without brim,
The Gallants head is featherd, that fits him;
The Soldier has his Murren, women ha Tires;
Beasts haue their head-peeeces, and men ha theirs.

Lod. Proceed.

Cand. Each degree has his fashion, it's fit then,
One should be laid by for the Citizen,
And that's the Cap which you see swells not hye,
For Caps are Emblems of humility;
It is a Citizens badge, and first was worne
By'th Romanes; for when any Bondmans turne
Came to be made a Freeman: thus 'twas said,
He to the Cap was call'd; that is, was made
Of Rome a Freeman, but was first clofe shorne,
And so a Citizens haire is still short worne.

Lod. That clofe shauing made Barbers a Company,
And now euery Citizen vses it.

Cand. Of Geometricke figures the most rare,
And perfect'st are the Circle and the square,
The Citty and the Schoole much build vpon
These figures, for both loue proportion.
The City Cap is round, the Schollers square,
To shew that Gouvernment and learning are
The perfect'st limbes i'th body of a State:
For without them, all's disproportionate.
If the Cap had no honor, this might reare it,
The Reuerend Fathers of the Law doe weare it.
It's light for Summer, and in cold it fits
Clofe to the scull, a warme house for the wits;
It shewes the whole face boldly, 'tis not made
As if a man to looke on't were afraide,
Nor like a Drapers shop with broad darke shed,
For hee's no Citizen that hides his head.
Flat Caps as proper are to Citty Gownes,
As to Armors Helmets, or to Kings their Crownes.
Let then the City Cap by none be scornd,
Since with it Princes heads haue beene adorn'd.
If more the round Caps honor you would know,
How would this long Gowne with this steeple show?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha: most vile, most vgly.

Cand. Pray Signior pardon me, 'twas done in iest.

Bride. A cup of claret wine there.

The Honest Whore.

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1. Wine : yes forfooth, wine for the Bride.

Car. You ha well fet out the Cap, fir.

Lod. Nay, that's flat.

Long. A health.

Lod. Since his Cap's round, that shall goe round.
Be bare,

For in the Caps praise all of you haue share

The Bride hits the Prentice on the lips.

Lod. The Bride's at cuffes.

Cand. Oh, peace I pray thee, thus far off I stand,
I spied the error of my seruants,
She call'd for Claret, and you fill'd out Sacke ;
That cup giue me, 'tis for an old mans backe,
And not for hers. Indeed 'twas but mistaken, aske
all these else.

Omnes. No faith, 'twas but mistaken.

1. Nay, she tooke it right enough.

Cand. Good *Luke* reach her that glasse of Claret.
Here, Mistris Bride, pledge me there.

Bride. Now Ile none.

Exit Bride.

Cand. How now !

Lod. Looke what your Mistris ayles.

1. Nothing, fir, but about filling a wrong glasse,
a scuruy trick.

Cand. I pray you hold your tongue, my seruant
there tells me she is not well.

Omnes. Step to her, step to her.

Lod. A word with you : doe ye heare ? This
wench (your new wife) will take you downe in your
wedding shooes, vnlesse you hang her vp in her wed-
ding garters.

Cand. How, hang her in her garters ?

Lod. Will you be a tame Pidgeon still ? shall your
backe be like a Tortoys shell, to let Carts goe ouer it,
yet not to breake ? This Shee-cat will haue more
liues then your last Pusie had, and will scratch worfe,
and mouze you worfe : looke toot.

Cand. What would you haue me doe, fir ?

Lod. What would I haue you doe ? Sweare,
swagger brawle, fling ; for fighting it's no matter, we

ha had knocking Puffes enow already ; you know, that a woman was made of the rib of a man, and that rib was crooked. The Morall of which is, that a man must from his beginning be crooked to his wife ; be you like an Orange to her, let her cut you neuer so faire, be you sowre as vineger ; will you be ruled by me ?

Cand. In any thing that's ciuill, honest, and iust.

Lod. Haue you euer a Prentices suit will fit me ?

Cand. I haue the very same which my selfe wore.

Lod. Ile send my man for't within this halfe houre, and within this two houres Ile be your Prentice : the Hen shall not ouercrowe the Cocke, Ile sharpen your spures.

Cand. It will be but some iest, sir.

Lod. Onely a iest : farewell, come *Carolo. Excunt.*

Omnes. Wee'l take our leaues, Sir, too.

Cand. Pray conceite not ill of my wiues sodaine rising. This young Knight, Sir *Lodouico*, is deepe seene in Phisicke, and he tells me, the disease call'd the Mother, hangs on my wife, it is a vehement heauing and beating of the Stomacke, and that swelling did with the paine thereof crampe vp her arme, that hit his lips, and brake the glasse : no harme, it was no harme.

Omnes. No, *Signior*, none at all.

Cand. The straightest arrow may flye wide by chance.

But come, we'll close this brawle vp in some dance.

Excunt.

Enter Bellafront and Matheo.

Bell. Oh my sweet Husband, wert thou in thy graue, and art aliue agen ? O welcome, welcome.

Mat. Doest know me ? my cloake prethee lay't vp. Yes faith, my winding sheete was taken out of Lauender, to be stucke with Rosemary, I lacke but the knot

here, or here ; yet if I had had it, I should ha made
a wry mouth at the world like a Playse : but sweetest
villaine, I am here now, and I will talke with thee
soone.

Bel. And glad am I th'art here.

Mat. Did these heeles caper in shackles ? A my
little plumpe rogue, Ile beare vp for all this, and flye
hye. *Catzo Catzo.*

Bel. *Matheo ?*

Mat. What sayest, what sayest ? O braue fresh
ayre, a pox on these Grates and gingling of Keyes,
and rattling of Iron. Ile beare vp, Ile flye hye wench,
hang Toffe.

Bel. *Matheo*, prethee make thy prison thy glasse,
And in it view the wrinkles, and the scarres,
By which thou wert disfigured, viewing them, mend
them.

Mat. Ile goe visit all the mad rogues now, and the
good roaring boyes.

Bel. Thou dost not heare me ?

Mat. Yes faith doe I.

Bel. Thou hast beene in the hands of misery, and
tane strong Physicke, prethee now be found.

Mat. Yes. S'foot, I wonder how the inside of a
Tauerne looks now. Oh when shall I bizle, bizle ?

Bel. Nay see, th'art thirsty still for poyson, come, I
will not haue thee swagger.

Mat. Honest Apes face.

Bel. 'Tis that sharpened an axe to cut thy throate.
Good Loue, I would not haue thee sell thy substance
And time (worth all) in those damned shops of Hell ;
Those Dycing houses, that stand neuer well,
But when they stand most ill, that foure-squared
finne

Has almost lodg'd vs in the beggers Inne.

Besides (to speake which euen my foule does grieue)
A sort of Rauens haue hung vpon thy sleeue,
And fed vpon thee : good *Mat.* (if you please)

Scorne to spread wing amongst so base as these ;
 By them thy fame is speckled, yet it shoves
 Cleare amongst them ; so Crowes are faire with
 Crowes.

Custome in sinne, giues sinne a louely dye.

Blacknesse in Mores is no deformity.

Mat. Bellafront, Bellafront, I protest to thee, I
 sweare, as I hope my foule, I will turne ouer a new
 lease, the prison I confesse has bit me, the best man
 that sayles in such a Ship, may be lowly.

Bd. One knockes at doore.

Mat. Ile be the Porter : they shall see, a Iayle
 cannot hold a braue spirit, Ile flye hye. *Exit.*

Bd. How wilde is his behaiour ! oh, I feare
 He's spoyld by prison, he's halfe damned comes
 there,

But I must sit all stormes : when a full sayle
 His fortunes spred, he loued me : being now poore,
 Ile beg for him, and no wife can doe more.

Enter Matheo, and Orlando like a Seruingman.

Mat. Come in pray, would you speake with me,
 sir ?

Orl. Is your name *Signior Matheo* ?

Mat. My name is *Signior Matheo*.

Orl. Is this Gentlewoman your wife, sir ?

Mat. This Gentlewoman is my wife, sir.

Orl. The Destinies spin a strong and euen thread
 of both your loues : the Mothers owne face, I ha not
 forgot that, I'm an old man, sir, & am troubled with a
 whorefon salt rhewme, that I cannot hold my water.
 Gentlewoman, the last man I serued was your Father.

Bd. My Father ? any tongue that sounds his
 name,

Speakes Muficke to me : welcome good old man.

How does my father ? liues he ? has he health ?

How does my father ? I so much doe shame him,

So much doe wound him, that I scarce dare name him.

Orl. I can speake no more.

Mat. How now old Lad, what doest cry ?

Orl. The rhowme still, sir, nothing else ; I should be well seasond, for mine eyes lye in brine : looke you, sir, I haue a suite to you.

Math. What is't, my little white pate ?

Orl. Troth, sir, I haue a mind to serue your Wor-
ship.

Mat. To serue me ? Troth, my friend, my fortunes are, as a man may say—

Orl. Nay looke you, sir, I know when all finnes are old in vs, and goe vpon Crutches, that Couetoufnesse does but then lie in her Cradle ; 'Tis not so with me. Letchery loues to dwell in the fairest lodging, and Couetoufnesse in the oldest buildings, that are ready to fall : but my white head, sir, is no Inne for such a gossip. If a Seruingman at my yeeres be not stored with bisket enough, that has sayled about the world to serue him the voyage out of his life, and to bring him East-home ; Ill pittie but all his daies should be fasting daies : I care not so much for wages, for I haue scraped a handfull of gold together ; I haue a little money, sir, which I would put into your Worships hands, not so much to make it more.

Mat. No, no, you say well, thou sayest well ; but I must tell you : How much is the money, sayest thou ?

Orl. About twenty pound, Sir.

Mat. Twenty pound ? Let me see : that shall bring thee in, after ten *per centum, per annum*.

Orl. No, no, no, sir, no : I cannot abide to haue money ingender : fye vpon this siluer Lechery, fye ; if I may haue meat to my mouth, and rags to my backe, and a flock-bed to snort vpon, when I die, the longer liuer take all.

Mat. A good old Boy, yfaith, if thou seruest me,

thou shalt eat as I eat, drinke as I drinke, lye as I lye, and ride as I ride.

Orl. That's if you haue money to hire horses.

Mat. Front. What doest thou thinke on't ? This good old Lad here shall serue me.

Bel. Alas, *Mathew*, wilt thou load a backe That is already broke ?

Mat. Peace, pox on you, peace, there's a tricke in't, I flye hye, it shall be so, *Front.* as I tell you : giue me thy hand, thou shalt serue me yfaith : welcome : as for your money——

Orl. Nay, looke you fir, I haue it here.

Mat. Pesh, keepe it thy selfe, man, and then th'art sure 'tis safe.

Orl. Safe ! and 'twere ten thousand Duckets, your Worship should be my cash-keeper ; I haue heard what your Worship is, an excellent dunghill Cocke, to scatter all abroad : but Ile venture twenty pound on's head.

Mat. And didst thou serue my Worshipfull Father-in-law, *Signior Orlando Friscabaldo*, that mad man once ?

Orl. I serued him so long, till he turned me out of doores.

Mat. It's a notable Chuffe, I ha not seene him many a day.

Orl. No matter and you ne'r see him : it's an arrant Grandy, a Churle, and as damnd a cut-throat.

Bel. Thou villaine, curb thy tongue, thou art a Iudas,

To sell thy Masters name to slander thus.

Mat. Away Affe, he speakes but truth, thy father is a—

Bel. Gentleman.

Mat. And an old knaue, there's more deceit in him then in fixeene Poticaries : it's a Dewill, thou maist beg, starue, hang, damne ; does he fend thee so much as a cheefe ?

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Orl. Or so much as a Gammon of Bacon,
Hee'll giue it his Dogs first.

Mat. A Iayle, a Iayle.

Orl. A Iew, a Iew, fir.

Mat. A Dog.

Orl. An English Mastiffe, fir.

Mat. Pox rot out his old stinking garbage.

Bel. Art not ashamed to strike an absent man
thus ? ✓

Art not ashamed to let this vild Dog barke,
And bite my Father thus ? Ile not indure it ;
Out of my doores, bafe slaue.

Mat. Your dores a vengeance ? I shall liue to
cut that old rogues throat, for all you take his part
thus.

Orl. He shall liue to see thee hangd first. ? *see or fide*

Enter Hipollito.

Mat. Godsfo my Lord, your Lordship is most wel-
come,
I'm proud of this, my Lord.

Hip. Was bold to see you.
Is that your wife ?

Mat. Yes fir.

Hip. Ile borrow her lip.

Mat. With all my heart, my Lord.

Orl. Who's this, I pray fir ?

Mat. My Lord *Hipollito* : what's thy name ?

Orl. *Pacheco*.

Mat. *Pacheco*, fine name ; Thou see'st *Pacheco*,
I keepe company with no Scondrels, nor bafe fel-
lowes.

Hip. Came not my Footman to you ?

Bel. Yes my Lord.

Hip. I sent by him a Diamond and a Letter,
Did you receiue them ?

Bel. Yes my Lord, I did.

Hip. Read you the letter ?

Bel. O're and o're tis read.

Hip. And faith your answer?

Bel. Now the time's not fit,
You see, my Husbands here.

Hip. Ile now then leaue you,
And choose mine houre ; but ere I part away,
Harke, you remember I must haue no nay.

Matheo, I will leaue you.

Mat. A glasse of wine.

Hip. Not now, Ile visit you at other times.
Y'are come off well then ?

Mat. Excellent well, I thanke your Lordship : I
owe you my life, my Lord ; and will pay my best
blood in any seruice of yours.

Hip. Ile take no such deare payment, harke you
Matheo, I know, the prison is a gulfe, if money runne
low with you, my purse is yours : call for it.

Mat. Faith my Lord, I thanke my starres, they
send me downe some ; I cannot sinke, so long as these
bladders hold.

Hip. I will not see your fortunes ebbe, pray try.
To starue in full barnes were fond modesty.

Mat. Open the doore, sirra.

Hip. Drinke this, and anon I pray thee giue thy
Mistris this. *Exit.*

Orl. O Noble Spirit, if no worfe guests here
dwell,
My blue coate fits on my old shoulders well.

Mat. The onely royall fellow, he's bounteous as
the Indies, what's that he said to thee, *Bellafront* ?

Bel. Nothing.

Mat. I prethee good Girle ?

Bel. Why I tell you nothing.

Mat. Nothing ? it's well : trickes, that I must be
beholden to a scald hot-liuerd gotish Gallant, to stand
with my cap in my hand, and vaile bonnet, when I ha
spred as lofty sayles as himselfe, wud I had beene
hanged. Nothing ? *Pacheco,* brush my cloake.

Orl. Where is't, sir ?

Mat. Come, wee'll flye hye.

Nothing ? there is a whore still in thine eye. *Exit.*

Orl. My twenty pounds flyes high, O wretched woman,

This varlot's able to make *Lucrece* common.

How now Mistris ? has my Master dyed you into this sad colour ?

Bel. Fellow, be gone I pray thee, if thy tongue itch after talke so much, seeke out thy Master, th'art a fit instrument for him.

Orl. Zownes, I hope he will not play vpon me ?

Bel. Play on thee ? no, you two will flye together,

Because you are rousing arrowes of one feather.

Would thou wouldst leaue my house, thou ne'r shalt

Pleafe me weaue thy nets ne'r so hye,

Thou shalt be but a spider in mine eye.

Th'art ranke with poyson, poyson temperd well,

Is food for health ; but thy blacke tongue doth swell

With venome, to hurt him that gaue thee bread,

To wrong men absent, is to spurne the dead.

And so did'st thou thy Master, and my Father.

Orl. You haue small reason to take his part ; for I haue heard him say fūe hundred times, you were as arrant a whore as euer stiffned tiffany neckcloathes in water-starch vpon a Saturday 'ith afternoone.

Bel. Let him say worse, when for the earths offence

Hot vengeance through the marble cloudes is driuen,
Is't fit earth shoot agen those darts at heauen ?

Orl. And so if your Father call you whore you'll not call him old knaue : *Friscabaldo*, she carries thy mind vp and downe ; she's thine owne flesh, blood, and bone ; troth Mistris, to tell you true, the fire-workes that ran from me vpon lines against my good old Master, your father, were but to try how my young Master, your Husband loued such squibs : but it's well knowne, I loue your father as my selfe ; Ile ride for him at mid-night, runne for you by Owle-

light ; Ile dye for him, drudge for you ; Ile flye low,
and Ile flye hye (as my Master saies) to doe you good,
if you'll forgiue me.

Bel. I am not made of marble : I forgiue thee.

Orl. Nay, if you were made of marble, a good
Stone-cutter might cut you : I hope the twenty pound
I deliuered to my Master, is in a sure hand.

Bel. In a sure hand I warrant thee for spending.

Orl. I see my yong Master is a mad-cap, and a
bonus socius, I loue him well, Mistris : yet as well as I
loue him, Ile not play the knaue with you ; looke you,
I could cheate you of this purse full of money ; but I
am an old Lad, and I scorne to cunny-catch : yet I ha
beene Dog at a Cony in my time.

Bel. A purse, where hadst it ?

Orl. The Gentleman that went away, whispred in
mine eare, and charged me to giue it you.

Bel. The Lord *Hippollito* ?

Orl. Yes, if he be a Lord, he gaue it me.

Bel. 'Tis all gold.

Orl. 'Tis like so : it may be, he thinkes you want
money, and therefore bestowes his almes brauely,
like a Lord.

Bel. He thinkes a siluer net can catch the poore,
Here's baite to choake a Nun, and turne her whore.
Wilt thou be honest to me ?

Orl. As your nailles to your fingers, which I thinke
neuer deceiued you.

Bel. Thou to this Lord shalt goe, commend me to
him,

And tell him this, the Towne has held out long,
Because (within) 'twas rather true, then strong.
To sell it now were base ; Say 'tis no hold
Built of weake stufte, to be blowne vp with gold.
He shall beleue thee by this token, or this ;
If not, by this.

Orl. Is this all ?

Bel. This is all.

Orl. Mine owne Girle still.

Bel. A Starre may shoote, not fall.

Exit Bellafront.

Orl. A Starre ? nay, thou art more then the moone, for thou hast neither changing quarters, nor a man standing in thy circle with a bush of thornes. Is't possible the Lord *Hipollito*, whose face is as ciuill as the outside of a Dedicatory Booke, should be a Muttonmunger ? A poore man has but one Ewe, and this Grandy Sheepe-biter leaues whole Flockes of fat Weathers (whom he may knocke downe), to deuoure this. Ile trust neither Lord nor Butcher with quicke flesh for this tricke ; the Cuckoo I see now sings all the yeere, though euery man cannot heare him, but Ile spoyle his notes ; can neither Loue-letters, nor the Devils common Pick-lockes (Gold) nor Precious Stones make my Girle draw vp her Percullis : hold out still, wench.

¶ All are not Bawds (I see now) that keepe doores,
Nor all good wenches that are markt for Whores. ?
Exit.

Enter Candido, Lodouico like a Prentice.

Lod. Come, come, come, what do yee lacke, fir ? what doe ye lacke, fir ? what is't ye lacke fir ? is not my Worship well suited ? did you euer see a Gentleman better disguised ?

Cand. Neuer, beleeue me, Signior.

Lod. Yes : but when he has bin drunke, there be Prentices would make mad Gallants, for they would spend all, and drinke, and whore, and so forth ; and I see we Gallants could make mad Prentices. How does thy wife like me ? Nay, I must not be so fawcy, then I spoyle all : pray you how does my Mistris like me ?

Cand. Well : for she takes you for a very simple fellow.

Lod. And they that are taken for such, are com-

monly the arrantest knaves : but to our Comedy come.

Cand. I shall not act it, chide you say, and fret,
And grow impatient : I shall neuer doo't.

Lod. S'blood, cannot you doe as all the world
does ? counterfet.

Cand. Were I a Painter, that should liue by drawing
nothing but Pictures of an angry man, I should
not earne my colours ; I cannot doo't.

Lod. Remember yare a Linnen Draper, and that
if you giue your wife a yard, she'll take an ell : giue
her not therefore a quarter of your yard, not a
nayle.

Cand. Say I should turne to Ice, and nip her loue
Now 'tis but in the bud.

Lod. Well, say she's nipt.

Cand. It will so ouercharge her heart with grieſe,
That like a Cannon, when her ſighes goe off,
She in her duty either will recoyle,
Or breake in pieces and ſo dye : her death,
By my vnkindneſſe might be counted murder.

Lod. Dye ? neuer, neuer ; I doe not bid you beat
her, nor giue her blacke eyes, nor pinch her ſides : but
croſſe her humours. Are not Bakers armes the ſcales
of Juſtice ? yet is not their bread light ? and may not
you I pray bridle her with a ſharpe bit, yet ride her
gently ?

Cand. Well, I will try your pills, doe you your
faithfull ſeruice, and bee ready ſtill at a pinch to
helpe me in this part, or elſe I ſhall be out cleane.

Lod. Come, come, Ile prompt you.

Cand. Ile call her forth now, ſhall I ?

Lod. Doe, doe, brauely.

Cand. *Luke*, I pray bid your Miſtris to come
hither.

Lod. *Luke*, I pray bid your Miſtris to come hither.

Cand. Sirra, bid my wife come to me : why, when

Luke. Preſently, ſir, ſhe comes.—*within*—

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Lod. La you, there's the eccho, she comes.

Enter Bride.

Bride. What is your pleasure with me?

Cand. Mary wife,

I haue intent, and (you see) this stripling here,
He beares good will and liking to my trade,
And meanes to deale in Linnen.

Lod. Yes indeed, sir, I would deale in Linnen, if
my Mistris like me so well as I like her?

Cand. I hope to finde him honest, pray good wife
looke that his bed and chamber be made ready.

Bride. Y'are best to let him hire mee for his
maide? I looke to his bed? looke too't your selfe.

Cand. Euen so

I sweare to you a great oath.

Lod. Sweare, cry Zoundes.

Cand. I will not, goe to wife, I will not.

Lod. That your great oath?

Cand. Swallow these gudgeons.

Lod. Well said.

Bride. Then fast, then you may choose.

Cand. You know at Table

What trickes you played, fwaggerd, broke glases!
Fie,

Fie, fie, fie: and now before my Prentice here
You make an asse of me; thou (what shall I call
thee?)

Bride. Euen what you will.

Lod. Call her arrant whore.

Cand. Oh fie, by no meanes, then she'll call me
Cuckold, sirrah, goe looke to'th shop: how does
show?

Lod. Excellent well, Ile goe looke to the shop, sir.
Fine Cambricks, Lawnes, what doe you lacke.

Exit Lodouico.

Cand. A curst Cowes milke I ha drunke once
before,

And 'twas so ranke in taste, Ile drinke no more.
Wife, Ile tame you.

Orla. From a poore Gentlewoman, Madam, whom I serue.

Infæ. And whats your businesse ?

Orla. This, Madam : my poore Mistris has a waste piece of ground, which is her owne by inheritance, and left to her by her mother ; There's a Lord now that goes about, not to take it cleane from her, but to inclose it to himselfe, and to ioyne it to a piece of his Lordships.

Infæ. What would she haue me doe in this ?

Orla. No more, Madam, but what one woman should doe for another in such a case. My Honourable Lord, your Husband would doe any thing in her behalfe, but shee had rather put her selfe into your hands, because you (a woman) may doe more with the Duke your Father.

Infæ. Where lyes this Land ?

Orl. Within a stones cast of this place ; my Mistris, I think, would be content to let him enioy it after her decease, if that would serue his turne, so my Master would yeeld too : but she cannot abide to heare that the Lord should meddle with it in her life time.

Infæ. Is she then married ? why stirres not her Husband in it ?

Orl. Her Husband stirres in it vnder hand : but because the other is a great rich man, my Master is loth to be feene in it too much.

Infæ. Let her in writing draw the cause at large : And I will moue the Duke.

Orl. 'Tis fet downe, Madam, here in blacke and white already : worke it so, Madam, that she may keepe her owne without disturbance, grieuance, molestation, or meddling of any other ; and she bestowes this purse of gold on your Ladyship.

Infæ. Old man, Ile pleade for her, but take no fees :

Giue Lawyers them, I swim not in that flood,
Ile touch no gold, till I haue done her good.

Orl. I would all Proctors Clearkes were of your minde, I should law more amongst them then I doe then; here, Madam, is the suruey, not onely of the Mannor it selfe, but of the Grange house, with euery Meadow pasture, Plough-land, Cony-borough, Fish-pond, hedge, ditch, and bush that stands in it.

Infæ. My Husbands name, and hand and seale at armes to a Loue-letter? Where hadst thou this writing?

Orla. From the foresaid party, Madam, that would keepe the foresaid Land out of the foresaid Lords fingers.

Infæ. My Lord turnd Ranger now?

Orl. Y'are a good Huntresse, Lady, you ha found your Game already: your Lord would faine be a Ranger, but my Mistris requests you to let him runne a course in your owne Parke, if you'll not doo't for loue, then doo't for money; she has no white money, but there's gold, or else she praies you to ring him by this token, and so you shall be sure his nose will not be rooting other mens pastures.

Infæ. This very purse was wouen with mine owne hands,

This Diamond on that very night, when he
Vntyed my Virgin girdle, gaue I him:
And must a common Harlot share in mine?
Old man, to quit thy paines, take thou the gold.

Orl. Not I, Madam, old Seruingmen want no money.

Infæ. Cupid himselfe was sure his Secretary,
These lines are euen the Arrowes Loue let flies,
The very Incke dropt out of *Venus* eyes.

Orla. I doe not thinke, Madam, but hee fetcht off some Poet or other for those lines, for they are parious Hawkes to flie at wenches.

Infæ. Here's honied poyson, to me he ne'r thus writ,

But Lust can set a double edge on wit.

Orla. Nay, that's true, Madam, a wench will whet any thing, if it be not too dull.

Infæ. Oathes, promises, preferments, Jewels, gold,
What snares should breake, if all these cannot hold ?
What creature is thy Mistress ?

Orl. One of those creatures that are contrary to
man ; a woman.

Infæ. What manner of woman ?

Orl. A little tiny woman, ~~lower then your~~ Lady-
ship by head and shoulders, but as mad a wench as
euer vnaced a petticoate : these things should I indeed
haue deliuered to my Lord your Husband.

Infæ. They are deliuered better : Why should she
send backe these things ?

Orl. Ware, ware, there's knauery.

Infæ. Strumpets like cheating gamesters will not
win

At first : these are but baits to draw him in.

How might I learne his hunting houres ?

Orl. The Irish Footman can tell you all his hunt-
ing houres, the Parke he hunts in, the Doe he would
strike, that Irish Shackatory beates the bush for him,
and knowes all ; he brought that Letter, and that
Ring ; he is the Carrier.

Infæ. Knowest thou what other gifts haue past be-
twene them ?

Orl. Little S. *Patricke* knowes all.

Infæ. Him Ile examine presently.

Orl. Not whilest I am here, sweet Madam.

Infæ. Be gon then, & what lyes in me command.
Exit Orl.

Enter Bryan.

Infæ. Come hither firra, how much cost those
Satins, and cloth of Siluer, which my husband sent by
you to a low Gentlewoman yonder ?

Bry. Faat Sattins ? faat Siluers, faat low Gentle-
folkes ? dow pratest dow knowest not what, yfaat la.

Infæ. She there, to whom you carried letters.

Bry. By dis hand and bod dow saist true, if I did
so, oh how ? I know not a letter a de Book yfaat la.

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Inf. Did your Lord neuer send you with a Ring,
fir, set with a Diamond?

Bry. Neuer, sa crees sa me, neuer; he may runne
at a towland rings yfaat, and I neuer hold his stirrop,
till he leape into de saddle. By S. *Patricke*, Madam,
I neuer touch my Lords Diamond, nor euer had to
doe, yfaat la, with any of his precious stoncs.

Enter Hipollito.

Inf. Are you so close, you Bawd, you pandring
slauc?

Hip. How now? why *Infallice*? what's your quar-
rell?

Inf. Out of my sight, bafe varlet, get thee gone.

Hip. Away you rogue.

Bry. Slawne loot, fare de well, fare de well. *Al*
marragh frofat boddah bree. *Exit.*

Hip. What, growne a fighter? prethee what's the
matter?

Inf. If you'll needs know, it was about the
clocke: how workes the day, my Lord, (pray) by your
watch?

Hip. Left you cuffe me, Ile tell you presently: I
am neere two.

Inf. How, two? I am scarce at one.

Hip. One of vs then goes false.

Inf. Then sure 'tis you,
Mine goes by heauens Diall, (the Sunne) and it goes
true.

Hip. I thinke (indeed) mine runnes somewhat too
fast.

Inf. Set it to mine (at one) then.

Hip. One? 'tis past:

'Tis past one by the Sunne.

Inf. Faith then belike,
Neither your clocke nor mine does truely strike,
And since it is vncertaine which goes true,
Better be false at one, then false at two.

Hip. Y'are very pleasant, Madam.

Infæ. Yet not merry.

Hip Why *Infælice*, what should make you sad ?

Infæ. Nothing my Lord, but my false watch, pray tell me.

You see, my clocke, or yours is out of frame,
Must we vpon the Workeman lay the blame,
Or on ourselues that keepe them ?

Hip. Faith on both.

He may by knauery spoile them, we by sloth,
But why talke you all riddle thus ? I read
Strange Comments in those margines of your lookes :
Your cheekes of late are (like bad printed Bookes)
So dimly charactred, I scarce can spell,
One line of loue in them. Sure all's not well.

Infæ. All is not well indeed, my dearest Lord,
Locke vp thy gates of hearing, that no sound
Of what I speake may enter.

Hip. What meanes this ?

Infæ. Or of my owne tongue must my selfe betray,
Count it a dreame, or turne thine eyes away,
And thinke me not thy wife. *She kneedes.*

Hip. Why doe you kneele ?

Infæ. Earth is sinnes cushion : when the sicke soule
feeles her selfe growing poore, then she turnes begger,
cryes and kneeles for helpe : *Hipollito* (for husband I
dare not call thee) I haue stolne that Iewell of my
chaste honour (which was onely thine) and given it to
a flauie.

Hip. Hah ?

Infæ. On thy pillow adultery & lust haue slept,
thy Groome
Hath climbed the vnlawfull tree, and pluckt the
sweets,

A villaine hath vsurped a husbands sheetes.

Hip. S'death, who, (a Cuckold) who ?

Infæ. 'This Irish Footman.

Hip. Worse then damnation, a wilde Kerne, a
Frogge, a Dog : whom Ile scarce spurne. Longed
you for Shamocke ? were it my fathers father (heart)

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Ile kill him, although I take him on his death-bed
gasping 'twixt heauen and hell ; a shag-haired Cur ?
Bold Strumpet, why hangeſt thou on me ? thinkſt Ile
be a Bawde to a Whore, becauſe ſhe's Noble ?

Infæ. I beg but this,
Set not my ſhame out to the worlds broad eye,
Yet let thy vengeance (like my fault) ſoare hye,
So it be in darkned clowdes.

Hip. Darkned ! my hornes
Cannot be darkned, nor ſhall my reuenge.
A Harlot to my ſlaue ! the act is baſe,
Common, but foule, ſo ſhall not thy diſgrace :
Could not I feed your appetite ? oh women
You were created Angels, pure and faire ;
But ſince the firſt fell, tempting Deuils you are,
You ſhould be mens bliſſe, but you proue their rods.
Were there no women, men might liue like gods :
You ha beene too much downe already, riſe,
Get from my ſight, and henceforth ſhun my bed,
Ile with no Strumpets breath be poyſoned.
As for your Irish *Lubrican*, that ſpirit
Whom by prepoſtrous charmes thy luſt hath raiſed
In a wrong Circle, him Ile damne more blacke
Then any Tyrants foule.

Infæ. *Hipollito* ?

Hip. Tell me, didſt thou baite Hookes to draw
him to thee, or did he bewitch thee ?

Infæ. The ſlaue did woo me.

Hip. Two wooes in that Skreech-owles language ?
Oh who would truſt your corcke-heeld ſex ? I thinke
to ſate your luſt, you would loue a Horſe, a Beare, a
croaking Toade, ſo your hot itching veines might
haue their bound, then the wild Irish Dart was
throwne. Come, how ? the manner of this fight.

Infæ. 'Twas thus, he gaue me this battery firſt.

Oh I

Miſtake, beleeeue me, all this in beaten gold :
Yet I held out, but at length thus was charm'd.
What ? change your Diamond wench, the act is baſe,

Common, but foule, so shall not your disgrace :
 Could not I feed your appetite ? Oh Men,
 You were created Angels, pure and faire,
 But since the first fell, worfe then Deuils you are.
 You should our shields be, but you proue our rods.
 Were there no Men, Women might liue like gods.
 Guilty my Lord ?

Hip. Yes, guilty my good Lady.

Inf. Nay, you may laugh, but henceforth shun
 my bed,

With no whores leauings Ile be poysoned. *Exit.*

Hip. O're-reach'd so finely ? 'Tis the very Dia-
 mond

And Letter which I sent : this villany
 Some Spider closely weaues, whose poyfond bulke
 I must let forth. Who's there without ?

Seruant. My Lord calls.———*within.*———

Hip. Send me the Footman.

Ser. Call the Footman to my Lord. *Bryan, Bryan.*

Enter Bryan.

Hip. It can be no man else, that Irish Judas,
 Bred in a Country where no venom prospers,
 But in the Nations blood hath thus betraid me.
 Slaue, get you from your seruice.

Bry. Faat meanest thou by this now ?

Hip. Question me not, nor tempt my fury, villaine,
 Couldst thou turne all the Mountaines in the land,
 To hills of gold, and giue me : here thou stayest
 not.

Bry. I faat, I care not.

Hip. Prate not, but get thee gone, I shall send else.

Bry. I, doe predy, I had rather haue thee make
 a scabbard of my guts, and let out all de Irish pud-
 dings in my poore belly, den to be a false knaue to
 de I faat, I will neuer see dyne own sweet face more.
A mawhid deer a gra, fare de well, fare de well, I wil
goe steale Cowes agen in Ireland. *Exit.*

Hip. He's damn'd that rais'd this whirlewind, which
hath blowne
Into her eyes this ieaousie : yet Ile on,
Ile on, flood armed Deuils staring in my face,
To be pursued in flight, quickens the race,
Shall my blood streames by a wiues lust be bard ?
Fond woman, no : Iron growes by strokes more hard,
Lawlesse desires are seas scorning all bounds,
Or sulphure which being ram'd vp, more confounds,
Strugling with mad men, madnes nothing tames,
Winds wrafling with great fires, incense the flames.

Exit.

Enter Matheo, Bellafront, and Orlando.

Bel. How now, what ayles your Master ?

Orl. Has taken a yonger brothers purge, forsooth,
and that workes with him.

Bel. Where is his Cloake and Rapier ?

Orl. He has giuen vp his Cloake, and his Rapier
is bound to the Peace : If you looke a little higher,
you may see that another hath entred into hatband for
him too. Sixe and foure haue put him into this
sweat.

Bel. Where's all his money ?

Orl. 'Tis put ouer by exchange : his doublet was
going to be translated, but for me : if any man would
ha lent but halfe a ducket on his beard, the haire of
it had stuft a paire of breeches by this time ; I had
but one poore penny, and that I was glad to niggle out,
and buy a holly-wand to grace him thorow the streete.
As hap was, his bootes were on, and them I dustied,
to make people thinke he had beene riding, and I had
runne by him.

Bel. Oh me, how does my sweet *Matheo* ?

Mat. Oh Rogue, of what deuilish stufte are these
Dice made off ? the parings of the Deuils cornes of his
toes, that they runne thus damnably.

Bel. I prethee vex not.

Mat. If any handy-crafts man was euer suffred to

keep shop in hell, it will be a Dice-maker ; he's able to vndoe more foules then the Deuill ; I plaid with mine owne Dice, yet lost. Ha you any money ?

Bel. Las I ha none.

Mat. Must haue money, must haue some, must haue a Cloake, and Rapier, and things : will you goe set your limetwigs, and get me some birds, some money ?

Bel. What limetwigs should I set ?

Mat. You will not then ? Must haue cash and pictures : doe ye heare, (frailty) shall I walke in a *Plimouth* Cloake, (that's to say) like a rogue, in my hose and doublet, and a crabtree cudgell in my hand, and you swimme in your Sattins ? must haue money, come.

Orl. Is't bed-time, Master, that you vndo my Mistris ?

Bel. Vndoe me ? Yes, yes, at these riflings I haue beene too often.

Mat. Helpe to flea, *Pacheco*.

Orl. Fleaing call you it ?

Mat. Ile pawne you by'th Lord, to your very eye-browes.

Bel. With all my heart, since heauen will haue me poore,
As good be drown'd at sea, as drown'd at shore.

Orl. Why heare you, fir ? yfaith doe not make away her Gowne.

Mat. Oh it's Summer, it's Summer ; your onely fashion for a woman now, is to be light, to be light.

Orl. Why, pray fir, employ some of that money you haue of mine.

Mat. Thine ? Ile starue first, Ile beg first ; when I touch a penny of that, let these fingers ends rot.

Orl. So they may, for that's past touching. I saw my twenty pounds flye hie.

Mat. Knowest thou neuer a damn'd Broker about the City ?

Orl. Damn'd Broker ? yes, fise hundred.

The Honest Whore.

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Mat. The Gowne flood me in about twenty
Duckets, borrow ten of it, cannot live without siluer.

Orle. Ile make what I can of it, fir, Ile be your
Broker,
But not your damb'd broker : Oh thou scurvy knaue,
What makes a wife turne whore, but such a slaue ?

Exit.

Mat. How now little chicke, what aylest, weeping
For a handfull of Taylors shreds ? pox on them, are
there not silkes enow at Mercers ?

Bel. I care not for gay feathers, I.

Mat. What doest care for then ? why doest grieve ?

Bel. Why doe I grieve ? A thousand sorrowes
strike

At one poore heart, and yet it liues. *Matheo,*
Thou art a Gamester, prethee throw at all,
Set all vpon one cast, we kneele and pray,
And struggle for life, yet must be cast away.
Meet misery quickly then, split all, sell all,
And when thou hast sold all, spend it, but I beseech
thee

Build not thy mind on me to coyne thee more,
To get it wouldst thou haue me play the whore ?

Mat. 'Twas your profession before I married you.

Bel. Vmh ! it was indeed : if all men should be
branded

For sinnes long since laid vp, who could be saued ?
The Quarter day's at hand, how will you doe
To pay the Rent, *Matheo* ?

Mat. Why ? doe as all of our occupation doe
against Quarter daies : breake vp house, remoue,
shift your lodgings, pox a your Quarters.

Enter Lodouico.

Lod. Where's this Gallant ?

Mut. Signior Lodouico ! how does my little Mirror
of Knight-hood ? this is kindly done yfaith : welcome
by my troth.

Lod. And how doest, frolicke ? Saue you faire

Lady. Thou lookest smug and brauely, Noble *Mat.*

Mat. Drinke and feed, laugh and lie warme.

Lod. Is this thy wife?

Mat. A poore Gentlewoman, sir, whom I make vse of a nights.

Lod. Pay custome to your lips, sweet *Lady.*

Mat. Borrow some shells of him, some wine, sweet heart.

Lod. Ile send for't then yfaith.

Mat. You send for't? Some wine I prethee.

Bel. I ha no money.

Mat. S'blood, nor I: What wine loue you, *Signior?*

Lod. Here, or Ile not stay, I protest; trouble the Gentlewoman too much? *Exit Bellafront.*

And what newes flies abroad, *Matheo?*

Mat. Troth, none. Oh *Signior*, we ha beene merry in our daies.

Lod. And no doubt shall agen.

✓ The Diuine powers neuer shoot Darts at men Mortall, to kill them.

Mat. You say true.

Lod. Why should we grieue at want? Say the world made thee

Her Minnion, that thy head lay in her lap,
And that she danc't thee on her wanton knee,
She could but giue thee a whole world: that's all,
And that all's nothing; the worlds greatest part
Cannot fill vp one corner of thy heart.

Say the three corners were all filld, alas!

Of what art thou possesst, a thinne blowne glasse:

Such as by Boyes is puffed into the aire.

Were twenty Kingdomes thine, thou'dst liue in care:

Thou could'st not sleepe the better, nor liue longer,

Nor merrier be, nor healthfuller, nor stronger.

If then thou want'st, thus make that want thy pleasure,

No man wants all things, nor has all in measure.

Mat. I am the most wretched fellow: sure some left-handed Priest christned me, I am so vn lucky: I am neuer out of one puddle or another, still falling.

Enter Bellafront, and Orlando.

Mat. Fill out wine to my little finger.
With my heart yfaith.

Lod. Thankes, good *Matheo*.
To your owne sweet selfe.

Orl. All the Brokers hearts, sir, are made of flint,
I can with all my knocking, strike but fixe sparkes of
fire out of them, here's fixe duckets, if youle take
them.

Mat. Giue me them: an euill conscience gnaw
them all, moths and plagues hang vpon their lowlie
wardrobs.

Lod. Is this your man, *Matheo*? An old Seruing-
man.

Orl. You may giue me t'other halfe too, sir :
That's the Begger.

Lod. What hast there, gold?

Mat. A sort of Rascalls are in my debt, (God
knowes what) and they feed me with bits, with
crummes, a pox choke them.

Lod. A word, *Matheo*: be not angry with me,
Beleeue it that I know the touch of time,
And can part copper (tho it be gilded o're)
From the true gold: the failes which thou doest
spread,

Would show well, if they were not borrowed.
The found of thy low fortunes drew me hither,
I giue my selfe vnto thee, prethee vse me,
I will bestow on you a suite of Sattin,
And all things else to fit a Gentleman,
Because I loue you.

Mat. Thankes, good Noble Knight.

Lod. Call on me when you please,
Till then farewell.

Exit.

Mat. Hast angled? hast cut up this fresh Salmon?

Bel. Wudst haue me be so base?

Mat. It's base to steale, it's base to be a whore :

Thou't be more bafe, Ile make thee keepe a doore.

Exit.

Orl. I hope he will not sneake away with all the money, will he?

Bel. Thou feest he does.

Orl. Nay then it's well. I fet my braines vpon an vpright Last; tho my wits be old, yet they are like a witherd pippin, wholsome. Looke you, Mistris, I told him I had but fixe duckets of the (Knaue) Broker, but I had eight, and kept thefe two for you.

Bel. Thou shouldst haue giuen him all.

Orl. What, to flie hie?

Bel. Like waues, my misery driues on misery.

Exit.

Orl. Sell his wiues cloathes from her backe! does any Poulterers wife pull chickins aliue? He Riots all abroad, wants all at home: he Dices, whores, fwaggers, sweares, cheates, borrowes, pawnes: Ile giue him hooke and line, a little more for all this. Yet sure i'th end he'll delude all my hopes, And shew me a French tricke danc'd on the ropes.

Exit.

Enter at one doore Lodouico and Carolo; at another Bots, and Mistris Horsleach; Candido and his wife appeare in the Shop.

Lod. Hift, hift, Lieutenant *Bots*, how do'st, man?

Car. Whither are you ambling, Madam *Horsleach*?

Horf. About worldly profit, fir: how doe your Worships?

Bots. We want tooles, Gentlemen, to furnish the trade: they weare out day and night, they weare out till no mettle bee left in their backe; wee heare of two or three new Wenches are come vp with a Carrier, and your old Goshawke here is flying at them.

Lod. And faith, what flesh haue you at home?

Horf. Ordinary Dishes, by my troth, sweet men, there's few good i'th Cittie; I am as well furnisht as any, and tho I say it, as well custom'd.

Bots. We haue meates of all sorts of dressing; we haue flew'd meat for your Frenchman, pretty light picking meat for your Italian, and that which is rotten roasted, for *Don Spaniardo*.

Lod. A pox on't.

Bots. We haue Poulterers ware for your sweet bloods, as Doue, Chickin, Ducke, Teale, Woodcocke, and so forth: and Butchers meat for the Cittizen: yet Muttons fall very bad this yeere.

Lod. Stay, is not that my patient Linnen Draper yonder, and my fine yong sinug Mistris, his wife?

Car. Sirra Grannam, Ile giue thee for thy fee twenty crownes, if thou canst but procure me the wearing of yon veluet cap.

Horf. You'd weare another thing besides the cap. Y'are a Wag.

Bots. Twenty crownes? we'll share, and Ile be your pully to draw her on.

Lod. Doo't presently; we'll ha some sport.

Horf. Wheele you about, sweet men doe you see, Ile cheapen wares of the man, whilest *Bots* is doing with his wife.

Lod. Too't: if we come into the shop to doe you grace, wee'll call you Madam.

Bots. Pox a your old face, giue it the badge of all scuruy faces, a Masque.

Cand. What is't you lacke, Gentlewoman? Cambricke or Lawnes, or fine Hollands? Pray draw neere, I can sell you a penny-worth.

Bots. Some Cambricke for my old Lady.

Cand. Cambricke? you shall, the purest thred in *Millan*.

Lod. and *Car.* Saue you, *Signior Candido*.

Lod. How does my Noble Master? how my faire Mistris?

Cand. My Worshipfull good Seruant, view it well, for 'tis both fine and euen.

Car. Cry you mercy, Madam, tho mask'd, I thought it should be you by your man. Pray, *Signior*, shew her the best, for she commonly deales for good ware.

Cand. Then this shall fit her, this is for your Ladieship.

Bots. A word, I pray, there is a waiting Gentlewoman of my Ladies: her name is *Ruyna*, saies she's your Kinwoman, and that you should be one of her Aunts.

Wife. One of her Aunts? troth sir, I know her not.

Bots. If it please you to bestow the poore labour of your legs at any time, I will be your conuoy thither!

Wife. I am a Snaile, sir, seldome leaue my house, i't please her to visit me, she shall be welcome.

Bots. Doe you heare? the naked troth is: my Lady hath a yong Knight, her sonne, who loues you, y'are made, if you lay hold vpon: this Iewell he sends you.

Wife. Sir, I returne his loue and Iewell with scorne; let goe my hand, or I shall call my husband. You are an arrant Knaue. *Exit*

Lod. What, will she doe?

Bots. Doe? they shall all doe if *Bots* sets vpon them once, she was as if she had profest the trade, squeamish at first, at last I shewed her this Iewell, said, a Knight sent it her.

Lod. Is't gold, and right stones?

Bots. Copper, Copper, I goe a fishing with these baites. She nibbled, but wud not swallow the hooke, because the Cunger-head her husband was by; but shee bids the Gentleman name any afternoone, and she'll meet him at her Garden house, which I know.

Lod. Is this no lie now?

Bots. Dam me if——

Lod. Oh prethee stay there.

Bots. The twenty crownes, sir.

Lod. Before he has his worke done? but on my Knightly word he shall pay't thee.

Enter Astolpho, Beraldo, Fontinell, and the Irish Footman.

Asto. I thought thou hadst beene gone into thine owne Country.

Bry. No faat la, I cannot goe dis foure or tree dayes.

Ber. Looke thee, yonders the shop, and that's the man himfelfe.

Fon. Thou shalt but cheapen, and doe as we told thee, to put a iest vpon him, to abuse his patience.

Bry. I faat, I doubt my pate shall be knocked: but sa crees sa me, for your shakes, I will runne to any Linnen Draper in hell, come preddy.

Omnes. Saue you Gallants.

Lod. and Car. Oh, well met!

Cand. You'll giue no more you say? I cannot take it.

Horf. Truly Ile giue no more.

Cand. It must not fetch it. What wud you haue, fweet Gentlemen?

Asto. Nay, here's the Customer.

Exeunt. Bots & Horf.

Lod. The Garden-houfe you say? wee'll boult out your roguery.

Cand. I will but lay these parcels by—— My men are all at Custome-houfe vnloading Wares, if Cambricke you wud deale in, there's the best, all *Millan* cannot sample it.

Lod. Doe you heare? 1. 2. 3. S'foot, there came in

4. Gallants, sure your wife is slipt vp, and the 4th. man
I hold my life, is grafting your Warden tree.

Cand. Ha, ha, ha : you Gentlemen are full of
Iest.

If she be vp, she's gone some wares to show,
I haue aboue as good wares as below.

Lod. Haue you so ? nay then —

Cand. Now Gentlemen, is't Cambricks ?

Bry. I predee now let me haue de best wares.

Cand. What's that he saies, pray Gentlemen ?

Lod. Mary he saies we are like to haue the best
wares.

Cand. The best wares ? all are bad, yet wares doe
good,

And like to Surgeons, let sicke Kingdomes blood.

Bry. Faat a Deuill pratest tow so, a pox on dee, I
preddee let me see some Hollen, to make Linnen
shirts, for feare my body be lowfie.

Cand. Indeed I vnderstand no word he speakes.

Car. Mary, he saies, that at the siege in *Holland*
there was much bawdry vsed among the Souldiers, tho
they were lowfie.

Cand. It may be so, that's likely, true indeed,
In euery garden, fir, does grow that weed.

Bry. Pox on de gardens, and de weedes, and de
fooles cap dere, and de cloutes ; heare ? doest make a
Hobby-horse of me.

Omnes. Oh fie, he has torne the Cambricke.

Cand. 'Tis no matter.

Asto. It frets me to the soule.

Cand. So doest not me.

My Customers doe oft for remnants call,
These are two remnants, now, no losse at all.

But let me tell you, were my Seruants here,
It would ha cost more.—— Thanke you Gentle-
men,

I vse you well, pray know my shop agen. *Exit.*

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha ; come, come, let's goe, let's
goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Matheo (braue) and Bellafront.

Mat. How am I suited, *Front*? am I not gallant, ha?

Bel. Yes, sir, you are suited well.

Mat. Exceeding passing well, and to the time.

Bel. The Taylor has plaid his part with you.

Mat. And I haue plaid a Gentlemans part with my Taylor, for I owe him for the making of it.

Bel. And why did you so, sir?

Mat. To keepe the fashion; It's your onely fashion now of your best ranke of Gallants, to make their Taylors waite for their money, neither were it wisdome indeed to pay them vpon the first edition of a new suite: for commonly the suite is owing for, when the lynings are worne out, and there's no reason then, that the Taylor should be paid before the Mercer.

Bel. Is this the suite the Knight bestowed vpon you?

Mat. This is the suite, and I need not shame to weare it, for better men then I would be glad to haue suites bestowed on them. It's a generous fellow,—but—pox on him—we whose Pericranions are the very Limbecks and Stillitories of good wit, and flie hie, must driue liquor out of stale gaping Oysters. Shallow Knight, poore Squire *Tinacheo*: Ile make a wild Cataine of forty such: hang him, he's an Ass, he's alwaies sober.

Bel. This is your fault to wound your friends still.

Mat. No faith, *Front*, *Lodouico* is a noble Slaunian: it's more rare to see him in a womans company, then for a Spaniard to goe into *England*, and to challenge the English Fencers there.—One knockes,—See—*La, fa, sol, la, fa, la*, rustle in Silkes and Satins: there's musique in this, and a Taffety Petticoate, it make both flie hie,—*Catzo*.

*Enter Bellafront, after her Orlando, like himselfe, with
foure men after him.*

Bel. *Matheo* ! 'tis my Father.

Mat. Ha, Father ! It's no matter, hee findes no tattered Prodigals here.

Orl. Is not the doore good enough to hold your blue Coates ? away, Knaues. Weare not your cloathes thred-bare at knees for me ; beg Heauvens blessing, (not mine.) Oh cry your Worship mercy, fir, was somewhat bold to talke to this Gentlewoman, your wife here.

Mat. A poore Gentlewoman, fir.

Orl. Stand not, fir, bare to me ; I ha read oft That Serpents who creepe low, belch ranker poison Than winged Dragons doe, that flie aloft.

Mat. If it offend you, fir ! 'tis for my pleasure.

Orl. Your pleasure be't, fir ; vmh, is this your Palace ?

Bel. Yes, and our Kingdome, for 'tis our content.

Orl. It's a very poore Kingdome then ; what, are all your Subjects gone a Sheepe-shearing ? not a Maid ? not a Man ? not so much as a Cat ? you keepe a good house belike, iust like one of your profession, euery roome with bare walls, and a halfe-headed bed to vault vpon (as all your bawdy-houses are.) Pray who are your Vpholsters ? Oh, the Spiders, I see, they bestow hangings vpon you.

Mat. Bawdy-house ? Zounds fir ———

Bel. Oh sweet *Matheo*, peace. Vpon my knees I doe beseech you, fir, not to arraigne me For finnes, which heauen, I hope, long since hath pardoned.

Those flames (like lightning flashes) are so spent,
The heate no more remaines, then where ships went,
Or where birds cut the aire, the print remaines.

Mat. Pox on him, kneele to a Dog !

Bel. She that's a Whore,
Liues gallant, fares well, is not (like me) poore,

I ha now as small acquaintance with that sinne,
As if I had neuer knowne it ; that, neuer bin.

Orl. No acquaintance with it ? what maintaines
thee then ? how doest liue then ? has thy husband any
Lands ? any Rents comming in, any Stocke going,
any Ploughs iogging, any Ships failing ? hast thou
any Wares to turne, so much as to get a fingle penny by ?
Yes, thou hast Ware to sell,
Knaues are thy Chapmen, and thy Shop is Hell.

Mat. Doe you heare, fir ?

Orl. So fir, I do heare, fir, more of you then you
dreame I do.

Mat. You flie a little too hie, fir.

Orl. Why, fir, too hie ?

Mat. I ha suffred your tongue, like a bard Cater
tra, to runne all this while, and ha not stopt it.

Orl. Well, fir, you talke like a Gamester.

Mat. If you come to bark at her, because shee's a
poore rogue ; look you, here's a fine path, fir, and
there, there the doore.

Bel. *Matheo ?*

Mat. Your blue Coates stay for you, fir.
I loue a good honest roaring Bey, and so ——

Orl. That's the Deuill.

Mat. Sir, fir, Ile ha no *Ioues* in my house to
thunder Auaunt : she shall liue and be maintained
when you, like a keg of musty Sturgeon, shall stinke.
Where ? in your Coffin. How ? be a musty fellow,
and lowfie.

Orl. I know she shall be maintained, but how ? she
like a Queane, thou like a Knaue ; she like a Whore,
thou like a Thiefe.

Mat. Theife ? Zounds Thiefe ?

Bel. Good dearest *Mat.* —— Father.

Mat. Pox on you both, Ile not be braued : New
Sattin scornes to be put downe. with bare bawdy
Veluet. Thiefe ?

Orl. I Thiefe, th'art a Murtherer, a Cheater, a Whore-
monger, a Pot-hunter, a Borrower, a Begger ——

Bel. Deare Father.

Mat. An old Affe, a Dog, a Churle, a Chuffe, an Vfurur, a Villaine, a Moth, a mangy Mule, with an old veluet foot-cloth on his backe, fir.

Bel. Oh me !

Orl. Varlet, for this Ile hang thee.

Mat. Ha, ha, alas.

Orl. Thou keepest a man of mine here, vnder my nose.

Mat. Vnder thy beard.

Orl. As arrant a smell-smocke, for an old Mutton-munger, as thy selfe.

Mat. No, as your selfe.

Orl. As arrant a purse-taker as euer cried, Stand, yet a good fellow, I confesse, and valiant, but he'll bring thee to'th Gallowes ; you both haue robd of late two poore Country Pedlers.

Mat. How's this ? how's this ? doest thou flie hie ? rob Pedlers ? beare witnes *Front*, rob Pedlers ? my man and I a Thiefe ?

Bel. Oh, fir, no more.

Orl. I Knaue, two Pedlers, hue and cry is vp, War-rants are out, and I shall see thee climbe a Ladder.

Mat. And come downe againe as well as a Brick-layer, or a Tyler. How the vengeance knowes he this ? If I be hanged, Ile tell the people I married old *Friscabaldos* Daughter, Ile frisco you, and your old carkas.

Orl. Tell what thou canst ; if I stay here longer, I shall bee hang'd too, for being in thy company ; therefore, as I found you, I leaue you.

Mat. Kneele, and get money of him.

Orl. A Knaue and a Queane, a Thiefe and a Strumpet, a couple of Beggars, a brace of Baggages.

Mat. Hang vpon him. I, I, fir, fare you well ; we are so : follow close—we are Beggars—in Sattin—to him.

Bel. Is this your comfort, when so many yeeres You ha left me frozen to death ?

Orl. Freeze still, starue still.

Bd. Yes, so I shall: I must: I must and will.
If as you say I'm poore, relieue me then,
Let me not sell my body to base men.
You call me Strumpet, Heauen knowes I am none:
Your cruelty may driue me to be one:
Let not that sinne be yours, let not the shame
Of common Whore liue longer then my name.
That cunning Bawd (Necessity) night and day
Plots to vndoe me; driue that Hag away,
Lest being at lowest ebbe, as now I am,
I sinke for euer.

Orl. Lowest ebbe, what ebbe?

Bd. So poore, that (tho to tell it be my shame)
I am not worth a dish to hold my meate;
I am yet poorer, I want bread to eate.

Orl. It's not seene by your cheekes.

Mat. I thinke she has read an Homely to tickle
to the old rogue.

Orl. Want bread? there's Sattin: bake that,

Mat. S'blood, make Pasties of my cloathes?

Orl. A faire new Cloake, stew that; an excellent
gilt Rapier.

Mat. Will you eat that, sir?

Orl. I could feast ten good fellowes with those
Hangers.

Mat. The pox you shall.

Orl. I shall not (till thou beggest,) thinke thou
art poore;
And when thou beggest, Ile feed thee at my doore,
As I feed Dogs, (with bones) till then beg, borrow,
Pawne, steale, and hang, turne Bawde, when th'art
Whore,

My heart-strings sure would crack, were they strained
more.

Exit.

Mat. This is your Father, your damn'd —— con-
fusion light vpon all the generation of you; he can
come bragging hither with soure white Herrings (at's
taile) in blue Coates without roes in their bellies, but
I may starue ere he giue me so much as a cob.

Bel. What tell you me of this † alas.

Mat. Goe trot after your Dad, doe you capitulate, Ile pawne not for you, Ile not steale to be hanged for fuch an hypocriticall clofe common Harlot : away, you Dog — Braue yfaith ! Vds foot, Giue me some meate.

Bel. Yes, Sir.

Exit.

Mat. Goodman slaue, my man too, is gallop'd to the Deuill athe t'other side : *Pacheco*, Ile checo you. Is this your Dad's day ? *England* (they say) is the onely hell for Horfes, and onely Paradise for Women : pray get you to that Paradise, because y'are called an *Honest Whore* ; there they liue none but honest whores with a pox : Mary here in our Citty, all our sex are but foot-cloth Nags : the Master no sooner lights, but the man leapes into the saddle.

Enter Bellafront.

Bel. Will you sit downe I pray, sir ?

Mat. I could teare (by'th Lord) his flesh, and eate his midriffe in salt, as I eate this : — must I choake — my Father *Friscabaldo*, I shall make a pittifull Hog-louse of you *Orlando*, if you fall once into my fingers — Here's the sauorest meat : I ha got a stomacke with chafing. What Rogue should tell him of those two Pedlers ? A plague choake him, and gnaw him to the bare bones : come fill.

Bel. Thou sweatest with very anger, good sweet, vex not, 'las, 'tis no fault of mine.

Mat. Where didst buy this Mutton ? I neuer felt better ribbes.

Bel. A neighbour sent it me.

Enter Orlando.

Mat. Hah, neighbour ? foh, my mouth stinkes, you whore, doe you beg victuals for me ? Is this Sattin doublet to bee bumbasted with broken meat ?

Takes vp the stoole.

Orl. What will you doe, sir?

Mat. Beat out the braines of a beggerly ——

Exit Bellafront.

Orl. Beat out an Affes head of your owne; away, Mistris. Zownds, doe but touch one haire of her, and Ile so quilt your cap with old Iron, that your coxcombe shall ake the worfe these feuen yeeres for't: Does she looke like a roasted Rabbet, that you must haue the head for the braines?

Mat. Ha, ha: Goe out of my doores, you Rogue, away, foure markes trudge.

Orl. Foure markes? no, sir, my twenty pound that you ha made flie hie, and I am gone.

Mat. Must I be fed with chippings? y'are best get a clap-dish, and say y'are Proctor to some Spittle-houfe. Where hast thou beene, *Pacheco*? come hither my little Turkey-cocke.

Orl. I cannot abide, sir, to see a woman wrong'd, not I.

Mat. Sirra, here was my Father-in-law to day.

Orl. Pish, then y'are full of Crownes.

Mat. Hang him, he would ha thrust crownes vpon me, to haue false in againe, but I scorne cast-cloathes, or any mans gold.

Orl. But mine: how did he brooke that (sir?)

Mat. Oh: swore like a dozen of drunken Tinkers; at last growing foule in words, he and foure of his men drew vpon me, sir.

Orl. In your house? wud I had bin by.

Mat. I made no more adoe, but sell to my old locke, and so thrashed my blue Coates, and old crab-tree-face my father-in-law, and then walkt like a Lion in my grate.

Orl. Oh Noble Master!

Mat. Sirra, he could tell me of the robbing the two Pedlers, and that warrants are out for vs both.

Orl. Good, sir, I like not those crackers.

Mat. Crackhalter, wut set thy foot to mine?

Orl. How, sir? at drinking.

Mat. We'll pull that old Crow my Father : rob thy Master. I know the house, thou the seruants : the purchase is rich, the plot to get it easie, the Dog will not part from a bone.

Orl. Pluck't out of his throat then : Ile snarle for one, if this can bite.

Mat. Say no more, say no more, old cole, meet me anon at the signe of the Shipwracke.

Orl. Yes, sir.

Mat. And dost heare, man !—the Shipwracke.

Exit.

Orl. Th'art at the Shipwracke now, and like a swimmer
Bold (but vnexpert) with those waues doest play,
Whose dalliance (whorelike) is to cast thee away.

Enter Hipollito and Bellafront.

Orl. And here's another Vessell, (better fraught,
But as ill man'd) her sinking will be wraught,
If rescue come not : like a Man of warre
Ile therefore brauely out : somewhat Ile doe,
And either saue them both, or perish too. *Exit.*

Hip. It is my fate to be bewitched by those eyes.

Bel. Fate ! your folly.

Why should my face thus mad you ? 'las, those colours
Are wound vp long agoe, which beauty spred,
The flowres that once grew here, are withered.
You turn'd my blacke soule white, made it looke new,
And should I sinne, it ne'r should be with you.

Hip. Your hand, Ile offer you faire play : When
first

We met i'th Lifts together, you remember
You were a common Rebell ; with one parlee
I won you to come in.

Bel. You did.

Hip. Ile try

If now I can beate downe this Chastity
With the same Ordnance ; will you yeeld this Fort,

If with the power of Argument now (as then)
I get of you the conquest : as before
I turnd you honest, now to turne you whore,
By force of strong perswasion ?

Bel. If you can,
I yeeld.

Hip. The allarm's stricke vp ; I'm your man.

Bel. A woman giues defiance.

Hip. Sit.

Bel. Beginne :

'Tis a braue battaile to encounter sinne.

Hip. You men that are to fight in the same warre,
To which I'm prest, and pleade at the same barre,
To winne a woman, if you wud haue me speed,
Send all your wishes.

Bel. No doubt y'are heard, proceede.

Hip. To be a Harlot, that you stand vpon,
The very name's a charme to make you one.
Harlotta was a Dame of so diuine
And rauishing touch, that she was Concubine
To an English King : her sweet bewitching eye
Did the Kings heart-strings in such loue-knots tye,
That euen the coyest was proud when she could heare
Men say, Behold ; another Harlot there ;
And after all her women that were faire
Were Harlots call'd, as to this day some are :
Besides her dalliance she so well does mix,
That she's in Latine call'd the *Merdrix*.
Thus for the name ; for the profession, this,
Who liues in bondage, liues lac'd, the chiefe blisse
This world below can yeeld, is liberty :
And who (than whores) with looser wings dare flie ?
As *Juno*s proud bird spreads the fairest taile,
So does a Strumpet hoist the loftiest saile.
She's no mans slaue ; (men are her slaues) her eye
Moues not on wheelles screwd vp with Iealowsie.
She (Horst, or Coacht) does merry iourneys make,
Free as the Sunne in his gilt Zodiake :
As brauely does she shine, as fast she's driuen,

But staies not long in any house of Heauen :
 But shifts from Signe, to Signe, her amorous prizes
 More rich being when she's downe, then when she
 rises.

In brieft, Gentlemen haunt them, Soldiers fight for
 them,

Few men but know them, few or none abhorre them :
 Thus (for sport sake) speake I, as to a woman,
 Whom (as the worst ground) I would turne to com-
 mon :

But you I would enclose for mine owne bed.

Bel. So should a husband be dishonoured.

Hip. Dishonoured ? not a whit : to fall to one
 (Besides your husband) is to fall to none,
 For one no number is.

Bel. Faith, should you take
 One in your bed, would you that reckoning make ?
 'Tis time you found retreat.

Hip. Say, haue I wonne,
 Is the day ours ?

Bel. The battaile's but halfe done,
 None but your selfe haue yet founded alarmes,
 Let vs strike too, else you dishonour armes.

Hip. If you can win the day,
 The glorie's yours.

Bel. To proue a woman should not be a whore,
 When she was made, she had one man, and no more,
 Yet she was tied to lawes then, for (euen than)
 'Tis said, she was not made for men, but man.
 Anon, t'increase earths brood, the law was varied,
 Men should take many wiues : and tho they married
 According to that Act, yet 'tis not knowne,
 But that those wiues were onely tied to one.
 New Parliaments were since : for now one woman
 Is shared betweene three hundred, nay she's common :
 Common ? as spotted Leopards, whom for sport
 Men hunt, to get the flesh, but care not for't.
 So spread they Nets of gold, and tune their Calls,
 To inchaunt silly women to take falls :

Swearing they are Angels, (which that they may win),
They'll hire the Deuill to come with false Dice in.
Oh Sirens suttile tunes ! your selues you flatter,
And our weake sex betray, so men loue water ;
It serues to wash their hands, but (being once foule),
The water downe is powred, cast out of doores,
And euen of such base vie doe men make whores.
A Harlot (like a Hen) more sweetnes reapes,
To picke men one by one vp, then in heapes :
Yet all feeds but confounding. Say you should taste
me,

I serue but for the time, and when the day
Of warre is done, am casheerd out of pay :
If like lame Soldiers I could beg, that's all,
And there's ~~schalls~~ Rendez-vous, an Hospitall.
Who then would be a mans slaue, a mans woman ?
She's halfe staru'd the first day that feeds in Common.

Hip. You should not feed so, but with me alone.

Bel. If I drinke poison by stealth, is't not all one ?
Is't not ranke poison still ? with you alone !
Nay say you spide a Curtezan, whose soft side
To touch, you'd sell your birth-right for one kisse,
Be rack'd, she's won, y'are fated : what followes this ?
Oh, then you curse that Bawd that toald you in,
(The Night) you curse your lust, you loath the sin,
You loath her very sight, and ere the day
Arise, you rise glad when y'are stolne away.
Euen then when you are drunke with all her sweets,
There's no true pleasure in a Strumpets sheetes.
Women, whom Lust so prostitutes to sale,
Like Dancers vpon ropes ; once seene, are stale.

Hip. If all the threds of Harlots lyues are spun,
So coorse as you would make them, tell me why
You so long loued the trade ?

Bel. If all the threds
Of Harlots lyues be fine as you would make them,
Why doe not you perswade your wife turne whore,
And all Dames else to fall before that sin ?
Like an ill husband (tho I knew the same,

To be my vndoing) followed I that game.
 Oh when the worke of Lust had earn'd my bread,
 To taste it, how I trembled, lest each bit,
 Ere it went downe, should choake me (chewing it ?)
 My bed seem'd like a Cabin hung in Hell,
 The Bawde Hells Porter, and the lickorish wine
 The Pander fetch'd, was like an easie Fine,
 For which, me thought I lear'd away my soule,
 And oftentimes (euen in my quaffing bowle)
 Thus said I to my selfe, I am a whore,
 And haue drunke downe thus much confusion more.

Hip. It is a common rule, and 'tis most true,
 Two of one trade neuer loue : no more doe you.
 Why are you sharpe 'gainst that you once profest ?

Bel. Why doate you on that, which you did once
 detest ?

I cannot (seeing she's wouen of such bad stuffe)
 Set colours on a Harlot base enough.
 Nothing did make me, when I loued them best,
 To loath them more then this : when in the street
 A faire yong modest Damsell I did meet,
 She seem'd to all a Doue (when I pass'd by)
 And I (to all) a Rauē : euery eye
 That followed her went with a bashfull glance,
 At mee each bold and ieering countenance
 Darted forth scorne : to her (as if she had bin
 Some Tower vnvanquished) would they vaile,
 'Gainst mee swolne Rumor hoisted euery saile.
 She (crown'd with reuerend praises) passed by them,
 I (tho with face maskt) could not scape the hem,
 For (as if Heauen had set strange markes on Whores,
 Because they should be pointing stocks to man)
 Drest vp in ciuilest shape a Curtizan,
 Let her walke Saint-like, notelesse, and vnknowne,
 Yet she's betraid by some tricke of her owne.
 Were Harlots therefore wise, they'd be sold deare :
 For men account them good but for one yeere :
 And then like Almanackes (whose dates are gone)
 They are throwne by, and no more lookt vpon.

Who'le therefore backward fall, who will lanch forth
In Seas so foule, for ventures no more worth †
Lufts voiage hath (if not this courfe) this crosse,
Buy ne'r so cheape, your Ware comes home with
losse.

What, shall I found retreat † the battaile's done :
Let the world iudge which of vs two haue won.

Hip. I !

Bel. You † nay then as cowards doe in fight,
What by blowes cannot, shall be saued by flight. *Exit.*

Hip. Flie to earths fixed Center : to the Cauces
Of euerlasting horror, Ile pursue thee,
(Tho loaden with finnes) euën to Hells brazen
doores.

Thus wisest men turne fooles, doting on whores. *Exit.*

Enter the Duke, Lodouico, and Orlando : after them
Infallice, Carolo, Astolfo, Beraldo, Fontinell.

Orl. I beseech your Grace (tho your eye be so
piercing) as vnder a poore blue Coate, to cull out an
honest Father from an old Seruingman : yet good my
Lord discouer not the plot to any, but onely this Gen-
tleman that is now to be an Actor in our ensuing
Comedy.

Duke. Thou hast thy wish, Orlando, passe vn-
knowne,
Sforza shall onely goe along with thee.

To see that Warrant serued vpon thy Sonne.

Lod. To attach him vpon felony, for a Pedlers :
is't not so ?

Orl. Right, my Noble Knight : those Pedlers
were two Knaues of mine ; he fleec'd the men before,
and now he purposes to flea the Master. He will rob
me, his teeth water to be nibbling at my gold, but this
shal hang him by'th gills, till I pull him on shore.

Duke. Away : ply you the businesse.

Orl. Thankes to your Grace : but my good Lord,
for my Daughter.

Duke. You know what I haue said.

Orl. And remember what I haue sworne : She's more honest, on my soule, then one of the Turkes Wenches, watcht by a hundred Eunuches.

Lod. So she had need, for the Turkes make them whores.

Orl. He's a Turke that makes any woman a Whore, hee's no true Christian I'm sure. I commit your Grace.

Duke. Infelice.

Infæ. Here, sir.

Lod. Signior Friscabaldo.

Orl. Frisking agen, *Pacheco* ?

Lod. Vds so, *Pacheco* ? wee'll haue some sport with this Warrant : 'tis to apprehend all suspected persons in the house : Besides, there's one *Bots* a Pander, and one Madam *Horleach* a Bawde, that haue abus'd my friend, those two Coneyes will we ferret into the purfenet.

Orl. Let me alone for dabbing them o'th necke : come, come.

Lod. Doe ye heare, Gallants ? meet me anon at *Matheos*.

Omnes. Enough. *Exeunt* Lodouico & Orlando.

Duke. Th'old Fellow sings that note thou didst before,

Onely his tunes are, that she is no Whore,
But that she sent his Letters and his gifts,
Out of a Noble Triumph o're his Lust,
To shew she trampled his Assaults in dust.

Infæ. 'Tis a good honest seruant, that old man.

Duke. I doubt no lesse.

Infæ. And it may be my husband,
Because when once this woman was vnmaskt,
He leueld all her thoughts, and made them fit :
Now he'd marre all agen, to try his wit.

Duke. It may be so too, for to turne a Harlot
Honest, it must be by strong Antidots,
'Tis rare, as to see Panthers change their spots.
And when she's once a Starre (fixed) and shines bright,

Tho 'twere impiety then to dim her light,
Because we see such Tapers feldome burne.
Yet 'tis the pride and glory of some men,
To change her to a blazing Starre agen,
And it may be, *Hipollito* does no more.
It cannot be, but y'are acquainted all
With that same madnesse of our Sonne-in-law,
That dotes so on a Curtizan.

Omnes. Yes, my Lord.

Car. All the City thinkes he's a Whoremonger.

Aff. Yet I warrant, he'll sweare, no man markes him.

Ber. 'Tis like so, for when a man goes a wenching, is as if he had a strong stincking breath, euery one smells him out, yet he feeles it not, tho it be rancker then the sweat of sixteene Bearewarders.

Duke. I doubt then you haue all those stinking breaths,

You might be all smelt out.

Car. Troth my Lord, I thinke we are all as you ha bin in your youth when you went a Maying, we all loue to heare the Cuckoo sing vpon other mens Trees.

Duke. It's well yet you confesse: but Girle, thy bed

Shall not be parted with a Curtizan—— 'tis strange,
No frowne of mine, no frowne of the poore Lady,
(My abused child, his wife) no care of fame,
Of Honor, Heauen, or Hell, no not that name
Of Common Strumpet, can affright, or woo
Him to abandon her; the Harlot does vndoe him,
She has bewitched him, robd him of his shape,
Turnd him into a beast, his reason's lost,
You see he lookes wild, does he not?

Car. I ha noted new Moones
In's face, my Lord, all full of change.

Duke. He's no more like vnto *Hipollito*,
Then dead men are to liuing——neuer sleepes,
Or if he doe, it's dreames: and in those dreames

His armes worke,——and then cries——Sweet—
what's her name,

What's the drabs name ?

Asl. In troth, my Lord, I know not,
I know no drabs, not I.

Duke. Oh, *Bellafront* !
And catching her fast, cries, My *Bellafront*.

Car. A drench that's able to kill a Horse, cannot
kill this diseafe of Smock-smelling, my Lord, if it
haue once eaten deepe.

Duke. Ile try all Phisicke, and this Med'cine first :
I haue directed Warrants strong and peremptory
(To purge our Citty *Millan*, and to cure
The outward Parts, the Suburbes) for the attaching
Of all those women, who (like gold) want waight,
Citties (like Ships) should haue no idle freight.

Car. No, my Lord, and light wenches are no idle
fraight,

But what's your Graces reach in this ?

Duke. This (*Carolo*.) If she whom my Son doates
on,

Be in that Muster-booke enrold, he'll shame
Euer t'approach one of such noted name.

Car. But say she be not ?

Duke. Yet on Harlots heads
New Lawes shall fall so heauy, and such blowes
Shall giue to those that haunt them, that *Hippolita*
(If not for feare of Law) for loue to her,
If he loue truely, shall her bed forbear.

Car. Attach all the light heeles i'the Citty, and
clap em vp ? why, my Lord, you diue into a Well
vnsearchable : all the Whores within the walls, &
without the walls ? I would not be he should meddle
with them for ten such Dukedomes ; the Army that
you speake on, is able to fill all the prisons within this
Citty, and to leaue not a drinking roome in any
Tauerne besides.

Duke. Those onely shall be caught that are of
note,

Harlots in each street flow :
The fish being thus i'th net, our selfe will sit,
And with eye most seuerely dispose of it.—come,
Girle.

Car. Araigne the poore Whore.

As. Ile not misse that Sessions.

Font. Nor I.

Ber. Nor I,

Tho I hold vp my hand there my selfe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Matheo, Orlando, and Lodouico.

Mat. Let who will come (my Noble Shauileir) I
can but play the kind Hoast, and bid ym welcome.

Lod. We'll trouble your house (*Matheo*) but as
Dutchmen doe in Tauernes (drinke, be merry, and be
gone.)

Orl. Indeed if you be right Dutchmen, if you fall
to drinking, you must be gone.

Mat. The worst is, my wife is not at home ; but
we'll flie hie (my generous Knight) for all that : there's
no Musike when a woman is in the confort.

Orl. No, for she's like a paire of Virginals,
Alwaies with Iackes at her taile.

Enter Astolfo, Carolo, Beraldo, Fontinell.

Lod. See, the Couy is sprung.

Omnes. Saue you Gallants.

Mat. Happily encounterd, sweet bloods.

Lod. Gentlemen, you all know *Signior Candido*,
the Linnen Draper, he that's more patient then a
browne Baker, vpon the day when he heates his
Ouen, and has forty Scolds about him.

Omnes. Yes, we know him all, what of him ?

Lod. Wud it not be a good fit of mirth, to make a
piece of English cloth of him, and to stretch him on
the Tainters, till the threds of his owne naturall humor
cracke, by making him drinke healths, Tobacco, dance,
sing bawdy songs, or to run any bias according as we
thinke good to cast him ?

Car. 'Twere a Morris dance worth the seeing.

Ast. But the old Fox is so crafty, we shall hardly hunt out of his den.

Mat. To that traine I ha giuen fire already ; and the hook to draw him hither, is to see certaine pieces of Lawne, which I told him I haue to sell, and indeed haue such ; fetch them downe, *Pacheco.*

Orl. Yes, sir, I'm your Water-spanniell, and will fetch any thing : but Ile fetch one dish of meat anon, shall turne your stomacke, and that's a Constable. *Exit.*

Enter Boots ushering Mistris Horfleach.

Omnes. How now ? how now ?

Car. What Gally-foist is this ?

Lod. Peace, two dishes of stew'd prunes, a Bawde and a Pander. My worthy Lieutenant *Bots* ; why, now I see th'art a man of thy word, welcome ; welcome Mistris *Horfleach* : Pray Gentlemen, salute this reuerend Matron.

Horf. Thanks to all your Worships.

Lod. I bade a Drawer send in wine too : did none come along with thee (Grannam) but the Lieutenant ?

Horf. None came along with me but *Bots*, if it like your Worship.

Bots. Who the pox should come along with you but *Bots* ?

Enter two Vintners.

Omnes. Oh braue ! march faire.

Lod. Are you come ? that's well.

Mat. Here's Ordnance able to sacke a Citty.

Lod. Come, repeat, read this Inuentory.

1. *Vint.* *Imprimis*, a pottle of Greeke wine, a pottle of Peter sa meene, a pottle of Charnico, and a pottle of Leattica.

Lod. Y'are paid ?

2. *Vint.* Yes Sir.

Excunt Vintners.

Mat. So shall some of vs be anon, I feare.

Bots. Here's a hot day towards : but zounds, this is the life out of which a Soldier fucks sweetnesse, when this Artillery goes off roundly, some must drop to the ground : Cannon, Demy-cannon, Saker, and Bafalisk.

Lod. Giue fire, Lieutenant.

Bots. So, so : Must I venture first vpon the breach ? to you all, Gallants : *Bots* sets vpon you all.

Omnes. Its hard (*Bots*) if we pepper not you, as well as you pepper vs.

Enter Candido.

Lod. My noble Linnen Draper ! Some wine : Welcome old Lad.

Mat. Y'are welcome, *Signior.*

Cand. These Lawnes, sir ?

Mat. Presently, my man is gone for them : we ha rigged a Fleet, you see here, to saile about the world.

Cand. A dangerous Voyage, failing in such Ships.

Bots. There's no casting ouer boord yet.

Lod. Because you are an old Lady, I will haue you be acquainted with this graue Cittizen, pray bestow your lips vpon him, and bid him welcome.

Horf. Any Cittizen shall be most welcome to me : — I haue vsed to buy ware at your shop.

Cand. It may be so, good Madam.

Horf. Your Prentices know my dealings well ; I trust your good wife be in good case : if it please you, beare her a token from my lips, by word of mouth.

Cand. I pray no more forfooth, 'tis very well, indeed I loue no sweet meats : — Sh'as a breath stinkes worse then fifty Polecats. Sir, a word, is she a Lady ?

Lod. A woman of a good house, and an ancient, shee's a Bawde.

Cand. A Bawde ? Sir, Ile steale hence, and see your Lawnes some other time.

Mat. Steale out of such company ? *Pachao* ? my

man is but gone for em : Lieutenant *Bots*, drinke to this worthy old fellow, and teach him to flie hie.

Omnes. Swagger : and make him doo't on his knees.

Cand. How, *Bots*? now blesse me, what doe I with *Bots*? no wine in sooth, no wine, good Master *Bots*.

Bots. Gray-beard, Goats pizzle : 'tis a health, haue this in your guts, or this, there : I will sing a bawdy song, fir, because your vergis face is melancholly, to make liquor goe downe glib : will you fall on your maribones, and pledge this health, 'tis to my Mistris, a whore?

Cand. Here's Ratsbane vpon Ratsbane : Master *Bots*, I pray, fir, pardon me : you are a Soldier, presse me not to this seruice, I am old, and shoot not in such pot-gunnes.

Bots. Cap, Ile teach you.

Cand. To drinke healths, is to drinke sicknesse : Gentlemen, pray rescue me.

Bots. Zounds, who dare?

Omnes. We shall ha stabbing then?

Cand. I ha reckonings to cast vp, good Master *Bots*.

Bots. This will make you cast em vp better.

Lod. Why does your hand shake so?

Cand. The palsie, Signiors, danceth in my blood.

Bots. Pipe with a pox, fir, then, or Ile make your blood dance——

Cand. Hold, hold, good Master *Bots*, I drinke.

Omnes. To whom?

Cand. To the old Countesse there.

Horf. To me, old Boy? this is he that neuer drunke wine : once agen too't.

Cand. With much adoe the poison is got downe, Tho I can scarce get vp ; neuer before Dranke I a whores health, nor will neuer more.

Enter Orlando with Lawnes.

Mat. Haft bin at Gallowes?

Orl. Yes, fir, for I make account to suffer to day.

Mat. Looke, *Signior*: here's the Commodity.

Cand. Your price?

Mat. Thus.

Cand. No: too deare: thus.

Mat. No: O fie, you must flie higher: yet take em home, trifles shall not make vs quarrell, we'll agree, you shall haue them, and a penniworth, Ile fetch money at your shop.

Cand. Be it so, good *Signior*, send me going.

Mat. Going? a deepe bowle of wine for *Signior*

Candido.

Orl. He wud be going.

Cand. Ile rather stay, then goe so: stop your Bowle.

Enter Constable and Bilmen.

Lod. How now?

Bots. Is't Shroue-tuesday, that these Ghosts walke.

Mat. What's your businesse, Sir?

Const. From the Duke: you are the man wee looke for, *Signior*, I haue Warrant here from the Duke, to apprehend you vpon felony for robbing two Pedlers: I charge you i'th Dukes name goe quickly.

Mat. Is the winde turn'd? well: this is that old Wolfe, my Father-in-law: seeke out your Mistris, Sirra.

Orl. Yes, Sir: as shafts by piecing are made strong,
So shall thy life be straightned by this wrong. *Exit.*

Omnes. In troth we are sorry.

Mat. Braue men must bee crost, it's but Fortunes Dice rousing against me: Come, fir, pray vse me like a Gentleman, let me not be carried through the streets like a Pageant.

Const. If these Gentlemen please, you shall goe along with them.

Omnes. Bee't so: come.

Const. What are you, fir?

Bots. I, sir? sometimes a figure, sometimes a cipher, as the State has occasion to cast vp her accounts: I'm a Soldier.

Const. Your name is *Bots*, is't not?

Bots. *Bots* is my name, *Bots* is knowne to this Company.

Const. I know you are, Sir: what's she?

Bots. A Gentlewoman, my Mother.

Const. Take em both along.

Bots. Me? Sirrr.

Billmen. And Sirrr.

Const. If he swagger, raise the street.

Bots. Gentlemen, Gentlemen, whither will you drag vs?

Lod. To the Garden house. *Bots*, are we euen with you?

Const. To Bridewell with em.

Bots. You will answer this.

Exeunt.

Const. Better then a challenge, I haue warrant for my worke, sir.

Lod. Wee'll goe before.

Exeunt.

Const. Pray doe.

Who, *Signior Candido*? a Cittizen of your degree con-
sorted thus, and reuelling in such a house?

Cand. Why, sir? what house I pray?

Const. Lewd, and defamed.

Cand. Is't so? thanks, sir: I'm gone.

Const. What haue you there?

Cand. Lawnes which I bought, sir, of the Gentle-
man that keepes the house.

Const. And I haue warrant here, to search for
such stolne Ware: these Lawnes are stolne.

Cand. Indeed!

Const. So he's the Thiefe, you the Receiuer: I'm
sorry for this chance, I must commit you.

Cand. Me, sir, for what?

Const. These Goods are found vpon you, and you
must answer't.

Cand. Must I so?

Const. Most certaine.

Cand. Ile send for Bayle.

Const. I dare not : yet because you are a Cittizen of worth, you shall not be made a pointing stocke, but without Guard passe onely with my selfe.

Cand. To Bridewell too ?

Const. No remedy.

Cand. Yes, patience : being not mad, they had mee once to Bedlam,
Now I'm drawne to Bridewell, louing no Whores.

Const. You will buy Lawne ?—— *Exeunt.*

Enter at one doore Hipollito ; at another, Lodouico, Astolfo, Carolo, Beraldo, Fontinell.

Lod. Yonder's the Lord *Hipollito*, by any meanes leaue him and me together : Now will I turne him to a Madman.

Omnes. Saue you, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Lod. I ha strange newes to tell you.

Hip. What are they ?

Lod. Your Mare's i'th pound.

Hip. How's this ?

Lod. Your Nightingale is in a Limebushe.

Hip. Ha ?

Lod. Your Puritanicall *Honest Whore* fits in a blue gowne.

Hip. Blue Gowne !

Lod. She'll chalke out your way to her now : she beats chalke.

Hip. Where, who dares ?

Lod. Doe you know the Bricke-house of Castigation, by the Riuer side that runnes by *Millan* : the Schoole where they pronounce no letter well but O ?

Hip. I know it not.

Lod. Any man that has borne Office of Constable, or any woman that has falne from a Horse-load to a Cart-load, or like an old Hen that has had none but rotten egges in her nest, can direct you to her : there you shall see your Puncke amongst her back-friends,

there you may haue her at your will, for there she beates Chalke, or grindes in the Mill, with a whip deedle, deedle, deedle, deedle ; ah little monkey.

Hip. What Rogue durst serue that Warrant, knowing I loued her ?

Lod. Some Worshipfull Rascall, I lay my life.

Hip. Ile beat the Lodgings downe about their cares

That are her Keepers.

Lod. So you may bring an old house over her head.

Hip. Ile to her ———

Ile to her, stood armed Fiends to guard the doores.

Exit.

Lod. Oh me ! what Monsters are men made by whores !

If this false fire doe kindle him, there's one Faggot

More to the bonfire, now to my Bridewell Birds,
What Song will they sing ! *Exit.*

Enter Duke, Carolo, Astolfo, Beraldo, Fontinell, three or foure Masters of Bridewell: Infelice.

Duke. Your Bridewell ? that the name ? for beauty, strength,

Capacity and forme of ancient building,

(Besides the Riuers neighbourhood) few houses

Wherein we keepe our Court can better it.

1. *Master.* Hither from forraigne Courts haue Princes come,

And with our Duke did Acts of State Commence,

Here that great Cardinall had first audience,

(The graue Campayne,) that Duke dead, his Sonne

(That famous Prince) gaue free possession

Of this his Palace, to the Cittizens,

To be the poore mans ware-house : and endowed it

With Lands to'th valew of seuen hundred marke,

With all the bedding and the furniture,

Once proper (as the Lands then were) to an Hospitall

Belonging to a Duke of *Sauoy*. Thus

Fortune can tosse the World, a Princes Court
Is thus a prison now.

Duke. 'Tis Fortunes sport :

These changes common are : the Wheele of Fate
Turnes Kingdomes vp, till they fall desolate.
But how are these seven hundred Markes by'th yeere
Imployde in this your Worke-houfe ?

i. Master. Warre and Peace

Feed both vpon those Lands : when the Iron doores
Of warre burst open, from this Houfe are sent
Men furnisht in all Martiall Complement.
The Moone hath thorow her Bow scarce drawn to'th
head,

(Like to twelue filuer Arrowes) all the Moneths,
Since 1600. Soldiers went aboard :
Here Prouidence and Charity play such parts,
The Houfe is like a very Schoole of Arts,
For when our Soldiers (like Ships driuen from Sea,
With ribs all broken, and with tattered sides,)
Cast anchor here agen, their ragged backs
How often doe we couer ? that (like men)
They may be sent to their owne Homes agen.
All here are but one swarme of Bees, and striue
To bring with wearied thighs honey to the Hiue.
The sturdy Begger, and the lazy Lowne,
Gets here hard hands, or lac'd Correction.
The Vagabond growes stay'd, and learnes to obey,
The Drone is beaten well, and sent away.
As other prisons are, (some for the Thiefe,
Some, by which vndone Credit gets reliefe
From bridled Debtors ; others for the poore)
So this is for the Bawd, the Rogue, the Whore.

Car. An excellent Teeme of Horse.

i. Master. Nor is it feene,

That the whip drawes blood here, to coole the Spleene
Of any rugged Bencher : nor does offence
Feele smart on spitefull, or rash euidence :
But pregnant testimony forth must stand,
Ere Iustice leaue them in the Beadles hand,

As Iron, on the Anuill are they laid,
Not to take blowes alone, but to be made
And fashioned to some Charitable vse.

Duke. Thus wholfom't Lawes spring from the
worst abuse.

Enter Orlando before Bellafront.

Bel. Let mercy touch your heart-strings (gracious
Lord)
That it may found like musike in the eare
Of a man desperate, (being i'th hands of Law.)

Duke. His name?

Bel. *Matheo.*

Duke. For a robbery? where is he?

Bel. In this House.

Exit Bel. & one of the Masters of Bridewell.

Duke. Fetch you him hither —

Is this the Party?

Orl. This is the Hen, my Lord, that the Cocke
(with the Lordly combe) your Sonne-in-law would
crow ouer, and tread.

Duke. Are your two Seruants ready?

Orl. My two Pedlers are pack'd together, my good
Lord.

Vice (like a wound launc'd) mends by punishment.

Inf. Let me be gone, my Lord, or stand vnseene;
'Tis rare when a Iudge strikes, and that none dye,
And 'tis vnfit then, women should be by.

1. *Master.* Wee'll place you, Lady, in some priuat
roome.

Inf. Pray doe so.

Exit.

Orl. Thus nice Dames sweare, it is vnfit their eyes
Should view men caru'd vp for Anatomies,
Yet they'll see all, so they may stand vnseene,
Many women fure will finne behind a Skreene.

Enter Lodouico.

Lod. Your Sonne (the Lord *Hipollito*) is entred.

Duke. Tell him we wish his presence. A word

Sforza:

On what wings flew he hither?

Lod. These, I told him—his Larke whom he loved, was a Bridewell Bird, he's mad that this Cage should hold her, and is come to let her out.

Duke. 'Tis excellent: away, goe call him hither.

Exit. Lod.

Enter one of the Gouvernours of the House, Bellafront

after him with Matheo, after him the Constable.

Enter at another doore, Lodouico and

*Hipollito: Orlando steps forth and
brings in two Pedlers.*

Duke. You are to vs a stranger (worthy Lord)
'Tis strange to see you here.

Hip. It is most fit,
That where the Sunne goes, *Attomyes* follow it.

Duke. *Attomyes* neither shape, nor honour beare:
Be you your selfe, a Sunne-beame to shine cleare.
Is this the Gentleman? Stand forth & heare
Your accusation.

Mat. Ile heare none: I flie hie in that: rather
then Kites shall seize vpon me, and picke out mine
eyes to my face, Ile strike my tallons thorow mine
owne heart first, and spit my blood in theirs: I am
here for shriuing those two fooles of their sinfull
packe: when those Iack-dawes haue cawde ouer me,
then must I cry guilty, or not guilty; the Lawe has
worke enough already, and therefore Ile put no worke
of mine into his hands, the Hangman shall ha't first,
I did pluck those Ganders, did rob them.

Duke. 'Tis well done to confesse.

Mat. Confesse and be hanged, and then I flie hie,
is't not so? that for that a gallowes is the worst rub that
a good Bowler can meet with: I stumbled against such
a post, else this night I had plaid the part of a true
Sonne in these daies, vndone my Father-in-law, with
him wud I ha run at leape-frogge, and come ouer

his gold, tho I had broke his necke for't : but the poore Salmon Trout is now in the Net.

Hip. And now the Law must teach you to flie hie.

Mat. Right, my Lord, and then may you flie low ; no more words, a Moufe, Mum, you are stop'd.

Bel. Be good to my poore husband, deare my Lords.

Mat. Alse, why shouldst thou pray them to be good to me, when no man here is good to one another ?

Duke. Did any hand worke in this theft but yours ?

Mat. O, yes, my Lord, yes :—the Hangman has neuer one Sonne at a birth, his Children alwaies come by couples : Tho I cannot giue the old dog, my Father, a bone to gnaw, the daughter shall bee sure of a Choke-peare.—Yes, my Lord, there was one more that fiddled my fine Pedlers, and that was my wife.

Bel. Alas, I ?

Orl. O euerlasting, supernaturall superlatiue Villaine !

Omnes. Your wife, *Matheo* ?

Hip. Sure it cannot be.

Mat. Oh, Sir, you loue no quarters of Mutton that hang vp, you loue none but whole Mutton ; she set the robbery, I perform'd it ; she spur'd me on, I gallop'd away.

Orl. My Lords.

Bel. My Lords, (fellow giue me speach) if my life

May ranfome thine, I yeeld it to the Law,
Thou hurt'st thy soule (yet wipest off no offence)
By casting blots vpon my Innocence :
Let not these spare me, but tell truth : no, see
Who slips his necke out of the misery,
Tho not out of the mischief : let thy Seruant
That shared in this base Act, accuse me here,
Why should my Husband perish, he goe cleare ?

Orl. A god Child, hang thine owne Father.

Duke. Old fellow, was thy hand in too?

Orl. My hand was in the Pye, my Lord, I confesse it: my Mistris I see, will bring me to the Gallowes, and so leaue me; but Ile not leaue her so: I had rather hang in a womans company, then in a mans; because if we should go to hell together, I should scarce be letten in, for all the Deuils are afraid to haue any women come amongst them, as I am true Thiefe, she neither consented to this felony, nor knew of it.

Duke. What fury prompts thee on to kill thy wife?

Mat. It is my humor, Sir, 'tis a foolish Bag-pipe that I make my selfe merry with: why should I eate hempe-seed at the Hangmans thirteene-pence halfe-penny Ordinary, and haue this whore laugh at me as I swing, as I totter?

Duke. Is she a Whore?

Mat. A sixe-penny Mutton Pasty, for any to cut vp.

Orl. Ah, Toad, Toad, Toad.

Mat. A Barbers Citterne for euery Seruingman to play vpon, that Lord, your Sonne, knowes it.

Hip. I, sir, am I her Bawd then?

Mat. No, sir, but she's your Whore then.

Orl. Yea Spider, doest catch at great Flies?

Hip. My Whore?

Mat. I cannot talke, sir, and tell of your Rems, and your rees, and your whirligigs, and deuices: but, my Lord, I found em like Sparrowes in one nest, billing together, and bulling of me, I tooke em in bed, was ready to kill him was vp to stab her ——

Hip. Cloze thy ranke lawes: pardon me, I am vexed,

Thou art a Villaine, a malicious Deuill,
Deepe as the place where thou art lost, thou lyeest,
Since I am thus far got into this storme,
Ile thorow, and thou shalt see Ile thorow vntoucht,
When thou shalt perish in it.

Enter Infælice.

Infæ. 'Tis my cue
 To enter now : roome, let my Prize be plaid,
 I ha lurk'd in Cloudes, yet heard what all haue said,
 What Iury more can proue, she has wrong'd my bed,
 Then her owne husband, she must be punished ;
 I challenge Law, my Lord, Letters, and Gold,
 And Iewels
 From my Lord that woman tooke.

Hip. Against that blacke-mouthed Deuill, against
 Letters, and Gold,
 And against a iealous Wife I doe vphold,
 Thus farre her reputation, I could sooner
 Shake the Appenine, and crumble Rockes to dust,
 Then (tho *Ioues* showre rayned downe) tempt her to
 lust.

Bel. What shall I say ?

Hee discouers himselfe.

Orl. Say thou art not a Whore, and that's more
 then fiftene women (amongst fve hundred) dare
 sweare without lying : this shalt thou say, no let mee
 fay't for thee ; thy Husband's a Knaue, this Lord's an
 honest Man ; thou art no Puncke, this Lady's a right
 Lady. *Pacheco* is a Thiefe as his Master is, but old
Orlando is as true a man as thy Father is : I ha seene
 you flie hie, fir, & I ha seene you flie low, fir, and to
 keepe you from the Gallowes, fir, a blue Coat haue I
 worne, and a Thiefe did I turne, mine owne men are
 the Pedlers, my twenty pound did flie hie, fir, your
 wiues Gowne did flie low, fir : whither flie you now,
 fir ? you ha scap'd the Gallowes, to the Deuill you flie
 next, fir. Am I right, my Liege ?

Duke. Your Father has the true Phisicion plaid.

Mat. And I am now his Patient.

Hip. And be so still,
 'Tis a good signe when our cheekes blush at ill.

Const. The Linnen Draper (*Signior Candido*)
He whom the Citty tearmes the Patient man,
Is likewise here for buying of those Lawnes
The Pedlers lost.

Inf. Alas good *Candido*. *Exit Constable.*

Duke. Fetch him : and when these payments vp
are cast,
Weigh out your light Gold, but let's haue them last.

Enter Candido, and Constable.

Duke. In Bridewell, *Candido* ?

Cand. Yes, my good Lord.

Duke. What make you here ?

Cand. My Lord, what make you here ?

Duke. I'm here to saue right, and to driue wrong
hence.

Cand. And I to beare wrong here with patience.

Duke. You ha bought stolne Goods.

Cand. So they doe say, my Lord,

Yet bought I them vpon a Gentlemans word,

And I imagine now, as I thought then,

That there be Theeues, but no Theeues Gentlemen.

Hip. Your Credit's crack'd being here.

Cand. No more then Gold

Being crack'd which does his estimation hold.

I was in Bedlam once, but was I mad ?

They made me pledge Whores healths, but am I bad,
Because I'm with bad people ?

Duke. Well, stand by,

If you take wrong, wee'll cure the iniury.

*Enter Constable, after them Bots, after him two Beadles,
one with Hempe, the other with a Bedle.*

Duke. Stay, stay, what's he ? a prisoner ?

Const. Yes, my Lord.

Hip. He seemes a Soldier ?

Bots. I am what I seeme, Sir, one of Fortunes
Bastards, a Soldier, and a Gentleman, and am brought

in here with Master Constables band of Bilmen, because they face mee downe that I liue (like those that keepe Bowling-alleyes) by the finnes of the people, in being a Squire of the body.

Hip. Oh, an Apple-squire.

Bots. Yes, sir, that degree of scurvy Squiers, and that I am maintained by the best part that is commonly in a woman, by the worst players of those parts, but I am knowne to all this company.

Lod. My Lord, 'tis true, we all know him, 'tis Lieutenant *Bots*.

Duke. *Bots*, and where ha you serued, *Bots*?

Bots. In most of your hottest Seruices in the Low-countries: at the *Groyne* I was wounded in this thigh, and halted vpon't, but 'tis now found. In *Cleueland* I mist but little, hauing the bridge of my nose broken downe with two great stones, as I was scaling a Fort: I ha bene tryed, Sir, too, in *Gelderland*, and scap'd hardly there from being blown vp at a Breach: I was fired, and lay i'th Surgeons hands for't, till the fall of the leafe following.

Hip. All this may be, and yet you no Soldier.

Bots. No Soldier, sir? I hope these are Seruices that your proudest Commanders doe venture vpon, and neuer come off sometimes.

Duke. Well, sir, because you say you are a Soldier, Ile vse you like a Gentleman: make roome there, Plant him amongst you, we shall haue anon Strange Hawkes flie here before vs: if none light On you, you shall with freedome take your flight: But if you proue a Bird of baser wing, Wee'll vse you like such Birds, here you shall sing.

Bots. I wish to be tried at no other weapon.

Duke. Why, is he furnisht with those impliments?

1. *Master.* The Pander is more dangerous to a State,

Then is the common Thiefe, and tho our lawes Lie heauier on the Thiefe, yet that the Pander

May know the Hangmans ruffe should fit him too,
Therefore he's fet to beat Hempe.

Duke. This does fauour
Of Iuftice, bafeft Slaues to bafeft labour.
Now pray, fet open Hell, and let vs fee
The Shee-Deuils that are here.

Infæ. Me thinkes this place
Should make euen *Lais* honeft.

1. *Mafter.* Some it turnes good,
But (as fome men whole hands are once in blood,
Doe in a pride spill more) fo, fome going hence,
Are (by being here) loft in more impudence :
Let it not to them (when they come) appeare,
That any one does as their Iudge fit here :
But that as Gentlemen you come to fee,
And then perhaps their tongues will walke more free.

Duke. Let them be marshall'd in : be couerd all,
Fellowes, now to make the Sceane more Comickall.

Car. Will not you be fmelt out, *Bots.*

Bots. No, your braueft whores haue the worft
nofes.

*Enter two of the Mafters : a Conftable after them, then
Doratheia Target, braue, after her two Beadles,
th'one with a wheele, the other with
a blue Gowne.*

Lod. Are not you a Bride, forfooth ?

Dor. Say yee ?

Car. He wud know if thefe be not your Bridemen.

Dor. Vuh, yes, fir : and looke yee, doe you fee
the Bride-laces that I giue at my wedding, will ferue
to tye Roſemary to both your Coffins when you come
from hanging—Scab ?

Orl. Fie, Puncke, fie, fie, fie.

Dor. Out you stale flinking head of Garlickes, foh,
at my heeles.

Orl. My head's clouen.

Hip. O, let the Gentlewoman alone, she's going to shrift.

Ast. Nay to doe penance.

Car. I, I, goe Puncke, goe to the Crosse and be whipt.

Dor. Mary mew, mary muffle, mary hang you good-man Dog: whipt? doe yee take me for a base Spittle whore? in troth Gentlemen, you weare the cloathes of Gentlemen, but you carry not the mindes of Gentlemen, to abuse a Gentlewoman of my fashion.

Lod. Fashion? pox a your fashions, art not a whore?

Dor. Goodman Slaue.

Duke. O fie, abuse her not, let vs two talke, What mought I call your name, pray?

Dor. I'm not ashamed of my name, Sir, my name is Mistris *Doll Target*, a Westerne Gentlewoman.

Lod. Her Target against any Pike in *Millan*.

Duke. Why is this wheele borne after her?

1. *Master.* She must spinne.

Dor. A coorse thred it shall be, as all threds are.

Ast. If you spin, then you'll earne money here too?

Dor. I had rather get halfe a Crowne abroad, then ten Crownes here.

Orl. Abroad? I thinke so.

Infæ. Doeft thou not weepe now thou art here?

Dor. Say yee? weepe? yes forsooth, as you did when you lost your Maidenhead: doe you not heare how I weep?

Sings.

Lod. Farewell *Doll*.

Dor. Farewell Dog.

Exit.

Duke. Past shame: past penitence, why is that blue Gowne?

1. *Master.* Being stript out of her wanton loose attire,

That Garment she puts on, base to the eye,
Onely to cloath her in humility.

Duke. Are all the rest like this ?

1. *Master.* No, my good Lord.

You see, this Drab swells with a wanton reyne,
The next that enters has a different straine.

Duke. Variety is good, let's see the rest.

Exit Master.

Bots. Your Grace sees I'm sound yet, & no Bullets
hit me.

Duke. Come off so, and 'tis well.

Omnes. Here's the second Messe.

*Enter the two Masters, after them the Constable, after
him Penelope Whore-hound, like a Cittizens wife,
after her two Beadles, one with a blue Gowne,
another with Chalke and a Mallet.*

Pen. I ha worne many a costly Gowne, but I was
neuer thus guarded with blue Coats, and Beadles, and
Constables, and ———

Car. Alas faire Mistris, spoyle not thus your eyes.

Pen. Oh sweet fir, I feare the spoyling of other
places about me that are dearer then my eyes ; if you
be Gentlemen, if you be men, or euer came of a
woman, pittty my case, stand to me, sticke to me, good
fir, you are an old man.

Orl. Hang not on me, I prethee, old Trees beare
no such fruit.

Pen. Will you bayle me, Gentlemen ?

Lod. Bayle thee, art in for debt ?

Pen. No — is my Iudge, fir, I am in for no debts,
I payd my Taylor for this Gowne, the last fivie shil-
lings a weeke that was behind, yesterday.

Duke. What is your name, I pray ?

Pen. *Penelope Whore-hound*, I come of the *Whore-
hounds*. How does Lieutenant *Bots*.

Bots. A very honest woman, as I'm a Soldier, a
pox *Bots* ye.

Pen. I was neuer in this pickle before, and yet if
I goe amongst Cittizens wiues, they ieere at me : if I

goe among the Loose-bodied Gownes, they cry a pox on me, because I goe ciuilly attyred, and sweare their trade was a good trade, till such as I am tooke it out of their hands : good Lieutenant *Bots*, speake to these Captaines to bayle me.

1. *Master*. Begging for bayle still ? you are a trim gossip, goe giue her the blue Gowne, set her to her chare, worke Hufwife, for your bread, away.

Pen. Out you Dog, a pox on you all, women are borne to curse thee, but I shall liue to see twenty such flat-caps shaking Dice for a penny-worth of Pippins : out, you blue-eyed Rogue. *Exit.*

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Duke. Euen now she wept, and praid, now does she curse ?

1. *Master*. Seeing me : if still she had staid, this had beene worfe.

Hip. Was she euer here before ?

1. *Master*. Fiue times at least,
And thus if men come to her, haue her eyes
Wrung, and wept out her bayle.

Omnes. *Bots*, you know her ?

Bots. Is there any Gentleman here, that knowes not a Whore, and is he a haire the worfe for that ?

Duke. Is she a Citty-dame, she's so attyred ?

1. *Master*. No, my good Lord, that's onely but the vaile

To her loose body, I haue seene her here
In gayer Masking Suits, as feuerall Sawces
Giue one Dish feuerall Tastes, so change of Habits
In Whores is a bewitching Art : to day
She's all in colours to besot Gallants,
Then in modest blacke, to catch the Cittizen,
And this from their Examinations drawne,
Now shall you see a Monster both in shape
And nature quite from these, that sheds no teare,
Nor yet is nice, 'tis a plaine ramping Beare,
Many such Whales are cast vpon this Shore.

Omnes. Let's see her.

The Honest Whore.

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1. *Master.* Then behold a swaggering Whore.

Exit.

Orl. Keep your grownd, *Bots.*

Bots. I doe but trauerse to spy aduantage how to arme my selfe.

Enter the two Masters first, after them the Constable; after them a Beadle beating a Bason, then Catryna Bountinall, with Mistris Horfleach, after them another Beadle with a blue head guarded with yellow.

Cat. Sirra, when I cry hold your hands, hold, you Rogue-Catcher, hold: Bawd, are the French Chiblaines in your heeles, that you can come no faster? are not you (Bawd) a Whores Ancient, and must not I follow my Colours?

Horf. O Mistris *Katherine*, you doe me wrong to accuse mee here as you doe, before the right Worshipfull: (I am knowne for a motherly honest woman, and no Bawd.)

Cat. Mary foh, honest? burnt at fourteene, seuen times whipt, sixe times carted, nine times duck'd, searcho'd by some hundred and fifty Constables, and yet you are honest? Honest Mistris *Horfleach*, is this World, a World to keepe Bawds and Whores honest? How many times hast thou giuen Gentlemen a quart of wine in a gallon pot? how many twelue-penny Fees, nay two shillings Fees, nay, when any Embassadours ha beene here, how many halfe crowne Fees hast thou taken? how many Carriers hast thou bribed for Country Wenches? how often haue I rinft your lungs in *Aqua uita*, and yet you are honest?

Duke. And what were you the whilest?

Cat. Mary hang you, Master Slaue, who made you an examiner?

Lod. Well said, belike this Deuill spares no man.

Cat. What art thou prethee?

Bots. Nay what art thou prethee?

Cat. A Whore, art thou a Thiefe?

Bots. A Thiefe, no, I defie the calling, I am a Soldier, haue borne Armes in the Field, beene in many a hot Skyrnish, yet come off sound.

Cat. Sound with a pox to yee, yee abominable Rogue! you a Soldier? you in Skirmishes? where? amongst pottle pots in a Bawdy-house? Looke, looke here, you Madam Wormeaten, doe you not know him?

Horf. Lieutenant *Bots*, where haue yee beene this many a day?

Bots. Old Bawd, doe not discredit me, seeme not to know me.

Horf. Not to know yee, Master *Bots*? as long as I haue breath, I cannot forget thy fweet face.

Duke. Why, doe you know him? he saies he is a Soldier.

Cat. He a Soldier? a Pander, a Dog that will licke vp fixe pence : doe yee heare, you Master Swines snout, how long is't since you held the doore for me, and cried too't agen, no body comes, yee Rogue you?

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, y'are smelt out agen, *Bots*.

Bots. Pox ruyne her nose for't, and I be not reuenged for this — vm yee Bitch.

Lod. Dee yee heare yee, Madam? why does your Ladiship swagger thus? y'are very braue, me thinkes.

Cat. Not at your cost, Master Cods-head, Is any man here bleare-eyed to see me braue?

Asl. Yes, I am,
Because good Cloathes vpon a Whores backe
Is like faire painting vpon a rotten wall.

Cat. Mary muffle Master Whoremaster, you come vpon me with sentences.

Ber. By this light has small fence for't.

Lod. O fie, fie, doe not vex her.
And yet me thinkes a creature of more scuruy conditions

Should not know what a good Petticoate were.

Cat. Mary come out,

Yare so busie about my Petticoate, you'll creepe vp to my placket, and yee cood but attaine the honour, but and the outfides offend your Rogueships, looke o'the lining, 'tis Silke.

Duke. Is't Silke'tis lined with then?

Cat. Silke? I Silke, Master Slaue, you wud bee glad to wipe your nose with the skirt on't: this 'tis to come among a company of Cods-heads that know not how to vse a Gentlewoman.

Duke. Tell her the Duke is here.

1. *Master.* Be modest, *Kate*, the Duke is here.

Cat. If the Deuill were here, I care not: set forward, yee Rogues, and giue attendance to your places, let Bawds and Whores be fad, for Ile sing and the Deuill were a dying.

Exeunt.

Duke. Why before her does the Bafon ring?

1. *Master.* It is an emblem of their reuelling, The whips we vse lets forth their wanton blood, Making them calme, and more to calme their pride, In stead of Coaches they in Carts doe ride. Will your Grace see more of this bad Ware?

Duke. No shut vp shop, wee'll now breake vp the faire,

Yet ere we part—you, fir, that take vpon yee The name of Soldier, that true name of worth, Which, action not vaine boasting best sets forth, To let you know how farre a Soldier's name Stands from your title, and to let you see, Soldiers must not be wrong'd where Princes be: This bee your sentence.

Omnes. Defend your selfe, *Bots.*

Duke. First, all the priuat sufferance that the house

Inflicts vpon Offenders, you (as the basest) Shall vndergoe it double, after which You shall bee whipt, fir, round about the Citty, Then banisht from the Land.

Bots. Befeech your Grace.

Duke. Away with him, see it done, Panders and Whores

Are Citty-plagues, which being kept aliue,
 Nothing that lookes like goodnes ere can thriue.
 Now good *Orlando*, what say you to your bad Sonne-
 in-law?

Orl. Mary this, my Lord, he is my Sonne-in-law,
 and in law will I be his Father: for if law can pepper
 him, he shall be so parboild, that he shall stinke no
 more i'th nose of the Common-wealth.

Bel. Be yet more kinde and mercifull, good
 Father.

Orl. Doeſt thou beg for him, thou precious mans
 meat, thou? has he not beaten thee, kickt thee, trod
 on thee, and doeſt thou fawne on him like his Span-
 niell? has hee not pawnd thee to thy Petticoate, fold
 thee to thy smock, made yee leape at a cruſt, yet
 woodſt haue me faue him?

Bel. Oh yes, good fir, women ſhall learne of me,
 To loue their husbands in greateſt miſery,
 Then ſhew him pittie, or you wracke my ſelfe.

Bal. Haue yee eaten Pigeons that y'are ſo kinde-
 hearted to your Mate? Nay, y'are a couple of wilde
 Beares, Ile haue yee both baited at one ſtake: but as
 for this Knaue, the Gallowes is thy due, and the Gal-
 lowes thou ſhalt haue, Ile haue iuſtice of the Duke,
 the Law ſhall haue thy life, what, doeſt thou hold him?
 let goe his hand: if thou doeſt not forſake him, a
 Fathers euerlaſting bleſſing fall vpon both your heads:
 away, goe, kiſſe out of my ſight, play thou the Whore
 no more, nor thou the Thiefe agen, my houſe ſhall be
 thine, my meate ſhall be thine, and ſo ſhall my wine,
 but my money ſhall bee mine, and yet when I die,
 (ſo thou doeſt not flie hie) take all,
 Yet good *Mathco*, mend.

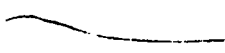
Thus for joy weepes *Orlando*, and doth end.

Duke. Then heare, *Mathco*: all your woes are
 ſlayed

By your good Father-in-law: all your Ills
 Are cleare purged from you by his working pills.
 Come *Signior Candido*, theſe greene yong wits

(We see by Circumstance) this plot hath laid,
Still to prouoke thy patience, which they finde
A wall of Brasse, no Armour's like the minde ;
Thou hast taught the Citty patience, now our Court
Shall be thy Spheare, where from thy good report,
Rumours this truth vnto the world shal sing,
A Patient man's a Patterne for a King. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.





THE
WHORE OF
BABYLON.



As it was acted by the Princes
Seruants.

Vexat Censura Columbas.

Written by THOMAS DEKKER.



LONDON
Printed for Nathaniel Butter.
1607.

DRAMMATIS

personæ.

Titania the Fairie Queene : vnder whom is figured
our late Queene *Elizabeth*.

Fideli.
Florimell.
Parthenophil. } Councillors to *Titania*.
Elfiron.

Castina.
Aura.
Philæma. } Ladies attendant.
Agathe.

Campeius a Scholler.

Paridel a Doctor.

Time.
Truth. } *Plaine-dealing.*

Th' Empresse of *Babylon* : vnder whom is figured
Rome.

Kings 3.

Cardinals 4.

Ragazzoni.
Campeggio. } Agents for th' Empresse.

Ropus a Doctor of Physicke.

An *Albanois*.

Palmio, a Iesuite.

Milites.

Ministri.

1

2



Lectori.

THe Generall scope of this Drammaticall Poem, is to set forth (in Tropicall and shadowed collours) the Greatnes, Magnanimity, Constancy, Clemency, and other the incomparable Heroical vertues of our late Queene And (on the contrary part) the inueterate malice, Treasons, Machinations, Vnderminings, & continual bloody stratagems, of that Purple whore of Roome, to the taking away of our Princes liues, and vtter extirpation of their Kingdomes. Wherein if according to the dignity of the Subiect, I haue not giuen it Lustre, and (to use the Painters rhethorick) doe so faile in my Depthes & Heightnings, that it is not to the life, let this excuse me; that the Pyramides vpon whose top the glorious Raigne of our deceased Soueraigne was mounted, stands yet so high, and so sharply pointed into the clouds, that the Art of no pen is able to reach it. The streame of her Vertues is so immesurable, that the farther they are waded into, the farther is it to the bottom.

In sayling vpon which two contrary Seas, you may obserue, on how direct a line I have steered my course: for of such a scantling are my words set downe, that neither the one party speakes too much, nor the other (in opposition) too little in their owne defence.

And whereas I may, (by some more curious in censure, then sound in iudgement) be Critically taxed, that I falsifie the account of time, and set not down Occurrents, according to their true succession, let such (that are so nice of stomach) know, that I write as a Poet, not as an Historian, and that these two doe not liue vnder one law. How true Fortunes dyall hath gone whose Players (like so many clocks, haue struck my lines, and told the world how I haue spent my hours) I am not certaine, because mine eare flood not within reach of their Larums. But of this my knowledge cannot faile, that in such Consorts, many of the Instruments are for the most part out of tunc, And no maruaile; for let the Poet set the note of his Numbers, euen to Apolloes owne Lyre, the Player will haue his owne Crochets, and sing false notes, in despite of all the rules of Musick. It fares with these two, as it does with good stuffe and a badde Tayler: It is not mard in the wearing, but in the cutting out. The labours therfore of Writers are as unhappie as the children of a bewtifull woman, being spoyld by ill nurfcs, within a month after they come into the world. What a number of throwes doe we endure care we be deliuered? and yet euen then (tho that heauenly issue of our braine be neuer so faire and so well lynd,) is it made lame by the bad handling of them to whome it is put to learne to goe: if this of mine bee made a cripple by such meanes, yet dispise him not for that deformity which stuck not vpon him at his birth; but fell vpon him by mis-fortune, and in recompence of such favour, you shall (if your Patience can suffer so long) heare now how himselfe can speake.

PROLOGVE.

THe Charmes of silence through this Square be
 throwne,
 That an vn-vfde Attention (like a Iewell)
 May hang at euery eare, for wee present
 Matter aboue the vulgar Argument :
 Yet drawne so liuely, that the weakeft eye,
 (Through thofe thin vailes we hang betweene your
 fight,
 And this our peice) may reach the miftery :
 What in it is moft graue, will moft delight.
 But as in *Lantskip*, Townes and Woods appeare
 Small a farre off, yet to the Optick fence,
 The minde shewes them as great as thofe more neere ;
 So, winged *Time* that long agoe flew hence
 You muft fetch backe, with all thofe golden yeares
 He stole, and here imagine ftill hee ftands,
 Thrufing his filuer locke into your hands.
 There hold it but two howres, It fhall from Graues
 Raize vp the dead : vpon this narrow floore
 Swell vp an Ocean, (with an Armed Fleete,)
 And lay the Dragon at a Doues foft feete.
 Thefe Wonders fit and fee, fending as guides
 Your Iudgement, not your paffions : paffion slides,
 When Iudgement goes vp right : for tho the Mufe
 Thats thus inspir'de) a Nouell path does tread,
 Shee's free from foolifh boldnes, or bafe dread.
 Loe ; fcorne fhe fcornes and Enuies rancckling tooth,
 For this is all fhee does, fhe wakens *Truth*.

A Dumb shew.

HE drawes a Curtaine, discovering Truth in sad habiliments; uncrown'd: her haire disheuld, & sleeping on a Rock: Time (her father) attired likewise in black, and at his properties (as Sithe, Howreglasse and Wings) of the same Cullor, using all meanes to waken Truth, but not being able to doe it, he sits by her and mourns. Then enter Friers, Bishops, Cardinals before the Hearse of a Queen, after it Councillors, Pensioners, & Ladies, at these last hauing scarfes before their eyes, the other singing in Latin. Trueth suddenly awakens, & beholding this sight, shewes (with her father) arguments of Ioy, and Exeunt, returning presently: Time being shifted into light Cullors, his properties likewise altered into siluer, and Truth Crowned, (being cloathed in a robe spotted with Starres) meete the Hearse, and pulling the veiles from the Councillers eyes, they wounding a while, and seeming astonished at her brightnes, at length embrace Truth and Time, & depart with them: leauing the rest going on.

This being done, Enter Titania (the Fairie Queene) attended with those Councillors, and other persons sitting her estate: Time and Truth meete her, presenting a Booke to her, which (kissing it) shee receiues, and shewing it to those about her, they drawe out their swordes, (embracing Truth,) vowing to defend her and that booke: Truth then and Time are sent in, and returne presently, driuing before them those Cardinals, Friers, &c. (that came in before) with Images, Croziar stauers &c. They gon, certaine graue learned men, that had beene banished, are brought in, and presented to Titania, who shewes to them the booke, which they receiue with great signes of gladnesse, and Exeunt Omnes.



THE WHORE *of Babylon.*

Empresse of Babylon: her Canopie supported by 4. Cardinals: 2. persons in Pontificall roabes on either hand, the one bearing a sword, the other the keies: before her 3. Kings crowned, behinde her Friars, &c.

Emp.



Hat we, in pompe, in peace, in
god like splendor,
With adoration of all dazeled
eies,
Should breath thus long, and grow so full of daies,
Be fruitfull as the Vine, in sonnes and daughters,
(All Emperors, Kings, and Queenes) that (like to
Cedars
Vprising from the breast of *Lybanus*,
Or Oliues nurst vp by *Ierusalem*)
Heightened our glories, whilst we held vp them:
That this vast Globe Terrestriall should be cantled,
And almost three parts ours, and that the nations,
Who suspiration draw out of this aire,

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With vniuerfall *Aues*, showtes, and cries,
Should vs acknowledge to be head supream
To this great body (for a world of yeares :)
Yet now, when we had made our Crowne compleat,
And clos'd it strongly with a triple arch,
And had inrich'd it with those pretious jewels
Few Princes euer see (white haire) euen now
Our greatnesse hangs in ballance, and the stampe
Of our true Soueraignty, clipt, and abas'd.

1. *King.* By whom dread Empreffe ?

Emp. Aske these holy Fathers :

Aske those our out-cast sonnes : a throne vsurped
Our chaire is counted, all our titles stolne.

2. *King.* What blasphemy dare speake so ?

Emp. All our roabes,

Our vestments, (reuerend, yet pontificall :)
This sword, these keyes, (that open kingdoms hearts
To let in sweet obedience) All, but borrowed.

3. *King.* What soule aboue the earth . . . :

Emp. Our royall signet,

With which, we, (in a mothers holy loue)
Haue sign'd so many pardons, is now counterfeit :
From our mouth flow riuers of blasphemy
And lies ; our Babylonian Sinagogues
Are counted Stewes, where Fornications
And all vncleannesse Sodomiticall,
(Whose leprosy touch'd vs neuer) are now daily acted :
Our Image, which (like *Romane Cæsar's*) stamp'd
In gold, through the whole earth did currant passe ;
Is now blanch'd copper, or but gilded brasfe.

3. *King.* Can yonder rooffe, thats naild so fast with
starres,

Couer a head so impious, and not cracke ?
That Sulphure boyling o're celestiall fires,
May drop in whizing flakes (with skalding vengeance)
On such a horrid sinne !

1. *King.* No mortall bosome

Is so vnsanctified.

2. *King.* Who i't bright Empreffe,

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That feeds so vicerous, and so ranke a Spleene !

Emp. A woman.

Omn. Woman ! who ?

Emp. The Fairie Queene :

Five Summers haue scarce drawn their glimmering
nights

Through the Moons siluer bowe, since the crownd
heads

Of that adored beast, on which we ride,
Were stricke and wounded, but so heal'd againe,
The very scarres were hid. But now, a mortall,
An vnrecouerable blow is taken,
And it must bleed to death.

3. *King.* Heauen cannot suffer it.

Empr. Heauen suffers it, and sees it, and giues
ayme,

Whilst euen our Empires heart is cleft in funder :

That strumpet, that inchantresse, (who, in robes

White as is innocence, and with an eye

Able to tempt stearne murther to her bed)

Calles her selfe *Truth*, has stolne faire *Truths* attire,

Her crowne, her sweet songs, counterfets her voyce,

And by prestigious trickes in forcerie,

Has raiz'd a base impostor like *Truths* father :

This subtile Curtizan sets vp againe,

Whom we but late banisht, to liue in caues,

In rockes and defart mountaines.

2. *King.* Feare her not, shee's but a shadow.

Emp. O t'is a cunning Spider,

And in her nets so wraps the Fairie Queene,

That shee suckes euen her breast : Sh'as writ a booke,

Which shee calles holy Spels.

3. *King.* Weele breake those spels.

Empr. The poles of heauen must first in funder
breake,

For from the Fairie shores this Witch hath driuen

All such as are like these (our Sooth-Saiers)

And cal'd false *Seers* home, that of things past,

Sing wonders, and diuine of things to come :

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Through whose bewitching tongues runne golden
chaines,

To which ten thousand eares so fast are bound,
As spirits are by spells ; that all the Tones
Of harmony, that *Babylon* can found,
Are charmes to Adders, and no more regarded,
Than are by him that's deafe, the sicke mans groanes.
Shee, they, *Titania*, and her Fairie Lords,
Yea euen her vassaile elues, in publick scorne
Defame me, call me Whore of *Babylon*.

Omn. O vnheard of prophanation !

Empr. Giue out I am common : that for lust, and
hire

I prostitute this body : that to Kings
I quaffe full bowles of strong enchanting wines,
To make them dote on me.

Omn. Lets heare no more.

Empr. And that all Potentates that tread on earth,
With our abominations should be drunke,
And be by vs vndone.

Omn. Weele heare no more.

3. *King.* You haue thrust Furies whips into our
hands.

1. *King.* Say but the word, and weele turne home
your wrongs,

In torne and bloody collours.

2. *King.* All her bowers,

Shall like burnt offerings purge away (in fire)
Her lands pollution.

Omn. Let's to armes.

Empr. Stay : heare me :

Her kingdome weares a girdle wrought of waues,
Set thicke with pretious stones, that are so charm'd,
No rockes are of more force : her Fairies hearts,
Lie in enchanted towers (impregnable)
No engine scales them. Therefore goe you three,
Draw all your faces sweetly, let your browes
Be sleek'd, your cheekes in dimples, giue out smiles,
Your voyces string with siluer, wooe (like louers)

Sweare you haue hils of pearle : shew her the world,
And say shee shall haue all, so shee will kneele
And doe vs reuerence : but if shee grow nice,
Dissemble, flatter, stoope to licke the dust
Shee goes vpon, and (like to serpents) creepe
Vpon your bellies, in humilitie ;
And beg shee would but with vs ioyne a league,
To wed her land to ours : our blessing, goe.

3. *King.* When mines are to be blowne vp, men
dig low.

All three. And so will wee.

Emp. Prosper : till this funne fet

The beames that from vs shoot, seeme counterfet.

Exeunt.

Manent 4. Cardinals, and certaine Priests.

1. *Card.* This phyficke cures not me.

2. *Card.* Nor me.

3. *Card.* Nor vs.

1. *Card.* It is not strong of poyson, to fetch vp
Thats bak't within : my gall is ouerflowne,
My blood growne ranke and fowle : An inflammation
Of rage, and madnes so burnes vp my liuer,
That euen my heart-strings cracke (as in a furnace)
And all my nerues into my eye-balles shrinke,
To shoot those bullets, and my braines at once
Against her soule that ha's halfe dambd vs : falls
Fetcht hie, and neare to heauen, light on no ground,
But in hels bottome, take their first rebound.

2. *Card.* Such are our falles : we once had moun-
taine-growth,
With Pines and Cedars.

3. *Card.* Now with none of both.

1. *Card.* I could be glad to loose the diuine office
Of my creation, to be turn'd into
A dogge, so I might licke vp but her blood,
That thrusts vs from our vineyards.

Tres. So could all.

4. *Card.* Revenge were milke to vs.

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2. *Card.* Manna.

1. *Card.* And it shall.

But how! wee will not (as the head supream
Ouer all nations, counfelleth) licke the dust
The Faerie treads on, nor (like serpents) creepe
Vpon our bellies in humilitie :
This were (with Fencers) basely to giue ground,
When the first bowt may speed : or to found parly,
Whilst they within, get swords to cut our throats :
No, weele at one blow strike the heart through.

Yes. How!

2. *Card.* By ponyards.

1. *Card.* No.

3. *Card.* Poyson.

1. *Card.* No.

4. *Card.* Treafon.

1. *Card.* Neither.

2. *Card.* How (reuerend *Como*) then?

1. *Card.* Thus—let's confult . . . nay you
shal heare.

You know that all the springs in Fairie land
Ran once to one head : from that head, to vs :
The mountaine and the valley paid vs fruit ;
The field her corne, the country felt no heat
But from our fires : Plenty still spread our boards,
And Charitie tooke away. We slept not forth
But with a god-like adoration
All knees bowed low vnto vs : why was this ?
Why were our gardens *Eden* ? why our bowers
Built like to those in *Paradise* ? I shall tell you,
It was because the Law most myfticall,
Was not made common : therefore was not vile ;
It was because in the great Prophets *Phanes*
And hallowed Temples, we were *Chorifters* :
It was because (wife Pylots) we from rockes,
And gulfes infernall, fafely fet on shore
Mens foules at yonder hauen : or (beeing shipwrackt)
Strong lines forth caft we, fuffering none to finke
To that *Abiffe*, which fome hold bottomleffe.

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But now our very graues
Cannot faue dead mens bones from shame and
bruizes :

The monumentall marble Vrnes of bodies
(Laid to rest long agoe) vnreuerently
Are turned to troughes of water now for jades :
Vast Charnel-houfes, where our fathers heads
Slept on the cold hard pillowes of the earth,
Are emptied now, and chang'd to drinking roomes,
Or vaults for baser office.

2. Card. What's therefore to be done ?

1. Card. This must be done :

This shall be done : They hunted vs like wolues,
Out of their Fairie forrests, whipt vs away
(As vagabonds) mockt vs, and faid our fall
Could not be dangerous, because we bore
Our gods vpon our backs : now must we whip them,
But wifelier.

Tres. How ?

1. Card. Thus : those that fill our roomes,
Hold Beacons in their eies (blazing with fire
Of a hot-seeming zeale) to watch our entrance,
And to arme all against vs : these we must quench :
They are counted wels of knowledge, poyson these
wells :

They are the kingdoms musicke, they the Organs,
Vnto whose sound her Anthems now are fung,
Set them but out of tune, alls out of square,
Pull downe the Church, and none can it repaire,
But *he* that builds it : this is the faggot band
That binds all fast : vndoo't, vndoe the land—

Card. omn. Most certaine.

1. Card. You therefore (the best confort of the
soule)

Shepheards (whose flocks are men, lambs, Angels,)
you

That hold the roose of yon Starre-chamber vp,
From dropping downe to grinde the world to dust,
You shall to Fairie land.

Card. omnes. A joyfull voyage.

1. *Card.* Those that sing there the holy Hymnes,
as yet

Haue not their voyces cleere, the streame of ceremony

Is scarcely settled, trouble it more : bayte hookes

To take some, some to choake : cast out your net

At first, for all the frie : let vs spread sayles

To draw vnto our shores the Fairie whales.

That *Truth*, whose standard-bearer *Babylon*,

And all we are, is not cleane driuen from thence,

Whither we send you : there shee liues, but liues

A widdow ; steps not forth, dares not be seene

During her moneth of mourning : here we write you

How, and with whom to finde her : what shee bids,

That doe : your hire's aboue.

Card. omnes. We know it well.

1. *Card.* And when you see those Fairy fishermen
Rowe in your streames, when they grow cold in
working,

And weary of their owne waters, that the sayles

(Which stiffly beare them vp) flag and hang low,

And that (like reedes, playing with a paire of winds,)

They promise facill pliance, then, then shake

The trees by the root, then'le make the branches blow,

And drop their mellowed fruits, euen at your feet,

Gather them they are our owne, then is the houre

To weane those sonnes of blacke *Apostasi*

From her (their stepdame) and to make them take,

A blessing from our reuerend mothers hands,

Be happie goe.

Card. Omn. Wee shall remember you,
In all our kneelings.

1. *Card.* Stay : ere you shift Ayre,
Sprinkle your selues all ore with sacred droppes,
Take *Periapts*, *Pentacles*, and potent Charmes
To coniure downe fowle fiends, that will be rayzed
To vex you, tempt you, and betray your bloud,
About your necks hang hallowed *Amulets*,

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That may Conferue you from the plagues of Error
Which will strike at you.

Sacr. Omn. Wee obey most holy fathers.

1. *Car.* And heare you,

If clymbing vp to this haught enterprize
The foot slip, and (ith' fal) with death you meet . . .

Sacr. Omn. O glorious ladder!

1. *Car.* A Saints winding sheet,

Farewell : Mount all the engines of your wit
When darts are sent from all parts, some must hit.

Exeunt Sacr.

There is a fellow to whome, because he dare
Not be a slaue to greatnes, nor is molded
Of Court dowe (flattering) but (should it thunder)
To his father, doing ill, (would speake ill) our Empresse,
Hath giuen this name. (Plaine dealing) : this plaine
dealing

Haue I shipd hence, and is long since arriued
Vpon the fairy strond : from him I expect,
Intelligence of all Occurrences,
He for the names sake, shall perhaps be welcome,
Into that Harlots Company (whom the fairyes
Thinke honest, and sweare deeply, she is Truth.
That Strumpet by inticement heele bring ouer.

2. *Card.* It came to me in letters (two dayes since
That this plaine dealing serues the fairy Queene,
And will no more be seene in *Babylon*.

1. *Card.* How no more seene in *Babylon*, tis but
one lost,

If *Babylon* subscribe to our wise-dooome,
Shee shall lodge Double-Dealing in his roome. *Exeunt.*

Titania, Fidely, Florimell, Elfiron, Pentioners.

Tita. Wee thought the fates would haue closde
vp our eyes,

That wee should nere haue seene this day-starre rise :
How many plots were laid to barre vs hence,
(Euen from our Cradle ?) but our Innocence
Your wisedome (fairy Peeres) and aboue all,

That Arme that cannot let a white foule fall,
 Hath held vs vp, and lifted vs thus hie,
 Euen when the Arrowes did most thickly flie :
 Of that bad woman (*Babilons* proud Queene,
 Who yet (we heare) fwels with Inuenomed Spleene.

Fid. Whose poyson, shall (like Arrowes shot vp-
 right)

When forth it bursts, to her owne downfall light.

Tita. Truth be my witnes (whome we haue im-
 ployde,

To purge our Aire that has with plagues destroyed
 Great numbers, shutting them in darksome shades)
 I seeke no fall of hers, my Spirit wades,
 In Clearer streames ; her bloud I would not shed,
 To gaine that triple wreath that binds her head,
 Tho mine shee would let forth, I know not why,
 Only through rancke lust after Souereigntie.

Flor. Enough it is for me, if with a hand,
 (Vnstained and vnambitious) fairy Land
 I Crowne with Oliue branches : all those wounds,
 Whose goary mouthes but lately stained our Rounds,
 Bleed yet in me : for when great (a) *Elfiline* (a) *Hen.* 7.
 (Our grandfire) fild this throne, your bowers did
 shine

With fire-red steele, and not with Fairies eies,
 You heard no musicke then, but shriekes and cries,
 Then armed Vrchins, and stearne household Elues,
 Their fatall pointed swords turnd on themselues.
 But when the royall *Elfiline* sat crowned,
 These ciuill woes in their own depth lay drowned.
 He to immortal shades beeing gone,
 (Fames minion) great King (b) *Oberon* (b) *Hen.* 8.
Titaniaes royall father, liuely springs,
 Whose Court was like a campe of none but Kings.
 From this great conquering Monarchs glorious
 stemme,

Three (in direct line) wore his Diadem :

(c) A King first, then a paire of (d) Queenes, of
 whom, (c) *Edw.* 6.

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Shee that was held a downe-cast, by Fates doome,
(*d*) *Q. Mar. & Q. Eliz.*

Sits now about their hopes : her maiden hand,
Shall with a filken thred guide Fairie land.

Omn. And may shee guide it,

Fid. Euen till stooping time

Cut for her (downe) long yeeres that shee may climbe
(With ease) the highest hill old age goes o're,
Or till her Fairie subiects (that adore
Her birth-day as their beeing) shall complaine,
They are weary of a peacefull, golden raigne.

1. *King.* Which, that they neuer shall, your stately
towers

Shall keepe their ancient beauty : and your bowers
(Which late like prophan'd Temples empty stood,
The tops defac'd by fire, the floores by blood,)
Shall be fill'd full of *Choristers* to sing
Sweet heauenly songs, like birds before the Spring :
The flowers we fet, and the fruits by vs fowne,
Shall cheere as well the stranger as our owne.
We may to strange shores once our selues be driuen,
For who can tell vnder what point of heauen
His graue shall open ? neither shall our oakes,
Trophies of reuerend Age, fall by our stroaks,
Nor shall the brier, or hawthorne (growing vnder)
Feare them, but flie to them, to get from thunder,
And to be safe from forraine wild-fire balles,
Weele build about our waters wooden walles.

Omn. On which weele spend for you our latest
liues.

Titan. Fairies I thank you all, Stay who comes
here ?

Enter Parthen.

Flor. *Parthenophil*, a Fairie Peere.

Titan. *Parthenophil*.

Parth. Bright Empresse, Queene of maides
To vs your Lords, amidst your Fairie shades :
Three Princes (so themselues they style) are come,

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From whence, they'l vs not learne, and doe intreat
Faire, and a free accessse.

Titan. What is their bufinesse?

Parth. The splendor of your glories, which a farre
Shines (as they say, and iustly say) as brightly
As here at hand, hither them drawes, protesting
All faith and seruice to you, and requesting
That they the tribute of their loues may pay,
At your most sacred feet.

Titan. Allow them entrance.

Parth. They in a Fairie maske, the argument
Of this their dutie, gladly would present.

Titan. As best them please.

*The Hault-boyes founding, Titania in dumbe shew
sends her Lords to fetch them in, who enter bare
headed the three Kings quaintly attired like
Masquers following them, who doing
honour to her, intreat to dance with
her maides, and doe so: This
done they discover.*

Titan. Your painted cheeks beeing off, your owne
discouers,
You are no Fairies.

All three. No: but wounded louers.

Titan. How! louers! what! would you deflower
my bed,
And strike off a poore maiden-head?

We know you not: what are you? and from whence?

3. *King.* The (a) land of whome the funne so
enamored is, (a) *Spaine*

He lends them his complexion, gives me birth,

The Indian and his gold are both my slaues,

Vpon my sword (as on the Axell tree)

A world of kingdomes mooue: and yet I write

Non sufficit: that lustie sonne of Ioue

That twelue times shewed himselfe more then a man,

Reard vp two pillars for me, on whose Capitalls

I stand (*Colossus*-like) striding ore seas,
And with my head knock at the roofe of Heauen :
Hence come I, this I am, (O most diuine)
All that I am is yours, be you but mine.

2. *King.* The country (*a*) at whose breast, hun-
dreds of kings (a) *France*

Haue royally bin fed, is nurce to me :
The god of grapes is mine, whose bounteous hand
In clusters deales his gifts to euery land :
My Empire beares for greatnes, pollicy,
State, skill in Arts and Armes, sole foueraigntie
Of this Globe vniuerfall. All her Princes
Are warriours borne : whose battels to be told,
Would make the hearers souldiers : 'tis a land
Of breath so sweet, and of aspect so faire,
That to behold her, and to conquer her,
(In amorous combats,) great king *Oberon*,
Your awefull father, oft has thither come,
Like to a bridegrome, or a Reueller,
And gone agen in goodly triumphs home.
From hence I spring, (fairest and most diuine)
All that this is, is yours, be you but mine.

3. *King.* Be you but mine, and doubly will I
treble

Their glories, and their greatnesse : like to thunder
My voyce farre off, shakes kingdomes ; whilst mine
owne
Stands on Seauen (*b*) hills, whose towers, and pin-
nacles,
And reuerend Monuments, hold in them such worth,
And are so sacred, Emperours and Kings
(Like barefoote pilgrims) at her feet doe fall,
Bowing to her tribble crowne imperiall.
The language which shee speakes, goes through the
world,
To proue that all the world should stoope to her,
And (saue your selfe) they doe ; you thinke you leaue
A rich inheritance, if to your sonnes,
Our fluent tongue you leaue, (nor need they more)

Who speake and spend it well, cannot be poore :
 On many nations necks, a foot to set,
 If it be glorious, then may you be great.

1. *King.* We are all pleasd, so please you be the
 bride,

Of three, we care not which two be deni'd.

2. *King.* For we are brethren, and those sacred
 breasts

From whence we draw our nourishment, would runne
Nectar to you (sweete as the food of life :)
 Our aged mother twentie times an hower,
 Would breath her wholesome kisses on your cheeke,
 And from her own cup you should drinke that wine
 Which none but Princes tast, to make you looke
 With cheerefull countenance.

3. *King.* You haue a (a) sonne, (a) *The Irish.*
 Rebellious, wild, ingratefull, poore, and yet
Apollo from's owne head cuts golden lockes,
 To haue them grow on his : his harp is his,
 The darts he shoots are his : the winged messenger
 That runnes on all the errands of the gods,
 Teaches him swiftnes ; hee'l outstrip the windes :
 This child of yours is (by adoption)
 Our mothers now, her blessing he receiues ;
 And tho (as men did in the golden Age)
 He liue ith' open fields, hiding his head
 In dampish caues, and woods, (sometimes for feare),
 Yet doe we succour him. This your lost sheep,
 We home agen will bring, to your owne fold,
 Humbly to graze vpon your Faerie plaines,
 Prouided, that you sow them with such seed,
 On which your whole land wholesomely may feed.

Titan. We know you now : O what a deale of
 paines
 Would you (as others of this wing haue taken)
 To be in Faerie land calld Soueraignes ?
 Thanks for it : rashly nothing must we doe :
 When kingdoms marrie, heaven it selfe stands by
 To giue the bride : Princes in tying such bands,

Should vse a thousand heads, ten thousand hands :
For that one Acte giues like an enginous wheele
Motion to all, sets all the State a going,
And windes it vp to height, or hurles it down,
The least blast turnes the scale, where lies a crowne :
Wee therefore take aduice. If these thinke fit
We should be yours, you ours, we signe to it :
Your counsell Fairie Lords : *Fideli* speake.

Fid. Would you (my royal mistris) haue those
christal

Faire, double-leaued doores, where light comes forth
To cheere the world, neuer to open more ?
Would you haue all your slumbers turn'd to dreams,
Frightfull and broken ? would you see your Lords
(In stead of sitting at your Councell boards)
Locking their graue, white, reuerend heads in steele ?
If so, you cannot for all Fairie land
Find men to fit you better.

Titan. *Florimell,*

Breathes there in you *Fidelies* spirit ?

Flor. No Lady.

3. *King.* No nor in any brest that's found : true
Conncellor,

Already you speake musicke : you are strung
With golden chords ; Angels guide on your tongue.

Flor. These potent, politicke, and twin-borne
States,

Would to their mitred fortunes tie our fates :
Our Fairie groues are greene, our temples stand
Like goodly watch-towers, wafting passengers
From rockes, t'arriue them in the Holy land :
Peace (here) eats fruits, which her own hand hath sown,
Your lambes with lyons play : about your throne,
The Palme, the Lawrell, and the abundant Vine
Grow vp, and with your roses doe entwine.
But if these gripe your Scepter once,

Titan. What then ?

Flor. Vultures are not more rauinous than these
men,

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Confusion, tyranie, vproares will shake all,
 Tygres, & wolues, and beares, will fil your feat,
 In nothing (but in miserie) youle be great :
 Those black and poisonous waters that bore down
 In their rough torrent, Fairie townes and towers,
 And drownd our fields in *Marianaes* daies,
 Will (in a mercileffe inundation)
 Couer all againe : red Seas will flow again :
 The Deuill will roare againe : if these you loue,
 Be (as the Serpent) wife then, tho a Doue.

2. *King.* This hee that speakes in musicke ?

Titan. Are you all,
 Of this opinion Lordes ?

Omn. All, all.

All 3. Lets hence.

3. *King.* When close plots faile, vse open violence.

Titani. Stay : Princes are free-borne, & haue free
 wils,

Thes are to *vs*, as vallies are to hills,
 We may, be counceled by them, not controld :
 Our wordes our Law.

Elfyr. Bright Souereigne.

Titan. Yare too bold.

3. *King.* I knew the fort would yeeld.

1. *King.* Attend.

2. *King.* Shee's ours.

Titan. You would Combine a League, which these
 would breake.

1. *King.* A League !

2. *King.* Holy.

3. *King.* Honorable.

Titan. Nay heare me speake,
 You court me for my loue, you I imbrace
 As maides doe Suiters, with a smiling face
 as you doe me : receiue our answere then :—
I cannot loue you :—what ! such hardy men
 And flie for one repulse ! I meane as yet :
 As yet I'm not at leifure : But I sweare
 Euen by my birth-day, by the crowne I weare,

By those sweet waters, which into vs powre
Health, that no sicknes taints, by that blest flower
Vpon whose roseal stalke our peace does grow,
I sweare I will my loue on you bestow,
When one day comes, which now to you Ile name.

1. *King.* The time ! O blessed time !

2. *King.* Balme to our sorrow.

3. *King.* Name that most happie houre.

Tita. May be to morrow :

Marke els and iudge whether it may or no :
When Lambes of ours, are kild by wolues of yours,
Yet no bloud suckt : when Heauen two Suns endures :
When Soules that rest in vnder-groundes,
Heare Anthems sung, and praye the soundes :
When drops of water are so spilt,
That they can wash out murders guilt :
When Surgeons long since dead and gone,
Can cure our woundes, being cald vpon :
When from yon towers I heare one cry,
You may kill Princes lawfully :
When a Court has no Parasite,
When truth speakes false, and falshood right :
When Conscience goes in cloth of gold,
When Offices are giuen, not sold :
When merchants wiues hate costly clothes,
When ther's no lies in tradsmens oathes :
When Farmers by deere yeeres do leeze,
And Lawyers sweare to take no fees :
(And that I hope will neuer, neuer bee)
But then (and not till then) I sweare,
Shall your bewitching Charmes sleepe in mine eare.
Away.

Exeunt Fairies : Manent 3. Kings.

1. *King.* Derided to our faces !

2. *King.* Baffuld !

3. *King.* Made fooles !

1. *King.* This must not be.

Omn. It shall not be.

3. *King.* Reuenge :

Flie to our Empres bofome, there sucke treason,
Sedition, Herezies confederacies,
The violation of al sacred leagues.
The combination of all leagues vniust,
The dispenfation for sacramentall oathes,
And when ye are fwolne with theis, returne againe,
And let their poyfon raine downe here in showres :
Whole heards of bulls loaden with hallowed curfes,
With Interdictions, excommunications,
And with vnbinding Subiects fealties,
And with large pattents to kill Kings and Queens
Driue roaring hither, that vpon their hornes
This Empire may be toft.

2. *King.* Shee shall bee torne,
Euen ioynt from ioynt : to have her baited wel,
(If we cannot) wee will vn-kennell hell :

1. *King.* Will not you home with vs ?

3. *King.* No : here Ile lurke,
And in a Doue-like shape rauen vpon Doues :
Ile suck allegiance from the common brest,
Poyfon the Courtier with ambitious drugs,
Throw bane into the cups where learning drinks,
Ile be a Saint, a Furie, Angell, Deuill,
Or'e Seas, on this fide Seas ; Deuils forreners,
With Deuils within hel freedome, Deuils in Vaults.
And with Church Deuil, be it your foules health,
To drinke downe Babylonian Stratagems.
And to forge three-forkt thunderbolts at home,
Whilst I melt Sulphure here : If the sweet bane
I lay bee swallowed, oh ! a Kingdome burfts,
But if the poyfoned hooke be fpied, then leuy
Eightie eight Legions, and take open armes,
The *Guidon* shall be mine, Ile beare the Standard.

Omn. Twi'll bee a glorious warre.

1. *King.* Farewell.

3. *King.* Bee gon,
Who cleaues a Realmes head, needs more swordes
then one. *Exeunt.*

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Fideli, Florimell, Parthenophil, Elfron.

Flory. These euill Spirits are vext, & tho they
vanisht

Like hideous dreames, yet haue they left behind them,
Throbs, and heart akings, in the generall boosome,
As omynous bodings. Fairy Lackeyes.—

4. *Footmen.* Here.

Flory. Flie Sirra through the Ayre and neuer rest
(On paine to be into an vrchin turnd)
Till thou hast fixt vpon the highest gates,
Of our great'st Cities. The'rs a warning peece.

Away.

Exit.

Fidel. Theis to the Spirits that our waters keepe,
Charge them that none rowlt there, but those whose
nets,

Are cast out of our Fairy gundolets.

Away.

Exit. 2.

Elfyr. Theis to the keepers of those royall woods
Where Lyons, Panthers, and the kingly heardes
Feede in one company ; that if wild Boares,
Mad Buls, or rauing Beares, breake in for prey,
Hoping to make our groues their wildernes,
Ours may like souldiers bid them battaile. Flie.

Exit. 3.

Parth. These to the Shepheards on our Fairie
downs

To warne them not to sleepe, but with sweet Layes
And lolly pipings driue into fat pastures
Their goodly flocks : Wolues are abroad say, Fly.

Exit. 4.

Titania and her maids standing alofe.

Fidel. Place Prouidence, (because she has quick
eye :

And is the best at kenning) in our Nauy,
Courage shall wait on her.

Flor. No : shees most fit
To goe with vs.

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Omn. Let her in Counsell sit.

Fid. 'Tis said: and leaſt they breake into our walkes

And kil our fairie deare, or change themſelues
Into the ſhape of Fawnes, being indeed Foxes,
Range all the forreſt danger to preuent,
Foreſight beats ſtormes backe, when moſt Imminent.

Omn. Away then. *Exeunt.*

Manent Titania, and her maides.

Titani. Wiſe Pilots † firmeſt pillars † how it agrees,
When Princes heads ſleepe on their counſels knees:
Deepe rooted is a ſtate, and growes vp hie,
When Prouidence, Zeale, and Integritye
Husband it well: Theis fathers twill be ſaid
(One day) make me a grandame of a maid.
Meane time my farewell to ſuch gaudy lures
As here, were thrown vp t' haue me quite ore-thrown,
I charge you maids, entertaine no deſires,
So irreligious and vnſanctified:
Oh they ha ſnakes ſleeky tongues, but hearts more
rugged

Then is the Ruſſian Beare: our Fairie bowres
Would turne to Arabian defarts, if ſuch flowers,
(Mortall as killing Hemlocke) here ſhould grow,
Which to preuent, Ile haue you vow.

Aur. We vowe

By the white balles in bright *Titaniaes* eies
We their enchantments ſkorne.

Titan. It does ſuffice:

To bind it ſure, Strew all your meades with charmes,
Which if they doe no good, ſhall doe no harme.

Aur. Here comes your new ſworne ſeruant.

Enter Plaine dealing.

Titan. Now Sirra, where haue you bin?

Plain. Where haue I bin? I haue bin in the
braueſt priſon —

Titan. What prison? a braue prison? Can there be a braue prison?

Plain. All your fine men liue and die there, it's the Knights ward, and therefore must needs be braue: some call it an Ordinarie, but I say tis a prison, for most of our gallants that are serued euery day with woodcockes there, lie there in a manner vpon Execution: they dare not peepe out of doores for feare of Serieants..

Titan. What are those Serieants?

Plain. Doe not you know (mistresse) what Serieants are? a number of your courtiers are deare in their acquaintance: why they are certaine men-midwiues, that neuer bring people to bed, but when they are fore in labour, that no body else can deliuer them.

Titan. Are there such places in our kingdome, as Ordinaries, what is the true fashion of them, whats their order?

Plain. They are out of all true fashion: they keep no order.

Titan. Where about in Fairie land stand they?

Plain. In your great cittie: and here's the picture of your Ordinarie.

Titan. When Master Painter please we shall haue it: come Sir.

Plain. Your gallants drink here right worshipfully, eat most impudently, dice most swearingly, sweare most damnably, quarrell most desperatly, and put vp most cowardly. Suppose I were a young countrey gentleman, and that I were to come in (like an asse) among 'em, new cast into the bonds of fattin.

Titan. What then?

Plain. Mary then doe all the gylt rapiers turne their Tobacco faces in the roome vpon me, and they puffed, they gape on a fresh man like so many stale Oysters at a full tyde: then is there no salt to throw vpon them, and to make them leaue gaping. but this; to cast off his cloake, hauing good cloathes vnderneath, single out some in the roome worfe accoufired

then himfelfe, with him to walke boldly vp and downe strutting, laugh alowd at any thing, talke alowde of nothing, fo they make a noife, it is no matter.

Titan. You are growne firra an obferuer fince you came out of *Babylon*.

Plain. Troth miftrefle, I left villains and knaues there, & find knaues and fooles here: for your Ordinary is your Ile of Gulles, your fhip of fooles, your hofpitall of incurable madmen: it is the field where your captaine and braue man is cal'd to the laft reckoning, and is ouerthrown horfe and foot: it is the onely fchoole to make an honeft man a knaue: for Intelligencers may heare enough there, to fet twenty a begging of lands: it is the strangeft Cheffe-board in the world.

Titan. Why?

Plain. Becaufe in fome games at Cheffe, knights are better then pawnes, but here a good pawne is better then a knight.

Titan. Affoord our fhores fuch wonders?

Plain. Wonders? why this one little Cocke-pit, (for none come into it, but thofe that haue furs) is able to fhew all the follies of your kingdome, in a few Apes of the kingdome.

Titan. Haue we not in our Land Phyfitions To purge thefe red impoftumes?

Plain. Troth yes miftrefle; but I am *Plaine dealing*, and muft fpeake truth, thou haft many Phyfitions, fome of them found men, but a number of them more ficke at heart, then a whole parifh full of Patients: let them cure themfelves firft, & then they may better know how to heale others: then haue you other fellows that take vpon them to be Surgeons, and by letting out the corruption of a State, and they let it out Ile be fworne; for fome of them in places as big as this, and before a thoufand people, rip vp the bowels of vice in fuch a beaftly manner, that (like women at an Execution, that can endure to fee men quartred aliue) the beholders learne more villany then

they knew before : others likewise there be of this confort last named, that are like Beadles bribed, they whip, but draw no blood, and of these I haue made a Rime.

Titan. Let's heare it.

Plain. Those that doe jerke these times, are but like fleas,

They bite the skinne, but leap from the diseafe.

Titan. Ile haue you Sir (because you haue an eye so sharply pointed) to looke through and through that our great Citie, and like death, to spare the liues of none, whose conscience you find sickly and going.

Plain. If I giue you the copie of the Cities countenance, Ile not flatter theface, as painters do ; but shew al the wrinckles of it.

Titan. Doe so, you shall no more to *Babylon*, But liue with vs, and be our Officer.

Plain. Haue I any kinred in your Court ? is there any one of my name an officer ? if there bee, part vs ; because it will not bee good, to haue two of the *Plain-dealings* in one office, they'l bee beggars if they doe.

Titan. No Sirra, wee'le prouide you shall not want Whilst vs you serue. Goe learne where *Truth* doth lie.

Plain. Nay, nay, I haue heard of her, she dwelles (they say) at the signe of the Holy Lambe.

Titan. Wee built her vp a lodging at our cost,

To haue her labour in our Vineyards :

For till shee came, no Vines could please our taste,

But of her fining. Set your hand to hers,

Liue with her in one house, fetch from our Court

Maintenance to serue you all : t'will be to her

A comfort to haue you stil by her sides,

Shee has such prettie and delightfull songs,

That you will count your forest labour light,

And time well spent only to heare her sing.

Away loofe no more minutes.

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Pl. Not a minute :
He set more watches then a clockmaker. *Exit.*

Elfron. Paridel.

Titan. Whats yonder man that kneeles !

Elf. Tis (a) *Paridel* (a) *Doctor Parry.*

Titan. Our doctor !

Par. The most wretched in your land.
The most in soule deiected ; the most base,
And most vnseruiceable weede, vnles
You by your heauenly Influence change his vilenes
Into a virtuall habit fit for vie.

Tita. Oh : we remember it ; you are condemnd !

Elf. To Death.

Pari. Deseruedly.

Tita. You had your hand
Not coulored with his bloud.

Elf. No deereft Lady
Vpon my vowed Loyalty.

Pari. The law
Hath fastned on me only for attempt,
It was no actuall nor commenced violence
That brought death with it, but intent of ill.

Tita. We would not saue them, that delight to
kill,

For so we wound our selues : bloud wrongly spilt
Who pardons, hath a share in halfe the guilt.
You strooke, our lawes not hard, yet what the edge
Of Iustice could take from you, mercy giues you
(Your life.) You haue it signed, rize.

Pari. May yon Clouds
Muster themselues in Armies, to confound
Him that shall wish you dead, hurt, or vncrownd.

Parthenophill with Campeius.

Par. To run in debt thus basely for a life,
To spend which, had beene glory ! O most vile !
The good I reape from this superfluous grace,
Is but to make my selfe like *Cæsars* horse,

To kneele whilst he gets vp : my backe must beare
Till the chine crack, yet still a seruile feare
Must lay more loades on me, and presse me downe.
When Princes giue life, they so bind men to 'em,
That trusting them with too much, they vndo 'em.
Who then but I, from steps so low would rise ?
Great fortunes (earnd thus) are great Slauieries :
Snatcht from the common hangmans hands for this ?
To haue my mind feele torture ! now I see,
When good dayes come, (the Gods so seldome giue
them,)
That tho we haue them, yet we scarce beleue them.
Heart how art thou confinde ? and bard of roome,
Thart quicke enough, yet liuest within a tombe.

Tita. His name.

Parth. (a) *Campeius* : Deeply learnd.

(a) *Ed. Campion.*

Tit. We heare so :

But with it heare (from some whom we haue weied
For iudgement and experience) that he caries
A soule within him framde of a thousand wheeles,
Yet not one stedd.

Parthe. It may be the rumor
That thus spreades ouer him, flowes out of hate.

Tita. Belieue vs no : of his, and tothers fate,
The threedes are too vnlike, to haue that wouen.

Camp. To gaine her crowne Ile not kneele thus.

Tita. Besides

The haruest which he seekes is reaped already ;
We haue bestowed it.

Parth. Here then dies our fute.

Tita. Now shall you trie with what impatience
That bay tree will endure a little fire,
My Lord, my Lord,

Such swelling spirites hid with humble lookes,
Are kingdoms poysons, hung on golden hookes.

Parth. I hope heele proue none such.

Tita. Such men oft proue
Valleyes that let in riuers to confound

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The hills about them, tho themselves lie drounde,
My Lord, I like not calme and cunning feases
That to haue great ships taken or distressed,
Suffer base gallyes to creepe ore their breast,
Let course harts weare course skins : you know our
wil.

Parth. Which (as a doome diuine) I shall fulfill.

Camp. Thrown downe, or raizd !

Parth. All hopes (for this) are gone,
Some planet stands in opposition.

Camp. Vmh : So. *Exeunt Parth. & Camp.*

Tita. Now Doctor *Paridell.*

Pari. An humble suite,
I am growne bold finding so free a giuer,
Where beggers once take almes, they looke for't euer.

Tita. You ha bene sworne our seruant long.

Parry. Tenne yeares.

Tita. And we should wrong you ; since you take
vs giuing

To let you goe with life, that should want liuing,
What is it we can grant you.

Pary. I ha bene by two great Fayries in your
land,

(Opprest I dare not say) but so beaten downe,
And suncke so low now with my last disgrace,
That all my happy thoughts lie in the dust,
Asham'd to looke vp yet : most humbly therefore
Begge I your gracious leaue that I may vary,
This native Aire for Forren.

Tita. Oh you would trauell,
You may, you haue our leaue : Challenge our hand.

Pary. Stormes are at Sea, when it is calme at
land. *Exit.*

Fideli Florimell.

Fidel. The Sea-God hath vpon your maiden
shoares,
(On Dolphins backes that pittie men distressed)
In safetie sett a people that implores

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The Soueraigne mercie flowing from your brest.

Tita. What people are they ?

Fidd. Neighbours : tis the nation,

The Netherlanders.

With whome our Faries enterchange commerce,
And by negotiation growne so like vs,
That halfe of them are Fayries : th' other halfe
Are hurtfull Spirits, that with sulphurous breath
Blast their corne feilds, deface their temples, cloth
Their townes in mourning, poyson hallowed founts,
And make their goodliest Citties stand (like tombes)
Full of dead bodies, or (like pallaces,
From whence the Lords are gone) all desolate.
They haue but 17. daughters young and faire,
Vowd to liue vestalls, and to know the touch
Of any forced or vnreuerend hand.
Yet Lust and Auarice (to get their dowers)
Lay barbarous seidge against their chastitie,
Threaten to rauish them, to make their bodies
The temples of polution, or their bedds,
Graues where their honors shall lie buried,
They pray to haue their virgins wait on you,
That you would be their mother, and their nurse,
Their Guardian and their Gouvernour ; when Princes
Haue their liues giuen 'em, fine and golden threds
Are drawne and spun (for them) by the good fates,
That they may lift vp others in low states.

Tit. Els let our selfe decline ; give them our pre-
sence :

In mysery all nations should be kin,
And lend a brothers hand, vther them in. *Exeunt.*
Stood here my foes (distrest) thus would I grieue them,
Not how they ha bin, but how I might relieue them.

Parthenophill.

Parth. Your good deeds (matchlesse Fayrie) like
the Sun,
(Rising but onely in this poynt of heauen,

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Spred through the world, So that a Prince (made
wretched,
By his vnhappy father, that lies flaine
By barbarous fwords, and in his goary wounds,
Drownes all the hopes of his posteritie)
Hether, is like an orphan come (from farre)
To get reliefe and remedie gainst those,
That would defeat him of his portion.

Tita. Pittie and we had talke before you came,
She hath not taken yet her hand from ours,
Nor shall shee part, vntill those higher powers
Behold that Prince : good workes are theirs, not ours ;
Goe : bid him trust his misery in our hands,
Great trees I see do fall, when the shrub stands.

Exeunt.

*Fideli Florimell the states of the countries,
Parthenophill Elfyron, the Prince of
Portugal.*

To the States.

Auxilio tutos dimittam, opibusque Iuuabo.

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.

Exeunt.

The third King to the King of Portugall.

3. *King.* Stands my beard right? the gowne I
must looke graue,

White haire like siluer cloudes a priuiledge haue,

Not to be searh'd, or be suspected fowle :

Make away those 2. turne coates. Suite me next

Like to a Sattin diuell (brauely) flie

Your sayles shape : be here immediatly.

Enter

So : excellent : a subtile masque : alls fit,

This very cap makes my head swell with wit.

Mongst fouldiers, I haue plaid the fouldier,

Bin mutinous, raild at the State, curfd peace :

They walke with crosse-arnes, gaping for a day,

Haue vnder-shorde their eie-lids (like trap windows.)

To keep them open, and with yawning eares,

Lie listning on flocke bolsters, till rebellion

Beat vp her drum : this lards me fat with laughter,
 Their swords are drawn halfe way, & all those throats
 That are to bleed are mark'd : and all those doores,
 Where ciuill Massacres, murders (di'd in graine)
 Spoile, rifings, and sweet rauishments shall enter,
 Haue tokens stamp'd on them (to make 'em knowne)
 More dreadfull then the Bills that preach the plague.
 From them, with oyl'd hammes (lap'd in seruile blew)
 I stole, and fil'd out wine of *Babylon*,
 To liue things (made of clods) poore countrey sots,
 And drunke they are : whole shires with it do reele,
 Poysons run smooth, because men sweetnes feele.
 Now to my schoole-men, Learnings fort is strong,
 But poorely man'd, and cannot hold out long
 When golden bullets batter. . . Yonders one . . .
 Y'are a poore scholler !

Campeius. Yes.

3. *King.* What read you ?

Camp. A booke.

3. *King.* So learned yet so young ?

Camp. Yee may see, sir.

3. *King.* You feede some discontent ?

Camp. Perhaps I ha cause.

3. *King.* What troubles you ?

Camp. You trouble me : pray leaue me.

3. *Kin.* Put your selfe, and your grieve into my hands.

Camp. Say yee ?

3. *King.* Put your selfe & your grief into my hands.

Camp. Are you a Doctor ? your hands Sir, pray why ?

3. *King.* You know me not.

Camp. Do you know your selfe ? your busines ?
 Are you a scholler ?

3. *King.* Iudge of that by these.

Camp. Oh Sir, I haue seene many heads vnder such wool.

That scarce had braines to line it: if y'are a
scholler,
Mee thinks you should know manners, by your leaue
Sir.

3. *King.* Pray leaue your name behind you.

Camp. Name, *Campeius*.

3. *King.* *Campeius*! vmh: *Campeius*! a lucky
plannet

strikes out this houre: *Campeius*! *Babylon*,
His name hath in her tables: on his forehead,
Our Queene hath fet her marke: it is a mould
Fit to cast mischeife in: none sooner rent
A Church in two, then Schollers discontent.
I must not loose this Martines nest,—once more
Y'are happely met.

Camp. This bur stil hang on mee!
And you Sir.

3. *King.* Tell me pray, did you neuer tast—I'me
bold—did you nee'r tast

Those cleere & redolent fountains that do norish,
In viue and fresh humiditie those plants
That grow on thother side (our opposites)
Those that to vs here, are th' Antipodes,
Cleane against vs in grounds—you feele me—say
Ne're drunke you of that nectar.

Camp. Neuer.

3. *King.* Neuer!

I wish you had, I gather from your eyes,
What your disease is, I ha bin your selfe,
This was *Campeius* once (tho not so learn'd)
For I was bred (as you) in Fairy Land,
A Country! well, but tis our country: and so,
Good to breed beggers: Shee starues Arts: fatts fools,
Shee sets vp drinking roomes, & pulls downe schools.

Camp. So Sir.

3. *King.* No more but so Sir! this discourse
Pallats not you.

Camp. Yes.

3. *King.* Nothing hath passed me
I hope, against my countrey, or the State,
That any you can take hold of.

Camp. If they could,
Tis but mine I, to your no.

3. *King.* Y'are to sowre :
Vnmellowed : you stand here in the shade,
Out of the warmth of those blest ripening beames, . .
Goe to . . . I grieue that such a blossome . . .

Camp. Sir,
I know you not : this thing which you haue raiz'd,
Affrights me : schollers of weake temper need
To feare (as they on Sunbankes lie to read)
Adders i'th highest grasse : these leaues but turn'd,
Like willow stickes hard rub'd may kindle fire,
Cities with sparkes as small haue oft beene burn'd.

3. *King.* Doe you take me for a hangman ?

Camp. I would be loath,
For any harsh tune that my tongue may warble,
To haue the instrument vnstrung.

3. *King.* You shall not :
Welfare vnto you.

Camp. And to you. A word Sir :
Bred in this countrey ?

3. *King.* Yes.

Camp. I am no bird
To breake mine own neast downe : what flight foeuer
Your words make through this ayre (tho it be troubled)
Myne care Sir, is no reaching Fowling piece
What passes through it, kills : you may proceed,
Perhaps you would wound that, I wish should bleed.
You haue th' advantage now,
I put the longest weapon into your hands.

3. *King.* It shall guard you :
You draw me by this line : let's priuate walke.

Camp. This paths vnbruz'd ; goe on Sir.

3. *King.* Sir I loue you.
✓The Dragons that keep learnings golden tree,
As you now haue, I fought with, conquered them,

Got to the highest bough, eat of the fruit,
 And gathered of the seauen-fold leaues of Art,
 What I desir'd ; and yet for all the Moones
 That I haue seene waxe olde, and pine for anger,
 I had outwatched them : and for all the candles
 I wasted out on long, and frozen nights,
 To thaw them into day ; I fild my head
 With books, but scarce could fil my mouth with bread :
 I had the Muses smile, but moneyes frowne,
 And neuer could get out of such a gowne.

Camp. How did you change your starre ?

3. *King.* By changing Aire :
 The god of waues washt of my pouertie,
 I fought out a new sunne beyond the seas,
 Whose beames begat me gold.

Camp. O me dull asse !
 I am nail'd downe by wilfull beggerie,
 Yet feele not where it enters : like a horse
 My hooves are par'd to'th quicke (euen til they bleed)
 To make me runne from hence, yet this Tortois shell,
 (My countrey) lies so heauy on my backe,
 Pressing my worth downe, that I slowly creep
 Through bafe and slimie waies.

3. *King.* Countrey !

Camp. Shee hangs
 Her owne brats at her backe, to teach them begge,
 And in her lap sets strangers.

3. *King.* Yet your countrey.

Camp. I was not borne to this, not school'd to this,
 My parents spent not wealth on me to this,
 I will not stay here long.

3. *King.* Doe not.

Camp. Beeing hence,
 Ile write in gall and poyson gainst my nurce
 This Fairie land, for not rewarding merit :
 If euer I come backe Ile be a Calthrop
 To pricke my countries feet, that tread on me.

3. *King.* O Yee's vnkind, hard-hearted !

Camp. In disputation

I dare for latine, hebrew, and the greeke,
 Challenge an vniuersitie ; yet, (O euill hap !)
 Three learned languages cannot set a nap
 Vpon this thred-bare gowne : how is Arte curs'd !
 Shee ha's the sweetest lymbes, and goes the worst :
 Like common Fiddlers, drawing downe others meate
 With lickorish tunes, whilst they on scraps do eate.

3. *King.* Shake then these seruile fetters off.

Camp. But how !

3. *King.* Play the mules part, now thou hast suckt
 a dam

Drie and vnholfome, kicke her sides.

Camp. Her heart . . . her very heart . . .

Would it were dried to dust, to strew vpon
 Th'inuenomed paper vpon which Ile write.

3. *King.* Know you the Court of *Babylon* !

Camp. I haue read,

How great it is, how glorious, and would venter
 A foule to get but thither.

3. *King.* Get then thither ;

You venture none, but saue a foule going thither :
 The Queene of *Babylon* rides on a beast,
 That carries vp seauen heads.

Camp. Rare.

3. *King.* Each head crown'd. *Enter his man like a*

Camp. O admirable ! *sayler with rich attires vnder*

3. *King.* Shee with her owne hand *his arme.*

Will fil thee wine out of a golden bowle.

There's Angels to conduct thee. Get to fea,
 Steale o're, behold, here's one to waft thee hence,
 Take leaue of none, tell none, th'art made, farewell.

Camp. Thus to meet heauen, who would not wade
 through hell ?

Excunt Campeius and Sayler, manet 3. King,
enter Sayler presently.

3. *King.* To flea off this hypocrisie, tis time,
 Least worne too long, the Foxes skinne be known :

Dumbe shewe. The Hault-boyes found, and whilst hee is burying the picture, Truth and Time enter, Fideli, Parthenophil, Elfiron, and a Guard following aloofe. They discover the fellow, hee is taken, the picture found, hee kneeles for mercy, but they making signes of refusall, he snatcheth at some weapon to kill himselfe, is preuented, and led away.

Trumpet. The Empres, Cardinals, &c.

Emp. Who fets those tunes to mocke vs! Stay them.

Omn. Peace.

1. King. Peace there.

1. Card. No more : your musicke must be dombe.

Emp. When those Cælestiall bodies that doe moue,
Within the sacred Spheres of Princes bofomes
Goe out of order, tis as if yon Regiment,
Weare all in vp-roare : heauen should then be vext,
Me thinkes such indignation should resemble,
Dreadfull eclipfes, that portend dire plagues
To nations, fall to Empires, death to Kings,
To Citties deuastation, to the world,
That vniuerfall hot calamitie
Of the last horror. But our royall bloud,
Beates in our veines like seas strugling for bounds,
Aetna burns in vs : bearded Comets shoote
Their vengeance through our eyes : our breath is
lightning,

Thunder our voyce ; yet, as the idle Cannon,
Strikes at the Aires Invulnerable brest)
Our darts are phillip'd backe in mockery,
Wanting the poynts to wound.

1. King. Too neere the heart,
(Most royall Empresse) these distempers sit,
So please you, weelee againe assayle her bewtie
In varied shapes, and worke on futler Charmes,

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Again loues poyfoned arrowes weelet flie.

Empe. No : proud fpirits once denying, ftill deny.

1. *Car.* Then be yourfelfe, (a woman) change thofe ouertures

You made to her of an vnufuall peace,
To an vnufde defiance : giue your reuenge.
A full and fwelling faile, as from your greatnes
You tooke, in veyling to her : you haue beene
Too cold in punifhment, too foft in chydng,
And like a mother (caufe her yeares are greene)
Haue winck't at Errors, hoping time, or counsell,
Or her owne guilt (feing how fhe goes awry,)
Would ftreighten all—you find the contrarie.

Empe. What followes ?

1. *Card.* Sharp chaftizment, leaue the Mother
And be the ftepdame ; wanton her no more
On your Indulgent knee, figne no more pardons
To her Off-fallings and her flyings out,
But let it be a meritorious Act :
Make it a ladder for the foule to climbe,
Lift from the hindges all the gates of heauen ;
To make way for him that fhall kill her.

Omnes. Good.

1. *Card.* Giue him an office in yon Starr-chamber,
Or els a Saints place and Canonize him ;
So Sanctifie the arme that takes her life,
That fylly foules may go on pilgrimage,
Only to kiffe the Inftrument (that ftrikes)
As a moft reuerent relique.

Empe. Be it fo.

1. *King.* In that one word fhe expires.

Empe. Her fayrie Lordes

(That play the Pilots nowe, and fteere her kingdome
In fowleft weather) as white bearded come
Bowes his proud head before th' imperiall windes,
Shall fo ly groueling (heere) when that day comes.

1. *Ki.* And that it fhall come fates themfelues
prepare.

Emp. True, but old Lyons hardly fall into the snare.

1. *King.* Is not the good and politique Satyran
(Our leagued brother, and your vassalle sworne)
Euen now (this very minute) sucking close
Their fairest bosomes? if his traynes take well:
They haue strange workings (down-wards) into hel.

Emp. That Satiran is this hand: his braines a
forge

Still working for vs, he's the trew set clocke
By which we goe, and of our houres doth keepe
The numbred strokes, when we lye bound in sleepe.

1. *Card.* Besides such voluntaries as will serue
Vnder your holy cullors and forsake
The Fairie standard, all such fugitiues
Whose heartes are Babylonized: all the Mutiners
All the damb'd Crew, that would for gold teare off
The deuills beard; All schollers that doe eate
The bread of sorrow, want, and discontent,
Wife Satyran takes vp, preffes, apparrels,
Their backes like Innocent Lambes, their mindes like
wolues,

Rubs or'e their tongues with poyson, which they spet
Against their owne annointed; their owne Country,
Their very parent. And thus shippes 'em hither.
To make em yours.

Emp. To vse.

1. *Card.* Only to imploy them

As Bees whilst they haue stings, & bring thighs laden
With hony, hiue them, when they are droanes, de-
stroy them.

1. *King.* The earnest which he giues you (adored
Empresse,)

Are three fit engines for vs.

Empr. Are they wrought?

2. *King.* They are: and waite in Court your
vtmost pleasure,

Out of your Cup made wee them drunke with wines,
To sound their hearts, which they with such deuotion

Receiued downe, that euen whilst *Bacchus*, swom
From lippe to lippe, in mid't of taking healths,
They tooke their owne damnation, if their bloud
(As those grapes) stream'd not forth, to effect your
good.

Emp. Let vs behold these fire-workes, that must
run

Vpon short lines of life : yet wil *Wee* vse them,
Like instruments of musicke, play on them,
A while for pleasure, and then hang them by,
Who Princes can vpbrayd, tis good they die.
For as in building sumptuous pallaces,
We climb by base and slender scaffoldings,
Till wee haue raized the Frame : and that being done,
(To grace the worke) we take the Scaffolds downe,
So must we these : we know they loue us not,
But Swallow-like when their owne summers past,
Here seeke for heat : or like slight Traualers,
(Swolne with vaine-glory, or with lust to see,)
They come to obserue fashions and not mee.

1. *King.* As Traualers vse them then, till they be
gone,
Looke Cheerefully ; backs turn'd, no more thought
vpon.

Emp. What are they that fly hither (to our bosome)
But such as hang the wing, such as want neasts ;
Such as haue no sound feathers : birds so poore,
They scarce are worth the killing : with the Larke
(The morning's fawlkner) so they may mount hie,
Care not how base and low their risings be !
What are they but leane hungry Crowes that tyre
Vpon the mangled quarters of a Realme !
And on the house-tops of Nobilitie
(If there they can but sit) like fatall Rauens,
Or Skrich-Owles croake their fals and hoarsely bode,
Nothing but scaffolds and vnhalloved graues !

1. *King.* Fitter for vs : yet fit they here like doues.

Emp. True : like corrupted Churchmen they are
doues,

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That haue eate carrion : home weele therefore send
 These busie-working Spiders to the wals
 Of their owne countrey, when their venomous bags
 (Which they shall stuffe with scandales, libels, treasons)
 Are full and vpon burfing : let them there
 Weaue in their politicke loomes nets to catch flies ;
 To vs they are but Potheccary drugs,
 Which we will take as Physicall pills, not food :
 Vse them as lancets to let others bloud,
 That haue foule bodies, care not whom you wound,
 Nor what parts you cut off, to keepe this found.
Omn. Here come they.

Campeius, Parydell, and †Lupus. †Lopes

Emp. Welcome : rise, and rise vp high
 In honours and our fauour : you haue thrust
 Your armes into our cofers, haue you not ?

All 3. Yes facred Empreffe.

Camp. And into our owne,
 Haue rayned downe showers of gold.

Emp. You shall deferue it :
 You see what Ocean can replenish you,
 Be you but duteous tributarie streames :
 But is your temper right ? are not the edges
 Of your sharpe spirits rebated ? are you ours ?
 Doe not your hearts sinke downe yet ? will you on ?

All 3. Stood death ith' way.

Lup. Stood hell.

Emp. Nobly resolu'de :
 But listen to vs, and obserue our counsell :
 Backe must we send you to the Fairie Land,
 Danger goes with you ; here's your safetie : listen.
 Chuse winds to sayle by ; if the wayward seas
 Grow stormie, houer, keepe aloofe : if feares,
 Shipwracks, and death lie tumbling on the waues,
 And will not off, then on : be venturous,
 Conquests hard got are sweet and glorious.
 Being landed, if suspition cast on you
 Her narrow eyes, turne your selues then to Moles,

Worke vnder ground, and vndermine your countrey,
 Tho you cast earth vp but a handfull high,
 To make her stumble: if that bloud-hound hunt you,
 (That long-ear'd Inquisition) take the thickets,
 Climbe vp to Hay-mowes, liue like birds, and eate
 The vndeflowred corne: in hollow trees
 Take such prouision as the Ant can make:
 Flie with the Batt vnder the eeues of night,
 And shift your neasts: or like to Ancrelles,
 Close vp your felues in artificiall wals:
 Or if you walke abroad, be wrapt in clouds,
 Haue change of haire, of eie-brows, halt with
 foldiers,

Be shauen and be old women, take all shapes
 To escape taking: But if the ayre be cleere,
 Flie to the Court, and vnderneath the wings
 Of the Eagle, Faulcon, or some great bird houer,
 Oakes and large Beech-trees many beasts doe couer.
 He that first sings a Dirge tun'de to the death
 Of that my onely foe the Fairie Queene,
 Shal be my loue, and (clad in purple) ride
 Vpon that scarlet-coloured beast that beares
 Seuen Kingdomes on seuen heads.

Camp. If all the Spels

That wit, or eloquence, or arts can fet:
 If all the sleights that bookemen vse in schooles
 Be powrefull in such happineffe, 'tis mine.

Rop. What physicke can I dare onely to grow
 (But as I merit shall) vp in your eye.

Emp. Weele erect ladders for you strong and high,
 That you shall climbe to starrie dignitie.

Both. We take our leaue dread Empreffe. *Exeunt.*

Emp. Fare you well:

Our benediction goe along with you—
 Our malediction and your soules confusion
 Like shiuer'd towers fall on your luckelesse heads,
 And wedge you into earth low as the deepe
 Where are the damned, if our world you fire,
 Since desperately you'le ride and dare aspire.

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1. *King.* But is this all? shall we thus bend our
sinews

Onely to emptie quiuers, and to shoot
Whole sheafes of forked arrowes at the Sunne,
Yet neuer hit him?

2. *Car.* And the marke so-faire!

Com. Nay, which is more, suppose that al these
torrents

Which from your sea of Greatnesse, you (for your part)
And al those stragling flouds which we haue driuen
With full and stiffe winds to the Fairie Stronds,
Should all breake in at once, and in a deluge
Of Innouation, rough rebellion, factions,
Of massacres, and pale destruction
Swallow the kingdome vp, and that the bloud
Euen of *Titania's* heart should in deepe crimfon
Dye all these waters: what of this? what share
Is yours? what land shall you recouer?

1. *King.* All.

Com. All!

1. *King.* I, all:

Betweene the Transuerfaries that doe run
Vpon this crosse staffe, a dull eye may find
In what degree we are, and of what height
Your selfe (our brightest *Ariadne*) is,
Being vnderneath that Tropicke: as those jewels
Of night and day are by alternate course
Worne in Heauens fore-head, so when Deaths Winter
comes,

And shortens all those beames of Maiestie,
Which in this oblique and Zodiacall Sphere
Moue with *Titania* now, shall loose their heat,
Where must the next Sun rise but here? from whence
Shall Fairie land get warmth? meerely from hence.
Let but the taper of her life burne out,
We haue such torches ready in her land
To catch fire from each other, that the flames
Shall make the frighted people thinke earth burnes,
And being dazled with our Copes of Starres,

We shall their temples hallow with such ease,
As 'twere in solemne gay procesion.

Com. Some lyne sea cards, that know not the seas
tast,

Nor scarce the colour : by your charmes I gather
You haue seene Fairie land—but in a Map :
Can tell how't stands : but if you giue't a fall,
You must get bigger bones : for let me whisper
This to your eare ; though you bait hookes with gold,
Ten thousand may be nibbling, when none bites,
And those you take for Angels, you'll find Sprites.
Say that *Titania* were now drawing short breath,
(As that's the Cone and Button that together
Claspes all our hopes) out of her ashes may
A second† Phoenix rife, of larger wing, †*K. James.*
Of stronger talent, of more dreadfull beake,
Who swooping through the ayre, may with his beating
So well commaund the winds, that all those trees
Where sit birds of our hatching (now fled thither)
Will tremble, & (through feare stricke dead) to earth,
Throw those that sit and sing there, or in flockes
Drive them from thence, yea and perhaps his talent
May be so bonie and so large of gripe,
That it may shake all Babilon.

Emp. All Babylon !

Com. Your pardon : but who'le swear this may not
be ?

Emp. How the preuention ?

Com. Thus ; to fell downe their Q. is but one
stroake ;

Our axe must cleaue the kingdome, that's the Oake.

Emp. The manner.

Com. Easie : whilest our thunderbolts
Are aniling abroad, call *Satyrus* home,
He in his fadome metes vast *Argozies*,
Huge Galeasses, and such wodden Castles,
As by enchantment of the waters moue :
To his, marry yours and ours ; and of them all
Create a braue *Armado*, such a Fleete,

That may breake *Neptunes* backe to carry it :
Such for varietie, number, puiſſance,
As may fetch all the Fairie Land in turfes,
To make a greene for you to walke vpon
In Babilon.

1. *King.* Inuincible ! goe on.

Com. Now when the volley of thoſe murdring ſhot
That are to play firſt on *Titaniaes* breaſt,
And (yet) leane on their reſts, goe off and kill her,
So that the very *Aluerado* giuen,
Sounds the leaſt hope of conqueſt ; then, then ſhew
Your warlike Pageants dancing on the waues,
Yours is the Land, the Nation are your ſlaues.

Omn. Counfell from Heauen !

Emp. None this ſhall ouer-whelme :
Braue voyage ! Rig out ſhips, and fetch a Realme.

Exeunt.

Parydell and Palmio.

Pal. You ariue on a bleſt ſhore. The freight
you bring
Is good : it will be bought vp of vs all
With our deere blouds : be conſtant, doe not warpe
In this your zeale to Babilon.

Paryd. Craue *Palmio*,
To you I haue vnladen euen my ſoule,
The wings from home that brought me had ſick
feathers,
Some you haue puld off : my owne countrey graſſe
Was to my feet ſharpe needels (ſtucke vpriſht)
I tread on downe-beds now.

Pal. But are your countreyemen
(I meane thoſe that in thought with vs feaſt richly)
Fed with the courſe bread of affliction ſtill ?

Paryd. Still father *Palmio* ſtill, and to relieue
them

I dare doe what I told you.

Pal. Noble valour !

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Pary. Thankes Sir.

Gent. Met happily, I look'd for you.

Pary. Deere countryman the parly we late held
About the land that bred vs, as how order
Was rob'd of ceremonie (the rich robe of order)
How Truth was freckled, spotted, nay made leaprous :
How Iustice—

Gent. Come, no more.

Pary. Euen now (as then)

You ward blowes off from her, that at all weapons
Strikes at your head : but I repent we drew not
That dialogue out to length, it was so sweet.

Gent. At houres more opportune we shal : but
countryman

I heard of late the musicke of my soule,
And you the instrument are made that sounds it :
Tis giuen me, that your selfe hath seal'd to heauen
A bond of your deuotion, to goe forth
As champion of vs all, in that good quarrell,
That hath cost many liues.

Pary. What need we vse

Circumgyrations, and such wheelings ? Sir,
Beleeue it, to recouer our sicke Nurse
Ide kill the noblest foster-child she keepes.

Gent. I know what bird you meane, & whom you
hate,

But let him stand to fall : no fir, the Deere
Which we all hope you'll strike, is euen the pride
And glory of the Forrest : So, or not.

Pary. My vowes are flowne vp, and it must be
done,

So this may be but settled.

Gent. Doe you stagger ?

Pary. All winds are not yet layd.

Gent. Haue you looked out

For skilfull coasters, that know all the sounds,
The flats, and quicke sands, and can safely land
you
Out of all touch of danger ?

Pary. I haue met many,
And like a confort they hold feuerall tunes

Gent. But make they musicke

Pary. Faith a little jarring :
Sometimes a string or so : yet reuerend *Palmio*,
And *Anniball* a *Codreio* keepe the streame
In which I swim : the *Nuntio Ragazzoni*
Plies me with wholefome phisicke ; so the *Nuntio*,
My honored Friend *Campeggio* makes it cleere,
That it is lawfull.

Gent. Where at stick you then ?

Pary. At a small rocke, (a dispensation.)

Ragazzoni, Palmio, Campeggio, & the Albonoys.

Gent. You cannot want for hands to helpe you
forward :

In fuch a noble worke your friends are neere ;
Deere Countyman, my sword, my state, and honor,
Are for your vse, goe on ; and let no heate
Thaw your strong resolution, I shall see you,
Before you take to Sea.

Pary. You shall.

Gent. My dewtie.

Pal. This is the worthy Gentleman, to whome
I wish your loue ender'de : we haue some conference.

Pary. Borne Sir in Fairy Land !

Alba. No marry Sir—An *Albanois*.

Pary. Then for proximitie
Of Countries, let vs enterchange acquaintance,
I wish'd for your embracements, for your name
Is crown'd with titles of integritie,
Iudgement and Learning : let me vpon their *Bases*
Erect a piller, by which *Babylon*,
And all we may be strengthned.

Alba. I pray be apert and plaine.

Pary. Then thus Sir ; by the way of Argument
I would a question put, to tast your censure,
Because I doe not foundly relish it.

Alba. Propone it Sir, Ile folue it as I can.

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Pla. Why? is thee spotted?

Tru. All ouer, with strange vglines, all ouer,

Pla. Then she has got the pox, and lying at my host *Gryncums*, since I left her company: how foeuer it be thou and I will liue honest together in one house, because my court mistris will haue it so: I haue beene a Trauailer a great while, plaine dealing hath lept from country to country, till he had scarce a paire of foales to carrie him.

Tru. Why? in what Countries haue you beene?

Pla. In more then I had mind to stay in; I haue beene amongst the Turkes too, the Turkes made as much of poore plaine dealing, as those whom we call Christians.

Tru. What man is that great Turke? I neuer saw him:

Pla. Nor euer shalt: why the great Turke is a very little fellow; I haue seene a scurvy little bad paltry Christian, has beene taken for the greatest Turke there.

Tru. Where had you bin, when now you met with me.

Plain. Looking vp and downe for thy selfe: and yet I lie too, now I remember, I was in the citie: our mistresse would needes haue me goe thither, to see fashions: I could make an excellent Taylor for Ladies and gentlemen, and fooles, for I haue seene more fashions there, then a picture drawer makes skurvy faces, the first two yeares of his trade: its the maddest circle to coniure in, that euer raiz'd spirit.

Truth. Tell me good kinfman, what in the citie saw you?

Plain. What did I see? why Ile tell thee cozen; I sawe no more conscience in most of your rich men, then in Tauerne faggots: nor no more sobernes in poore men, then in Tauerne spiggots: I see that citizens fine wiues vndo their husbands (by their pride) within a yeare after they are married; and within halfe a yeare after they be widdowes, knights

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vndo them: they'le giue a 100. pound to be dubd ladies, and to ride in a coach, when they haue scarce another hundred pound left to keep the horfes. But cozen *Truth*, I met in one street a number of men in gowns, with papers in their hands, what are all those?

Truth. Oh! they are the sonnes of Iustice; they are those

That beat the kingdom leuell, keep it smoothe
And without rubs: they are the poore mans captaine,
The rich mans fouldier, and cal'd Lawiers.

Plain. Lawiers? doest know any of them?

Truth. A few.

Plain. I wondred what they were, I asked one of them if they were going to foot-ball, yes said he, doe you not see those countrey fellowes, we are against them; and who do you thinke shall winne, said I, oh said he, the gownes, the gownes.

Enter Time.

Time. Follow me *Truth*; *Plaine dealing* follow me.

Exit.

Plain. He charges like a Constable; come, wee are his watch: follow me? Is our *Time* mad? O braue mad *Time*.

Exeunt.

Dumb shew. A caue suddenly breakes open, and out of it comes Falshood, (attir'd as *Truth-is*) her face spotted, shee stickes vp her banner on the top of the Caue; then with her foot in seuerall places strikes the earth, and vp riseth Campeius; a Frier with a boxe: a gentleman with a drawn sword, another with rich gloues in a boxe, another with a bridle, *Time*, *Truth* with her banner, and *Plain-dealing* enter & stand aloofe beholding all.

Time. See there's the Caue, where that *Hyena* lurkes,

That counterfets thy voyce, & calles forth men
To their destruction.

Plain. How full of the small poxe shee is, what
ayles shee to stamp thus! is the whore mad! how
now! Yea do you rise before Doomes day; father
Time, what conduit-pipes are these, that breake out of
the earth thus!

Time. The conduit-heads of treason, which conuey
Conspiracies, scandals, and ciuill discord,
Massacres, poysonings, wrackes of faith and fealtie
Through Fairies hearts, to turne them into elues:
See *Truth*, see sonne, the snake slips off his skinne,
A scholler makes a ruffian.

Plain. Now must that ruffian cuffe the scholler, if
I were as he.

Time. And see, that shape which earst shew'd
reuerend,
And wore the outward badge of sanctitie,
Is cloath'd in garments of hypocrisie.

Plain. See, see, father, he has a iacke in a boxe:
whats that!

Time. A wild beaft, a mad bull, a bull that roares,
To fright allegiance from true subiects bosoms;
That Bull must bellow, at the *Flamins* gate:
His gate, that tends the flockes of all those sheep,
That graze in the fatst pasture of the land,
Being all inclos'd: that bull will on his backe
Beare all.

Plain. Whither! whither!

Time. To hell: tis said to heauen
That will but fit him, till with hoofe or horne,
He goare the annointed Fairie.

Plain. Such Bulls haue I seene sent out of *Babylon*,
to runne at people: I should once haue rid vpon one
of them, but he that beg'd my office, broke his necke
by the bargaine, and sau'd me a labour: whats he
with the sword, a master of the noble Science?

Truth. A noble villaine: see, he pulls down
heauen

With imprecations, if that blade he sheath not,
In our sweet mistress's breast.

Plain. O rogue! what good clothes hee weares,
and yet is a villaine!

Time. I, doe: clap hands vpon't, that poysoned
glove,
Shall strike thee dead to death, with the strong sent
Of thy discovered treason.

Plain. Whats that horse-courser with the bridle?

Time. A slaue, that since he dares not touch
her head,

Would worke vpon her hand: — laugh and conspire;
The higher villaines climbe, they fall the higher.

Plain. Stay father, now the Armie comes forward:
shee takes downe the flagge, belike their play is done;
what will shee beare the collours? thou hast collour
enough in thy face already, thou needst no more:
did ye euer see a more lowly band? there's but two
rapiers in the whole regiment: now they muster, now
they double their files: marke how their hands juggle,
and lay about; this is the maine battell: O well florish
Ancient! the day is their's; see, now they found
retrait: whither march they now?

Exeunt.

Tim. To death; their falles, thus *Time* and *Truth*
proclaime,
They shall like leaues drop from the Tree of shame.
Lets follow them.

Plain. To the gallows? not I; what doe we
know, but this freckled face queane, may be a
witch.

Time. Shee is so; shee's that damned forcereffe,
That keepe the enchanted towers of *Babylon*.
This is the *Truth*; that did bewitch thee once.

Plain. Is this speckled toade shee? Shee was
then in mine eye,
The goodliest woman that euer wore fore part of
Sattin:

To see what these female creatures are, when they
deale with 2. or 3. Nations; how quickly they were

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carbuncles & rich stones ! now shee is more vgly then
a bawd.

Truth. Shee look'd so then ; fairenes it selfe doth
cloth her

In mens eyes, till they see me, and then they loath
her.

Time. Loofe no more minutes, come, lets follow
them.

Plain. With hue and crie, now I know her : this
villanous drab is bawd, now I remember, to the Whore
of *Babylon* ; and wee leue her, till shee be
carted : her face is full of thofe red pimples with
drinking *Aquauite*, the common drinke of all bawdes :
come. *Exeunt.*

*Titania, Elfiron, Florimel, a gentleman standing
aloofe, and Ropus.*

Titan. What comes this paper for ?

Fid. Your hand.

Titan. The cause ?

Fidel. The Moone that from your beames did
borrow light,

Hath from her filuer bow shot pitchy clowds
T'eclipse your brightnes : heauen tooke your part,
And her surpriz'd ; A iurie of bright starres,
Haue her vnworthy found to shine agen :
Your Fairies therefore on their knees intreat,
Shee may be puld out from the firmament,
Where shee was plac'd to glitter.

Titan. Must we then,
Strike thofe whom we haue lou'd ! albeit the children,
Whom we haue nourisht at our princely breast,
Set daggers to it, we could be content
To chide, not beat them, (might we vse our will,)
Our hand was made to faue, but not to kill.

Flor. You must not (cause hee's noble) spare his
blood.

Titan. We should not, for hee's noble that is
good.

Fid. The fall of one, like multitudes on yce,
Makes all the rest, (of footing) be more nyce :
But if by ventring on that glafsie floore
Too farre, he sinks, and yet rise with no more harme,
Ten thousand to like danger it doth arme :
All mercy in a Prince, makes vile the state,
All justice makes euen cowards desperate.

Titan. In neither of these seas, spread we our
sayles,
But are the impartiall beame between both scales ;
Yet if we needs must bow, we would incline
To that where mercy lies, that scale's diuine :
But so to saue were our owne breast to wound,
Nay (which is more) our peoples : for their good,
We must the Surgeon play, and let out blood.
Euery Peeres birth stickes a new starre in heauen,
But falling by *Luciferan* insolence,
With him a Constellation drops from thence.
Giue me his Axe - - - how soon the blow is giuen ?

writes

Witnesse : so little we in blood delight,
That doing this worke, we wish we could not write.
Let's walke my Lords. *Florimel ?*

Flor. Madame.

Titan. Stay :

Not one arm'd man amongst vs ! you might now
Be all old-beaten souldiers : truth I thanke ye ;
If I were now a jewel worth the stealing,
Two theeues might bind you all.

Omn. With much adoe.

Tita. I marry I commend yon gentleman.
Pray Sir come neere, looke you, hee's well provided
For all rough wethers : Sir, you may be proud,
That you can giue armes better then these Lords,
I thanke you yet, that if a storme should fall,
We could make you our shelter. A good sword !
This would goe through stich ; had I heart to kill
I'de wish no better weapon ; but our dayes
Of quarreling are past ; Shall we put vp Sir,

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We ha' put vp wrongs ere now, but this is right,
Nay we are not falling yet.

Flor. It did vs good

To see how your Maiestick prefence dawnted
The filly gentleman.

Tita. The fillie gentleman !

Fid. He knew not how to stand, nor what to
speak.

Tita. The filly gentleman ! know you him Lords ?
Where is hee ?

Flor. Gotten hence poore wretch with shame.

Tita. That wretch hath sworne to kill me with
that sword.

Omn. How ?

Fid. The traytor.

Flor. Locke the Court gates.

Omn. Guard her person.

Exeunt omnes.

Tita. You guard it well. Alacke ! when louers
wooe,

An extreame ioy and feare, them so apall,
That ouer much loue, shewes no loue at all.
Zeale sometimes ouer-does her part—It's right—
When the frais done, Cowards crie whers the Flight.

Pentioners.

Florimell.

Flor. The wolfes in his own snare : O damned
flaue !

I had like to ha made his heart my ponyards graue.
How got you to this knowledge ?—bleffed heauen !

Tita. It came vnto me strangely : from a window,
Mine eyes tooke marke of him ; that he would shoot
Twas told me, and I tried if he durst doo't.

Is *Ropus* here, our Doctör ?

Rop. Gracious Lady.

Tita. You haue a lucky hand since you were ours,
It quickens our tast well ; fill vs of that
You last did minister : a draught, no more,
And give it fire, euen Doctör how thou wilt.

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Rop. I made a new extraction, you shall neuer
Rellish the like.

Tyta. Why, shall that be my last?

Ro. Oh my deere Mistres!

Exit Ropus. Enter Parthenophill.

Tyta. Go, go, I dare fware thou lou'lt my very
heart.

Parth. This scaly Serpent
Is throwne (as he deserues) vpon the Sword
Of Iustice; and to make these tydings twinnes,
I bring this happy newes, *Campeius*,
(A Snake that in my bosome once I warm'd :)
The man for whome —.

Tyta. Oh, wee remember him.

Parth. This Owle, that did not loue your sacred
light,
Stole o're the Seas by darknes, and was held
In *Babilon* a bird of noble flight :
They tourn'd him to a Goshawke, fether'd him
Arm'd him with tallents, & then gaue him bels,
And hither charg'd him fly, he did : and soar'd
O're all your goodlyest woods, and thickest groues,
Inticing birdes that had the skill in song,
To learne harsh notes : and those that fail'd in voice,
He taught to pecke the tender blossomes off,
To spoyle the leauy trees, and with sharpe bills
To mangle all the Golden eares of corne.
But now hee's tan'e.

Tyta. Good sheapheards ought not care,
How many foxes fall into the Snare.

Enter Elfyron.

Elf. Your ciuill Doctor, Doctor *Paridell*
Casts Anchor on your shores againe, being freighted
With a good venture, which he faies, your selfe
Must onely haue the sight of. *Exit.*

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Tyta. Bring him hither :
Lord *Florimell*, pray call *Fideli* to vs.

Florimell, Fideli, Ropus.

Tyta. Sure 'tis too hot.

Fid. Oh roague !

Tyta. Set it to coole.

Fid. Hell and damnation, Diuels.

Flor. What's that ?

Fid. The damned'st treason ! Dog : you whorfen
dog ;

O blessed mayd : let not the toad come neere her :

What's this ! If't be his brewing, touch it not——

For 'tis a drench to kill the strongest Deuill,

That's Druncke all day with brimstone : come sucke,
Weezell,

Sucke your owne teat, you —— pray, Thou art
preferu'd.

Tyta. From what ? From whome ?

Fid. Looke to that Glister-pipe :

One crowne doe's serue thy tourne, but heere's a
theefe,

That must haue 50000. crownes to steale

Thy life : Here 'tis in blacke and white—thy life,

Sirra thou *Vrinall, Tynoco, Gama,*

Andrada, and Ibarra, names of Diuels,

Or names to fetch vp Diuels : thou knowest these
Scar-crowes.

Rop. Oh mee ! O mercy, mercy ! I confesse.

Fid. Well sayd, thou shalt be hang'd then.

Tyta. Haue we for this

Heap'd fauours on thee.

Shee reads the letter. Enter Gard.

Fid. Heape halters on him : call the Guard : out
polecat :

He smels, thy conscience stincks Doctor goe purge

Thy foule, for 'tis diseas'd. Away with *Ropus*.

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Omn. Away with him : foh.

Rop. Here my tale but out.

Fid. Ther's too much out already.

Rop. Oh me accursed ! and most miserable.

Exit with Guard.

Tyta. Goodnes of vertue ! is my bloud so sweet,
That they would pay so deere for't.

Fid. To fucke Lambes,
What would not Wolues doe, he that this paper
writte,
Had neuer meaning we should finger it.

Tyta. Our mercy makes them cruell, hunt out these
Leopards :

Their own spots will betray them : they build caues
Euen in our parkes : to them, him, and the rest,
Let death be sent, but sent in such a shape,
As may not be too frightfull. Alacke ! what glorie
Is it to buffet wretches bound in giues !
The debt is derely paid that's paid with liues
Oh ! leaue vs all.

Enter Elfron and Paridell.

Fid. More Doctors ! if this doe
Aswell as tother, best to hang him too.

Exeunt.

Tytania, Paridell.

Tyta. *Florimell* ! Stay,
But giue vs liberty.

Pari. This is the blessed day for which (through
want
Of those bright rayes that sparkle from your eyes)
My frozen soule hath languish'd Goddesse compleate,
If you, a wretch so meane, will bid to speake,
I shall vnclaspe a booke whose very first line,
(Being not well pointed) is my doome to death :
But if your sacred iudgement (on the Margine,)
Controwle all wresting comments, All your subiects

Will fold me in their bosomes.

Tyta. Giue your minde.

Par. A Pilgrim haue I been on forren shores,
(Your gracious hand allow'd it) in my wandring,
With Monsters I encountred of straunge shape,
Some that suckt poyson vp, and spet it forth,
Vpon your land : some, that shot forked stinges,
At your most God-like person : all were Gyants,
Fighting against the heauen of your blest raigne :
With these (oh pardon me !) with these I held
A politticke league, the lines of all their treasons,
(Drawne from one damned circle) met in mee,
My heart became the Center, and the point
Was this — I dare not tell it.

Tyta. Speake ?

Pari. To kill you.

Tyta. How durst you (being our subiect) wade
so far ?

Par. Your care of mercy. I became a sponge /
To drinke vp all their mischiefe, and lay drown'd /
In their infected waters, (with much loathing,)
Onely that I before you might wring out
This their corruption, and my selfe make cleere.
And now (immortall maid) i'me not vnlike
A casket wherein papers stufte with danger,
Haue close beene lockt, but those tane out, the
chest

Serues to good vse, so may my loyall brest :
For from their flintie hearts what sparkes I got,
Were but to fire themselues.

Tyta. I praise your plotte,
You make vs now your debter, but a day
Will come, when we shal pay. My Lord, we want
your Arine.

Pary. Vmh ! I feare —

Tyta. Doctor, weele haue (Sir) other Dialogues.

Exeunt.

Pary. O shallow foole, thou hast thy selfe vndone,
Shees hardned and thou melted at one funne. *Exit.*

Enter Como, and the three Kings.

Como. Our eyes haue lusted for you, and your
presence

Comes as the light to day, showers to the spring,
Or health to sicke men.

3. *King.* Thankes most reuerend Fathers.

1. *King.* Our bloud ranne all to water, yea our
soules

Stroue all (at once) t'expire, (when it was blowne
Hither from Faيري land, that all the darts
Which ours heere, and your arme deliuered there,
Fell either short, or lighted vpon yce)
Left you had lost bloud in the enterprize.

3. *King.* No, I weare stronger Armour : gamester-
like

I sawe the dogges brought forth ; and set them on,
Till the Diuell parted them ; but pluckt off none,
I kept aloofe out of the reach of pawes :
Better to fight with Lions then with lawes.
What drummes are these ?

2. *King.* Musicke of heauen.

Como. The dancers reuell in Steele.

1. *King.* These march to fill our Fleete.

3. *King.* From whence wee march with prowde
victorious feete,

And walke on Fayeries hearts, their beaten waies
With their owne heades wee pause, whilst ours with
beyes,

And oake (the conquering souldiers wreath) we
crowne :

These hookes, or none, must pull their Cities downe,

Inuasion is the fire : See, See, i'th Ayre

Angels hang beckoning vs to make more haste,
Vengeance deferred growes weake, and runs to waste.

Whats this ?

Enter a Herald before one : sounds once, and staies.

Como. Ere we take ship, we must to Court.

Omn. Away.

3. *King.* In thunder : tis the souldiers sport.

Exeunt.

The Herrald reads.

Herald. It is the Imperiall pleasure, decree, peremptory edict, and dreadfull command (vpon paine of a curse to be denounced vpon him that is disobedient) from her who hath power giuen her to make the backes of stubborne Kings her foote-stooles, and Emperours her vassalles : the mother of Nations ; the triple-crowned head of the world ; the purple-rider of the glorious beast ; the most high, most supream, and most adored Empreffe of *Babylon* ; that no Captaine Generals of Armies, Generals of Squadrons, Admirals, Colonels, Captaines, or any other Officers of her magnificent, incomparable, formidable, and invincible *Armada*, which is ordayned to swallow vp the kingdome of *Faery*, shall presume to set one foote on ship-bord, till her sacred hand hath blessed the enterprize by sealing them all on the forehead, and by bowing their knees before the Beast. Sound, goe on. *Exeunt.*

Dumb shew : Empreffe on the Beast.

Emp. Feeles the base earth our weight ? ist common Aire

We suck in and respire ? doe seruile clowdes,
(Whose azure winges spread ouer graues and tombes)
Our glorious body circumvolve ? dare night
Cast her black-nets into dayes cristall streames,
To draw vp darknesse on our golden beames :
And vs t' eclipse, why is not *Babylon*
In a contorted chaire made all of starres,
Wound vp by wheelles as high, nay boue the thrones
Supernall, which with *Ioues* owne seate stand euen,
That we might ride heere as the Queene of heauen.
And with a spurne from our controwling foote,

That should like thunder shake th' etheriall floore,
Of life and heauen them both at once bereaue,
That thither vp dare clime without our leaue.

Com. You doe: you ride there now this is your
Sphere,

Earth is all one with heauen when you are heere.

3. *King.* Yet ther's a hell on earth or if not hell,
Diuels there are or worfe then Diuels, that roare
Onely at you.

Emp. At vs? what, dare they roare?

3. *King.* Your pardon, and ile tell it.

Emp. Tell: We feare

No spots, the orbe we shine in is so cleere.

3. *King.* Thus then: the Faiery Adders hisse:
they call you

The superflitious Harlot: purple whore:

The whore that rides on the rose-coloured beast:

The great whore, that on many waters sitteth,

Which they call many Nations: whilst their Kings,

Are slaues to fate your lust, and that their bloud,

(When with them you haue done) serues as a flood,

For you to drinke or swimme in.

Omn. O prophane!

Emp. Goe on: the searching small wounds is no
paine.

3. *King.* These cowards thus when your back's
turn'd (that strike)

Follow their blowe and sweare, that where you claime,

Supremacie monarchall ouer Kings,

Tis but your tiranous pride, and not your due.

Emp. But what your selues giue, what haue we
from you?

You say we are your mother, and if so,

Must not sonnes kneele? they pay but what they owe.

3. *King.* They say the robes of purple which you
weare,

Your scarlet veiles, and mantles are not giuen you

As types of honour and regality,

But dyed so deepe with bloud vpon them spilt,

And that (all or'e) y'are with red murder gilt.
 The drinke euen in that golden cup, they sweare
 Is wine sopherficated, that does runne
 Low on the lees of error, which in taste,
 Is sweete and like the neate and holsome iuyce
 Of the true grape, but tis ranke poyson downe.

Omn. Haue we not all it tasted ?

Emp. Nay, vtter all.

Out of their lips you see flowes naught but gall.

3. *King.* What can my breath doe more, to blast
 your cheekes,

And leaue them glowing as red gads of Steele ?

My tongue's already blistred founding this,

Yet must I whisper to your sacred eare :

That on your brow (they say) is writ a name

In letters misticall, which they interpret

Confusion, by great *Babylon* they meane

The Citie of *Confusion*.

Emp. View our forehead ?

Where are we printed with such Characters ?

Point out these markes : Which of you all can lay

A finger on that Moale which markes our face ?

3. *King.* They say you can throw mists before our
 eyes,

To make us thinke you faire.

Omn. Damnd blasphemies.

Com. You shall with rods of iron scourge these
 treasons.

1. *King.* The Mace is in your hand, grinde them
 to dust.

2. *King.* And let your blowes be sound.

3. *King.* For they are iust.

Emp. Lets heare with what lowde throats our
 thunder speakes,

Repeate our vengeance o're, which to beate Kings

Must now flie o're the seas with linnen winges.

Com. Our Galeons, Galeasses, Zabraes, Gallies,

Ships, Pynaces, Pataches, huge Caruiles,

For number, rib and belly are so great,

That should they want a Sea neere Faiery land
Of depth to beare them vp, they in their wombs
Might swim with a sea thither : here are breifes
Of your imperiall Armies.

Emp. Reade them lowde :

Thunder ner'e speakes, but the voice crackes a clowde.

Com. In the first Squadron twelue great Galeons :

Floate like twelue moouing Castles : Zabraes two,
Habilimented gloriously for warre,

With Souldiers, Seamen, shot, and ordinance :

This Squadron flout *Medyna* does command :

Who of the maine is Captaine Generall.

The second Squadron braue *Recalde* leades,

Being Admirall to foureteene Galleons.

Flores de Valdes guides the third, the fourth

Followes the filken streamers of the haughty

Pedro de Valdes that tryed warriour.

Oquendo in the fift front cries a Charge.

Bretandona bringes vp the *Leuantines*

With his sixt Squadron : *Gomes de Medyna*

Waftes vp the seauenth like the God of warre,

The eighth obayes *Mendoza* : and the ninth

Fierce *Vgo de Monçada* : all these Squadrons,

For vessell, numbred are one hundred thirtie,

The fight of Souldiers, Marriners, and Slaues

Twentie nine thousand, eight hundred thirtie three.

Pieces of brasse for battery these,

Six hundred thirtie : adde to these Gallions

Twentie Caruiles, and Saluees ten : which make

The whole *Armada*, eightscore lustie faile.

Add to all these your Generals of Armies,

Your Captaines, Ensigne bearers, (which in role,

Are eightscore and eleauen) the Voluntaries,

With officers and seruants, then the Regiments

That are in pay : to these, all men of orders,

All ministers of iustice : and to these

Supplies of forces that must second vs,

And last that host of starres which from the Moone

Will fall to guide vs on : these totald vp,

You shall a hundred thousand swordes behold
 Brandish't at once, whose ——— standes
 Men will seeme borne with weapons in their handes.

Emp. Goe : cut the salt some with your mooned
 keeles,

And let our Galeons feele euen child-birth panges,
 Till their great bellies be deliuered
 On the soft Faery shoares : captiue their Queene,
 That we may thus take off her crowne, whilst she
 Kneeles to these glorious wonders, or be trampled
 To death for her contempt : burne, batter, kill,
 Blow vp, pull downe, ruine all, let not white haire,
 Nor red cheekes blunt your wrath, snatch babes from
 breasts,

And when they crie for milke, let them sucke bloud,
 Turne all their fieldes to lakes of gellyed goare,
 That Sea-men one day sayling by the land
 May say, there Faery kingdome oncé did stand.

Omn. They shall

3. King. Tis done already.

Emp. To be sure

You all are ours, bow and adore the beast,
 On whome we ride.

Omn. We fall beneath his feete.

Emp. Be blest, obedience is in sonnes most
 sweete,

O strange, to you he stoopes as you before him,
 Humility, he bowes whilst you adore him :
 To kindle lustie fires in all your bloud,
 A health to all, and as our cup goes rownd,
 Draw neere, wee le marke you for our chosen flocke :
 Who buildes on heartes confirmd, buildes on a rocke :
 The seale of heauen ! who on their foreheads weare it,
 We choose for counsaile : on their hands who beare it,
 We marke for Action : Heere, a health to all.

Omn. Braue health ! to pledge it, see Kings pro-
 strate fall. *Kneele.*

Emp. On.

All. On.

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3. *King.* Sing warre thy lowd and loftiest notes.
We winne ; our ships meete none but fisher-boates.

Exeunt.

Enter Paridell and his kinsman.

Pari. What if I shewe you a foundation,
Firme as earthes fixed Center ? a strong warrant,
To strike the head off, an Iniunction
That bids me doo't : A dispensation
For what I doe : A pardon sign'd, that giues
Indulgence plenarie, and full remission
(For any criminall breach of the highest Law)
After 'tis done : nay more, a voice as cleere
As that of Angels, which proclaimes the act,
Good, honourable, meritorious,
Lawfull, and pyous, what if I shew you this ?

Coz. Come, come, you cannot, then let riotous
heires

Beg pattents to kill fathers : graunt but this
Murder may be a faire *Monopoly*,
And Princes stab'd by Acts of parliament :
Who i't dare that thing meritorious call,
Which feindes themselues count diabolicall ?

Pari. Your coldnes makes me wonder : why
should you
Ronne vp to'th necke, from drowning to saue her,
That treads vpon your head, your throat, to fincke
you ?

Coz. Say you should wound me : should I (in
reuenge)
Murder my selfe ? for what can be the clofe
But death, dishonour ; yea, damnation
To an act so base, nay so impossible.

Pari. Impossible ; the parting of the ayre,
Is not more easy : looke vpon the Court,
Through narrowe fights, and shees the fairest marke,
And soonest hit of any : like the Turke
Shee walkes not with a *Ianifarie-Guard*,
Nor (as the Ruffian with fowle big-board slaues.

Strutting on each side with the slicing Axe,
 Like to a payre of hangmen : no, alas :
 Her Courts of *Guard* are Ladies, & (sometimes)
 Shee's in the garden with as small a trayne,
 As is the Sun in heauen : and our Accesse,
 May then as easy be as that of Clyents,
 To Lawyers out of terme-time.

Coz. Grant all this :

Nay, say the blow were giuen : how would you scape ?

Pari. Oh sir, by water.—

Coz. I but—

Pari. Nay good cozen.—

Coz. You leape as short at safety, as at starres.
 By water : why the gates will all be lockt,
 Wayters you must haue none.

Pari. Heare me.

Coz. Heare me,

You must not haue a man, and if you kill
 With powder, ayre betrays you.

Pari. Powder ! no sir,

My dagge shall be my dagger : Good sweete Cozen,
 Marke but how smooth my pathes are : looke you sir.

Coz. I haue thought vpon a course.

Pari. Nay, nay, heare mine,

You are my marke, suppose you are my marke,
 My leuell is thus lowe, but er'e I rise,
 My hand's got vp this hie : the deere being strucke,
 The heard that stand about so frighted are,
 I shall haue leaue to scape, as does a pirate,
 Who hauing made a shot through one more strong,
 All in that ship runne to make good the breach,
 Whilst th' other sailes away. How like you this ?

Coz. As I like paper harnesse.

Pari. Ha, well, pause then :

This bow shall stand vn bent, and not an arrow
 Be shot at her vntill we take our ayme
 In *S. Iagoes* parke ; a rare, rare Altar !
 The fitt'st to sacrifice her bloud vpon :
 It shall be there : in *S. Iagoes* parke :

Ha coz ! it shall be there : in the meane time,
We may keepe followers (nine or ten a peece)
Without fuspition : numbers may worke wonders ;
The storme being fudden too : for were the guard
A hundred strong about her, looke you sir,
All of vs well appoynted—Case of dags
To each man, see you ? you shoote there, we heere,
Unlesse so ne spirits put the bullets by,
Ther's no escape for her : say the dags faile,
Then to our fwordes.—Come, ther's no mettle in you.

Cos. No mettle in me ? would your warres were
honest,

I quickly would finde Armour: what's the goade
So sharpe, that makes you wildely thus to runne
Vpon your certaine ruine ?

Pari. Goad ? sharp ponyards,
Why should I spare her bloud ?

Cos. She gaue you yours.

Pari. To ha tan'e it had bin tyranny, her owne lips
Confest I stricke her lawes not hard : I ha spent
My youth, and meanes in seruing her : what reape I ?
Wounds (discontents) what giues she me ? good words,
(Sweet meates that rotte the eater :) why, last day
I did but begge of her the maistership
Of *Santa Cataryna*, twas denied me.

Cos. She keepes you to a better.

Pari. I tush, thats not all :
My bonds are yonder seald ; And she must fall.

Cos. Well coz, ile hence.

Pari. When shall I see you ?

Cos. Hah.

Soone : very soone : sooner than you expect,
Let me but breath, and what I meane to doe,
I shall resolue you.

Pari. Fare you well.

Cos. Aduē.—

Exit.

Tytania, Elfyron, Parthenophil, Parydel, Florimell.

Flor. Newes ; thundring newes sweete Lady :
Enuy, Ambition,

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Theft sacrilegious, and base treason, lay
 Their heads and handes together, at one pull
 To heaue you from your throne : that mannish woman-
 Diuell,
 That lustfull bloudie Queene of *Babylon*,
 Hath (as we gather ripe intelligence)
 Rigd an Armd fleete, which euen now beates the
 waues,
 Boasting to make their wombes our Cities graues.
Tyta. Let it come on : our Generall leades aboue
 them,
 Earth-quakes may kingdomes mooue, but not remooue
 them.

Fideli.

Fid. He yonder, he that playes the fiend at sea,
 The little Captaine that's made all of fire,
 Sweares (Flemming-like) by twenty thousand Diuels,
 If our tongues walke thus, and our feete stand still,
 So many huge ships neere our coasts are come,
 An Oyfter-boate of ours will scarce finde roome.
 He sweares the windes haue got the sailes with childe,
 With such big bellies, all the linnen's gone,
 To finde them linnen and in *Babylon*,
 That ther's not one ragge left.

Tyta. Why swels this fleete ?

Fid. Thus they giue out, that you sent forth a

Drake,

Which from their riuers beate their water-fowle,
 Tore filuer feathers from their fairest Swannes,
 And pluckt the Halcions wings that roue at sea,
 And made their wilde-ducks vnder-water diue,
 So long, that some neuer came vp aliue.
 This Sea-pie *Babylon*, her bug-Bear calles,
 For when her bastards cry, let the nurse cry
 But this, *the Drake comes*, they hush presently,
 For him the cudgell vs : will you ha the troth ?
 That scarlet-whore is thirftie and no bloud,
 But yours, and ours (sweete maide) can doe her good.

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Tyta. That drake shal out againe : to counsell
Lords.

Fid. Come, come, short counsell : better get long
fwordes.

Flor. Good Lady dread not you, what ere befall.

Fid. Weel'e die first, yours is the last funeral :

Away, away, away.

Omn. Posts, posts, cal messengers, posts with al
speed. *Exeunt.*

Tyta. How ? feare !

Why should white bosomes feare a Tyrants Arme ?

Tyrants may kill vs, but not doe vs harme.

Are we your prisoners that you garde vs thus ?

Exeunt. Manet Paridell.

Stay, and you too, we are alone : when last
We entertaynd your speech (as we remember)
Close traines and dangerous you did discover
To fire which you were praid.

Pari. I was.

Tyta. And yeelded.

Albeit it were against our life.

Pari. Most true :—my reasons.—

Tyta. We forget them not : at that time
Here was but one, (true) but one counseller,
Who stood aloofe, heard nothing ; and though a bloud
Of courser veines therf ours, would haue beene stird
Into a sea tempestuous to boyle vp,
And drowne the Pilate that durst faile so farre,
Yet of our princely grace (tho twas not fitte,
Nor stood with wisdom) did we silence it.
These heaped fauours, notwithstanding (Doctor)
Tis in our eare : the hammers lie not still,
But that new clubs of iron are forging now,
To bruise our bones, and that your selfe doe knowe,
The very Anuile where they worke.

Pari. I.

Tyta. Heare vs,
Because tis thought some of those worfer spirits,

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And most malignant that at midnight rise
To blast our Faery circles by the Moone,
Are your Familiars.

Pari. Madam.

Tyta. Sir anone.

Thee therefore I coniure (if not by faith,
Oathed allegiance, nor thy conscience,
Perhaps this ranckling vlcerateth them)
Yet by thy hopes of blisse, tell, and tell true,
Who i't must let vs bloud ?

Pary. O vnhappie man ;

That thou shouldst breathe this long : mirroure of
women,

I open now my brest euen to the heart,
My very soule pants on my lips : none, none,
I know of none.

Tyta. Well ; none : rise and take heede,
They are no common droppes when Princes bleede.
What houre is this ? does not my larum strike ?
This watch goes false.

Pari. This watch goes true.

Tyta. All's naught,——

What houre is this ?

Pari. Thy last houre, O heauens, furdur
The worke you haue begun : where art thou heart ?

Tyta. Oh we see't : Doctor wind vp the wheele,
tis downe.

Pari. Tis downe.

Tita. How now ? what strucke thee downe ? thy
lookes are wilde :

Why was thine armed hand reard to his height ?

What blacke worke art thou doing ?

Pari. Of damnation vpon my selfe.

Tita. How ?

Pari. Your wordes haue split my heart in thousand
shiuers,

Heere, heere that sickes which I feare will not out.
Better to die than liue suspected. Had not your
bright eyes.

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Turnd backe vpon me, I had long ere this
Layen at your feete a bloudie sacrifice.

Tyta. Staind Altars please not vs : why doest thou
weepe ?

Thou mak'st my good thoughts of thee now declyne,
Who loues not his owne bloud, will ne're spare mine,
Why doest thou weepe ?

Pari. When on your face I looke,
Me thinkes I see those Vertues drawne aliue
Which did in *Elfilyne* the seauenth furuiue,
(Yonr fathers father, and your grandfather),
And then that you should take me for a serpent
Gnawing the branches of that glorious tree,
The grieve melts euen my soule, O pardon me.

Tita. Contract thy spirits together, be compos'd ;
Take a full man into thee, for beholde
All these blacke clowdes we cleere : looke vp, tis day,
The funne shines on thee still : weel'e reade : away—

Pari. O matchlesse ; im'e all poyson, and yet she
Turnes all to goodnes by wise tempering me.

Goes off.

Tita. If thou prou'st copper—well ; this makes vs
strong
As towers of flint. All traytors are but waues,
That beate at rockes, their own blowes digge their
graues.

Paridell mand.

Pari. For not dooing am I damde : how are my
spirits
Halde, tortured, and growne wilde ? on leaues eter-
nall
Vowes haue I writ so deepe, so bound them vp,
So texted them in characters capitall,
I cannot race them but I blot my name
Out of the booke of fence : mine oath stands filde
On your court-roles. Then keepe it, vp to heauen
Thy ladder's but thus hie : courage, to kill
Ten men I should not freeze thus : yet her murder

Cannot be named bloud-shed, for her Faeries
 Are all of faith, and fealty affoyled,
 The balme that her annoynted is washt off,
 Her crowne is now not hers; vpon the paine
 Of a blacke curse, no more must I obey her.
 I climbe to heauen by this, climbe then and stay her.

Tyt. A tyrants strange, but iust end! —*Reads.*
 Ran mad for sleepe, and died. Princes that plunge
 Their soules in ranke and godlesse appetites
 Must seeke no rest but in the armes of Sprites.

Pa. Nothing to read? that (if my nerues should
 shrink

And make mine arme reuolt) I might haue colour
 To vsurp this walke of hers: whats this? see, see
 An Angel thrusts this iron into my hand,
 My warrant signd from *Babylon* to kill her,
 Endorsed, the last will of *Paridell*. —*Reads.*

** Le concede sua Benedictione, plenaria indulgentia,
 E remissione di tutti li peccati—tutti li peccati—*

** The very wordes of Cardinal Como
 his letter sent to Parry.*

All, all my sinnes are paid off, paying this,
 Tis done, tis done, All you blest powers I charme,
 Now, now, knit all your sinewes to this arme.

*As he offers to slep to her, he slaies sodainly, vpon the
 approach of Fidely, Florimel, Parthenophil, Elfron, the
 Ladies, a Guard, and the Doctors Cosen.*

Omn. You ha proou'd your selfe a loyall gentle-
 man.

Fid. The hand of Angels guide vs: Shees not
 heere,
 The Queen's kild; treason: Wenches, raise the
 Court.

Omn. Walkefeuerall waies first.

Fid. Waies; shees murdered: treason.

Tyt. Treason; a sword. What traytor dare? who?
 where?

Flo. A guard: the damned serpent, see, lurkes
 heere.

Fid. Sure heeres some nest they breed in : paw
him fast
This Woolfe, this Toade (marke, he swelles red with
poyson,)

This learned knaue is sworne to murder thee.

Pari. I defie any man that speakes it.

Fid. Hah :—

Defie this noble, honest gentleman,
Defie him, he shal spit it on thy face,
Thy beard scald Doctor.

Pari. And doest thou betray me? Saist thou so?

Cos. And will seale my speech with bloud.

Pari. My no against his yea ; My no is as good.

Fid. Better, his yeas goe naked, and your noes
Very well clokd : off, come, truth naked goes,
And heres his naked truth.— *Shewes his drawn dagger.*

Tyta. Againe.

Pari. Oh me :—

Now nothing but your mercy me can saue.

Tyta. It must not : Princes that would safely liue,
May grieue at traytors falles but not forgiue.
Let him be sommond to the barre of shame.

Pari. Tis welcome, a blacke life, ends in blacke
fame. *Exit.*

Omn. Away with him.

Earth. Now to the busines,
We haue one foote.

Fid. I, I, looke to the head.

The hangman cures those members.

Tita. What is done ?

Flor. This (sacred Lady :) we with either hand
Have raifde an Armie both by sea and land.
Your goodly ships beare the most royall freight,
That the world owes (true hearts :) their wombes are ful,
Of noble spirits, each man in his face
Shewes a Kings daunting looke, the souldiers stand
So thickly on the decke, so brauely plum'd,
(The Silken streamers wauing or'e their heades)
That (seeing them) you would iudge twere *Pentecost*,
And that the iollie youngsters of your townes,

Had flockt together in gay multitudes,
 For May-games, and for summer merriments,
 They looke so cheerely : In such little roomes
 So many Fairies neuer dwelt at once,
 Neuer so many men were borne so soone,
 The drum that gaue the call, could not be heard
 For iustling armours : er'e the call was done,
 It was so ringd about with groues of pikes,
 That when they brake on both sides to giue way,
 The beating of the drum was thunders noise,
 Whilst coates of Steele clast so on coates of Steele,
 Helmets on helmets that they stricke out fire,
 Which shewd like lightning, or those flames that flie
 From the huge Cyclops-hammer, when they sweate
 To forge *Ioues* thunder : And in such a heate
 With quicknes rush they armed forth, captaines swore,
 Harnesse was sure the cloathes they daily wore.
 Men faster came to fight then to a feast.

Fid. Nay, women sued to vs they might be prest.

Parth. Old grandams that on crutches beare vp
 age,

Full nimbly buckled Armours on their sonnes,
 And when twas on, she clapt him on his backe,
 And spake thus, runne my boye, fight till th'art dead,
 Thy blood can neuer be more brauely shed.

Tita. How are the numbers you haue leui'd ?

Fid. What your sea-forces are, this brieft doth
 speak.

Elf. We haue rais'd double walls to fence your
 land.

The one the bodie of a standing Camp,
 Whose tents by this are pitcht in *Beria*,
 On the shores point, to barre the foe from footing.

Tita. Ouer that Camp at *Beria** we create
 * *Tilbury.*

You *Florimell* Lieutenant Generall ;

Elf. The other is to garde your royall person.

Tita. Whose charge is yours : the sea *Fiddi*, yours.

Elf. The standing camp of horsemen and of foote,

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These numbers fill. Launces 253. Horsmen 769.
Footemen 22000. The moving Army, which attends
on you,

Is thus made vp : of horsmen & of foote, Launcers 481.
Light horse-men 1421. Footemen 34050.

Tita. We do not raise our hopes on points of
speares.

A handfull is an host, in a good fight,
Lambes may beate Lions in a warre not right.
The Generall of all armies be our leader,
Be full of courage Lordes as y'are in yeares.
For this be sure weele not out-liue our peeres.

Fid. Weele al liue, but will first have them bi'th
cares.

Tyta. Goe on, your conduct be the prosperous
hand,

Make you the sea good, weele not loose the land.
Your Queene will to the field, it shall be said,
Once souldiers to their Captaine had a Maide.

Exeunt.

*Truth and Plaine-dealing leading souldiers with drum
and colours, Time meeting them.*

Time. You sweate well in this haruest.

Plai. Nay, when we come to binde vp the whore
of *Babilons* Punckes and Pynaces in sheaues, weele
sweate worfe.

Time. Haue you bestowed the other bandes ?

Tru. I haue.

Time. Incorporate this to you then : tis the man-
date

Of your Liefetenant Generall. You fight
In your great Faeries quarrell, and Truthes right,
Stand therefore too't.

Volu. I will haue no woundes on my shoulders,
I scorn to run,

Or to cry out of warlike kybes in the heele.

Time. Goe (thou most God-like maide) & buckle on

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The brest-plates fetcht from thine owne Armoury,
 Let euery souldier weare one, on each leader
 Bestowe a guiding-staffe, and a strong shield
 That may as faithfull be to his good sword
 As thou art to his heart : head all the speares
 With gold of Angell-proofe. Sit like a doue
 Upon the Horfmans helme, and on his face
 Fan with thy siluer winges sweete victorie,
 Goe, beate thy drum, that men may know thy march,
 Spread thine owne colours (*Truth*) so let them shine,
 Souldiers may sweare thei'le follow none but thine.
 Away.

Tru. I flie, swift as the winged windes. *Exit.*

Plai. To day is workiday with me for all I haue
 my best clothes on, what doe you set me to ?

Time. Goe thou and sweepe th' abuses from the
 camp.

Plai. Conscience has left no broomes big enough
 to doe that cleane.

Time. Then purge the tents of all infectious aires.

Plai. Yonder's one infection new broke out, if it
 be not stopt from running, will choake vs all.

Time. Name it, ile minister the remedie.

Plai. Time may do it, this tis : A Broker and his
 wife that dropt out of the Hangmans budget but last
 day, are now eating into the Camp, and are victualers
 to it : their very Cannes haue hoopes of gold lace
 now, that bangd Captaines Ierkins all o're but yester-
 day : 15. Liefetenants haue eaten vp their buffe Ier-
 kins with cheefe and mustard : Nay this villaine of
 fourescore ith hundred has set vp three Armourers
 shops with harnesse caps, and pewter coates, that are
 linde cleane out with Ale : the Rogue lies euery night
 vpon as many fethers which grew in souldiers hats, as
 will vndoe foure hundred Schoolemasters to hire
 them for their boyes to goe a feasting.

Time. Breede such disorders mongst the souldiers ?

Plai. They swarme like lyce : nay his wife tickels
 it too, for three Muskatceeres came but to drinke

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Tabacco in her cabbın, and she fired their flasks and tuch-boxes.

Time. Goe ridde the Camp of these, and al like these.

Plai. If any souldier fwere ile casheere him too.

Time. You will scarce leaue two in the Army then.

Plai. What shall I doe with those Pyoners yonder?

Ti. You know the ground, lead them to cast vp trenches. Away.

Plai. They are by this time leading one another, for when I left them, I left them all casting, ile now goe see what it comes to. *Exit.*

Time. Ile flie hence to the fleete of *Babylon*.
And from their tacklings and their maine-mast tops,
Time shal shoote vengeance through his bow of Steele,
Wedge-like to split their Nauie to the keele.
Ile cut their Princes downe as blades of grasse,
As this glasse, so the Babilonian power,
The higher shall runne out to fill the lower. *Exit.*

The Sea fight.

3. *Ki.* The sulphurous *Aetna* belcheth on our ships,
Cut Cables, or the whole fleete drownes in fire.

1. *King.* Holla!

2. *King.* Of *Babilon*.

1. *Ki.* What Hulkes ar these, that are on fire?

3. *Ki.* The Diuels : the sea's on fire, the Diuel sure takes Tabacco.

1. *King.* Wher's *Medyna*?

2. *King.* Close vnder hatches, dares not shew his head.

3. *King.* Damnation on such liuerd Generals.
Wher's braue *Recalde*?

2. *King.* Who?

3. *King.* Our Admiral :

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The Admirall of our Nauy, wife *Recalde*.

1. *King*. Our flowte and braue *Recalde* keepes his bed.

3. *King*. All poxes fire him out ; *Pedro de Valdes*
Hauing about him 50. Canons throates,
Stretch wide to barke is boarded, taken.

2. *King*. Taken ?

3. *King*. Without resistance : *Pyementelly* sunken,
Oquendo burnt, *Monçada* drown'd or slaine.

1. *King*. The ship of all our medicaments is lost.

3. *King*. Dogges eate our medicaments, such are
our woundes

We more shall Sextons neede than Surgeons.

2. *King*. What course is best ?

3. *King*. The best to get the day,
Is to hoise sayles vp, and away.

Omn. Away, away, hoise failes vp and away.

3. *King*. A world of men and wealth lost in one
day. *Exeunt.*

*Florimell followed by Captaines, Marriners and Gunners
with Linstockes.*

Flor. Shoot, shoot, they answer ; braue : more
Linstocks : shoot :

This stratagem dropt downe from heauen in fire.

Om. Board, board, hoyse more sailes vp, they flie,
shoot, Shoot. *Exeunt.*

Titania in the Camp.

Tita. We neuer held a royal Court till now :
(Warriours) would it not seeme most glorious,
To haue Embassadors to greete vs thus ?
Our chaire of state, a drum : for sumptuous robes
Ruffling about vs, heads cas'd vp in globes
Of bright reflecting Steele : for reuellers
(Treading soft measures) marching souldiers.
Trust me, I like the martiall life life so well,

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I could change Courts to campos, in fieldes to dwell.
Tis a braue life : Me thinkes it best becomes
A Prince to march thus, betweene guns and
drummes.

My fellow souldiers I dare sweare you'le fight,
To the last man, your Captaine being in fight.
Volu. To the last least mans little finger.

They shoote. A peale goes off.

Fid. What flames through all our blood your
breath inspires.

Tita. For that we come not : no breft heere wants
fires.

Twas kindled in their cradles, strength, courage,
zeale,

Meete in each bosome like a three-fold flood,
We come with yours to venture our owne blood.
For you and we are fellowes ; thus appears it,
The souldier keeps the crowne on, the prince weares it.
Of all men you we hold the most most deere,
But for a souldier I had not beene heere.

Fid. Doe not their gunnes offend you ?

Tita. How? we are tried,
Wh' im'e borne a souldier by the fathers side.
The Cannon (thunders Zany) playes to vs,
Soft musikes tunes, and more mellodious :
And me more rarely like, because all these,
That now can speake the language of sterne warre,
Could not speake swords, or guns, nay scarce could go,
Nay were not borne, but like to new sowne graine
Lay hid i'th mold, when we went to be crown'd,
Tho' now th'are tall come fields, couering the
ground.

Plaine Dealing.

Plai. Roome, roome, newes, newes, the youngest

newes that euer was brought forth amonst men at Armes : a woman (sweete mistris) is brought to bed of a man childe it'h Camp : a boy that lookes as if he would shoote off already : the bed they haue swaddled him in, is the peece of an old torne Ancient : his blankets are two souldiers Mandilions : his cradle is the hollow backe-peece of a rustie Armour : his head lies in a Murren thats quilted to keepe him warme, the first thing that euer he laid hold on, was a truncheon, on which a Captaine leand to looke vpon him, hee'le bee a warriour I warrant. A Can of beere is set to his mouth already, yet I doubt hee'le prooue but a victualer to the Camp : A notable fat double-chind bulchin.

Tyta. A child borne in our Camp ! goe giue him fame,
Let him be *Beria* cald, by the Campes name.

Plai. Thats his name then : *Beria* ; in steede of a Midwife, a Captaine shall beare him to the Fount, and if there be any women to followe it, they shal either traile pikes, or shoote in Caliuers ; who would sweate thus to get gossip for an other mans child ? but fathers themselues are guld so sometimes, farewell mistris.

Exit.

Time, Florimell, Captaines, Souldiers.

Tita. With rofes vs you crowne, your selfe with palme.

Flor. Had we al woundes, your words are soueraigne balme.

Tyta. Are those clowds sperft that strove to dimme our light ?

Flor. And driuen into the gloomie caues of night.

Gyta. Our handes be heau'd vp for it.

Time. Theres good cause,
We're bownd to doe so by the higher lawes.

Those roaring Whales came with deuouring wombes
To swallow vp your kingdomes : foolish heires ;
When halfe of them scarce knew where it did stand,
Vnder what *Zenith*, did they share your land.
At dice they plaid for *Faeries* ; at each cast
A Knight at least was lost : what doe you set ?
This Knight cries one (and names him) no, a Lord
Or none, tis done, he throwes and sweepes the
bord,

His hatte is full of Lords vp to the brimme,
The sea threw next at all, won all and him,
Would you these Gamesters see now ?

Fid. See now ? where ?

Thei'll scarce see vs, the last sight cost so deere.

Ti. Bid you me do it, tis done, Time takes such
pride,

To waite on you, heele lackie by your side.
Those daies of their Arriual, battaile, flight,
And ignominious shipwrackes (like lost Arrowes)
Are out of reach : of them the world receaues
But what Times booke shewes turning back the
leaues.

But if you'll see this *Concubine* of Kinges,
In her maiesticke madnes with her sonnes,
That houre is now but numbring out in sand,
These minutes are not yet run through Times hand.
For you and for your *Faeries* sweete delight
Time shall doe this.

Tyta. Twil be a glorious sight.

Time. Vnseene you shall both see and heare these
wonders.

On the greene Mount of *Trueth* : let the Armie
moue,

And meete you in the vale of *Oberon*,
Your captiues are sent thither : quicke as thought
You shall flie hence vpon my actiue winges,
Time at one instant fees all Courts of Kinges.

Exeunt.

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*Time descending : Enter the Empreffe, three Kings,
and foure Cardinals.*

Emp. Hence : sting me not : y'are Scorpions to
my brest,
Diseases to my bloud : he dies that speakes.

3. *King.* Y'are madde.

Ambo. Y'are madde.

4. *Card.* ô fall's not heauen !

Emp. Be silent :

Be damned for your speech : as y'are for Act,
You are all blacke and clofe conspirators
In our disgrace.

3. *King.* You lie :

4. *Card.* O horrible !

3. *King.* You Raue yet know not why.

Emp. Thou saist all's lost.

3. *King.* Drownd, burnt, split vpon rockes, cast
ouer bord,
Throates cut by Kernes, whose haire like elfe-lockes
hang.

2. *King.* One of those shamrock-eaters at one
breakfast,

Slit fourescore wezand-pipes of ours.

1. *King.* Of yours.

Oquendo burnt, *Piementelli* Slaine,
Pedro de Valdes tane.

1. *Card.* Could dwarfes beate Gyants ?

3. *King.* In one day fell 500. Galleons 15.
Drownd at the same time ; or which was worfer
taken,

The same day made 1000. prisoners.

Yet not a cherry stone of theirs was funke.

Not a man slaine nor tane, nor drownd.

Emp. O damnd !

3. *King.* Two with two spit-frog Rapiers tooke a
Galleon.

Com. O pittie her.

3. *K.* Let her taste al.

Emp. Fall thunder,
And wedge me into earth, stiffe as I am :
So I may be but deafe, turne me into
A speckled Adder : O you Mountaines fall,
And couer me, that of me, memory
May neuer more be found.

4. *Card.* O holy mother !

Emp. Earth, ile sucke all thy venome to my
breft,
It cannot hurt me so as doe my sonnes,
My disobedient, desperate, damned sonnes,
My heauy curfe shall strike you.

Com. Oh kneele downe !

Kneele downe and begge a pardon, leaft her curfe.—
1. *King.* I thats the blocke, wee must kneele, or
doe worfe.

Com. Lift vp your sacred head : your children
come,
Vpon their knees to take a mothers doome.

Emp. O *Syrian Panthers* ! you spend breath most
sweete,
But you are spotted or'e, from head to feete,
This neck ile yoke,—this throate a staires ile make,
By which ile climbe—like stubble thou shalt burne,
In my hot vengeance.

2. *King.* Vengeance I defie.

I shall fall from thee, since thou makst my breft
Thy scorne, true Kings such basenes will detest.
Elefours will I call, and they shall make thee,
But seruant of mine Empire : they shall thrust
A ring into thy nostrils.

Emp. Come let me kisse thy cheek: I did but
iest.

Tyta. Marke : those that most adore her, most are
flau'd,
She neuer does grow base, but when shees brau'd :

3. *King.* You seeme still angry.

Emp. No, yes : leade the way,

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Neuer was day to me thus *Tragicall*,
Great *Babylon* thus lowe did neuer fall.

Tita. Thankes *Time* for this; lanch forth to
Oberons vayle

We are neere shore : your hands to strike our faile.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

VVEST-VVARD

H O E.

*As it hath beene diuers times Acted
by the Children of Paules.*

Written by Tho: Decker, and
Iohn Webster.



Printed at London, and to be sold by Iohn Hodgets
dwelling in Paules Churchyard.

1 6 0 7.

1. The first part of the text is a list of names.

2.



VVEST-VVARD HOE

SCÆNE LONDON.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Mistris Birdlime and Taylour.

B*irdlime.* Stay Taylour, This is the House, pray thee looke the gowne be not ruffled: as for the Iewels and Pretious Stones, I know where to finde them ready presently. Shee that must weare this gowne if she wil receiue it, is Master *Iustinianos* wife (the *Italian* Marchant) my good old Lord and Maister, that hath beene a Tylder this twenty yeere, hath sent it. Mum Taylor, you are a kinde of Bawd. Taylor, if this Gentlewomans Husband should chaunce to bee in the way now, you shall tell him that I keepe a Hot-houfe in Gunpowder Ally (neere crouched Fryers) and that I haue brought home his wiues foule Linnen, and to colour my knauery the better, I haue heere three or foure kindes of complexion, which I will make shewe of to sell vnto her: the young Gentlewoman hath a good Citty wit, I can tell you, shee hath red in the Italian Courtyer, that it is a speciall ornament to gentlewomen to haue skill in painting.

Taylour. Is my Lord acquainted with her?

Bird. O, I.

Taylor. Faith Mistris *Birdlime* I doe not com-

mend my Lordes choyce so well : now me thinkes he were better to set vp a Dairy, and to keepe halfe a score of lusty wholefome honest Countrey Wenches.

Bird. Honest Countrey Wenches, in what hundred shall a man find two of that simple vertue ?

Tay. Or to loue some Lady, there were equality and coherence.

Bir. Taylor, you talk like an asse, I tel thee ther is equality inough betweene a Lady and a Citty dame, if their haire be but of a colour : name you any one thing that your cittizens wife coms short of to your Lady. They haue as pure Linnen, as choyce painting, loue greene Geese in spring, Mallard and Teale in the fall, and Woodcocke in winter. Your Cittizens wife learnes nothing but fopperies of your Ladie, but your Lady or Iustice-a-peace Madam, carries high wit from the Citty, namely, to receiue all and pay all : to awe their Husbands, to check their Husbands, to controule their husbands ; nay, they haue the tricke ont to be sick for a new gowne, or a Carcanet, or a Diamond, or so : and I wis this is better wit, then to learne how to weare a Scotch Farthingale : nay more.

Enter Prentise.

Heere comes one of the seruants : you remember Taylor that I am deafe : obserue that.

Taylor. I thou art in that like one of our young Gullies, that will not vnderstand any wrong is done him, because hee dares not answer it.

Bird. By your leaue Batcheller : is the gentlewoman your Mistris stirring ?

Prent. Yes she is moouing.

Bird. What sayes he ?

Taylor. Shee is vp.

Bird. Wheres the Gentleman your Maister, pray you ?

Per. Wher many women desire to haue their husbands, abroad.

Bird. I am very thicke of hearing.

Prent. Why abroad? you smell of the Bawd.

Bird. I pray you tell her heres an olde Gentlewoman would speake with her.

Prent. So.

Tay. What, will you be deafe to the gentlewoman when shee comes to?

Berd. O no, shees acquainted well inough with my knauery.

Enter the Marchants Wife.

She comes.

How do you sweet Ladie?

Ma. Wife. Lady.

Bird. By Gods me I hope to call you Lady eare, you dye, what mistris do you sleepe well on nights.

M. Wife. Sleepe, I as quietly as a Clyent hauing great bufinesse with Lawyers.

Bir. Come, I am come to you about the old suit: my good Lord and maister hath sent you a veluet gowne heare: doe you like the colour? three pile, a pretty fantasticall trimming, I would God you would say it by my troth. I dreamt last night, you lookt so prettily, so sweetly, me thought so like the wisest Lady of them al, in a veluet gowne.

M. Wife. Whats the forepart?

Bird. A very pretty stufte, I know not the name of your forepart, but tis of a haire colour.

M. Wife. That it was my hard fortune, beeing so well brought vp, hauing so great a portion to my marriage, to match so vnluckily? Why my husband and his whole credit is not worth my apparell, well, I shall vndergoe a strange report in leauing my husband.

Bird. Tush, if you respect your credit, neuer thinke of that, for beauty couets rich apparell, choyce dyet, excellent Physicke. No German Clock nor Mathematicall Ingin whatsoeuer, requires so much reparation as a womans face: and what meanes hath your Husband to allow sweet Doctor Glister-pipe, his pention. I haue heard that you haue threecore

Smocks, that cost three poundes a Smocke, will these smockes euer hold out with your husband ? no, your linnen and your apparell must turne ouer a new lease I can tell you.

Tay. O admirable Bawd ? O excellent *Birdlime* ?

Bird. I haue heard he loued you before you were married intyrelly, what of that ? I haue euer found it most true in myne owne experyence, that they which are most violent dotards before their marryage are most voluntary Cuckoldes after. Many are honest, either because they haue not means, or because they haue not opportunity to be dishonest, and this Italian your Husbands Countryman, holdes it impossible any of their Ladies should be excellent witty, and not make the vttermoſt vse of their beauty, will you be a foole then ?

M. Wife. Thou do'st perswade me to Ill, very well.

Bird. You are nice and peeuish, how long will you holde out thinke you, not so long as *Offend*.

Enter Iustiniano the Marchant.

Passion of me, your husband ? Remember that I am deafe, and that I come to sell you complexion : truly Mistris I will deale very reasonably with you.

Iust. What are you ? Say ye ?

Bird. I forsooth.

Iust. What my most happy wife ?

Ma. Wife. Why your Iealiouſie ?

Iust. Iealiouſie : in faith I do not feare to loose that I haue lost already : What are you ?

Bird. Please your good worship I am a poor Gentlewoman, that cast away my selfe vpon an vnthrifty Captaine, that liues now in Ireland, I am faine to picke out a poore liuing with selling complexion, to keepe the frailty (as they say) honest.

Iusti. Whats he ? complexion to ? you are a bawd.

Bird. I thanke your good worship for it.

Iust. Do not I know these tricks,

That which thou makest a colour for thy sinne,
Hath beene thy first vndoing ! painting, painting.

Bird. I haue of all forts forsooth ! Heere is the
burned powder of a Hogs Iaw-bone, to be laide with
the Oyle of white Poppy, an excellent *Fucus* to kill
Morphew, weede out Freckles, and a most excellent
ground-worke for painting ; Heere is *Ginimony* likewise
burnt, and puluerized, to be mingled with the iuyce of
Lymmons, sublimated Mercury, and two spoonefuls of
the flowers of Brimstone, a most excellent receite to
cure the flushing in the face.

Iusti. Doe you heare, if you haue any businesse to
dispatch with that deafe goodnesse there, pray you
take leaue : opportunity, that which most of you long
for (though you neuer bee with Child) opportunity ! Ile
finde some idle businesse in the mean time, I wil, I
will in truth, you shall not neede feare me, or you may
speake French, most of your kinds can vnderstand
French : god buy you.

Being certaine thou art false : sleepe, sleepe my braine,
For doubt was onely that, which fed my paine.

Exit Iust.

Ma. Wife. You see what a hel I liue in, I am re-
solu'd to leaue him.

Bird. O the most fortunat Gentlewoman, that will
be so wise, and so, so prouident, the *Caroche* shall
come.

M. Wife. At what houre !

Bird. Iust when women & vintners are a cuniur-
ing at midnight. O the entertainment my Lord will
make you, sweet Wines, lusty dyet, perfumed linnen,
soft beds, O most fortunat Gentlewoman.

Enter Iustiniano.

Iust. Haue you done ? haue you dispatch ? tis
well, and in troth what was the motion ?

M. Wife. Motion, what motion ?

Iusti. Motion, why like the motion in law, that staies
for a day of hearing, yours for a night of hearing.
Come lets not haue Aprill in your eyes I pray you,

it shewes a wanton month followes your weeping? Loue a woman for her teares? Let a man loue Oisters for their water, for women though they shoulde weepe licour enough to serue a Dyer, or a Brewer, yet they may bee as stale as Wenches, that trauaile euery second tyde betweene Graues ende, and Billingsgate.

Ma. Wife. This madnesse shewes very well.

Iust. Why looke you, I am wonderous merry, can any man discerne by my face, that I am a Cuckold? I haue known many suspected for men of this misfortune; when they haue walkt thorow the streetes, weare their hats ore their eye-browes, like pollitick pent-houses, which commonly make the shop of a Mercer, or a Linnen Draper, as dark as a roome in Bedlam. His cloak shrouding his face, as if he were a Neopolitan that had lost his beard in Aprill, and if he walk through the street, or any other narrow road (as tis rare to meete a Cuckold) hee duckes at the pent-houses, like an Antient that dares not flourish at the oath taking of the *Pretor*, for feare of the signe-posts? Wife, wife, do I any of these? Come what newes from his Lordship? has not his Lordships vertue once gone against the haire, and coueted corners.

M. Wife. Sir, by my foule I will be plaine with you.

Iust. Except the forehead deere wife, except the forehead.

Ma. Wife. The Gentleman you spake of hath often folicted my loue, and hath receiued from me most chaste denials.

Iust. I, I, prouoking resistance, tis as if you come to buy wares in the Citty, bid mony fort, your Mercer, or Gold-smith sayes, truely I cannot take it, lets his customer passe his stall; next, nay perhaps two, or three, but if he finde he is not prone to returne of himselfe, he cals him backe, and backe, and takes his mony: so you my deere wife, (O the policy of women, and Tradfmen: theile bite at any thing.)

M. Wife. What would you haue me do? all your plate and most part of your Iewels are at pawne, besides I heare you haue made ouer all your estate to men in the Towne heer? What would you haue me do? would you haue mee turne common finner, or sell my apparell to my waistcoat and become a Landresse?

Iust. No Landresse deere wife, though your credit would goe farre with Gentlemen for taking vp of Linnen: no Landresse?

M. Wife. Come, come, I will speake as my misfortune prompts me, Iealioufie hath vndone many a Cittizen, it hath vndone you, and me. You married me from the seruice of an honorable Lady, and you knew what matches I nought haue had, what would you haue me to do? I would I had neuer seene your eies, your eies.

Iust. Very good, very good.

M. Wife. Your prodigality, your diceing, your riding abroad, your consorting your selfe with Noble men, your building a summer house hath vndone vs, hath vndoone vs? What would you haue me doe?

Iusti. Any thing: I haue sold my House, and the wares int: I am going for Stoad next tide, what will you do now wife?

Ma. Wife. Haue you indeed?

Iust. I by this light als one, I haue done as some Cittizens at thirty, and most heires at three and twenty, made all away, why doe you not aske me now what you shall do?

Ma. Wife. I haue no counsell in your voiage, neither shall you haue any in mine.

Iu? To his Lordship: wil you not wife?

Ma. Wife. Euen whether my misfortune leades me.

Iusti. Goe, no longer will I make my care thy prison.

M. Wife. O my fate; well sir, you shall answere for this sinne which you force mee to; fare you well, let not

the world condemne me, if I seeke for mine owne maintenance.

Iust. So, so.

M. Wife. Do not fend me any letters ; do not seeke any reconcilment. By this light Ile receiue none, if you will fend mee my apparell so, if not choose, I hope we shall neare meet more. *Exit Ma. Wife.*

Iusti. So farewell the acquaintance of all the mad Deuils that haunt Iealioufie, why should a man bee such an affe to play the antick for his wiues appetite ? Imagine that I, or any other great man haue on a velvet Night-cap, and put case that this night-cap be to little for my eares or forehead, can any man tell mee where my Night-cap wringes me, except I be such an affe to proclaime it ? Well, I do play the foole with my misfortune very handfomly. I am glad that I am certaine of my wiues dishonesty : for a secret strumpet, is like mines prepar'd to ruine goodly buildings. Farewel my care, I haue told my wife I am going for Stoad : thats not my course, for I resolute to take some shape vpon me, and to liue disguised heere in the Citty ; they say for one Cuckolde to knowe that his friend is in the like head-ake, and to giue him counsell, is as if there were two partners, the one to bee arrested, the other to baile him : my estate is made ouer to my friends, that doe verily beleeeue, I meane to leaue England. Haue amongst you Citty dames ? You that are indeede the fittest, and most proper persons for a Comedy, nor let the world lay any imputation vpon my disguise, for Court, Citty, and Countrey, are meerely as maskes one to the other, enui'd of some, laught at of others, and so to my comicall businesse. *Exit Iustiniano.*

Enter Maister Tenterhooke, his Wife, Maister Monopoly, a Scriuener and a Cashiere.

Ten. Moll.

Moll. What would hart ?

Tenter. Wheres my *Cashire*, are the summes right?
Are the bonds seald?

Servant. Yea sir.

Tent. Will you haue the bags seald?

Mono. O no sir, I must disburs instantly: we that
be Courtyers haue more places to send mony to, then
the diuell hath to send his spirits: theres a great deale
of light gold.

Tent. O sir, twill away in play, and you will stay
till to morrow you shall haue it all in new soue-
raignes.

Mony. No, in-troth tis no matter, twill away in
play, let me see the bond? let me see when this
mony is to bee paid? the tenth of August. The
first day that I must tender this mony, is the first of
Dog-daies.

Scriue. I feare twill be hot staying for you in Lon-
don then.

Tnt. Scriuener, take home the bond with you.
Will you stay to dinner sir? Haue you any Partridge
Moll?

Moll. No in-troth hart, but an excellent pickeld
Goose, a new seruice: pray you stay.

Mono. Sooth I cannot: by this light I am so infi-
nitly, so vnboundably beholding to you?

Tent. Well *Signior*, Ile leaue you; My cloake
there?

Moll. When will you come home hart?

Tent. Introth felse I know not, a friend of yours
and mine hath broke.

Moll. Who sir?

Tent. Maister *Iustiniano* the *Italian*.

Moll. Broke sir.

Tent. Yea sooth, I was offred forty yesterday vpon
the Exchange, to assure a hundred.

Moll. By my troth I am sorry,

Tent. And his wife is gone to the party.

Mol. Gone to the party? O wicked creature?

Tent. Farewell good maister *Monopoly*, I pre-thee visit mee often. *Exit Tent.*

Mono. Little Moll, fend away the fellow?

Moll. Phill. Phillip.

Servant. Heere forfooth.

Moll. Go into Bucklers-bury and fetch me two ounces of preferued *Melounes*, looke there be no Tobacco taken in the shoppe when he weighes it.

Ser. I forfooth.

Mono. What doe you eate preferued *Melounes* for Moll?

Moll. In troth for the shaking of the hart, I haue heere sometime such a shaking, and downwards such a kind of earth-quake (as it were.)

Mono. Doe you heare, let your man carry home my mony to the ordinary, and lay it in my Chamber, but let him not tell my host that it is mony: I owe him but forty pound, and the Rogue is hasty, he will follow me when he thinks I haue mony, and pry into me as Crowes perch vpon Carion, and when he hath found it out, prey vpon me as Heraldes do vpon Funerals.

Mol. Come, come, you owe much mony in Towne: when you haue forfeited your bond, I shall neare see you more!

Mono. You are a Monky, Ile pay him for's day: Ile see you to morrow to.

Moll. By my troth I loue you very honestly, you were neuer the gentleman offred any vnciuility to me, which is strange methinks in one that comes from beyond Seas, would I had giuen a Thousand pound I could not loue thee so.

Mono. Do you heare, you shall faine some scuruy dysease or other, and go to the Bath next spring.

Enter Mistris Honifuckle, and Mistris Wafer.

Ile meete you there.

Hony. By your leaue sweet mistris Tenterhooke.

Mol. O, how dost partner?

Mono. Gentlewomen I stayed for a most happy wind, and now the breath from your sweet, sweet lips, should set me going: good mistress *Honifuckle*, good mistress *Wafer*, good mistress *Tenterhooke*, I will pray for you, that neither riualshippe in loues, purenesse of painting, or riding out of town, not acquainting each other with it, be a cause your sweet beautyes do fall out, and raile one vpon another.

Wafer. Raile sir, we do not vse to raile.

Mono. Why mistress, railing is your mother tongue as well as lying.

Hony. But, do you thinke we can fall out?

Mono. In troth beauties (as one spake seriously) that there was no inheritance in the amity of Princes, so thinke I of Women, too often interviewes amongst women, as amongst Princes, breeds enuy oft to others fortune, there is only in the amity of women an estate for will, and euery puny knowes that is no certaine inheritance.

Wafer. You are merry sir.

Mono. So may I leaue you most fortunat gentlewoman.

Exit.

Moll. Loue shoots heare.

Waf. *Tenterhooke*, what Gentleman is that gon out, is he a man?

Hony. O God and an excellent Trumpetter, He came lately from the vniuersity, and loues Citty dames only for their victuals, he hath an excellent trick to keepe Lobsters and Crabs sweet in summer, and cals it a deuise to prolong the dayes of shel-fish, for which I do suspect he hath beene Clarke to some Noblemans kitchen. I haue heard he neuer loues any Wench, tell thee bee as stale as Frenchmen eate their wilde foule, I shall anger her.

Mol. How stale good Mistress nimble-wit?

Hony. Why as stale as a Country Ostes, an Exchange Sempster, or a Court Landresse.

Mol. He is your cousin, how your tongue runs?

Hony. Talke and make a noise, no matter to what purpose, I haue learn'd that with going to puritan Lectures. I was yesterday at a banquet, wil you discharge my ruffles of some wafers, and how doth thy husband *Waf*?

Waf. Faith very well.

Hony. He is iust like a Torchbearer to Maskers, he wears good cloathes, and is rankt in good company, but he doth nothing : thou art faine to take al, and pay all.

Mol. The more happy she, would I could make such an asse of my husband to. I heare say he breeds thy childe in his teeth euerie yeare.

Waf. In faith he doth.

Hony. By my troth tis pittie but the foole shoulde haue the other two paines incident to the head.

Waf. What are they ?

Hony. Why the head-ake and horne-ake. I heard say that he would haue had thee nurst thy Childe thy selfe to.

Waf. That he would truely.

Hony. Why theres the policy of husbands to keepe their Wiues in. I doe assure you if a VVoman of any markeable face in the Worlde giue her Childe sucke, looke how many wrinckles be in the Nipple of her breast, so many will bee in her foreheade by that time twelue moneth : but firra, we are come to acquaint thee with an excellent secret : we two learne to write.

Mol. To write ?

Hony. Yes beleeeue it, and wee haue the finest Schoole maister, a kind of Precision, and yet an honest knaue to : by my troth if thou beeest a good wench let him teach thee, thou mayst send him of any arrant, and trust him with any secret ; nay, to see how demurely he will beare himselfe before our husbands, and how iocond when their backs are turn'd.

Mol. For Gods loue let me see him.

Waf. To morrow weele send him to thee : til then

sweet Tenterhook we leaue thee, wishing thou maist haue the fortune to change thy name often.

Mol. How? change my name?

Waf. I, for theeues and widdowes loue to shift many names, and make sweet vse of it to.

Mol. O you are a wag indeed. Good *Waser* remember my school master. Farewel good *Hony-suckle*.

Hony. Farewel Tenterhooke.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus Scena Prima.

Enter Boniface a prentice brushing his Masters cloake and Cappe. singing.

Enter Master Honisuckle in his night-cap trussing himselfe.

Hony. *Boniface*, make an ende of my cloake and Cap.

Bon. I haue dispatch em Sir: both of them lye flat at your mercie.

Hony. Fore-god me thinkes my ioyns are nimbler euery Morning since I came ouer then they were before. In France when I rise, I was so stiffe, and so starke, I would ha sworne my Legs had beene wodden pegs: a Constable new chosen kept not such a peripateticall gate: But now I'me as Lymber as an Antiant that has flourisht in the raine, and as Actiue as a Norfolk tumbler.

Bon. You may see, what change of pasture is able to doe.

Hony. It makes fat Calues in *Rumny Marsh*, and leane knaues in *London*: therefore *Boniface* keepe your ground: Gods my pittie, my forehead has more cromples, then the back part of a counsellors gowne, when another rides vppon his necke at the barre:

Boniface take my helmet: giue your mistress my night-cap. Are my Antlers swolne so big, that my biggen pinches my browes. So, request her to make my head-piece a little wyder.

Bon. How much wider fir.

Hony. I can allow her almost an ynch: go, tell her so, very neere an inch.

Bon. If she bee a right Cittizens wife, now her Husband has giuen her an inch, sheele take an ell, or a yard at least. *Exit.*

Enter Signior Iustiniano the Merchant, like a wryting Mechanicall Pedant.

Hony. Maister *Parenthesis*! *Salue, Salue Domine.*

Iusti. *Salue tu quoq. : Iubeo te saluere plurimum.*

Hon. No more *Plurimums* if you loue me, latten whole-meates are nowe minc'd, and serude in for English Gallimafries: Let vs therefore cut out our vp-landish Neates tongues, and talke like regenerate *Brittains*.

Iust. Your worship is welcome to England: I powrd out Orisons for your arriuall.

Hony. Thanks good maister *Parenthesis*: and *Que nouvelles*: what newes flutters abroad? doe Iack-dawes dung the top of Paules Steeple still.

Iusti. The more is the pittie, if any dawes do come into the temple, as I feare they do.

Hony. They say *Charing-crosse* is falne downe, since I went to *Rochell*: but thats no such wonder, twas old, and flood awry (as most part of the world can tel.) And tho it lack vnder-propping, yet (like great fellowes at a wrastring) when their heeles are once flying vppe, no man will saue em; downe they fall, and there let them lye, tho they were bigger then the Guard: *Charing-crosse* was olde, and old thinges must shrinke aswell as new Northern cloth.

Iust. Your worship is in the right way verily : they must so, but a number of better things between Westminster bridge and temple barre both of a worshipfull, and honorable erection, are false to decay, and haue suffered putrifaction, since *Charing* fell, that were not of halfe so long standing as the poore wry-neckt Monument.

Hony. Whose within there ! One of you call vp your mistress ! tell her heeres her wryting Schoolemaster. I had not thought master *Parenthesis* you had bin such an early stirrer.

Iusti. Sir, your vulgar and foue-peny-pen-men, that like your London Sempsters keepe open shop, and ell learning by retaile, may keepe their beds, and lie at their pleasure : But we that edifie in priuate, and traffick by whole sale, must be vp with the lark, because like Country Attornies, wee are to shuffle vp many matters in a for-enoone. Certes maister *Honifuckle*, I would sing *Laus Deo*, so I may but please al those that come vnder my fingers : for it is my duty and function, *Perdy*, to be seruient in my vocation.

Ho. Your hand : I am glad our Citty has so good, so necessary, and so laborious a member in it : we lacke painfull and expert pen-men amongst vs. Maister *Parenthesis* you teach many of our Merchants sir, do you not ?

Iust. Both Wiues, Maides, and Daughters : and I thanke God, the very worst of them lye by very good mens sides : I picke out a poore liuing amongst em : and I am thankfull for it.

Ho. Trust me I am not sorry : how long haue you exercizd this quality ?

Iust. Come Michaell-tide next, this thirteene yeare.

Ho. And how does my wife profit vnder you sir ? hope you to do any good vpon her.

Iust. Maister *Honifuckle* I am in great hope shee shall fructify : I will do my best for my part : I can do no more then another man can.

Hony. Pray fir, ply her, for she is capable of any thing.

Iust. So far as my poore tallent can stretch, It shall not be hidden from her.

Hony. Does she hold her pen well yet ?

Iust. She leanes somewhat too hard vppon her pen yet fir, but practise and animaduerfion will breake her from that.

Hony. Then she grubs her pen.

Iust. Its but my paines to mend the neb agen.

Hony. And where abouts is shee now maister *Parenthesis* ? Shee was talking of you this morning, and commending you in her bed, and told me she was past her letters.

Iust. Truly fir she tooke her letters very suddenly : and is now in her Minoms.

Hony. I would she were in her Crotchets too maister *Parenthesis* : ha-ha, I must talke merily fir.

Iust. Sir so long as your mirth bee voyde of all Squirrility, tis not vnfit for your calling : I trust ere few daies bee at an end to haue her fal to her ioyning : for she has her letters *ad vnguem* : her A. her great B. and her great C. very right D. and E. dilicate : hir double F. of a good length, but that it straddels a little to wyde : at the G. very cunning.

Hony. Her H. is full like mine : a goodly big H.

Iust. But her double LL. is wel : her O. of a reasonable Size : at her p. and q. neither Marchantes Daughter, Aldermans Wife, young countrey Gentlewoman, nor Courtiers Mistris, can match her.

Hony. And how her v.

Iust. You fir, She fetches vp you best of al ; her single you she can fashion two or three waies : but her double you, is as I would wish it.

Ho. And faith who takes it faster ; my wife, or mistris *Tenterhook* ?

Iust. Oh ! Your wife, by ods : sheele take more in one hower, then I can fasten either vpon mistris *Ten-*

terhooke, or *mistris Wafer*, or *Mistris Flapdragon* (the *Brewers wife*) in three.

Enter Iudyth, Honyfuckle his wife.

Hony. Do not thy cheekes burne sweete chuckaby, for wee are talking of thee.

Iud. No goodnesse I warrant : you haue few Cittizens speake well of their wiues behind their backs : but to their faces theile cog worfe and be more suppliant, then Clyents that sue in *forma paper* : how does my master ? troth I am a very trewant : haue you your *Ruler* about you maister ? for look you, I go cleane awry.

Iusti. A small fault : most of my schollers do so : looke you sir, do not you thinke your wife will mend : marke her dafhes, & her strokes, and her breakings, and her bendings ?

Hony. She knowes what I haue promist her if shee doe mende : nay by my fay *Iude*, this is well, if you would not flie out thus, but keepe your line.

Iud. I shal in time when my hand is in : haue you a new pen for mee Maister, for by my truly, my old one is stark naught, and wil cast no inck : whether are you going lamb ?

Hony. To the Custome-house : to the Change, to my VVare-house, to diuers places.

Iud. Good *Cole* tarry not past eleuen, for you turne my stomak then from my dinner.

Hony. I wil make more hast home, then a Stipendary Swizzer does after hees paid, fare you well Maister *Parenthesfs*.

Iud. I am so troubled with the rheume too : Mousse whats good fort ?

Hony. How often haue I tolde you, you must get a patch. I must hence. *Exit.*

Iud. I thinke when all's done, I must follow his counsell, and take a patch, I haue had one long ere this, but for disfiguring my face : yet I had noted that

a masticke patch vpon some womens Temples, hath bin the very rheuwme of beauty.

Iust. Is he departed? Is old *Nellor* marcht into Troy?

Iud. Yes you mad Greeke: the Gentlemans gone.

Iust. Why then clap vp copy-bookes: downe with pens, hang vp inckhornes, and now my sweete *Honifuckle*, see what golden-winged Bee from *Hybla*, flies humming, with *Crura thymo plena*, which he wil empty in the Hiue of your bosome.

Iud. From whom.

Iust. At the skirte of that sheete in blacke worke is wrought hys name, breake not vp the wildfoule, till anon, and then feed vpon him in priuate: theres other irons i'th fire: more sackes are comming to the Mill. O you sweet temptations of the sonnes of *Adam*, I commende you, extol you, magnifie you: Were I a Poet by *Hipocrene* I sweare, (which was a certaine VVell where all the Muses watred) and by *Pernassus* eke I sweare, I would rime you to death with praifes, for that you can bee content to lye with olde men all night for their mony, and walk to your gardens with yong men i'th day time for your pleasure: Oh you delicat damnations: you do but as I wud do: were I the proprest, sweetest, plumpest, Cherry-cheekt, Corral-lipt woman in a kingdome, I would not daunce after one mans pipe.

Iud. And why?

Iust. Especially after an old mans.

Iud. And why, pray!

Iust. Especially after an old Cittizens.

Iud. Still, and why.

Iust. Marry because the Suburbes, and those without the bars, haue more priuiledge then they within the freedome: what need one woman doate vpon one Man? Or one man be mad like *Orlando* for one woman.

Iud. Troth tis true, considering how much flesh is in euery Shambles.

Iust. Why should I long to eate of Bakers bread onely, when theres so much Sifting, and bolting, and grynding in euery corner of the Citty; men and women are borne, and come running into the world faster then Coaches doe into Cheap-side vppon *Symon* and *Iudes* day: and are eaten vp by Death faster, then Mutton and porridge in a terme time. Who would pin their hearts to any Sleeue: this world is like a Mynt, we are no sooner cast into the fire, taken out agen, hamerd, stampd, and made Currant, but presently we are changde: the new Mony (like a new Drab) is catcht at by Dutch, Spanishe, Welch, French, Scotch, and English: but the old crackt King *Harry* groates are shoueld vp, feele bruizing, and battring, clipping, and melting, they smoake fort.

Iud. The worlds an Arrant naughty-pack I see, and is a very scuruy world.

Iust. Scuruy? worse then the conscience of a Broome-man, that carryes out new ware, and brings home old shoes: a naughty-packe? Why theres no Minute, no thought of time passes, but some villany or other is a brewing: why, euen now, now, at holding vp of this finger, and before the turning downe of this, some are murdring, some lying with their maides, some picking of pockets, some cutting purses, some cheating, some weying out bribes. In this Citty some wiues are cuckolding some Husbands. In yonder Village some farmers are now-now grynding the Iaw-bones of the poore: therefore sweete Scholler, sugred Mistris *Honifuckle*, take Summer before you, and lay hold of it? why, euen now must you and I hatch an egge of iniquity.

Iud. Troth maister I thinke thou wilt proue a very knaue.

Iust. Its the fault of many that fight vnder this band.

Iud. I shall loue a Puritans face the worse whilest I liue for that Coppy of thy countenance.

Iust. We are all wethercocks, and must follow the winde of the present: from the byas.

Iud. Change a bowle then.

Iust. I will so; and now for a good cast: theres the Knight, sir *Goslin Glo-worme*.

Iud. Hees a Knight made out of waxe.

Iust. He tooke vp Silkes vppon his bond I confesse: nay more, hees a knight in print: but let his knight-hood be of what stamp it will, from him come I, to intreate you, and Mistris *Waser*, and mistris *Tenter-hook*, being both my schollers, and your honest pew fellowes, to meet him this afternoon at the Rhenesh-wine-house ith Stillyard. Captaine *Whirlepoole* will be there, young *Lynslock* the Alder-mans Son and Heire, there too, will you steale forth, & tast of a Dutch Bun, and a Keg of Sturgeon.

Iud. What excuse shall I coyne now?

Iust. Few excuses: You must to the pawne to buy Lawne: to Saint Martins for Lace; to the Garden: to the Glasse-house; to your Gossips: to the Powlters: else take out an old ruffe, and go to your Sempsters: excuses? Why, they are more ripe then medlers at Christmas.

Iud. Ile come. The hower.

Iust. Two: the way-through Paules: euery wench take a piller, there clap on your Maskes: your men will bee behind you, and before your prayers be halfe don, be before you, & man you out at feuerall doores. Youle be there?

Iud. If I breath.

Exit.

Iust. Farewell. So: now I must goe set the tother Wenches the selfe same Coppy. A rare Scholemaister, for all kind of handes, I. Oh: What strange curses are powred downe with one blessing? Do all tread on the heele? Haue all the art to hood-winke wise men thus? And (like those builders of *Babels* Tower) to speake vnknowne tongues. Of all (saue by their husbands) vnderstood:

Well, if (as Iuy bout the Elme does twine)
All wiues loue clipping, theres no fault in mine.
But if the world lay speechles, euen the dead
Would rife, and thus cry out from yawning graues,
Women make men, or Fooles, or Beasts, or Slaues.
Exit.

Scena 2. Enter Earle and Mistris Birdlime.

Earl. Her answer! talke in musick: Wil she come?

Bird. Oh my sides ake in my loines, in my bones?
I ha more need of a posset of sacke, and lie in my bed
and sweate, than to talke in musick: no honest woman
would run hurrying vp & down thus and vndoe her
felfe for a man of honour, without reason? I am so
lame, euery foot that I set to the ground went to my
hart. I thought I had bin at Mum-chance my bones
ratled so with iaunting? had it not bin for a friend in
a corner.
Takes Aqua-vita.
I had kickt vp my heeles.

Earl. Minister comfort to me, Wil she come.

Bird. All the Castles of comfort that I can put
you into is this, that the iealous wittal her husband,
came (like a mad Oxe) belowing in whilst I was ther.
Oh I ha lost my sweet breth with trotting.

Earl. Death to my hart? her husband? What
faith he?

Bird. The freeze-Ierkin Rascal out with his purse,
and cal'd me plaine Bawd to my face.

Earl. Affliction to me, then thou spak'st not
to her?

Bird. I spake to her, as Clients do to Lawiers
without money (to no purpose) but Ile speak with
him, and hamper him to, if euer he fall into my
clutches: Ile make the yellow-hammer her husband
knowe, (for all hees an Italian) that theres a difference
betweene a cogging Baud and an honest motherly
gentlewoman. Now, what cold whetstones ly ouer

your stomacher? wil you haue some of my *Aqua*?
Why my Lord.

Earl. Thou hast kild me with thy words.

Bird. I see bathful louers, and young bullockes are knockt down at a blow: Come, come, drinke this draught of Cynamon water, and plucke vp your spirits: vp with em, vp with em. Do you hear, the whiting mop has nibled.

Earl. Ha?

Bird. Oh! I thought I should fetch you: you can *Ha* at that: Ile make you Hem anon. As I'me a sinner I think you'll find the sweetest, sweetest bed-fellow of her. Oh! she lookes so sugredly, so simpringly, so gingerly, so amarously, so amiably. Such a redde lippe, such a VVhite foreheade, such a blacke eie, such a full cheeke, and such a goodly little nose, nowe shees in that French gowne, Scotch fals, Scotch bum, and Italian head-tire you sent her, and is such an intycing shee-witch, carrying the charmes of your Jewels about her. Oh!

Earl. Did she recieue them? speake: Heres is golden keyes
T'vnlock thy lips. Did she vouchsafe to take them?

Bird. Did she vouchsafe to take them, thers a question: you shall find she did vouchsafe: The troath is my Lord, I gotte her to my house, there she put off her own cloths my Lord and put on yours my Lord, prouided her a Coach, Searcht the middle Ile in Pawles, and with three Elizabeth twelue-pences prest three knaues my L. hirde three Liueries in Long-lane, to man her: for al which so God mend me, I'me to paie this night before Sun-set.

Earl. This showre shall fil them al:
Raine in their laps, what golden drops thou wilt.

Bird. Alas my Lord, I do but receiue it with one hand, to pay it away with another, I'me but your Bailly.

Earl. Where is she?

Bird. In the greene veluet Chamber; the poore

sinneful creature pants like a pigeon vnder the hands of a Hawke, therefore vse her like a woman my Lord : vse her honestly my Lorde, for alas shees but a Nouice, and a verie greene thinge.

Earl. Farewell : Ile in vnto her.

Bird. Fie vpont, that were not for your honor : you know gentlewomen vse to come to Lords chambers, and not Lordes to the Gentlewomens : Ide not haue her thinke you are such a Rank-ryder : walke you heere : Ile becken, you shal see ile fetch her with a wet finger !

Earl. Do so.

Bird. Hyft ! why sweet heart, mistris *Iustiniano*, why prettie soule tread softlie, and come into this roome : here be rushes, you neede not feare the creaking of your corke shooes.

Enter Mistris Iustiniano.

So, wel saide, theres his honour. I haue busines my Lord, very now the marks are set vp. Ile get me 12. score off, and giue Ayme. *Exit.*

Earl. Yare welcome : Sweet y'are welcome.

Blesse my hand

With the soft touch of yours : Can you be Cruell
To one so Prostrate to you ? Euen my Hart,
My Happines, and State lie at your feet :
My Hopes me flattered that the field was woon,
That you had yeilded, (tho you Conquer me)
And that all Marble scales that bard your eies
From throwing light on mine, were quite tane off,
By the Cunning Womans hand, that Workes for me,
Why therefore do you wound me now with frownes ?
Why do you flie me ? Do not exercife
The Art of woman on me ! I'me already
Your Captiue : Sweet ! Are these you hate, or feares.

Misl. Iust. I wonder lust can hang at such white haies.

Earl. You giue my loue ill names, It is not lust :
Lawlesse desires wel tempred may seem Iust

A thousand mornings with the early Sunne,
 Mine eies haue from your windowes watcht to steale
 Brightnes from those. As oft vpon the daies
 That Consecrated to deuotion are,
 Within the Holy Temple haue I stood disguis'd,
 Waiting your presence: and when your hands went
 Vp towards heauen to draw some blessing down,
 Mine (as if all my Nerues by yours did moue,)
 Beg'd in dum Signes some pittie for my Loue,
 And thus being feasted onely with your sight,
 I went more pleas'd then sickmen with fresh health,
 Rich men with Honour, Beggers do with wealth.

Mist. Iust. Part now so pleas'd, for now you more
 Inioy me.

Earl. O you do wish me Phisicke to destroy me.

Mist. Iust. I haue already leapt beyond the bounds
 Of modesty, In piecing out my wings
 With borrow'd feathers / but you sent a Sorceres
 So perfect in her trade, that did so liuely
 Breath forth your passionate Accents, and could
 drawe

A Louer languishing so piercingly,
 That her charmes wrought vppon me, and in pittie
 Of your sick hart which she did Counterfet,
 (Oh shees a subtle Beldam!) See I cloth'd
 My limbes (thus Player-like in Rich Atttyres,
 Not fitting mine estate, and am come forth,
 But why I know not!

Earl. Will you Loue me?

Mist. Iust. Yes,
 If you can cleare me of a debt thats due
 But to one Man, Ile pay my hart to thee.

Earl. Whose that?

Mist. Iust. My Husband.

Earl. Vmh.

Mist. Iust. The fums so great
 I know a kingdome cannot answer it,
 And therefore I beseech you good my Lord,
 To take this gilding off, which is your owne,
 And henceforth cease to throw out golden hookes

To choake mine honor: tho my husbands poore,
Ile rather beg for him, then be your Whore.

Earl. Gainst beauty you plot treason, if you
suffer tears to do violence to so faire a Cheeke. That
face was nere made to looke pale with want. Dwell
heere and be the Soueraigne of my fortunes. Thus
shall you goe attir'd.

Mist. Iust. Till lust be tir'd. I must take leaue
my Lord.

Earl. Sweet Creature stay,
My Cofers shall be yours, my Seruants yours,
My selfe will be your seruant, and I sweare
By that which I houlde deare in you, your beauty
(And which Ile not prophane) you shall liue heere
As free from base wrong, as you are from blackenesse,
So you will deigne, but let mee inioy your fight,
Anfwere mee will you.

Mist. Iust. I will thinke vpon it.

Earl. Vnlesse you shall perceiue, that al my thoughts,
And al my actions bee to you deuoted,
And that I very iustly earne your loue,
Let me not tast it.

Mist. Iust. I wil thinke vpon it.

Earl. But when you find my merits of full weight,
wil you accept their worth.

Mist. Iust. Ile thinke vpon it.
Ide speake with the old woman.

Earl. She shall come,
Ioyes that are borne vnlookt for, are borne dumb.

Exit.

Mist. Iust. Pouerty, thou bane of Chastity,
Poison of beauty, Broker of Mayden-heads,
I see when Force, nor Wit can scale the hold,
Wealth must. Sheele nere be won, that defies golde.
But liues there such a creature: Oh tis rare.

Enter Birdlime.

To finde a woman chaff, thats poore and faire.

Bird. Now lamb! has not his Honor dealt like an
honest Nobleman with you. I can tel you, you shal

not find him a Templer, nor one of these cogging Cattern pear-coloured-beards, that by their good wils would haue no pretty woman scape them.

Mistris Iust. Thou art a very bawd : thou art a Diuel

Cast in a reuerend shape ; thou stale damnation !
Why hast thou me intist from mine owne Paradise,
To steale fruit in a barren wildernes.

Bird. Bawde and diuel, and stale damnation !
Wil womens tongues (like Bakers legs) neuer go straight.

Mistris Iust. Had thy *Circæan* Magick me trans-
ford

Into that sensuall shape for which thou Coniurst,
And that I were turn'd common Venturer,
I could not loue this old man.

Bird. This old man, vmh : this old man † doe his
hoarye haire sicke in your stomacke † yet methinkes
his siluer haire shoulde mooue you, they may serue to
make you Bodkins : Does his age grieue you † foole ?
Is not old wine wholesommost, olde Pippines sooth-
sommost, old wood burne brightest, old Linnen wash
whitest, old souldiors Sweet-hart are surest, and olde
Louers are foundest. I ha tried both.

Mistris Iust. So wil not I.

Bird. Youd haue some yong perfum'd beardles
Gallants board you, that spits al his braines out ats
tongues end, wud you not †

Mistris Iust. No, none at al, not anie.

Bird. None at al † what doe you make there then †
why are you a burden to the worlds conscience, and
an eie-fore to wel giuen men, I dare pawne my gowne
and all the beddes in my house, and al the gettings in
Michaelmas terme next to a Tauerne token, that thou
shalt neuer be an innocent.

Mistris Iust. Who are so †

Bird. Fools † why then you are so precize : your
husbands down the wind, and wil you like a haglers
Arrow, be down the weather. Strike whilst the iron is

hot. A woman when there be roses in her cheekes, Cherries on her lippes, Ciuet in her breath, Iuory in her teeth, Lylyes in her hand, and Lickorish in her heart, why shees like a play. If new very good company, very good company, but if stale, like old *Ieronimo*: goe by, go by. Therefore as I said before, strike. Besides: you must thinke that the commodity of beauty was not made to lye dead vpon any young womans hands: if your husband haue giuen vp his Cloake, let another take measure of you in his Ierkin: for as the Cobler, in the night time walks with his Lanthorne, the Merchant, and the Lawyer with his Link, and the Courtier with his Torch: So euery lip has his Lettice to himselfe: the Lob has his Lasse, the Collier his Dowdy, the Westerne-man his Pug, the Seruing-man his Punke, the student his Nun in white Fryers, the Puritan his Sister, and the Lord his Lady: which worshipfull vocation may fall vpon you, if youle but strike whilest the Iron is hot.

Mist. Iust. Witch: thus I breake thy Spels: Were I kept braue,

On a Kings cost, I am but a Kings slaue. *Exit.*

Bird. I see, that as Frenchmen loue to be bold, Flemings to be drunke, Welchmen to be cald *Brittons*, and Irishmen to be Costermongers, so, Cocknyes, (especially Shee-Cocknies) loue not *Aqua-vite* when tis good for them.

Enter Monopoly.

Mo. Saw you my vncler?

Bird. I saw him euen now going the way of all flesh (thats to say) towards the Kitchin: heeres a letter to your worship from the party.

Mono. What party?

Bird. The *Tenterhook* your wanton.

Mono. From her? Fewh? pray thee stretch me no more vpon your *Tenterhook*: pox on her? Are there no Pottecaries ith Town to send her Phisick-bills to,

but me : Shees not troubled with the greene sicknesse still, Is she ?

Bird. The yellow Iaundis, as the Doctor tels me : troth shees as good a peat : she is falne away so, that shees nothing but bare skin and bone : for the Turtle so mournes for you.

Mono. In blacke ?

Bird. In black ? you shall find both black and blew if you look vnder her eyes.

Mo. Well : sing ouer her ditty when I'me in tune.

Bird. Nay, but will you fend her a Box of *Mithridatum* and Dragon water, I meane some restorative words. Good Maister *Monopoly*, you know how welcome yare to the Citty, and will you master *Monopoly*, keepe out of the Citty ; I know you cannot, would you saw how the poore gentlewoman lies.

Mo. Why how lies she ?

Bird. Troth as the way lies ouer *Gads-hill*, very dangerous : you would pittie a womans case if you saw her : write to her some treatise of pacification.

Mon. Ile write to her to morrow.

Bird. To morrow : sheele not sleepe then but tumble, and if she might haue it to night, it would better please her.

Mo. Perhaps Ile doot to night, farewell.

Bi. If you doot to night, it would better please her then to morrow.

Mo. Gods so, doft heare, I'me to sup this night at the Lyon in Shoredich with certen gallants : canst thou not draw forth some dilicate face, that I ha not feene, and bring it thither, wut thou ?

Bird. All the painters in London shal not fit for colour as I can ; but we shall haue some fwaggering !

Mo. All as ciuill (by this light) as Lawyers.

Bird. But I tell you, shees not so common as Lawyers, that I meane to betray to your Table : for as I'me a Sinner, shees a Knights Cozen ; a Yorkshire gentlwoman, and only speakes a little broad, but of very good carriage.

Mono. Nay thats no matter, we can speake as broad as she? but wut bring her?

Bird. You shal call her Cozen, do you see : two men shall waite vpon her, and Ile come in by chance : but shall not the party bee there ?

Mono. Which party ?

Bird. The writer of that simple hand.

Mon. Not for as many Angels as there be letters in her Paper : Speake not of mee to her, nor our meeting if you loue mee : wut come ?

Bird. Mum, Ile come.

Mono. Farewell.

Bird. Good Maister Monopoly, I hope to see you one day a man of great credite.

Mo. If I be, Ile build Chimnies with Tobacco but Ile smoake some : and be sure *Bird.* Ile sticke wooll vpon thy back.

Bird. Thankes sir, I know you wil, for all the kinred of the *Monopolies* are held to be great Fleecers.

Exeunt.

Enter fir Goslin : Lynstocke, Whirlepoole, and the three Citizens wiues maskt, Iudyth, Mabell, and Clare.

Gos. So draw thofe Curtaines, and lets see the pictures vnder em.

Lyn. Welcome to the Stilliard faire Ladies.

All 3. Thankes good maister *Lynstocke.*

Whirl. *Hans* : some wine *Hans.*

Enter Hans with cloth and Buns.

Hans. Yaw, yaw, you fall hebben it mester : Old vine, or new vine ?

Gos. Speake women.

Iud. New wine good fir *Goslin* : wine in the must, good Dutchman, for must is best for vs women.

Hans. New vine? vell : two pots of new vine.

Exit Hans.

Iud. An honest Butterbox : for if it be old, theres none of it coms into my belly.

Mab. Why *Tenterhooke* pray thee lets dance friskin, & be mery.

Lin. Thou art so troubled with *Monopolies*, they so hang at thy heart stringes.

Cla. Pox a my hart then.

Enter Hans with Wine.

Iud. I and mine too, if any Courtier of them all set vp his gallows there : wench vse him as thou dost thy pantables, scorne to let him kisse thy heele, for he feedes thee with nothing but Court holy bread, good words, and cares not for thee : fir *Goslin*, will you tast a Dutch whatch you callum.

Mab. Heere maister *Lynstocke*, halfe mine is yours.
Bun, Bun, Bun, Bun.

Enter Parenthesis.

Par. Which roome ? where are they ? wo ho, ho, ho, so, ho, boies.

Gos. Sfoot whose that ? lock our roome.

Par. Not till I am in : and then lock out the diuell tho he come in the shape of a puritan.

All 3. Scholemaister, welcome ! welcome in troth !

Par. Who would not bee scratcht with the bryers and brambles to haue such burs flicking on his breeches : Saue you gentlemen : O noble Knight.

Gos. More wine *Hans*.

Par. Am not I (gentlemen) a Ferret of the right haire, that can make three Conies bolt at a clap into your purfenets ? ha ! little do their 3. husbands dreame what coppies I am setting their wiues now ? wert not a rare Iest if they should come sneaking vppon vs like a horrible noise of Fidlers.

Iud. Troth Ide not care : let em come : Ide tell em, weede ha none of their dull Musicke.

Mab. Heere mistris *Tenterhooke*.

Clar. Thanks good mistris *Wafer*.

Par. Whofe there ? Peepers : Intelligencers : Euef-droppers.

Omni. Vds foot, throw a pot ats head !

Par. O Lord ! O Gentlemen, Knight, Ladies, that may bee, Cittizens wiues that are. shift for your felues, a paire of your husbands heads are knocking together with *Hans* his, and inquiring for you.

Omni. Keepe the doore lockt.

Iud. Oh I, do, do : and let fir *Goulin* (becaue he has bin in the low Countries) fwear gotz Sacrament, and driue e'm away with broken Dutch.

Pa. Heres a wench has simple Sparkes in her : shees my pupile Gallants : Good-god ! I see a man is not sure that his wife is in the Chamber, tho his owne fingers hang on the Padlocke : Trap-doores, false Drabs, and Spring-lockes, may cozen a Couy of Constables. How the silly Husbands might heere ha bene guld with Flemish mony : Come : drinke vp *Rhene*, *Thames* and *Maander* dry, Theres Nobody.

Iud. Ah thou vngodly maister.

Par. I did but make a false fire, to try your vallor, becaue you cryed let em come. By this glaife of womans wine, I would not ha seene their Spirits walke heere, to bee dubd deputy of a Ward, I, they would ha Chronicled me for a Foxe in a Lambes skin : But come : Is this merry Midsomer night agreed vpon ? when shal it be ? where shall it be ?

Lynst. Why faith to morrow at night.

While. Weele take a Coach and ride to *Ham*, or so.

Tent. O fie vpont : a Coach ! I cannot abide to be iolted.

Mab. Yet most of your Cittizens wiues loue iolting !

Gos. What say you to Black-wall, or Lime-houfe ?

Iud. Euery roome there smels to much of Tar.

Lynst. Lets to mine host *Dogbolts* at Brainford then, there you are out of eyes, out of eares, priuate

roomes, sweet Lynnen, winking attendance, and what cheere you will ?

Omni. Content, to *Brainford* ?

Mab. I, I, lets go by water, for fir *Goslin* I haue heard you say you loue to go by water.

Iud. But wenches, with what pullies shall wee slide with some clenly excuse, out of our husbandes suspicion, being gone Westward for smelts all night.

Par. Thats the blocke now we all stumble at : Winde vp that string well, and all the consorts in tune.

Iud. Why then goodman scraper tis wound vp, I haue it. Sirra *Wafer*, thy childe at nurse, if you that are the men could prouide some wise asse that could keepe his countenance.

Par. Nay if he be an Asse he will keepe his countenance.

Iud. I, but I meane, one that could set out his tale with audacity, and say that the child were sick, and neare stagger at it : That last should serue all our feete.

Whir. But where will that wise Asse be found now ?

Par. I see I'me borne still to draw Dun out ath mire for you : that wise beaſt will I be. Ile bee that Asse that shall grone vnder the burden of that abhominable lye. Heauen pardon me, and pray God the infant be not punisht fort. Let me see : Ile breake out in some filthy shape like a Thraſher, or a Thatcher, or a Sow-gelder, or something : and ſpeak dreamingly, and ſwear how the child pukes, and eates nothing (as perhaps it does not) and lies at the mercy of God, (as all children and old folkes doe) and then ſcholler *Wafer*, play you your part.

Mab. Feare not me, for a veny or two ?

Par. Where will you meet ith morning ?

Gos. At ſome Tauerne neare the water-side, thats priuate.

Par. The Grey-hound, the Greyhound in Black-fryers, an excellent *Randeuous*.

Lin. Content the Greyhound by eight!

Par. And then you may whip forth two first, and two next, on a sudden, and take Boate at Bridewell Dock most priuately.

Omni. Beet so : a good place!

Par. Ile go make ready my rusticall properties : let me see scholler hie you home, for your child shall bee sicke within this halfe howre. *Exit.*

Enter Birdlime.

Iud. Tis the vprightest dealing man! Gods my pittty, whose yonder!

Bird. I'me bold to presse my selfe vnder the Cul-lors of your company, hearing that Gentlewoman was in the roome : A word mistris!

Clar. How now, what saies he!

Gos. Zounds what she? a Bawd, bith Lord Ist not!

Mab. No indeed, sir *Goslin* shees a very honest woman, and a Mid-wife.

Clar. At the Lyon in Shoredich! And would he not read it! nor write to me! Ile poyson his Supper!

Bird. But no words that I bewrayd him.

Clar. Gentlemen I must be gone. I cannot stay in faith: pardon me: Ile meete to morrow: come Nurse, cannot tarry by this element.

Gos. Mother, you : Grannam drinke ere you goe.

Bird. I am going to a womans labour, indeede sir, cannot stay. *Exeunt.*

Amb. I hold my life the blacke-beard her husband whiffels for her.

Iud. A reckoning : Breake one, breake all.

Gos. Here *Hans*, draw not, Ile draw for all as Ime true knight.

Jud. Let him : amongst women this does stand for
law,
the worthiest man (tho he be foole) must draw.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius Scæna Prima.

Enter maister Tenterhooke and his wife.

Tent. What booke is that sweet hart ?

Miss. Tent. Why the booke of bonds that are due
to you.

Tent. Come, what doe you with it ? Why do you
trouble your selfe to take care about my businesse ?

Miss. Tent. Why sir, doth not that which concerns
you, concerne me. You told me *Monopoly* had dis-
charged his bond, I finde by the booke of accounts
heere, that it is not canceld. Eare I would suffer such
a cheating companion to laugh at me, Ide see him
hanged I. Good sweete hart as euer you loued me, as
euer my bedde was pleasing to you, arrest the knaue,
we were neuer beholding to him for a pin, but for eat-
ing vp our victuals. Good Mousse enter an action
against him.

Tent. In troth loue I may do the gentleman much
discredit, and besides it may be other actions may fall
very heavy vpon him.

Miss. Tent. Hang him, to see the dishonesty of the
knaue.

Tent. O wife, good woods : A Courtier, A gentle-
man.

Miss. Tent. Why may not a Gentleman be a knaue,
that were strange infaith : but as I was a saying, to see
the dishonesty of him, that would neuer come since he
receiued the mony to visit vs you know. *Maister*
Tenterhook he hath hung long vpon you. *Maister Ten-*
terhooke as I am vertuous you shall arrest him.

Tent. Why, I know not when he will come to
Towne.

Mist. Tr. Hees in town : this night he sups at the Lyon in Shoaredich, good husband enter your action, and make hast to the Lyon presently, theres an honest fellow (Sergeant Ambush) will doe it in a trice, he neuer salutes a man in Curtesie, but he catches him as if he would arrest him. Good hart let Seriant Ambush ly in waite for him.

Tent. Well at thy entreaty I will doe it. Giue me my Cloake there, buy a linck and meet me at the Counter in Woodstreete ; busse me Moll.

Mist. Tent. Why now you loue me. Ile goe to bed sweet hart.

Tent. Do not sleep till I come Moll. *Exit Tent.*

Mist. Tent. No lamb, baa sheep, if a woman will be free in this intricate laborinth of a husband, let her marry a man of a melancholy complexion, she shal not be much troubled with him. By my sooth my Husband hath a hand as dry as his braines, and a breath as stronge as six cominon gardens. Wel my husband is gon to arrest Monopoly. I haue dealt with a Sargeant priuatly, to intreate him, pretending that he is my Aunts Son, by this meanes shal I see my young gallant that in this has plaid his part. When they owe mony in the Citty once, they deale with their Lawyers by atturny, follow the Court though the Court do them not the grace to allow them their dyet. O the wit of a woman when she is put to the pinch.

Exit Mistris Tenterhook.

Enter maister Tenterhooke, Sergeant Ambush, and yeoman Clutch.

Ten. Come Sergeant Ambush, come yeoman Clutch, yons the Tauerne, the Gentleman will come out presently : thou art resolute.

Amb. Who I, I carry fire & sword that fight for me, hear, and heare. I know most of the knaues about London, and most of the Theeues to, I thanke God, and good intelligence.

Tent. I wonder thou dost not turne Broker then.

Amb. Pew; I haue bin a Broker already; for I was first a Puritan, then a Banquerout, then a Broker, then a Fencer, and then Sergeant, were not these Trades would make a man honest? peace the doore opes, wheele about yeoman Clutch.

Enter Whirlepoole, Linstocke, and Monopoly vnbraff.

Mono. And eare I come to sup in this Tauerne againe. Theres no more attendance then in a Iaille, and there had bin a Punk ortwo in the company then we should not have bin rid of the drawers: now were I in an excellent humor to go to a valting house, I wold break downe all their Glass-windowes, hew in peeces all their ioyne stooles, tear filke petticoates, ruffle their Periwigges, and spoyle their Painting, O the Gods what I could do: I could vndergo fifteene bawds by this darknes, or if I could meete one of these Varlets that were Pannier-ally on their baks (Sergeants) I would make them scud so fast from me, that they should think it a shorter way betweene this and Ludgate, then a condemned Cutpurse thinkes it between Newgate and Tyburne.

Lynst. You are for no action to night.

Whirl. No Ile to bed.

Mono. Am not I drunke now: *Implentur veteris bacchi, pinguisq. Tobacco.*

Whirle. Faith we are all heated.

Mono. Captain *Whirlepoole* when wilt come to Court and dine with me?

Whirl. One of these daies Franke, but Ile get mee two Gaunlets for feare I lose my fingers in the dishes, their bee excellent shauers I heare in the most of your vnder offices? I protest I haue often come thether, sat downe, drawne my knife, and eare I could say grace all the meate hath bin gone. I haue risen, and departed thence as hungry, as euer came Coun-

trey Attorney from Westminster? Good night honest Franke, doe not swagger with the watch Franke.

Exeunt.

Tenter. So now they are gone you may take him.

Amb. Sir I arrest you ?

Mono. Arrest me, at whose suite you varlets ?

Clouch. At maister *Tenterhookes*.

Mono. Why you varlets dare you arrest one of the Court.

Amb. Come will you be quiet sir ?

Mo. Pray thee good yeoman call the gentlemen backe againe. Theres a Gentleman hath carried a hundred pound of mine home with him to his lodging, becaus I dare not carry it ouer the fields, Ile discharge it presently.

Amb. Thats a trick sir, you would procure a reskue.

Mono. Catchpole do you see, I will haue the haire of your head and beard shaued off for this, and eare I catch you at *Graves Inne* by this light law.

Amb. Come will you march.

Mono. Are you Sergeants Christians? Sirra thou lookest like a good pittyfull rascall, and thou art a tall man to it seemes, thou hast backt many a man in thy time I warrant.

Amb. I haue had many a man by the backe sir.

Mono. Wel faide in-troth, I loue your quality, las tis needfull euery man should come by his own : but as God mend me gentlemen I haue not one croise about me, onely you two. Might not you let a Gentlemen pafse out of your handes, and say you saw him not ? Is there not such a kinde of mercy in you now and then my Maisters, as I liue, if you come to my lodging to morrowe morning, Ile giue you fve brace of Angelles? good yeoman perfwade your graduat heere : I know some of you to be honest faithfull Drunkards, respect a poore Gentleman in my case.

Tent. Come, it wil not serue your turne, Officers looke to him, vpon your perill.

Mono. Do you heare fir, you see I am in the hands of a couple of Rauens here, as you are a Gentleman lend me forty shillings, let me not liue if I do not pay you the forfeiture of the whole bond, and neuer plead Conscience.

Tent. Not a penny, not a penny : God night fir.

Exit Tent.

Mono. Well, a man ought not to swear by anie thing in the hands of Sergeants but by siluer, and because my pocket is no lawful Iustice to Minister any such oath vnto me, I will patiently incounter the Counter. Which is the dearest warde in Prison Sergeant ! the knights ward ?

Amb. No fir, the Maisters side.

Mono. Well the knight is aboue the maister though his Table be worfe furnisht : Ile go thether.

Amb. Come fir, I must vse you kindly the Gentlemans Wife that hath arrested you.

Mono. I what of her.

Amb. She saies you are her Antes sonne.

Mono. I, am ?

Amb. She takes on so pittifully for your Arresting, twas much against herwil (good Gentlewoman) that this affliction lighted vpon you.

Mono. She hath reason, if she respect her poore kindred.

Amb. You shall not go to prison.

Mono. Honest Sergeant, Conscionable Officer, did I forget my self euen now, a vice that stickes to me alwaies when I am drunke to abuse my best friends : where didst buy this buffe ? Let me not liue but Ile giue thee a good suite of durance. Wilt thou take my bond Sergeant ? Wheres a Scriuener, a Scriuener good Yeoman ? you shal haue my sword and hangers to paie him.

Amb. Not so Sir : but you shall be prisoner in my house : I do not thinke but that your Cosin will visit you there i'th morning, and take order for you.

Mono. Well said ; wast not a most treacherous part

to arrest a man in the night, and when he is almost drunk, when he hath not his wits about him to remember which of his friends is in the Subdedy: Come did I abuse you, I recant, you are as necessary in a city as Tumblers in Norfolke, Sumners in Lancashire, or Rake-hels in an Armie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Parenthesis like a Colliar, and a Boy.

Iust. Buy any small Coale, buy any smal Coale.

Boy. Collier, Collier!

Iust. What saist boy.

Boy. Ware the Pillory.

Iust. O boy the pillory assures many a man that he is no cuckold, for how impossible weare it a man should thrust his head through so small a Loope-hole if his foreheade were brauncht boy!

Boy. Collier: how came the goose to be put vpon you, ha!

Iust. Ile tell thee, the Tearme lying at Winchefter in Henry the Thirds daies, and many French Women comming out of the Isle of *Wight* thither (as it hath alwaies beene seene) though the Isle of *Wight* could not of long time neither in dure Foxes nor Lawyers, yet it could brook the more dreadful Cockatrice, there were many Punkes in the Towne (as you know our Tearme is their Tearme) your Farmers that would spend but three pence on his ordinarie, woulde lauish halfe a Crowne on his Leachery: and many men (Calues as they were) would ride in a Farmers foule bootes before breakefast, the commonst sinner had more fluttering about her, then a fresh punke hath when she comes to a Towne of Garrison, or to a vniuersity. Captains, Schollers, Seruingman, Iurors, Clarks, Townesmen, and the Blackeguarde vsed all to one Ordinarye, and most of them were cald to a pittifull reckoning, for before two returnes of Michaelmas, Surgeons were full of busi-

nes, the care of most secreſie grew as common as Lice in Ireland, or as ſcabbes in France. One of my Tribe a Collier carried in his Cart 40. maim'd ſouldiors to *Salisbury*, looking as pittifully as Dutchmen firſt made drunke, then carried to bee-heading. Every one that mette him cried, ware the Goode Collier, and from that day to this, thers a record to be ſeene at Croiden, howe that pittifull waſtage which in deede was vertue in the Collier, that all that time would carry no Coales, laid this Imputation on all the poſterity.

Boy. You are ful of tricks Colliar.

Juſt. Boy where dwels maiſter *Waſer*?

Boy. Why heare! what wouldſt? I am one of his Iuvinals?

Juſt. Hath he not a child at nurſe at *Moreducke*?

Boy. Yes, doſt thou dwel there?

Juſt. That I do, the Child is wonderous ſicke: I was wild to acquaint thy maiſter and Miſtris with it.

Boy. Ile vp and tel them preſently.

Juſt. So, if al ſhould faile, I could turne Collier. O the villany of this age, how full of ſecreſie and ſilence (contrary to the opinion of the world) haue I euer found moſt women. I haue fat a whole after-noone many times by my wife, and lookt vpon her eies, and felt if her pulſe haue beat, when I haue nam'd a ſuſpected loue, yet all this while haue not drawne from her the leaſt ſcruple of confeſſion. I haue laine awake a thouſand nights, thinking ſhe wold haue reuealed ſomewhat in her dreames, and when ſhe has begunne to ſpeake any thing in her ſleepe, I haue iog'd her, and cried I ſweete heart. But when wil your loue come. or what did hee ſay to thee over ouer the ſtall? Or what did he do to thee in the Garden-chamber? Or when wil he ſend to thee any letters, or when wilt thou ſend to him any mony, what an idle coxcombe iealouſie wil make a man.

Enter Wafer and his wife.

Well, this is my comfort that heere comes a creature of the same head-peece.

Mist. Waf. O my sweet Child, wheres the Collier?

Iust. Here forsooth.

Mist. Waf. Run into Bucklers burry for two ounces of Draggon water, some Sperma cæty and Treakle. What is it sicke of Coliar? a burning Feauer?

Iust. Faith mistress I do not know the infirmity of of it: wil you buy any smal Coale, say you?

Waf. Prethee go in and empty them, come be not so impatient.

Mist. Waf. I, I, I, if you had groand fort as I haue done you wold haue bin more natural. Take my riding hat, and my kirtle there: Ile away presently?

Waf. You wil not go to night, I am sure.

Mist. Waf. As I liue but I wil.

Waf. Faith sweet hart I haue great busines to night, stay til to morrow and Ile goe with you.

Mist. Waf. No sir I wil not hinder your busines. I see how little you respect the fruits of your owne bodie. I shal find some bodye to beare me company.

Waf. Wel, I wil deferre my busines for once, and go with thee.

Mist. Waf. By this light but you shal not, you shal not hit me i'th teeth that I was your hindrance, wil you to Bucklers burry sir?

Waf. Come you are a foole leaue your weeping.

Exit. Waf.

Mist. Waf. You shal not go with me as I liue.

Iust. Puple.

Mist. Waf. Excellent maister.

Iust. Admirable Mistress, howe happie be our Englishwomen that are not troubled with Iealous husbands; why your Italians in general are so Sun-burnt with these Dog-daies, that your great Lady there thinkes her husband loues her not if hee bee not Iealous:

what confirms the liberty of our women more in England, then the Italian Prouerbe, which saies if there were a bridge ouer the narrow Seas, all the women in Italy would shew their husbands a Million of light paire of heeles, and flie ouer into England.

Mist. Waf. The time of our meeting! Come!

Iust. Seauen.

Mist. Waf. The place.

Iust. In Blacke Friers, there take Water, keepe a loofe from the shore, on with your Masks, vp with your fails, and *West-ward Hoe.*

Mist. Waf. So.

Exit Mistris Waf.

Iust. O the quick apprehension of women, the'ile groape out a mans meaning presently, wel, it rests now that I discouer my felfe in my true shape to these Gentlewomens husbands: for though I haue plaid the foole a little to beguile the memory of mine owne misfortune, I woulde not play the knaue, though I be taken for a Banquerout, but indeed as in other things, so in that, the worlde is much deceiued in me, for I haue yet three thousand pounds in the hands of a sufficient friend, and all my debts discharged. I haue receiued here a letter from my wife, directed to *Stode*, wherein shee most repentantly intreateth my return, with protestation to gyue me assured tryall of her honesty. I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but I will put it to the test, there is a great strife betweene beautie, & Chastity, and that which pleaseth many is neuer free from temptation: as for Iealousie, it makes many Cuckoldes, many fooles, and many banquerouts: It may haue abused me and not my wifes honesty: Ile try it: but first to my secure and doting Companion.

Exit.

Enter Monopoly and Mistris Tenterhooke.

Mono. I beseech you Mistris *Tenterhooke*, Before God Ile be sicke if you will not be merry.

Mist. Tent. You are a sweet Beagle.

Mono. Come, because I kept from Towne a little,

let mee not liue if I did not heare the sicknes was in Towne very hot: In troth thy hair is of an excellent colour since I saw it. O those bright tresses like to threds of gold.

Mist. Tent. Lye, and ashes, suffer much in the city for that comparifon.

Mono. Heres an honest Gentleman wil be here by & by, was borne at Foolham; his name is *Gosling Gloo-worme*.

Mist. Tent. I know him, what is he?

Mono. He is a Knight: what aild your husband to be so hasty to arrest me.

Mist. Tent. Shal I speak truly? shal I speak not like a woman.

Mono. Why not like a woman.

Mist. Tent. Because womens tongues are like to clacks, if they go too fast they neuer goe true, t'was I that got my husband to arrest thee, I haue.

Mono. I am beholding to you.

Mist. Tent. For sooth I coulde not come to the speech of you I thinke you may be spoken with all now.

Mono. I thanke you, I hope you'll baile me Cofin?

Mist. Tent. And yet why should I speak with you, I protest I loue my husband.

Mono. Tush let not any young woman loue a man in yeares to well.

Mist. Tent. Why?

Mono. Because heele dye before he can require it.

Mono. I haue acquainted *Waser* and *Honyfuckle* with it, and they allow my wit for't extreamly.

Enter Ambush.

O honest Sergeant.

Amb. Welcome good mistris *Tenterhooke*.

Mist. Tent. Sergeant I must needs haue my Cofin go a little Way out of Town with me, and to secure thee, here are two Diamonds, they are worth two hundred pound, keepe them til I returne him.

Amb. Well tis good securitie.

Mist. Tent. Do not come in my husbandes fight in the meane time.

Enter Whirle, Glo-worme, Gozling, Linstocke, Mistris Honnyfuckle, and Mistris Waser.

Amb. Welcom Gallants.

Whirl. How now *Monopoly* Arrested?

Mono. O my little *Honyfuckle* art come to visit a Prisoner?

Mist. Hony. Yes faith as Gentlemen visit Marchants, to fare wel, or as Poets young quaint Revelers, to laugh at them. Sirrha if I were some foolish Iustice, if I woulde not beg thy wit neuer trust me.

Mist. Tent. Why I pray you?

Mist. Hony. Because it hath bin conceald al this while, but come shal we to boat, we are furnisht for attendants as Ladies are, We have our fooles, and our Vthers.

Sir Goz. I thanke you Madame, I shall meete your wit in the close one day.

Mist. Waf. Sirra, thou knowest my husband keeps a Kennell of hounds?

Mist. Hony. Yes.

Whirl. Doth thy husband loue venery?

Mist. Waf. Venery?

Whirl. I, hunting, and venery are words of one signification.

Mist. Waf. Your two husband, and hee haue made a match to go find a Hare about Busty Caufy.

Mist. Tent. Theile keepe an excellent house till we come home againe.

Mist. Ho. O excellent, a Spanish dinner, a Pilcher, and a Dutch supper, butter and Onions.

Lynst. O thou art a mad wench.

Mist. Tent. Sergeant carry this ell of Cambrick to mistris *Bird*. tel her but that it is a rough tide, and that she seares the water, she should haue gone with vs

Sir Goz. O thou hast an excellent wit.

Whirl. To Boat hay!

Mist. Hony. Sir *Gozlin*? I doe take it your legs are married.

Sir Goz. Why mistress?

Mist. Hony. They looke so thin vpon it.

Sir Goz. Euer since I measurd with your husband, I haue shrunk in the calfe.

Mist. Hony. And yet you haue a sweet tooth in in your head.

Sir Goz. O well dealt for the Calues head, you may talke what you will of legs, and rising in the small, and swelling beneath the garter. But tis certain when lank thighes brought long stockings out of fashion, the Courtiers Legge, and his slender tilting staffe grew both of a bignesse. Come for *Brainford*.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus Scæna Prima.

Enter Mistress Birdlime and Luce.

Bird. Good morrow mistress *Luce*: how did you take your rest to night? how doth your good worship like your lodging? what will you haue to breakfast?

Luce. A poxe of the Knight that was here last night, he promist to haue sent me some wilde foule: hee was drunk Ile be stewed else.

Bird. Why do not you think he will send them?

Luce. Hang them: tis no more in fashion for them to keepe their promises, then tis for men to pay their debtes. He will lie faster then a Dog trots: what a filthy knocking was at doore last night: some puny Inn-a-court-men, Ile hold my contribution.

Bird. Yes in troth were they, ciuill gentlemen without beards, but to say the truth, I did take exceptions at their knocking: took them a side & said to them: Gentlemen this is not well, that you should come in this habit, Cloakes and Rapiers, Boots and Spurs, I protest to you, those that be your Ancientes

in the house would haue come to my house in their Caps and Gownes, ciuilly, and modestly. I promise you they might haue bin taken for Cittizens, but tha they talke more liker fooles. Who knocks there ? vp into your Chamber.

Enter master Honisuckle.

Who are you, some man of credit ? that you come in muffed thus.

Honi. Whose aboute ?

Bird. Let me see your face first. O maister *Honisuckle*, why the old party : the old party.

Honi. Pew I will not go vp to her : no body else !

Enter Christian.

Bird. As I liue will you giue me some Sacke ? wheres *Opportunity*.

Honi. What dost call her ?

Bird. Her name is *Christian*, but mistris *Luce* cannot abide that name, and so she cals her *Opportunity*.

Honi. Very good, good.

Bird. Ist a shilling, bring the rest in *Aqua vite*. Come shals go to Noddy.

Honi. I and thou wilt for halfe an hower.

Bird. Heere are the Cardes ! deale, God send mee Duces and Aces with a Court Card, and I shall get by it.

Honi. That can make thee nothing.

Bird. Yes if I haue a coate Card turne vp.

Honi. I shew foure games !

Bird. By my troth I must shew all and little enough to, fixe games : play your single game, I shall double with you anone.

Pray you lend me some siluer to count my games ! How now is it good Sack !

Enter Christian.

Chri. Theres a gentleman at doore would speake with you.

Ho. Gods so, I will not be seene by any means.

Enter Tenterhook.

Bird. Into that closet then? What another muffer?

Ten. How dost thou mistress *Birdlime*?

Bird. Master *Tenterhooke* the party is aboue in the dining Chamber.

Tent. Aboue.

Bird. All alone?

Honi. Is he gone vp? who wast I pray thee?

Bird. By this sacke I will not tel you! say that you were a contry Gentleman, or a Cittizen that hath a young wife, or an Inne of Chauncery Man, should I tell you? Pardon me; this Sac e tastes of Horse flesh, I warrant you the leg of a dead horse hangs in the But of Sacke to keepe it quicke?

Hony. I beseech thee good Mistress *Birdlime* tel me who it was.

Bird. O God sir we are sworne to secrecy as well as Surgeons.

Come drinke to me, and lets to our game.

Tenterhooke and Luce aboue.

Tent. Who am I?

Luce. You, pray you vnblind me, Captaine *Whirl-poolle*, no maister *Lynstock*: pray vnblind me you are not sir *Gozling Glo-worme*, for he weares no Ringes of his fingers! Maister *Freeze-leather*, O you are *George* the drawer at the Miter, pray you vnblinde mee, Captaine *Puckfoist*, Maister *Counterpaine* the Lawier, what the diuel meane you, beshrew your heart you haue a very dry hand, are you not mine host Dog-bolt of Brainford, Mistress *Birdlyme*, maister *Honyfuckle*, Maister *Wafer*.

Tent. What the last of al your Clients.

Luce. O how dost thou good Cofin.

Tent. I you haue many Cofins.

Luce. Faith I can name many that I do not know, and suppose I did know them what then? I will suffer one to keepe me in diet, another in apparrel; another in Phisick; another to pay my house rent. I am iust of the Nature of *Alcumy*; I wil suffer euery plodding foole to spend monie vpon me, marrie none but some worthie friend to inioy my more retir'd and vse-full faithfulness.

Tent. Your loue, your loue.

Luce. O I, tis the curse that is laid vpon our qualitie, what wee gleane from others we lauish vpon some trothlesse welfac'd younger Brother, that Loues vs onely for maintainance.

Tent. Haft a good tearme *Luce*?

Luce. A pox on the Tearme, and now I thinke ont, saies a gentleman last night let the pox be in the Towne seauen yeare, Westminster neuer breeds Cobwebs, & yet tis as catching as the plagu, though not al so general, there be a thousand bragging Iackes in London, that wil protest they can wrest comfort from me when (I sweare) not one of them know wheather my palme be moiste or not: In troth I loue thee: You promist me seuen Elles of Cambrick. *Waf. knocks and enters.* Whose that knocks?

Honi. What, more Sacks to the Myl, Ile to my old retirement.

Bird. How doth your good worship. Pafsion of my hart, what shift shall I make. How hath your good wor. done, a long time?

Waf. Very well God amercy.

Bird. Your good worsh. I thinke be riding out of towne.

Waf. Yes beleeeue me, I loue to be once a weeke a horsebacke, for methinks nothing sets a man out, better than a Horse.

Bird. Tis certes, nothing sets a woman out better than a man.

Waf. What, is mist. *Luce* aboute?

Bird. Yes truely.

Waf. Not any company with her.

Bird. Company? Shall I say to your good worship and not lie, she hath had no company (let me see how long it was since your Wor. was heare) you went to a Butchers feast at Cuckolds-hauen the next day after Saint Lukes day. Not this fortnight, in good truth.

Waf. Alasse, good foule.

Bird. And why was it? Go to, go to, I thinke you know better than I. The wench asketh euery day, when will M. *wafer* be heere; And if Knights aske for her, shee cries out at stayre-hed, As you loue my life let em not come vp, Ile do my selfe vyolence if they enter: Haue not you promist hir fomwhat?

Waf. Faith, I thinke she loues me.

Bird. Loues: Wel, wud you knew what I know, then you wud say fomwhat. In good faith shees very poore, all her gowns are at pawne: she owes me fise pound for her dyet, besides 40. sh. I lent her to redeem two halfe silke Kirtles from the Brokers, And do you thinke she needed be in debt thus, if shee thought not of Some-body.

Waf. Good honest Wench.

Bird. Nay in troth, shees now entring into bond for 5. poundes more, the Scriuener is but new gon vp to take her bond.

Waf. Come, let her not enter into bond, Ile lend her 5. pound, ile pay the rest of her debts, Call downe the Scriuener!

Bird. I pray you when he comes downe, stand muffed, and Ile tell him you are her brother.

Waf. If a man haue a good honest wench, that liues wholly to his vse, let him not see hir want.

Exit Bird. and enter above.

Bird. O mist. *Luce*, mist. *Luce*, you are the most vnfortunate gentlewoman that euer breathde: your young wild brother came newly out of the Countrey, he calles me Bawd, sweares I keepe a Bawdy house,

saies his sifter is turned whore, and that he wil kill, & slay any man that he finds in her company.

Tent. What conuayance wil you make with me mistress *Birdlime.*

Luce. O God let him not come vp, tis the swaggringst wild-oats.

Bird. I haue pacified him somewhat, for I told him, that you were a Scriuener come to take a band of her, now as you go foorth say she might haue had so much mony if she had pleased, and say, she is an honest Gentlewoman and al wil be wel.

Tent. Inough, farewell good Luce.

Bird. Come change your voice, and muffle you.

Luce. What trick should this be, I haue neuer a brother, Ile hold my life some franker customer is come, that thee slides him off so smoothly.

Enter Tenterhooke and Birdlime.

Tent. The Gentlewoman is an honest Gentlewoman as any is in London, and should haue had thrice as much money vpon her single bond for the good report I heare of her.

Waf. No sir hir friends can furnish her with mony.

Tent. By this light I should know that voice, *Waf.* od'ssoote are you the Gentlewomans Brother ?

Waf. Are you turnd a Scriuener *Tenterhooke* ?

Bird. I am spoild.

Waf. Tricks of mistress Birdlyme by this light.

Enter Honyfuckle.

Hony. Hoick Couert, hoick couert, why Gentlemen, is this your hunting ?

Tent. A Confort, what make you here *Honyfuckle* ?

Hony. Nay what make you two heare, O excellent mistress *Bird.* thou hast more trickes in thee

then a Punke hath Vnckles, cofins, Brothers, Sons or Fathers : an infinit Company.

Bird. If I did it not to make your good worships merry, neuer beleeeue me, I wil drinke to your worship a glaffe of Sack.

Enter Iustianio.

Iust. God saue you.

Hony & Waf. Maister *Iustianio* welcome from *Stoad.*

Iust. Why Gentlemen I neuer came there.

Tent. Neuer there ! where haue you bin then ?

Iust. Mary your daily guesst I thanke you.

Omn. Ours.

Iust. I yours.

I was the pedant that learnt your wiues to write, I ~~was~~ the Colliar that brought you newes your childe ~~was~~ sicke, but the truth is, for ought I knowe, the Child is in health, and your wiues are gone to make merry at Brainford.

Waf. By my troth good wenches, they little dreame where we are now.

Iust. You little dreame what gallants are with them.

Tent. Gallants with them ! Ide laugh at that.

Iust. Foure Gallants by this light, Mai. *Monopoly* is one of them.

Tent. *Monopoly* ? Ide laugh at that in faith.

Iust. Would you laugh at that ! why do ye laugh at it then, they are ther by this time, I cannot stay to giue you more particular intelligence : I haue receiued a letter from my wife heare, if you will cal me at *Putney*, Ile beare you company.

Tent. Od's foot what a Rogue is Sergeant *Ambush*, Ile vndo him by this light.

Iust. I met Sergeant *Ambush*, and wild him come to this house to you presently, so Gentlemen I leaue you ! Bawd I haue nothing to say to you now ; do not thinke to much in so dangerous a matter for in womens

matters tis more dangerous to stand long deliberating,
then before a battaile. *Exit Iusti.*

Waf. This fellowes pouerty hath made him an
arrant knave.

Bird. Will your worship drinke any *Aquavita* ?

Tent. A pox on your *Aquavita*. *Monopoly*, that
my wife vrged me to arrest gon to *Brainford*. *Enter*
Ambush. Heres comes the varlet.

Amb. I am come fir to know your pleafure.

Ten. What hath *Monopoly* paid the mony yet ?

Amb. No fir, but he sent for mony.

Tent. You haue not caried him to the counter, he
is at your house stil.

Amb. O Lord I fir as melancholike, &c.

Tent. You lie like an arrant varlet, by this candle
I laugh at the iest.

Bird. And yet hees ready to cry.

Tent. Hees gone with my wife to *Brainford*, and
there bee any Law in England Ile tickle ye for this.

Amb. Do your worst, for I haue good security & I
care not, besides it was his cofin your wiues pleafure
that he should goe along with her.

Tent. Hoy day, her cofin, wel fir, your security.

Amb. Why fir two Diamonds here.

Tent. O my hart : my wiues two Diamonds,
Wel, youle go along and iustife this.

Enter Luce.

Amb. That I wil fir.

Luce. Who am I ?

Tent. What the Murrion care I who you are, hold
off your Fingers, or Ile cut them with this Diamond.

Luce. Ile fee em ifaith,
So, Ile keepe these Diamonds tell I haue my filke
gowne, and fix els of Cambricke.

Tent. By this light you shal not.

Luce. No, what do you think you haue Fops in
hand, sue me for them.

Waf. and Hony. As you respect your credit lets go.

Tent. Good Luce as you loue me let me haue them, it stands vpon my Credit, thou shalt haue any thing, take my purse.

Luce. I will not be croft in my humour sir.

Tent. You are a dam'd filthy punke, what an vnfortunate Rogue was I, that euer I came into this house.

Bird. Do not spurne any body in my house you were best.

Tent. Well, well.

Bird. Excellent Luce, the getting of these two Diamondes maie chaunce to saue the Gentlewomens credit ; thou heardst all.

Luce. O I, and by my troath pittye them, what a filthy Knaue was that betraied them.

Bird. One that put me into pittifull feare, master *Iustiniano* here hath laied lurking like a sheep-biter, and in my knowledge hath drawne these gentlewomen to this misfortune : but Ile downe to Queene-hiue, and the Watermen which were wont to carrie you to *Lambeth Marsh*, shall carry mee thither : It may bee I may come before them ; I thinke I shal pray more, what for feare of the water, and for my good succeffe then I did this tweluemonth.

Scena 2 Enter the Earle and three Seruingmen.

Earl. Haue you perfum'd this Chamber ?

Omn. Yes my Lord.

Ear. The banquet ?

Omn. It stands ready.

Ear. Go, let musicke

Charme with her excellent voice an awfull scilence
Through al this building, that her sphæry soule
May (on the wings of Ayre) in thousand formes
Inuisibly flie, yet be inioy'd. Away.

1 Ser. Does my Lorde meane to Coniure that hee drawes this strange Characters.

2 *Ser.* He does : but we shal see neither the Spirit that rises, nor the Circle it rises in.

3 *Ser.* Twould make our haire stand vp an end if wee shoulde, come fooles come, meddle not with his matters, Lords may do any thing. *Exeunt.*

Ear. This night shal my desires be amply Crownd,
And al those powers, that tast of man in vs,
Shall now aspire that point of happines,
Beyond which, sensual eies neuer looke, (sweet
pleasure !)

Delicious pleasure ? Earths Supreamest good,
The spring of blood, tho it dry vp our blood.
Rob me of that, (tho to be drunke with pleasure,
As ranke exceffe euen in best things is bad ;
Turnes man into a beast) yet that being gone,
A horse and this (the goodliest shape) al one.
We feed : weare rich attires : and striue to cleaue
The stars with Marble Towers, fight battailes : Spend
Our blood to buy vs names : and in Iron hold
Will we eate roots, to imprison fugitiue gold :
But to do thus, what Spell can vs excite,
This the strong Magick of our appetite :
To feast which richly, life it selfe vndoes,
Whoo'd not die thus ? to see, and then to choofe
Why euen those that starue in Voluntary wants,
And to aduance the mind, keepe the flesh poore,
The world Inioying them, they not the world,
Wud they do this, but that they are proud to sucke
A sweetnes from such sowrenes : let em so,
The torrent of my appetite shall flow
With happier streame. A woman ! Oh, the Spirit
And extract of Creation ! This, this night,
The Sun shal enuy. What cold checks our blood ?
Her bodie is the Chariot of my soule,
Her eies my bodies light, which if I want,
Life wants, or if possesse, I vndo her ;
Turne her into a diuel, whom I adore,
By scorching her with the hot steeme of lust.
Tis but a minutes pleasure : and the finne

Scarce acted is repented. Shun it than :
 O he that can Abstaine, is more than man !
 Tush. Resolu't thou to do ill : be not precize
 Who writes of *Vertue* best, are slaues to vize, *Musick*
 The musicke sounds allarum to my blood,
 Whats bad I follow, yet I see whats good.

*Whilst the song is heard. The Earle drawes a Curten,
 and sets forth a Banquet : he then Exit, and Enters
 presently with Parenthesis attird like his wife
 maskt : leads him to the table, places him in a
 chaire, and in dumbe signes, Courts him, til the
 song be done.*

Ear. Fayre ! be not doubly maskt : with that and
 night,
 Beautie (like gold) being vs'd becomes more bright.

Par. Wil it please your Lordship to sit, I shal
 receiue smal pleasure if I see your Lordship stand.

Ear. Witch, hag, what art thou proud damnation ?

Par. A Marchants wife.

Ear. Fury who raizd thee vp, what com'st thou
 for ?

Par. For a banquet.

Ear. I am abus'd, deluded : Speake what art
 thou ?

Vds death speake, or ile kil thee : in that habit
 I lookt to find an Angel, but thy face,
 Shewes th'art a Diuel.

Par. My face is as God made it my Lord : I am
 no diuel vnlesse women be diuels, but men find em
 not so, for they daily hunte for them.

Ear. What art thou that dost cozen me thus ?

Par. A Marchants wife I say : *Iustinianos* wife. She,
 whome that long burding piece of yours, I meane that
 Wicked mother Birdlyme caught for your honor. Why
 my Lord, has your Lordshippe forgot how ye courted
 me last morning.

Ear. The diuel I did.

Par. Kist me last morning.

Ear. *Succubus*, not thee.

Par. Gaue me this Iewel last morning.

Ear. Not to thee *Harpy*.

Par. To me vpon mine honestie, I swore you would build me a lodging by the *Thames* side with a water-gate to it : or els take mee a lodging in Cole-harbor.

Ear. I swore so.

Par. Or keep me in a Laborinth as *Harry* kept Rosamond wher the Minotaure my husband should not enter.

Ear. I sware so, but *Gipsie* not to thee !

Par. To me vppon my honour, hard was the siege, which you laid to the Chrystal wals of my chastity, but I held out you know : but because I cannot bee too stony harted, I yeelded my Lord, by this token my Lord (which token lies at my heart like lead) but by this token my Lord, that this night you should commit that sinne which we al know with me.

Ear. Thee !

Par. Do I looke vgly, that you put thee vppon me : did I giue you my hand to horne my head, thats to say my husband, and is it com to thee : is my face a filthyer face, now it is yours, then when it was his : or haue I two faces vnder one hooode. I confesse I haue laid mine eyes in brine, and that may chaunge the copy. But my Lord I know what I am.

Ear. A Sorceresse, thou shalt witch mine eares no more,

If thou canst pray, doot quickly for thou diest.

Par. I can praie but I will not die, thou liest :

My Lord there drops your Ladie ; And now know,
Thou vnseasonable Lecher, I am her husband
Whom thou wouldst make whore, read : she speakes
there thus,

Vnlesse I came to her, her hand should free
Her Chastitie from blemish, proud I was
Of her braue mind, I came, and seeing what flauerie
Pouertie, and the frailtie of her Sex

Had, and was like to make her Subiect to,
I begd that she would die, my suite was granted,
I poison'd her, thy lust there strikes her dead,
Hornes feard, plague worfe, than sticking on the
head.

Ear. Oh God thou hast vndone thy selfe and me,
None liue to match this peece, thou art to bloudie,
Yet for her sake, whom Ile embalme with teares,
This Act with her I bury, and to quit
Thy losse of such a Iewel, thou shalt share
My liuing with me, Come imbrace.

Par. My Lord.

Earl. Villaine, dambd mercilesse slaue, Ile torture
thee
To euery ynoch of flesh : what ho : helpe whose
there?

Enter Seruingmen.

Come hither : heres a murderer, bind him. How now,
What noife is this.

Enter the 1. Seruingmen.

1 Ser. My Lord there are three Cittizens face mee
downe, that heres one maister *Parentthesis* a schoole-
maister with your Lordship and desire he may be
forthcomming to em.

Par. That borrowed name is mine. Shift for your
felues :

Away, shift for your felues ; fly, I am taken.

Ear. Why should they flye thou Skreech-owle.

Par. I wil tel thee,
Those three are partners with me in the murder,
We four commixt the poison, shift for your felues.

Ear. Stops mouth, and drag him backe : intreat em
enter.

Enter the three Cittizens.

O what a conflict feele I in my bloud,

I would I were lesse great to be more good :
Y'are welcome, wherefore came you ! guard the
dores :

When I behold that obieſt, al my fences
Reuolt from reaſon, he that offers flight,
Drops downe a Coarſe.

All 3. A Coarſe ?

1. Ser. I a coarſe, do you ſcorn to be worms meat
more then ſhe ?

Par. See Gentlemen, the Italian that does ſcorne,
Beneath the Moone, no baſenes like the horne,
Has powr'd through all the veines of yon chaſt
boſome,

Strong poiſon to preferue it from that plague,
This fleſhly Lord : he doted on my wife,
He would haue wrought on her and plaid on me.
But to pare off theſe brims, I cut off her,
And guld him with this lie, that you had hands
Dipt in her blood with mine, but this I did,
That his ſtaind age and name might not be hid.
My Aſt (tho vild) the world ſhall crowne as iuſt,
I ſhall dye cleere, when he liues ſoyld with luſt :
But come : riſe Moll. Awake ſweete Moll, th'aſt
played

The woman rarely, counterfetted well.

1. Ser. Sure ſh'as nine liues.

Par. See, *Lucrece* is not ſlaine,
Her eyes which luſt cald Suns, haue their firſt
beames,

And all theſe frightments are but idle dreames :
Yet (afore *Ioue*) ſhe had her knife prepard
To let his bloud forth ere it ſhould run blacke ?
Do not theſe open cuts now, coole your back ?
Methinks they ſhould : when *Vice* fees with broad
eyes

Her vgly forme, ſhe does hirſelfe deſpiſe.

Ear. Mirror of dames, I looke vpon thee now,
As men long blind, (hauing recouered ſight)

Amazd : ſcarce able are to endure the light :

Mine owne shame strikes me dumb : henceforth the
booke

Ile read shall be thy mind, and not thy looke.

Hony. I would either wee were at Braineфорд to
see our wiues, or our wiues heere to see this Pageant.

Ten. So would I, I stand vpon thornes.

Ear. The iewels which I gaue you : weare : your
fortunes,

Ile raise on golden Pillars : fare you well,
Lust in old age like burnt straw, does euen choake
The kindlers, and consumes, in stincking Smoake.

Exit.

Par. You may follow your Lord by the smoake,
Badgers.

1. Ser. If fortune had fauord him, wee might haue
followed you by the hornes.

Par. Fortune fauors fooles, your Lords a wife
Lord : So : how now ? ha ? This is that makes me
fat now, ist not Rats-bane to you Gentlemen, as pap
was to *Neflor*, but I know the inuisible sins of your
wiues hang at your eye-lides, and that makes you so
heauy headed.

Tent. If I do take em napping I know what
Ile do.

Honi. Ile nap some of them.

Tent. That villaine *Monopoly*, and that fir *Goslin*
treads em all.

Wafer. Wud I might come to that treading.

Par. Ha ha, sownd I : come Moll : the booke of
the siede of *Ostend*, writ by one that dropt in the ac-
tion, will neuer sell so well, as a report of the siede
between this *Graue*, this wicked elder and thy selfe,
an impression of you two, wold away in a May-morn-
ing : was it euer heard that such tydings, were brought
away from a Lord by any wench but thee Moll, with-
out paying, vnlesse the wench connycatcht him ? go
thy waies : if all the great Turks Concubins were
but like thee, the ten-penny-infidell should neuer neede

keep so many geldings to ney ouer em : come shal this
Westerne voyage hold my harts ?

All 3. Yes, yes.

Par. Yes, yes : Sfoot you speake as if you had no
harts, & look as if you were going westward indeede :
to see how plaine dealing women can pull downe men :
Moll youle helpe vs to catch Smelts too ?

Mist. Iust. If you be pleasd.

Par. Neuer better since I wore a Smock.

Honi. I fear our oares haue giuen vs the bag.

Wafer. Good, Ide laugh at that.

Par. If they haue, would wheres might giue them
the Bottle : come march whilst the women double
their files : Married men see, theres comfort ; the
Moones vp : fore *Don Phæbus*, I doubt we shall haue
a Frost this night, her hornes are so sharp : doe you
not feele it bite.

Tent. I do, Ime fure.

Par. But weele sit vpon one anothers skirts ith
Boate, and lye clofe in straw, like the hoary Courtier.
Set on to Brainford now : where if you meete fraile
wiues,

Nere sweare gainst hornes, in vaine dame Nature
striues. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus Scæna Prima.

*Enter Monopoly, Whirlepoole, Lynslock, and their
wiues, Iudyth, Mabell, and Clare, their Hats off.*

Mono. Why Chamberlin ? will not these Fidlers
be drawn forth ? are they not in tune yet ? Or are the
Rogues a fraid ath Statute, and dare not trauell so far
without a passe-port ?

Whir. What Chamberlin ?

Lynsl. Wheres mine host ? what Chamberlin.

Enter Chamberlin.

Cham. Anon sir, heere sir, at hand sir.

Mono. Wheres this noife? what a lowfie Townes this? Has Brainford no musick int.

Cham. They are but rozinging fir, and theile scrape themselues into your company presently.

Mono. Plague a their Cats guts and their scraping: dost not see women here, and can we thinkst thou be without a noife then?

Cha. The troth is fir, one of the poore instruments caught a fore mischance last night: his most base bridge fell downe, and belike they are making a gathering for the reparations of that.

Whir. When they come, lets haue em with apox.

Cham. Well fir, you shall fir.

Mo. Stay Chamberlin: wheres our knight fir *Goslin*? wheres fir *Goslin*.

Cham. Troth fir, my master, and fir *Goslin* are guzling: they are dabling together fathom deepe: the Knight hath drunke so much Helth to the Gentleman yonder, on his knees, that hee has almost lost the vse of his legs.

Iud. O for loue, let none of em enter our roome, fie.

Mab. I wud not haue em cast vp their accounts here, for more then they meane to be drunke this tweluemonth.

Cla. Good Chamberlin keepe them and their Helthes out of our company.

Cham. I warrant you, their Helthes shall not hurt you.

Exit.

Mo. I, well said: they're none of our giuing: let em keep their owne quarter: Nay I told you the man would foake him if hee were ten Knights: if he were a Knight of Gold theyd fetch him ouer.

Cla. Out vpon him?

Whirl. Theres a Liefetennant and a Captaine amongst em too.

Mo. Nay, then looke to haue some body lie on the earth fort: Its ordinary for your Liefetennant to be drunke with your Captaine, and your Capten to cast with your Knight.

Cla. Did you neuer hear how fir *Fabian Scarcrow* (euen such another) tooke me vp one night before my husband being in wine.

Mab. No indeede, how was it ?

Cla. But I thinke I tooke him downe with a witnesse.

Iud. How ! Good *Tenterhooke*.

Cla. Nay Ile haue all your eares take part of it.

Omn. Come, on then.

Cla. He vfd to freequent me and my Husband diuerse times ; And at last comes he out one morning to my husband, and sayes, maister *Tenterhooke* saies he, I must trouble you to lend mee 200. pound about a commodity which I am to deale in, and what was that commodity but his knighthood.

Omn. So.

Cla. Why you shall Maister *Scarcrow* saies my good man : So within a little while after, Maister *Fabian* was created Knight.

Mono. Created a Knight ! thats no good heraldry : you must say dubd.

Cla. And why not Created pray.

Omn. I wel done, put him downe ats owne weapon.

Cla. Not Created, why al things haue their being by creation.

Lynfl. Yes by my faith ist.

Cla. But to returne to my tale.

Whirl. I mary : marke now.

Cla. When he had climb'd vp this costly ladder of preferment, he disburfes the mony backe agen very honorably: comes home, and was by my husbände invited to supper : There supt with vs besides, another Gentleman incident to the Court, one that hadde be-poke me of my husband to help me into the banqueting house and see the reuelling : a young Gentleman, and that wagge (our schoolemaister) maister *Parthenesfis*, for I remember he said grace, methinks I see him yet, how he turn'd vp the white a'th eie, when he

came to the last Gaspe, and that he was almost past Grace.

Mab. Nay he can doot.

Cla. All supper time, my New-minted knight, made Wine the waggon to his meat, for it ran downe his throat so fast, that before my Chamber-maid had taken halfe vp, he was not scarce able to stand.

Mono. A generall fault at Cittizens tables.

Cla. And I thinking to play vpon him, askt him, Sir *Fabian Scarcrow* quoth I, what pretty Gentlewoman wil you raise vp now to stal her your Lady ? but he like a foul-mouthd man, swore zounds Ile stal neuer a puncke in England. A Lady, theres two many already : O fie Sir *Fabian* (quoth I) will you cal her that shall bee your wife such an odious name ! and then he sets out a throat & swore agen (like a stinking breathd knight as he was) that women were like horfes.

Iul. and Mab. O filthy knaue.

Cla. Theyde break ouer any hedge to change their pasture, tho it were worfe : Fie man fie, (saies the Gentlewoman.)

Mono. Very good.

Cla. And he bristling vp his beard to raile at her too, I cut hym ouer the thumbs thus : why sir *Fabian Scarcrow* did I incense my husband to lend you so much mony vpon your bare worde, and doe you backbite my friends, and me to our faces ! I thought you had more perfeuerance ; if you bore a Knightly and a degenerate mind you would scorne it : you had wont to be more deformable amongst women : Fie, that youle be so humorfome : here was Nobodie so egregious towards you sir *Fabian* ! and thus in good sadnes, I gaue him the best wordes I coulde picke out to make him ashamed of his doings.

Whirl. And how tooke he this Correction.

Cla. Verie heauily : for he slept presentlie vpont : & in the morning was the forriest Knight, and I

warrant is so to this daie, that liues by bread in England.

Mono. To see what wine and women can do, the one makes a man not to haue a word to throw at a Dogge, the other makes a man to eat his owne words, tho they were neuer so filthy.

Whirl. I see these Fiddlers cannot build vp their bridge, that some Musicke may come ouer vs.

Lynst. No faith they are drunke too, what shals do therefore.

Mono. Sit vp at Cards al night ?

Mab. Thats Seruingmans fashion.

Whirl. Drinke burnt wine and Eggs then ?

Jud. Thats an exercife for your sub-burbe wenches.

Cla. No no, lets fet vpon our posset and so march to bed, for I begin to wax light with hauing my Natural sleep puld out a mine eies.

Omni. Agreed : beet so, the sacke posset and to bed.

Mono. What Chamberlain ! I must take a pipe of Tobacco.

3. *Women.* Not here, not here, not here.

Mab. Ile rather loue a man that takes a purse, then him that takes Tobacco.

Cla. By my little finger Ile breake al your pipes, and burne the Case, and the box too, and you drawe out your stinking smoake afore me.

Mono. Prethee good mistress *Tenterhooke*, Ile ha done in a trice.

Mab. Do you long to haue me fwoune ?

Mono. Ile vse but halfe a pipe introth.

Cla. Do you long to fee me lie at your feet !

Mono. Smell toot : tis perfum'd.

Cla. Oh God ! Oh God ! you anger me : you stir my bloud : you moue me : you make me spoile a good face with frowning at you : this was euer your fashion, so to smoake my Husband when you come home, that I could not abide him in mine eye : hee was a moate

in it me thought a month after : pray spawle in another roome : fie, fie, fie.

Mo. Well, well, come, weelee for once feed hir humor.

Iud. Get two roomes off at least if you loue vs.

Mab. Three, three, maister *Lynstocke* three.

Lin. Sfoote weelee dance to Norwich, and take it there, if youle stay till we returne agen ! Heeres a stir, youle ill abide a fiery face, that cannot endure a smoaky nose.

Mo. Come lets satisfie our appetite.

Whi. And that wil be hard for vs, but weelee do our best.

Exeunt.

Cla. So : are they departed ? What string may wee three thinke that these three gallants harp vpon, by bringing vs to this sinfull towne of Brainford ? ha !

Iud. I know what string they would harpe vpon, if they could put vs into the right tune.

Mab. I know what one of em buz'd in mine eare, till like a Theefe in a Candle, he made mine eares burne, but I swore to say nothing.

Cla. I know as verily they hope, and brag one to another, that this night theile row westward in our husbands whirries, as wee hope to bee rowd to London to morrowe morning in a paire of oares. But wenches lets bee wise, and make Rookes of them that I warrant are now setting purfenets to cony-catch vs.

Both. Content.

Cla. They shall know that Cittizens wiues haue wit enough to out strip twenty such guls ; tho we are merry, lets not be mad : be as wanton as new married wiues, as fantasticke and light headed to the eye, as fether-makers, but as pure about the heart, as if we dwelt amongst em in Black Fryers.

Mab. Weelee eate and drinke with em.

Clar. Oh yes : eate with em as hungerly as souldiers : drinke as if we were Froes : talke as freely as Iesters, but doe as little as misers. Who (like dry

Nurses) haue great breastes but giue no milke. It were better we should laugh at their popin-Iayes, then liue in feare of their prating tongues : tho we lye all night out of the Citty, they shall not find country wenches of vs : but since we haue brought em thus far into a fooles Paradice, leaue em int : the Iest shal be a stock to maintain vs and our pewfellowes in laughing at christnings, cryings out, and vpsittings this 12. month : how say you wenches, haue I fet the Sadle on the right horfe.

Boath. O twill be excellent.

Mab. But how shall we shift em off ?

Cla. Not as ill debtors do their Creditors (with good wordes) but as Lawyers do their Clyents when their ouerthrown, by some new knauish tricke : and thus it shall bee : one of vs must dissemble to be suddenly very sick.

Iud. Ile be she.

Clar. Nay, tho we can all dissemble well, yet Ile be she : for men are so iealous, or rather enuious of one anothers happinesse (Especially in this out of towne gossipings) that he who shall misse his hen, if hee be a right Cocke indeede, will watch the other from treading.

Mab. Thats certaine, I know that by my selfe.

Cla. And like *Esops* Dog, vnlesse himselfe might eate hay, wil lie in the manger and starue : but heele hinder the horfe from eating any : besides it will be as good as a Welch hooke for you to keepe out the other at the Staues end : for you may boldly stand vppon this point, that vnlesse euery mans heeles may bee tript vp, you scorne to play at football.

Iud. Thats certaine : peace I heare them spitting after their Tobacco.

Cla. A chaire, a chaire, one of you keepe as great a coyle and calling, and as if you ran for a midwife : tho'ther holde my head : whylst I cut my lace.

Mab. Passion of me ! maister *Monopoly*, maister *Linstocke* and you be men, help to daw *misstris Tenter-*

hooke : O quickly, quickly, shees sicke and taken with an Agony.

Enter as she cryes Monopolie, Whirlepoole, and Lynstocke.

Omni. Sick ? How ? how now ? whats the matter ?
Monop. Sweet *Clare* call vp thy spirits.

Clare. O maister *Monopoly*, my spirits will not come at my calling, I am terrible and Ill : Sure, sure, I'me struck with some wicked planet, for it hit my very hart : Oh I feele my selfe worfe and worfe.

Mono. Some burnt Sack for her good wenches : or possit drink, poxe a this Rogue Chamberlin, one of you call him : how her pulfes beate : a draught of Cynamon water now for her, were better than two Tankerdes out of the Thames : how now ? Ha.

Cla. Ill, ill, ill, ill, ill.

Mono. I'me accurst to spend mony in this Towne of iniquity : theres no good thing euer comes out of it : and it stands vppon such musty ground, by reason of the Riuer, that I cannot see how a tender woman can do well int. Sfoot ? Sick now ? cast down now tis come to the push.

Cla. My mind misgiues me that als not found at London.

Whirle. Poxe on em that be not founde, what need that touch you ?

Cla. I feare youle neuer carry me thither.

Omni. Puh, puh, fay not so.

Cla. Pray let my cloathes be vtterly vndone, and then lay mee in my bed.

Lynst. Walke vp and downe a little.

Cla. O maister *Lynstock*, tis no walking will ferue my turne : haue me to bed good sweete Mistris *Honifuckle*, I doubt that olde Hag *Gillian* of *Braineford* has bewicht me.

Mono. Looke to her good wenches.

Mab. I fo we will, and to you too : this was excellent.
Exeunt.

Whirle. This is strange.

Lynst. Villanous spiteful luck : no matter, th, other two hold byas.

Whirle. Peace, marke how hees nipt : nothing greeues mee so much as that poore *Pyramus* here must haue a wall this night betweene him and his *Thisbe*.

Mono. No remedy trusty *Troylus* : and it greeues mee as much, that youle want your false *Cressida* to night, for heeres no fir *Pandarus* to vs her you into your Chamber.

Lynst. Ile somon a parlee to one of the Wenches, and see how all goes.

Mono. No whispring with the common enemy by this Iron : he sees the Diuell that sees how all goes amongst the women to night : Nay Sfoot ? If I stand piping till you dance, damne me.

Lyn. Why youle let me call to em but at the key-hole.

Mono. Puh, good maister *Lynstocke*, Ile not stand by whilst you giue Fire at your Key-holes ? Ile hold no Trencher till another feedes : no stirrup till another gets vp : be no doore-keeper. I ha not beene so often at Court, but I know what the back-side of the Hangings are made of. Ile trust none vnder a peece of Tapistry, viz. a Couerlet.

Whirl. What will you say if the Wenches do this to gull us ?

Mono. No matter, Ile not be doubly guld, by them and by you : goe, will you take the lease of the next chamber and doe as I do.

Both. And whats that ?

Mono. Any villanie in your company, but nothing out on't will you fit vp, or lie by'te.

Whirl. Nay lie sure, for lying is most in fashion.

Mono. Troth then ; Ile haue you before mee.

Both. It shall be yours.

Mono. Yours ifaith : Ile play *Ianus* with two faces & looke a squinte both wayes for one night.

Lyn. Well Sir, you shall be our dore-keeper.

Mono. Since we must swim, lets leape into one flood,

Weele either be all naught, or els all good. *Exeunt.*

Enter a noyse of Fiddlers, following the Chamberlyn.

Cham. Come, come, come, follow mee, follow mee. I warrant you ha lost more by not falling into a sound last night, than euer you got at one Iob since it pleaf'd to make you a noife : I can tell you, gold is no money with 'hem : follow me and sum as you goe ; you shall put something into their eares, whilst I provide to put something into their bellies. Followe close and sum ————— *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Gozlin and Bird-lime puld along by him.

Goz. What kin art thou to Long-Meg of West-minster ? th'art like her.

Bird. Some-what a like Sir at a blush, nothing a kin Sir, sauing in height of minde, and that she was a goodly Woman.

Goz. Mary Anbree, do not you know me ? had not I a sight of this sweete Phisnomy at Renish-wine house ! ha last day ith Stilliard ha ! whither art bound Galley-foist ! whether art bound ! whence com'st thou female yeoman—a the gard !

Bird. From London Sir.

Goz. Dost come to keepe the dore *Ascapart.*

Bird. My reparations hether is to speake with the Gentlewoman here that drunke with your worshippe at the Dutch-house of meeting.

Goz. Drunke with mee, you lie, not drunke with me : but 'faith what wou'dst with the Women ? they are a bed : art not a mid-wife ? one of hem told mee thou wert a night woman.

Musick within : the Fiddlers.

Bird. I ha brought some women a bed, in my time Sir.

Goz. I and some yong-men too, ha'ft not *Pandora* ! howe now ! where's this noyse.

Bird. Ile commit your worship.

Goz. To the Stockes ! art a Iustice ! shalt not commit mee : dance first 'faith, why scrapers, appeare vnder the wenches Comickall window, byth' Lord ! Vds Daggers ! cannot sinne be set a shore once in a raigne vpon your Country quarters, but it mus. haue fiddling ! what set of Villaines are you, you perpetuall Ragamuffins !

Fid. The Towne Consort Sir.

Goz. Comfort with a pox ! cannot the shaking of the sheets be danc'd without your Town piping ! nay then let al hel rore.

Fid. I beseech you Sir, put vp yours, and wee'le put vp ours.

Goz. Play you louzie *Hungarians* : see, looke the Mai-pole is set vp, wee'le dance about it : keepe this circle *Maquerelle*.

Bird. I am no Mackrell, and ile keepe no Circles.

Goz. Play, life of *Pharao* play, the Bawde shall teach mee a Scotch ligge.

Bird. Bawd ! I defie thee and thy ligges whatsoever thou art : were I in place where, Ide make thee proue thy wordes.

Goz. I wud proue 'hem Mother best be trust : why doe not I know you Granam ! and that Suger-loafe ! ha ! doe I not *Magara*.

Bird. I am none of your Megges, do not nickname me so : I will not be nickt.

Goz. You will not : you will not : how many of my name (of the *Glowormes*) haue paid for your furr'd Gownes, thou Womans broker.

Bird. No Sir, I scorne to bee beholding to any

Glo-worme that liues vppon Earth for my furre : I can keepe my felfe warme without Glowormes.

Goz. Canst fing Wood-pecker ? come fing and wake 'hem.

Bird. Wud you should well know it, I am no finging Woman.

Goz. Howle then ! sfoote fing, or howle, or Ile break your Estrich Egshell there.

Bird. My Egge hurts not you, what doe you meane to florish fo.

Goz. Sing Madge, Madge, fing Owlet.

Bird. How can I fing with fuch a fowre face—I am haunted with a caught and cannot fing.

Goz. One of your Instruments Mowntibankes, come, here clutch : clutch.

Bird. Alas, Sir, I'me an olde woman, and knowe not how to clutch an instrument.

Goz. Looke marke too and fro as I rub it : make a noyse : its no matter : any hunts vp, to waken vice.

Bird. I shall neuer rub it in tune.

Goz. Will you scrape ?

Bird. So you will let me go into the parties, I will sawe, & make a noyse.

Goz. Doe then : shatt into the parties, and part 'hem : shat my leane *Lena*.

Bird. If I must needes play the Foole in my olde dayes, let mee haue the biggest instrument, becaufe I can hold that best : I shall cough like a broken winded horse, if I gape once to fing once.

Goz. No matter cough out thy Lungs.

Bird. No Sir, tho I'me olde, and worme-eaten I'me not so rotten ————— *Coughes*.

A SONG.

Will your worship be ridde of me now.

Goz. Faine, as rich-mens heyres would bee of their gowtye dads : thats the hot-houfe, where your

parties are sweating: amble: goe, tell the Hee parties
I haue sent 'hem a Masse to their shippe.

Bird. Yes forsooth Ile do your errand. *Exit.*

Goz. Half musty still by thundring *Joue*: with
what wedge of villanie might I cleaue out an howre
or two? Fidlers, come: strike vp. march before mee,
the Chamberlaine shall put a Crowne for you into his
bill of *Items*: you shall sing bawdie songs vnder euery
window ith Towne: vp will the Clownes start, downe
come the Wenches, wee'le set the Men a fighting the
Women a scolding, the Dogs a barking, you shall go
on fidling, and I follow dancing *Lanteras*: curry your
instruments: play and away. *Exit.*

V.? *Enter* Tenter-hooke, Hony-suckle, Wafer, Parenthesis,
and his wife with Ambush and Chamberlayn.

Hony. Serieant *Ambush*, as th'art an honest fellow,
scowte in some backe roome, till the watch-word be
given for fallying forth.

Amb. Duns the Moufe. *Exit.*

Tent.—A little low-woman saist thou,—in a Veluet-
cappe-and one of 'him in a Beauer! brother *Hony-*
suckle, and brother *Wafer*, hearke—they are they.

Waf. But art fure they husbands are a bed with
'hem?

Cha. I thinke so Sir, I know not, I left 'hem to-
gether in one roome: and what diuision fell amongst
'hem, the fates can descouer not I.

Tent. Leau vs good Chamberlaine, wee are some
of their friends: leau vs good Chamberlaine: be
merry a little: leau vs honest Chamberlaine—*Exit.*
Wee are abuzd, wee are bought and sold in *Brainford*
Market: neuer did the sicknesse of one belyed nurse-
child, sticke so cold to the heartes of three Fathers:
never were three innocent Cittizens so horribly, so
abominably wrung vnder the withers.

Both. What shall wee do? how shall we helpe our
selues?

Hony. How shall we pull this thorne out off our foote before it rancle ?

Tent. Yes, yes, yes, well enough ; one of vs stay here to watch : doe you see : to watch : haue an eye, haue an eare. I and my brother *Wafer*, and Maist. *Iustiniano*, will set the towne in an insurrection, bring hither the Constable, and his Billmen, breake open vpon hem, take 'hem in their wickednesse, and put 'hem to their purgation.

Both. Agreed.

Par. Ha, ha, purgation.

Tent. Wee'le haue 'hem before some Countrey Iustice of *Coram* (for we scorne to be bound to the Peace) and this Iustice shall draw his Sword in our defence, if we finde 'hem to be Malefactors wee'le ticle 'hem.

Hony. Agreed : doe not say, but doo't come.

Par. Are you mad ? do you know what you doe ? whether will you runne ?

All 3. To set the Towne an an vprere.

Par. An vprere ! will you make the Townes-men think, that *Londoners* neuer come hither but vpon Saint *Thomas*es night ? Say you should rattle vp the Constable : thrash all the Countrey together, hedge in the house with Flayles, Pike-staues, and Pitch-forkes, take your wifes napping, these Westerne Smelts nibling, and that like so many *Vulcans*, euery Smith should discouer his *Venus* dancing with *Mars*, in a net ? wud this plaster cure the head-ake.

Tent. I, it wood.

All 3. Nay it shud.

Par. *Nego Nego*, no no, it shall bee prou'd vnto you, your heads would ake worfe : when women are proclaymed to bee light, they striue to be more light, for who dare disproue a Proclamation.

Tent. I but when light Wiues make heauy husbands, let these husbands play mad *Hamlet* ; and crie reuenge, come, and wee'le do so.

Mist. Iust. Pray stay, be not so heady at my intreaty.

Par. My wife intreats you, and I intreat you to haue mercy on your selues, though you haue none ouer the women. Ile tell you a tale : this last Christmas a Cittizen and his wife (as it might be one of you) were inuited to the Reuells one night at one of the Innes a Court: the husband (hauing businesse) trusts his wife thither to take vp a roome for him before : shee did so : but before shee went ; doubts a rising, what blockes her husband would stumble at, to hinder his entrance. It was consulted vpon, by what token, by what trick, by what banner, or brooch he should bee knowne to bee hee when hee wrapt at the Gate:

All 3. Very good.

Par. The croud he was told would be greater, their clamors greater, and able to droune the throats of a shoule of fishwiues : he himfelfe therefore deuises an excellent watch-word, and the signe at which he would hang out himfelfe, should be a horne : he would wind his horne, and that should giue 'hem warning that he was come.

All 3. So.

Par. The torchmen and whiffiers had an *Item* to receaue him : he comes, ringes out his horne with an allarum, enters with a showte, all the house rises (thinking some sowgelder prest in) his wife blusht, the company lested, the simple man like a begger going to the stocks laught, as not being fencible of his own disgrace & hereupon the punyes set downe this decre that no man shall hereafter come to laugh at their reuells (if his wife be entred berore him) vnles he cary his horne about him.

Waf. Ile not trouble them.

Par. So if you trompet a broad and preach at the market crosse, you wiues shame, tis your owne shame.

All. What shall we doe then !

Par. Take my counsell, Ile aske no fee fort : bar out host : banish mine hostes, beate away the Chamberlin, let the ostlers walke, enter you the chambers peaceably, locke the dores gingerly, looke vpon your wiues wofully, but vpon the euill-doers, most wickedly.

Tent. What shall wee reap by this.

Par. An excellent haruest, this, you shall heare the poore mouse-trapt-guilty-gentlemen call for mercy ; your wiues you shall see kneeling at your feet, and weeping, and wringing, and blushing, and cursing *Brainford* and crying *pardona moy, pardona moy, pardona moy*, whilst you haue the choise to stand either as Iudges to condemne 'hem, beadles to torment 'hem, or confessors to absolue 'hem. And what a glory will it be for you 3. to kisse your wiues like forgetfull husbands, to exhort and forgiue the young men like pittifull fathers ; then to call for oares, then to cry hay for London, then to make a Supper, then to drowne all in Sacke and Suger, then to goe to bed, and then to rise and open shop, where you may aske any man what he lacks with your cap off, and none shall perceiue whether the brims wring you.

Tent. Weele raise no townes.

Hony. No, no, lets knock first.

Wa. I thats best Ile somon a parle.— *knocks.*

Cla. Whose there ? haue you stock-fish in hand that you beat so hard : who are you ?

Tent. Thats my wife ; let *Iustiniano* speak for al they know our Tongues.

Cla. What a murren aile these colts, to keepe such a kicking ? *Monopoly.*

Par. Yes.

Cla. Is M. *Lynstock* vp too, and the Captaine.

Par. Both are in the field : will you open your dore ?

Cla. O you are proper Gamsters to bring false dice with you from London to cheat your selues. Ist

possible that 3 shallowe women should gul. 3. such Gallants.

Tent. What meanes this.

Cla. Haue we defied you vpon the wals all night to open our gates to you ith morning. Our honest husbands they (filly men) lie praying in their beds now, that the waters vnder vs may not be rough, the tilt that couers vs may not be rent, & the strawe about our feete may keepe our pritty legs warme. I warrant they walk vpon Queen-hiue (as *Leander* did for *Hero*) to watch for our landing, and should we wrong such kind hearts? wud we might euer be trobled with the tooth-ach then.

Tent. This thing that makes fooles of vs thus, is my wife. *Knocks.*

Mab. I, I knock your bellies full, we hugg one another a bed and lie laughing till we tickle againe to remember how wee sent you a Bat-fowling.

Waf. An Almond Parrat : that's my *Mabs* voice, I know by the found.

Par. Sfoote you ha spoild halfe already, & youle spoile al, if you dam not vp your mouths villanie ! nothing but villany, Ime afraid they haue smelt your breaths at the key hole, & now they fet you to catch Flounders, whilst in the meane time, the concupiscentious Malefactours make 'em ready & take London napping.

Al 3. Ile not be guld fo.

Ten. Shew your selues to be men, and breake open dores.

Par. Breake open dores, and shew your selues to be beasts : if you break open dores, your wiues may lay flat burglary to your charge.

Hony. Lay a pudding ; burglarie.

Par. Will you then turne *Coridons* because you are among clowns ? shal it be said you haue no braines being in *Brainford*.

M. Parenthesis we will enter and fet vpon 'em.

Par. Well do so: but enter not so that all the countrey may crie shame of your doings: knocke them downe, burst open *Erebus*, and bring an old house ouer your heads if you do.

Waf. No matter, wee beare it of with head & shoulders. *kn.*

Mab. You cannot enter indeed la, gods my pittikin our 3 husbands somon a parlee; let that long old woman either creepe vnder the bed or else stand vp-right behind the painted cloth. *Exit.*

Waf. Doe you heare: you *Mabel*:

Mab. Lets neuer hide our heads now, for we are descouered.

Hony. But all this while, my *Hony-fuckle* appears not.

Par. Why then two of them haue pitcht their tents there & yours lies in Ambuscado with your enemy there.

Hony. Stand vpon your gard there, whilst I batter here. *knock.*

Mono. Who's there?

Par. Hold, Ile speake in a small voice like one of the women; here's a friend: are you vp? rize, rize; stir, stirre.

Mono. Vds foote, what Weasell are you? are you going to catch Quaiies, that you bring your pipes with you. Ile see what troubled Ghost it is that cannot sleepe. *Lookes out.*

Tent. O Maist. *Monopoly* God saue you.

Mono. Amen, for the last time I sawe you, the Diuell was at mine elbow in Buffe, what! 3 mery men, & 3. mery men, & 3. mery men be we too.

Hon. How do's my wife M. *Monop.*

Mono. Who? my ouerthwart neighbour: passing well: this is kindly don: Sir *Gozlin* is not far from you: wee'le ioyne our Armies presently, here be rare fields to walke in-Captaine rize, Captain *Lynstock* bestir your stumps, for the *Philestins* are vpon vs.

Exit.

Tent. This *Monopoly* is an arrant knaue, a cogging knaue, for all hees a Courtier, if *Monopoly* bee sufferd to ride vp and downe with other mens wiues, hee'll vn-do both Citty and Countrey.

Enter the three wiues.

Par. Mol, maske thy selfe, they shall not know thee.

All 3. How now sweet hearts, what make you here.

Waf. Not that which you make here.

Tent. Mary you make Bulls of your husbands.

Clare. Buzzards do we not ? out you yellow infirmities: do al flowers shew in your eyes like Colum-bines.

Waf. Wife what faies the Collier ? is not thy Soule blacker then his coales ? how does the child ? howe does my flesh and bloud wife ?

Mab. Your flesh and bloud is very well recouered now mause.

Waf. I know tis: the Collier has a sack-full of newes to empty.

Tent. Clare Where be your two ringes with Diamonds ?

Clare. At hand sir, here with a wet finger.

Tent. I dreamt you had lost hem—what a prophane varlet is this shoulder clapper, to lye thus vpon my wife & her ringes.

Enter Monopoly, Whyrlpoole and Lynstock.

All 3. Saue you gentlemen ;

Tent. Hony. Waf. And you and our wiues from you.

Mona. Your wiues haue faude themselues for one.

Tent. Maist. *Monopoly*, tho I meet you in hie *Germany*, I hope you can vnderstand broken English, haue you dischargd your debt.

Mono. yes Sir : with a duple charge, your *Harpy* that set his ten commandements vpon my backe had 2. Dyamondes to faue him harmles.

Tent. of you Sir.

Mono. Me Sir, do you think there be no dyamond courtiers.

Enter Ambush.

Tent. Sargent *Ambush* issue forth, *Monopoly* Ile cut off your conuoy maist, Sargent *Ambush*, I charge you as you hope to receaue comfort from the smell of *Mace* speake not like a Sargent, but deale honestly, of whome had you the dyamondes.

Amb. Of your wife Sir if Inie an honest man.

Cla. Of me you peuter-buttoned rascall.

Mono. Sirra you that liue by nothing but the carion of poultry.

Cla. Schoole Maister harke heither.

Mono. Where are my Iems and pretious stones that were my bale.

Amb. Forth comming Sir tho your mony is not, your creditor has hem.

Par. Excellent; peace, why M. *Tenterhooke*, if the dyamondes be of the reported value, Ile paie your mony receaue 'em, keepe 'hem till Maist. *Monopoly* be fatter ith purse : for Maist. *Monopoly* I know you wil not be long empty Maist. *Monopoly*.

Cla. Let him haue 'hem good *Tenterhooke*, where are they.

Tent. At home, I lockt 'hem vp.——

Enter Birdlime.

Bird. No indeed for-sooth, I lockt 'hem vp, & thos are they your wife has, and thofe are they your husband (like a bad liuer as he is) would haue giuen to a neice of mine, (that lies in my house to take phisick) to haue committed fleshly treason with her.

Tent. I at your house—you old—

Bird. You perdy, and that honest batchiler, neuer call me old for the matter.

Iud. Motherly woman hees my husband and no Batchelers buttons are at his doublett.

Bird. las, I speake Innocently and that leane gentleman set in his staffe there : But as Ime a sinner, both I and the yong woman had an eye to the mayne chance, & tho they brought more a bout 'hem than capten *Candishis* voiage came to, they should not, nor could not (vnles I had bin a naughty woman) haue entred the straytes.

All 3. Haue we smelt you out foxes.

Cla. Doe you come after vs with hue and cry when you are the theeues your Selues.

Iud. Murder I see cannot be hid, but if this old *Sybill* of yours speake oracles, for my part, Ile be like an Almanacke that threatens nothing but foule wether.

Tent. That bawd has bin dambd. 500 times, and is her word to be taken.

Par. To be dambd once is enough, for any one of her coate.

Bird. Why Sir, what is my coat that you fitt thus vpon my Scirts.

Par. Thy Coat is an ancient Coat, one of the seauen deadly sinnes, put thy coat first to making ; but do you heare, you mother of Iniquity, you that can loofe and find your eares when you list go, saile with the rest of your baudie-traffickers to the place of fixe-penny Sinfulnesse the subvrbes.

Bird. I scorne the Sinfulnesse of any subvrbes in Christendom tis wel knowne I haue vp-rizers, and downe-lyers within the Citty, night by night, like a prophane fellow as thou art.

Par. Right, I know thou hast, Ile tell you Gentle-folkes, theres more refort to this Fortune-teller, then of forlorne wiues married to old husbands, and of

Greene-sicknesse Wenches that can get no husbands to the house of a wife Woman. Shee has tricks to keepe a vaulting house vnder the Lawes nose.

Bird. Thou dost the Lawes nose wrong to bely mee so.

Par. For either a cunning woman has a Chamber in her house or a Phisition, or a picture maker, or an Attorney, because all these are good Clokes for the raine. And then if the female party that's cliented aboute-Staires, be yong, Shees a Squires daughter of lowe degree, that lies there for phisicke, or comes vp to be placed with a Countesse: if of middle age, shees a Widow, and has futes at the terme or so.

Jud. O fie vpon her, burne the witch out of our company.

Cla. Lets hem her out off Brainford, if shee get not the faster to London.

Mab. O no, for Gods sake, rather hem her out off London and let her keepe in Brainford still.

Bird. No you cannot hem me out of London; had I known this your rings should ha bin poxt er-I wud ha toucht 'hem: I will take a paire of Oares, and leaue you.

Exit.

Par. Let that ruine of intemperance bee rakt vp in dust and ashes, and now tell me, if you had rayfed the Towne, had not the tiles tumbled vpon your heads: for you see your Wiues are chaste, these Gentlemen ciuill, all is but a merriment, all but a May-game; she has her Diamonds, you shall haue your money, the child is recouered, the false Collier discovered, they came to Brainford to be merry, you were caught in Bird-lime; and therefore set the Hares-head against the Goose-giblets, put all instruments in tune, and euery husband play musicke vpon the lips of his Wife whilst I begin first.

Omni. Come wenches bee't so.

Cla. Mist. *Iustiniano* ift you were asham'd all this while of shewing your face, is she your wife Schoole-maister.

Par. Looke you, your Schoole-maister has bin in *France*, and lost his eyre, no more *Parenthesis* now, but *Iustiniano*, I will play the Merchant with you. Looke not strange at mee, nor at mee, the story of vs both, shall bee as good as an olde wiues tale, to cut off our way to London.

Enter Chamberlain.

How now!

Cham. Alas Sir, the Knight yonder Sir *Goslin* almost his throat cut by Powlterers and Towne men and rascalls, & all the Noife that went with him poore fellowes haue their Fidle-cases puld ouer their eares.

Omn. Is Sir *Goslin* hurt?

Cham. Not much hurt Sir, but he bleedes like a Pig, for his crowne's crackt.

Iud. Then has he beene twife cut ith head since we landed, once with a Pottle-pot and now with old iron.

Par. Gentlemen hasten to his rescue some, whilst others call for Oares.

Omn. Away then to London.

Par. Farewell Brainford.

Gold that buyes health, can neuer be ill spent,
Nor howres laid out in harmelesse meryment.

Excunt.

Finis Act. Quint.

SONG.

O Ares, Oares, Oares, Oares :
To London hay, to London hay :
Hoist vp sayles and lets away,
for the safest bay
For vs to land is London shores.

West-ward Hoe.

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*Oares, Oares, Oares, Oares :
Quickly shall wee get to Land,
If you, if you, if you,
Lend vs but halfe a hand.
O lend vs halfe a hand.*

Exeunt.

FINIS.



NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 5.

Ile joyne

My force to yours, to stop this violent torrent :

The old editions read "torment :" but see the ensuing speech of the Duke for a justification of the very obvious correction made, which has the high authority of Mr. Dyce.

PAGE 6.

you'le bleed three pottles of Alicant.

i.e., a red wine of Alicant, in the province of Valencia. Our early writers commonly spelt the word thus.

PAGE 10.

I ha read *Albertus Magnus* and *Aristotle's Emblemes*.

In Doddsley's Old Plays, and in Mr. Dyce's Edition of Middleton, the word "Emblemes" is altered to *Problems*. An absurd book called *The Problems of Aristotle, with other Philosophers and Physitions*, was published in 1595.

PAGE 11.

Cox that's the gulling word betweene the Cittizens wiues and their madcaps, that man 'em to the garden.

All the editions, except that of 1605, read "old dames" instead of *madcaps*.

PAGE 12.

if I fret not his guts, beg me for a foole.

"By the old common law there is a writ *de idiota inquirendo*, to inquire whether a man be an idiot or not ; which must be tried by a jury of twelve men, and if they find him *purus idiota*, the profits of his lands, and the custody of his person, may be

granted by the sovereign to some subject who has interest enough to obtain them. This power, though of late very rarely exerted, is still alluded to in common speech by that usual expression of *begging* a man for a fool."—BLACKSTONE'S *Commentaries*, vol. I., p. 303.

PAGE 12.

Ah, 'tis neere spent.

All the old editions read "meere." The correction was made by Mr. Dyce.

PAGE 12.

*Softly, see Doctor : what a coldish heate
Spreads over all her body.*

This reading is peculiar to the edition of 1605. The first edition and all the later editions have, "Softly sweet Doctor."

PAGE 12.

*throw an icie rug
On her exterior parts.*

Mr. Dyce suggests "cruft," instead of *rug*, as probably the true reading; but he has not ventured to introduce this emendation into the text.

PAGE 13.

*sicknes pale hand
Laid hold on thee even in the midst of feasting,
And when a cup crown'd with thy lovers health
Had touch'd thy lips, a fensible cold dew
Stood on thy cheekes, as if that death had wept
To see such beautie alter.*

So the excellent edition of 1605. The other editions instead of "midst" read *death*, a corruption perpetuated in Doddsley's Old Plays. The word, says Nares in his Glossary, "is but awkwardly applied to the height or meridian of feasting, which surely has nothing *dead* in it." Perhaps the misprint arose from the compositor's eye having caught the word *death* in the next line but two.

In the last line of the above passage also, all the editions except that of 1605 read, "altered" instead of *alter*.

PAGE 14.

La you now, 'tis well good knaues.

So the edition of 1605. All the other editions, "'tis well God knowes!"

PAGE 14.

Doctor this place where she so oft hath scene

His lively presence, hurts her does it not?

Ed. 1605, "hnrts." Other editions, "haunts."

PAGE 16.

A spleene not so big as a taverne token.

"During the reign of Queen Elizabeth very little brass or copper money was coined by authority. For the convenience of trade, victuallers and other tradesmen were therefore permitted without any restriction, to coin small money or *tokens*, as they were called, which were used for change. These *tokens* were very small pieces, and probably at first coined chiefly by tavern-keepers; from whence the expression a *tavern-token* might have been originally derived."—REED. "That most of them would travel to the *tavern*, may be easily supposed, and hence, perhaps, the name. Their usual value seems to have been a farthing." GIFFORD, note on Ben Jonson's Works, I, 30.

PAGE 22.

Blurt on your sentences.

An exclamation of contempt, equal to—a fig for.

PAGE 22.

I ha done you right on my thumb naile.

In Nash's *Pierce Penniless*, 1595, a marginal note explains the words "*drinke super nagulum*" to be "a deuise of drinking new come out of Fraunce, which is, after a man hath turnd vp the bottome of the cup, to drop it on his naile and make a pearle with that is left, which if it shed and he cannot make stand on, by reason there's too much, he must drinke againe for his penance."

PAGE 23.

a woman's well help't up with such a meacocke; I had rather have a husband that would swaddle me thrice a day.

Meacock is a timorous, daftardly creature. *Swaddle* is to strap, to beat soundly.

PAGE 23.

goodman Abram.

A sort of cant term: Bellafront applies it to Roger at page 26.

PAGE 25.

Where's my ruffe and poker.

This instrument, of which mention is frequently made in the Elizabethan writers, is sometimes called a *posting* and at others a *poking* stick. It was used to adjust the plaits of ruffs, which were then generally worn by the ladies. Stowe says, that these *poking sticks* were made of wood or bone until about 1574, when they began to be made of steel, that they might be used hot. The "chafing-dish," mentioned in the text, was for the purpose of heating them.

PAGE 26.

*Marry muffle *he*, are you growne so dainty.*

An expression of contempt which frequently occurs in our early writers. It is used again at page 32 of this play.

PAGE 26.

Sing pretty wantons warble.

The word "Sing" is probably a stage-direction, referring to the ballad Bellafront commences.

PAGE 27.

Gods my pittikins.

A corruption of *God's my pity*, an expression of which Bellafront afterwards makes use in this scene (page 29). Shakespeare puts *ods-pittikins* into the mouth of Imogen (Cymbeline, act iv. sc. 2.)

PAGE 27.

Here's another light Angell, Signior.

Roger alludes to the candle with which he has returned. Compare Dekker's *Satiro-mastix* (vol. I, p. 193). "I markt, by this Candle (*which is none of God's Angels*)".

PAGE 28.

Hypocras.

A beverage composed generally of red wine, but sometimes of white, with spices and fugar,—strained through a woollen bag.

PAGE 28.

danc'd the Canaries.

A quick and lively dance, frequently mentioned by our early writers. By the example in the opera *Dioclesian*, set to music by Purcell, the air appears to have been a very sprightly movement of two reprises or strains, with eight bars in each. (See Hawkins's *History of Music*, iv. 391).

PAGE 29.

this sweet Oliuer will eate Mutton till he be ready to burst.

"This epithet," remarks Gifford, "almost always accompanies the mention of this gentle rival of the mad Orlando in fame."

Ib.

set him beneath the salt.

This refers to the manner in which our ancestors were seated at their meals. The tables being long, the salt-cellar—of a very large size—was commonly placed about the middle, and served as a kind of a boundary to the different quality of the guests invited. Those of distinction were ranked above; the space below was assigned to the dependants or inferior relations of the master of the house.

Ib.

Roger comes in sadly behinde them, with a pottle pot, and stands aloofe off.

"This expression," says Mr. Dyce, "is twice used by Middleton in *Michadmas Term*, and its repetition here is a slight confirmation, if any were needed, of the correctness of Henslowe's statement" (*i. e.*, that Middleton wrote part of the present play). But see Dekker's *Whore of Babylon* (*suprà* p. 211) for a similar stage-direction: "Titania and her maids *standing aloofe*." See also *The Roaring Girl* [Vol. III., p. 208], a play certainly written by Dekker and Middleton in conjunction: "Laxton muffled *a loofe off*." It was probably nothing more than a common phrase of the time.

PAGE 29.

A Porter ranne a little at me.

Spelt in the first two editions "litle:" which Mr. Dyce suggests is probably a misprint for *till*, though he has not ventured to make the emendation in the text.

PAGE 32.

y'are best come like a madwoman, without a band, in your waist-coat.

i. e., as Nares explains in his Glossary, in that alone, without a gown or upper dress. The lower women of Bellafront's class were generally so attired, and were hence called *waistcoaters*.

PAGE 33.

Bastard wine.

Henderfon, in his History of Wines, observes; "That this was a sweetish wine, there can be no doubt; and that it came from some of the countries which border the Mediterranean, appears equally certain." He supposes it approached to the muscadel wine in flavour, and was made from a *bastard* species of muscadine grape.

Id.

Ro. *He buie but one, ther's one alreadie here.*

He means Hippolito: *woodcock* was a cant term for a foolish fellow.

PAGE 39.

Fustigo enters, walking by.

It must be remembered that the shops in London (and of London only our author thought) were formerly "open," and resembled booths or stalls at a fair.

PAGE 40.

And how, how ift thou squall?

"This word," says Mr. Dyce, "which seems to be equivalent to wench, is by no means common: Middleton uses it several times; and its occurrence here is another proof that he was concerned in the composition of the present drama."

PAGE 42.

the posts of his gate are a painting too.

i. e., he will soon be sheriff. At the door of that officer large posts, on which it was customary to stick proclamations, were always set up.

Ib.

you Flat-cap, where be these whites?

The citizens of London, both masters and journeymen, continued to wear flat round caps long after they had ceased to be fashionable, and were hence in derision termed *flat-caps*.

PAGE 46.

the Fine impos'd

*For an un-gowned Senator, is about
Forty Cruzadoes.*

A cruzado is a Portuguese coin, struck under Alphonso V. about 1457, at the time when Pope Calixtus sent thither a bull for a crusade against the infidels. It had its name from a cross which it bears on one side, the arms of Portugal being on the other. It varied in value at different times.

PAGE 47.

I am with child to vex him.

i. e., I long greatly: compare Dekker's *Shomakers Holiday*.

PAGE 51.

You, goody Puncke, subaudi Cockatrice.

In Middleton's *Family of Love*, Mr. Dyce has pointed out, occurs the expression—"Love, *subaudi* lust,"—"another parallelism which shews the hand of Middleton in the present play."

PAGE 55.

Indeed thats harder to come by then ever was Offend.

The siege of this place is frequently alluded to in our old writers. It was taken by the Marquis of Spinola on the 8th September, 1604, after it had held out three years and ten weeks. Vide infra *Westward Hoe* (p. 284): "how long will you holde out thinke you, not so long as *Offend*."

PAGE 57.

mary-bones and Potato pies keeps me for meddling with her.

Potatoes were formerly esteemed a strong provocative : see the long and *instructive* note of Collins (*i. e.*, Steevens) appended to *Troilus and Cressida* :—Malone's Shakespeare (by Boswell), viii. 450.

Ib.

Fata si liceat mihi, &c.

From Seneca,—*Œdipus*, 88a.

PAGE 62.

Twere a good Comedy of Errors that ifaith.

An allusion probably to Shakespeare's play of that name.

PAGE 63.

Nay let me alone to play my matters prize.

A quibble. In the art of fencing these were three degrees,—a *Master's*, a *Provost's*, and a *Scholar's*, for each of which a *prize* was played publicly.

PAGE 64.

this chaine and welled Gowne.

Barret, in his *Alvarie*, explains the word *gard* as synonymous with *purfle*, or *welt*. A *welled gown* is therefore one ornamented with purfles or fringe. They are often mentioned in our old writers.

PAGE 72.

what saies the painted cloth ?

Cloth or canvass painted in oil with a variety of devices, and verses interperfed : see Note on Dekker's *Magnificent Entertainment* (*supra*, Vol. I, p. 337).

PAGE 76.

he tooke bread and salt by this light, that he would neuer open his lips.

Bread and salt, according to ancient custom, were eaten by those who took oaths.

PAGE 78.

Enter Towne like a sweeper.

Towne was the name of the actor who played this part : there were two performers so called,—John and Thomas Towne : see Collier's History of English Dram. Poet. I, 318, 351.

PAGE 83.

heigh, come aloft Iacke.

The exclamation of a master to an ape that had been taught to tumble and play tricks.

Ib.

This was her schoole-maister, and taught her to play upon the Virginals, and still his Jacks leapt vp, up.

The virginals was an instrument of the spinnet kind : for a correct description of it see Nares' Glossary. In a note on the Second Part of this drama Steevens cites from Lord Bacon : " In a virginal as soon as ever the *jack* falleth and toucheth the string, the sound ceaseth."

Ib.

Here's an almond for Parrat.

A proverbial expression by no means uncommon. It occurs in Skelton, and is the title of a pamphlet by Nash. See also Dekker's *Old Fortunatus* (Vol. I, p. 89), and the note thereupon p. 328.

Ib.

a rope for Parrat.

Another proverbial expression. Taylor, the water poet, has an epigram beginning—

" Why doth the Parrat cry a Rope, a Rope?
Because hee's cag'd in prison out of hope."

PAGE 85.

We'll run at barley-breake first, and you shall be in hell.

Barley-break, or the last couple in hell, was a game played by six people, three of each sex, who were coupled by lot.

See Gifford's *Maffinger* I, 104 (ed. 1813).

PAGE 87.

O brave Arthur of Bradley.

An allusion to the old ballad of that name, which is printed in 'An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in pills,' 1661.

PAGE 97.

S. Patricke you know keepes Purgatory.

Saint Patrick's Purgatory was a cavern in the southern part of the county of Donegall, much frequented by pilgrims.

Id.

Footmen to Noblemen and others.

When this play was written many English "noblemen and others" had Irish running footmen in their service. So in *Cupid's Whirligig* (1616), "Come thou hast such a running wit, 'tis like an *Yrish* foote boy." In Brathwait's *Strappado for the Dind!* (1615),

"For see those thin breech *Irish* lackies runne,"

and in Dekker's *English Villanies* six several times *prett* to death (1632), "The *Deuils* foote-man was very nimble of his heeles, for no wild *Irishman* could outrunne him."

Id.

fight more desperately then sixteene Dunkerkes.

i.e., privateers of Dunkirk. So Shirley,— "was ta'en at sea by Dunkirks." *Works* II, 428.

Id.

our Country Bona Robacs.

See Note in Chapman's Dramatic Works, Vol. I, p. 344.

PAGE 99.

What stockings haue you put on this morning, Madam? if they be not yellow, change them.

Lodovico means, it is time for you to be jealous: "Since Citizens wiues fitted their husbands with *yellow hose*, is not within

the memory of man." Dekker's *Owles Almanack*, 1618. The word "yellows" was frequently used for jealousy.

PAGE 103.

I eate Snakes, my Lord, I eate Snakes.

A supposed receipt for restoring youth.

Ib.

He that makes gold his wife, but not his whore, &c.

"The turn of this," says Charles Lamb, "is the same with Iago's definition of a deserving woman: 'She that was ever fair and never proud,' &c. The matter is superior."

PAGE 109.

It's rather a long pike staff against so many bucklers without pikes.

The ancient *bucklers* had a prominent spike, and sometimes a *pistol* in the centre of them.

Ib.

The Souldier has his Murren.

i.e., *murrian* or *morion*, a head-piece or cap of steel. Tennyson uses the word

"shone

Their morions, walk'd with morning, as they came."

PAGE 110.

How would this long Crowne with this steeple show?

Of such hats Stubbes speaks in the *Anatomic of Abuses*, 1585. 'Sometimes they use them sharp on the crowne, pearking up like the spere or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yarde above the crowne of their heads, some more, some lesse, as please the phantasies of their unconstant mindes.'

PAGE 112.

the disease call'd the Mother.

i.e., hysterical passion.

PAGE 113.

I should ha made a wry mouth at the world like a Playse.

The wrymouth of the plaice was a favourite allusion with our old writers: see, for example, Nash's *Leuten Stuff* (1599): "None

won the day in this but the herring, whom all their clamorous suffrages saluted with *Vive le Roy*, God save the King,—save only the *playe* and the butt, that made *wry mouths* at him, and for their mocking have *wry mouths* ever since.”

PAGE 113.

Oh when shall I bisle, bisle?

Or, as it is sometimes spelt, *bexle*. He means to say, When shall I have an opportunity to drink to excess?

PAGE 127.

She praises you to ring him by this token, and so you shall be sure his nose will not be rooting other mens pastures.

To prevent swine from doing mischief, it is usual to put rings through their nostrils.

PAGE 128.

That Irish Shackatory beates the bugh for him.

i.e., hound. So in *The Wandering Jew*—‘for Time, though he be an old man, is an excellent footman: no *shackatory* comes neere him, if hee once get the start, hee’s gone, and you gone too.’

PAGE 131.

a shag-haired Cur?

Shakespeare bestows the same epithet on a kern of Ireland in the Second Part of King Henry VI., act iii., sc. 1.

Ib.

so shall not thy disgrace.

Old edition “shall thy disgrace;” but see Infelice’s repetition of the passage in the next page.

Ib.

As for your Irish Lubrican.

Compare Drayton’s *Nymphidia*:

“By the Mandrake’s dreadfull groanes,
By the Lubrican’s fad moanes.”

Ib.

didst thou baite Hookes.

Old ed. “Hawkes.” The emendation was made by Mr. Dyce.

PAGE 131.

Two wooes in that *Skreech-owles* language?

A play on the word which expresses the note of the owl, as in Tennyson:—

“Not a whit of thy tu-whoo,
Thee to woo to thy tu-whit.”

Ib.

then the wild Irish Dart was throwne.

An allusion to the darts carried by the Irish running footmen.

Ib.

but at length thus was charm'd.

Old ed. “this.” The correction is made on the authority of Mr. Dyce.

PAGE 132.

a Country where no venom prospers.

Saint Patrick, according to the legend, having purged Ireland from all venomous creatures.

PAGE 134.

shall I walke in a Plimouth Cloake.

“That is,” says Ray in his *Proverbs* (1742, p. 238), “a *cane* or *staff*; whereof this is the occasion. Many a man of good extraction, coming home from far voyages, may chance to land here, and, being out of forts, is unable for the present time and place to recruit himself with clothes. Here (if not friendly provided) they make the next wood their draper’s shop, where a staff cut out serves them for a covering. For we use when we walk in *cuerpo* to carry a staff in our hands, but none when in a cloak.”

PAGE 143.

He make a wild Cataine of forty such.

i.e., forty such shallow knights, &c., would go to the composition of a *dexterous thief*. See the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act ii., sc. 1. “I will not believe such a Cataian.” A *Cataian* came to signify a sharper, because the people of *Cataia* (China) were famous for their thieving.

PAGE 145.

I ha suffered your tongue, like a bard Cater tra, to runne all this while

Properly, *barred*, &c., a sort of false dice frequently mentioned by our early writers. See note in Chapman's Dramatic Works (Vol. I, p. 342). The following passage from *The Art of Juggling, or Legerdemaine*, by S. R. (4to, 1612), will sufficiently explain the terms used in the text: 'First you must know a langret, which is a die that simple men have seldom heard of, but often seene to their cost; and this is a well-favoured *die*, and seemeth good and square, yet it is forged longer upon the *cater and tres* than any other way: and therefore it is called a langret. Such be also call'd *bard cater tres*, because commonly the longer end will of his owne sway drawe downewards, and turne vp to the eie side sincke deuce or ace. The principal use of them is at Novum, for so longe a paire of *bard cater tres* be walking on the board, so long can ye not cast five nor nine, unless it be by great chance, that the roughnes of the table, or some other stoppe, force them to stay, and run against their kinde: for without *cater or tres* ye know that five or nine can never come.'

PAGE 151.

*Harlotta was a Dame of so diuine
And rauishing touch, that she was Concubine
To an English King:*

Arlotta (from whence the word *harlot* is thus fancifully derived) was not the concubine of an English monarch, but mistress to Robert Duke of Normandy, the father of William the Conqueror.

PAGE 154.

*when in the street
A faire yong modest Damsell did I meete, &c.*

"This simple picture of Honour and Shame," says Charles Lamb, "contrasted without violence, and expressed without immodesty, is worth all the *strong lines* against the Harlot's profession, with which both parts of this play are offensively crowded."

PAGE 160.

two dishes of stew'd prunes

A dish very common in brothels.

PAGE 160.

Here's Ordinance able to sacke a Citty.

So Falstaff, on a similar occasion, in the First Part of Henry IV., says, "There's that will *sack* a city."

Ib.

a pottle of Greeke wine, a pottle of Peter fa meene, a pottle of Charnico, and a pottle of Leattica.

"Peter fa meene" is one of the several disguises under which the word *Pedro-Ximenes* is found in our early writers. (See *inter alia* Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, Part I.) The *Pedro-Ximenes* receives its name from a grape which is said to have been imported from the banks of the Rhine by an individual called *Pedro Simon* (corrupted to *Ximen*, or *Ximenes*), and is one of the richest and most delicate of the Malaga wines, resembling very much the *Malmsey* of Poxarate. A wine called *Charnico*, or *Charneco*, is mentioned by Shakespeare. According to Steevens, the appellation is derived from a village near Lisbon. There are, in fact, two villages in that neighbourhood which bear the name of *Charneca*; the one situated about a league and a half above the town of Lisbon, the other near the coast, between Collares and Carcavellos. We shall, therefore, probably not err much, if we refer the wine in question to the last-named territory.

Leatica (in the old edition misprinted "*Ziattica*") is a not uncommon form (see *Philocothoniſta*, 1635, p. 48) of the word *Aleatico*, or red muscadine, which is produced in the highest perfection at Montepulciano, between Siena and the Roman state; at Monte Catini, &c., and of which the name (it is obviously derived from *ἡλιαξω*) in some measure expresses the rich quality. It has a brilliant purple colour, and a luscious aromatic flavour.

PAGE 163.

Enter Constable and Bilmen.

i.e., watchmen, who carried *bills* (a sort of pikes with hooked points), which were anciently the weapons of the English foot-soldiers.

Ib.

If't Shrove-tuesday that these Ghosts walke.

On Shrove Tuesday it appears that an official search was made by the peace-officers for brothel-keepers and women of ill-

fame, who were either forthwith carted, or confined during the season of Lent. Demolishing houses of bad fame was also one of the amusements of the apprentices on Shrove Tuesday. Sensuality says, in *Microcosmus*, "But now welcome a cart, or a *Shrove Tuesday's* tragedy."

PAGE 165.

Your Puritanicall Honest Whore sits in a blue gowne.

A blue gown was the habit in which a strumpet did penance. See Richard Brome's *Northern Lasse*, 1633 (Works, vol. iii). "All the good you intended me was a lockram coif, a *blue gown*, a wheel," &c. The *wheel*, as well as the *blue gown*, are mentioned in subsequent scenes of this comedy.

PAGE 166.

there she beates chalker, or grindes in the Mill.

To beat chalk, grind in mills, raise sand and gravel, and make lime, were among the employments assigned for vagrants who were committed to Bridewell. See *Orders appointed to be executed in the Cittie of London, for setting roges and idle persons to worke, and for releefe of the poore*. Printed by Hugh Singleton.

1b.

Your Bridewell? that the name?

We have here a curious specimen of the licence which our early writers used to allow themselves of introducing facts and circumstances peculiar to one country into another. Everything here said of Bridewell is applicable to the House of Correction which goes by that name in London. Changing the names of the duke and his son to those of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., all the events mentioned will be found to have happened in the English Bridewell. The situation of the place is also the same. In the time of Henry VIII. princes were lodged there; part of it having been built in the year 1522, for the reception of Charles V., whose nobles resided in it. In 1528 Cardinal Campeius had his first audience there; and after Henry's death, Edward VI., in the seventh year of his reign (1552), gave to the citizens of London this his palace for the purposes above mentioned. To complete the parallel, it was endowed with land, late belonging to the Savoy, to the amount of 700 marks a-year, with all the

bedding and furniture of that hospital. There is also the like anachronism in the First Part of this play, concerning Bethlem Hospital.

PAGE 177.

— is my Judge, sir.

Probably "God is my Judge," a blank being left in the old copy to avoid the *prophanationem nominis Dei*, as Bastard terms it in his *Epigrams*.

PAGE 191.

PROLOGUE.

*The charmes of silence through this Square be throwne,
That an vn-uside attention (like a Jewell)
May hang at every eare.*

The Fortune theatre in Golden or Golding Lane, in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, where this play was performed, was a square building, both in its external frame, and also in the inside.

PAGE 216.

Doctor Parry.

See Froude's History of England, vol. xii. pp. 63—68.

PAGE 217.

Ed. Campion.

See Froude's History of England.

PAGE 245.

Shæ takes downe the flagge, belike their play is done.

The external furniture of a playhouse in Dekker's time consisted merely of the sign, which was exposed on some obvious part of the building, and the flag which was hoisted at the top of it to give distant notice of the performances. When the performance was concluded, the flag was removed.

PAGE 254.

her magnificent, incomparable, and invincible Armada.

The Invincible Armada—the famous Spanish Armament, so called—consisted of 130 ships of war, besides transports, &c., 2650 great guns, 20,000 soldiers, 11,000 sailors, and 2,000 volun-

teers, under the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and 180 priests and monks. It arrived in the Channel July 19, 1588, and was defeated the next day by Drake and Howard. Ten fire-ships having been sent into the enemy's fleet, they cut their cables, put to sea, and endeavoured to return to their rendezvous between Calais and Gravelines. The English fell upon them, took many ships, and Admiral Howard maintained a running fight from the 21st July to the 28th, obliging the shattered fleet to bear away for Scotland and Ireland, where a storm dispersed them, and the remainder of the armament returned by the North Sea to Spain. The Spaniards lost fifteen capital ships in the engagement, and 5,000 men; seventeen ships were lost or taken on the coast of Ireland, and upwards of 5,000 men were drowned, killed, or taken prisoners. Some afterwards reached home in the most shattered condition, under the Vice-Admiral Recalde; others were shipwrecked among the rocks and shallows; and of those which reached the shore many of the crews were barbarously murdered, from an apprehension that in a country where there so many disaffected Catholics it would have been dangerous to show mercy to so great a number of the enemy.

PAGE 269.

Launces 253. Horsemen 769.

Footemen 22000. The moving Army, which attends on you, Is thus made up: of horsemen & of foote, Launcers 481.

Light horse-men 1421. Footemen 34050.

This ludicrously bald array of figures shows that Dekker was destitute of that admirable fertility of description which enabled Homer to make even a catalogue of ships poetical.

PAGE 281.

you shall tell him that I keepe a Hot-house in Gunpowder Alley.

A *hot-house* meant properly a bagnio; but it also meant a brothel; for brothels were often kept under the pretence of their being *hot-houses*.—"He, sir! a tapster, sir! parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a *hot-house*, which, I think, is a very ill house too."—Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, act ii. sc. i.

hee hath red in the Italian Courtier.

Thomas Hoby's translation of Castiglione's famous *Courtier* appeared in 4to in 1561.

which commonly make the shop of a Mercer, or a Linnen Draper, as dark as a roome in Bedlam.

Our old writers have frequent allusions to the roguery of tradesmen in darkening their shops, that customers might be unable to detect the badness of their goods. So Brome: "What should the city do with honesty? . . . Why are your wares gummed, *your shops dark*," &c.—*The City Wit*, act i. sc. 1. And Middleton:

"though your shop-wares you vent
With your deceiving lights," &c.
Any thing for a Quiet Life, act ii. sc. 2.

Ib.

like an Antient that dares not flourish at the oath taking of the Pretor.

ancient, i. e., flag, standard. So afterwards, act ii. sc. 1
 "I'm as limber as an *ancient* that has flourished in the rain," &c.
the pretor, i. e., the Lord Mayor.

But sirra, we are come to acquaint thee with an excellent secret.

"*Sirrah* Iras, go."

Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, act v. sc. 2.

"*Julia*. Why, Ile tell thee, *sirrah*."

Dorigene. No, *sirrah*, you shannot tell me."

The Two Merry Milke Maids, 1620.

And in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604, Erinta says to Gianetta,
 "But harke, *sirra*, tell me one thing, if it fall out, &c."

A female was sometimes addressed "*sirrah*," long after our author's days: in Etherege's *Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter*, 1676, old Bellair says to Harriet, "Adod, *sirrah*, I like thy wit well," act ii. sc. 1.

In the north of Scotland persons in the lower ranks of life frequently use the word "*Serz*," when speaking to two or three women.

PAGE 293.

In France when I rise, &c.

Rise, or *ris*, was formerly often used for *rise*.

PAGE 296.

So long as your mirth bee voyde of all Squirrility.

A corrupt form of *scurrility*, sometimes found in our old writers.

PAGE 297.

Clyents that sue in forma paper.

Our early dramatists took a pleasure in making their character miscall terms of law: so Rowley; "I, by my troth, he is now but a Knight under *Forma Papris*." *When you see mee you know mee*, 1632.

Ib.

How often have I told you, you must get a patch.

"Even as blacke patches are worne, some for pride, some to stay the Rheume, and some to hide the scab, &c."—*Jacke Drums Entertainment*, 1616.

"For when they did but happen for to see
Those that with Rhume a little troubled be
Weare on their faces a round mastick patch,
Their fondness I perceiv'd sometime to catch
That for a Fashion."

Wither's *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, B. ii, Sat. i, p.
p. 171, ed. 1615.

PAGE 298.

*See what golden-winged Bee from Hybla, flies humming, with
Crura thymo plena.*

"At fessæ multa referunt se nocte minores,
Crura thymo plena."—Virgil, *Georg.* iv. 181.

Ib.

breake not up the wilde fowle.

To *break up* was an old term for carving. So in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv. sc. 1, "*Break up* this capon," i. e. Open this letter.

at the Rhenish wine-house ith Stilliard.

"Next to this lane on the East [Cofin Lane, Dowgate Ward] is the Stele house, or *Stele yarde* (as they terme it), a place for Marchantes of Almaine," &c. Stow's *Survey of London*, 1598, p. 184.

"Stilliard is a place in London, where the fraternitie of the Easterling Merchants, otherwise the Merchants of the Haunse and Almaine, are wont to have their abode. It is so called Stilliard, of a broad place or court wherein steele was much fould, q. *Steeleyard*, upon which that house is now founded." Minshew's *Guide into Tongues*, 1617.

"They [the Hans Town Merchants] were permitted to sell Rhenish wine by retail."—Malcolm's *London*, vol. i. p. 48.

Compare with the passage in the text :—

"Men when they are idle, and know not what to do, faith one, Let us go to the *stillyarde and drinke Rhenish wine*," &c.—Nash's *Pierce Penniless*, ed. 1595.

"Who would let a Cit (whose teeth are rotten out with sweet meates his mother brings him from goshippings) breathe upon her vernish for the promise of a dry neat's tongue and a *pottle of Rhenish at the stillyard*, when she may comamnd a blade to tofs and tumble her?"—Nabbes's *Bride*, 1640.

The Steelyard, Stelyard, or Stilliard (in Upper Thames Street, in the ward of Dowgate) appears to have been so called from its being the place where the King's steelyard, or beam, was erected for weighing the tonnage of goods imported into London.—In the present passage the old ed. has "Stillyard," but twice afterwards it has "*Stilliard*."

You must to the pawne to buy Lawne.

So in the curious poetical dialogue, *'Tis Merry when Gossips meet*, 1609, the Wife says :—

"In truth (kind couffe) my comming's from the *Pawne*,
But I protest I lost my labour there :
A Gentleman promist to give me *lawne*,
And did not meet me, which he well shall beare."

Stanza 2nd.
C C

The *Pæon* (*Bahn*, Germ., a path or walk; *Baan*, Dutch, a pathway) was a corridor, which formed a kind of Bazaar, in the Royal Exchange (Gresham's).

PAGE 302.

Searcht the middle Ile in Pavles, and with three Elisabeth twelue-pences prest three knaves.

Persons of every description, with a strange want of reverence for the sanctity of the spot, used daily to frequent the body of old St. Paul's. There the young gallant gratified his vanity by strutting about in the most fashionable attire; there the politician discussed the latest news; there he who could not afford to dine loitered during the dinner hour; *there the servant out of place came to be engaged*; there the pickpocket found the best opportunities for the exercise of his talents, &c.

PAGE 307.

like old Hieronimo : goe by, go by.

An allusion to a passage in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, which has been ridiculed by a host of poets :—

" Hieronimo. Justice, O, justice to Hieronimo !

Lorenzo. Back ! see'st thou not the king is busie ?

Hieronimo. O, is he so ?

King. Who is he that interrupts our busines ?

Hieronimo. Not I.—Hieronimo, beware ; *goe by, goe by.*"

PAGE 312.

being gone Westward for smelts.

A proverbial expression. In 1603 appeared a story-book (which suggested to Shakespeare some of the circumstances in *Cymbeline*) entitled *Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman's Fare of Mad Merry Western Wenchies*, &c.

Ib.

I see I'me borne still to draw Dun out ath mire for you.

Gifford thus satisfactorily describes a game, the allusion to which in *Romeo and Juliet*, act i. sc. 4, had completely puzzled all Shakespeare's commentators. "*Dun is in the mire* is a Christmas gambol, at which I have often played. A log of wood is brought into the midst of the room : this is *Dun* (the cart-

horfe), and a cry is raised that he is *stuck in the mire*. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves unable to do it, and call for more assistance. The game continues till all the company take part in it, when Dun is extricated of course; and the merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the rustics to lift the log, and from sundry arch contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another's toes."—Note on Ben Jonson's *Works*, vol. vii. p. 283.

PAGE 312.

Fear not me, for a veny or two.

Veny, or *venue*, a technical term for a hit or thrust:—

"1 *Law*. Women, look to't, the fencer gives you a *veny*.

2 *Law*. Believe it, he *hits* home."

Swetnam, The Woman Hater, 1620.

(See Notes to Chapman's Dramatic Works, Vol. III, p. 360.)

PAGE 313.

AMB. I hold my life, &c.

The old ed. prefixes to this speech "*Amb*," which in early plays often stands for "*Both*:" but here it would seem to be a mistake for "*Mab*."

PAGE 316.

Implentur, &c.

"*Implentur veteris Bacchi pinguisque ferina*." Virgil, *Æneid*. i. 215.

PAGE 318.

Where didst buy this buffe? Let me not liue, but Ile giue thee a good suite of durance.

So, in Shakespeare's *First Part of Henry IV.*, act i. sc. 2, the Prince lays to Falstaff with a pun, "And is not a *buff* jerkin a most sweet robe of *durance*?"—*Durance* was a strong and lasting kind of stuff: Mr. Halliwell (*Shakespeare Society Papers*, vol. iii. 35) cites from *The Book of Rates*, ed. 1675, p. 35,—

| | | | | | | |
|-------------|---|----------------------|-----|-----|----|---------|
| | | | | £ | s. | d. |
| "Durance or | } | with thred, the yard | ... | ... | 00 | 06 08 |
| Duretty. | } | with filk, the yard | ... | ... | 00 | 10 00." |

PAGE 318.

you shal haue my sword and hangers to paie him.

hangers—i.e., fringed and ornamented loops attached to the girdle in which the small sword or dagger was suspended :—

“Mens fwords in *hangers* hang, fast by their side.”

Taylor the Water Poet's *Vertue of a Fayle and Necessitie of Hanging*, Works, 1630, p. 133.

PAGE 319.

Buy any small Coale.

This was the common cry of colliers : so in one of the rarest of plays, *A Knacke to know an honest man*, 1596 :

“Enter LELIO, like a colliar.

Le. Will you buy any coles, fine small coles?”

It.

BOY. *Collier : how came the goose to be put upon you, ha ?*

IUST. *He tell thee, the Tuarne lying at Winchester, &c.*

Respecting the meaning and origin of the expression “Winchester goose,” see Notes to Chapman's Dramatic Works, vol. i., pp. 342, 343.

PAGE 326.

come shalls go to Noddy?

A game on the cards, which appears, from passages in our old writers, to have been played in more ways than one.

PAGE 327.

this Sacke tastes of Horse flesh.

So Glapthorne ; “This coller spoyles my drinking, or else *this sack has horse-flesh in't*, it rides upon my stomacke.”

The Hollander, 1640.

The statute 12 Car. ii. c. 25, sect. 11, which forbids the adulteration of wines, mentions, among other ingredients used for that purpose, “nor any sort of *flesh* whatsoever.”

PAGE 332.

O Lorde I fir as melancholike, &c.

Was the performer to conclude this speech with any simile that he thought proper? Our old dramatists sometimes trusted to the player's powers of extemporising : so Greene ;

" Faire Polyxena, the pride of Ilion,
 Fear not Achilles' over-madding boy ;
 Pyrrhus shall not, &c.
 Souns, Orgalio, why suffereft thou this old trot to come fo
 nigh me?"

Orlando Furioso, Dram. Works, i. 43, ed. Dyce.

And Heywood ;

"Jockie is led to whipping over the stage, *speaking some words,*
but of no importance."

Edward the Fourth, Part Sec. ed. 1619.

PAGE 335.

Whats bad I follow, yet I see whats good.

"Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor." Ovid, *Met.* vii.
 20.

PAGE 336.

or els take me a lodging in Cole harbour.

Or *Coal-harbour*—a corruption of Cold-harbour, or Coldhar-
 borough, was an old building in Dowgate Ward. Stow (*Survey*,
 p. 188, ed. 1598,) tells us, "The last deceased Earle [of Shrews-
 bury] tooke it down, and in place thereof builded a great num-
 ber of small tenements, now letten out for great rents to people
 of all forts."—Debtors and persons not of the most respectable
 character used to take refuge there. Middleton calls it "the
 devil's sanctuary." *A Trick to catch the old one,—Works, ii. 55,*
ed. Dyce.

PAGE 339.

*if all the great Turks Concubins were but like thee, the ten-
 penny infidell should neuer, &c.*

So Dekker, in *Satiromastix*,

"Wilt fight, *Turke-a-tenpence?*"

PAGE 345.

Sfoote weele dance to Norwich.

An allusion to a feat of Kempe, the actor, of which he pub-
 lished an account, called *Kemps Nine Daies Wonder, performed*
in a daunce from London to Norwich, 1600, 4to. It has been
 reprinted by the Camden Society from the unique copy in the
 Bodleian Library.

PAGE 345.

as fantasticke and light-headed to the eye, as feather-makers, but as pure about the heart as if we dwelt amongst 'em in Black Fryers.

Blackfriars was famed for the residence of Puritans, some of whom, most inconsistently with their religious opinions, followed the trade of feather-making.

PAGE 347.

I doubt that olde Hag Gillian of Braineford has bewitcht me.

Gillian, Julian, or Joan of Brentford was a reputed witch of some celebrity.

Isl of breynsfords testament. Newly compiled, n. d., 4to, consisting of eight leaves, is among the rarest of black-letter tracts; it was written by Robert, and printed by William, Copland. In this very low and vulgar production no mention is made of Gillian's being addicted to witchcraft: the following are a few lines from it:—

“ At Brentford on the west of London
Nygh to a place yt called is Syon
There dwelt a widow of a homly fort
Honest in substaunce and full of sport
Daily she coud wt pastim and Jestes
Among her neyghbours and her gestes
She kept an Inne of ryght good lodgyng
For all estates that thyder was comyng.”

The reader who has any curiosity to know what Gillian bequeathed to her friends, may gratify it by turning to Nash's *Summers last will and testament*, 1600.

It appears from Henslowe's *Diary* that she was a character in a play written by Thomas Dowton [or Downton] and Samuel Redly [Rowley?], produced in February, 1598-9, and mentioned there under the title of “*Fryer Fox and gyllen of Bransforde*.”

In the 4to. of Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, 1602, when Mistress Page says that Falstaff

“ might put on a gowne and a muffler,
And so escape.”

Mistress Ford answers,

“ Thats wel remembred, my maids aunt,
Gillian of Braineford, hath a gowne aboute.”

PAGE 349.

Long-Meg of Westminster.

An Amazon often alluded to by our old writers. She was the heroine of a play, named after her, and acted first in 1594, as we learn from Henflowe's *Diary*. She also figured in a ballad entered on the Stationers' books in that year. In 1635 appeared a tract entitled *The Life of Long Meg of Westminster, containing the mad merry pranks she played in her lifetime, &c.*

Ib.

Mary Ambree

Was as famous as the lady last mentioned. *The valorous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie lafs Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lovers death did play her part most gallantly*, may be found in Percy's *Reliques*, vol. ii. p. 240, ed. 1812.

PAGE 353.

play mad Hamlet; and crie Reuenge!

One of the numerous passages in contemporary writers which attest the popularity of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

See Dekker's *Satiromastix* (vol. i. page 229), "My name's Hamlet reuenge."

PAGE 354.

The torchmen and whiffers had an Item to receiue him.

Respecting the meaning and derivation of this word, see Notes to Chapman's *Dramatic Works*, vol. i. p. 342.

PAGE 357.

3 mery men, & 3. mery men, &c.

A fragment of an old song. See Dyce's edition of Peele's *Works*, vol. i. p. 208, fec. ed. ; and the notes of the commentators on Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 3.

Ib.

Who my ouerthwart neighbour :

Generally used for cros, contradictory—but here it seems merely to mean opposite, as in the *The Merry Devill of Edmonton*, 1626: "Body of Saint George, this is mine *ouerthwart neighbour* hath done this."

PAGE 360.

*tho they brought more about 'hem than Captaine Candishis
viage came to.*

The name of Thomas Cavendish (—who, sailing from Plymouth in 1586, with three insignificant vessels, plundered the coast of New Spain and Peru, captured off California, a Spanish admiral of seven hundred tons, and having circumnavigated the globe, returned to England with a very large fortune, in 1588—) is frequently abbreviated by our old writers: so Brome;

“*Ca'ndish* and Hawkins, Furbisher, all our voyagers,
Went short of Mandevile.”

The Antipodes, 1640 (Dramatic Works, vol. iii.)

This contraction is scarcely yet out of use;

“When Chatworth tastes no *Ca'ndish* bounties,

Let fame forget this costly countess.”

Epitaph by Horace Walpole, in his *Letters to Montagu*, p. 207.

PAGE 361.

set the Hares-head against the Goose-giblets.

A proverbial expression, signifying to balance things, to set one against another: compare Field's *Amends for Ladies*, ed. 1639; and Middleton's *A Trick to catch the old one*,—*Works*, ii. 78, ed. Dyce. Sometimes it occurs with a slight variation: “set the Hare *Pye* against the Goose giblets.” Rowley's *Match at Midnight*, 1633. “Ide set mine olde debts against my new driblets, and the hare's *foot* against the goose giblets.” Dekker's *Shoemakers Holiday*, 1600, *suprà*, vol. i.)

PAGE 362.

*Looke you, your Schoole-maister has bin in France, and lost his
hayre.*

Here we must suppose Justiniano to pull off the false hair which assisted his disguise: he alludes to the effects of the venereal, or, as it was called, the French disease.