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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Arden of Feversham

1592

Date of first known edition, 1592

[Dyce Bequest, Victoria and Albert Museum]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Arden of Feversham

1592

Univ. of
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Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXI

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1592a

MAIN

Arden of Feversham

1592

"Arden of Feversham" was entered by Edward White on the Stationers' books on April 3, 1592, and the play was issued shortly after entry. The copy used for this facsimile forms part of the Dyce bequest at South Kensington, but, as this is imperfect, the missing leaves have been supplied from the Bodleian example.

The South Kensington volume was apparently Dyce's working copy.

A second edition appeared in 1599, and a third in 1633. The play in all early editions is extremely rare. Modern reprints are more numerous, some of them valuable for their critical treatment of the questions of dates and authorship, especially the Shakespearean ascription.

Comparison with the original Dyce copy shows this reproduction to be equal in merit to the rest of the series in spite of increased difficulties of manipulation. There is no proper studio at South Kensington, as at the British Museum, and though this fact has not tended to minimise either difficulty or cost, there are no "faults" of any material consequence.

JOHN S. FARMER.

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THE
LAMENTA=
BLE AND TRVE TRA=
GEDIAE OF M. AR=
DEN OF FEVERSHAM
IN KENT.

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

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

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

*



The Tragedy of M. Arden of Feuershame. 7

(Enter Arden, and Francklin)

Franklin **A** Rden chere by thy spirits and broup no moze
By gracious Lord & Duke of Sommerset:

Wath frely giuen to thee and to thy hezres,
By letters patents from his Maiesty:
All the lands of the Abby of Feuerhame. (kings,
Wath are the deedes sealed & subscribed wth his name and the
Read them, and leaue this melancholy mode

Arden. Francklin thy loue p^{ro}longs my weary lyfe,
And but for thee, how obious were this lyfe:
Wath shoues me nothing but torments my soule.
And those soule obiects that offend myne eyes,
Wathich makes me wish that for this vale of Heauen,
The earth hung ouer my hede and couerd me.
Loue letters pass t^{wo}ixt Mosbie and my wyfe,
And they haue p^{re}emie matings in the Towne:
Nay on his finger did I spy the King,
Wathich at our Marriage day the Priest put on,
Can any grafe be halfe so great as this:

Fran. Comfozt thy selfe swete friend it is not strange,
Wathat women will be falsse and wauering.

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

Francklin. Why, what is hee?

Arden. A Botcher and no better at the first,
Watho by base b^{ro}cage, getting some small stock:
Crept into seruice of a noble man:
And by his seruille flattery and fawning,
Is now become the steward of his house,
And b^{ro}uely lets it in his silken gowne.

Fran. No noble man will countnaunce such a peasant,

Arden. Yes, the Lord Clifford, he that loues not me,
But th^{ro}ugh his fauour let not him grow p^{ro}ude,
For were he by the Lord b^{ro}te do^o backt,
He should not make me to be pointed at,
I am by birth a gentle man of blode,

A. 2

And

The Tragedy of M. Arden

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

Fran. Be patient gentle friend and learne of me,
 To ease thy grieffe, and saue her chastitye:
 Intreat her faire, swete words are fittest engines
 To race the flint walles of a womans breast:
 In any case be not too felyouse,

For make no question of her loue to thee,
 But as securely, presently take hoize,
 And ly with me at London all this tearme
 For women when they may, will not,
 But bæing kept back, straight grow outragious.

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

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

Arden. Swæt loue thou knowst that we two Ouid like
 Hæue often chid the morning, when it gan to peepe,
 And often wisht that darke nights purblind Aædes,
 Would pull her by the purple mantle back:
 And cast her in the Ocean to her loue.
 Wat this night swæte Ales thou hast killd my hart,
 I heard thee cal on Mosbie in thy Aæpe.

Ales. 'Tis lyke I was a Aæpe when I nam'd him,
 For bæing awake he comes not in my thoughts:

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

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

Fran.

Fran. Arden leaue to vj'dge her ouer farre.
Arden. Day loue there is no credit in a bycane,
Let it suffice I know thou louest me well.
Ales. How I remember where vpon it came,
Had we no talke of Mosbie yesternight.
Fra. Mistres Ales I hard you name him once oz twice,
Ales. And thereof came it, the refoze blame not me.
Arden. I know it did, and therefoze let it passe,
I must to London swate Ales presently.
Ales. But tell me do you meane to stay there long?
Arden. No longer there till my affaires be done.
Fran. He will not stay aboue a month at most.
Ales. A moneth aye me, swate Arden come againe
Within a day oz two, oz els I die.

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

Ales. Ere none he meanes to take hozse and away:
Swate netes is this, Oh that some azzle spir it,
Woulde in the shape and liknes of a hozse
Calloye with Arden crosse the Ocean,
And throw him from his backe into the waues.
Swate Mosbie is the man that hath my hart:
And he vsurpes it, hauing nought but this,
That I am tyed to him by marriage.
Loue is a God and marriage is but words,
And therefoze Mosbies tittle is the best,
Take whether it be oz no, he shall be mine,
In spight of him, of Hymen and of rytes.

Here enters Adam of the Flourdeluce.
And here comes Adam of the flourdeluce,
I hope he byzings me tydings of my loue.

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The Tragedy of M. Arden

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

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

Ales. Not visit him?

Adam. Do not take knowledge of his being here

Ales. But tell me is he angry or displeas'd.

it

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

Ales. Were he as mad as raving Hercules,
He sa him, I, and were thy house of force,

These hands of mine should race it to the ground:

Unless that thou wouldst bring me to my loue.

Adam. Nay and you be so impatient He be gone

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

Aske Mosbie how I haue incurred his wrath,

Beare him from me these paire of siluer dice: x

With which we plaid for kisses many a tyme,

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

Such winning and such losing, Ioue send me,

And bid him if his loue do not decline,

to Come this moorning but along my doze:

And as a stranger, but salute me there,

This may he do without suspect or feare.

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

Exit Adam.

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

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

Because my husband is so Ielious:

Narrow
hindors

And these my marrow pying neighbours blab,

Hinder our matings when we would conferre.

But if I liue that block shall be remoued,

And Mosbie, thou that comes to me by stelth

Shalt neither feare the biting speach of men,

For Ardens lokes, as surely shall he die,

As I abboze him, and loue onely thee.

Here

of Fewershame.

Here enters Michaell.

How now Michaell, whether are you goinge?

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

Ales. I But Michaell see you keepe your oath,
And beas secret, as you are resolute.

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

Ales. On that condition Michaell here is my hand
Done shall have Polbies sister but thy selfe.

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

Ales. There's no such matter Michaell believe it not,

Michaell. But he hath sent a dagger sticking in a hart,
With a verse or two stolen from a painted cloath:

The which I heere the wench keepe in her chest,
Well let her kepe it, I shall finde a fellow
That can both write and read, and make rime too,
And if I doe well, I say no moze:

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

And sling the dagger at the Painters head.

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

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

Ales. But Michaell see you doe it cunningly.

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

Ales. Truste not to that Michaell.

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

Here

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Here enters Mosbie.

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

Exit Michaell.

Holbie my loue,

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

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

Mosbie. Where is your husband?

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

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

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

Is this the frute thy reconcilment buds?

Haue I soz this giuen thee so many fauours.

Incurd my husbands hate, and out alas,

Hade shipwzack of myne honour soz thy sake,

And dost thou say hence sozward know me not?

Remember when I lockt the in my closet,

What were thy words and mine, did we not both

Decree, to murder Arden in the night.

The heauens can witnes, and the wo:ld can tell,

Befoze I saw that saluode looke of thine,

Foze I was tangled with thy sylling speach,

Arden to me was dearer then my soule,

And shall be still, bafe pefant get thee gone.

And boast not of thy conquest ouer me,

Gotten by witch-craft, and more sozcery.

Foz what hast thou to countenance my loue,

beeing discended of a noble house,

And matcht already with a gentleman,

Whose seruant thou maist be, and so fare well.

Mos. Ungentle and unkinde Ales, now I see

That which I euer feard, and finde to trew;

A womans loue is as the lightning flame,

Which euen in bursting sozth consumes it selfe,

To frye thy constancie haue I bene Arange,

would

of Reuerſe.

Would I had neuer tryed, but liued in hope.

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

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

Ales. So liſt the Sailer to the Parmails ſong,

So looke the trauellour to the *Baſiliſke*, *Baſiliſke*

I am content for to be reconcilde,

And that I know will be mine ouerthrow.

Mos. Thine ouerthrow firſt let the world diſſolue,

Ales. Nay forſie let me ſtill intoge thy loue,

And happen what will, I am reſolute,

By ſauing huſband hoꝛdes by bagges of gould,

To make our childzen rich, and now is he

Gone to vnload the goods that ſhall be thine,

And he and Francklin will to London ſtraight.

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

Wele make him ſure enough for comming there.

Ales. Ah, would we could.

Mos. I happend on a Painter yeſternight,

The onely cunning man of Chriſtendome:

For he can temper popſon with his oyle,

That who ſo lookeſ vpon the worke he doꝛwes,

Shall with the beames that iſſue from his ſight,

Druck vennom to his bꝛeaſt and ſlay him ſelfe,

Swete Ales he ſhall doꝛw thy counterfet,

That Arden may by gazing on it periſh.

Ales. I but forſie that is dangꝛous,

For thou or I, or any other els,

Commig into the Chamber where it hangs, may die.

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

And hung vp in the Studie for himſelfe.

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

Arden I know will come and ſlew it me.

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

This is the painters booke He call him ſooꝛth.

Ales. But forſie. He haue no ſuch picture I:

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

B.

Here

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The Tragedye of M. Arden

Here enters Clarke.

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

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

Prouided as you haue giuen your word,

I may haue Susan Posbie to my wife:

For as sharpe witted Poets, whose swete verse

Make heavenly gods break of their Pector draughts,

And lay their eares down to the lowly earth:

The humble promise to their sacred Muse,

So we that are the Poets fauorits,

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

That makes him frame a speaking countenance.

A weeping eye that witnesses hartes griefe.

Then tell me Master Posbie shall I haue hir?

Ales. Tis pittie but he should, hee use her well.

Mosbie Clarke hears my hand my siter shall be thine,

Cl. Then brother to requite this curtesie,

You shall command my lyfe my skill and all.

Ales. Ah that thou couldst be secret,

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

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

Let it suffice, I know you loue him well,

And faine would haue your husband made away:

Wherein trust me you shew a noble minde,

That rather then youle lue with him you hate,

Youle venture lyfe, and die with him you loue,

The like will I do for my Sulans sake.

Ales. Yet nothing could inforce me to the deed,

But Posbies loue, might I without controll,

Enioy the skill, then Arden should not die:

But seeing I cannot, therefore let him die.

Mos. Enough swete Ales, thy kinde words make me

Your tricke of poysoned pictures we dislike, (melt,

Some other poyson would do better farre.

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

And yet in fesse not to be found at all.

Clarke.

of Feuershame.

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

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

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

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

Here enters Arden and Francklin.

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

Exit Clarke.

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

Arden. Mosby that question wile decyde anon,
Altho make ready my hysack, I must hence.

Exit Ales.

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

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

Francklin. What will you do sir?

Mos. Reuenge it on the proudest of you both:

Then Arden drawes forth Mosbies sword.

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

The Tragedy of M. Arden

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ar. Possie with these thy protestations,
 The deadly hatred of my hart is appealed,
 And thou and Ie be freends, if this proue trew.
 As for the base tearmes I gaue thee lately
 Forget them Possie, I had cause to speake:
 When all the Knights and gentlemen of Bent,
 Make common table talke of her and the.

tongues,

Mos. Who liues that is not toucht with slaunders

Fra. Then Possie, to eschew the speache of men,
 Upon whose generall bzute all honoz hangs,
 Forbear his house.

Ar. Forbear it, nay rather frequent it moze.

The

of Feuersbame.

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

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

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

Here enters Ales.

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

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

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

Ard. Sirra Michaell see our horse be ready.

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

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

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

Thers nothing that I do can please your taste.

You were best to say I would haue poysoned you,

I cannot speak or cast aside my eye:

But he imagines, I haue slept a woy.

Peres he that you cast in my teeth so oft,

How will I be conuincd, or purge my selfe,

I charge thee speake to this mistrustfull man,

Thou that wouldst see me hange, thou Mof bye thou,

What fauour hast thou had more then a kisse

At coming or departing from the Towne?

Mof. You wrong your selfe and me, to call these doubts
Your louing husband is not Zelious.

Ard. Why gentle mistres Ales, cannot I be ill,
But youle accuse your selfe.

Franchline thou haste a boxe of Methydate,

The Tragedy of M. Arden

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Ile take a litle to pzeuent the woꝝst.

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

Ales. Giue me a sponze, Ile sat of it my selfe,
Would it were full of popson to the bzim.
Then should my cares and troubles haue an end,
Was euer silly woman so toꝝmented?

Arden. We patient swæte loue, I mistrust not theꝝ,

Ales. God will reuenge it Arden if thou doest.

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

Ard. I know it swæte Ales, cease to complaine;
Least that in teares I answer theꝝ againe.

Fran. Come leaue this dallyng, and let vs away.

Ales. foꝝbeare to wound me with that bitter woꝝd.

Arden shall go to London in my armes.

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

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

Ah if thou loue me gentle Arden stay,

Yet if thy busines be of great Impoꝝt

Go if thou wilt Ile beare it as I may:

But write from London to me euery wæke,

Pay euery day, and stay no longer there

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

Arden. Ile write vnto thee euery other tide,

And so farewell swæte Ales till we meete next.

Ales. Farewell Husband seing youle haue it so.

And M. Francklin, seing you take him hence,

In hope youle halffen him home Ile giue you this
and then she kisseth him.

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

Mosbie I hope he is not Zelious of me now.

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

Exeunt Arden, Franklin, & Michaell.

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

But

But did you marke me then how I brake of:

Mosbie I Ales, and it was cunningly perfozmed,

But what a villaine is this painter Clarke?

Ales. Was it not a godly popson that he gauet

Why he's as well now, as he was befoze.

It should haue bene some fine confection,

What might haue giuen the bzoth some daintie taste,

This powder was so grosse and populos.

Mosbie But had he eaten but thza sponesfulles moze,

Then had he died, and our loue continued.

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

Mosbie. It is vnpossible, soz I haue swozne,

Peuer hereafter to solicite thza,

Wz whilest he liues, once moze impoztune thza.

Ales. Thou shalt not naede I will impoztune thza.

What shall an oath make thee soz sake my loue?

As if I haue not swozne as much my selfe,

And giuen my hand vnto him in the church,

Wuz Mosbie oathes are woordes, and woordes is winde, are

And wynde is mutable: then I conclude,

This childshnes to stand vpon an oath.

Mos. Well proued Mistres Ales, yet by your leaue,

I keepe mine vnbzoken, whilest he liues.

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

Soz if thou beest as resolute as I,

Wzele haue him murdered, as he walkes the strats:

In London many alehouse Kuffins keepe,

Which as I heare will murther men soz gould,

They shall be soundly fed, so pay him home:

Here enters Greene.

Mos. Ales whats he that comes vnder, knowest thou

Ales. Mosbie be gone, I hope tis one that comes him

To put in practice our intended dzists.

Exit Mosbie.

Gre. Mistres Arden you are well met,

I am sozry that your husband is from home,

The Tragedy of M. Arden

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

Ales. What is it matter Greene: If that I may
 Do, can, with safety, I will answer you.

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

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

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

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

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

Greene

Gre. Why mistres Arden can the crabbed churle,
 Use you vnkindely, respects he not your birth?
 Your honozable frænds, no; what you bzought:
 Why? all Kent knowes your parentage, and what you are

Ales. Ah M. Greene be it spoken in secret heere,
 I neuer liue god day with him alone:
 When hæ is at home, then haue I froward lokes,
 Hard woords and blowes, to mend the match withall:
 And though I might content as god a man,
 Yet doth he kæpe in euery cozner trulles,
 And weary with his trugges at home,
 Then rydes he straight to London, there so; soth
 He reuelles it among such filthie ones,
 As counsels him to make a way his wyfe:
 Thus liue I dayly in continuall feare:
 In sozrow, so despairing of redyes
 As euery day I wish with hartp prayer,
 That he or I were taken sozth the wo;ld.

Gre. How trust me mistres Ales, if græueth me,
 So faire a creature should be so abused.
 Why who would haue thought the ciuill sir, so sullen,
 He lokes so smothly ~~with~~ sye vpon him Churle,
 And if he liue a day he liues too long,
 But frolick woman, I shall be the man,
 Shall set you fræ from all this discontent:
 And if the Churle deny my intereste,
 And will not yelde my lease into my hand,
 He paye him home, what euer hap to me,

Ales. But speake you as you thinke?

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

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

C

And

The Tragedy of M. Arden

And the lands whereof my husband is possesse,
Shall be intyled as they were befoze.

Gre. Will you keape promise with me?

Ales. D; count me false and perurde, whilst I liue,

Gre. Then haeres my hand Ie haue him so dispatch,
Ie by to London fraight, Ie theaer poast,
And neuer rest, til I haue compass it,
Till then farewell.

Ales. God fortune follow all your sozward thoughts

Exit Grene.

And whosoever doth attempt the deade,

A happie hand I wish. and so farewell.

All this goes well, Holbie I long soz thã

To let tye know all that I haue contriued.

Here enters Mosbie & Clarke.

Mos. How now Ales whats the newes,

Ales. Such as will content thee well swaete hart,

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

Ales. What M. Holbie let him wooe him self,
Thinke you that maides loke not soz faire woordes,
Go to her Clarke shes all alone within,
Michaell my man is cleane out of her booke.

Clarke I thanke you mistres Arden, I will in;
And if faire Susan, and I can ~~win~~ a gree,
You shall command me to the vttermost.

As farre as either gods oz lye may stretch. Exit Clark.

Mos. Now Ales lets heare thy newes?

Ales. They be so good, that I must laugh soz ioy,
Befoze I can begin to tell my tale,

Mos. Lets heare them, that I may laugh soz company

Ales. This mozning M. Crane, dick greene I means,
From whome my husband had the Abby land,
Came hether railing soz to know the trueth,
Whether my husband had the lands by grant,

I toold

I tould him all, where at he stozmo a maine,
 And swoze he would cry quittance with the Churle,
 And if he did denye his enterest
 Stabbe him, what soeuer did befall him selfe,
 When as I sawe his choller thus to rise,
 I whetted on the gentleman with words
 And to conlude, Possie, at last we grew
 To composition soz my husbands death,
 I gane him ten pound to hire knaues,
 By some deuise to make a way the Churle:
 When he is dead, he should haue twenty more,
 And repossesse his former lands againe,
 On this we grab, and he is ridden straight
 To London, to bying his death about.

Mos. But call you this god newes?

Ales. I swate hart, be they not?

Mos. It were cherefull newes, to hear the churle twer
 (dead,
 But trust me Ales. I take it passing ill,
 You would be so forgetfull of our state,
 To make recount of it to suery grone,
 What? to acquaint each stranger with our bysts,
 Chafely in case of murther, why tis the way,
 To make it open vnto Ardens selfe.

And bying thy selfe and me to ruine both,
 Foze warnde, soze arme, who thzeats his enemye
 Lends him a swozd to guarde himselfe with all.

Ales. I did it soz the best.

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

Ales. He is.

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

Here enters Clarke and Susan.

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

The Tragedye of M. Arden

Clarke. You did.

Mof. And what, Willt be a match,

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

Ales. You make her blushe.

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

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

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

Clark. What is it P. Gosbie?

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

That who so take upon it should ware blinde,
And with the tent be wised, that ere long,
We should dye paysond, that did view it wel.
I would haue you make me such a crucifix,
And then Ile grant my sister shall be yours.

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

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

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

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

of Feuershame.

I fallen on my spectacles so close,
As nothing can any way offend my sight,
When as I put a leafe within my nose,
So put I rubarbe to auoid the smell,
And softly as another worke I paint,
Mos. 'Tis very well, but against when shall I haue it,
Cla. Within this ten dayes,
Mos. 'Twill serue the turne.

Now Ales lets in, and see what chere you haue,
I hope now M. Arden is from home,
Houle giue me leane to play your husbands part.

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

Exunt, Exunt.

Here enter Greene and Bradshaw,

Brad. See you them that come yonder M. Crane?
Gren. I very well, do you know them?

Here enters Blacke Will and Shakebagge.

Brad. The one I knowe not, but he seemes a knaue,
Chastly so; bearing the other company:
For such a slaue, so vile a roge as he,
Lyes not againe vpon the earth,
Black-will is his name I tell you M. Crane,
At Bulloine he and I were fellow souldiers,
Where he plaid such pranks,
As all the Campe feard him for his villany:
I warrant you he beares so bad a minde,
That for a crowne heele murther any man.

Gren. The sifter is he for my purpose maye.

Will. How now fellow Bradshaw,

Whether away so earely?

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

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

(growes)

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

The Tragedy of M. Arden

No fellowes now, because you are a goldsmith,
 And haue a litle plate in your shoppe,
 You were gladde to call me fellow Will.
 And with a cursy to the earth,
 Drie snatch god cozpozall.
 When I stole the halfe Dre from John the bitler,
 And dominier'd with it, amongst god fellowes,
 In one night.

Brad. I Will, those dayes are past with me.

Will. I but they be not past with me.

For I kepe that same honozable minde still, low,
 God neighbour Bradshaw you are too proude to be my sel-
 But were it not, that I see moze company comming down
 The hill, I would be fellowes with you once moze,
 And share Crownes with you to.

But let that pas, and tell me whether you goe.

Brad. To London Will, about a peece of seruice,
 Wherein happely thou maist pleasure me.

Will. What is it?

Brad. Of late Lord Cheiny lost some plate,
 Which one did bying, and soule it at my shoppe,
 Saying he serued sir Antony Cooke,
 A search was made, the plate was found with me.
 And I am bound to answer at the seyle,
 Now Lord Cheiny solemnly boiues,
 If law will serue him, hele hang me for his plate,
 Now I am going to London vpon hope,
 To finde the fellow, now Will I know
 Thou art acquainted with such companions.

Will. What manner of man was he?

Brad. A leane faced withen knaue,
 Hauke nos de, and berpe hollow eied,
 With mightye furrowes in his noz, mye browes
 Long haire down his shoulders curled,
 His Chinne was bare, but on his vpper lippe,
 A mutchado, which he wound about his eare,

Will

Will. What apparell had he,

Brad. A watchet sattin doublet all to tozne,
The inner side did beare the greater show,
A paire of thred bare Velvet hose seame rent,
A wadded Stockin rent about the shoe,
A livery cloake, but all the lace was off,
It was bad, but yet it serued to hide the plate,

Will. Sirra Shakebagge, canst thou remember
Since we troud the boule at Dittingburgh,
Wither I soke the Tapsters head of the Lyon
With a Cudgill sticke?

Shak. I very well Will.

Will. Why it was with the money that the plate was
Sirra Bradshaw, what wilt thou giue him (sould so:
That can tell the who sould be thy plate?

Brad. Who I pray the god Will,

Will. Why it was one Jacke Fitten,
He's now in Newgate, so; stealing a horse,
And shall be arrainde the next tise.

Brad. Why then, let Lord Cheiny seek Jack Fitts fo;th
Fo; He backe and tell him, who robbed him of his plate,
This cheres my hart M. Crene, He leaue you,
Fo; I must to the Ile of Sheppy with spade.

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

Brad. What will I M. Crene, and so farewell.
Here Will, theres a Crowne so; thy god newes.

Exit Bradshawe.

Will. Farewell Bradshaw,
He drinke no water so; thy sake, whilest this lasts:
Now gentleman, shall we haue your company to London.

Gre. Nay stay sirs, a litle moze I needs muste vse your
And in a matter of great consequence, (helpe,
Wherein if youle be secret and profound,
He giue you twenty Angels so; your pames.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

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

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

Gre. Well this it is, Arden offeuerhame, (kin.

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

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

Sha. Where is he?

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

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

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

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

Exeunt,

Here enters Michael.

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

Here enters Arden and Francklin, and heares

Michaell read this letter.

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

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

Tours Michaell, or els not Michaell.

Ard. Why you paltrie knaue,

Stand you here loytering, knowing my affaires,

What haste my busines craues to send to hcnt?

Fran. Faith friend Michaell, this is very ill,

Knowing your maister hath no moze but you,

And do ye slacke his busines for your owne?

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

Then he giues him the letter.

W^ho maister Francklin, heres proper stoffe.

Susan my maid, the Painter, and my man,

A crue of harlots all in loue forsoth,

Sirra let me heare no moze of this.

Now for thy life, once write to her a woꝛde.

Here enter Greene, Will, and Shakebag,

Wilt thou be married to so base a troll.

Th^{is} Posbies sister, come I once at home,

He rouse her from remaining in my house:

Now M. Francklin let vs go walke in Paules,

Come, but a turne or two and then away, Exeunt,

Gre. The first is Arden, and thats his man,

The other is Francklin Ardens dearest frand.

Will. Zounds He kill them all th^{re},

Gre. Nay he, touch not his man in any case,

But stand close, and take you sittest standing,

And at his coming forth speeke him:

To the Pages head, ther is this cowards haunt,

But now He leane you fill the deed be don: Exit Greene

D.

Shake.

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

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

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

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

Here enters a Prentise.

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

breaks Black Wils head.

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

Prentise. Woele tame you I warrant.

Wil. Zounds I am tame enough already.

Here enters Arden, Fran, & Michael.

Arden. What trublesome fray or mutany is this?

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

Arden. If nothing else: come franklin let vs away. Exeunt

Wil. What mends shall I haue for my broken head?

Prentise. Marry this mends, that if you get you not away
All the soner, you shall be well beaten and sent to the coun-
ter. Exit prentise.

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

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

Here enters Greene.

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

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

Wil. Yes sir we dare do it, but were my consent to giue
We would not do it vnder ten pound moze.

I value enery dzop of my blood at a french Crowne.

I haue

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

Gre. I pray the how came thy head broke,

Will. Why thou seest it is broke, dost thou not?

Sha. Standing against a staule, watching Ardens coming,
 A boy let down his shop window, and broke his head.
 Whereupon arose a bzant, and in the tumult
 Arden escap't vs, and pass't by vntthought on.
 But forbearance is no acquittance,
 Another time wele do it I warrant the.

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

Will. Tush, I haue broken fine hundred oathes,
 But wouldst thou charme me to effect this dede?
 Tell me of gould my resolutions see,
 Say thou seest Hobie kneeling at my knees,
 Offering me seruice for my high attempt:
 And swete Ales Arden with a lap of crownes.
 Come with a lowly curly to the earth,
 Saying take this, but for thy quarterige,
 Such pcerely tribute will I answer the.
 Why this would steale soft metled cowardice,
 With which black Will was neuer tainted *with yet.*
 I tell the Greene the sozlozne trauailer,
 Whose lips are glewed with sommers parching heat,
 Here longd so much to see a running bzoie,
 As I to finish Ardens Tragedy.
 Dost thou this goare that cleaeneth to my face?
 From hence nere will I wash this bloody staine,
 Til Ardens hart be panting in my hand.

Gre. Why thats wel said, but what saith Shabbag?

The Tragedy of M. Arden

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

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

Here enters Michaell.

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

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

Gre. Where supt M. Arden?

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

Wil. So to sirra, there is a chaunce in it.
This sawines in you wil make you be knockt.

Mic. Nay and you be offended ile be gone.

Gre. Stay michael you may not scape vs so.

Michael I knowe you loue your M. wel.

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

Gre. Because I thinke you loue your mistres better,

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

Shak. Come to the purpose Michael, we heare
You haue a pretty loue in Feuerhame,

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

Wil.

of Feuershame.

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Wil. You deale so mildely, with the peasant, thus it is,
His ketyne to vs you loue most bies sister.
We know besides that you haue tane your oath,
To further Posbie to your mistres bed,
And kill your P. so; his sisters sake.
Now sir, a pow'r colward then your selfe,
Was neuer fostered in the coast of Kent.
How comes it then, that such aknaus as you
Dare sweare a matter of such consequence?

Gre. Ah Will.

Will. Wsh giue me leaue, thers no moze but this,
Sith thou hast swozne, we dare discouer all.
And hadst thou o; shouldst thou vtter it,
We haue deuised a complat vnder hand
What euer shall betide to any of vs:
To send thee roundly to the diuell of hell.
And therefore thus, I am the very man,
Markt in my birth howe by the destinyes,
To giue an end to Ardens lyfe on earth,
Thou but a member, but to whet the knife,
Whose edge must searck the closet of his bzeast.
Thy office is but to appoint the place,
And traine thy P. to his tragedie.
Ppne to perfozme it, when occasion serues.
Then be not nice, but here deuise with vs,
How and what way, we may conclude his death.

Sha. So what thou purchase, Posbie so; thy frend
And by his frendship giue his sisters loue.

Gre. So what thy mistres be thy fauozer,
And thou disburnd of the oath thou made.

Mic. Wel gentlemen I cannot but confesse,
Sith you haue bydged me so aparantly,
That I haue vowed my P. Ardens death,
And he whose kindly loue and liberall hand,
Doth challenge naught but god delerts of me.
I wil delquere ouer to your hands.

D. 3

This

25

The Tragedye of M. Arden

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

Wil. Should you deceiue vs, I would go wrong to you,

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

Wil. Come let's go drinke, choller makes me as drye as

Exeunt Will, Gre. and Shak.

Manet Michael.

* Mic. Thus feeds the Lambe securely on the downe,

Whilſt through the thicket of an arber brake,

The hunger bitten Wolfe opeyes his bant,

And takes aduantage to eat him vp.

Oh harmeles Arden how hast thou misdone,

That thus thy gentle life is leuel'd at,

The many good turnes that thou hast don to me,

Now must I quitance with betraying thee.

I that should take the weapon in my hand,

And buckler thee from ill intending foes.

Do lead thee with a wicked fraudfull smile,

As vn suspected, to the slaughterhouse:

So haue I swozne to Polby and my mistres.

So haue I promised to the slaughtermen.

And should I not deale currently with them,

Their lawles rage would take reuenge on me,

But I will spurne at mercy so; this once.

Let pittie lodge where feeble women ly.

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

Here enters Arden & Fran.

Arden. No Francklin no, if feare or stozmy threats,

If loue of me, or care of womanhode,

of Feuershame.

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

But she is rooted in her wickednes
Pernerse and stobburne, not to be reclaimde,
Good counsell is to her as raine to wades
And reprehension makes her vice to grow,
As Hydracs head that perisht by decay.
Her faults me think are painted in my face,
For every searching eye to ouer rate.

And Posbie's name, a scandale vnto myne.
Is deeply trenched in my blushing brow.
Ah Francklin Francklin, when I think on this,
My hart's grace rends my other powers,
Whose then the conflict at the houre of death.

Farn. Gentle Arden leaue this sad lament,
She will amend, and so your graces will cease
Or els shele die, and so your sorrows end.
If neither of those two do happely fall,
Yet let your comfort be, that others bears.
Your woes twice doubled all with patience.

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

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

Ard. Then that base Posbie doth vsurpe my roome,
And makes his triumphe of my being thence,
At home, or not at home, where ere I be.

Heere heere it lyes, ah Francklin here it lyes,
That wil not out till wretched Arden dies.

Here enters Michaell.

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

Ard. What a Clock it is?

Mic. Almost ten.

Ard. Hee sa how runnes away the weary time,

077

D. 4.

Come

32

The Tragedy of Mr. Arden

Come Mr. Franklin, that we go to bed.

Exeunt Arden & Michael.

Manet Francklin.

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

• Ah what a hell is crestfull Ielousie?

moving What pittie moning words? what deepe fetcht sighes?

What greivous grones? and overlading woes,

Accompanied this gentle gentleman.

How will he shake his care oppressed head,

When fir his sad eyes on the fallen earth,

Ashamed to gaze upon the open world.

How will he cast his eyes vp towards the heavens,

Looking that waies for redreffe of wrong,

Some times he seeketh to beguile his grieke,

lets And tals a story with his carefull tongue.

When comes his wifes dishonor in his thoughts,

off And in the middle cutteth of his tale.

Howzing fresh sorrow on his weary lims.

So woe begone, so inly charged with woe,

Was neuer any lpyed and bare it so.

Here enters Michael.

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

Fra. Is he himselfe already in his bed?

Exit Fran. Manet Mic.

Mic. He is and faine would have the light away,

Conflicting thoughts incamped in my brest

Awake me with the Echo of their strokes:

And I a iudge to censure either side,

Can give to neither wished victory.

My masters kindness pleads to me for lyfe,

With iust demand, and I must grant it him.

My mistres she hath forced me with an oath,

Not to stand take the which I may not breake,

For that is nearer the a masters loue,

Then my grim faced fellow, pittiles black Will,

And Spakebag Kearne in bloody drakageme.

Two

Two Ruffer Ruffins neuer lined in Kent,
 Haue sworn me my death, if I instringe my bow,
 A deadfull thing to be considered of,
 He thinks I see them with their bold red haire,
 Staring and grinning in thy gentle face,
 And in their ruthles hands, their daggers dyaone,
 Insulting oze ~~these~~ with a peck of oathes. *thee*
 Whylest thou submitstas pleading for release,
 Art mangled by their irefull instruments.
 He thinks I heare them aske where Michaell is
 And pittiles black Will, cryes stab the slaue.
 The Desant will detea the Tragedy.
 The wyndles in his fowle death thyeatning face,
 Capes open wide, lyke graues to swallow men.
 My death to him is but a merriment,
 And he will murthor me to make him sport.
 He comes, he comes, ah M. Francklin helpe,
 Call by the neighboys oze we are but dead

Here enters Fran. & Arden.

Ern. What dismall outcry calls me from my rest?

Ard. What hath occasiond such a fearefull crye?

Speake Michaell, hath any iniurde thee?

Mic. Nothing sir, but as I fell a flaxe,

Upon the thyehoide leaning to the staires.

I had a fearefull dreame that troubled me,

And in my slumber thought I was beset,

With murtherer theeves that came to risse me.

My trembling ioints witness my inward feare.

I craue your pardons for disturbing you.

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

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

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

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

Here trust me, but the dozes were all vnlockt.

This negligence not halfe contenteth me.

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

C.

Let

Let me have no moze such pꝛanches as these
Come M. Francklin, let vs go to bed.

Fran. Fard. I be my faith, the aire is very colde, Exeunt.
Michaell farewell, I pray thee dreame no moze.

Sha. Black night hath hid the pleasures of y day.
Here enter Will, Gre. and Shak.

And shet ing darknesse ouerhangs the earth,
And with the black folde of her cloudy robe,
Obscures vs from the eightsight of the woꝛlde,
In which swete silence such as we triumph,
The layste minuts linger on their time,

as Loth to giue due audit to the howze:

Wit in the wa'ch our purpose be complete,
And Arden sent to euerlasting night.

Græne get you gone, and linger here about,

And at some houre hence, come to vs againe,

Where we will giue you instance of his death.

Gre. Speede to my wish whose wil so ere sayes no,

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

Will. I tel thee Shakebag, would this thing wer don,

I am so heauy that I can scarce go:

This dozelines in me bods little god.

Shake. How now Will, become a pꝛecisian.

Day then lets go sleepe, when buges and seares,

Shall kill our courages with their fancies woꝛke,

Will. Why Shakbagge thou mistakes me much,

And wzongs me to in telling me of seare,

Wert not a serious thing we go about,

It should be slipt, til I had fought with thee:

To let thee know I am no coward I,

I tel thee Shakbagge thou abusest me.

Sha. Why thy speech bewzaied an inlye kind of seare.

And sauourd of a weak relenting spirit.

Go soꝛward now in that we haue begonne.

And afterwards attempt me when thou darest.

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

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

Where

of Feuershame.

33

Where thou shalt see Ile do as much as Shabbag.

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

Wil. Soft let me see, Shabbag tis shut indeed,
Knock with thy sword, perhaps the flane will heare,

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

Wil. And he shall by his mirriment as deare,
As euer coitrell bought so little spozt,

Here let this sword be assist me when I néede,
But rust and canker after I haue swozne:

If I the next time that I mete the hind,
Loppe not away his leg, his arme o2 both,

Sha. And let me neuer draw a sword againe,
No2 prosper in the twilight, cockshot light,

When I would fleece the welthie passenger,
But ly and languish in a loathsome den:

Hated and spit at by the goers by.
And in that death may die, unpittied.

If I the next time that I mete the flane,
Cut not the nose from of the cowards face,
And trample on it, so2 this villany.

Wil. Come lets go seeke out Cræn I know hels swear

Sha. We were a villane and he would not sweare,
It would make a pesant sweare amongst his boyes.
That nere durst say befoze but yea and no.
To be thus flouted of a coyterel.

Will. Shabbag lets seeke out Cræn, & in the moyning
At the Alehouse butting Ardens house,
Watch the out comming of that pick eard ear,
And then let me alone to handle him. Exeunt.

Here enters Ard. Fra. & Michaell,

Ard. Sirra get you back to billensgate,
And learne what time the tide will serue our turne,
Come to vs in Paules, first go make the bed,
And afterwards go harken so2 the floude. Exit Michaell.

Come M. Francklin, you shall go with me,
 This night I dreamed that being in a parke,
 A toyle was pitcht to overthrow the deare,
 And I vppon a little rising hill,
 Stoode whitely watching for the herds approach,
 Euen there me thoughts a gentle slumber took me,
 And sommond all my parts to swate repose.
 But in the pleasure of this golden rest,
 An ill thewd foster had remoued the toyle,
 And rounded me with that beguiling home,
 Which late me thought was pitcht to cast the deare,
 With that he blew an euill sounding hoerne,
 And at the noise an other heard man came:
 With fanchon drawn, and bent it at my breast.
 Crying aloud thou art the game we seeke,
 With this I wakt, and trembled euery ioynt,
 Lyke one obscured in a lytle bushe,
 That sees a lyon foraging about,
 And when the dreadfull forest King is gone,
 He pyses about, with timorous suspect.
 Throughtout the thorny calements of the brake,
 And will not think his person daungerles.
 But quakes and shetters though the cause be gone.
 So trust me Francklin when I did awake,
 I stode in doubt whether I waked or no:
 Such great impressiō took this sond surprize:
 God graunt this vision bedee me any god.
 Fran. This fantassie doeth rise from Michaels feare:
 Who being awaked with the noyse he made,
 His troubled sences, yet could take no rest.
 And this I warant you procured your dreame.
 Ard. It may be so God frame it to the best,
 But often times my dreames presage to trew.
 Fran. So such as note their nightly fantasies,
 Some one in fownty may incurre beliefe,
 But vse it not, tis but a mockery.

Ard.

of Feuerhame.

35

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

Francklin. At your good pleasure sir,
Ile beare you companye. Exeunt.

Here enters Michaell at one doore,
Here enters Grene, Will, and Shakebag,
at another doore,

Wil. Draw Shakebag, for hears that villaine Michael,

Gre. First Will lets heare what he can say,

Wil. Speak milkelope stauce, & neuer after speake.

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

For heare I sweare by heauen and earth and all,

I did perforce the outmost of my task,

And left the doores unbolted and vnlockt,

But see the chaunce Francklin and my master,

Were very late conferring in the porch,

And Francklin left his napkin where he sat,

With certain gould knit in it, as he said

Being in bed, he did bethinke himselfe,

And comming down, he found the doores vnshut,

He lockt the gates, and brought away the keyes

For which offence my master rated me,

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

For with the tyde my M. will away.

Where you may frowne him well on Kaynum downe,

A place well sitting such a stratageme.

Wil. Your excuse hath somewhat mollified my choller,

Why now Greene tis better now noz ere it was,

Gre. But Michaell is this trew?

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

Shak. Then Michaell this shall be your pennance,

To feast vs all at the Salutation,

Where we wil plat our purpose througely.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

90 Gre. And Michael, you shall hear no newes of this tide
Because they two may be ink^{ed} down befoze your ^{eyes}.

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

Here enters Molby.

Mol. Disturbed thoughts dzyue me from company,
And dzyes my marrow ^{with} their watchfulnes,

Continuall trouble of my moody braine.

Fæbles my body by excesse of dzyinke,

And nipps me, as the bitter North-east wind,

Doeth check the tender blossoms in the spring.

Well fares the man how ere his cates do taste

That tables not with soule suspicion:

And he but pines amongst his delicats,

Whose troubled minde is stult with discontent.

My goulden time was when I had no gould,

Thought then I wanted, yet I slept secure,

My dayly toyle, begat me nights repose:

My nights repose made daylight fresh to me.

But since I climbd the toppe bough of the tree,

And sought to build my nest among the clouds.

Each gentle stary gaile doth wake my bed:

And makes me dzyead my ddionfall to the earth,

But whether doeth contemplation carry me.

The way I seeke to finde where pleasure dwels,

Is hedged behinde me that I cannot back,

But needs must on, although to dangers gate:

When Arden perissh thou by that degre.

For Greene doth erre the land and weede thee by,

To make my haruest nothing but pure cozne.

And soz his paines Ile heaue him by a while,

And after smother him to haue his ware.

Such vices as Greene, must neuer liue to sing.

When is there Michael and the Painter to,

These actors to Ardens ouerthrow:

Who when they shall see me sit in Ardens seat,

They

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

Here enters Aes, *Ales*

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

Ales But I will danne that fire in my bzeast.
 Till by the sozre therof, my part consume, ah Possible.

Mof. Such deys pathaires lyke to a cannons burst,
 Dischargde against a ruinated wall,
 Breakes my relenting hart in thousand pieces,
 O gentle Ales thy sozrow is my sozre.
 Thou knowst it wel, and tis thy pollicy,
 To sozge distressefull looks, to wound a bzeast,
 Where lyes a hart, that dies where thou art sad,
 It is not loue, that loues to anger loue.

when

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

Mof. How meane you that?

Ales. Thou knowest how dearly Arden loued me.

Mof. And then.

Ales. And then conceale the rest, soz tis too bad,
 Least that my wo2ds be carried with the wind,
 And publiht in the world to both our shames,
 I pray thee Gosbye let our springtime wither,
 Our haruest els will yeald but lothsome weedes.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

30

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

Mof. What are you changed?

Ales I to my former happy life againe.

From tytle of an odious strumpets name,
To honest Ardens wife, not Ardens honest wife,

Whaſt by tis thou haſt riſed me of that,

And made me ſaundrous to all my kin:

Euen in my forehead is thy name ingraued, ⁿ

Artificer

Ameane Artificer, that lowe bozne name,

I was bewitched, woe worth the haples holwe,

And all the cauſes that inchaunted me:

Mof. Say if thou can, let me breathe curſes forth,

And if you ſtand ſo nicely at your ſame:

Let me repent the credit I haue loſt;

I haue neglected matters of impoꝛt,

That would haue ſtated me aboue thy ſtate:

For ſlowde aduantages, and ſpurnd at time.

I fortunes right hand Poſſie hath forſooke,

To take a wanton giglote by the left.

I left the Pariage of an honeſt maid,

Whole dowry would haue weped down all thy wealth,

Whole beauty and demiano; ſarre exceded thee.

This certaine good I loſt for changing bad,

And wꝛapt my credit in thy company.

I was bewicht, that is no theame of thine,

And thou unhallowed haſt enchaunted me:

But I will breake thy ſpells, and exorcimes,

And put another ſight vpon theſe eyes.

That ſhewed my hart, a rauen for a holwe.

Thou art not faire, I bieu'd thee not till now.

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

And now the raine hath beaten of thy gilt,

Thy worthles copper ſhoves thee counterſet.

It grieues me not to ſee how ſoull thou art.

But maddes me that euer I thought thee faire,

thee
off

Go

of Feuers bame.

39

Go get thæ gone, a copsemate so; thy hyndes.
I am to god to be thy fauozite.

Ales. I now I se, and to soone find it trow,
Which often hath bæne tould me by my frænds:
That Posbie loues me not but so; my wealth,
Which to incredulus I nere belæued.
Nay heare me speake Posbie a woꝝd oꝝ two,
Ile bite my tougue, if it speake bitterly:
Løke on me Posby, oꝝ Ile kill my selfe,
Nothiing shall hide me from thy si; oꝝ my loke:
If thou cry warre, there is no peace so; me,
I will do pennance so; offending thæ,
And burne this pꝛayer booke, where I here ble,
The holy woꝝd that had conuerted me,
See Posbie I will teare away the leaues.
And al the leaues, and in this golden couer,
Shall thy swete phꝛases, and thy letters dwell,
And thereon will I chiefly meditate,
And hould no other se; but such deuotion,
Wilt thou not loke: is all thy loue ouerwhelmde?
Wilt thou not heare: what malice stopes thine eares?
Why speakes thou not: what silence ties thy tougue?
Thou hast bene sighted, as the eagle is,
And heard as quickly as the fearefull hare:
And spoke as smoothly as an oꝝatoꝝ.
When I haue bid thee heare, oꝝ se; oꝝ speak.
And art thou sensible in none of these?
Waigh all thy god turns, with this little fault,
And I deserue not Posbies muddy lokes.
A sence of trouble is not thickest still,
Be cleare againe, Ile nere moze trouble thæ.

Mof. No, I am a base artificer,
My winges are seathꝛed so; a lowly sight,
Posby fy no, not so; a thousand pound,
Take loue to you, why tis vnpardonable,
The beggers must not bꝛeath where gentiles are.

¶

Ales

The Tragedy of M. Arden

40
Ales Swete Holbie is as gentle as a linc,
And I to blinde, to iudge him otherwise,
Floures do some times spring in fallow lands,
Roses in gardens, Roses grow on thornes.
So what so ere my Holbies father was,
Himselfe valued gentle by his worth.

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

Here enters Bradshaw,

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

Mos. Soft Ales for here comes some body.

Ales. How now Bradshaw, whats the news with you

Brad. I haue little news but heres a letter.

That M. Greene importuned me to giue you:

Ales. Go in Bradshaw call for a cuppe of beere. Exit.
Tis almost suppertime, thou shalt stay with vs. Exit

Then she reade the Letter.

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

Yours Richard Greene.

Holbykes my loue the tennoz of this letter?

Mos. Well, were his date compleat and expired.

Ales. Ah would it were,

Then comes my happy holwe.

Till then my blisse is mixt with bitter gall.

mos. Come let vs in to shun suspition.

mos. I to the gates of death to follow thee. Exeunt.

Here enters Greene Will & Shabag.

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

Is not thy Powder dancke,

Or will thy flint stroke fyre

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

Or whether my toung be frozen in my mouth.

Zounds



of Feuershame.

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

O; whether I loue the smell of gunne powder,

O; dare abide the noise the dagge will make.

O; will not wincke at flashing of the fire.

I pray thee Shakkbag let this answer thee.

That I haue toke moze purses in this down,

Then ere thou handledst pistols in thy life.

Sha. I happely thou hast pickt moze in a thysing,

But should I bragge what booties I haue toke,

I think the ouerplus thats moze then thine,

Would moant to a greater somme of money,

Then either thou, or all thy kinne are wozyth.

Zounds I hate them as I hate a toade,

That cary a muscado in their tongue.

And scarce a hurting weapon in their hand.

Wil. O Greene, intollerable,

It is not for mine honoz to beare this.

Why Shakkbag I did serue the King at Bulloyn,

And thou canst bragge of nothing that thou hast done.

Shak. Why so can Iack of Feuershame,

That sounded for a phillipe on the nose:

When he that gaue it him hollowed in his eare.

And he supposed a Cannon bullet hit him.

Then they fight.

Greene. I pray you sirs list to Clops talk,

Whilist two stout dogs were struing for a bone,

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

So while you stand struing on these termes of manhode,

Arden escapes vs and deceaue vs al.

Shake. Why he begun.

Will. And thou shalt finde Ile end.

I do but slip it vntil better time.

But if I do forget.

Then hee kneeles downe and houldes vp

his hands to heauen.

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The Tragedy of M. Arden

Greene. Well take your fittest standings, & once moze
Lime your twigs to catch this weary bird,
He leaue you, and at your bags discharge
Shake towards lyke the longing water dog,
That coucheth til the fowling peece be of:
Then ceazeth on the pray with eager made,
Ah might I see him Cretching sozth his limmes,
As I haue sene them beat their wings ere now.

Shak. Why that thou shalt see if he come this way.

Gre. Yes that he doth shakebag I warrant thee:
But braul not when I am gone in any case,
But sirs be sure to spade him; when he comes,
And in that hope He leaue you soz an houre. Exit Gre.

Here enters Arden Fran. & Mic.

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

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

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

Arden. Come D. Francklin onwards with your tale,

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

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

Fra. Do you remember where my tale did leaue?

Ard.

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

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

Arđ. her answer then, I wonder how she tokt,
 Having sozwozne it with such vehement oathes,
 And at the instant so approued vpon her,

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

Pardon me O. Arden I can no moze:

This fighting at my hart, makes shorte my wynde.

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

Shak. Stand close Will I heare them cumming.

Here enters Lord Cheiny with his men,

Wil. Stand to it Shakbag, and be resolute,

Lord Che. Is it sonere night as it seemes,

Or wil this black faced evening haue a showze?

What O. Arden, you are well met.

I haue longd this fortnights day to speake with you,

You are a stranger man in the ile of Sheppy,

Arđ. Your honoꝝs alwayes bound to do you seruice,

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

Arđ My man's comming after, (youz

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

Lord Che. My Lord protectoꝝs man I take you to bee

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

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

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The Tragedy of M. Arden

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

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

Arden. To morrow wele waite vpon your honoz,

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

Wil. Not hanged, God saue your honoz.
I am your bedesman, bound to pray for you,

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

If thou beest tainted for a penny matter,
And come in question surely thou wilt truste.

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

Wil The Deuill break all your necks, at 4 myles end,
Zounds I could kill my selfe for very anger.

His Lordship chops me in, euen when

My dagge was leaueled at his hart.

I would his crowne were molten down his throat,

Sha. Arden thou hast wondrous holye luck,
Did euer man escape as thou hast done.

Well Ile discharge my pistoll at the skye,
For by this bullet Arden might not die.

Here enters Greene.

Gre. What is he down, is he dyspatcht?

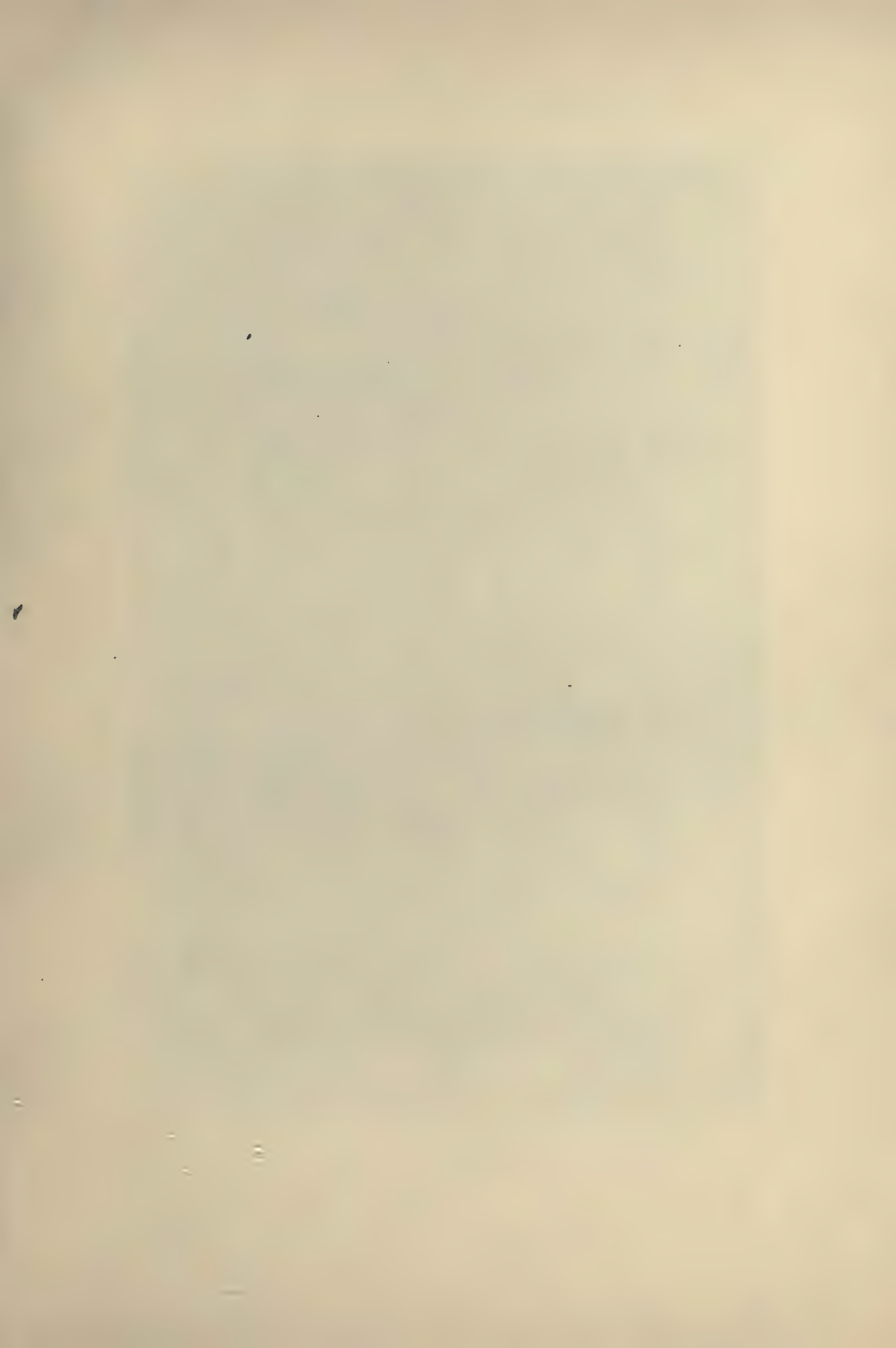
Sha. I in health towards feuerthame, to shame vs all

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

Shak. When we were ready to shoot,

Comes my Lord. Cheing to pzeuent his death.

Green



Greene. The Lord of heaven hath preferred him.

Will. Preferred. a ſigge, the L. Cheiny hath preferred
And bids him to a feaſt, to his houſe at Hoſlow: (him
But by the way, once moze Ie mate with him,
And if all the Cheinies in the world ſay no,
Ie haue a bullet in his bzeast to moztow,
Therefore come Graene and let vs to Feuerſhame.

Gre. I and excuse our ſelues to miſtreſ Arden,
Whow ſhe chafe when ſhe hears of this.

ſha. Why ille warrant you ſhel think we dare not doit

Wil. Why then let vs go, & tell her all the matter.

And plat the newes to cut him of to moztow. Exeunt.

Here enters Arden and his wife, Francklin
and Michael.

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

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

Arden. It was no chafe that made me riſe ſo early,
But as I could the yesternight to go to the Ile of Sheppy:
There to dine with my Lozd Cheiny.
For ſo his honoz late commanded me.

Ales. I ſuch kinde husbands ſeldome want excuſe,
Hone is a wilde Cat, to a wandring wit,
The time hath bene, would God it were not paſt,
That honozs tytle noz a Lozds command,
Could once haue vzaione you from theſe armes of mine,
But my deſerts, oz your deſerues decay,
Whoz both, yet if frew loue may ſerue deſert,
I merite ſtil to haue thy company.

Fran. Why I pray you ſir, let her go along with vs,
I am ſure his honoz wil welcome her,
And vs the moze, for bzinging her along.

Arden

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The Tragedy of M. Arden

Arden. Content, sirra saddle your mistres nagge.

Ales. No, begde fauo; merits little thanks,
If I should go, our house would runne away,
W; els be stolne. therefoze Ie stay behind.

Arden. Nay se how mistaking you are,
I pray thee goe.

Ales. No no, not now.

Arden. Then let me leaue thee satisfied in this,
That time no; place, no; persons alter me,
But that I should thee dearer then my life.

Ales. That will be seene by your quick returne.

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

Fra. Come Michaell are our hozes ready?

Mic. I your hozes are ready, but I am not ready,
Foz I haue lost my purse,
With six and thirtie shillings in it,
With taking vp of my W. Page.

Fra. Why I pray you let vs go befoze,
Whilist he stapes behind to seke his purse.

Arden. Go to sirra, se you follow vs to the ile of Sheppey,
To my Lord Cheynyes where we meane to dine.

Exeunt Arden & Francklin.

Manet Michaell.

Mic. So faire weather after you,
Foz befoze you, lyes black Will and Shakebag.
In the b;ome close, to close foz you,
Theyle be your ferrymen to long home,

Here enters the Painter.

But who is this the Painter, my cozridal,
That would nedes winne W. Susan.

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

Mic. Who Susan? Dosbye? sheis your Mistres to

Cl. I How doth she. and all the rest?

Mic. Al's well but Susan she is sicke,

Clark,

Cl. Sick, of what disease?

Mic. Of a great feare.

Cl. A feare, of what?

Mic. A great fever.

Cl. A fever God forbide.

Mic. Yes saith, and of a lozdaine too,

As bigge as your selfe.

Cl. O Michael the spleane prickles you.

Go to, you carry an eye ouer mi^{ss}res susan.

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

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

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

Cl. What meane you by that?

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

And we seruingmen put hoznes to them, to make them become shape.

Cl. Such another word wil cost you a cusse or a knock

Mic. What with a dagger made of a pensell?

Faith tis too weake.

And therefore thou to weak to winne susan.

Cl. Would susans loue lay vpon this stroke.

Then he breakes Michaels head.

Here enters Mosby Greene & Ales.

Ales. He lay my life, this is so, susans loue,

Stayd you behinde your H. to this end?

Haue you no other time to byable in

But now when serious matters are in hand?

Say Clarke, hast thou done the thing thou promised?

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

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

Will catch H. Arden.

And make him wise in death, that liued a foole.

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The Tragedye of M. Arden

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

what is

Mos. Why what loue, without true constancy:

Lyke to a pillar built of many stones.

Yet neither with god moztter, well compact,

Noz semell, to fasten it in the ioynts.

But that it shakes with euery blast of winde.

And being toucht, straight fall'es vnto the earth,

And buries all his haughty pryde in dust.

So let our loue be rockes of Adamant,

Which time noz place, noz tempest can a sunder.

Gre. Possie leaue protestations now.

And let vs bethinke vs what we haue to do:

Black Will and Wakebag I haue placed,

In the hosome close watching Ardens comming.

Lets to them, and see what they haue done. Exeunt.

Here enters Ard & Fra.

Ard. Oh ferry man, where art thou?

Here enters the Ferriman.

Fer. Here here, goe befoze to the boat:

And I will follow you.

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

Fer. For what a mist is here.

Ard. This mist my frend, is misticall,

Lyke to a god companions smoaky byaine,

That was halfe bound with new ale ouer night.

Fer. Twere pittie but his scull were opened,

To make moze Chimney roome.

Fran. Friend whats thy opinion of this mist.

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

That

of Feuershame.

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

Ard. speaks thou this of thine owne experience,

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

Fran. By the Wone, how I pray thee?

Fer. For thereby lyes a bargane.

And you shall not haue it fresh and lasting.

Ard. Yes I pray thee good serryman.

Fer. Then for this once, let it be midsummer Wone.

But yet my wyfe as another mone.

Fran. Another Wone.

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

Ard. Why then by this reconing, you somtimes
Play the man in the Wone.

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

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

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

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

Here enters Will at one doore, and

Shakbag at another.

Sha. Oh Will where art thou?

Wil. Here Shakbag, almost in hels mouth,

Where I can not see my way for smoake.

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

Wil. Widelst thou euer see better weather to runne a-
way with another mans wife, or play with a wenche
at possinger.

Shak. So this were a fine world for chandlers,
If this weather would last, for then a man

The Tragedy of M. Arden

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

Wil. Why, didst thou heare any?

Sha. I that I did.

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

And then all our labour's lost,

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

And then we may chaunce meete with them.

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

Then Shakebag fallles into a ditch.

Sha. Helpe Will help, I am almost drownd.

Here enters the ferryman.

Fer. Whose that, that calles for help?

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

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

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

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

Wil. Sirra what companyes hath pass your ferry this

Fer. None but a cupple of gentlemen, that went to
dine at my Lord che yncis.

Wil. Shakebag did not I tell thee asmuch?

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

Wil. No sir, get you gone.

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

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

Fer. Why sir, this is no hough munday, you are deceiud

Whats his name I pray you sir?

Sha. His name is black will.

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

Exit Ferryman.

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

Here

Here enters Grene Mosbye and Ales.

Mos. Black Will and Shabbag, what make you hear
What is the deed done: is Arden dead.

Wil. What could a blynded man perfozme in armes?
Saw you not how till now, the sky was darke,
That neither hoise noz man could be decerned,
Yet did we heare their hoises as they past.

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

Sha. I for a while, but here we two will stay.
And at their comming back, mate with them once moze,
Zounds I was nere so toylde in all my lyfe,
In following so slight a taske as this.

Mos. How camst thou so beraide?

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

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

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

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

Exeunt. Grene Will and Shak.

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

Ales. First tell me how you like my new deuice:
Some when my husband is returning back,
You and I both marching arme in arme,
Like louing frends, wele mate him on the way,
And boldly beard and bjaue him to his tath:
When words grow hot, and blowes beginne to rylle,
Ile call those cutters forth your tenement,
Who in a manner to take vp the fray,
Shall wound my husband hoznelbie to the death.

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

Here enters Dicke Reede and a Sailer.

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

52

To parte from any thing may do thee good.

Rede He is coming from Shroton as I vnderstand,
 Here ile intercept him, so; at his house
 He neuer will vouchafe to speake with me:
 If prayers and faire intreaties will not serue,
 I; make no battry in his flintye breast.

Here enters Fra. Ard. and Michael.

Ile curse the carle and see what that wil do.

See where he comes, to further my intent,

~~Arden~~ Arden I am now bound to the sea,
 My coming to you was about the plat of ground,
 Which wrongfully you detaine from me.

Although the rent of it be very small,

Yet will it helpe my wife and children:

Which here I leave in Feuerhame God knowes,

Nedy and bare, so; Christs sake let them haue it.

Ard. Francklin hearest thou this fellow speake?

What which he craues I dearly bought of him,

Although the rent of it was euer mine.

Sirra you, that aske these questions,

If with thy clamarous impeaching tongue

Thou raile on me, as I haue heard thou dost,

Ile lay thee vp so close a twelue months day,

As thou shalt neither see the Sonne nor Moone,

Loke to it, so; as surely as I liue,

Ile banish pittie if thou vse me thus.

Rede. What wilt thou do me wrong, & threaten me to?

Nay then Ile tempt thee, Arden do thy worst,

God I beseech thee show some miracle,

On thee or thine, in plaguing thee so; this.

That plot of ground, which thou detaines from me,

I speake it in an agony of sprite,

Be ruinous and satall vnto thee:

Either there be butcherd by thy dearest friends,

Or els be brought so; men to wonder at.

Or thou or thine miscary in that place.

Or

of Feuershame.

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Where there runne mad, and end thy cursed dayes,
Fra. For bitter knaue bypde thine envious tongur,
For curses are like arrowes shot vp right,
Which fall down light on the sutors heat.

Rede Light where they will, wile I vppon the sea,
As oft I haue had many a bitter soyme,
And saw a dreadfull suthern flaw at hand,
The Pylate quaking at the doubtfull soyme,
And all the saylers praying on their knees,
Euen in that fearefull time would I fall down,
And aske of God, what ere betide of me,
Vengeance on Arden, or some mischance,
To shewe the world, what wrong the carle hath done,
This charge He leaue with wy distressed wife.
My childezen shall be taught such praiers as these,
And thus I go but leaue my curse with the.
Exeunt Rede & Sayler.

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

Fra. I think so Arden.

Arden. Now that our hazles are gone home befoze,
My wife may hapely mete me on the way,
For God knowes she is growne passing kinde of late,
And greatly chaunged from the oulde humour
Of her wonted frowardnes.

And sakes by faire meanes to redeeme out faults.

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

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The Tragedye of M. Arden

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

Here enters Ales and Mosbie.

Foz I beleue Chele Strue to mend our chere.

Fran. Why thers no better creaturs in the world
Then women are, when they are in good humours.

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

Ales I with a sagred kisse, let them vntwine.

Arden. Ah Mosbie, periurde beast, beare this and all.

Mos. And yet no hozned beast,

The hoznes are thine.

Fran. Dmonstrous, Nay then tis time to draw.

Ales Helpe helpe, they murther my husband.

Here enters Will, and Shak.

Sha. Zounds who inlures M. Mosbie.

Help Wil I am hurt.

Mos. I may thank you Mistris arden for this wound,
Excunt Mosby Will & Shakkbag.

Ales. Ah Arden what folly blinded thee?

Ah Ielious harebaine man what hast thou don,

When we to welcome thy intended spoze.

Came louingly to mete thee on thy way.

Thou drewst thy swozd intraged with Ielousy,

And hurte thy frende,

Whose thoughts were fra from harme.

All for a worthles kisse, and ioyning armes.

Both don bat mirrely. to try thy patience.

And me vnhappy that deupled the Iest,

Which though beganne in spoze, yet ends in blode.

Fran. Mary God defend me from such a Ieast.

Ales Couldst thou not see vs frendly smyle on thee?

When we toynd armes, and when I hit his chake.

Hast thou not lately found me ouer kinde?

Didst thou not heare me cry they murther thee.

Calde

of Feuers hame.

55

Cald I not helpe to set my husband free:
No, eares and all were witcht, as me accurst,
To luncke in speaking with a frantick man,
Hence forth Ile be thy slaue, no moze thy wife:
For with that name I neuer shall content thee.
If I be merry thou straight waies thinks me light.
If sad thou saiest the sullens trouble me.
If well attyred thou thinks I will be gadding,
If homely, I seeme stuttish in thine eye.
Thus am I still, and shall be whill I die,
Woe wench abused by thy misgouernment,
And But is it for truth, that neither thou nor he,
Entendedst malice in your misdemeanoz.

Ales. The heauens can witnes of our harmles thoughts

And. Then pardon me swate Ales,

And forgiue this faulte:

Forget but this, and neuer see the lyke.

Impose me pennance, and I will perfozme it:

For in thy discontent I finde a death,

A death tormenting moze then death it selfe.

Ales. Pay hadst thou loued me as thou doest pretend,

Thou wouldst haue markt the speeches of thy friend,

Who going wounded from the place, he said

His skinne was peir'd only thzough my deuise.

And if sad sorrow taint thee for this fault,

Thou wouldst haue followed him, and sene him dzest,

And cryde him mercy whome thou hast misdone,

Perce shall my hart be caled till this be done.

Arden. Content thee swate Ales thou shalt haue thy wil

What ere it be, for that I iniurde thee

And wrongd my friend, shame scourgeth my offence,

Come thou thy selfe and go along with me,

And be a mediatoz twixt vs two.

Fran. Why O. Arden, know you what you do,

Will you follow him that hath dishonourd you,

Ales. Why canst thou proue I haue bene disloyall.

4

Fran.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

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Fran. Why should he traunt you husband with the horn,
Ales I after he had reuyled him,

By the intarpous name of perjurde beaft,
He knew no wzong could spyte an Felious man,
Doze then the hatefull naming of the hozne.

Fran. Suppose tis trew, yet is it dangerous.
To follow him whome he hath lately hurt,

Ales. A fault confessed is moze then halfe a mends,
But men of such ill spirite as your selfe.

Wozke crosses and debates twixt man and wife.

Ard. I pray the gentle francklin holde thy peate,
I know my wife counsels me for the best,

Ard He seaze out mosby, where his wound is dzest,
And salve his haples quarrell if I may.

Exeunt Arden & Ales.

Fran. He whome the diuel dzines must go perforce,
Howe gentleman how sone he is bewicht,
And yet because his wife is the instrument,
His frends must not be lauth in their speech, Exit Fran.

Here enters Will Shakabage & Greene

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

Gre. I think we shall neuer do it.

Let vs giae it ouer.

Sha. Nay Zounds wele kill him.

Though we be hangd at his doze for our labour.

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

Where I haue made some go bypon wooden legges,

For taking the wall on me.

Dzuers with sluer noses, for saying,

There goes blackwill.

I haue crackt as many blades,

As thou hast done Sutes.

Gre. O monstrous lye.

Wil. Faith in a maner I haue.

The

of Feuershame.

The balodie houses haue paid me tribute,
 There durst not a whoze set vp, vnlesse she haue agreed
 With me first, so opening her shoppe windowes.
 For a crosse worde of a Tapster,
 I haue pearced one barrell after another, with my dager,
 And held him be the eares till all his beare hath run out,
 In Temes Strate a byewers carte was lyke to haue runne
 ouer me, I made no moze ado, but went to the clark
 and cut all the natches of his fales,
 and beat them about his head. (watch,

I and my comganye haue taken the Constable from his
 And carried him about the fields on a colt staffe.
 I haue broken a Sarians head with his owne mare,
 And baill whome I list with my sword and buckler.
 All the tenpenny alchoufe would stand euery morning,
 With a quart pot in his hands
 Saying will it please your worshop drinke:
 He that had not done so had bene sure to haue had his
 Singne puld down, & his lattice bozne away the next night
 To conclude, what haue I not done: yet cannot do this,
 Doubtles he is preferred by Stracle.

Here enter Ales and Michaell.

Gie. Hence Will, here comes B. Arden.

Ales. Ah gentle michaell art thou sure thei'r frends

Mic. Why I saw them when they both toke hands,

When Polbie bled, he euen wept for sorrow:

And raild on francklin that was cause of all.

So soner came the Surgen in at dozes,

But my B. toke to his purse, and gaue him money.

And to conclude, sent me to bring you word,

That Polbie, Francklin, Bradshaw, Adam soole,

With diuers of his neighbors, and his frends,

Will come and sup with you at our house this night.

Ales. Ah gentle Michaell, runne thou bak againe,

And when my husband walkes into the faire,

Bid Polbie steale from him, and come to me.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

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And this night shall thou and Susan be made sure,

Mic. Ile go tell him.

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

Wil. Nay and there be such chare, we wil bid our selues
Mistres Arden, Dick Crane & I do meane to sup wth you,

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

Gre. I was long of thake bag that unluckye villaine.

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

Wil. Nay then D. Ales, Ile tell you how it was,
When he should haue lockt with both his hits,

He in a brauery flozht ouer his head
With that comes Franklin at him lustely

And hurts the slaue, with that he sinks away,

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

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

If the deuil come, and he haue no more strength then sense

He shall neuer beat me from this warde,

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

Is as good as a castell.

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

Mobbie perceiuing this, began to faint.

With that comes Arden with his arming sword,

And thrust him throught the shoulder in a tryce.

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

Wil. Faith I was so amazed, I could not strike.

Ales. Ah sirs had he yesternight bene slaine,

For euery drop of his detested blade,

I would cramme in Angels in thy fist.

And kiss thee so, and hugg thee in my armes.

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

Crane and we two, will dogge him throught the saire,

And stab him in the croud, and keale away,

Here

of Feuershame.

Here enters Mosbye

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

Mos. I mistres Arden, this is your fauour,

Ales. Ah say not so for when I sawe the hurt,
I could haue toke the weapon thou leftst fall,
And runne at Arden, for I haue swozne,
That these mine eyes offended with his sight,
Shall neuer close, til Ardens be shut vp.
This night I rose and walkt about the chamber.

And thus of this, I thought to haue murthred him,

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

Ales. Why, how long shall he liue?

Mos. Faith Ales no longer then this night.

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

Will. For els think me as a villaine.

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

Mos. You D. Greene shal single Francklin sozth,
And bould him with a long tale of strange newes:
That he may not come home till suppertime.
He fetch D. Arden home, & we like frends.

Will play a game or two at tables here,

Ales. But what of all this?

How shall he be slaine?

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

Shall at a certaine watchword giuen, rush sozth,

Wil. What shall the watch word be?

Mos. (Now I take you) that shall be the word.

But come not sozth befoze in any case.

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

Ales. That will I do, thou'lt kepe the key thy selfe.

Mos. Come D. Greene, go you along with me.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

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See all things ready Ales against we come.

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

Excunt Mosbie and Greene.

And if he ere go forth againe, blame me,

Come blacke Will that in mine eyes art faire,

Pert vnto Mosbie doe I honour thee,

Instead of faire wordes and large promises,

My hands shall play you goulden harmonie,

How like you this? say, will you doe it first?

Will. I and that brauely too, marke my deuice.

Place Mosbie being a stranger in a chaire,

And let your husband sit vpon a stole,

That I may come behind him cunninglie,

And with a towell pull him to the ground,

Then stab him till his flesh be as a sine, *Sine*

That done beare him behind the Abby,

That those that finde him murthered, may suppose

Some slaue or other kild him for his golde.

Ales. A fine deuice, you shall haue twenty pound,

And when he is dead, you shall haue forty more.

And least you might be suspected staying here,

Michael shall saddle you two lusty geldings.

Ryde whether you will to Scotland or to Wales.

Ile see you shall not lacke, where ere you be.

Will. Such wordes would make one kill 1000. men.

Giue me the key, which is the counting house?

Ales. Here would I stay, and still encourage you,

But that I know how resolute you are.

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

Ales. But Mosbie will be there, whose very lokes,

Will ad vnwounded courage to my thought,

And make me the first that shall aduenture on him,

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

When this doze oppens next. loke for his death

Ales. Ah, would he now were here, that it might open

I shall no more be closed in Ardens armes,

that

of Feuerjame.

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

Here enters Michaell.

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

Here enters Arden & Mosbie.

Husband what meane you to bzing mosby home?
Although I wisht you to be reconciled,
It was moze so; se are of you, then loue of him,
Black Will and Greene, are his companions,
And they are cutters, and may cut you thozte,
Thereloz I thought it god to make you friends.

v. 4.

But

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The Tragedy of M. Arden

But wherefoze do you bzing him hether now,
 You haue giuen me my supper with his sight, (gone.
 Mos. **D.** Arden me thinks your wife would haue me
 Arden. As good **D.** Dolbie, women will be prating.
 Ales bid him welcome, he and I are frends.
 Ales You may inforce me to it, if you will.
 But I had rather die then bid him welcome,
 His company hath purchest me ill frends.
 And therefoze wil I nere frequent it moze.
 Mos. Oh how cunningly she can dissemble.
 Ard. How he is here you wil not serue me so.
 Ales. I pray you be not angre oꝛ displeas'd
 He bid him welcome seing youle haue it so,
 You are welcome **D.** Dolbie will you sit down.
 Mos. I know I am welcome to your louing husband,
 But soꝛ your selfe, you speake not from your hart.
 Ales. And if I do not, sir think I haue cause.
 Mos. Pardon me **D.** Arden, He away.
 Ard. No good **D.** Dolbie.
 Ales. We shal haue guests enough, thogh you go hence
 Mos. I pray you **D.** Arden let me go.
 Ard. I pray the **D.** Dolbie let her prate her fill.
 Ale. The dozes are open sir, you may be gone.
 Mic. Nay thats a lye, soꝛ I haue lockt the dozes.
 Ard. Sirra fetch me a cup of Wine.
 He make them frends.
 And gentle **D.** Ales, seing you are so stout,
 You shal beginne, frowne not, He haue it so.
 Ales I pray you meddle with tha' you haue to do.
 Ard. Why Ales? how can I do too much soꝛ him,
 Whose lyfe I haue endaugered without cause.
 Ale. Tis true, & seing twas partly through my meane
 I am content to drinke to him soꝛ this once.
 Here **D.** Dolbie, and I pray you hence soꝛth,
 Be you as strange to me, as I to you
 Your company hath purchas'd me ill frends.

And

she means
 roughly to
 opposte of
 what she
 says

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

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

Ar. Eush He haue no such bowes made in my house.

Ales. Yes I pray you husband let him sweare,
 An' on that condition Gosbie pledge me here.

Mos. I as willingly as I meane to liue.

Ar. Come Ales, is our supper ready yet?

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

Ar. Come Gosbie, what shall we play for?

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

Ar. Content.

Then they play at the Tables.

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

Ales Not yet Will, take hede he see thæ not?

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

Mic. Toppreunt that, crape betwirt my legs

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

Ar. Dary sir theres two for sayling.

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

Then Will pulles him down with a towell

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

Will Nothing but take you by sir, nothing els.

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

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

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

Michaell. D Pillresse

Will Ah that villaine wil betray vs all.

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

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

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The Tragedy of M. Arden

Sha. In Southwarke dwels a bonnie noztherne lasse,
The widow Chambley ile to her house now,
And if she will not giue me harborough,
Ile make botie of the queane euen to her smocke.

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

Ales. First lay the bodie in the countinghouse.

Then they lay the body in the Countinghouse.

Will. We haue our gould mistris Ales, adew,
Mosbie farewell, and Michaell farewell to. Exeunt

Enter Susan.

Susan. Mistres, the guests are at the doores.

Hearken they knocke, what shall I let them in?

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

And susan fetch water and wash away this blode,

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

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

The moze I scruie the moze the blood appeares:

Susan. Whats the reason M. can you telk

Ales. Because I blush not at my husbands death.

Here enters Mosbie.

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

Ale. I wel, if Arden were alieue againe.

In vaine we scruie, for here his blood remains,

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

This wench doth nothing fall vnto the wozke.

Ales. It was thou that made me murther him,

Mos. What of that?

Ales. Say nothing Mosbie so it be not known.

Mos. Keepe thou it close, and tis vnpossible,

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

My husbands death torments me at the hart.

Mos. It shall not long torment thee gentle Ales,

I am thy husband, thinke no moze of him.

Here enters Adam fowle and Brad.

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

Mos.

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Mof. Because her husband is abroad so late,
A cupple of Kuffins threathed him yesternight,
And the poze soule is affraid he should be hurt.

Adam Ist nothing els? tush hele be here anone.
Here enters Greene.

Gre. Polv P. Arden lacke you any guests.

Ales. Ah P. Craene, did you se my husband lately,

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

Ales. I do not like this being out so late,
P. Francklin where did you leaue my husband.

Fra. Welene me I saw him not since Morning,
Feare you not hele come anone, meane time,
You may do well to bid his guests sit down.

Ales. I so they shall, P. Wadshaw sit you here,
I pray you be content, He haue my will.

P. Pol vie sit you in my husbands seat.
Michael Susan shall thou and I wait on them,
O; and thou saist the word let vs sit down to.

Su. Peace we haue other matters now in hand,
I feare me Michael al wilbe bewraied.

Mic. Tush so it be knowne that I shal marry thē in the
Morning, I care not though I be hangde ere night.
But to prevent the wo;it, He by some rats bane.

Su. Why Michael wilt thou popson thy selfe?

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

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

Mof. Sirra Michell gives a cup of beare.
P. Arden, heere to your husband.

Ales. My husband?

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

Ales. Ah neighbors a sudden qualm came ouer my hart
My husbands being so;th to;ments my mynde.

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

O; els I should haue heard of him ere now.

Mo. She will vndo vs, though her foolishnes.

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

Ales. Well not me, I know he is not well,
He was not wount for to stay thus late,
God M. franchlin go and seeke him forth,
And if you finde him send him home to me.
And tell him what a feare he hath put me in.

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

Exeunt Fra Mos. & Gre.

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

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

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

It is very late M. Bradshaw,

And there are many false knaues abroad,
And you haue many narrow lanes to pas.

Brad. Faith friend Michaell and thou saiest true,
Therefore I pray thee lights forth, and lends a linck.

Exeunt Brad, Adam, & Michael.

Ales. Michaell bzing them to the dozes, but doo not stay,
You know I do not loue to be alone.

Go Susan and bid thy bzoother come,
But wherefoze should he come? Where is nought but feare.
Stay Susan stay, and helpe to counsell me.

Susan. Alas I counsell, feare frights away my wi's,
Then they open the countinghouse doore,
and looke vppon Arden.

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

Susan. My bzoother, you, and I, shall rue this daade.

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

Here enters Mosbie and Greene.

Mos. How now Ales whether will you beare him?

Ales. Swate Mosbie art thou come?

Then weeps that will.

I haue my wishe in that I loy thy sight.

Gre. Well it houes vs to be circumspect.

Mos.

of Feuershame,

Mof. I for Franklin thinks that we haue murthred

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

Whe spend this night in baltance and in sport.

Here enters Michael

Mic. I will ree the Maio: and all the watch,
Are comming towards our house with glaues & billes.

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

Mof. Tell me swete Ales how shal I escape?

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

Mof. What is the next way to betray my selfe?

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

Ales. Why take that way that M. Possible doeth,
But first conuey the body to the fields.

Then they beare the body into the fields

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

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

Exeunt Mosbie & Grene.

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

Susan. As we went it snowed al the way,
Which makes me feare, our foote steps will be spyed.

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

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

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

Here enters the Maior and the Watch.

How now M. Maio:, haue you brought my husband home

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

Ales. You are deceiued, it was a Londoner,

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

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

Maior

The Tragedye of M. Arden

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master

Maior. I haue the counsels warr and to apzehend him

Ales. I am glad it is no woze.

Why **M.** maioz thinke you I harbour any such?

Ma. We are infozmd that here he is.

And therfoze pardon vs, so; we must search.

Ales. I search and spare you not, thzough every roome.

Were my husband at home, you would not offer this,

Here enters Francklin.

master

M. Francklin what meane you come so sad.

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

master

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

Fra. I know not, but behind the abby,

There he lyes murthzed in most pittious case,

master

Ma. But **M.** Francklin are you sure tis he,

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

Ales. finde out the Murthzers let them be knowne,

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

Ales. Wherefoze?

Fra. know you this handto wel and this knyfe?

Su. Ah michael thzough this thy negligence.

Thou hast betrayed and vndone vs all.

Mic. I was so affraide, I knew not what I did,

I thought I had thzowne them both into the well.

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

But wherfoze say you? finde out the murthzers.

Ma. I feare me youe pzooue one of them your selfe.

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

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

And carried to the fields, so; from that place,

Backwards and so;wards may you see,

The print of many fete within the snow,

And loke about this chamber where we are,

And you shall finde part of his gillles blode,

For in his slipshoe did I finde some rushes.

Which argueth he was murthzed in this roome.

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

of Feuershame.

See see his blood it is too manifest,

Ales It is a cup of Wine that Michael Ged.

Mic. Truly.

Fran. It is his blode, which strumpet thou hast Ged,
But if I live thou and thy complices,
Which haue conspired and wrought his death,
Shall rue it.

Ales Ah M. Francklin God and heauen can tell,
I loued him moze then all the world beside.
But bying me to him let me see his body.

Fra. Bying that villaine and mosbies after too,
And one of you go to the slowze deluce.
And seeke soz mosbie, and appzehend him too. Exeunt

Here enters shakebag solus.

Sh. The widdow chambly in her husbands dayes I kept
And now he's dead, he is growne so stout.
She will not know her ould companions,
I came thither thinking to haue had
Harbour as I was wount
And she was ready to thrust me out at doozes,
But whether she would or no, I got me by,
And as she followed me I spurnd her down the staires,
And broke her neck, and cut her tapsters throat,
And now I am going to sing them in the Temes.
I haue the gould, what care I though it be knowne?
He crosse the water, and take sanctuary.

Exit shakebag.

Here enters the Maior, Mosbie, Ales, Francklin,
Michael and Susan.

Maior See M. Arden where your husband lyes.
Confesse this foule fault, and be penitent.

Ales Arden swete husband, what shall I say?
The moze I sound his name, the moze he blades.
His blode condemnes me, and in gushing soozth
Speakes as it falles, and askes me why I did it,
Forgiue me Arden, I repent me nowe,

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The Tragedye of M. Arden

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

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

Maior Say Mosby what made thee murther him.

Fra. Study not for an answer. loke not down

His purse and girdle found at thy beds head,

Witness sufficiently thou didst the deede.

It bootles is to sweare thou didst it not.

Mos. I hyed black Will and Shakebagge,
Kuffnes both,

And they and I haue done this murth'rous deed,

But wherefoze stay we?

Come and beare me hence.

Fra. Whose Kuffins shall not escape,

I will bp to London, and get the counsels warrand
to appzehend them.

Excunt.

Here enters Will.

Will. Shakebag I heare hath taken sanctuary,

But I am so pursued with hues and cryes,

For petty robberies that I haue done,

That I can come vnto no Sanctuary.

Therefore must I in some Dyker bote,

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

And so to Flushing there is no staying here,

At Sittinburgh the watch was like to take me.

And had I not with my buckler couerd my head,

And run full blanck, at all aduentures,

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

For the Constable had 20 warrands to appzehend me,

Besides that, I robbed him and his Pan once

at Gades hill,

Farewell England, Ile to Flushing now. Exit Will.

Here enters the Maior, Mosbye, Ales, Michaell,

Susan, and Bradshaw.

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

of Feuershame.

Brad. **M.** Arden you are now going to God,
And I am by the law condemned to die.
About a letter I bzought from **M.** Cræne,
I pray you **M.** Arden speak the trueth,
Was I euer priuie to your intent or no?

Ales What should I saye
You bzought me such a letter.
But I dare sweare thou knewest not the contents.
Leaue now to trouble me with worldly things,
And let me meditate vpon my sauiour Christ,
Whose blode must saue me for the blode I shed,
Mos. How long shall I liue in this hell of grieft?
Conuey me from the pzesence of that strumpet.

Ales. Ah but for the I had neuer bane strumpet
What can not oathes and pzoie flations doe,
When men haue oppoztunity to wo.
I was too young to sound the villanies.
But now I finde it, and repent too late.

Su. Ah gentle bzother, wherefoze should I die-
I knew not of it, till the deed was don.

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

Mic. And if your bzother and my **Mistres.**
Had not pzoised me you in marriage,
I had nere given consent to this soule deade.

Maioz Leaue to accuse each other now,
And listen to the sentence I shall giue.
Beare **Mosbie** and his sister to London straight,
Where they in **Smithfield** must be executed.
Beare **M.** Arden vnto **Canterburge**,
Where her sentence is she must be burnt.
Michaell and **Whadham** in **Feuershame**
must suffer death.

Ales Let my death make a memoz for all my times,
Mos. For vpon women; this shall be my song.
But beare me hence, for I haue liued too long.

A.

Susan

The Tragedy of M. Arden

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

Mic. Faith I care not seeing I die with Susan.

Brad. By Gods be on his head that gaue the sentence,

Maioꝛ To speedy execution with them all. Exeunt

Heere enters Francklin.

Fran. Thus haue you seene the truth of Ardens death

As foꝛ the Ruffins, Shabbag and blacke Will,

The one toke Sanctuary, and being sent foꝛ out.

Was murthzed in Southwark, as he past

To Greenewitch, where the Loꝛd Protectoꝛ lay.

Blacke Will was burnt in flushing on a stage.

Greene was hanged at Osbridge in Kent.

The Painter fled, & how he dyed we know not.

But this aboue the rest is to be noted.

Arden lay murthzed in that plot of ground,

Which he by foꝛce and violence held from Rede.

And in the grasse his bodyes print was seene,

Two yeeres and moꝛe after the deede was done

Gentlemen we hope youle pardon this naked Tragedy,

Wherin no filed points are foisted in,

To make it gracious to the eare oꝛ eye.

Foꝛ simple truth is gracious enough:

And needes no other points of glosing tuffe.

FINIS.



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