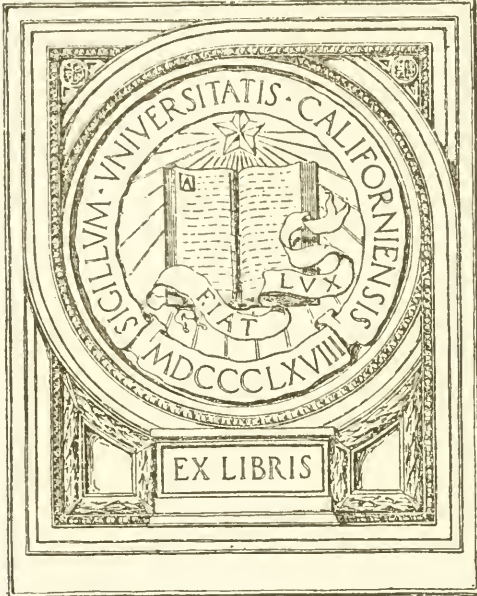


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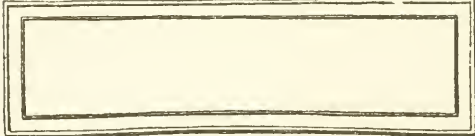


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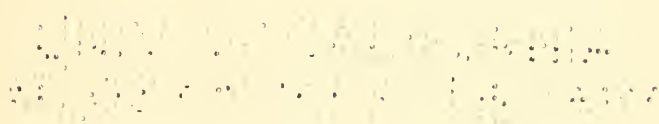


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THE COMEDY
OF GEORGE A GREEN
1599



THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1911

This reprint of *George a Green* has been prepared by
F. W. Clarke with the assistance of the General Editor.

Oct. 1911.

W. W. Greg.

Approved by the
General Editor

PR
2411
G4
1911

In the Stationers' Register appears the following entry:

primo die Aprilis [1595]

Entred for his copie under the wardens handes an Enterlude called the Cuthbert
Pynder of Wakefeilde v^d Burbye /

[Arber's Transcript, II. 295.]

Whether Burby delayed acting upon this entry, or whether the original edition has perished, there is no means of telling, but no edition bearing an earlier date than 1599 is at present known. Of the edition of 1599 various copies are recorded. In the preparation of the present reprint those in the Bodleian and British Museum have been collated throughout, while reference has also been had to others in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. T. J. Wise. No differences have been observed. The play is in quarto and is printed in an ordinary roman fount of which 20 lines measure 112 mm. This size is intermediate between modern English and Great Primer, and in the reprint it has consequently been necessary to replace it by English thin leaded.

The piece is known to have been performed, apparently as an old play, by the Earl of Sussex' men at the Rose playhouse in the winter of 1593-4, the following entries regarding it appearing in the Diary of Philip Henslowe (fol. 8^v):

- ℞ at gorge a gren the 29 [? 28] of desembꝝ 1593 iiij^{ll} x^s
- ℞ at gorge a grene the 2 of Ienewarye 1593 xviiij^s
- ℞ at the piner of wiackefelld the 8 of Ienewary 1593 xxiiij^s
- ℞ at gorge a grene the 15 of Ienewarye 1593 xx^s
- ℞ at gorge a grene the 22 [? 23] of Ienewarye xxv^s

The text as we have it has almost certainly been cut down for some reason or other, and contains various inconsistencies, though these do not necessarily imply composite authorship.

115821

On the question of authorship there is important but rather perplexing evidence. The copy of the play, namely, in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire has the following notes on the title-page. 'Written by a minister, who ac[t]ed the piñers pt in it himself. Teste W Shakespea[re.]' 'Ed Iuby saith that the play was made by Ro. Gree[ne.]' The ends of the lines have been cropped in binding and the 'r' in the last word has apparently been altered, possibly from 'n'. There is no doubt that these two notes are in two different hands of the early seventeenth century, but their bearing is less clear. The writer of the first evidently did not know the name of the author but put a line of dots in its place. The second writer (who may also have inserted some smaller dots) has left it doubtful whether his note is intended as a confirmation or a correction. There is no evidence that Robert Green the author was ever in orders. Edward Juby was a well-known actor of the Lord Admiral's (subsequently Prince Henry's) company, but his history previous to 1595 is not known. It remains doubtful, however, how much importance should be attached to such anonymous memoranda as these in the absence of greater internal support for the attribution than can be claimed in the present case. The provenance of the inscribed copy seems rather doubtful: it apparently did not form part of the Kemble collection.

It has been suggested that both the 'Iohn Taylour' of l. 18 and the 'Will Perkins' of l. 1178 are names of actors which have accidentally crept into the text. This seems likely enough, but no record survives of either.

The main story of the play is also found in a prose

romance preserved in manuscript at Sion College. Whether an early printed edition ever existed is not known. That the romance was the original of the play seems likely, though it is not certain whether or not the actual manuscript that has survived is earlier than the seventeenth century. A different romance, which knows nothing of the chief events of the play, was printed in 1632. To this was appended a ballad on the same subject of which a late broadside is also known.

The thanks of the Society are due to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire for allowing the reproduction of the title-page to his copy of the play, to his librarian, Mr. J. P. Maine, for information as to readings, and to Mr. T. J. Wise for kindly placing his copy at the disposal of the editor.

LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS

20 <i>Iohn (Iohn.)</i>	419 Who
tell,	431 hoorfen
21 <i>Iame</i>	454 <i>Iacke (i.e. Ienkin)</i>
81 fo euer	549 yonr
105 esteeme	565 confidering
125 c.w. <i>George (126 George.)</i>	580 reafon (reafon.)
156 Right	587 them them
229 (<i>belongs after 230</i>)	596 c.w. <i>Goe (597 Go)</i>
266 (<i>belongs after 267</i>)	620 goes alone, (? gods a loue,)
280 lame	626 hard-by
296 Not	647 <i>Exit. (Exit Wily.)</i>
366 <i>Exeunt omnes. (? Exeunt below.)</i>	699 perfeuerance
418 blew, (blew.)	(<i>i.e. percceverance</i>)

737	But (<i>i. e.</i> But it)	1156	shrub
749	wilt, (? wilht,)	1163	me, In
795	ground (? <i>gowne</i>)	1164	vpou
828	Gramercie, (? Gramercie)	1181	fece
889	him (? them)	1184	here: (<i>colon doubtful</i>)
893	their (? our)	1213	merit
906	Kend.	1231	a bodie
965	plunke,	1270	kneele (? stand)
990	Wakefield, (? Bradford,)	1283	The hold of both :
1043	(<i>belongs after 1044</i>)	1332	<i>Iamie.</i>
1128	c.w. There- (1129 Therefore)		

LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance

HENRY MOMFORD, Earl of Kendal	} rebels.	Lord HUMES.
Lord BONFIELD		NED, son of Jane a Barley.
Sir GILBERT ARMSTRONG		JANE A BARLEY.
Sir NICHOLAS MANNERING		a Messenger.
JOHN TAYLOR, a post.		JENKIN, a clown, servant to George.
a Justice	} of Wakefield.	WILY, boy to George.
a Townsman		EDWARD, king of England.
GEORGE A GREENE.		The Earl of WARWICK.
WILLIAM MUSGROVE.		ROBIN HOOD.
CUDDY, his son.		Maid MARIAN
GRIME.		SCARLET
BETTRIS, his daughter.		MUCH
JAMES, king of Scotland.		} his followers.
		a Shoemaker of Bradford.

Followers of Kendal, Scottish soldiers, English nobles, townsmen, shoemakers, attendants.



A
PLEASANT
CONCEYTED CO-

medie of George a Greene, the Pinner
of Wakefield. &

*Written by a minister, who is
by pinners & in it himself. T. W. Shakespear*

*As it was sundry times acted by the servants of the right
Honourable the Earle of Suffex.*

Ed. July July 1614 play was made by R. O. G. H. S.



Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford,
for Cuthbert Burby: And are to be sold at his shop
neere the Royall Exchange. 1599.



A pleasant conceyted Comedie of
George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield.

*Enter the Earle of Kendall, with him the
Lord Bonfild, Sir Gilbert Armstrong,
and Iohn.*

Earle of Kendall.



Elcome to Bradford, martiall gentlemen,
L. Bonfild, & *sir Gilbert Armstrong* both,
And all my troups, euē to my basest groome,
Courage and welcome, for the day is ours :
Our cause is good, it is for the lands auayle :
Then let vs fight, and dye for Englands good.

Omnes. We will, my Lord.

Kendall. As I am *Henric Momford*, *Kendals Earle*.

You honour me with this assent of yours,
And here vpon my sword I make protest,

A.2.

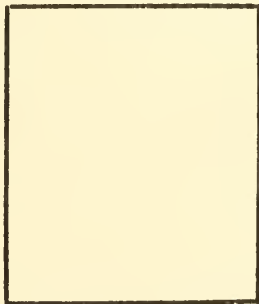
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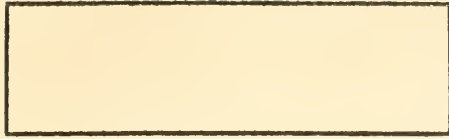
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*Enter the Earle of Kendall, with him the
Lord Bonfild, Sir Gilbert Armftrong,
and Iohn.*

Sc. i

Earle of Kendall.

Welcome to Bradford, martiall gentlemen,
L. *Bonfild*, & fir *Gilbert Armftrong* both,
And all my troupes, euē to my bafeft groome,
Courage and welcome; for the day is ours:
Our caufe is good, it is for the lands auayle:

Then let vs fight, and dye for Englands good.

10

Omnes. We will, my Lord.

Kendall. As I am *Henrie Momford*, Kendals Earle,
You honour me with this affent of yours,
And here vpon my fword I make proteft,

A.2.

For

The pleafant Comedie of

For to relieue the poore, or dye my felfe :
And know, my Lords, that *Iames*, the King of Scots,
Warres hard vpon the borders of this land :
Here is his Poft: fay, Iohn Taylour,
What newes with King Iames?

20 *Iohn* Warre, my Lord: tell, and good newes I trow :
For king *Iame* vowes to meete you the 26. of this month,
God willing, marie doth he fir.

Kendall. My friends, you fee what we haue to winne.
Well, Iohn, commend me to king Iames,
And tell him I will meete him the 26. of this month,
And all the reft: and fo farewell. *Exit Iohn*.

Bonfild, why ftandft thou as a man in dumps?
Courage: for if I winne, Ile make thee Duke:
I Henry Momford will be King my felfe,

30 And I will make thee Duke of Lancafter,
And Gilbert Armeftrong Lord of Doncafter.

Bonfild. Nothing, my Lord, makes me amazde at all,
But that our fouldiers findes our victuals fcant:
We muft make hauocke of thofe countrey Swaynes:
For fo will the reft tremble and be afraid,
And humbly fend prouifion to your campe.

Gilb. My Lord Bonfild giues good aduice,
They make a fcorne and ftand vpon the King:
So what is brought, is fent from them perforce;

40 Aske Mannering elfe.

Kend. What fayeft thou, Mannering?

Man. When as I fhew'd your high commiffion,

They

the Pinner of Wakefield.

They made this anfwere,
Onely to fend prouifion for your horfes.
Kend. Well, hye thee to Wakefield, bid the Towne
To fend me all prouifion that I want ;
Leaft I, like martiall Tamberlaine, lay wafte
Their bordering Countries,
And leauing none aliue that contradicts my Commiffion.

Man. Let me alone, my Lord, Ile make them 50
Vayle their plumes: for whatfoere he be,
The proudeft Knight, Iuftice, or other, that gaynfayeth
Your word, Ile clap him faft, to make the reft to feare.

Kend. Doe fo Nick: hye thee thither prefently,
And let vs heare of thee againe to morrowe.

Man. Will you not remooue, my Lord?

Kend. No: I will lye at Bradford all this night,
And all the next: come, Bonfield, let vs goe,
And liften out fome bonny lasses here. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the Iuftice, a Townefman, George a Greene, and 50
Sir Nicholas Mannering with his Commiffion.*

Iuftice. M. Mannering, ftand afide, whileft we conferre 62
What is beft to doe.

Townefmen of Wakefield, the Earle of Kendall
Here hath fent for victuals ;
And in ayding him, we fhewe our felues
No leffe than traytours to the King:
Therefore let me heare, Townefmen,
What is your confents.

A. 3.

Townef.

The pleafant Comedie of

70 *Townef.* Euen as you please we are all content.

Iuftice. Then M. Mannering we are refolu'd.

Man. As howe?

Iuftice. Marrie fir, thus.

We will fend the Earle of Kendall no victuals,
Because he is a traytour to the King;
And in ayding him we shewe our felues no leffe.

Man. Why, men of Wakefield, are you waxen madde;
That present danger cannot whet your wits,
Wifely to make prouifion of your felues?

80 The Earle is thirtie thousand men strong in power,
And what towne fo euer him refift,

He layes it flat and leuell with the ground:

Ye filly men, you seeke your owne decay:

Therefore fend my Lord fuch prouifion as he wants,
So he will spare your towne, and come no neerer
Wakefield then he is.

Iuftice. Master Mannering, you haue your anfwere,
You may be gone.

Man. Well, Woodroffe, for fo I gesse is thy name,

90 Ile make thee curfe thy ouerthwart deniall;

And all that fit vpon the bench this day,
Shall rue the houre they haue withftood my Lords
Commiffion.

Iuftice. Doe thy worft, we feare thee not.

Man. See you thefe feales? before you paffe the towne,
I will haue all things my Lord doth want,
In fpite of you.

the Pinner of Wakefield.

George a Greene. Proud dapper Iacke, vayle bonnet to
The bench,

That represents the person of the King ;
Or sirra, Ile lay thy head before thy feete.

100

Man. Why, who art thou ?

George. Why, I am George a Greene,

True liegeman to my King,

Who scornes that men of such esteeme as these,
Should brooke the braues of any trayterous squire :

You of the bench, and you my fellowe friends,

Neighbours, we subiects all vnto the King,

We are English borne, and therefore Edwards friends,

Voude vnto him euen in our mothers wombe,

110

Our mindes to God, our hearts vnto our King,

Our wealth, our homage, and our carcafes,

Be all King Edwards : then sirra, we haue

Nothing left for traytours, but our swordes,

Whetted to bathe them in your bloods,

And dye against you, before we fend you any victuals.

Iustice. Well spoken, George a Greene.

Townes. Pray let George a Greene speake for vs.

George. Sirra you get no victuals here,

Not if a hoofe of beefe would faue your liues.

120

Man. Fellowe, I stand amazde at thy presumption :

Why, what art thou that darest gaynfay my Lord,

Knowing his mighty puiffance and his stroke ?

Why, my friend, I come not barely of my selfe :

For see, I haue a large Commifsion.

George

The pleasant Comedie of

George. Let me see it, firra.

Whose seales be these?

Man. This is the Earle of Kendals seale at armes,

This Lord Charnel Bonfields,

130 And this fir Gilbert Armestrongs.

George. I tell thee, firra, did good King Edwards sonne

Seale a commissiion against the King his father,

Thus would I teare it in despite of him,

He teares the Commisision.

Being traytour to my Soueraigne.

Man. What? hast thou torne my Lords Commisision?

Thou shalt rue it, and so shall all Wakefield.

George. What, are you in choler? I will giue you pilles

To coole your stomacke.

140 Seest thou these seales?

Now by my fathers soule, which was a yeoman,

When he was aliue, eate them,

Or eate my daggers poynt, proud squire.

Man. But thou doest but iest, I hope.

George. Sure that shall you see, before we two part.

Man. Well, and there be no remedie, so George,

One is gone: I pray thee no more nowe.

George. O fir, if one be good, the others cannot hurt.

So fir, nowe you may goe tell the Earle of Kendall,

150 Although I haue rent his large Commisision,

Yet of curtesie I haue sent all his seales

Backe againe by you.

Man. Well, fir, I will doe your arrant. *Exit.*

George.

the Pinner of Wakefield.

George. Nowe let him tell his Lord, that he hath
Spoke with George a Greene,
Right pinner of merrie Wakefield towne,
That hath phisicke for a foole,
Pilles for a traytour that doeth wrong his Soueraigne.
Are you content with this that I haue done ?

Iustice. I, content, George :

160

For highly hast thou honourd Wakefield towne,
In cutting of proud Mannering so short.
Come, thou shalt be my welcome ghest to day ;
For well thou hast deseru'd reward and fauour.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter olde Musgroue, and yong Cuddie his sonne.

Sc. iii

Cuddie. Nowe gentle father list vnto thy sonne,
And for my mothers loue,
That earst was blythe and bonny in thine eye,
Graunt one petition that I shall demaund.

170

Olde Musgroue. What is that, my Cuddie ?

Cuddie. Father, you knowe the ancient enmitie of late,
Betweene the Musgroues and the wily Scottes,
Whereof they haue othe,
Not to leaue one aliue that strides a launce.

O Father, you are olde, and wayning age vnto the graue :
Olde William Musgroue, which whilome was thought,
The brauest horsman in all Westmerland,
Is weake, and forst to stay his arme vpon a staffe,
That earst could wield a launce :

180

B. I.

Then,

The pleafant Comedie of

Then, gentle Father, refigne the hold to me ;
Giue armes to youth, and honour vnto age.

Muf. Auaunt, falfe hearted boy, my ioynts doe quake,
Euen with anguifh of thy verie words.

Hath William Mufgroue feene an hundred yeres ?

Haue I bene feard and dreaded of the Scottes,

That when they heard my name in any roade,

They fled away, and pofted thence amaine ?

And fhall I dye with flame nowe in mine age ?

190 *No,* Cuddie, no, thus refolue I,

Here haue I liu'd, and here will Mufgroue dye.

Exeunt omnes.

Sc. iv

*Enter Lord Bonfild, Sir Gilbert Armeftrom,
M. Grime, and Bettris his daughter.*

Bon. Now, gẽtle Grime, God a mercy for our good chere,

Our fare was royall, and our welcome great ;

And fith fo kindly thou haft entertained vs,

If we returne with happie victorie,

We will deale as friendly with thee in recompence.

200 *Grime.* Your welcome was but dutie, gentle Lord :

For wherefore haue we giuen vs our wealth,

But to make our betters welcome when they come ?

O, this goes hard when traytours muft be flattered :

But life is sweete, and I cannot withftand it.

God (I hope) will reuenge the quarrell of my King.

Gilb. What faid you, Grime ?

Grime. I fay, fir Gilbert, looking on my daughter,

I curfe the houre that ere I got the girle:

For

the Pinner of Wakefield.

For fir, ſhe may haue many wealthy futers,
And yet ſhe diſdaines them all, to haue 210
Poore George a Greene vnto her husband.

Bonfiled. On that, good Grime, I am talking with thy
Daughter;

But ſhe in quirkes and quiddities of loue,
Sets me to ſchoole, ſhe is ſo ouerwiſe.

But, gentle girle, if thou wilt forſake
The pinner, and be my loue, I will aduaunce thee high:

To dignifie thoſe haire of amber hiew,
Ile grace them with a chaplet made of pearle,
Set with choice rubies, ſparkes, and diamonds, 220

Planted vpon a veluet hood to hide that head,
Wherein two ſaphires burne like ſparkling fire :

This will I doe, faire Bettris, and farre more,
If thou wilt loue the Lord of Doncaſter.

Bettris. Heigh ho, my heart is in a higher place,
Perhaps on the Earle, if that be he,

See where he comes, or angrie or in loue;
For why, his colour looketh diſcontent.

Kendall. Come, Nick, followe me.

Enter the Earle of Kendall and Nicholas Mannering. 230

Bonfiled. Howe nowe, my Lord ? what newes ?

Kendall. Such newes, Bonfiled, as will make thee laugh,
And fret thy fill, to heare how Nick was vſde :

Why, the Juſtices ſtand on their termes;
Nick, as you knowe, is hawtie in his words;

B. 2.

He

The pleafant Comedie of

He layd the lawe vnto the Iuftices,
With threatning braues, that one lookt on another,
Ready to ftoope: but that a churle came in,
One George a Greene, the pinner of the towne,
240 And with his dagger drawne layd hands on Nick,
And by no beggers fwore that we were traytours,
Rent our Commiffion, and vpon a braue,
Made Nick to eate the feales, or brooke the ftabbe:
Poore Mannering afraid, came pofting hither ftraight.
Bettris. Oh louely George, fortune be ftill thy friend,
And as thy thoughts be high, fo be thy minde,
In all accords, euen to thy hearts defire.

Bonfild. What fayes faire *Bettris*?

Grimes. My Lord, fhe is praying for George a Greene:
250 He is the man, and fhe will none but him.

Bonfild. But him? why, looke on me, my girle:
Thou knoweft, that yesternight I courted thee,
And fwore at my returne to wedde with thee:
Then tell me, loue, fhall I haue all thy faire?

Bettris. I care not for Earle, nor yet for Knight,
Nor Baron that is fo bold:

For George a Greene the merrie pinner,
He hath my heart in hold.

Bonfild. Bootleffe, my Lord, are many vaine replies.
260 Let vs hve vs to Wakefield, and fend her the pinner's head.

Kend. It fhall be fo. Grime, gramercie,
Shut vp thy daughter, bridle her affects,
Let me not miffe her when I make returne:

Therefore

the Pinner of Wakefield.

Therefore looke to her, as to thy life, good Grime.
Grime. I warrant you, my Lord.

Ex. Grime & Bettris.

Ken. And Bettris, leaue a bafe pinner, for to loue an Earle.
Faine would I see this pinner George a Greene.
It fhall be thus :

Nick Mannering fhall leade on the battell, 270
And we three will goe to Wakefield in fome disguise :
But howfoeuer, Ile haue his head today. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter the King of Scots, Lord Humes, Sc. v
with souldiers and Iohnie.

King. Why, Iohnie: then the Earle of Kendall is blithe,
And hath braue men that troupe along with him.

Iohnie. I marie, my liege, and hath good men
That come along with him,
And vowes to meete you at Scrasblefea, God willing.

King. If good S. Andrewe lend King Iame leaue, 280
I will be with him at the pointed day.
But soft : whose pretie boy art thou ?

Enter Iane a Barleys sonne.

Ned. Sir, I am sonne vnto Sir Iohn a Barley,
Eldest and all that ere my mother had,
Edward my name.

Iame. And whither art thou going, pretie Ned ?

Ned. To seeke some birdes, and kill them, if I can :
And now my scholemaster is also gone :

So haue I libertie to ply my bowe : 290

B. 3.

For

The pleafant Comedie of

For when he comes, I ftirre not from my booke.

James. Lord Humes, but marke the vifage of this child ;

By him I geffè the beautie of his mother :

None but Læda could breede Helena.

Tell me, Ned, who is within with thy mother.

Ned. Not but her felfe and houfhold feruants, fir :

If you would fpeake with her, knocke at this gate.

James. Iohnie, knocke at that gate.

Enter Iane a Barley vpon the walles.

300 *Iane.* O, I am betraide : what multitudes be thefe ?

James. Feare not, faire Iane : for all thefe men are mine,

And all thy friends, if thou be friend to me :

I am thy louer James the King of Scottes,

That oft haue fued and wooed with many letters,

Painting my outward pafsions with my pen,

When as my inward foule did bleede for woe :

Little regard was giuen to my fute,

But haply thy husbands prefence wrought it :

Therefore, sweete Iane, I fitted me to time ;

310 And hearing that thy husband was from home,

Am come to craue what long I haue defirde.

Ned. Nay, foft you, fir, you get no entrance here,

That feeke to wrong fir Iohn a Barley fo,

And offer fuch difhonour to my mother.

James. Why, what difhonour, Ned ?

Ned. Though young, yet often haue I heard

My father fay,

No greater wrong than to be made cuckold.

Were

the Pinner of Wakefield.

Were I of age, or were my bodie strong,
Were he ten Kings, I would shoote him to the heart, 320
That should attempt to giue fir Iohn the horne.
Mother, let him not come in,
I will goe lie at Iockie Millers houfe.

Iames. Stay him.

Iane. I, well said, Ned, thou hast giuen the King
His anfwere :

For were the ghost of Cefar on the earth,
Wrapped in the wonted glorie of his honour,
He should not make me wrong my husband so :
But good King Iames is pleafant, as I gefse, 330
And meanes to trie what humour I am in ;
Elfe would he neuer haue brought an hofte of men,
To haue them witnes of his Scottifh luft.

Iames. Iane, in faith, Iane.

Iane. Neuer reply : for I proteft by the higheft
Holy God,

That doometh iuft reuenge for things amiffè,
King Iames of all men shall not haue my loue.

Iames. Then lift to me, Saint Andrewe be my boote,
But Ile rafe thy castle to the verie ground, 340
Vnleffè thou open the gate, and let me in.

Iane. I feare thee not, King Iamie, doe thy worft :
This castle is too ftrong for thee to fcale :
Besides, to morrowe will fir Iohn come home.

Iames. Well, Iane, fince thou difdaint King Iames loue,
Ile drawe thee on with fharpe and deepe extremes :

The pleafant Comedie of

For by my fathers foule, this brat of thine
Shall perifh here before thine eyes,
Vnleffe thou open the gate, and let me in.

350 *Iane.* O deepe extremes: my heart begins to breake:
My little Ned lookes pale for feare.

Cheare thee, my boy, I will doe much for thee.

Ned. But not fo much, as to difhonour me.

Iane. And if thou dyeft, I cannot liue, sweete Ned.

Ned. Then dye with honour, mother, dying chafte.

Iane. I am armed :

My husbands loue, his honour, and his fame,
Ioynes victorie by vertue.

Nowe, King Iames, if mothers teares cannot alay thine ire,
360 Then butcher him; for I will neuer yeeld:

The fonne fhall dye, before I wrong the father.

Iames. Why then he dyes.

Allarum within: Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My Lord, Mufgroue is at hand.

Iames. Who, Mufgroue? The deuill he is. Come,
My horfe.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter olde Mufgroue with King Iames prifoner.

Muf. Nowe, King Iames, thou art my prifoner.

Iames. Not thine, but fortunes prifoner.

370 *Enter Cuddie.*

Cuddie. Father, the field is ours: their colours we
Haue feyzed:

And Humes is flayne: I flewe him hand to hand.

Muf.

the Pinner of Wakefield.

Muf. God and Saint George.

Cuddie. O father, I am fore athirst.

Iane. Come in, young Cuddie, come and drinke thy fill:

Bring in King Iame with you as a ghest:

For all this broile was cause he could not enter.

378

Exeunt omnes.

Enter George a Greene alone.

Sc. vi

George. The sweete content of men that liue in loue,

Breedes fretting humours in a restlesse minde,

And fanfie being checkt by fortunes spite,

Growes too impatient in her sweete desires:

Sweete to those men whome loue leades on to blisse,

But sowre to me, whose happe is still amisse.

Enter the Clowne.

Ienkin. Marie amen, sir.

George. Sir, what doe you crye, Amen at?

Ienkin. Why, did not you talke of loue?

390

George. Howe doe you knowe that?

Ienkin. Well, though I say it that should not say it,

There are fewe fellows in our parish,

So netled with loue, as I haue bene of late.

Geor. Sirra, I thought no lesse, when the other morning,

You rose so earely to goe to your wenches.

Sir, I had thought you had gone about my honest busines.

Ienkin. Trow you haue hit it: for master, be it knowne

To you,

There is some good will betwixt Madge the Soufewife,

400

And I,

C. I.

Marie

The pleafant Comedie of

Marie ſhe hath another loue.

Georg. Canſt thou brooke any riuals in thy loue?

Ien. A rider? no, he is a ſow-gelder, and goes afoote.
But Madge pointed to meete me in your wheate cloſe.

Georg. Well, did ſhe meete you there?

Ien. Neuer make queſtion of that:

And firſt I ſaluted her with a greene gowne,

And after fell as hard a wooing,

410 As if the Prieſt had bin at our backs, to haue married vs.

Georg. What, did ſhe grant?

Ien. Did ſhe graunt? Neuer make queſtion of that:

And ſhe gaue me a ſhirt coler,

Wrought ouer with no counterfet ſtuffe.

Georg. What, was it gold?

Ien. Nay, twas better than gold.

Georg. What was it?

Ien. Right Couentrie blew,

Who had no ſooner come there, but wot you who
420 came by.

Georg. No, who?

Ien. Clim the ſow-gelder.

Georg. Came he by?

Ien. He ſpide Madge and I fit together,

He leapt from his horſe, laid his hand on his dagger, and
Began to ſweare.

Now I ſeeing he had a dagger,

And I nothing but this twig in my hand,

I gaue him faire words and ſaid nothing.

He

the Pinner of Wakefield.

He comes to me and takes me by the bosome, 430
You hoorfen slaue, said he, hold my horfe,
And looke he take no colde in his feete.

No marie shall he fir, quoth I,
Ile lay my cloake vnderneath him :

I tooke my cloake, spread it all along,
And his horfe on the midst of it.

Georg. Thou clowne, didst thou fet his horfe vpon
Thy cloake?

Ien. I, but marke how I serued him :

Madge and he was no sooner gone downe into the ditch, 440
But I plucked out my knife,

Cut foure hoales in my cloake, and made his horfe stand
On the bare ground.

Geor. Twas well done: now fir, go and suruay my fields:
If you finde any cattell in the corne, to pound with them.

Ien. And if I finde any in the pound,

I shall turne them out.

Exit Ienkin.

*Enter the Earle of Kendal, Lord Bonfield, sir Gilbert,
all disguised, with a traine of men.*

Kend. Now we haue put the horses in the corne, 450
Let vs stand in some corner for to heare,
What brauing tearmes the pinner will breathe,
When he spies our horses in the corne.

Enter Iacke blowing of his horne.

Ien. O master where are you? we haue a prise.

Georg. A prise, what is it?

C. 2.

Ien.

The pleafant Comedie of

Ienkin. Three goodly horfes in our wheate clofe.

George. Three horfes in our wheat clofe? whose be they?

Ienkin. Maric thats a riddle to me: but they are there:

460 *Veluet* horfes, and I neuer fawe fuch horfes before. As my dutie was, I put off my cappe, and faid as followeth:

My masters, what doe you make in our clofe?

One of them hearing me aske what he made there, held vp his head and neighed, and after his maner laught as heartily as if a mare had bene tyed to his girdle. My masters, said I, it is no laughing matter; for if my master take you here, you goe, as round as a top, to the pound. Another vntoward iade hearing me threaten him to the pound, and to tell you of them, cast vp both his heeles, and let fuch a monstrous
470 great fart; that was as much as in his language to say, A fart for the pound, and a fart for George a Greene. Nowe I hearing this, put on my cap, blewe my horne, called them all iades, and came to tell you.

George. Nowe fir, goe and driue me those three horfes To the pound.

Ienkin. Doe you heare? I were best take a constable With me.

George. Why so?

Why, they being gentlemens horfes, may stand on their
480 Reputation, and will not obey me.

George. Goe doe as I bid you, fir.

Ienkin. Well, I may goe.

*The Earle of Kendall, the Lord Bonfild, and
fir Gilbert Armstrong meete them.*

Kend.

the Pinner of Wakefield.

Kend. Whither away, fir ?

Ienkin. Whither away ? I am going to put the hofes
In the pound.

Kend. Sirra, thofe three hofes belong to vs, and we put
Them in, and they muft tarrie there, and eate their fill.

Ienkin. Stay, I will goe tell my mafter. 490

Heare you, mafter ? we haue another prize:

Thofe three hofes be in your wheate clofe ftill,
And here be three geldings more.

George. What be thefe ?

Ienkin. Thefe are the mafters of the hofes.

George. Nowe, gentlemen, I knowe not your degrees,
But more you cannot be, vnleffe you be Kings,

Why wrong you vs of Wakefield with your hofes ?

I am the pinner, and before you paffe,

You fhall make good the trespaffe they haue done. 500

Kend. Peace, faucie mate, prate not to vs :

I tell thee, pinner, we are gentlemen.

George. Why fir, fo may I fir, although I giue no armes.

Kend. Thou ? howe art thou a gentleman ?

Ienkin. And fuch is my mafter, and he may giue as good
Armes, as euer your great grandfather could giue.

Kend. Pray thee let me heare howe ?

Ienkin. Marie my mafter may giue for his armes,

The picture of Aprill in a greene ierkin,

With a rooke on one fift, and an horne on the other : 510

But my mafter giues his armes the wrong way ;

For he giues the horne on his fift :

The pleafant Comedie of

And your grandfather, becaufe he would not lofe his
Armes,

Weares the horne on his owne head.

Kend. Well pinner, fith our horfes be in,
In fpite of thee they now fhall feede their fill,
And eate vntill our leafures ferue to goe.

George. Now by my fathers foule,
520 Were good king Edwards horfes in the corne,
They fhall amend the fcath or kiffe the pound,
Much more yours fir, whatfoere you be.

Kend. Why man, thou knoweft not vs,
We do belong to Henry Momford Earle of Kendal,
Men that before a month be full expirde,
Will be king Edwards betters in the land.

Georg. King Edwards better, rebell, thou lieft.

George strikes him.

Bonfild. Villaine, what haft thou done? thou haft ftroke
530 An Earle.

Geor. Why what care I? A poore man that is true,
Is better then an Earle, if he be falfe :
Traitors reape no better fauours at my hands.

Kend. I, fo me thinks, but thou fhalt deare aby this blow.
Now or neuer lay hold on the pinner.

Enter all the ambush.

Georg. Stay, my Lords, let vs parlie on thefe broiles :
Not Hercules againft two, the prouerbe is,
Nor I againft fo great a multitude.
540 Had not your troupes come marching as they did,

I would

the Pinner of Wakefield.

I would haue stopt your passage vnto London :
But now Ile flie to secreet policie.

Kend. What doest thou murmure, George ?

George. Marie this, my Lord, I muse,
If thou be Henrie Momford Kendals Earle,
That thou wilt doe poore G. a Greene this wrong,
Euer to match me with a troupe of men.

Kend. Why doest thou strike me then ?

Geor. Why my Lord, measure me but by your selfe :

Had you a man had seru'd you long, 550
And heard your foe misuse you behinde your backe,
And would not draw his sword in your defence,
You would cashere him.

Much more, king Edward is my king :

And before Ile heare him so wrong'd,

Ile die within this place,

And maintaine good whatfoeuer I haue said.

And if I speake not reason in this case,

What I haue said Ile maintaine in this place.

Bon. A pardon my Lord for this pinner, 560
For trust me he speaketh like a man of worth.

Kend. Well, George, wilt thou leaue Wakefelde and
Wend with me,

Ile freely put vp all and pardon thee.

Georg. I my Lord, confidering me one thing,
You will leaue these armes and follow your good king.

Ken. Why George, I rise not against king Edward,
But for the poore that is opprest by wrong,

The pleafant Comedie of

- And if King Edward will redrefle the fame,
570 I will not offer him difparagement,
But otherwife; and fo let this fuffife:
Thou hear'ft the reafon why I rife in armes.
Nowe wilt thou leaue Wakefield, and wend with me,
Ile make thee captaine of a hardie band,
And when I haue my will, dubbe thee a knight.
George. Why, my Lord, haue you any hope to winne?
Kend. Why, there is a prophecie doeth fay,
That King Iames and I fhall meete at London,
And make the King vaile bonnet to vs both.
580 *Geo.* If this were true, my Lord, this were a mighty reafon
Ken. Why, it is a miraculous prophecie, and cannot faile.
George. Well, my Lord, you haue almoft turned me.
Ienkin, come hither.
Ienkin. Sir.
George. Goe your waies home, fir,
And driue me thofe three horfes home vnto my houfe,
And powre them them downe a bufhell of good oates.
Ienkin. Well, I will. Muft I giue thefe fcuruie horfes
Oates?
Exit Ienkin.
590 *Geor.* Will it please you to commaund your traine afide?
Kend. Stand afide. *Exit the trayne.*
George. Nowe lift to me:
Here in a wood not farre from hence,
There dwels an old man in a caue alone,
That can foretell what fortunes fhall befall you,
For he is greatly skilfull in magike arte:

Goe

the Pinner of Wakefield.

Go you three to him early in the morning,
And question him if he saies good,
Why then my Lord, I am the formost man,
We will march vp with your campe to London. 600

Kend. George, thou honourest me in this:
But where shall we finde him out?

George. My man shall conduct you to the place :
But good my Lords tell me true what the wise man saith.

Kend. That will I, as I am Earle of Kendal.

George. Why then, to honour G. a Greene the more,
Vouchsafe a peece of beefe at my poore house,
You shall haue wafer cakes your fill,
A peece of beefe hung vp since Martilmas,
If that like you not, take what you bring for me. 610

Kend. Gramercies, George. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter George a Greenes boy VVily, disguised
like a woman to M. Grimes. Sc. vii*

VVily. O what is loue? it is some mightie power,
Else could it neuer conquer G. a Greene :
Here dwels a churle that keepes away his loue,
I know the worst and if I be espied,
Tis but a beating, and if I by this meanes
Can get faire Bettris forth her fathers dore,
It is inough, Venus for me, and all goes alone, 620
Be aiding to my wily enterprife.

He knocks at the doore.

Enter Grime.

Gri. How now, who knocks there? what would you haue?

D. I. From

The pleafant Comedie of

From whence came you ? where doe you dwell ?

VVily. I am, forfooth, a femfters maide hard-by,
That hath brought worke home to your daughter.

Grime. Nay, are you not some craftie queane,
That comes from George a Greene, that rafcall,

630 With fome letters to my daughter ?

I will haue you fearcht.

VVily. Alas, fir, it is Hebrue vnto me,
To tell me of George a Greene, or any other :
Search me good fir,

And if you finde a letter about me,
Let me haue the punifhment that is due.

Grime. Why are you muffed ? I like you the worfe
For that.

VVily. I am not, fir, aſham'd to ſhew my face,
640 Yet loth I am my cheekes ſhould take the aire,
Not that I am charie of my beauties hue,
But that I am troubled with the tooth-ach fore.

Grime. A pretie wench of ſmiling countenance,
Olde men can like, although they cannot loue,
I, and loue, though not ſo briefe as yong men can.
Well, goe in, my wench, and ſpeake with my daughter.

Exit.

I wonder much at the Earle of Kendall,
Being a mightie man, as ſtill he is,
650 Yet for to be a traitor to his king,
Is more then God or man will well allow :
But what a foole am I to talke of him ?

My

the Pinner of Wakefield.

My minde is more heere of the pretie lasse :
Had she brought some fortie pounds to towne,
I could be content to make her my wife :
Yet I haue heard it in a prouerbe said,
He that is olde, and marries with a lasse,
Lies but at home, and prooues himselfe an asse.

Enter Bettris in VVilies apparell to Grime.

How now, my wench, how ist? what not a word? 660
Alas, poore soule, the tooth-ach plagues her fore.
Well, my wench, here is an Angel for to buy thee pinnes,
And I pray thee vse mine house,
The oftner the more welcome: farewell. *Exit.*

Bettris. O blessed loue, and blessed fortune both.
But *Bettris*, stand not here to talke of loue,
But hye thee straight vnto thy George a Greene :
Neuer went Roe-bucke swifter on the downes, 668
Then I will trip it till I see my George. *Exit.*

*Enter the Earle of Kendall, L. Bonfield, sir
Gilbert, and Ienkin the clowne.* *Sc. viii*

Kend. Come away Ienkin.

Ien. Come, here is his house. Where be you, ho?

Georg. Who knocks there?

Kend. Heere are two or three poore men, father,
Would speake with you.

Georg. Pray giue your man leaue to leade me forth.

Kend. Goe, Ienkin, fetch him forth.

Ien. Come, olde man.

Enter George a Greene disguised. 680

D. 2.

Kend.

The pleafant Comedie of

Kend. Father, heere is three poore men come to question
Thee a word in fecrete that concernes their liues.

George. Say on my fonnes.

Kend. Father, I am fure you heare the newes,
How that the Earle of Kendal wars againft the king,
Now father we three are Gentlemen by birth,
But yonger brethren that want reuenues,
And for the hope we haue to be preferd,
If that we knew that we fhall winne,

690 We will march with him :

If not, we will not march a foote to London more.
Therefore good father, tell vs what fhall happen,
Whether the King or the Earle of Kendal fhall win.

George. The king, my fonne.

Kend. Art thou fure of that ?

George. I, as fure as thou art Henry Momford,
The one L. Bonfild, the other fir Gilbert.

Kend. Why this is wondrous, being blinde of fight,
His deepe perfeuerance fhould be fuch to know vs.

700 *Gilb.* Magike is mightie, and foretelleth great matters :
In deede Father, here is the Earle come to fee thee,
And therefore good father fable not with him.

George. Welcome is the Earle to my poore cell,
And fo are you my Lords : but let me counfell you,
To leaue thefe warres againft your king,
And liue in quiet.

Kend. Father, we come not for aduice in warre,
But to know whether we fhall win or leefe.

George.

the Pinner of Wakefield.

Georg. Lofe gentle Lords, but not by good king Edward :
A bafier man fhall giue you all the foile. 710

Kend. I marie father, what man is that ?

George. Poore George a Greene the pinner.

Kend. What fhall he ?

George. Pull all your plumes, and fore difhonour you.

Kend. He, as how ?

George. Nay, the end tries all, but fo it will fall out.

Kend. But fo it fhall not by my honor Chrif.

Ile raife my campe, and fire Wakefield towne,
And take that feruile pinner George a Greene,
And butcher him before king Edwards face. 720

George. Good my Lord be not offended,
For I fpeake no more then arte reueales to me :
And for greater prooffe,

Giue your man leaue to fetch me my ftaffe.

Kend. Ienkin, fetch him his walking ftaffe.

Ien. Here is your walking ftaffe.

George. Ile proue it good vpon your carcafes :
A wifer wifard neuer met you yet,
Nor one that better could foredoome your fall :
Now I haue finglyed you here alone, 730
I care not though you be three to one.

Kend. Villaine, haft thou betraid vs ?

Georg. Momford, thou lieft, neuer was I traitor yet ;
Onely deuis'd this guile to draw you on,
For to be combatants.

Now conquere me, and then march on to London :

The pleafant Comedie of

But fhall goe hard, but I will hold you tafke.

Gilb. Come, my Lord, cheerely, Ile kill him hand to hand.

Kend. A thoufand pound to him that ftrikes that ftroke.

740 *Georg.* Then giue it me, for I will haue the firft.

*Here they fight, George kills fir Gilbert, and
takes the other two prifoners.*

Bonfiled. Stay, George, we doe appeale.

George. To whom.

Bon. Why, to the king:

For rather had we bide what he appoynts,
Then here be murthered by a feruile groome.

Kend. What wilt thou doe with vs?

Georg. Euen as Lord Bonfiled wift,

750 You fhall vnto the king,

And for that purpofe fee where the Iuftice is placed.

Enter Iuftice.

Iuft. Now, my Lord of Kendal, where be al your threats?

Euen as the caufe, fo is the combat fallen,

Elfe one could neuer haue conquerd three.

Kend. I pray thee, Woodroffe, doe not twit me:

If I haue faulted, I muft make amends.

Geor. Mafter Woodroffe, here is not a place for many
Words,

760 I befeech ye fir, difcharge all his fouldiers,

That euery man may goe home vnto his owne houfe.

Iuftice. It fhall bee fo, what wilt thou doe George?

Geor. Mafter Woodroffe, looke to your charge,

Leaue me to my felfe.

Iuft.

the Pinner of Wakefield.

Iust. Come, my Lords.

Exit all but George.

Geor. Here sit thou, George, wearing a willow wreath,

As one despairing of thy beautious loue :

Fie George no more,

Pine not away for that which cannot be :

I cannot ioy in any earthly blisse,

770

So long as I doe want my Bettris.

Enter Ienkin.

Ien. Who see a master of mine ?

George. How now, firrha, whither away ?

Ien. Whither away ? why who doe you take me to bee ?

Georg. Why Ienkin my man.

Ien. I was so once in deede, but now the case is altered.

George. I pray thee, as how ?

Ien. Were not you a fortune teller to day ?

Georg. Well, what of that ?

780

Ien. So sure am I become a iugler.

What will you say if I iuggle your sweete heart ?

George. Peace, prating lofell, her ielous father

Doth wait ouer her with such suspitious eyes,

That if a man but dally by her feete,

He thinks it straight, a witch to charme his daughter.

Ien. Well, what will you giue me, if I bring her hither ?

George. A sute of greene, and twentie crownes besides.

Ien. Well, by your leaue, giue me roome,

You must giue me something that you haue lately worne. 790

George. Here is a gowne, will that serue you ?

Ienkin. I, this will serue me : keepe out of my circle,

The pleafant Comedie of

Leaft you be torne in peeces with fhee deuils :
Miftres Bettris, once, twice, thrice.

He throwes the ground in, and ſhe comes out.

Oh is this no cunning?

George. Is this my loue, or is it but her ſhadow?

Ienkin. I this is the ſhadow, but heere is the ſubſtance.

George. Tell mee ſweete loue, what good fortune
800 Brought thee hither :

For one it was that fauoured George a Greene.

Bettris. Both loue & fortune brought me to my George,
In whoſe ſweete fight is all my hearts content.

Geor. Tell mee ſweete loue, how camſt thou from thy
Fathers?

Bettris. A willing minde hath many ſlips in loue :
It was not I, but Wily thy ſweete boy.

Geor. And where is Wily now?

Bettris. In my apparell in my chamber ſtill.

810 *Geor.* Ienkin, come hither : Goe to Bradford,
And liſten out your fellow Wily.

Come, Bettris, let vs in,

And in my cottage we will fit and talke.

Exeunt omnes.

Sc. ix

Enter King Edward, the king of Scots, Lord

VVarwicke, yong Cuddy, and their traine.

Edward. Brother of Scotland, I doe hold it hard,
Seeing a league of truce was late confirmde

Twixt you and me, without diſpleaſure offered,

820 You ſhould make ſuch inuaſion in my land,

The

the Pinner of Wakefield.

The vowes of kings should be as oracles,
Not blemisht with the stain of any breach,
Chiefly where fealtie and homage willeth it.

Iames. Brother of England, rub not the fore afresh,
My conscience grieues me for my deepe misdeede,
I haue the worst, of thirtie thousand men,
There scapt not full fiue thousand from the field.

Edward. Gramercie, Musgroue, else it had gone hard.
Cuddie, Ile quite thee well ere we two part.

Iames. But had not his olde Father William Musgroue 830
Plaid twice the man, I had not now bene here,
A stronger man I feldome felt before,
But one of more resolute valiance,
Treads not I thinke vpon the English ground.

Edward. I wot wel, Musgroue shall not lose his hier.

Cuddie. And it please your grace, my father was
Fiue score and three at Midsommer last past,
Yet had king Iamie bene as good as George a Greene,
Yet Billy Musgroue would haue fought with him.

Edward. As George a Greene, I pray thee, Cuddie, 840
Let me question thee,

Much haue I heard since I came to my crowne,
Many in manner of a prouerbe fay,
Were he as good as G. a Green, I would strike him sure :
I pray thee tell me, Cuddie, canst thou informe me,
What is that George a Greene.

Cuddie. Know, my Lord, I neuer saw the man,
But mickle talke is of him in the Country,

The pleafant Comedie of

They fay he is the Pinner of Wakefield towne,

850 But for his other qualitics, I let alone.

War. May it please your grace, I know the mā too wel.

Edward. Too well, why fo, Warwicke?

War. For once he fwingde me, till my bones did ake.

Edward. Why, dares he ftrike an Earle?

War. An Earle my Lord, nay he wil ftrike a king,
Be it not king Edward.

For ftature he is framde,

Like to the picture of ftoute Hercules,

And for his carriage paffeth Robin Hood.

860 The boldeft Earle or Baron of your land,

That offereth fcath vnto the towne of Wakefield,

George will arrefst his pledge vnto the pound,

And who fo refifteth beares away the blowes,

For he himfelfe is good inough for three.

Edward. Why this is wondrous, my L. of Warwicke,
Sore do I long to fee this George a Greene.

But leauing him, what fhall we do, my Lord,

For to fubdue the rebels in the North?

They are now marching vp to Doncafter.

870 *Enter one with the Earle of Kendal prifoner.*

Soft, who haue we there?

Cuddie. Here is a traitour, the Earle of Kendal.

Edward. Afpiring traitour, how darft thou once

Caft thine eyes vpon thy Soueraigne,

That honour'd thee with kindenes and with fauour?

But I will make thee buy this treason deare.

Kend.

the Pinner of Wakefield.

Kend. Good my Lord. *Edw.* Reply not, traitour.
Tell me, Cuddy, whose deede of honour
Wonne the victorie against this rebell.

Cuddy. George a Greene the Pinner of Wakefield. 880

Edward. George a Greene, now shall I heare newes
Certaine what this Pinner is :

Discourse it briefly, Cuddy, how it befell.

Cud. Kendall and Bonfild, with sir Gilbert Armstrong,
Came to Wakefield Towne disguisd,
And there spoke ill of your grace,
Which George but hearing, feld them at his feete,
And had not rescue come into the place,
George had flaine him in his close of wheate.

Edward. But Cuddy, canst thou not tell 890

Where I might giue and grant some thing,
That might please, & highly gratifie the pinners thoughts?

Cuddie. This at their parting George did say to me,
If the king vouchsafe of this my seruice,
Then gentle Cuddie kneele vpon thy knee,
And humbly craue a boone of him for me.

Edward. Cuddie, what is it?

Cuddie. It is his will your grace would pardon them,
And let them liue although they haue offended.

Edward. I thinke the man striueth to be glorious. 900

Well, George hath crau'd it, and it shall be graunted,
Which none but he in England should haue gotten.

Liue Kendall, but as prisoner,
So shalt thou end thy dayes within the tower.

E 2.

Kend.

The pleafant Comedie of

Kend. Gracious is Edward to offending fubiects.

James. My Lord of Kend, you are welcome to the court.

Edward. Nay, but ill come as it fals out now,
I, ill come in deede, were it not for George a Greene,
But gentle king, for fo you would auerre,

910 And Edwards betters, I falute you both,
And here I vowe by good Saint George,
You wil gaine but litle when your fummés are counted.

I fore doe long to fee this George a Greene :

And for becaufe I neuer faw the North,

I will forthwith goe fee it :

And for that to none I will be knowen,

We will difguife our felues and fteale downe fecretly,

Thou and I king Iames, Cuddie, and two or three,

And make a merrie iourney for a moneth.

920 Away then, conduct him to the tower.

Come on king Iames, my heart muft needes be merrie,

If fortune make fuch hauocke of our foes. *Ex. omnes.*

Sc. x *Enter Robin Hood, Mayd Marian, Scarlet,
and Much the Millers fonne.*

Robin. Why is not louely Marian blithe of cheere?

What ayles my Lemman that fhe gins to lowre?

Say good Marian why art thou fo fad.

Marian. Nothing, my Robin, grieues me to the heart,

But whenfoeuer I doe walke abroad,

930 I heare no fongs but all of George a Greene,

Bettris his faire Lemman paffeeth me.

And this my Robin gaules my very foule.

Robin.

the Pinner of Wakefield.

Robin. Content, what wreakes it vs though George a
Greene be stoute,

So long as he doth proffer vs no scath?
Enuie doth feldome hurt but to it felfe,
And therefore, Marian, smile vpon thy Robin.

Marian. Neuer will Marian smile vpon her Robin,
Nor lie with him vnder the green wood shade,
Till that thou go to Wakefield on a greene,
And beate the Pinner for the loue of me.

940

Robin. Content thee, Marian, I will ease thy grieffe,
My merrie men and I will thither stray,
And heere I vow that for the loue of thee,
I will beate George a Greene, or he shall beate me.

Scarlet. As I am Scarlet, next to little Iohn,
One of the boldest yeomen of the crew,
So will I wend with Robin all along,
And try this Pinner what he dares do.

Much. As I am Much the Millers sonne,
That left my Mill to go with thee,
And nill repent that I haue done,
This pleasant life contenteth me,
In ought I may to doe thee good,
Ile liue and die with Robin Hood.

950

Marian. And Robin, Marian she will goe with thee,
To see faire Bettris how bright she is of blee.

Robin. Marian, thou shalt goe with thy Robin.
Bend vp your bowes, and see your strings be tight,
The arrowes keene, and cuery thing be ready,

960

E. 3.

And

The pleafant Comedie of

And each of you a good bat on his necke,
Able to lay a good man on the ground.

Scarlet. I will haue Frier Tuckes.

Much. I will haue little Iohns.

Robin. I will haue one made of an afhenn pluncke,
Able to beare a bout or two.

Then come on, Marian, let vs goe,

For before the Sunne doth fhew the morning day,

969 I wil be at Wakefield to fee this Pinner George a Greene.

Exeunt omnes.

Sc. xi

*Enter a Shoemaker fitting vpon the ftage
at worke, Ienkin to him.*

Ien. My mafters, he that hath neither meate nor money,

And hath loft his credite with the Alewife,

For any thing I know, may goe fupperleffe to bed.

But foft who is heere? here is a Shoemaker :

He knowes where is the beft Ale.

Shoemaker, I pray thee tell me,

Where is the beft Ale in the towne?

980 *Shoemaker.* Afore, afore, follow thy nofe :

At the figne of the eggeshell.

Ienkin. Come Shoemaker, if thou wilt,

And take thy part of a pot.

Shoemaker. Sirra, Downe with your ftaffe,

Downe with your ftaffe.

Ienkin. Why how now, is the fellow mad?

I pray thee tell me, why fhould I hold downe my ftaffe?

Shooma. You wil downe with him, will you not fir?

Ienkin.

the Pinner of Wakefield.

Ienkin. Why tell me wherefore?

Shoo. My friend, this is the towne of merry Wakefield, 990

And here is a custome held,

That none shall passe with his staffe on his shoulders,

But he must haue a bout with me,

And so shall you fir.

Ienkin. And so will not I fir.

Shoo. That wil I try. Barking dogs bite not the forest.

Ienkin. I would to God, I were once well rid of him.

Shooma. Now, what, will you downe with your staffe?

Ienkin. Why you are not in earnest, are you?

Shoomaker. If I am not, take that.

1000

Ienkin. You whoorfen cowardly scabbe,

It is but the part of a clapperdudgeon,

To strike a man in the streete.

But darest thou walke to the townes end with me?

Shoomaker. I that I dare do: but stay till I lay in my

Tooles, and I will goe with thee to the townes end

Presently.

Ienkin. I would I knew how to be rid of this fellow.

Shoom. Come fir, wil you go to the townes end now fir?

Ienkin. I fir, come.

1010

Now we are at the townes end, what say you now?

Shoomaker. Marry come, let vs euen haue a bout.

Ienkin. Ha, stay a little, hold thy hands, I pray thee.

Shoomaker. Why whats the matter?

Ienkin. Faith I am vnder-pinner of a towne,

And there is an order, which if I doe not keepe,

E 4.

I shall

The pleafant Comedie of

I fhall be turned out of mine office.

Shoomaker. What is that, fir?

Ienkin. Whenfoeuer I goe to fight with any bodie,
1020 I vfe to flourifh my ftaffe thrife about my head
Before I ftrike, and then fhew no fauour.

Shoomaker. Well fir, and till then I will not ftrike thee.

Ienkin. Wel fir, here is once, twice, here is my hand,
I will neuer doe it the third time.

Shoomaker. Why then I fee we fhall not fight.

Ienkin. Faith no: come, I will giue thee two pots
Of the beft Ale, and be friends.

Shoomak. Faith I fee it is as hard to get water out of a flint,
As to get him to haue a bout with me:
1030 Therefore I will enter into him for fome good cheere:
My friend, I fee thou art a faint hearted fellow,
Thou haft no ftomacke to fight,
Therefore let vs go to the Alehoufe and drinke.

Ienkin. Well, content, goe thy wayes and fay thy prayers,
Thou fcapft my hands to day. *Exeunt omnes.*

Sc. xiii *Enter George a Greene and Bettris.*

George. Tell me fweet loue, how is thy minde content,
What canft thou brooke to liue with George a Greene?

Bettris. Oh George, how litle pleafing are thefe words?
1040 Came I from Bradford for the loue of thee?
And left my father for fo fweet a friend?
Here will I liue vntill my life doe end.

Enter Robin Hood, and Marian, and his traine.

George. Happy am I to haue fo fweet a loue.

But

the Pinner of Wakefield.

But what are these come traſing here along?

Bettris. Three men come ſtriking through the corne,
My loue.

George. Backe againe, you fooliſh trauellers,
For you are wrong, and may not wend this way.

Robin Hood. That were great ſhame.

1050

Now by my foule, proud ſir,
We be three tall yeomen, and thou art but one:
Come, we will forward in deſpite of him.

George. Leape the ditch, or I will make you ſkip.

What, cannot the hie way ſerue your turne,
But you muſt make a path ouer the corne?

Robin. Why, art thou mad? dar'ſt thou incounter three?
We are no babes, man, looke vpon our limmes.

Geo. Sirra, the biggeſt lims haue not the ſtouteſt hearts.
Were ye as good as Robin Hood, and his three mery men, 1060
Ile driue you backe the ſame way that ye came.

Be ye men, ye ſcorne to incounter me all at once,
But be ye cowards, fet vpon me all three,
And try the Pinner what he dares performe.

Scarlet. Were thou as high in deedes,
As thou art haughtie in wordes,
Thou well mighteſt be a champion for a king:
But emptie veſſels haue the loudeſt ſounds,
And cowards prattle more than men of worth.

George. Sirra, dareſt thou trie me?

1070

Scarlet. I firra, that I dare.

They fight, and George a Greene beats him.

F

Much.

The pleafant Comedie of

Much. How now? what art thou downe?

Come, fir, I am next.

They fight, and George a Greene beates him.

Robin Hood. Come firra, now to me, spare me not,
For Ile not spare thee.

George. Make no doubt, I will be as liberall to thee.

They fight, Robin Hood staves.

1080 *Robin Hood.* Stay, George, for here I doo proteft,
Thou art the ftoutest champion that euer I layd
Handes vpon.

George. Soft you fir, by your leaue you lye,
You neuer yet laid hands on me.

Robin Hood. George, wilt thou forsake Wakefield,
And go with me,
Two liueries will I giue thee euerie yeere,
And fortie crownes shall be thy fee.

George. Why, who art thou?

1090 *Robin Hood.* Why, Robin Hood:
I am come hither with my Marian,
And these my yeomen for to visit thee.

George. Robin Hood? next to king Edward
Art thou leefe to me:

Welcome, sweet Robin, welcome, mayd Marian,
And welcome, you my friends.

Will you to my poore house,
You shall haue wafer cakes your fill,

A peece of beefe hung vp since Martlemas,

1100 Mutton and veale, if this like you not,

Take

the Pinner of Wakefield.

Take that you finde, or that you bring for me.

Robin Hood. Godamercies, good George,

Ile be thy ghest to day.

George. Robin, therein thou honourest me.

Ile leade the way.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter King Edward, and King Iames
disguised, with two staves.*

Sc. xiii

Edward. Come on, king Iames, now wee are

Thus disguised,

There is none (I know) will take vs to be kings :

1110

I thinke we are now in Bradford,

Where all the merrie shoemakers dwell.

Enter a Shoemaker.

Shoemaker. Downe with your staves, my friends,

Downe with them.

Edward. Downe with our staves? I pray thee, why so?

Shoemaker. My friend, I see thou art a stranger heere,

Else wouldest thou not haue questiond of the thing.

This is the towne of merrie Bradford,

And here hath beene a custome kept of olde,

1120

That none may beare his staffe vpon his necke,

But traile it all along throughout the towne,

Vnlesse they meane to haue a bout with me.

Edward. But heare you sir, hath the king

Granted you this custome?

Shoemaker. King or Kaifar, none shall passe this way,

Except King Edward,

No not the stoutest groome that haunts his court :

F 2.

There-

The pleafant Comedie of

Therefore downe with your ftaves.

1130 *Edward.* What were we beft to do?

James. Faith, my Lord, they are ftoute fellowes.

And becaufe we will fee fome fport,

We will traile our ftaves.

Edward. Heer'ft thou, my friend?

Becaufe we are men of peace and trauellers,

We are content to traile our ftaves.

Shoomaker. The way lyes before you, go along.

Enter Robin Hood and George a Greene disguised.

Robin Hood. See George, two men are pafing

1140 Through the towne,

Two luftie men, and yet they traile their ftaves.

George. Robin, they are fome pefants

Trickt in yeomans weedes. Hollo, you two trauellers.

Edward. Call you vs, fir?

George. I, you. Are ye not big inough to beare

Your bats vpon your neckes,

But you muft traile them along the ftreetes?

Edwar. Yes fir, we are big inough, but here is a custome

Kept, that none may paffe his ftaffe vpon his necke,

1150 Vnleffe he traile it at the weapons point.

Sir, we are men of peace, and loue to fleepe

In our whole skins, and therefore quietnes is beft.

George. Bafe minded pefants, worthleffe to be men,

What, haue you bones and limmes to ftrike a blow,

And be your hearts fo faint, you cannot fight?

Wert not for fhame, I would shrub your fhoulders well,

And

the Pinner of Wakefield.

And teach you manhood against another time.

Shoom. Well preacht fir lacke, downe with your staffe.

Edwar. Do you heare my friends? and you be wife,

Keepe downe your staues,

1160

For all the towne will rise vpon you.

George. Thou speakest like an honest quiet fellow.

But heare you me, In spite of all the swaines

Of Bradford town, beare me your staues vpou your necks,

Or to begin withall, Ile baste you both so well,

You were neuer better basted in your liues.

Edward. We will hold vp our staues.

*George a Greene fights with the Shoomakers,
and beates them all downe.*

George. What, haue you any more?

1170

Call all your towne forth, cut, and longtaile.

The Shoomakers spy George a Greene.

Shoomaker. What, George a Greene, is it you?

A plague found you,

I thinke you long'd to swinge me well.

Come George, we wil crush a pot before we part.

George. A pot you flauie, we will haue an hundred.

Heere, Will Perkins, take my purse,

Fetch me a stand of Ale, and set in the Market place,

That all may drinke that are athirst this day,

1180

For this is for a fee to welcome Robin Hood

To Bradford towne.

They bring out the stande of ale, and fall a drinking.

Here Robin, sit thou here: for thou art the best man

The pleafant Comedie of

At the boord this day.

You that are ftrangers, place your felues where you will.

Robin, heer's a caroufe to good King Edwards felfe,

And they that loue him not, I would we had

The baffing of them a litle.

1190 *Enter the Earle of VVarwicke with other noble
men, bringing out the Kings garments: then
George a Greene and the reft kneele
downe to the King.*

Edward. Come, mafters, all fellowes.

Nay, Robin, you are the beft man at the boord to day.

Rife vp George.

George. Nay, good my Liege, ill nurturd we were then:

Though we Yorkeshire men be blunt of fpeech,

And litle skild in court, or fuch quaint fashions,

1200 Yet nature teacheth vs duetie to our king:

Therefore I humbly befeech you pardon George a Green.

Robin. And good my Lord, a pardon for poore Robin,

And for vs all a pardon, good King Edward.

Shoomaker. I pray you, a pardon for the Shoomakers.

Edward. I frankely grant a pardon to you all.

And, George a Greene, giue me thy hand:

There is none in England that fhall doe thee wrong.

Euen from my court I came to fee thy felfe;

And now I fee that fame fpeakes nought but truth.

1210 *Georg.* I humbly thanke your royall Maieftie.

That which I did againft the Earle of Kendal,

It was but a fubiects duetie to his Soueraigne,

And

the Pinner of Wakefield.

And therefore little merit such good words.

Edward. But ere I go, Ile grace thee with good deeds.

Say what King Edward may performe,
And thou shalt haue it, being in Englands bounds.

George. I haue a louely Lemman,
As bright of blee as is the siluer moone,
And olde Grimes her father will not let her match
With me, because I am a Pinner,
Although I loue her, and she me dearely.

1220

Edward. Where is she?

George. At home at my poore house,
And vowes neuer to marrie vnlesse her father
Giue consent, which is my great grieffe, my Lord.

Edward. If this be all, I will dispatch it straight,
Ile send for Grime, and force him giue his grant,
He will not denie king Edward such a sute.

Enter Ienkin, and speakes.

Ho, who saw a master of mine?

1230

Oh he is gotten into company, and a bodie should rake
Hell for companie.

George. Peace, ye slaue, see where King Edward is.

Edward. George, what is he?

George. I beseech your grace pardon him, he is my man.

Shoomaker. Sirra, the king hath bene drinking with vs,
And did pledge vs too.

Ienkin. Hath he so? kneele, I dub you gentlemen.

Shoomaker. Beg it of the King, Ienkin.

Ienkin. I wil. I beseech your worship grant me one thing. 1240

F 4.

Edward.

The pleafant Comedie of

Edward. What is that?

Ienkin. Hearke in your eare.

He whispers the king in the eare.

Edward. Goe your wayes and do it.

Ienkin. Come downe on your knees, I haue got it.

Shoomaker. Let vs heare what it is firft.

Ienkin. Mary, becaufe you haue drunke with the king,
And the king hath fo graciously pledgd you,
You fhall be no more called Shoomakers.

1250 *But you and yours to the worlds ende,
Shall be called the trade of the gentle craft.*

Shoomaker. I befeech your maieftie reforme this
Which he hath fpoken.

Ienkin. I befeech your worfhip confume this
Which he hath fpoken.

Edward. Confirme it, you would fay.
Well, he hath done it for you, it is fufficient.
Come, George, we will goe to Grime,
And haue thy loue.

1260 *Ienkin.* I am fure your worfhip will abide :
For yonder is comming olde Mufgroue,
And mad Cuddie his fonne.

Mafter, my fellow Wilie comes drest like a woman,
And mafter Grime will marrie Wilie: Heere they come.

*Enter Mufgroue and Cuddie, and mafter
Grime, VVilie, Mayd Marian
and Bettris.*

Edward. Which is thy old father, Cuddie?

Cuddie.

the Pinner of Wakefield.

Cuddie. This, if it please your maiestie.

Edward. Ah old Musgroue, kneele vp,
It fits not such gray haire to kneele.

1270

Musgroue. Long liue my Soueragine,
Long and happie be his dayes :
Vouchsafe, my gracious Lord, a simple gift,
At Billy Musgroues hand :

King Iames at Meddellom castle gaue me this,
This wonne the honour, and this giue I thee.

Edward. Godamercie, Musgroue, for this friendly gift
And for thou feldst a king with this same weapon,
This blade shall here dub valiant Musgroue knight.

1280

Musgr. Alas what hath your highnes done? I am poore.

Edw. To mend thy liuing take thou Meddellom castle,
The hold of both : and if thou want liuing, complaine,
Thou shalt haue more to mainetaine thine estate.

George, which is thy loue ?

George. This, if please your maiestie.

Edward. Art thou her aged father ?

Grime. I am, and it like your maiestie.

Edwar. And wilt not giue thy daughter vnto George?

Grime. Yes, my Lord, if he will let me marrie

1290

With this louely lassè.

Edward. What sayst thou, George ?

George. With all my heart, my Lord, I giue consent.

Grime. Then do I giue my daughter vnto George.

VVilie. Then shall the mariage soone be at an end.

Witnesse, my Lord, if that I be a woman,

G

For

The pleafant Comedie of

For I am Wilie, boy to George a Greene,
Who for my mafter wrought this subtill shift.

Edward. What, is it a boy? what fayst thou to this Grime?

1300 *Grime.* Mary, my Lord, I thinke this boy hath
More knauerie, than all the world befides.
Yet am I content that George fhall both haue
My daughter and my lands.

Edward. Now George, it refts I gratifie thy worth:
And therefore here I doe bequeath to thee,
In full poffeffion halfe that Kendal hath,
And what as Bradford holdes of me in chiefe,
I giue it frankely vnto thee for euer.
Kneele downe George.

1310 *George.* What will your maieftie do?

Edward. Dub thee a knight, George.

George. I befeech your grace, grant me one thing.

Edward. What is that?

George. Then let me liue and die a yeoman ftill:
So was my father, fo muft liue his fonne.
For tis more credite to men of bafe degree,
To do great deeds, than men of dignitie.

Edward. Well, be it fo George.

1320 *James.* I befeech your grace difpatch with me,
And fet downe my ranfome.

Edward. George a Greene, fet downe the king of Scots
His ranfome.

George. I befeech your grace pardon me,
It paffeth my skill.

Edward.

the Pinner of Wakefield.

Edward. Do it, the honor's thine.

George. Then let king Iames make good
Those townes which he hath burnt vpon the borders,
Giue a small pension to the fatherlesse,
Whose fathers he caus'd murthered in those warres,
Put in pledge for these things to your grace, 1330
And so returne. King Iames, are you content.

Iamie. I am content: and like your maiestie,
And will leaue good castles in securitie.

Edward. I craue no more. Now George a Greene,
Ile to thy house: and when I haue supt, Ile go to Aske,
And see if Iane a Barley be so faire,
As good King Iames reports her for to be.
And for the ancient custome of *Vaile staffe*, keepe it still,
Clayme priuiledge from me:
If any aske a reason why? or how? 1340
Say, English Edward vaild his staffe to you.

FINIS.



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