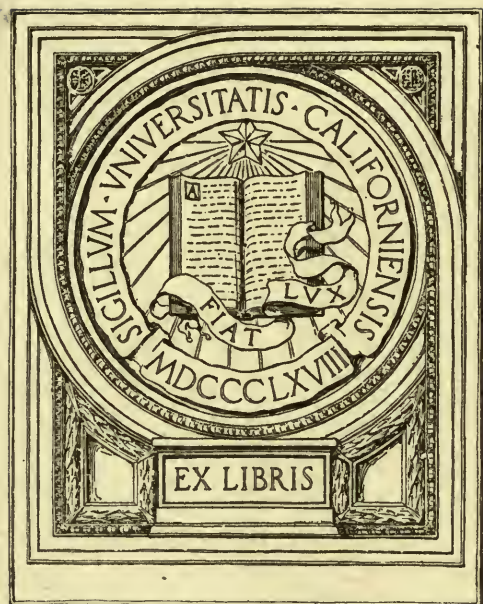


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Contention
between
Liberality and Prodigality

1602

Date of the earliest known edition, 1602

(B.M. C. 34, b. 13.)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Contention

between

Liberality and Prodigality

1602

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXII

The Contention
between
Liberality and Prodigality

1602

This facsimile is from an apparently unique copy now in the British Museum. Likewise, only one edition is known. This was first reprinted in modern times in Collier's edition of "Dodsley's Old Plays." An 18th Century hand has ascribed the play, on the title-page, to Shirley; but, as will be seen in the facsimile, this ascription has later been erased in pencil.

Performed before Queen Elizabeth in 1600 (see F. 3), it is most likely much older, though whether it is identical with a play of "Prodigality" produced at Court in 1568 is uncertain.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the MSS. Department of the British Museum, says "the reproduction is absolutely first-rate, and reflects the highest credit on all concerned."

JOHN S. FARMER.



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A

PLEASANT

COMEDIE,

Shewing the contention betweene

Liberalitie and Prodigalitie.

—By James Shirley.

As it was playd before her Maiestie.



LONDON

Printed by Simon Stafford, for George Vincent: and

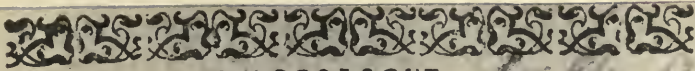
are to be sold at the signe of the Hand in hand in

Wood-street ouer against S. Michaels

Church. 1602.

UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

70 .VINI
ANNO 1910



THE PROLOGVE.

Fable Buissey

THe Prouerbe is, *How many men, so many mindes.*
Which maketh prooffe, how hard a thing it is,
Of sundry mindes to please the sundry kindes.
In which respect, I haue inferred this,
That vwhere mens mindes appeare so different,
No play, no part, can all alike content.

The graue Diuine calles for Diuinitie;
The Ciuell student, for Philosophie;
The Courtier craues some rare found historie:
The baser sort, for knacks of pleasantrie.
So euery sort desireth specially,
What thing may best content his fantasie.

But none of these our barren toy affords.
To pulpits we referre Diuinitie:
And matters of Estate, to Councill boords.
As for the quirkes of sage Philosophie,
Or points of squirgling scurrilitie;
The one we shunne, for childish yeeres too rare,
Th'other vnfit, for such as present are.

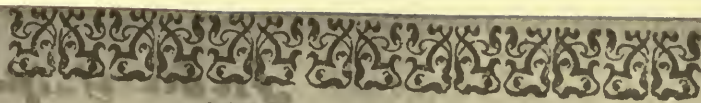
But this vve bring, is but to serue the time,
A poore deuce, to passe the day withall:
To loftier points of skill we dare not clime,
Lest perking ouer-hie, vvith shame vvee fall.
Such as doth best be seeme such as vve be,
Such vve present, and craue your courtesie:

That courtesie, that gentlenes of yours,
Which wonted is, to pardon faults of ours:
Which graunted, vve haue all that vve require:
Your only fauour, onely our desire.

The end of the Prologue.

A 3

The



The Speakers.

The Prologue.

Vanitie, Fortunes chiefe servant.

Prodigalitie, suiter for Money.

Postilion, his servant.

Hoste.

Tenacitie, suiter for money.

Dandaline, the Hostis.

Tom Tosse.

Dicke Dicer.

Fortune.

M. Money, her sonne.

Vertue.

Equitie.

Liberalitie, chiefe Steward to Vertue.

Captaine.

Courtier.

Lame souldier.

Constables, with hue and cry.

Tipstaues.

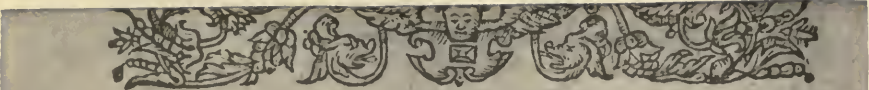
Sherife.

Clerke.

Cryer.

Iudge.

Epilogue.



THE CONTENTION

betweene Liberalitie and
Prodigalitie.

SCENE I.

Enter Vanitie solus, all in feathers.



IN words, to make description of my name,
My nature or conditions, were but vaine,
Such this attire so plainly shewes the same,
As shewed cannot be in words more plain.
For lo, thus round about in feathers dight,
Doth plainly figure mine inconstancie,
As feathers, light of minde, of wit as light,

Subiected still to mutabilitie.
And for to paint me forth more properly,
Behold each feather decked gorgeously,
With colours strange in such varietie,
As plainly pictures perfect Vanitie.
And so I am to put you out of doubt,
Euen Vanitie wholly, within, without,
In head, in heart, in all parts round about:
But whence I come, and why I hither come,
And vpon whom I dayly do attend,
In brieft, to shew you in a little summe,
My speciall meaning is, and so an end,
I came from Fortune, my most soueraigne dame,
Amongst whose chiefest seruants I am one,
Fortune that earthly goddesse great of name,

To whome all suites I doe preferre alone,
 She minding in this place forthwith e' appeare,
 In her most gorgeous pompe, and Princely port,
 Sends me to see all things in Presence here,
 Prepar'd and furnisht in the brauest fort,
 Here will she mount this stately sumptuous throne,
 As she is wont to heare each mans desire:
 And who so winnes her fauour by his mone,
 May haue of her, the thing he doth require.
 And yet another Dame there is, her enemy,
 'Twixt whom remains continuall emulation;
 Vertue, who, in respect of Fortunes souerainety,
 Is held, God wot, of simple reputation:
 Yet hither comes (poore soule) in her degree,
 This other seate halfe forced to supplie:
 But 'twixt their states, what difference will be,
 Your selues shall iudge, and witness when you see:
 Therefore I must goe decke vp handsomly,
 What best be seemes Dame Fortunes dignitie. *Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Prodigalitic, Postilion, Hoste.

Prod. Postilion, stay, thou druggst on like an Ass.
 Lo, here's an Inne, which I cannot well passe:
 Here will we bayte, and rest our selues a while.
Post. Why sir, you haue to goe but sixe small mile,
 The way is faire, the moone shines very bright,
 Best now goe on, and then rest for all night.
Prod. Tush, Postil, faire or foule, or farre or neere,
 My wearie bones must needes be rested here.
Post. Tis but a paltry Inne, there's no good cheare:
 Yet shall you pay for all things passing deare.
Prod. I care not for all that: I loue mine ease.

Post.

Liberalitie and Prodigalitie.

Post. Well, Sir, a Gods name then, doe what you please?

Prod. Knock then at the gate.

Post. Ho, who's at home: *{ rip, rap. } hostler, chamberlaine, tapster.*

Ho, take in Gentlemen. *{ rip, rap. } knaue, staue, host, hostis, ho.*

What, is there none that answers? *Tous a la mort!*

Sir, you must make entrance at some other port:

For heres no passage.

Prod. No? let mee come, Ile knock a little harder.

Here must I inne, for sure I will no farder: *rip, rap, rap, rap.*

Ho, who dwelles here? *rip, rap, rap.* Ile call on the women another

while. Ho Butter-wench, Dairy-mayd, Nurse, Laundresse, Cook,

host, hostis, any body, ho?

Host. Wholtere?

Prod. Vp, sir, with a horse night-cap; what, are ye all in a drunken
dreame: can ye not heare?

Post. Not a word more: hee is fast asleepe againe, I feare: what ho?

Host. How now?

Prod. How now? now the deuill take thee. Can calling, nor knock-
ing, nor noching awake thee?

Host. Now sir, what lacke ye?

Prod. Lodging.

Host. What are you?

Post. Gentlemen; seest thou not?

Host. Whence come ye?

Prod. What skills that? open the gate.

Host. Nay, soft a while, I am not wont so late

To take in ghests; I like ye not: away.

Prod. Nay, stay awhile, mine host, I pray thee stay,

Open the gate, I pray thee heartily,

And what we take, we will pay thee royally.

Host. And would ye haue lodging then?

Prod. Yea rather then my life.

Host. Then itay a while, ile first goe aske my wife.

Prod. Nay, nay, send her rather to me:

If she be a pretty wench, we shall soone agree.

Post. Now a bots on him and his wife both for me.

The contention betweene

Hof. Then you would haue lodging, belike sit?
Prod. Yea, I pray thee come quickly.
Hof. What's your name, and please you?
Prod. Prodigalitie.
Hof. And will you indeed spend lustily?
Prod. Yea that I will.
Hof. And take that ye finde, patiently?
Prod. What els?
Hof. And pay what I aske, willingly?
Prod. Yea, all reckonings, vntreasonably.
Hof. Well, goe to, for this once I am content to re-
ceyue ye: come on, sir, I dare say, you are almost wearie.
Prod. Thou maist sweare it.

SCENE III.

Enter Vertue and Equity.

Vertue. Oh most vnhappy state, of rechelesse humane kinde!
Oh dangerous race of man, vnwitty, fond, and blinde!
Oh wretched worldlings, subiect to all misery,
When fortune is the proppe of your prosperitie!
Can you so soone forget, that you haue learn'd of yore,
The graue diuine precepts, the sacre d wholesome lore,
That wise Philosophers, with painefull industry
Had written and pronounst, for mans felicitie?
Whilome hath bin taught that fortunes hold is tickle,
She beares a double face, disguised, false, and fickle,
Full fraughted with all sleights, she playeth on the pack,
On whom she smileth most, she turneth most to wracke.
The time hath bin, when vertue had the soueraignety
Of greatest price, and plaste in chiefest dignity:
But to sic-turuy now, the world is turn'd about:
Proud Fortune is preferd, poore Vertue cleane thrust out:
Mans sence so dulled is, so all things come to passe,

About

Liberalitie and Prodigalitie.

About the massy gold, esteeme the brittle glasse.

Equity. Madam, haue patience, da'ne Vertue must sustaine,
Vncill the heavenly powers doe otherwise ordaine.

Ver. Equity, for my part, I enuy not her state,
Nor yet mislike the meannesse of my simple rate,
But what the heauens assigne, that doe I still thinke best:
My fame was neuer yet, by Fortunes frowne opprest:
Here therefore will I rest, in this my homely bowre,
With patience to abide the stormes of euerie showre.

Exit.

SCENE IIII.

Enter Tenacity and Vanitie.

Ten. By gogs bores, these old stumps are starke tyred,
Chauc here round about for life conquired,
Where any posting nags were to be hired;
And can get none, would they were all vyred.
Cham come too late for money, I hold a penny,
Sutors to Vortune there are so many;
And all for money, chill gage a round sunne:
Money's gone before Tenacity come;
Then am I drest euen to my vtter shame:
A foole returnd, like as a foole I came.
Cham sure chauc come, vorty miles and twenty,
With all these bags you see, and wallets empty:
But when chauc sude to Vortune vine and deynety,
Ich hope to vill them vp with money plenty:
But here is one of whom ich will conquire,
Whilk way che might attaine to my desire.

God speed, my zonne.

Van. What, father Croust, whither post you so fast?

Ten. Nay, bur lady zonne, ich can make no haste:
Vor che may say to thee, cham tyred cleane.

Van. More shame for you, to keepe your asse so leane:
But whither goe you now?

Ten. To a goodly Lady, whom they call her, Vortune.

B 2.

Van. And

The contention betweene

Van. And wherefore?

Ten. For mony, zonne, but iche veare che come too late.

Van. Indeed it seemeth by thy beggers state,

Thou hast need of mony, but let me heare,

How or by whome think'st thou to get this geare?

Ten. Chil speake her vaire, chill make lowe cursie,

Van. That's somewhat, but how wilt thou come at her's

Ten. Bur Lady, zonne, zeff true, there lies the matter.

Chil make some friend.

Van. Whome?

Ten. Some man of hers that neere her doch attend.

Van. Who is that?

Ten. Ich know not, chud that vnqueere of thee:

And therefore if thou know est, tell it me.

Van. What, in such haste forsooth, so suddenly,

And so good cheape, without reward or fee?

Ten. Poore men, deare zonne, must craue of courtesies

Get I once mony, thou shalt rewarded be.

Van. Goe to then, ile tell thee: his name is *Vanitie*.

Ten. And where is a?

Van. No more adoe, aske but for *Vanitie*,

Reward him well, hee'le helpe thee to mony.

Ten. But where?

Van. Why here in this place: this is Lady Fortunes palace.

Ten. Is this? Ah goodly Lord, how gay it is!

Now hope I sure of mony not to misse.

So law, my zonne, ich will goe rest my selfe a while,

And come againe.

Van. Do so, Now sure this Coystrell makes me smile,

To see his greedy gaping thus for gayne,

First hardly got, then kept with harder payne,

As you e're long by prooffe shall see full plaine. *Exit.*

Ten. This is mine old Inne, here chill knock. Holla ho.

Hos. What Royster haue we there that rappeth so?

Post. How now, sirra, what lacke you?

Ten. Lodging.

Liberalitie and Prodigalitie.

Post. Lodging there is none: all is full.
Ten. How so?
Post. Tane vp by Gentlemen long ago.
Ten. Let me yet haue some reome for mine asse.
Post. *Asinus super asinum, volutate ad fureas.*
Hof. Who is that thou pratest there-witball?
Post. Looke forth and see, a lubber, fat, great, and tall,
Vpon a tyred asse, bare, short, and small.
Hof. O ho, 'tis *Tenacity* my old acquaintance,
And to my wife of neere alliance.
Father *Tenacity*!
Ten. Mine Hof, God speed: how do you? Take in, *Ostler*.
Ostler. Anon, sir.
Hof. Chamberlaine, waite vpon my kinred here.
Chamberl. Well, sir.

SCENE V.

Enter Money and Vanity.

The Song.

Money. AS light as a fly,
In pleasant iollitie:
With mirth and melodie,
Sing money, money, money.
Money, the minion, the spring of all ioy,
Money, the medicine that heales each annoy,
Money, the tewel that man keeps in store,
Money, the Idoll that women adore.
That money am I, the fountaine of blisse,
Whereof who so tasteth, doth neuer amisse.
Money, money, money:
Sing money, money, money.

The contentton betweene

Van. What, Money, sing you so lustily?

Mon. I haue none other cause: who would not sing menly,
Being as I am, in such felicity,
The God of this world, so mightie of power,
As makes men, and marres men, and al in an houre?
Yea where I am, is all prosperitie,
And where I want, is nought but miserie.

Van. Money saith reason, for so doth it fare,
Money makes masteries, old prouerbs declare.
But, Money, Of Fortune our soueraigne dame,
What newes?

Mon. Marry sir, of purpose I hither came,
To let thee know she will forth-with be here:
And loe, alreadie see she doth appeare.

Van. Tis true; now must I shew my diligence.
Downe Ladies, stowpe, do your reuerence.

SCENE VI.

*Enter Fortune in her Chariot drawne
with Kings.*

The Song.

Reuerence, due reuerence, faire dames do reuerence,
Vnto this Goddesse great, do humble reuerence:
Do humble reuerence.

Fortune of worldly state the gouernesse,
Fortune of mans delight the Mistresse,
Fortune of earthly blisse the patronesse,
Fortune the spring of ioy and happinesse:
Lo, this is she, with twinkling of her eie,
That misers can aduance to dignity,
And Princes turne to misers miserie.
Reuerence, due reuerence.

Fortune

Liberalitie and Prodigalitie.

FORTUNE. Report hath spread, that Vertue here in place
Arriued is, her silly courtes hold;
And therefore I am come with faster pace,
T'encounter her, whose countenance is so bold.
I doubt not, but by this my poinpous shew,
By vestures wrought with gold so gorgeously,
By reuerence done to me of high and lowe,
By all these ornaments of brauerie,
By this my trayne that now attends me so,
By Kings that hale my Chariot to and fro,
Fortune is knowne the Queene of all renowne,
That makes, that marres, lets vp, and throwes adowne.
Well is it knowne, what contrary effects,
Twixt Fortune and dame Vertue hath beene wrought:
How still I her contemne, she me reiects;
I her despise, she setteth me at nought:
So as great warres are growne for loueraignty,
And strife as great, twixt vs for victorie.
Now is the time of triall to be had,
The place appoynted, eke in present here:
So as the truth to all sorts, good and bad,
More cleere then light, shall presently appeare.
It shall be scene, what Fortunes power can doe,
When Vertue shall be forst to yeeld thereto.
It shall be seene when Vertue cannot bide,
But shrinke for shame, her silly face to hide.
Then Fortune shall aduaunce her selfe before
All harmes to helpe, all losses to restore.
But why do I my selfe thus long restrayne,
From executing this I do intend:
Time posts away, and words they be but vaine,
For deedes (indeed) our quarrell now must end.
Therefore in place I will no longer stay,
But to my stately throne my selfe conuay.

Reuerence, due reuerence, &c.

The contention betwene

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Liberalitie.

How seldome is it seene, that *Vertue* is regarded,
Or men of vertuous sort, for vertuous deeds rewarded:
So woules the world to pamper those that nought deserue,
Whiles such as merite best, without reliefe do sterue:
Great imperfections are in some of greatest skill,
That colours can discern, white from blacke, good from ill.
O blind affects of men, how are you led awry,
To leaue assured good, to like frayle Vanity!
If some of Vertues traine, for Prince and Countries good,
To shew their faithfull hearts, shall hazard life and blood,
And guerdonlesse depart, without their due reward,
Small is th'encouragement, th'example verie hard.
Where any well deserue, and are rewarded well,
There Prince and people both, in safety sure do dwell.
Where he that truly serues, hath nothing for his paine,
More hearts are lost, then pecks of gold can ransom home agayne.
Let States therefore that wish to maintayne itately dignity,
Seeke to acquaint themselves with *Liberalitie*:
For that is it which winnes the subiects faithfull loue,
Which faithfull loue, all harmes from them and theirs remoue.
Liberalitie am I, *Vertues* Steward heere,
Who for the vertuous sort, do nothing hold too deere.
But few to *Vertue* seeke, all sorts to *Fortune* flye,
There seeking to maintaine their chiefe prosperity.
But who so markes the end, shall be enforced to say,
O *Fortune*, thou art blind: let *Vertue* lead the way.
But who comes here? It seemeth old *Tenacitie*.
I must away; for contraries cannot agree.

Exit.

SCENE

Liberalitie and Prodigalitie.

SCENE II.

Enter Tenacitie.

Ten. Well, since che see there is none other boote,
Chill now take paines to goe the rest afoote:
For Brocke mine Assc is saddle-pincht vull sore,
And so am I, euen here: chill say no more.
But yet I must my businesse well apply,
For which ich came, that is, to get mony.
Chos told that this is Lady Vortunes place:
Chil goe boldly to her, that's a vlat case;
Vor if che speed not now at this first glaunce,
Cham zure to be dasht quite out of countenance:
By certaine lustie gallone lads hereby,
Seeking Vortunes fauour as well as I:
Oh knew I where to finde Mast Fanity,
Vortunes seruant. Of mine honesty,
Looke where he comes in time as fine and trim,
As if che held him all this while by the chin.

SCENE III.

Va nity and Tenacitie.

Van. Tis he in deed: what say you to him?

Ten. Marry sir, cham now come for mony.

Van. For mony man? what, still so hastily?

Ten. Yoo by gisse, sir, tis high time che vore ye,

Cham averd another will ha'te afore me.

Van. Why so? who is it thou fearest? tell me.

Ten. Marry sir, they call him Mast Prodigality.

Van. Prodigality, is it true? yong, wastfull, roysting Prodigality,
To encounter old, sparing, couctous niggard, Tenacity!

C

Sure

The contention betweene

Sure such a match as needs must yeeld vs sport:
Therefore vntill the time that Prodigalitie resort,
Ile entertaine this Croust, with some deuce.
Well, father, to be sped of money with a trice,
What will you giue me?

Ten. Cha vore thee, sonne, do rid me quickly hence,
Chill giue thee a vaire peece of threehalpence.

Van. Indeed?

Ten. Here's my hand.

Van. Now, sir, in sooth you offer so bountifully,
As needs you must be vs'd accordingly,
But tell me, know you him that cometh here?

Ten. Cocks bores, tis Prodigality, tis he I did feare,
Cham afraid che may goe whistle now for money.

Van. Tush man, be of good cheare, I warrant thee,
He speedeth best, that best rewardeth me.

SCENE IIII.

*Enter Prodigalitie, Vanitie, Tenacitie, Hoste,
Fortune, and Money.*

Host. Sir, Now your reckoning is made euen, ile trust no more:

Prod. No?

Host. No, sure.

Prod. Set cock on hoope then: by some meanes, good or bad,
There is no remedie but money must be had.
By the body of an Oxe, behold here this Ass,
Will be my familiar, wherefoeuer I passe.
Why, goodman Croust, tell me, is there no way,
But where I goe, you must forestall my way?

Ten. By gogs flesh and his flounders, sir, che hope the Queenes
high way is free for euery man, for thee as me, for me as thee, for
poore Tenacity, as for proud Prodigality: chill go in the Queenes
peace about my businesse.

Prod. This

Liberalitie and Prodigalitie.

Prod. This way?

Ten. Yes.

Prod. To whom?

Ten. To Vortune my multriffe.

Prod. Wherefore?

Ten. That's no matter to you.

Prod. No matter, fir: but by your Croustship, ere you goe,

Tis a plaine case, Prodigality will know:

And therefore be round, come of, and tell me quickly.

Ten. And thou'dst so vaine know, che goe for money.

Prod. Our vpon thee, villaine, traitour, cheefe, pickpurse,

Thou penurious knaue, caterpillar, and what's worse?

Hast thou heard me say, that for money I went,

And couldst thou creep so closely my purpose to preuent?

By the life I liue, thou shalt die the death.

Where shall I first begin? aboue or beneath?

Say thy prayers, slaue.

Van. How now, my friends, what needs this variance?

Money comes not by force, money comes by chance:

And sith at one instant, you both seeke for money,

Appeale both to Fortune, and then shall you trie,

Whether eyther or neyther may hit to haue money.

Prod. Gentleman, you say well, I know not your name,

But indeed for that purpose to Fortune I came,

For furtherance whereof if I might obtaine

Your friendly help, I would quite your paine.

Ten. I am your old acquaintance, fir, remember me.

Van. Thee, quoth a, for thy large offers I may not forget thee.

You be both my friends, and therefore indifferently,

I will commend you both to Fortunes curtesie,

Ladie most bright, renoumed goddesse faire,

Vnto thy stately throne, here doe repaire

Two suiters of two seuerall qualities,

And qualities indeed that be meere contraries.

That one is called, wastefull Prodigality;

That other cleaped, conetous Tenacity;

Both at once vnto your royall maiestie,

Most humbly make their suites for money.

The contention betweene

Fortuno. Let's heare what they can say.

Prod. Diuine Goddesse, behold, with all humilitie,
For money I appeale vnto thy deitie;
Which in high honour of thy maictie,
I meane to spend abroad most plentifully.

Ten. Sweet mustresse, graunt to poore Tenacity,
The keeping of this golden darling money:
Chill vow to thee, so long as life shall dure,
Vnder strong locke and key, chil keep him vast & sure,

Van. Nay, pleaseth then your pleasant fantasie,
To heare them plead in musicall harmonie?

For. It liketh me.

Pro. None better.

Ten. Well, though my singing be but homely,
Chill sing and spring to, e're chud lose money.

Van. Well, to it a Gods name, let saying goe than,
And eche sing for himselfe the best he can,

The Song.

Prod. **T**He Princely heart, that freely spends,
Relieues full many a thousand more,
He getteth praise, he gaineth friends,
And peoples loue procures therefore.
But pinching fist, that spareth all,
Of due reliefe the needy robs,
Nought can be caught, where nought doth fall,
There comes no good of greedie Cobs:
This issue therefore doe I make,
The best deseruer draw the stake.

Ten. **V**Hilst thou dost spend with friend and foe,
As home she hold the plough by th' taile:

Che

Liberalitic and Prodigalitic.

Che dig, che delue, che zet, che zow,

Che mow, che reape, che ply my flail.

A paire of dice is thy delight,

Thou liu' st for most part by the spoile:

I truely labour day and night,

To get my liuing by my toile:

Chill therefore sure, this issue make,

The best deseruer draw the stake.

Van. Hola, satis disputatum.

*Ten. Nay, by my fathers loue, friend, now chaue one begun,
Let't ym too't, che passe not when che done.*

*Prod. Lo, Lady, you haue heard our reasons both exprest,
And thereby are resolu'd, I hope, who meritis best.*

*For. Dame Fortune dealeth not by merit, but by chance:
He hath it but by hap, whom Fortune doth aduance;*

*And of his hap as he hath small assurance:
So in his hap likewise is small continuance.*

*Therefore at a venture, my deare sonne Money,
I doe commit you vnto Prodigalitic.*

*Ten. To Prodigality? ah poore Money, I pittie thee;
Continuall vnrest must be thy destinie:*

*Ech day, ech houre, yea, euery minute tost,
Like to a tennis ball, from piller to post.*

Money. I am where I like.

*Ten. And is there then no other remedy?
Must poore Tenacity put vp the iniury?*

Van. Your time is not yet come.

Ten. When will it come, trow yee?

Van. At the next turning water happely.

*Ten. And che wist that, chud the more quietly depart,
And keepe therewhile a hungry hoping heart.*

How sayest thou vrend Fanitie?

Van. No doubt but tis best.

Ten. Then vauere well to all at once.

Exit.

Prod. Good

The contention betwene

Prod. Good night, and good rest.

And now will I likewise with my sweete Money,

Go hunt abroad for some good company.

Vanitie, for thy paines I wil not greaze thy fist,

Peltingly with two or three crownes: but when thou list,

Come boldly vnto Prodigalities chist,

And take what thou wilt, it's euer open.

Van. I thanke you, sir, tis honourably spoken.

Prod. Yet ere I go, with song of ioyfulnesse,
Let me to Fortune shew my thankfulnessse.

The Song.

Et eximus.

Verſ to Fortune. **T**hou that doſt guide the world by thy direction,
Thou that doſt conquer ſtates to thy ſubiectiōn,
Thou that doſt keepe each King in thy correction,
Thou that preſerueſt all in thy protection,
For all thy gifts, vnto thy maiestie,
I yeeld both thanks and praiſe immortally:

To mightie Fortune, &c.

Verſ to Money. **S**weet Money, the minion that ſayles with all winds,
Sweet Money, the minſtrell that makes merry minds,
Sweet Money, that gables of bondage unbides,
Sweet Money, that maintaines all ſports of all kinds,
This is that ſweete Money, that rules like a King,
And makes me all prayſes of Money to ſing.

Exeunt.

ACT.

Liberalitie and Prodigalitie.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Dandaline the Hostesse.

Dan. NOW Ifaith ye little pecuifh harlotric,
He one day make you spit your meate more handsom-
By my truth truly, had I not come in the rather, (ly.
She had laid me to the fire, the loyne of veale and Capon both
Not waying, (like an vnwitty gyrlifh mother) (together,
That the one would aske more rofting then the other;
So that either the Veale had beene left ftarke raw,
Or elfe the Capon burnt, and fo not worth a ftraw;
And that had beene pittie: for I affure you at a word,
A better bird, a fairer bird, a finer bird,
A fweeter bird, a yonger bird, a tenderer bird,
A daintier bird, a crufter bird, a more delicate bird,
Was there neuer fet vpon any Gentlemans board.
But I lack my ghefts, that fhould pay for this geere:
And fure my mind giues me, I fhould finde them here,
Two of mine acquaintance, familiar growne,
The third to me yet a Gentleman vnknowne,
More then by hearefay, that he is frefh and luftie,
Full of money, and by name Prodigalitie.
Now, fir, to linke him fure to his Hofte Dandaline,
Dandaline muft provide to haue all things verie fine.
And therefore alreadie it is *definium*,
The Gentleman fhall want nothing may pleafe his *appetium*.
And becaufe moft meates vnfwaced, are motiues to drouth,
He fhall haue a Lemunan to moyften his mouth,
A Lymon I meane, no Lemman I trow:
Take heed, my faire maides, you take me not fo:
For though I goe not as graue as my Grandmother,
Yet I haue honellie as well as another,
But hufh, now fhall I heare fome newes.

The contention betweene

SCENE. II.

Enter Tom Toffe, Dicke Dicer, and
Dandelyne.

Dick. Fellow Tomkin, I thinke this world is made of flint;
Ther's neyther money, nor wares, worth money in't.

Tom. Hold thy peace Dicke, it cannot still keepe at this stin:
We are now lighted vpon such a mynt,
As follow it well, I dare warrant thee,
Thy turne shall be serued in euery degree.

Dand. Dick boy, mine owne boy, how dost thou what cheare?

Dick. What Dandeline mine Hostis, what make you here?

Dand. I came of purpose to enquire for thee.

Dick. And I came of purpose to seeke Prodigalitie.

Dand. What, he you told me of? indeed is it he?

Dick. I of my fidelitie.

Dand. A good boy of mine honestie.

But when come ye?

Dick. As soone as I can finde him.

Dand. Seek him, good Dick, and find him speedily:

For this I assure ye, your Supper is readie.

Dick. Goe home before, make all things very fine.

Dand. I will, farewell.

Dick. Farewell,

Dand. Farewell to Tomkin too.

Tom. Farewell, sweet Dandeline.

Dand. But heare yee: bring him.

Dick. Who?

Dand. Tush a Gods name, you know who I meane, the Gentle- (man.

Dick. Goe to, goe to.

Dandelyne exie.

Dick. Tom, now to the purpose where first we began.

Tom. Cast care away, Dick, Ile make thee a man.

Dick. A

Libertine and Prodigalitie.

Dick. A gospell in thy mouth, Tom, for it neuer went worse.
Master money hath left me neuer a penny in my purse.

Tom. 'Twill be better, Dicke, shalt see very shortly.

Dick. I pray thee tell me, is this braue Prodigalitie,
So full of money as he is said to be?

Tom. Full quotha? he is too full, I promise thee.

Dick. And will he lash it out so lustily?

Tom. Exceedingly, vntreasonably, vntimeasurably.

Dick. Then may such mates as we that be so bare,
Hope some way or other to catch a share.

Tom. Assure thy selfe that; but whilst he commeth heres
Let's entertaine him with familiar chere.

Dick. In order then brauely.

SCENE III.

*Enter Prodigality, Money, Tom Toffe,
and Dicke Dicer.*

Prod. How ist, my sweet Money, shal we be lustie now?

Money. Be as lustie as you will, Ile be as lustie as you.

Prod. Who lacks money hoo, who lacks money?

But aske and haue, money, money, money.

Dick. Sir, here be they that care not for your money,
So much as for your merrie company.

Prod. And company is it I seeke assuredly.

Tom. Then here be companions to fit your fantasie,
And at all assayes to answere your desire:

To goe, to runne, to stay, to doe, as you require.

Prod. What can I wish more? well then, I pray,
What sports, what pastimes shall we first assay?

Tom. Marrie first, sir, we both pray you hartily,
To take a poore supper with vs here hard by,

Where we will determine by common content,

What pastimes are fittest, for vs to frequent.

The contention betweene

Prod. I graunt.

Dick. Then if you please, with some sweet roysting harmony,
Let vs begin the vtas of our iollitie.

Prod. Thou hitst my hand pat. *Mony*, what saist thou?

Mony. I say, that I like it: goe to it, I pray you.

Prod. Shall I begin?

Mony. Yea.

Prod. Then surely shall it be,
To thee, for thee, and in honour of thee.

The Song.

Sweet mony the minion, that sayles with all windes,

Sweet mony the mixt shrill, that makes merry mindes.

Excunt. Flie golaknops.

SCENE III.

Enter Liberalitie.

Lib. The more a man with vertuous dealing doth himselfe in-
The lesse with worldly businesse, he is molested sure, (vrc,
minde:
Which maketh prooffe, that as turmoyles still tossie the worldly
So mindes exempt from worldly toyle, desired quiet finde.
And chieffly where the life is led in vertuous exercise,
There is no toyle, but ease, and contentation to the wise;
But what account, how sleight regard, is had of vertue here,
By actions on this worldly stage, most plainly doth appeare.
Men see without most iust desert, of vertue nought is got,
To Fortune therefore flie they still, that giueth all by lot;
And finding Fortunes gifts, so pleasant, sweet and saury,
They build thereon, as if they should endure perpetually.
But this is sure, and that most sure, that Fortune is vn-
Her selfe most fraile, her giftes as fraile, subject to euery shewre:
And in the end, who buildeth most vpon her suerty,
Shall finde himselfe cast headlong downe, to depth of miserie.
Then hauing felt the crafty sleights of Fortunes fickle traine,
Is fockt to seeke by vertues aid, to be relieu'd againe.

This

Liberalitie and Prodigalitie.

This is the end, runne how he list, thus man of force must doe,
Vnlesse his life be cleane cut off, this man must come vnto:
In time therefore man might doe well, to care for his estate,
Lest letted by extremity, repentance come too late.

SCENE V.

Enter Liberalitie and Captaine Wel-don.

Cap. Sir, I beseech you speak a good word for me to the Prince,
That by her letters, I may be commended to some Prouince,
Where seruice is to be had, either there to die with fame,
Or els to get me somewhat, whereon to liue without thame:
For begge I cannot, and steale I may not, the truth is so; (woe.
But need doth make, the Prouerbe saith, th'old wife to trot for
Yet whom starke need doth pinch, at length the diuel driues to go
Therefore, I beseech you, pittie his extremity,
That would not make this sute without necessity.

Lib. Who be you, my friend?

Cap. By birth a Gentleman, by profession a souldier,
Who, though I say it, in all our Soueraignes warre,
With hazard of my blood and life, haue gone as farre,
As haply some others, whose fortunes haue bin better:
But I in seruice yet, could neuer be a getter,
Ne can I impute it but to mine owne destiny:
For well I know, the Prince is full of liberalitie.

Lib. What is your name, sir?

Cap. My name is, *Wel-don*.

Lib. Are you Captaine *Wel-don*?

Cap. Though vniworthy, sir, I beare that name.

Lib. Giue me your hand, Captaine *Wel-don*, for your fame,
In feates of Armes, and seruice of your Country,
I haue heard oft, you haue deserued greatly:
Therefore thinke this, that as you merit much,
So the consideration thereof shall be such,
As duely doth pertaine to your desert.

The contention betwene

Trust me, the Prince her selfe, vnmooued of my part,
Your dutifull seruice hath specially regarded,
And expressly commaunds that it be well rewarded:
Wherefore you shall not need to seeke seruice abroad.
I exhort you at home still to make your aboade:
That if in this realme occasion of warres be offered,
You and others your like may be employed.

Cap. My dutie binds me to obey.

Lib. Then for this time you shall not need to stay.

As for your cause I will remember it,

And see it holpe n too as shall be fit.

Captaine Weldon exit.

SCENE VI.

Enter Liberalitie and a Courtier.

Lib. Truly, if I should not haue care of this mans necessity,
I should both twerue from vertue and from honesty.

Court. Sir, I humbly beseech you helpe to preferre my suite,

Lib. What is it?

Court. There is an office false, which I would gladly execute.

Lib. Who be you?

Court. A seruant here in Court.

Lib. Doe you serue the Prince?

Court. No and please you.

Lib. Whom then?

Court. A noble man neere about her Maiesty.

Lib. In what degree.

Court. Forsooth, sir, as his Secretarie.

Lib. How long haue you serued?

Court. A yeare or twaine.

Lib. And would you so soone be preferred?

In sooth, my friend, I would be glad, as I may,

To doe you any good; but this I say,

Who

Liberalitie and Prodigalitie.

Who seekes by vertue, preferment to attainie,
In vertuous proceeding must take more paine,
Then can be well taken in a yeere or twaine:
For time giues experience of euery mans deeds,
And ech man by merit accordingly speeds,
Goe forward, my friend, in vertue with diligence,
And time, for your seruice, shall yeeld you recompence.
Your Lord and Master is very honourable,
And him in your sutes you shall finde fauourable;
And as for my part, as earst I did say,
I neuer will hinder, where further I may.
Let this for this time be your answer.

Court. Sir, with my boldnesse, I beseech you to beare.

Lib. God be with you.

Some men deserue, and yet doe want their due;
Some men againe, on small deserts doe sue.
It therefore standeth Princes Officers in hand,
The state of euery man rightly to vnderstand,
That so by ballance of equality,
Ech man may haue his hire accordingly.
Wel, since dame vertue, vnto me, doth charge of many things refer,
I must goe doe that best befeemes a faithfull officer.

ACT IIII. SCENE I.

Enter Money.

Money. Libertie, libertie, now I cry libertie:
Catch me againe when you can, Prodigalitie.
Neuer was there poore soule so cruelly handled:
I was at the first, like a Cockney dandled,
Stroakt on the head, kist and well cherished,
And so thought surely I should haue continued:
But now how my case is altered suddenly;
You would not belecue, vnlesse you saw it apparantly.

The contention betweene

Ifaith since ye saw me, I haue bin turmoyled
From post to piller: see how I am spoyled,
The villaines among them prouided the roft,
But Money was forced to pay for the cost,
Both of their feasting, and of their chamber cheere,
Yea in euery place, they haue fleec't me so neere,
He a fleecce and she a fleecce; that nothing could I keepe,
But glad to runne away like a new shorne sheepe.
And though I haue bin pinched very neere,
I am glad to see you in good health euery one here:
And now I haue escaped the traiterous treachery
Of such a thriflesse Royfing company,
To my mother in haste againe I will get me,
And keepe at home safely: from thence let them fet me.

SCENE II.

Enter Vanitie and Money.

Van. What, master Money, how goeth the world with you?

Money. Looke but vpon me, thou maist quickly iudge how.

Van. Why, where the vengeance, where the diuel hast thou bin?
Among brambles, or bryers, or spirits sure, I weene.

Money. Both wee nee it, and wor it, I haue past a wildernesse
Of most mischieuous and miserable distresse;
Sharpe brambles, sharpe bryers, and terrible scratchers,
Beares, Wolues, Apes, Lyons, most rauening snatchers,
Thornes, thistles, and nettles most horrible tingers,
Rauens, grypes, and gryphons, oh vengible wringers,
Yea through my whole passage such damnable sights,
As I cannot but iudge them most damnable sprites.

Van. Hah, hah, ha, ha.

Money. Laugh ye, my friend? It is no laughing toy.

Van. But who did guide you in this laborinth of ioy?

Money. Who sir? your minion sir, Prodigalitic,

The

Liberalitie and Prodigalitie.

The Captaine elected of all roysting knävery,
He will be hang'd, I warrant him shortly.

Van. Hah, hah, ha, ha.

Money. Yet goe to, laugh on.

Van. Are you not a cuckold, cuckold?

Money. I may be indeed, my clothes be but thin,
'And therefore I will euen goe get me in,
That Fortune my mother may cloth me anew. *Exit.*

Van. Doe so, you had need so, I may say to you.

Now sure it is a world of worlds to see,
How all the world inclines to Vanitie;
Men seeke at first, that is but Vanitie,
And lose at last that was but Vanitie,
And yet continue still to follow Vanitie,
As though it were a thing of certaintie;
And I that beare the name of Vanitie,
And see the worlds exceeding vanitie,
In following so the tracks of vanitie,
Doe triumph still amid my Empery,
And laugh at their simplicity,
That will be so misse-led by Vanitie.
But who is this? oh I know him, a scholer of our traine,
Tis Hob a clunch, that comes for money againe.

SCENE III.

Enter Tenacitic, Vanitic, Fortune, and Money.

Ten. God speed, Mast Fanitic.

Van. Wocum, Mast Tenacitic.

Ten. Sur, cham come once againe vor money.

Van. So me thinks.

Ten. Shals be sped now at length trow ye?

Van. I cannot tell ye, tis hard to say;

Peradventure yea, peradventure nay.

The contention betweene

Ten. How so man?

Van. I feare me you will spend him too fast away.

Ten. Hoh, hoh, ho, ho, dost thou veare, that friend Fanitic?
Shalt not need man, chill keepe him safe, che warrant thee.

Oh that chad him in my clouches, shoudst see I tro,

Whether chud keepe him yast and safe or no.

I pray thee, good sweet Mast Fanitic,

Speake one good word for poore Tenacity.

Van. And dost thou indeed so well loue money?

Ten. Doe my wiues Bees at home, thinkst thou, loue honey?

Van. What wouldst thou doe with it?

Ten. Chud chud, chud, chud.

Van. Chud, chud, what chud?

Ten. Chud doe no harme at all.

Van. No, nor much good (I thinke) to great nor small.

But well, put case I procure thee to speed,

You will remember your promise that I shall be see'd.

Ten. Gods vast, man, yea chill doe it, chill doe it.

Van. Stand there a while and wayte.

Bright goddesse, behold here againe Tenacity,

That humbly makes his sute to haue money.

Money. For money's ho there; money findes himselfe well:

Money now hath no liking from Fortune to dwell.

Van. *In vanum laborauerunt*, come.

Ten. Now good soote, hony, vaire, golden mustresse,

Let poore Tenacitie taste of thy goodnesse:

Thee che honour, thee che serue, thee che reuerence,

And in thy help, che put my whole confidence.

For. Money, you must goe to him, there is no remedy.

Money. Yea, and be vi'd as before with Prodigalitic.

Ten. Let Prodigalitic goe to the gallowes tree:

Why man, he and I are cleane contrary.

I chill coll thee, chill cusse thee.

Money. So did he. (sing.)

Ten. Chill saue thee, chill spare thee, chill keepe thee from wa-

Money. So did not he.

Goe

Liberallitie and Prodigalitie.

Goe to then, seeing that my mothers will is such,
To put it in aduerture I may not grutch.

Ten. Oh, my sweeting, my darling, my chewel, my ioy,
My pleasure, my treasure, mine owne prettie boy.

Mon. How now? what meane you by this, Tenacitie?

Ten. Oh, forbid me not to kisse my sweete Money.
Varewell, Vortune: and Vortune, che thanke thee alway.
Come on, surra, chill make you vast, bum vay.

Mon. What with ropes? what needes that?

Ten. Vor veare of robbing by the high way.

La, mi, sa, sol, fa, sol, mi, fa, re, mi.

{ Here Tenacity goeth to
the lute for his Affe.

Exit.

SCENE IIII.

*Enter Prodigalitie, Dicke Dicer, Vanitie,
and Tom Toffe.*

Prod. O monstrous vile filthie lucke! see, in the twinkling of an
Scarce knowing which way, I haue quite lost my Money. *(eye,*

Dick. Out of all doubt, Prodigalitie, he is not gone yonder way.

Prod. Then seeke some other course, make here no stay:
He must be found out, there is no remedie.

Thou knowest in what pickle we stand without Money.

Dick. VVhy sure, Prodigality, it can be no other,
But he is returned to Fortune his mother.

Prod. Thinkest thou so?
Thou, Fortune, hearest thou? by faire meanes I aduise thee,
Restore my Money to me agane, deale plainly and wisely:
Or by this sharpe-edged sword, shalt see me play a proud part.
For I will haue him againe, in spite of thy hart.

Van. Whome haue we there, that keepeth such a coyle?

Prod. Euen he that will not put vp such a foyle.

Van. What's the matter?

E

Van. To

A DE CONVENTION BETWEENE

Prod. Vanitie, to that dame thy mistress commend me,
Tell her, tell her, it doth not a little offend me,
To haue my money in such great despight,
Taken so from me, without any right.
What though it were once her owne proper gift?
Yet giuen, 'tis mine owne, there is no other shift.
Therefore charge her in the name of Prôdigality,
That he be restor'd to me incontinently,
Lest she repent it.

Van. These be sore and cruell threatnings, marry.
Is your haste so great, that by no meanes you may tarry?

Prod. I will not tarry, and therefore make haste.

Van. Soft, sir, a little, there is no time past,
You may tarry, you must tarry, for ought as I know:
Nay, when you shall tarry, whether you wil or no. *Exit.*

Dick. Swounds, sir, he mocks you.

Prod. Gibe not with me, you hoorson raskall slaue,
For money I come, and money will I haue.

Sirra, Vanity, Vanity. What, Vanity?
Speake and be hang'd, Vanity. What wil't not be?

Dick. What a prodigious knaue, what a slaue is this?

Prod. Fortune, fine Fortune, you, minion, if ye be wise,
Bethinke ye betimes, take better aduise:

Restore vnto me my money quietly,
Else looke for warres: Vanity, Fortune, Vanity.

Dick. Sir, you see it booteth not.

Prod. It is but my ill lucke.

Now the diuell and his danme giue them both sucke.

What may we doe? what counsell giu'ft thou, Dicke?

Dick. Marry, sir, be rul'd by me, Ile shew you a tricke,
How you may haue him quickly.

Prod. As how?

Dick. Scale the walles, in at the window, by force fet him.

Prod. None better in faith, fetch a ladder, and I will fet him.

Fortune, thou iniurious dame, thou shalt not by this villanie,
Haue cause to triumph ouer Prôdigality.

Why

Liberalitie and Prodigalitie.

Why speakst thou not, why speakst thou not, I say?

Thy silence doth but breede thine owne hurt and decay.

Dick. Here is a ladder. *{ Here Prod. scaeth. Fortune claps a halter*
Prod. Set it to: *{ about his neck, he breaketh the halter &*
(falls.

Prod. Swounds, helpe, Dick: helpe quickly, or I am choakt.

Dick. God a mercie good halter, or els you had beene yoakt.

Prod. O thou vile, ill-fauoured, crow-troden, pye-pecked Ront!
Thou abominable, blunde, foule filth, is this thy wont,
First, maliciously to spoyle men of their good,
And then by subtil sleights thus to seeke their blood?
I abhorre thee, I defie thee, where soeuer I go,
I doe proclaime my selfe thy mortall foe.

Tom Toffe. Newes, Prodigality, newes.

Dick. Good, and God will.

Prod. What newes, Tom?

Tom. I haue met with money.

Prod. Where?

Tom. Marry sir, he is going into a strange countrie,
With an old chuffe called Tenacity.

Prod. Tenacity? is that Tinkers bouddget so full of audacity?

Tom. Tis true.

Prod. May we not ouertake him?

Tom. Yes, easily with good horses.

Prod. Let's go then for Gods sake, wee'le catch him in a trap.

Dick and Tom. Go, we will go with you, what euer shall hap.

SCENE V.

Enter Vanity, and Fortune.

Van. O rotten rope, that thou must be so brittle!
Hadst thou but happened to haue held a little,
I had taught my princocks against another time,

The contention betweene

So to presume dame Fortunes bowse to clime,

To make such a scape, his hap was very good,

Well, he scaped faire, I sweare by the rood:

But will you haue me say my fantasie,

Quod differtur, non auferitur. For assuredly

The Gentleman will neuer hold himselfe quiet,

Till once more he come to taste of this dyet.

Marke the end.

For. Vanitie?

Van. Madam.

For. Is this Royster gone?

Van. Yea, Madam, he is gone.

For. Then get thee anon,

And cause my attendants to come away,

For here as now I will no longer stay,

But prosecute this foe of mine so fast,

By mischiefs all I may, that at the last,

He shall arrive vnto a wretched end,

And with repentance learne how to offend.

A goddesse of my state and dignitie.

Van. Lady, to do your will, I hasten willingly.

Vanitie exit.

Come downe.

For. Dame Fortunes power, her most exceeding might,

Is knowne by this as an vndoubted thing:

Since here most plainely hath appear'd in fight,

How all the world doth hang vpon her wing,

How hie and low, of all states and degrees,

Doe rise and fall againe as she decrees.

Then let not Vertue thinke it scorne to yeeld,

To Fortune chiefe of power, chiefe soueraignty:

Sith Fortune here by prooffe hath wonne the field,

Subdued her foes, and got the victorie:

For as she list to fauour, els to frowne,

She hoyseth vp, or headlong hurleth downe.

Van. Madam, here are your vassals ready prest,

Liberalitie and Prodigalitie.

To doe the thing that Fortune liketh best.

For. Well then, come on, to witness this our victorie,
Depart we hence with sound of fame triumphantly.

Reuerence, die reuerence.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Prodigalitie, Money, Tom, Dicke.

Prod. Come on, my bulchin, come on, my fat fatox.

Come porkeling, come on, come prettie twattox.

Why will it not be? yet faster a cursie.

This Gentleman of late is waxen so purfie,

As at euery lands end he seeketh to rest him.

How thinke ye? hath not Tenacity trimly drest him?

Money. Prodigalitie, if thou lou'st me, let vs here stay:

For sure I can doe no more then I may.

I am out of breath as weary as a dog,

Tom. A luskish lubber, as fat as a hogge.

*He faller downe
vpon his elbow.*

Prod. Come vp, gentle Money, wee may not here stay.

Money. I must needes, Prodigalitie, there is no way:

For if I should stirre me one inch from the ground,

I thinke I shall die, sure, or fall in a sound.

Prod. Then must you be drawne.

Money. Drawne, or hang'd, all is one:—

For I cannot stirre me, my breath is cleane gone.

Prod. How like ye this *grossum corpus*, so mightily growne?

Tom. I like him the better, that he is your owne.

Dicke. A more monstrous beast, a beast more vnweldie,

Since first I was borne, yet neuer beheld I.

Prod. Indeed the hooreson is waxen somewhat too fat.

But we will finde medicines to remedie that.

Tom. Sir, let me but haue him a little in cure,

To put my poore practise of Physicke in vre,

And I dare warrant ye with a purgation of twaine,

The contention betweene

He quickly rid him out of all this paine,

Prod. I thinke a glister were better.

Dick. Nay, rather a suppositorie.

Tom. Nay then, what say you to letting of blood?

Dick. I thinke that some of these should doe him good.

Aske the Phisicion.

Money. Prodigalitic.

Prod. Hoo.

Money. I am sicke.

Prod. Where, man?

Money. Faith, here, in my belly.

It swelles, I assure ye, out of all measure.

Prod. Take heed it grow not to a Timpany.

Money. And if it doe, what is the danger then?

Prod. A consumption.

Money. A consumption? marrie, God forbid, man.

Tom. What thinke you now of Tenacitie?

Was he your friend or your foe?

Money. Ah, that wretch Tenacitie hath brought mee to all this

'Twas he indeed that sought to destroy me, (woe.

In that he would neuer vse to employ me:

But Prodigalitic, sweet Prodigalitic,

Help to prouide some present remedie:

Let me not be thus miserably spilt,

Ease me of this, and vse me as thou wilt.

Yet had I rather liue in state bare and thin,

Then in this monstrous plight that now I am in:

So fatty, so foggy, so out of all measure,

That in my selfe, I take no kind of pleasure.

Prod. Why, rise vp then quickly, and let vs be gone.

Money. Friends, you must help me, I cannot rise alone.

Dick. Come on, my sweet Money, we must haue a meane,

To turne this foggy fat, to a finer leane.

Money. The sooner the better.

Tom. Nay, Money, doubt not, but by sweat or by vomit,

I warrant thee boy, shortly thou shalt be rid from it.

Prod.

Liberalitie and Prodigalitie.

Prod. Rid, quotha, if shauing, or boxing, or scowring,
Or noynting, or scraping, or purging, or blood-letting,
Or rubbing, or paring, or chafing, or fretting,
Or ought else will rid it, he shall want no ridding.
Come on, Money, let's be iogging.

SCENE II.

The Constables make hue and cry.

Con. Theeues, neighbors, theeues, come forth, beset the country.

Prod. Harke, list a while, what might this clamour be?

Dick, Zwounds, we are vndone, Prodigalitie,

The Constables come after with hue and cry.

Tom. O *Cerberus*, what shall we doe?!

Prod. Stand backe, lie close, and let them passe by.

Const. Theeues, theeues! O vile! O detestable deed!

Theeues, neighbours: come forth, away, abroad with speed.

Hofst. Where dwell these Constables?

Const. Why? what's the matter, friend, I pray?

Hofst. Why, theeues man, I tell thee, come away.

Theeues I faith, wife, my scull, my Iacke, my browne bill.

Const. Come away quickly.

Hofst. Dick, Tom, Will, ye hoorsons, make ye all ready, and haste
But let me heare, how stands the case? (a pace after.)

Const. Marrie, sir, here-by, not farre from this place,

A plaine simple man ryding on his Ass,

Meaning home to his Country in Gods peace to passe,

By certaine Roysters most furious and mad,

Is spoyled and robbed of all that he had.

And yet not contented, when they had his money,

But the villaynes haue also murderd him most cruelly.

Hofst. Good God for his mercy!

Const. It was my hap to come then present by him,
And found him dead, with twenty wounds vpon him.

Hof. But what became of them?

Const. They fled this way.

Hof. Then, neighbour, let vs here no longer stay,
But hence and lay the countrey round about.
They shall be quickly found, I haue no doubt.

Constable goes in.

SCENE III.

*Enter Vertue, and Equitie, with o-
ther attendants.*

Vert. My Lords, you see how far this worldly state peruerted is,
From good decline, enclined still to follow things amisse.
You see but verie few, that make of Vertue any price:

You see all sorts with hungry willes, run headlong into vice.

Equit. We see it oft, we sorrow much, and hartly lament,
That of himselfe, man should not haue a better gouernment.

Ver. The verie beasts that be deuoyd of reason, dul & dumbe,
By nature learne to shun those things, wherof their hurt may come.

If man were then but as a beast, onely by nature taught,
He would also by nature learne, to shun what things are naught.

But man with reason is indude, he reason hath for stay,
Which reason should restraine his will, from going much astray.

Equit. Madam, tis true:
Where reason rules, there is the golden meane.

Ver. But most men stoope to stubborne will,
Which conquereth reason cleane.

Equit. And Will againe to fancie yeelds,
Which twaine be speciall guides,

That traine a man to treade ill pathes,
Where ease and pleasure bides.

(paines.

Ver. No ease, no pleasure, can be good, that is not got with

Equit. That is the cause from Vertues loue,

Mans fancy still refraines.

Ver. And

Liberalitie and Prodigalitie.

Vert. And paines, I thinke, they feele like wise,
That vnto vice doe bend,

Equit. They feele, no doubt, but yet such paines
Come not before the end.

Ver. I grieue for man, that man should be, of ill attempts so faine.

Equit. Grieue not for that, euill tasted once, turnes him to good

Ver. Then will I take a chearefull mind, (againe:
Vnpleasant thoughts expell,

And cares for man commit to them,
That in the heauens doe dwell.

Equit. Do so, deare Madam, I beseech you most heartily,
And recreate your selfe before you goe hence, with some sweet

(melody.

THE SONG.

IF pleasure be the only thing

That man doth seeke so much:

Chiefe pleasures rest, where vertue rules

No pleasure can be such.

Though Vertues wayes be very streight,

Her rocks be hard to clime:

Yet such as doe aspire thereto,

Enjoy all ioyes in time.

Plaine is the passage vnto vice,

The gappes lye wide to ill:

To them that wade through lewdnes lake,

The Ise is broken still.

This therefore is the difference,

The passage first seemes hard:

To vertues traine: but then most sweet,

At length is their reward.

To those againe that follow vice,

The way is faire and plaine:

THE CONTECTION BETWEENE

But fading pleasures in the end,

Are bought with fasting paine.

If pleasure be the only thing, &c.

SCENE III.

Enter Vertue, Equity, Liberality, Money,
and the Sherife.

Vert. Now my Lords, I see no cause, but that depart we may.

Equit. Madam, to that shall like you best, we willingly obey.

Lib. Yes, Lady, stay awhile, and heare of strange aduenges.

Ver. Of what aduenges tell you: let vs know.

Lib. Master Sherife, of that is happened, doe you make shew.

Sherif. Then may it please you, the effect is this:

There is a certaine Royster, named Prodigalitic,

That long about this towne hath ruffled in great solitic,

A man long suspected of very lewd behaviour,

Yet standing euer so high in Fortunes fauour,

As neuer till now, he could be bewrayed,

Of any offence, that to him might be layed:

Now wanting (belike) his wonted brauery,

He thought to supplie it, by murther and robbery.

Equit. By murther and robbery?

Sherif. Yea, sure.

Ver. How?

Sherif. This gallant, I tell you, with other lewd fransions,

Such as him selfe, vnthristy companions,

In most cruell sort, by the high way side,

Assaulted a countrie man, as he homewards did ride,

Robbed him, and spoiled him of all that they might,

And lastly, bereau'd him of his life out-right.

Ver. O horrible fact!

Sherif. The country hereupon rais'd hue & cry streightway:

He is apprehended, his fellowes fled away:

I supplying, though vnworthy, for this yere,

The

Liberalitie and Prodigalitie.

The place of an Officer, and Sherife of the shierie,
To my Princes vs, haue seized on his mony,
And bring you the same, according to my duty:
Praying, the party may haue the law with speed,
That others may be terrified from so foule a deed.

Ver. So horrible a fact can hardly plead for fauour:
Therefore goe you, Equity, examine more diligently,
The maner of this outragious robbery:
And as the same, by examination shall appeare,
Due iustice may be done in presence here.

Equit. It shall be done, Madam.

Sherif. Then, Madam, I pray you, appoint some Officer to take
That I may returne againe with Equity. (the mony,

Ver. Let it be deliuered to my steward Liberality. *Exeunt.*

Lib. What, Mony? how come you to be so fat and foggy?

Mony. Surely, sir, by the old chuffe, that miser Tenacity.

Lib. How so?

Money. He would neuer let me abroad to goe,
But lockt me vp in coffers, or in bags bound me fast,
That like a Bore in a ste, he fed me at last.
Thus Tenacitie did spoile me, for want of exercise:
But Prodigalitie, cleane contrarywise,
Did tesse me, and fleece me, so bare and so thinne,
That he left nothing on me, but very bone and skinn.

Lib. Well, *Money*, will you bide with him that can deuise,
To rid you and keepe you from these extremities?

Money. Who is that?

Lib. Euen my selfe, Liberalitie.

Money. Sir, I like you well, and therefore willingly,
I am contented with you to remaine,
So as you protect me from the other twaine.

Lib. I warrant thee.

First, from thy bands Ile set thee free.

And after, thy sickenes cured shall be.

Money. Thanks and obedience I yeeld, & vow to Liberalitie.

The contention betweene

Enter Captaine Weldon.

Cap. My Lord, according to your appointment and will,
I come to attend your pleasure.

Lib. Haue you brought your bill?

Cap. Yea, my Lord.

Lib. Giue it me.

He be your meane vnto the Prince, that it may dispatched be:
The while take here, these hundred crownes to releue ye.

Cap. God saue the Queene, and God saue Liberalitie.

2. Suiter. Sir, I haue long serued the Prince at great expence,
An along haue I bin promised a recompence:
I beseech you consider of me.

Lib. What, doe you serue without fee?

2. Suiter. Yea truly, sir.

Lib. Hold, pray for the Queene.

2. Suiter. It shalbe my prayer day and night truly.

God saue the Queene, and God saue Liberalitie.

3. Suiter. Now, good my Lord, vouchsafe of your charitie,
To cast here aside your pittifull eye,
Vpon a poore souldier, naked and needy,
That in the Queenes warres was maimed, as you see.

Lib. Where haue you serued?

3. Suiter. In Fraunce, in Flaunders: but in Ireland most.

Lib. Vnder whom?

3. Suiter. Vnder Captaine *Weldon.*

Cap. He was my souldier, indeed sir, vntill he lost his legge.

Lib. Hold, pray for the Queene.

3. Suiter. God saue the Queene, and God saue Liberalitie.

SCENE V.

*Enter Tipstaues, Liberality, Equity, Sberife, Clerks,
Cryer, Prodigality, and the Iudge.*

Tip. Roome, my Masters, give place, stand by.
Sir, Equity hath sent me to let you vnderstand,
That hither he will resort out of hand,

To

Liberalitie and Prodigalitie.

To sit vpon the arraignment of Prodigality.

Lib. In good time.

Tip. Behold, he comes.

Lib. Now, Equity, how falles the matter out?

Equit. That Prodigality is guiltie of the fact, no doubt.

And therefore for furtherance of Iustice effectually,

My Lord the Iudge comes to sit vpon him presently:

Wherein we craue your assistance.

Lib. Ile wayte vpon you.

Tip. Roome, my masters, roome for my Lord; stand by.

The Iudge placed, and the Clerkes vnder him.

Iudge. Call for the prisoner.

Clerk. Make an oyes, cryer.

Cryer. Oyes, oyes, oyes!

Clerk. Sherife of Middlesex.

Cryer. Repeat, Sherife, &c.

Clerk. Bring forth the prisoner.

Cryer. Bring, &c.

Clerk. Prodigalitie.

Cryer. Prodigalitie.

Clerk. Paine of the perill shall fall thereon.

Cryer. Paine of, &c.

Sherif. Here, sir.

Clerk. Prodigality, hold vp thy hand.

Thou art indited here by the name of Prodigality, for that thou, the fourth day of February, in the three & fortie yeere of the prosperous raigne of Elizabeth our dread Soueraigne, by the grace of God, of England, France, and Ireland Queene, defender of the faith, &c. together with two other malefactors yet vnknowne, at High-gate in the County of Middlesex aforesaid, didst feloniously take from one Tenacity of the parish of Pancridge yeoman, in the said County, one thousand pounds of gold and siluer sterling:

The contention betweene

ling: And also, how thy selfe, the said Prodigalitie, with a sword, price twenty shillings, then and there cruelly didst giue the saide Tenacitie vpon the head, one mortall wound, whereof hee is now dead, contrarie to the Queenes peace, her Crowne and dignitie.

Judge. How saist thou, Prodigalitie, to this robbery, felonie, and murthe: art thou guiltie, or not guiltie? (cause:

Prod. My Lord, I beseech you, graunt me counsell to plead my

Judge. That may not be, it standeth not with our lawes.

Prod. Then, good my Lord, let me some respite take.

Judge. Neyther may that be; thus doth the inditement lie,
Thou art accus'd of murther, and of robbery,
To which thou must now answer presently,
Whether thou be thereof guiltie or not guiltie.

Prod. Well, since there is no other remedie,
And that my fact falles out so apparantly,
I will confesse, that indeed I am guilty,
Most humbly appealing to the Princes mercy.

Judge. Then what canst thou say for thy selfe, Prodigalitie,
That according to the law thou shouldst not die?

Prod. Nothing, my Lord; but still appeale to the Princes mercy.

Judge. Then hearken to thy iudgement.

Thou, Prodigalitie, by that name haste bin indited and arraigned here, of a robbery, murther, and felonie, against the lawes committed by thee: the inditement whereof being read vnto thee here, thou confessest thy selfe to be guilty therein: whereupon I Iudge thee, to be had from hence, to the place thou camst fro, and from thence to the place of execution, there to be hangd till thou be dead. God haue mercy on thee.

Prod. My Lord, I most humbly beseech you to heare mee.

Judge. Say on.

Prod. I confesse, I haue runne a wanton wicked race,
Which now hath brought me to this wofull wretched case:
I am heartily sorrie, and with teares doe lament
My former lewd, and vile misgouernment,
I finde the brittle stay of trustlesse Fortunes state,
My heart now thirsteth after Vertue, all too late:

Yet

Liberalitie and Prodigalitie.

Yet good my Lord, of pittie condiscend,
To be a meane for him, that meaneth to amend,
The Prince is mercifull, of whose great mercy,
Full many haue largely tasted already:
Which makes me appeale thereto more boldly.

Judg. Prodigalitie, I not mislike your wailefull disposition,
And therefore, tor you to the Prince, there shall be made Petition,
That though your punishment be not fully remitted,
Yet in some part, it may be qualified.

Prod. God saue your life.

*Virtue, Equitie, Liberalitie, Iudge, and all come downe before the
Queene, and after reuerence made, Versue speaketh.*

THE EPILOGVE.

*Most mightie Queene, yonder I sat in place,
Presenting shew of chiefest dignitie;
Here prostrate, lo, before your Princely grace,
I shew my selfe, such as I ought to be,
Your humble vassall, subiect to your will,
With feare and loue, your Grace to reuerence still.*

FINIS.

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