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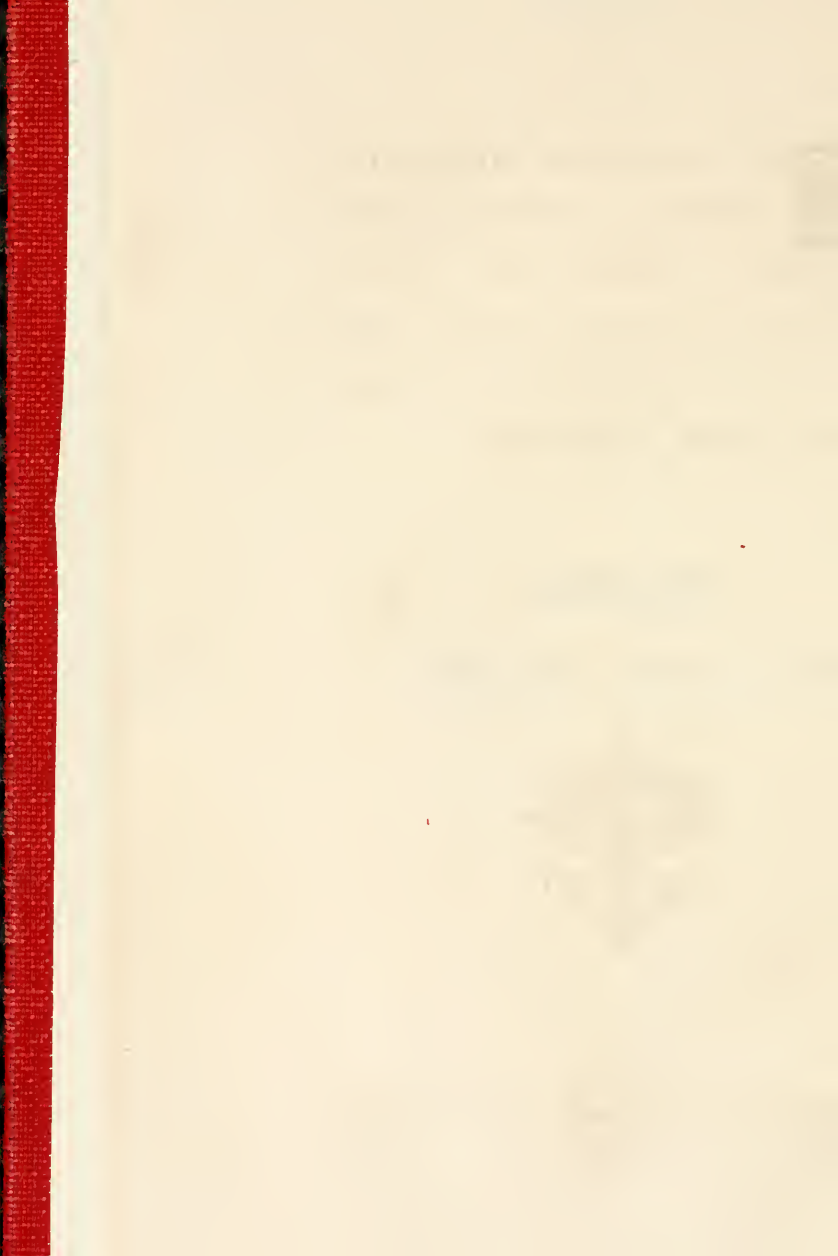
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DEKKER'S
DRAMATIC WORKS



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

VOLUME THE FIRST



LONDON
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CONTENTS

VOLUME THE FIRST

MEMOIR OF THOMAS DEKKER
A PLEASANT COMEDIE OF THE GENTLE CRAFT
THE COMEDIE OF OLD FORTUNATUS
SATIRO-MASTIX, OR THE UNTRUSSING OF THE
HUMOROUS POET
THE MAGNIFICENT ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN
TO KING JAMES
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME THE SECOND

THE HONEST WHORE
THE WHORE OF BABYLON
WESTWARD-HOE
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME THE THIRD

NORTHWARD-HOE
 THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF SIR THOMAS WYAT
 THE ROARING GIRLE
 LONDON TRIUMPHING
 IF THIS BE NOT A GOOD PLAY THE DIVELL
 IS IN IT
 NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME THE FOURTH

THE VIRGIN MARTIR
 BRITANNIA'S HONOR
 LONDONS TEMPE
 A TRAGI-COMEDY: CALLED MATCH MEE IN
 LONDON
 THE WONDER OF A KINGDOME
 THE SUN'S DARLING
 THE WITCH OF EDMONTON
 NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.





Memoir of

THOMAS DEKKER

THOMAS DEKKER was one of those unfortunate poets to whom the Muse is a cruel stepmother. The little that we know of his life suggests a painful and continual struggle with poverty, in which he often succumbed, and from which he never arose victorious. His stores of wisdom and his wealth of imagination were for forty years lavished on the world, but with little or no reward to himself. He wrote continually under the bitter stress of want, and was often compelled to seek friendly aid to release him from the walls of a debtor's prison. A wretched hand-to-mouth existence, a career made fordid by the constant necessity of writing for daily bread, seems to have been his lot from first to last, relieved perhaps by occasional glimpses of happiness and repose, such as he

must have enjoyed when composing some of the choicest of the long series of dramas which constitute his chief title to fame.

That he was born in the metropolis we may infer from a prose tract of his own, (1) where, apostrophising London, he says,—“O, thou beautifullest daughter of the two united Monarchies! from thy womb received I my being; from thy breasts my nourishment.” The exact date of his birth is uncertain; in a tract dated February, 1637, he speaks of “my three-score years,” (2) but the expression is a vague one, and may mean any age from sixty on towards seventy. Indeed, in the (unique) tract entitled “Warres, Warres, Warres,” of date almost ten years earlier (1628), Dekker had already spoken of himself as an old man; (3) and in the Dedication to his Tragi-

1 *The Seuen deadly Sinnes of London* (1606). The passage cited will be found not far from the close of “The Induction to the Booke.”

2 *English Villanies Seven Severall Times Prest to Death*. In his Dedication of this tract to the Middlesex justices of the Peace, he says:—“I preach without a Pulpit: this is no Sermon, but an Epistle Dedicatory, which dedicates these Discoveries, and my three-score yeares devotedly yours in my best service.”

3 “For my heart danceth sprightly, when I see
(*Old as I am*) our English gallantry.”

Comedy, called *Match mee in London* (1631), to Lodowick Carlell, he pathetically says : “ I haue beene a Priest in APOLLO’S Temple, many yeares, my voyce is decaying with my Age, yet yours being cleare and aboue mine, shall much honour mee, if you but listen to my old Tunes.” (4) This is hardly the language of a man who has only just passed his fiftieth year ; though Dekker, with such a weight of sorrow, if not of years, on his shoulders, might well feel old before his time. (5)

4 Vol. IV., p. 133.

5 It is curious to compare with the above lament the expression of a similar one written at the age of fifty-five (1864) by our greatest living poet :—

“ A Dedication.

Dear, near and true—no truer Time himself
Can prove you, though he make you evermore
Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life
Shoots to the fall—take this and pray that he
Who wrote it, honouring your sweet faith in him,
May trust himself, and after praise and scorn,
As one who feels the immeasurable world,
Attain the wise indifference of the wise ;
And after Autumn past—if left to pass
His autumn into seeming leafless days,
Draw toward the long frost and longest night,
Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit
Which in our winter woodland looks a flower.”

Another reason for fixing the date of his birth somewhat earlier than the "three-score years" of 1637 would seem to imply, is that his earliest acknowledged publication (6) had already appeared in 1600, and that we hear of him in Henslowe's Diary as a writer for the theatre as early as 1597. (7) We may safely assume him to have been born, therefore, somewhere in the second decade of Elizabeth's reign; not earlier probably than 1570, and certainly not later than 1577.

We learn from the registers of St. Saviour's, Southwark, that the person who probably was Dekker's father, was buried there in 1594; and from the registers of St. Giles, Cripplegate (where Henslowe's and Alleyn's theatre, the Fortune, for which Dekker wrote, was situated), that Thomas Dycker, gent., had a daughter Dorcas christened there on 27th Oct., 1594, and that Thomas Decker, yeoman, had a daughter

6 *The Comedie of Old Fortunatus.*

7 "Lent unto Thomas Dowton, the 8 of Jenewary 1597, twenty shillings, to by a booke of Mr. Dickers. xx^s." *Diary of Philip Henslowe, From 1591 to 1609. from the Original Manuscript preserved at Dulwich College, London: Printed for the Shakespeare Society, 1845.*

Anne christened there on 14th Oct., 1602. Neither of these might be our poet, and it was not usual to designate an author "yeoman." Thomas Dekker had a daughter Elizabeth buried there in 1598, and a son of Thomas Dekker was buried at St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, on 19th April in the same year. The widow of old Thomas Dekker, who died in 1594, was living in Maid Lane, Southwark, near the Globe Theatre, in 1596. (7)

We have said that Dekker began to write for the stage as early as 1597. His first attempts, however, in most of which he seems to have been associated with others, have not been preserved. (8)

7 COLLIER'S *Bibliographical Account of Early English Literature* (Lond. 1865), I., 195.

8 Henflowe records payments to Dekker and Chettle "in earneste of their boocke called Troyelles and credida," on the 7th and 16th April, 1599. On the 2nd May, 1599, a payment of five shillings was made to Dekker "in earneste of a Boocke called orestes fures," a play in which he does not appear to have had any coadjutor. In May, 1599, there are two payments to Dekker and Chettle for "the tragedie of Agamemnone." In July and August, 1599, he is mentioned in connexion with a play called the "stepmothers tragedy," and on 1st August, 1599, he receives forty shillings "for a boocke called beare a braine."

His two earliest extant dramatic productions, *The Shoemaker's Holiday* and *The Comedie of Old Fortunatus*—the first anonymous (9) and

In September, 1599, various payments are made to Dekker, Jonson, and Chettle, and "another gentleman," on account of a play called "Robert the second, Kinge of Scottes tragedie."

In January, 1599—1600, Dekker receives a payment for a play called *Truth's Supplication to Candlelight*; in the following month payments are made to Dekker, Haughton, and Daye, for the *The Spanish Moor's Tragedy* [by some supposed to be identical with the play entitled *Lust's Dominion*, first printed in 1657, and ascribed to Marlowe]. In March, 1599—1600, Chettle, Dekker, Haughton, and Daye, received payment for a play called *The Seven Wife Masters*. All these pieces appear to have remained in manuscript, and to have perished.

9 The absurdity of attributing this play to Barten Holiday (as in the Library Catalogue of the British Museum, in Lowndes, and elsewhere) must surely have arisen from some blundering binder having lettered one of the later editions "The Shoemakers."—HOLIDAY. The date of the first edition alone should have prevented the perpetuation of such a piece of futility. Barten Holiday was born in 1593, and must have been, indeed, an infant prodigy to have produced such a play as *The Shoemaker's Holiday* at the age of seven. Dekker's authorship of this play is corroborated by the following entry in Henflowe's Diary:—"Lent unto Samewell Rowley and Thomas Dowton, the 15 of Julye, 1599, to bye a Boocke of Thomas Dickers, called the gentle Craft the some of iijl."

the second signed with his name at the end (10) —were published in 1600. With a single exception, to be mentioned presently, he probably never surpassed these earlier works, either in the lighter or the graver strain. *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, both in the scenes of wild fun and buffoonery, and in the tender love-story that runs through it like a silver thread, has all the charm of a Waverley novel, and possesses the very highest interest as an historical picture of manners. Simon Eyre is inimitable: there is no better type of jovial honest merriment in the whole range of English literature. He is as original and well-sustained a character as Falstaff himself. Of the *Comedie of Old Fortunatus*, Hazlitt might well say that it has "the idle garrulity of age, with the freshness and gaiety of youth still upon its cheek and in its heart." The songs in these two pieces are exquisitely beautiful, and the Prologues to

10 *Tho. Dekker*.—The name is thus spelt in all the existing autograph signatures of the poet, and (we believe without exception) in all the original editions of those pieces of which he was the sole author. To this form we have ourselves uniformly adhered. By his contemporaries, by his publishers, and by his critics and annotators, the name of Dekker has been spelt with almost as many variations as that of his illustrious contemporary Shakespeare: —*e.g.*, Decker, Deckers, Dickers, Dekker, Decker, Deckers, Deckar, Dekkar, &c.

both contain some pleasant flattery of Queen Elizabeth, before whom they were performed.

The Comedie of Old Fortunatus received a German dress in the present century. The translator, Dr. Schmidt, makes the following observations on its style and versification:—

“In Beziehung auf die Sprache will ich nur an Eins erinnern. Es ist dies der Gebrauch des Reims, des reimlosen Iambus und der Prosa. Wie in den edleren Naturen Einsicht und höheres Gefühl beständig die Oberhand haben, so schläft in den gemeinem dasselbe in fernster Tiefe, und giebt kein Zeichen. Aber wenn von aussen die Stimme des Höchsten donnert in plötzlich überraschendem Segen oder Verderben, da entbrennt auch bei diesen der göttliche Funken, und bricht hervor mit ungeahndeter Kraft, in treffendem Wort. So finden wir bei Shakspeare und Decker den Reim als Organ jener höchsten Lebensblitze, die reimlosen Iamben für alle anderen unendlich mannigfachen Gemüthszustände, bis zu dem gewöhnlichen gleichgültigen hinab, wo der Mensch sich gehn läßt, da tritt die Prosa ein, und ist recht eigentlich zu Hause in den scherzhaften Massen. Denn die in demselben abgepiegelte Kehrseite des Lebens kann nur erfreulich und bedeutend sein, wenn unbewußt dahinter wie im Traume der Ernst als Folie liegt, und nicht hervortritt mit seinem gewichtigen, gemessenen Wort. Dieses so natürliche Verhältniß zwischen der Sprache und dem Wesen des Dinges hat gewiß auch seinen Theil an dem unergründlichen Wohlgefallen, mit welchem wir die Shakspeare'schen Erzeugnisse genießen. In unserm Drama spricht der nichtige Schatte nur den einzigen Vers

‘Doch Herr, dafs es nicht ende jämmerlich!’

In dem Augenblick ist er (ohne es zu wissen) und daran zu glauben, wirklicher Profet, wie Lichtenberg versichert, das der gewöhnlichste Mensch wenigstens drei Mal im Jahr einen genialen Augenblick habe. Fortuna, Tugend, Laster, Ampedo, Orleans, dagegen kommen in ihrer Feierlichkeit niemals heraus aus den künstlich gemessenen Worten.”(11)

His next published play was *Satiromastix, or The untrussing of the Humorous Poet*. As a personal satire of considerable pungency directed against the supposed arrogant pretensions of Ben Jonson, it seems to have enjoyed great popularity. In reading it now, more than two centuries after the grave has closed over both the combatants, it is impossible to suppress a feeling of sorrowful wonder that two men so gifted should have prostituted their genius to the expression of such narrow jealousies and hatreds.

11 *Fortunatus und seine Söhne, eine Zauber-Tragödie von Thomas Decker. Aufgeführt im Jahr 1600 vor der Königin Elisabeth. Aus dem Englischen von Dr. Fr. Wilh. Val. Schmidt, &c. Mit einem Anhang ähnlicher Märchen dieses Kreises, und einer Abhandlung über die Geschichte von Fortunatus.* Berlin, 1819. A German edition (English text) of *The Shoemaker's Holiday* appeared a few years ago, with some interesting notes. The title is as follows:—“*The Shoemaker's Holiday, or The Gentle Craft. Nach einem Drucke aus dem Jahre 1618 neu herausgegeben von Hermann Fritsche Lehrer am Gymnasium zu Thorn, 1862.*” Pp. 67.

“ Ah God! the petty fools of rhyme
 That shriek and sweat in pigmy wars
 Before the stony face of Time,
 And look'd at by the silent stars :
 That strain to make an inch of room
 For their sweet selves, and cannot hear
 The fullen Lethe rolling doom
 On them and theirs and all things here.”

That Dekker received provocation no one will deny. Unworthy personalities had been directed against him by his brother poet and former collaborator.⁽¹²⁾ The *Poetaster* had been flung like a fire-brand among the wits and witlings, among the poets and the smaller fry who only aspired to that name. Dekker was chosen as the champion of all these, and acquitted himself of the

12 “ On p. 155 of ‘ Henflowe’s Diary,’ occurs the following entry :—

‘ Lent unto W^m Borne, alles birde, the 10 of auguste 1529, to lend unto Bengemyne Johnfone, and thomas Dekkers, in earneste of ther booke they are writtinge, called pagge of plimothe, the some xxxxs.’

This tragedy was founded upon an event of comparatively recent occurrence. The play has been lost, but the story has come down to us. The event happened in February, 1591, and it appears that Ben Jonson and Dekker had finished their tragedy in September, 1599, when the last payment of £6 was made to them.”—*Shakespeare Society’s Papers*, vol. II. (1845), p. 79.

office in a most effective manner. The elder Disraeli in his *Quarrels of Authors* has given the following account of the business, which we quote as containing some just and careful criticism :

“This quarrel is a splendid instance how genius of the first order, lavishing its satirical powers on a number of contemporaries, may discover among the crowd, some individual who may return with a right aim the weapon he has himself used, and who will not want for encouragement to attack the common assailant : the greater genius is thus mortified by a victory conceded to the inferior, which he himself had taught the meaner one to obtain over him.

One of the ‘screaming grasshoppers held by the wings,’ boldly turned on the holder with a scorpion’s bite ; and Dekker, who had been lashed in *The Poetaster*, produced his *Satiromastix, or the untrussing of the humorous Poet*. Dekker was a subordinate author, indeed ; but, what must have been very galling to Jonson, who was the aggressor, indignation proved such an inspirer, that Dekker seemed to have caught some portion of Jonson’s own genius, who had the art of making even Dekker popular ; while he discovered that his own laurel-wreath had been dextrously changed by the *Satiromastix* into a garland of ‘stinging nettles.’

In *The Poetaster* Crispinus is the picture of one of those impertinent fellows who resolve to become Poets, having an equal aptitude to become anything that is in fashionable request. When Hermogenes, the finest singer in Rome, refused to sing, *Crispinus* gladly seizes the occasion, and whispers the lady near him—‘Entreat the ladies to entreat me to sing, I beseech you.’ This character is

xviii *Memoir of Thomas Dekker.*

marked by a ludicrous peculiarity which turning on an individual characteristic, must have assisted the audience in the true application. It is probable that Dekker had some remarkable head of hair, and that his locks hung not like 'the curls of Hyperion;' (13) for the jeweller's wife admiring among the company, the persons of Ovid, Tibullus, &c., *Crispinus* acquaints her that they were poets, and since she admires them, promises to become a poet himself. The simple lady further inquires, 'if when he is a poet his looks will change? and particularly if his hair will change, and be like those gentlemen's?' 'A man,' observes *Crispinus*, 'may be a poet, and yet not change his hair.' 'Well!' exclaims the simple jeweller's wife, 'we shall see your cunning; yet if you can change your hair, I pray do it.'

The *Satiromastix* may be considered as a parody on *The Poetaster*. Jonson, with classical taste, had raised his scene in the court of Augustus: Dekker, with great unhappiness, places his in that of William Rufus. The interest of the piece arises from the dexterity with which Dekker has accommodated those very characters which Jonson has satirised in his *Poetaster*. This gratified those who came every day to the theatre, delighted to take this mimetic revenge on the Arch Bard. . . . Some censured Dekker for barrenness of invention, in bringing on those characters in his own play whom Jonson had stigmatised; but 'it was not improper,' he says, 'to set the same dog

(13) If the rude woodcut on the title-page of *Dekker's Dream* be meant, as seems likely, for the *vera effigies* of our poet, it corroborates the above observation; for he is there represented with very shaggy locks indeed.

upon Horace, whom Horace had set to worry others.' Dekker warmly concludes his spirited prefatory address 'To the World' with defying the Jonsonian.

In Dekker's *Satiromastix* Horace junior is first exhibited in his study, rehearsing to himself an Ode: suddenly the Pindaric rapture is interrupted by the want of a rhyme; this is satirically applied to an unlucky line of Ben Jonson's own. One of his *sons*, Afinius Bubo, who is blindly worshipping his great idol, or his *Ningle*, as he calls him, amid his admiration of Horace, perpetually breaks out into digressive accounts of what sort of a man his friends take him to be. For one Horace in wrath prepares an epigram; and for *Crispinus* and *Fannius*, brother bards, who threaten 'they'll bring your life and death on the stage, as a bricklayer in a play,' he says, 'I can bring a prepared troop of gallants, who, for my sake, shall distaste every unsalted line in their fly-blown comedies.' 'Ay,' replies Afinius, 'and all men of my rank!' *Crispinus* Horace calls 'a light voluptuous reveller,' and *Fannius* 'the slightest cobweb-lawn piece of a poet.' Both enter, and Horace receives them with all friendship. The scene is here conducted not without skill. To the complaints of the querulous satirist, *Crispinus* replies with dignified gravity, at which the galled Horace winces. *Fannius* too joins, and shows Ben the absurd oaths he takes, when he swears to all parties that he does not mean them. Horace is awkwardly placed between these two friendly remonstrants, to whom he promises perpetual love.

Captain Tucca, a dramatic personage in Jonson's *Poetaster*, and a copy of his own Bobadil, is here continued with the same spirit; and as that character permitted from the extravagance of its ribaldry, it is now

made the vehicle for those more personal retorts, exhibiting the secret history of Ben, which perhaps twitted the great bard more than the keenest wit, or the most solemn admonition which Dekker could ever attain. Jonson had cruelly touched on Dekker being out at elbows, and made himself too merry with the histrionic tribe: he who was himself a poet, and had been a Thespian!

The greatness of Ben's genius is by no means denied by his rivals; and Dekker makes *Fannius* reply with noble feelings, and in an elevated strain of poetry."

In the following year (1603) a play was published anonymously, of which Dekker is supposed to have written the principal portion, his assistants being Haughton and Chettle. This is entitled *The Comodie of Patient Grisfil* (14). From internal evidence there is little doubt that he had a share in it; though, as the printed copy is entirely silent as to the authorship, which only rests on some vague entries in Henflowe's Diary, (15) this play has not been

14 *The Pleasant Comodie of Patient Grisfill. As it hath bene sundrie times lately plaid by the right honorable the Earle of Nottingham (Lord high Admirall) his seruants.* London. Imprinted for Henry Rocket, and are to be folde at the long Shop vnder S. Mildreds Church in the Poultry. 1603.

15 December 19th 1599, and again 26th Dec. payments were made to Dekker, Chettle and Haughton, and on 28th Dec. a separate payment to Dekker.

included in the present collection. The following Song, however, has decidedly the ring of Dekker about it :—

Art thou poore yet hast thou golden Slumbers :

Oh fweet content !

Art thou rich yet is thy minde perplexed ?

Oh punnishment.

Dost thou laugh to see how fooles are vexed ?

To ad to golden numbers, golden numbers.

O fweet content, o fweet &c.

Worke apace, apace, apace, apace,

Honest labour beares a louely face,

Then hey noney, noney : hey noney, noney.

Canst drinke the waters of the Crisped spring,

O fweet content !

Swim'ft thou in wealth, yet sinck'ft in thine owne teares,

O punnishment.

Then hee that patiently want's burden beares,

No burden beares, but is a King, a King.

O fweet content, &c.

Worke apace, apace, &c.

The following pretty lullaby Song was probably also written by Dekker :—

Golden slumbers kisse your eyes,

Smiles awake you when you rife :

Sleepe pretty wantons doe not cry,

And I will sing a lullabie,

Rocke them rocke them lullabie.

Care is heauy therefore sleepe you,

You are care and care must keep you :

xxii *Memoir of Thomas Dekker.*

Sleepe pretty wantons doe not cry,
And I will sing a lullabie,
Rocke them rocke them lullabie.

In 1604 appeared the first part of that beautiful play which most critics have agreed in considering as Dekker's masterpiece. As Mr. Swinburne has said in regard to one of the finest plays of Ford, "it is somewhat unfortunate that its very title should sound so strangely in the ears of a generation whose ears are the chastest part about them." (16) Although the name of Dekker stands alone on the title-page of all the editions of *The Honest Whore*, an entry in Henslowe's Diary, corroborated by some internal evidence, would seem to imply that in the composition of at any rate the first part of the play he received some aid from Thomas Middleton, with whom he is known to have written conjointly on two other occasions. Mr. Dyce has accordingly assumed a joint author-

16 *Fortnightly Review*, July, 1871, p.43. By the bye, it is curious and worthy of mention, as indicative of a contemplated change of title afterwards abandoned, that sheet E of the singularly correct and interesting edition of 1605, has the head-line of *The Conuerted Courtizan* throughout.

ship in both parts, and has included them in his edition of Middleton's works, though he admits that that writer's share in the play was probably insignificant. (17)

Considering, however, that the year before, when Middleton contributed a speech of only sixty lines to his *Magnificent Entertainment given to King James*, (1603) Dekker had gone out of his way to acknowledge the obligation, (18) I should be inclined to think the aid given in the present case was of a very limited character, and was probably confined to a few suggestions on the general conduct and groundwork of the play; that at any rate it did not extend far enough to cast a doubt on Dekker's creation and authorship of those beautiful scenes and characters of which Hazlitt has spoken

17 "Of *The Roaring Girl*, I believe that Middleton wrote by far the greater portion; but of the two other plays which he produced in conjunction with Dekker—the First and Second Parts of *The Honest Whore*—I have no doubt that his share is comparatively small."—Dyce's *Account of Middleton and his Works*, Lond. 1840 (Vol. I., lvi.).

18 "If there be any glorie to be won by writing these lynes, I doe freelie bestow it (as his due) on *Tho. Middleton*, in whose braine they were begotten, though they were deliuered here: *Quæ nos non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco.*"—p. 321.

with fo much enthufiafm. I am moft anxious to eftablifh this point in the reader's mind, more efpecially becaufe in the plays which Dekker afterwards avowedly wrote in conjunction with Webfter, Middleton, Maffinger, and Ford, it has been the fafhion from the time of Langbaine down to that of Gifford and Dyce, to attribute to him all the coarfe and carelefs fcenes, and to affign all the tender and poetical paffages to his collaborators, and thus to rob him of fome of his chief claims to our confideration as a dramatic writer.(19)

The Second part of *The Honeft Whore* does

19 "Thomas Dekker," fays old Gerard Langbaine, "was more famous for the contention he had with Ben Jonfon for the Bays, than for any great Reputation he had gained by his own Writings. Yet even in that age, he wanted not his Admirers nor his Friends amongft the Poets: in which number I reckon the Ingenious Mr. Richard Brome; who always ftyled him by the title of Father. He clubb'd with Webfter in writing Three Plays; and with Rowley and Ford in another: and I think I may venture to fay, that thefe Plays as far exceed thofe of his own Brain, as a platted Whipcord exceeds a fingle Thread in ftrength. Of thofe which he writ alone I know none of much efteem, except *The Untruffing of the Humorous Poet*, and that chiefly on account of the Subject of it, which was the witty Ben Jonfon. Of *Fortunatus* I can give no other account than that I once barely faw it, and

not seem to have been printed until 1630; (20) at any rate no earlier edition is known to exist. As, however, the two plays succeed each other in proper and natural sequence, we have departed in this instance from our otherwise uniform chronological order of arrangement.

Of *The Honest Whore* Hazlitt, in his *Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*, writes in the following terms:—

“Old honest Dekker’s Signior Orlando Friscobaldo I shall never forget! I became only of late acquainted with

(that it) is printed in quarto.”—GERARD LANGBAIN: *Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, Oxford, 1691, p. 121.

What are we to think of the *value* of a man’s criticism who pronounces so sweeping a judgment on works that he admits he has never read.

20 The text is very corrupt, as is also that of the later editions of the first part. Into the first edition of this (1604) some serious errors had crept, which were corrected in the excellent edition of 1605 (one of the most immaculate of Elizabethan plays in regard to accuracy of printing, and evidently superintended by the author himself). The later editions, however, repeated all the errors of the first, and gathered a good many more by the way (especially that of 1635). Mr. Dyce was the first to point out the existence and peculiarities of the edition of 1605, which appears to be of extraordinary rarity. It has, of course, formed the basis of our own text.

this last-mentioned worthy character ; but the bargain between us is, I trust, for life. We sometimes regret that we had not sooner met with characters like this, that seem to raise, revive, and give a new zest to our being. . . . The execution is, throughout, as exact as the conception is new and masterly. There is the least colour possible used ; the pencil drags ; the canvas is almost seen through : but then, what precision of outline, what truth and purity of tone, what firmness of hand, what marking of character ! The words and answers all along are so true and pertinent, that we seem to see the gestures, and to hear the tone with which they are accompanied. So when Orlando, disguised, says to his daughter, ‘ You’ll forgive me,’ and she replies, ‘ I am not marble, I forgive you ;’ or again, when she introduces him to her husband, saying simply, ‘ It is my father,’ there needs no stage-direction to supply the relenting tones of voice or cordial frankness of manner with which these words are spoken. It is as if there were some fine art to chisel thought, and to embody the inmost movements of the mind in every-day actions and familiar speech. Simplicity and extravagance of style, homeliness and quaintness, tragedy and comedy, interchangeably set their hands and seals to this admirable production. We find the simplicity of prose with the graces of poetry. The stalk grows out of the ground ; but the flowers spread their flaunting leaves in the air. The mixture of levity in the chief character bespeaks the bitterness from which it seeks relief ; it is the idle echo of fixed despair, jealous of observation or pity. The sarcasm quivers on the lip, while the tear stands congealed on the eyelid. This ‘ tough senior,’ this impracticable old gentleman, softens into a little child ; this choke-pear melts in the mouth like marmalade. In spite of his resolute pro-

fections of misanthropy, he watches over his daughter with kindly solicitude ; plays the careful housewife ; broods over her lifeless hopes ; nurses the decay of her husband's fortune, as he had supported her tottering infancy ; saves the high-flying Matheo from the gallows more than once, and is twice a father to them. The story has all the romance of private life, all the pathos of bearing up against silent grief, all the tenderness of concealed affection : there is much sorrow patiently borne, and then comes peace. Bellafront, in the two parts of this play taken together, is a most interesting character. It is an extreme, and I am afraid almost an ideal case. She gives the play its title, turns out a true penitent, that is, a practical one, and is the model of an exemplary wife. The change of her relative position, with regard to Hippolito, who, in the first part, in the sanguine enthusiasm of youthful generosity, has reclaimed her from vice, and in the second part, his own faith and love of virtue having been impaired with the progress of years, tries in vain to lure her back again to her former follies, has an effect the most striking and beautiful. The pleadings on both sides, for and against female faith and constancy are managed with great polemical skill, assisted by the grace and vividness of poetical illustration. As an instance of the manner in which Bellafront speaks of the miseries of her former situation, I might give the lines in which she contrasts the different regard shewn to the modest or the abandoned of her sex. . . . Perhaps this sort of appeal to matter of fact and popular opinion, is more convincing than the scholastic subtleties of the Lady in Comus. The manner too in which Infelice, the wife of Hippolito, is made acquainted with her husband's infidelity, is finely dramatic ; and in the scene where she convicts him of his injustice, by taxing

herself with incontinence first, and then turning his most galling reproaches to her into upbraidings against his own conduct, she acquits herself with infinite spirit and address. The contrivance by which, in the first part, after being supposed dead, she is restored to life, and married to Hippolito, though perhaps a little far-fetched, is affecting and romantic. There is uncommon beauty in the Duke her father's description of her sudden illness. Candido, the good-natured man of this play, is a character of inconceivable quaintness and simplicity. His patience and good-humour cannot be disturbed by anything. The idea (for it is nothing but an idea) is a droll one, and is well supported. The sudden turn of the character of Candido, on his second marriage, is, however, as amusing as it is unexpected.

“Matheo, the ‘high-flying’ husband of Bellafront, is a masterly portrait, done with equal ease and effect. He is a person almost without virtue or vice, that is, he is in strictness without any moral principle at all. He has no malice against others, and no concern for himself. He is gay, profligate, and unfeeling, governed entirely by the impulse of the moment, and utterly reckless of consequences. His exclamation, when he gets a new suit of velvet, or a lucky run on the dice, ‘Do we not fly high,’ is an answer to all arguments. Punishment or advice has no more effect upon him, than upon the moth that flies into the candle. He is only to be left to his fate. Orlando saves him from it, as we do the moth, by snatching it out of the flame, throwing it out of the window, and shutting down the casement upon it.”

In comparing the genius of Dekker and Webster, he adds :—

“Dekker has, I think, more truth of character, more instinctive depth of sentiment, more of the unconscious simplicity of nature. He excels in giving expression to certain habitual, deeply-rooted feelings, which remain pretty much the same in all circumstances, the simple uncompounded elements of nature and passion.”

The Whore of Babylon, which followed in 1607, is perhaps the worst and least interesting of Dekker's dramatic pieces. The allegory is without fitness or beauty, the introduction of Queen Elizabeth, under the name of Titania, is clumsily managed; the personification of Time, Truth, and Plain-dealing is equally so. There is no dramatic unity or interest, no insight into character, no beauty of dialogue. The speeches are either bald and prosaic, or swell into turgid bombast. The introduction of the Spanish Armada is at once heavy and ridiculous. That this dull effusion of loyalty may have given pleasure at the time, is likely enough; but no one will read it now except for the sake of its antiquarian interest. The only scenes in any way relieved from the general insipidity are those in which Plain-dealing describes to Truth the fashions of the city; and here and there throughout the play one comes on a line or two of poetry flashing out for a moment in the darkness.

In the same year (1607) appeared the three

plays written conjointly by Dekker and Webster, viz., *Westward Hoe*, *Northward Hoe*, and *Sir Thomas Wyat*. The first two have little to distinguish them from the ordinary comedies of the time; and the latter, whatever merit it may have possessed in its original form, has been so mutilated by the transcriber or by the printer as to possess scarcely any value.

In his next dramatic production, *The Roaring Girle* (1611), Dekker was associated with Middleton, who, as we have seen, in the opinion of Mr. Dyce, wrote the larger share of this play. Middleton's name is printed first on the title-page, if that be any criterion, and the Preface is signed by him: it is certain, however, that there are many places where the hand of Dekker may clearly be recognised.

In 1612 Dekker was employed to write the Mayoralty Pageant, which he entitled *Troia Nova Triumphans: London Triumphant*. In the same year appeared his play entitled *If it be not good, the Diuell is in it*; to which much the same remarks apply as we have already made respecting *The Whore of Babylon*. The beginning of this play (observes Langbaine) seems to be written in imitation of Machiavel's novel, *Belphégor*, where Pluto summons the devils to council.

From 1613 to 1616 we learn, on the authority of Oldys, that Dekker was in King's Bench Prison. In connexion with this circumstance, an interesting letter has been preserved in the archives of Dulwich College. Mr. Payne Collier, in his "Memoirs of Alleyn," writes as follows:—

"By the autumn of 1616, the construction of Dulwich College, which Alleyn named "The College of God's gift," must have been considerably advanced, and ready for the reception of some of the objects of the founder's bounty. At this date Alleyn received a letter from one of Shakespeare's most popular and distinguished contemporaries,—Thomas Dekker. He was a playwright of great celebrity some years before the death of Queen Elizabeth, and had written most of his pieces for companies with which Alleyn and Henfowe were connected. Like many of his class, he seems to have been a man of careless habits, as regarded his pecuniary affairs, living from hand to mouth, by turns affluent and needy, and supplying his pressing wants by the produce of his prolific pen. At the date of the following communication he was a prisoner in the King's Bench; and it was, no doubt, intended to induce Alleyn to make him a present in return for some enclosed verses "in praise of charity," and in celebration of the benevolent work which was now approaching completion. The verses themselves have not survived, but the letter containing them has:—

"To my worthy and worll. freind Edw. Allin Esquier,
at his house at Dullidge.

"Sr

"Out of that respect wch I ever caryed to yo^r
Worth (now heightned by a Pillar of yo^r owne erecting)

doe I fend theis poore testiinonies of a more rich Affection. I am glad (yf I bee the Firft) that I am the firft to Consecrate to Memory (yf at least you so embrace it) So noble and pious a Work, as This, yo^r last and worthiest is. A passionate desire of expressing gladnes to See Goodnes so well delivered having bin long in labour in the world made mee thus far to venture. And it best becomes mee to Sing any thing in praise of Charity, because, albeit I have felt few handes warme thorough that complexion, yett imprisonment may make me long for them. Yf any thing in my Eulogium (or Praise) of you and yo^r noble Act bee offensive, lett it be excused because I live amongst the Gothes and Vandalls, where Barbarousnes is predominant. Accept my will howsoever And mee

“ Ready to doe you any service

“ THO. DEKKER.

“ King’s Bench Sept. 12. 1616.”

It is to be regretted that Dekker’s tribute to Alleyn has fhared the fate of many things he and his contemporaries composed. Few things in the long and honourable annals of Dulwich College would possess greater interest. We need entertain little doubt that Alleyn took steps to relieve his old friend’s necessities ; and as it is stated that Dekker was released from prison in the very year his letter bears date, it may not be too much to suppose that Alleyn had a hand in his liberation. (21)

A subsequent undated letter from Dekker to Alleyn, existing among the papers at Dulwich, may here be added:—

“Sr.

“I give you thanks for the last remembrance of your love. I write nowe, not poetically, but as an orrator, not by waye of declamation, but by petition, that you would be pleased, upon my lovinge lynes, to receive a yong man (sonn to a worthie yeoman of Kent here prisoner) able by his owne meanes to mayntayne himselfe, whose fortunes will answere itt. Hee is a yonge man lovinge you, beinge of your name, and desires no greater happines than to depend upon [you]. You shall doe mee much honor if you thinke him fitt to ferve you as a servant, and him much love, because of your name, to receive. The yonge man is of good parts, both of bodie and mynd. I knowe you respect such a one, and I would not (upon that reputation I hold with you) offer a servant to bee unworthie of your attendance. If you please to receive him upon my commendation and your owne tryall, I shall thinck my telfe beholden to you, and you, as I hope, no waye repent the receavinge of such a servant of your owne name. Soe I rest

“Your lovinge freind

“THO. DEKKER.”

When Dekker before made an appeal to

College, including some new Particulars respelling Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, Marston, Dekker, &c. By J. Payne Collier, F.S.A. Lond. Printed for the Shakespeare Society, 1841, pp. 130—132.

Alleyn's known liberality, and sent him some laudatory verses, he was in confinement in the King's Bench, and we see that he was again a prisoner when he introduced a young man to Alleyn's notice as a servant. The expression, "I give you thanks for the last remembrance of your love," warrants the conclusion that Alleyn had sent pecuniary assistance to Dekker on more than one previous occasion. Respecting the date of the letter, we can give no information, and the back of the sheet having been torn off, the address has been lost; but, considering its contents and the place where it was found, there can be no doubt at all on the latter point. (22).

After his release from prison, Dekker appears to have been occupied with some of his innumerable prose pamphlets. His name is not connected with any new play until 1622, when *The Virgin-Martyr*, written conjointly with Massinger, appeared. Gifford has endeavoured to claim for Massinger nearly all the serious passages of this play, and to fasten on Dekker the stigma of having contributed all the coarser scenes. Other critics have judged very differently. The reader shall hear both sides of the question, and form his own opinion.

(22) *Memoirs of Alleyn*, pp. 185, 186.

“It should be observed,” says Gifford, “in justice to our old plays, that few or rather none of them, are contaminated with such detestable ribaldry as the present one. To “low wit,” or indeed to wit of any kind, it has not the flightest pretension; being, in fact, nothing more than a loathsome footerkin engendered of filth and dulness. It was evidently the author’s design to personify *Lust* and *Drunkennes* in the characters of Hircius and Spungius, and this may account for the ribaldry in which they indulge. That Massinger is not free from dialogues of low wit and buffoonery (though certainly he is much more so than his contemporaries) may readily be granted; but the person who, after perusing this execrable trash, can imagine it to bear any resemblance to his style and manner, must have read him to very little purpose. It was assuredly written by Dekker, as was the rest of this act, in which there is much to approve.

On the passage beginning—

DOR. *My booke and taper* (vol. iv. p. 26),

he observes :—

“What follows, to the end of the scene, is exquisitely beautiful. What pity that a man so capable of interesting our best passions (for I am persuaded that this also was written by Dekker) should prostitute his genius and his judgment to the production of what could only disgrace himself, and disgust his reader.

And he concludes :—

“With a neglect of precision which pervades all the arguments of Mr. Monck Mason, he declares it is easy to distinguish the hand of Dekker from that of Massinger,

yet finds a difficulty in appropriating their most characteristic language. . . . With respect to the scenes between the two buffoons, it would be an injury to the name of Massinger to waste a single argument in proving them not to be his. In saying this I am actuated by no hostility to Dekker, who in this Play has many passages which evince that he wanted not talents to rival, if he had pleased, his friend and associate."

To this Mr. Kingsley rejoins:—

"Every pains has been taken to prove that the indecent scenes in the play were not written by Massinger, but by Dekker: on what grounds we know not. We are aware of no canons of internal criticism which will enable us to decide, as boldly as Mr. Gifford does, that all the indecency is Dekker's, and all the poetry Massinger's."(23)

A recent writer on the "Minor Elizabethan Dramatists," observes:—

"To prove how much finer, in its essence, his genius was than the genius of so eminent a dramatist as Massinger, we only need to compare Massinger's portions of the play of *The Virgin Martyr* with Dekker's. The scene between Dorothea and Angelo, in which she recounts her first meeting with him as a "sweet-faced beggar-boy," and the scene in which Angelo brings to Theophilus the basket of fruit and flowers which Dorothea has plucked in Paradise, are inexpressibly beautiful in their exquisite

23 CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Plays and Puritans*. (Miscellanies, 1859, vol. ii. p. 114.)

fubtlety of imagination and artlefs elevation of fentiment." (24)

But a ftill better and earlier authority has fettled the queftion. In his Specimens of the Elizabethan Dramatifts, Charles Lamb extracts the fcene between Angelo and Dorothea, and fays :

"This fcene has beauties of fo very high an order that, with all my refpect for Maffinger, I do not think he had poetical enthufiafm capable of furnifhing them. His affociate Dekker, who wrote *Old Fortunatus*, had poetry enough for anything. The very impurities which obtrude themfelves among the fweet pieties of this play have a ftrength of contraft, a racinefs, and a glow in them, which are above Maffinger. They fet off the religion of the reft."

In 1628 and 1629 Dekker was, for two fucceffive years employed to write the Mayoralty Pageants *Britannia's Honor* and *London's Tempe* are the rareft, though certainly far from the beft of his pieces. In 1631 appeared the *Tragi-Comedy called, Match mee in London*, the plot of which is thus sketched in Genefte's *History of the Stage* :—

"Tormiella is the daughter of Malevento—her father had promifed her to Gazetto—fhe elopes from Cordova with Cordolente—they are married—he is a citizen and

xxxviii *Memoir of Thomas Dekker.*

shopkeeper of Seville—Malevento and Gazetto follow them to Seville—the King's Procurefs tells him of Tormiella—he visits her in disguise, and falls in love with her—he sends for her to court, and makes her one of the Queen's attendants—the Queen is offended and jealous of Tormiella—the King endeavours to debauch Tormiella—she continues firm in her attachment to her husband—at the conclusion, the King restores her to Cordolente, and is reconciled to the Queen. There is an underplot—Don John, the King's brother, wants to obtain the crown—in the last scene he renounces his ambitious views, and gains the King's pardon. The title seems to be a challenge to match Tormiella in London, if one can—the King concludes the play with saying that Tormiella has no parallel."

In 1632 Dekker prefixed some commendatory verses to Richard Brome's comedy of *The Northern Lasse*.

TO MY SONNE BROME AND HIS LASSE.

Which, then of Both shall I commend ?
Or Thee (that art my Sonne and Friend)
Or Her, by Thee begot ? A Girle
Twice worth the Cleopatrian Pearle.
No : 'tis not fit for Me to Grace
Thee, who art Mine ; and to thy Face.

Yet I could say, the merriest Mayd
Among the Nine, for Thee has layd
A Ghyrlond by ; and lieres to see
Pied Ideots teare the Daphnean Tree ;
Putting their Eyes out with those Boughes
With which Shee bids me deck thy Browes.

But what I bring shall crowne thy Daughter
(My grand child) who (though full of laughter)
Is Chast and Witty to the Time ;
Not Lumpish Cold, as is her Clime
By Phæbus Lyre, Thy Northern Laffe
Our Southern proudest Beauties passe :
Be Iouiall with thy Braynes (her mother)
And helpe her (Dick) to such Another.

THO. DEKKER.

Of *The Wonder of a Kingdom*, published in 1636, the German critic⁽²⁵⁾ already quoted speaks as follows :

“Das gewaltige Jugendfeuer, welches den Fortunatus durch-dringt, ist in diesem Drama erloschen. Beständiger Mangel an den ersten Bedürfnissen des Lebens, Neid seiner Feinde, vielleicht eigene Schwäche und Sünde verbunden mit dem Alter, scheinen die Kraft des so viel versprechenden Mannes gebrochen zu haben. Mit Wehmuth erinnern wir uns bei dieser Gelegenheit der Worte ienes Dichters :

“Nicht blofs erbleichen junge Rosenwangen,
Dem Geist auch droht's, dafs er sich überlebe !”

Hazlitt, however, speaks of the character of Iacomo Gentili in this play as “that truly ideal character of a magnificent patron.”

The two remaining plays of Dekker, written in conjunction with Ford—*The Sun's Darling*

25 Dr. Schmidt, *ubi supra*.

and *The Witch of Edmonton*—were not published until some years after his death—the former in 1656, and the latter in 1658.

Of *The Sun's Darling* Gifford writes as follows:—

“I know not on what authority Langbaine speaks [we have seen in another case on what a slender one]; but he expressly attributes the greater part of this moral masque to Ford. As far as concerns the last two acts, I agree with him; and a long and clear examination of this poet's manner enables me to speak with some degree of confidence. But I trace Dekker perpetually in the other three acts, and through the whole of the comic part. I think well of this poet, and should pause before I admitted the inferiority of his genius—as far, at least, as imagination is concerned—to that of Ford: but his rough vigour and his irregular metre generally enable us to mark the line between him and his more harmonious coadjutor.”

He remarks thus on *The Witch of Edmonton*:—

“It is very easy to sneer at the supernatural portions of this play—which I consider creditable to the talents and feelings of both poets. I believe in witchcraft no more than the critics; neither, perhaps, did Ford and Dekker, but they dealt with those who did; and we are less concerned with the visionary creed of our forefathers than with the skill and dexterity of those who wrote in conformity to it, and the moral or ethical maxims which they enable us to draw from it.

“The serious part of this drama is sweetly written. The character of Susan is delineated in Ford’s [?] happiest manner; pure, affectionate, confiding, faithful, and forgiving; anxious as a wife to prove her love, but fearful to offend, there is a mixture of warmth and pudency in her language, particularly in the concluding scene of the second act, which cannot fail to please the most fastidious reader. Winnifride is only second to her unfortunate rival; for, though highly culpable before marriage, she redeems her character as a wife, and insensibly steals upon our pity and regard. Even Katherine, with any other sister, would not pass unnoticed.

Carter is no unfair representative of the respectable yeoman (freeholder) of those days; and his frank and independent conduct is well contrasted with that of Banks, a small farmer, as credulous and ignorant as his labourers, positive, overbearing, and vindictive. The character of Sir Arthur Clarington is sustained with care and ability. Terrified, but not reclaimed from his profligacy by the law, he is everywhere equally odious, and ends the same mean, heartless, avaricious wretch he showed himself at first.

“Of the two plays,” says Mr. Swinburne, “which bear conjointly the names of Ford and Dekker, *The Sun’s Darling* is evidently, as Gifford calls it, a ‘piece of patch-work’ hastily stitched up for some momentary purpose; I suspect that the two poets did not work together on it, but that our present text is merely a recast by Ford of an earlier masque by Dekker: probably, as Mr. Collier has suggested, his lost play of *Phaeton*, for which we might be glad to exchange the ‘loop’d and window’d nakedness’ of this ragged version. In those parts which are plainly

remnants of Dekker's handiwork there are some scattered lines of great sweetness, such as those of lament for the dead spring. For the latter scenes, as Gifford observes, it is clear that Ford is in the main responsible; the intrusion in the fifth act of political satire and adulation is singularly perverse and infelicitous. In the opening-scene, also, between Raybright and the Priest of the Sun, I recognise the moral tone and metrical regulation of Ford's verse. Whatever the original may have been—and it was probably but a thin and hasty piece of work—it has doubtless suffered from the incongruous matter loosely sewn on to it; and the masque as it stands is too lax and incoherent in structure to be worth much as a sample of its flight kind, or to shew if there was anything of more significance or value in the first conception.

The Witch of Edmonton is a play of rare beauty and importance both on poetical and social grounds. It is perhaps the first protest of the stage against the horrors and brutalities of vulgar superstition; a protest all the more precious for the absolute faith in witchcraft and devilry which goes hand in hand with compassion for the instruments as well as the victims of magic. . . . Victor Hugo could hardly show a more tender and more bitter pity for the fordid and grovelling agonies of outcast old age and reprobate misery, than that which fills and fires the speech of the wretched hag from the first scene where she appears gathering sticks to warm herself, starved, beaten, lamed and bent double with blows, pitiable and terrible in her fierce abjection, to the last moment when she is led to execution through the roar of the rabble. In all this part of the play I trace the hand of Dekker; his intimate and familiar science of wretchedness, his great and gentle spirit of compassion for the poor and suffering,

with whom his own lot in life was so often cast, in prison and out. The two chief soliloquies of Mother Sawyer, her first and last invocations of the familiar, are noble samples of his passionate dramatic power; their style has a fiery impulse and rapidity quite unlike the usual manner of his colleague. . . . The part of Susan is one of Dekker's most beautiful and delicate studies; in three short scenes he has given an image so perfect in its simple sweetness as hardly to be overmatched outside the gallery of Shakespeare's women. The tender freshness of his pathos, its plain frank qualities of grace and strength, never showed themselves with purer or more powerful effect than here; the after-scene where Frank's guilt is discovered has the same force and vivid beauty. The interview of Frank with the disguised Winnifrede in this scene may be compared by the student of dramatic style with the parting of the same characters at the close; the one has all the poignant simplicity of Dekker, the other all the majestic energy of Ford. The rough buffoonery and horseplay of the clown and the familiar we may probably set down to Dekker's account; there is not much humour or meaning in it, but it is livelier and less offensive than most of Ford's attempts in that line."(26)

The precise date of Dekker's death is as uncertain as that of his birth; but "we hear nothing of him," says Mr. Collier, "after 1638, and he is supposed to have died before the Civil Wars."

The only portrait of Dekker known to exist

26 *Fortnightly Review*. Art. on JOHN FORD by A. C. Swinburne, July 1871, pp. 55—57.

is in a rude woodcut on the title-page of *Dekker his Dreame*: Lond. 1620.

Mr. Halliwell, in the preface to his reprint (1860) of this pamphlet, says: "There can be but little doubt that the woodcut on the title-page contains a genuine portrait of Dekker; and, as such, it is of great interest."

Some brief notices of a few of Dekker's prose productions, extracted from Mr. Payne Collier's *Bibliographical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language*, may be not without interest here:—

The (unique) tract entitled *Warres, Warres, Warres*, 1628, 12mo, is dedicated to Hugh Hammersley, Lord Mayor, and to the two Sheriffs of London and Middlesex for the year; and Dekker states that, as City Poet, he had been employed to write the pageant for Hammersley's Mayoralty, and he seems to have been not a little proud of it. He says, "What I offered up then was a Sacrifice *ex officio*. Custome tooke my Bond for the Performance; and on the day of the Ceremony I hope the debt was fully discharged." If it were ever printed it has not survived.

The Ravens Almanack (1609) is subscribed "T. Deckers," which was probably the printer's, certainly not the author's, mode of spelling his

Memoir of Thomas Dekker. xlv

name. There is a good "song sung by an olde Woman in a Medowe."

Of the Double PP, 1606, 4to, published anonymously, a presentation copy, with Dekker's autograph, is in existence. It has little but its rarity to recommend it; it is a violent, and, as far as we can understand the allusions, not very witty attack upon the Catholics, provoked by the Gunpowder Plot of the year preceding its publication.

The Seven Deadly Sinnes of London. 1606. 4to.

This tract was one of those which Dekker produced on the spur of his necessities, and he makes it a boast on his title-page that it only cost him a week's work. . . . As if determined not to lose any credit, or perhaps profit, by this production, Dekker not only placed his name prominently on the title-page, but he, somewhat unusually, subscribed it at the end, thus:—

"Dii me terrent, et Jupiter hostis."

Finis

Tho. Dekker."

The *Jupiter* and *Dii* were, perhaps at this time a bailiff and his followers, in search of the author for the non-payment of some debt.

The Guls Horne-booke, 1609, B. L. 4to.

This is unquestionably the most entertaining,

and, exclusive of his plays, perhaps the best of Dekker's numerous works in verse and prose. It is full of lively descriptions of the manners of the beginning of the reign of James I., including accounts of, or allusions to, most of the popular and fashionable amusements. The work is entirely prose, and is divided into eight chapters, which are introduced by a *Proemium*.

A writer, already quoted, has well summed up the character and career of Dekker in these words :—

“ A man whose inborn sweetness and gleefulness of soul carried him through vexations and miseries which would have crushed a spirit less hopeful, cheerful, and humane. He was probably born about the year 1575 ; commenced his career as player and playwright before 1598 ; and for forty years was an author by profession, that is, was occupied in fighting famine with his pen. The first intelligence we have of him is characteristic of his whole life. It is from Henslowe's Diary, under date of February, 1598 : ‘ Lent unto the company, to discharge Mr. Decker out of the counter in the powltry, the sum of 40 shillings.’ Oldys tells us that ‘ he was in King's Bench Prison from 1613 to 1616 ;’ and the antiquary adds ominously, ‘ how much longer I know not.’ Indeed, Dr. Johnson's celebrated condensation of the scholar's life would stand for a biography of Dekker :—

‘ Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.’

“ This forced familiarity with poverty and distress does not seem to have embittered his feelings or weakened the

Memoir of Thomas Dekker. xlviï

force and elasticity of his mind. He turned his calamities into commodities. If indigence threw him into the society of the ignorant, the wretched, and the depraved, he made the knowledge of low life he thus obtained serve his purpose as dramatist or pamphleteer. Whatever may have been the effect of his vagabond habits on his principles, they did not stain the sweetness and purity of his sentiments. There is an innocency in his very coarseness, and a brisk, bright good-nature chirps in his very scurrility. In the midst of distresses of all kinds, he seems, like his own Fortunatus, 'all felicity up to the brims;' but that his content with Fortune is not owing to an unthinking ignorance of her caprice and injustice is proved by the words he puts into her mouth." (27)

It is a sad story of genius allied to misfortune; of a man of the rarest gifts and insight, whom the iron tyranny of circumstance prevented from being wise for himself. Even the guerdon of Fame—that fallacious consolation and hope of the disappointed—seemed as if it were to evade him. The renewed impulse towards the study of our earlier poets has at last awakened a long-slumbering curiosity; but more than two centuries were to elapse after Thomas Dekker was laid in his grave before his immortal contributions to the English drama were destined to be placed within the reach of general readers.

27 *Atlantic Monthly*, 1867. § *Minor Elizabethan Dramatists*.

xlviii *Memoir of Thomas Dekker.*

The text has been reprinted *verbatim et literatim* from the original editions; the spelling and punctuation, and even the character of the type as far as possible, have been preserved. A few Notes and Illustrations (elucidative of difficult passages, and embodying the researches of Malone, Steevens, Reed, Collier, Dilke, Gifford, Fairholt, Dyce, and others) have been added to each volume; but the bickerings of rival editors have been carefully eliminated. Only a few of the notes are entirely original, but those borrowed from the sources above indicated, have in many cases been considerably altered, corrected, abridged, or amplified. This general acknowledgment will doubtless be deemed sufficient.



THE
SHOMAKERS
Holiday.

OR

The Gentle Craft.

With the humorous life of Simon
Eyre, shoemaker, and Lord Maior
of London.

As it was acted before the Queenes most excellent
Maiestie on New-yeares day at night last, by
the right honourable the Earle of Notingham,
Lord high Admirall of England, his seruants.



Printed by Valentine Sims dwelling at the foote of Adling
hill, neere Bainards Castle, at the signe of the White
Swanne, and are there to be sold.

1600.

[There are three later editions of *The Shoemakers' Holiday* published in Dekker's lifetime, bearing date 1610, 1618, and 1631 respectively. The present text has been formed by a careful collation of these with the first edition. Some of the verbal differences are indicated in footnotes.]



To all good Fellowes, Profeffors of
the Gentle Craft; of what degree
foeuer.

KInde Gentlemen, and honest boone Companions, I present you here with a merrie conceited Comedie, called, *the Shoemakers Holyday*, acted by my Lorde Admiralls Players this present Christmaffe, before the Queenes most excellent Maiestie. For the mirth and pleafant matter, by her Highnesse graciously accepted; being indeede no way offensiue. The Argument of the play I will set downe in this Epistle: Sir *Hugh Lacie* Earle of *Lincolne*, had a yong Gentleman of his owne name, his nere kinsman, that loued the Lorde Maiors daughter of London; to preuent and croffe which loue, the Earle caused his kinsman to be sent Coronell of a companie into France: who resigned his place to another gentleman his friend, and came disguised like a Dutch Shoemaker, to the house of *Symon Eyre* in Tower streete, who serued the Maior and his household with shoes. The merriments that passed in Eyres house, his comming to be Maior of *London*, *Lacis* getting his loue, and other accidents; with two merry Three-mens songs. Take all in good worth that is well intended, for nothing is purposed but mirth, mirth lengtheneth long life; which, with all other blessings I heartily wish you.

Farewell.



The first Three-mans

Song.

O the month of Maie, the merrie month of Maie,
So frolicke, so gay, and so greene, so greene, so greene:
O and then did I vnto my true loue fay,
Sweete Peg, thou shalt be my Summers Queene.

Now the Nightingale, the prettie Nightingale,
The fweetest singer in all the Forrest quier:
Intreates thee fweete Peggie, to heare thy true loues tale,
Loe, yonder she fitteth, her breast against a brier.

But O I spie the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo,
See where she fitteth, come away my ioy:
Come away I prithee, I do not like the Cuckoo
Should sing where my Peggie and I kisse and toy.

O the month of Maie, the merrie month of Maie,
So frolike, so gay, and so greene, so greene, so greene:
And then did I, vnto my true loue fay,
Sweete Peg, thou shalt be my Summers Queene.





The second Three-mans

Song.

This is to be fung at the latter end.

Cold's the wind, and wet's the raine,
Saint Hugh be our good speede :
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gaine,
Nor helps good hearts in neede.

Trowle the boll, the iolly Nut-browne boll,
And here kind mate to thee :
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hughes foule,
And downe it merrily.

Downe a downe, hey downe a downe,
Hey derie derie down a down, Clofe with the tenor
boy :
Ho well done, to me let come,
Ring compasse gentle ioy.

Trowle the boll, the Nut-browne boll,
And here kind, &c. *as often as there be men to drinke.*

At last when all haue drunke, this verse.

Cold's the wind, and wet's the raine,
Saint Hugh be our good speede :
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gaine,
Nor helps good hearts in neede.





The Prologue as it was pronounced

before the Queenes

Maiestie.

AS wretches in a storme (expecting day)
With trembling hands and eyes cast vp to heauen,
Make Prayers the anchor of their conquerd hopes,
So we (deere Goddesse) wonder of all eyes,
Your meanest vassalls (through mistrust and feare,
To sincke into the bottome of disgrace,
By our imperfit pastimes) prostrate thus
On bended knees, our failes of hope do strike,
Dreading the bitter stormes of your dislike.
Since then (vnhappy men) our hap is such,
That to our selues our selues no help can bring,
But needes must perish, if your faint-like eares
(Locking the temple where all mercy fits)
Refuse the tribute of our begging tongues.
Oh graunt (bright mirror of true Chastitie)
From those life-breathing starres your sun-like Eyes,
One gracious smile : for your celestiall breath
Must send vs life, or sentence vs to death.





A pleafant Comedie of
the Gentle Craft.

Enter Lord Maior, Lincolne.

Lincolne.



MY Lord Maior, you haue fundrie times
Feasted my felfe, and many Courtiers more,
Seldome, or neuer can we be fo kind,
To make requitall of your curtefie :
But leauing this, I heare my cofen Lacie
Is much affected to your daughter Rose.

L. Maior. True my good Lord, and ſhe loues him
fo wel,
That I miſlike her boldneſſe in the chace.

Lincol. Why my lord Maior, think you it then a
ſhame,
To ioyne a Lacie with an Otleys name ?

L. Maior. Too meane is my poore girle for his high
birth,
Poore Cittizens muſt not with Courtiers wed,
Who will in filkes, and gay apparrell ſpend
More in one yeare, then I am worth by farre,
Therefore your honour neede not doubt my girle.

Lincolne. Take heede my Lord, aduiſe you what
you do,
A verier vnthrift liues not in the world,
Then is my cofen, for Ile tel you what,

Tis now almost a yeare since he requested
 To trauell countries for experience,
 I furnisht him with coyne, billes of exchange,
 Letters of credite, men to waite on him,
 Solicited my friends in Italie
 Well to respect him : but to see the end :
 Scant had he iornied through halfe Germanie,
 But all his coyne was spent, his men cast off,
 His billes imbezeld, and my iolly coze,
 Asham'd to shew his bankrupt presence here,
 Became a Shoemaker in Wittenberg,
 A goodly science for a gentleman
 Of such discent : now iudge the rest by this.
 Suppose your daughter haue a thousand pound,
 He did consume me more in one halfe yeare,
 And make him heyre to all the wealth you haue,
 One twelue moneth's rioting wil waste it all,
 Then seeke (my Lord) some honest Cittizen
 To wed your daughter to.

L. Maior. I thanke your Lordship,
 Wel Foxe, I vnderstand your subtiltie,
 As for your nephew, let your lordships eie
 But watch his actions, and you neede not feare,
 For I haue my daughter farre enough,
 And yet your cofen Rowland might do well
 Now he hath learn'd an occupation,
 And yet I scorne to call him sonne in law.

Lincolne. I but I haue a better trade for him,
 I thanke his grace he hath appointed him,
 Chiefe colonell of all those companies
 Mustred in London, and the shires about,
 To serue his highnesse in those warres of France :
 See where he comes : Louel what newes with you ?

Enter Louell, Lacie, and Askew.

Louell. My Lord of Lincolne, tis his highnesse
 will,
 That presently your cofen ship for France
 With all his powers, he would not for a million,

But they should land at Deepe within foure daies.

Linc. Goe certifie his grace it shall be done :

Exit Louell.

Now cofen Lacie, in what forwardnesse

Are all your companies ?

Lacie. All wel prepar'd,

The men of Hartfordshire lie at Mile end,

Suffolke, and Effex, traine in Tuttle fields,

The Londoners, and those of Middlesex,

All gallantly prepar'd in Finfbury,

With frolike spirits, long for their parting houre.

L. Maior. They haue their imprest, coates, and
furniture,

And if it please your cofen Lacie come

To the Guild Hall, he shall receiue his pay,

And twentie pounds besides my brethren

Will freely giue him, to approue our loues

We beare vnto my Lord your vnclie here.

Lacie. I thanke your honour.

Lincoln. Thankes my good Lord Maior.

L. Ma. At the Guild Hal we wil expect your
comming. *Exit.*

Lincolne. To approue your loues to me? no
fubtiltie

Nephew : that twentie pound he doth bestow,

For ioy to rid you from his daughter Rose :

But cofens both, now here are none but friends,

I would not haue you cast an amorous eie

Upon so meane a proiect, as the loue

Of a gay wanton painted cittizen,

I know this churle, euen in the height of scorne,

Doth hate the mixture of his bloud with thine,

I pray thee do thou so, remember coze,

What honourable fortunes wayt on thee,

Increase the kings loue which so brightly shines,

And gilds thy hopes, I haue no heire but thee :

And yet not thee, if with a wayward spirit,

Thou start from the true byas of my loue.

Lacie. My Lord, I will (for honor (not desire

Of lands or liuings) or to be your heire)
So guide my actions in pursuit of France,
As shall adde glorie to the Lacies name.

Lincolne Coze, for those words heres thirtie Portugues,
And Nephew Askew, there's a few for you,
Faire Honour in her loftiest eminence
Staies in France for you till you fetch her thence,
Then Nephewes, clap swift wings on your dissignes,
Be gone, be gone, make haste to the Guild Hall,
There presently Ile meete you, do not stay,
Where honour becomes, shame attends delay. *Exit.*

Askew. How gladly would your vncler haue you gone?

Lacie. True coze, but Ile ore-reach his policies,
I haue some ferious bufinesse for three dayes,
Which nothing but my presence can dispatch,
You therefore cofen with the companies
Shall haste to Douer, there Ile meete with you,
Or if I stay past my prefixed time,
Away for France, weele meete in Normandie,
The twentie pounds my Lord Maior giues to me
You shall receiue, and these ten portugues,
Part of mine vncler thirtie, gentle coze,
Haue care to our great charge, I know your wisedome
Hath tride it selfe in higher consequence.

Askew. Coze, al my selfe am yours, yet haue this care,
To lodge in London with al secrecie,
Our vncler Lincolne hath (besides his owne)
Many a ieaalous eie, that in your face
Stares onely to watch meanes for your disgrace.

Lacie. Stay cofen, who be these?

Enter Symon Eyre, his wife, Hodge, Firk, Jane, & Rafe with a peece.

Eyre. Leauce whining, leauce whining, away with

this/whimpering, this pewling, these blubbring teares,
and these/wet eies, Ile get thy husband discharg'd, I
warrant thee/sweete Jane: go to.

Hodge. Master, here be the captaines.

Eyre. Peace Hodge, husht ye knaue, husht.

Firke. Here be the caualiers, and the coronels,
maister.

Eyre. Peace Firke, peace my fine Firke, stand by
with/your pishery pasherie, away, I am a man of the
best presence, Ile speake to them and they were
Popes, gentlemen, captaines, colonels, commanders:
braue men, braue leaders, may it please you to giue
me audience, I am Simon Eyre, the mad Shoemaker
of Tower streete, this wench with the/mealy mouth that
wil neuer tire, is my wife I can tel you, heres
Hodge my man, and my foreman, heres Firke my fine
firking iourney-man, and this is blubbered Jane, al
we come to be futers for this honest Rafe keepe him
at home, and as I/am a true shoemaker, and a gentle-
man of the Gentle Craft, buy spurs your self, and Ile
find ye bootes these feuen yeeres.

Wife. Seuen yeares husband?

Eyre. Peace Midriffe, peace, I know what I do,
peace.

Firk. Truly master cormorant, you shal do God
good seruice to let Rafe and his wife stay together,
shees a yong new/married woman, if you take her
husband away from her a/night, you undoo her, she
may beg in the day time, for hees as/good a workman
at a pricke and awle, as any is in our trade.

Jane. O let him stay, else I shal be vndone.

Firke. I truly, she shal be laid at one side like a
paire of old/shooes else, and be occupied for no vse.

Lacie. Truly my friends, it lies not in my power,
The Londoners are prest, paide, and set forth
By the Lord Maior, I cannot change a man.

Hodge. Why then you were as good be a corporall,
as a/colonel, if you cannot discharge one good fellow,
and I tell/you true, I thinke you doe more then you

can answere, to preffe a man within a yeare and a day of his marriage.

Eyre. Wel said melancholy Hodge, gramercy my fine foreman.

Wife. Truly gentlemen, it were il done, for such as you, to stand so stiffely against a poore yong wife: considering her case, she is newly married, but let that passe: I pray deale not roughly with her, her husband is a yong man and but newly entred, but let that passe.

Eyre. Away with your pisherie pasherie, your pols and your edipolls, peace Midasse, silence Cisly Bumtrincket, let your head speake.

Firke. Yea and the hornes too, master.

Eyre. Too soone, my fine Firk, too soone: peace scoundrels, see you this man? Captaines, you will not release him, wel let him go, he is a proper shot, let him vanish, peace Jane, drie vp thy teares, theile make his powder dankish, take him braue men, Hector of Troy was a hackney to him, Hercules and Termagant scoundrelles, Prince Arthurs Round table, by the Lord of Ludgate, nere fed such a tall, such a dapper swordman: by the life of Pharo, a braue resolute swordman, peace Jane, I fay no more, mad knaues.

Firk. See, see Hodge, how my maister raues in commendation of Rafe.

Hodge. Raph, thou'rt a gull by this hand, an thou goest not.

Askew. I am glad (good master Eyre) it is my hap To meete so resolute a souldiour.

Trust me, for your report, and loue to him,
A common flight regard shall not respect him.

Lacie. Is thy name Raph?

Raph. Yes sir.

Lacie. Giue me thy hand,
Thou shalt not want, as I am a gentleman:
Woman, be patient, God (no doubt) wil fend
Thy husband safe againe, but he must go,

His countries quarrel faves, it shall be so.

Hodge. Thart a gull by my stirrop, if thou dost not goe, I wil not haue thee strike thy gimblet into these weake vessels, pricke thine ememies Rafe.

Enter Dodger.

Dodger. My lord, your vncl on the Tower hill, Stayes with the lord Mayor, and the Aldermen, And doth request you with al speede you may To hasten thither. *Exit Dodger.*

Askew. Cofin, come let vs go.

Lacy. *Dodger*, runne you before, tel them we come, This *Dodger* is mine uncles parasite, The arrantst varlet that e're breathd on earth, He sets more discord in a noble house, By one daies broching of his pick-thanke tales, Then can be salu'd againe in twentie yeares, And he (I feare) shall go with vs to France, To prie into our actions.

Askew. Therefore coze, It shall behooue you to be circumspect.

Lacy. Feare not good cofen : Raph, hie to your colours.

Raph. I must, because there is no remedie, But gentle maister and my louing dame, As you haue alwaies beene a friend to me, So in mine absence thinke vpon my wife.

Jane. Alas my Raph.

Wife. She cannot speake for weeping.

Eyre. Peace you crackt groates, you mustard tokens, disquiet not the brave souldier, goe thy waies Raph.

Jane. I I, you bid him go, what shal I do when he is gone?

Firk. Why be doing with me, or my fellow Hodge, be not idle.

Eyre. Let me see thy hand Jane, this fine hand, this white hand, these prettie fingers must spin, must card, must worke, worke you bombaft cotten-candle-

queane, worke for your liuing with a pox to you : hold thee Raph, heres five sixpences for thee, fight for the honour of the *Gentle Craft*, for the gentlemen Shoemakers, the couragious Cordwainers, the flower of S. Martins, the mad knaues of Bedlem, Fleetstreete, Towerstreete, and white Chappell, cracke me the crownes of the French knaues, a poxe on them, cracke them, fight, by the lord of Ludgate, fight my fine boy.

Firke. Here Rafe, here's three two pences, two carry into France, the third shal wash our foules at parting (for sorrow is drie) for my sake, Firke the *Basa mon cues.*

Hodge. Raph, I am heauy at parting, but heres a shilling for thee, God send thee to cramme thy flocs with French crownes, and thy enemies bellies with bullets.

Raph. I thanke you maister, and I thanke you all :
Now gentle wife, my louing louely Jane,
Rich men at parting, giue their wiues rich gifts,
Jewels and rings, to grace their lillie hands,
Thou know'st our trade makes rings for womens
heeles :

Here take this paire of shooes cut out by Hodge,
Sticht by my fellow Firke, seam'd by my selfe,
Made vp and pinckt, with letters for thy name,
Weare them my deere Jane, for thy hufbands sake,
And euerie morning when thou pull'st them on,
Remember me, and pray for my returne,
Make much of them, for I haue made them so,
That I can know them from a thousand mo.

Sound drumme, enter Lord Maior, Lincolne, Lacy, Askeio, Dodger, and souldiers, They passe ouer the stage, Rafe fallles in amongst them, Firke and the rest cry farewell, &c. and so Excunt.

Enter Rose alone making a Garland.

Rose. Here sit thou downe vpon this flowry banke,
And make a garland for thy *Lacies* head,

These pinkes, these rofes, and these violets,
 These blufhing gilliflowers, thefe marigoldes,
 The faire embroidery of his coronet,
 Carry not halfe fuch beauty in their cheekes,
 As the fweete countnaunce of my *Lacy* doth.
 O my moft vnkinde father ! O my ftarres !
 Why lowrde you fo at my natiuity,
 To make me loue, yet liue robd of my loue ?
 Here as a theefe am I imprifoned
 (For my deere *Lacies* fake) within thofe walles,
 Which by my fathers coft were builded vp
 For better purpofes : here muft I languifh
 For him that doth as much lament (I know)
 Mine abfence, as for him I pine in woe.

Enter Sibil.

Sibil. Good morrow yong Miftris, I am fure you
 make that garland for me, againft I fhall be Lady of
 the Harueft.

Rofe. *Sibil*, what news at London ?

Sibil. None but good : my lord Mayor your
 father, and maifter *Philpot* your vncke, and maifter
Scot your coofin, and miftris *Frigbottom* by Doctors
 Commons, doe all (by my troth) fend you moft hearty
 commendations.

Rofe. Did *Lacy* fend kind greetings to his loue ?

Sibil. O yes, out of cry, by my troth, I fcant
 knew him, here a wore a fcarffe, and here a fcarffe, here
 a bunch of fetters, and here pretious ftones and
 iewells, and a paire of garters : O monftrous ! like one
 of our yellow filke curtains, at home here in Old-ford
 houfe, here in maifter *Bellymounts* chamber, I floode
 at our doore in Cornehill, lookt at him, he at me
 indeed, fpake to him, but he not to me, not a word,
 mary gup thought I with a wanion, he pafft by me as
 prowde, mary foh, are you growne humorous thought
 I ? and fo fhut the doore, and in I came.

Rofe. O *Sibill*, how doft thou my *Lacy* wrong ?
 My Rowland is as gentle as a lambe,

No doue was euer halfe so milde as he.

Sibil. Milde? yea, as a bushel of stamp't crabs, he lookt vpon me as sowre as veriuice: goe thy wayes thought I, thou maist be much in my gaskins, but nothing in my neather stockes: this is your fault mistris, to loue him that loues not you, he thinkes scorne to do as he's done to, but if I were as you, Ide cry, go by *Ieronimo*, go by, Ide set mine olde debts against my new driblets, and the hares foot against the goose giblets, for if euer I sigh when sleepe I should take, pray God I may loose my mayden-head when I wake.

Rose. Will my loue leaue me then and go to France?

Sibill. I knowe not that, but I am sure I see him stalke before the fouldiers, by my troth he is a proper man, but he is proper that proper doth, let him goe snicke-vp yong mistris.

Rose. Get thee to London, and learne perfectly, Whether my *Lacy* go to France, or no: Do this, and I wil giue thee for thy paines, My cambricke apron, and my romish gloues, My purple stockings, and a stomacher, Say, wilt thou do this *Sibil* for my sake?

Sibil. Will I quoth a? at whose suite? by my troth yes, Ile go, a cambricke apron, gloues, and a paire of purple stockings, and a stomacher, Ile sweat in purple mistris for you, ile take any thing that comes a Gods name, O rich, a Cambricke apron; faith then haue at vp tailes all, Ile go, Jiggy, Joggy to London, and be here in a trice yong Mistris. *Exit.*

Rose. Do so good Sibill, meane time wretched I Will sit and sigh for his lost companie. *Exit.*

Enter Rowland Lacy like a Dutch Shooe-maker.

Lacy. How many shap'es haue gods and kings deuifde,

Thereby to compasse their desired loues?

It is no shame for Rowland Lacy then,

To clothe his cunning with the Gentle Craft,
 That thus disguisde, I may vnknowne possesse,
 The onely happie prefence of my Rose :
 For her haue I forfooke my charge in France,
 Incurd the kings displeasure, and stir'd vp
 Rough hatred in mine vncke Lincolnes brest :
 O loue, how powerfull art thou, that canst change
 High birth to baseneffe, and a noble mind,
 To the meane semblance of a shooemaker :
 But thus it must be, for her cruell father,
 Hating the single vnion of our soules,
 Hath secretly conueyd my Rose from London,
 To barre me of her prefence, but I trust
 Fortune and this disguise will further me
 Once more to view her beautie, gaine her sight,
 Here in Towerstreete with Eyre the shooe-maker,
 Meane I a while to worke, I know the trade,
 I learn't it when I was at Wittenberge :
 Then cheere thy hoping sprites, be not dismaide,
 Thou canst not want, do fortune what she can,
 The Gentle Craft is liuing for a man. *Exit.*

Enter Eyre making himselfe readie.

Eyre. Where be these boyes, these girles, these
 drabbes, these scoundrels, they wallow in the fat
 brewisse of my boutie, and licke vp the crums of my
 table, yet wil not rise to see my walkes cleansed : come
 out you powder-beefe-queanes, what Nan, what
 Madge-mumble-crust, come out you fatte Midriffe-swag-
 belly whores, and sweepe me these kennels, that the
 noysome stench offende not the nose of my neigh-
 bours : (1) what Firke I say, what Hodge ? open my
 shop windowes, what Firke I say.

Enter Firke.

Firke. O Master, ist you that speake bandog and

(1) The later Editions read "that the noysome filth offend not the noses of neighbors."

Bedlam / this morning, I was in a dreame, and mused what mad-man / was got into the street so earely, haue you drunk this morning that your throat is so cleere ?

Eyre. Ah well said *Firke*, well said *Firke*, to worke my fine knaue, to worke, wash thy face, and thou'lt be more blest.

Firke. Let them wash my face that will eate it, good Master fend for a Soufe-wife, if you will haue my face cleaner.

Enter Hodge.

Eyre. Away flouen, auant fcountrell, good morrow *Hodge*, good morrow my fine Fore-man.

Hodge. O Master, good morrow, y'are an earely stirrer, heere's a faire morning, good morrow *Firke*, I could haue slept this houre, heer's a braue day towards.

Eyre. O hast to worke my fine Fore-man, hast to worke.

Firke. Master, I am drie as dust to heare my fellow *Roger* talke of faire weather, let vs pray for good leather, and let Clownes and Plow-boyes, and those that worke in the fields pray for braue daies, wee worke in a drie shoppe, what care I if it raine ?

Enter Eyres wife.

Eyre. How now dame *Margerie*, can you see to rise ? trip and go, call up the drabs your maides.

Wife. See to rise ? I hope tis time enough, tis early enough for any Woman to bee seene abroad, I maruell how many wiues in Tower street are vp so soone : Gods me tis not noone, heeres a yawling.

Eyre. Peace *Margerie*, peace, wher's *Cisly Bum-trinket* your maid ? shee hath a priuie fault, shee farts in her sleepe, call the queane vp, if my men want shooe threed, Ile swinge her in a stirrop.

Firke. Yet that's but a drie beating, heere's still a signe of drought.

Enter Lacy singing.

Lacy. Der was een bore van Gelder-
land, Frolick si byen,
He was als dronke he cold nyet stand,
by solce se byen,
Tap eens de canneken drinck schone
mannekin.

Firke. Maister, for my life yonders a brother of the Gentle Craft, if hee beare not Saint *Hughes* bones Ile forfeit my bones, hee's some vplandish workeman, hire him good maister, that I may learne some gibble gabble, 'twill make vs worke the faster.

Eyre. Peace *Firke*, a hard world, let him passe, let him vanish, we haue iournymen enow, peace my fine *Firke*.

Wife. Nay nay y'are best follow your mans coun- cell, you shall see what will come on't, we haue not men enow, but wee must entertaine euery butterboxe ; but let that passe.

Hodge. Dame, fore God if my maister follow your counsell hee'le consume little beefe, he shall be glad of men, and he can catch them.

Firke. I that he shall.

Hodge. Afore God a proper man, and I warrant a fine workeman : Maister farewell, dame adue, if such a man as he cannot find worke, *Hodge* is not for you.

Offer to goe.

Eyre. Stay my fine *Hodge*.

Firke. Faith and your foreman goe, dame you must take a iourney to seeke a new iourneyman, if *Roger* remoue, *Firke* followes, if Saint *Hughes* bones shall not be fet a worke, I may pricke mine awle in the wals, and goe play : fare ye wel maister, God buy dame.

Eyre. Tarrie my fine *Hodge*, my briske foreman, stay *Firke* peace pudding broth, by the Lord of Lud- gate I loue my men as my life, peace you gallimaufrey,

Hodge if hee want worke Ile hire him, one of you to him, stay he comes to vs.

Lacy. Goeden dach meester, ende v bro oak.

Firke. Nailes if I should speak after him without drinking, I should choak, and you friend Oake, are you of the gentle craft?

Lacy. Daw, yaw, ick beene den shoemaker.

Firke. Den shoemaker quoth a, and hearke you shoemaker, haue you all your tooles, a good rubbing pin, a good stopper, a good dresser, your foure forts of Aules, and your two balles of waxe, your paring knife, your hand and thum-leathers, and good Saint *Hughes* bones to smooth vp your worke.

Lacy. Daw, yaw, bee niet vor beard, ik hab all de dingen, bour mack schoes groot and cleane.

Firke. Ha, ha, good master hire him, heele make me laugh so that I shall worke more in mirth than I can in earnest.

Eyre. Heere you friend, haue you any skill in the mystery of Cordwainers?

Lacy. Ick weet niet wat you seg ick versta v niet.

Firk. Why thus man, Ick verste v niet, quoth a.

Lacy. Daw, yaw, yaw, ick can dat well doen.

Firke. Yaw, yaw, he speakes yawing like a Jack daw, that gapes to be fed with cheefe curdes, O heele giue a villanous pull at a can of double beere, but *Hodge* and I haue the vantage, wee must drinke first, because wee are the eldest Iourneymen.

Eyre. What is thy name?

Lacy. *Hans, Hans, Meulter.*

Eyre. Giue me thy hand, thou art welcome,
Hodge, entertaine him, *Firke* bid him welcome, come
Hans, run wife, bid your maids, your trulli-bubs, make
ready my fine mens breakfasts: to him *Hodge.*

Hodge. Hans, th'art welcome, vse thy selfe friendly,
for we are good fellowes, if not, thou shalt be fought
with, wert thou bigger than a Gyant.

Firk. Yea, and drunk with, wert thou *Gargantua,*
my master keeps no Cowards, I tell thee: hoe, boy,
bring him an heele-blocke, heers a new iourneyman.

Enter Boy.

Lacy. ☉ ich wersto you, ich moet
een halbe dossen Cans betalen: here boy
nempt dis skilling, tap eens freelicke.

Exit Boy.

Eyre. Quicke snipper snapper, away *Firk,* scowre
thy throat, thou shalt wash it with Castillian liquor.

Enter Boy.

Come my last of the fues, give mee a Can, haue to
thee *Hans,* here *Hodge,* here *Firke,* drinke you mad
Greekes, and worke like true Troyans, and pray for
Simon Eyre the Shoomaker, heere *Hans* and th'art
welcome.

Firke. Lo dame, you would haue lost a good fel-
low that will teach vs to laugh, this beere came hop-
ing in well.

Wife. Simon, it is almost feuen.

Eyre. Ist so dame clapper dudgeon, ist feuen a
clocke, and my mens breakfast not readie? trip and
go you fowst cunger, away, come you madde Hiperbo-
reans, follow me *Hodge,* follow me *Hans,* come after

my fine *Firke*, to worke, to worke a while, and then to breakfast. *Exit.*

Firke. Soft, yaw, yaw, good *Hans*, though my maſter haue no more wit but to call you afore me, I am not ſo fooliſh to go behind you, I being the elder iourneymen. *Exeunt.*

Hollowing within. Enter Warner and Hammon, like hunters.

Hammon. Cofen beate euery brake, the game's not farre,
This way with winged feet he fled from death,
Whilſt the purſuing hounds ſenting his ſteps,
Find out his high way to deſtruction.
Beſides, the Millers boy told me euen now,
He ſaw him take foile and he hallowed him :
Affirming him ſo embold,
That long he could not hold.

Warner. If it be ſo,
Tis beſt we trace theſe meddowes by Old-Ford.

A noiſe of hunters within, enter a boy.

Hammon. How now boy, where's the Deere ?
ſpeak, ſawſt thou him ?

Boy. O yea, I ſaw him leape through a hedge, and then ouer a ditch, then at my Lord Maiors pale ouer he ſkipt mee, and in he went me, and holla the hunters cride, and there boy, there boy, but there he is a mine honeſtie.

Ham. Boy God a mercie, Cofen lets away,
I hope we ſhall find better ſport to day. *Exeunt.*

Hunting within, enter Roſe and Sibill.

Roſe. Why *Sibill*, wilt thou proue a Forreſter?

Sibill. Upon ſome no. Forreſter go by : no faith miſtris, the Deere came running into the Barne, through the Orchard and ouer the pale, I wot well, I look't as pale as a new cheefe to ſee him, but whip ſaies goodman Pincloſe, vp with his flaile, and our *Nicke*

with a prong, and downe he fell, and they vpon him, and I vpon them, by my troth wee had fuch sport, and in the end we ended him, his throat wee cut, flead him, vnhorned him, and my Lord Maior shall eate of him anon when he comes.

Hornes found within.

Rofe. Heark, heark, the hunters come, y'are best take heed,
They'l haue a faying to you for this deed.

Enter Hammon, Warner, huntfmen, and boy.

Ham. God faue you faire Ladies.

Sibill. Ladies, O groffe!

War. Came not a Bucke this way?

Rofe. No, but two Does.

Ham. And which way went they? faith wee'l hunt at thofe.

Sibill. At thofe? vpon fome no: when, can you tell?

War. Vpon fome, I.

Sibill. Good Lord!

War. Zounds then farewell.

Ham. Boy, which way went he?

Boy. This way fir he ran.

Ham. This way he ran indeed, faire Miftris *Rofe*,
Our game was lately in your orchard feene.

War. Can you aduife which way he tooke his flight?

Sibill. Follow your nofe, his hornes will guide you right.

War. Th'art a mad wench.

Sibill. O rich!

Rofe. Trust me, not I,

It is not like that the wild forreft deere,
Would come fo neere to places of refort,
You are deceiu'd, he fled fome other way.

War. Which way my fugar-candy, can you fhew?

Sibill. Come vp good honnifops, vpon fome, no.

- Rofe.* Why do you stay and not purfue your game ?
Sibill. Ile hold my life their hunting nags be lame.
Ham. A deere, more deere is found within this place.
Rofe. But not the Deere (fir) which you had in chace.
Ham. I chac'd the deere, but this deere chafeth me.
Rofe. The strangest hunting that euer I fee,
 But where's your parke ?

She offers to go away.

- Ham.* Tis here : O stay.
Rofe. Impale me, and then I will not stray.
War. They wrangle wench, we are more kind than they.
Sibill. What kind of heart is that (deere heart) you feeke ?
War. A Hart, deere heart.
Sibill. Who euer saw the like ?
Rofe. To lose your heart, is't possible you can ?
Ham. My heart is lost.
Rofe. Alacke good Gentleman.
Ham. This poore lost heart would I wish you might find.
Rofe. You by such luck might proue your heart a hind.
Ham. Why Lucke had hornes, so haue I heard some fay ?
Rofe. Now God and't be his will fend luck into your way.

Enter L. Maior, and seruants.

- L. Ma.* What M. *Hammon*, welcome to Old Ford.
Sibill. Gods pittikins, hands off fir, heeres my Lord.

L. Ma. I heare you had ill lucke, and lost your game.

Ham. Tis true my Lord.

L. Ma. I am forrie for the same.

What gentleman is this?

Ham. My brother in law.

L. Ma. Y'are welcome both, sith Fortune offers you

Into my hands, you shall not part from hence,
Untill you haue refresht your wearied limbes.
Go Sibill couer the boord, you shall be guest
To no good cheere, but euen a hunters feast.

Ham. I thanke your Lordship : coufen, on my life,
For our lost venison I shall find a wife. *Exeunt.*

L. Ma. In gentlemen, Ile not be absent long.
This *Hammon* is a proper gentleman,
A citizen by birth, fairely allide,
How fit a husband were he for my girle?
Well, I will in, and do the best I can,
To match my daughter with this gentleman. *Exit.*

Enter Lacy, Skipper, Hodge, and Firke.

Skip. Eek sal yow wat seggen Hans,
dis skip dat comen from Candy is alwol,
by gots sacrament, van sugar, ciuet, al-
monds, Cambrirke, end alle dingen tow-
land towsland ding, nempt it Hans,
nempt it vor v meester, daer be bils van
laden, your meester Symon Eyre sal hae
good copen, wat seggen yow Hans?

Firke. What seggen de reggen de copen, flopen,
laugh *Hodge* laugh.

Lacie. Mine lieuer broder *Firke*,
bringt meester *Eyre* lot det signe vn

Swannkin, dare sal you finde dis skipper end me, wat seggen yow broder *Firke*? doot it *Hodge* come Skipper.

Exeunt.

Firke. Bring him qd. you, heeres no knauerie, to bring my maister to buy a ship, worth the lading of 2. or 3. hundred thousand pounds, alas that's nothing, a trifle, a bable *Hodge*.

Hod. The truth is *Firke*, that the Marchant owner of the Ship dares not shew his head, and therefore this Skipper that deales for him, for the loue he beares to *Hans*, offers my master *Eyre* a bargaine in the commodities, he shal haue a reasonable day of payment, he may sell the wares by that time, and be an huge gainer himselfe.

Firk. Yea, but can my fellow *Hans* lend my master twenty porpentines as an earnest pennie.

Hod. Portegues thou wouldst say, here they be
Firke,
hark, they gingle in my pocket like *S. Mary Querics* bells.

Enter Eyre and his Wife.

Firk. Mum, here comes my Dame and my Master, sheele scold on my life, for loytering this Monday, but al's one, let them all say what they can, Monday's our holyday.

Wife. You sing fir fauce, but I beshrew your heart, I feare for this your singing we shall smart.

Firk. Smart for me dame, why dame, why?

Hod. Master, I hope yowle not suffer my Dame to take downe your Journeyemen.

Firk. If she take me downe, Ile take her vp, yea and take her downe too, a button-hole lower.

Eyre. Peace *Firke*, not I *Hodge*, by the life of *Pharao*, by the Lord of *Ludgate*, by this beard, euery haire whereof I value at a Kings ranfome, she shall not meddle with you, peace you bumbast-cotten-candle

queane, away Queene of Clubs, quarrel not with me and my men, with me and my fine *Firke*, ile firke you if you do.

Wife. Yea yea man, you may vse me as you please : but let that passe.

Eyre. Let it passe, let it vanish away : peace, am I not *Simon Eyre* ? are not these my braue men ? braue Shoemakers, all gentlemen of the Gentle Craft ? Prince am I none, yet am I nobly borne, as being the sole sonne of a Shoemaker, away rubbish, vanish, melt, melt like kitchin stuffe.

Wife. Yea, yea, tis well, I must be cald rubbish, kitchin-stuffe, for a fort of knaues.

Firke. Nay dame, you shall not weepe and waile in woe for me : master Ile stay no longer, heere's a vennentorie of my shop tooles : adue master, *Hodge* farewell.

Hodge. Nay stay *Firke*, thou shalt not go alone.

Wife. I pray let them go, there be more maids than Mawkin, more men than *Hodge*, and more fooles than *Firke*.

Firke. Fooles ? nailes if I tarrie now, I would my guts might be turned to shoo-thread.

Hodge. And if I stay, I pray God I may be turnd to a Turk, and set in Finfburie for boyes to shoot at : come *Firke*.

Eyre. Stay my fine knaues, you armes of my trade, you pillars of my profession, What, shall a tittle tattles words make you forsake *Simon Eyre* ? au aunt Kitchin-stuffe, rippe you browne bread tannikin, out of my sight, moue mee not, haue not I tane you from selling Tripes in Eastcheape, and set you in my shop, and made you haile fellow with *Simon Eyre* the Shoemaker ? and now doe you deale thus with my Journey-men ? Looke you powder-beefe queane on the face of *Hodge* : heeres a face for a Lord.

Firke. And heere's a face for any Lady in Christendome.

Eyre. Rip you chitterling, au aunt boy, bid the Tapf-

ter of the Bores head fill me a doozen Cannes of beere for my iourneymen.

Firke. A doozen Cans? O braue, *Hodge* now Ile flay.

Eyre. And the knaue fils any more than two, hee payes for them: a doozen Cans of beere for my Journemen, heere you mad *Mesopotamians*, wash your liuers with this liquour, where bee the odde ten? no more Madge, no more, well said, drink & to work: what work dost thou *Hodge*? what work?

Hod. I am a making a paire of shooes for my Lord Maiors daughter, mistresse *Rofe*.

Firk. And I a paire of shooes for *Sibill* my Lords maide, I deale with her.

Eyre. *Sibill*? fie, defile not thy fine workemanly fingers with the feet of Kitchin stufse, and basting ladles, Ladies of the Court, fine Ladies, my lads, commit their feet to our apparelling, put grosse worke to *Hans*: yarke and feame: yarke and feame.

Firk. For yarking and feaming let me alone, & I I come toot.

Hod. Well master all this is from the bias, doe you remember the Shippe my fellow *Hans* told you of, the Skipper and he are both drinking at the Swan? here be the Portugues to giue earnest, if you goe through with it, you cannot choose but be a Lord at least.

Firk. Nay dame, if my master proue not a Lord, and you a Lady, hang me.

Wife. Yea like enough, if you may loyter and tipple thus.

Firke. Tipple Dame? no we haue beene bargaining with Skellum Scanderbag: can you Dutch spreaken, for a Shippe of Silke Cipresse, laden with Sugar Candy.

Enter the boy with a veluet coat, and an Aldermans gowne, Eyre puts it on.

Eyr. Peace *Firk*, silence tittle tattle: *Hodge*, ile go

through with it, heers a seale ring, and I haue fent for a'garded gown and a damaske casocke, see where it comes, looke heere Maggy, helpe me *Firk*, apparrell me *Hodge*, filke and fatten you mad Philistines, filke and fatten.

Firk. Ha, ha, my master will be as proud as a dogge in a doublet, all in beaten damaske and veluet.

Eyr. Softly *Firke*, for rearing of the nap, and wearing thread-beare my garments : how dost thou like mee *Firke*? how do I looke my fine *Hodge*?

Hod. Why now you looke like your selfe master, I warrant you, ther's few in the citie, but will giue you the wall, and come vpon you with the right worshipfull.

Firk. Nailes my master lookes like a thread-beare cloake new turn'd, and drest : Lord, Lord, to see what good raiment doth? dame, dame, are you not enamoured?

Eyr. How saist thou Maggy, am I not brisk? am I not fine?

Wife. Fine? by my troth sweet heart very fine : by my troth I neuer likt thee so well in my life sweet heart. But let that passe, I warrant there bee many women in the citie haue not such handsome husbands, but onely for their apparell, but let that passe too.

Enter Hans and Skipper.

Hans. Godden day mester, dis be de skipper dat heb de skip van marchandize, de commodity ben good, nempt it mester, nempt it.

Eyr. God a mercy *Hans*, welcome Skipper, where lies this ship of marchandize?

Skip. De skip beene in rouere : dor be van sugar, ciuit, Almonds, Cambricke, and a towfand towfand tings, gots sacrament, nempt it mester, yo fal heb good copen.

Firk. To him maister, O sweet maister, O sweet wares, Prunes, Almonds, Suger-candy, Carret roots,

Turnips, O braue fatting meat, let not a man buy a nutneg but your self.

Eyre. Peace *Firke*, come Skipper, Ile goe aboard with you, *Hans* haue you made him drinke?

Skip. Yaw, yaw, ic heb veale ge drunke.

Eyre. Come *Hans* follow me : Skipper thou shalt haue my countenance in the citie. *Exeunt.*

Firke. Yaw heb veale ge drunke, quoth a : they may well be called butter-boxes, when they drinke fat veale, and thicke beere too : but come Dame, I hope youle chide vs no more.

Wife. No faith *Firke*, no perdy *Hodge*, I do feele honour creepe vpon me, and which is more, a certaine rising in my flesh, but let that passe.

Firke. Rising in your flesh do you feele fay you? I you may be with child, but why should not my master feele a rising in his flesh, hauing a gowne and a gold ring on, but you are such a shrew, youle soone pull him downe.

Wife. Ha, ha, prethee peace, thou makst my worship laugh, but let that passe : come ile goe in *Hodge*, prethee goe before me, *Firke* follow me.

Firke. *Firke* doth follow, *Hodge* passe out in flate.

Exeunt.

Enter Lincolne and Dodger.

Lincoln. How now good *Dodger*, whats the newes in France?

Dodg. My Lord, vpon the eighteenth day of May, The French and English were prepared to fight, Each side with eager furie gaue the signe Of a most hot encounter, fise long houres Both armies fought together : at the length, The lot of victorie fell on our sides, Twelue thousand of the Frenchmen that day dide, Four thousand English, and no man of name, But Captaine *Hyam*, and young *Ardington*, Two gallant gentlemen, I knew them well.

Lin. But *Dodger*, prethee tell me in this fight,

How did my cozen *Lacy* beare himfelfe ?

Dod. My Lord, your cozen *Lacy* was not there.

Lin. Not there ?

Dod. No, my good Lord.

Lin. Sure thou mistakeft,

I faw him flipt, and a thoufand eyes befide
Were witneffe of the farewells which he gaue,
When I with weeping eyes bid him adew :

Dodger take heed.

Dodg. My Lord I am aduifde

That what I fpeake is true ; to proue it fo,
His cozen *Askew* that fupplide his place,
Sent me for him from France, that secretly
He might conuey himfelfe hither.

Lin. Ift euen fo,

Dares he fo careleffely venture his life,
Upon the indignation of a King ?
Hath he defpif'd my loue, and fpurnd thofe fauours
Which I with prodigall hand powr'd on his head ?
He fhall repent his rafhneffe with his foule,
Since of my loue he makes no estimate,
Ue make him wifh he had not knowne my hate,
Thou haft no other newes ?

Dodg. None elfe, my Lord.

Linc. None worfe I know thou haft : procure the
King

To crowne his giddie browes with ample honours,
Send him chiefe Colonell, and all my hope
Thus to be daft ? but tis in vaine to grieue,
One euill cannot a worfe releue :

Upon my life I haue found out this plot,
The old dog Loue that fawnd vpon him fo,
Loue to that puling girle, his faire cheekt *Rofe*,
The Lord Maiors daughter hath diftracted him.

And in the fire of that loues lunacie,
Hath he burnt vp himfelfe, confum'd his credit,
Loft the Kings loue, yea and I feare his life,
Onely to get a wanton to his wife :

Dodger, it is fo.

Dodg. I feare so, my good Lord.

Linco. It is so, nay fure it cannot be.

I am at my wits end *Dodger.*

Dodg. Yea my Lord.

Len. Thou art acquainted with my Nephewes
haunts,

Spend this gold for thy paines, go seeke him out,
Watch at my Lord Maiors, there (if he liue)

Dodger, thou shalt be fure to meet with him :

Prethee be diligent. *Lacy,* thy name

Liu'd once in honour, now dead in shame :

Be circumspect.

Exit.

Dod. I warrant you my Lord.

Exit.

Enter Lord Maior, and Master Scot.

L. Ma. Good master *Scot,* I haue beene bold with
you,

To be a witnesse to a wedding knot,

Betwixt young master *Hammon* and my daughter.

O stand aside, see where the louers come.

Enter Hammon and Rose.

Rose. Can it be possible you loue me so

No, no, within those eye-balls I espie,

Apparant likelyhoods of flatterie,

Pray now let go my hand.

Ham. Sweet mistres *Rose,*

Misconstrue not my words, nor misconceiue

Of my affection, whose deuoted soule

Swears that I loue thee deerer than my heart.

Rose. As deere as your owne heart? I iudge it
right.

Men loue their hearts best when th' are out of fight.

Ham. I loue you by this hand.

Rose. Yet hands off now :

If flesh be fraile, how weak and frail's your vow?

Ham. Then by my life I sweare.

Rofe. Then do not brawle,
One quarrell loofeth wife and life and all,
Is not your meaning thus ?

Ham. In faith you iest.

Rofe. Loue loues to fport, therefore leaue loue
y'are best.

L. Ma. What ? fquare they mafter *Scot* ?

Scot. Sir, never doubt,
Louers are quickly in, and quickly out.

Ham. Sweet *Rofe*, be not fo ftrange in fanfying
me,

Nay neuer turne afide, fhun not my fight,
I am not growne fo fond, to fond my loue,
On any that fhall quit it with difdaine,
If you will loue me, fo : if not, farewell.

L. Ma. Why how now louers, are you both
agreed ?

Ham. Yes faith my Lord.

L. Ma. Tis well, giue me your hand, give me yours
daughter.

How now, both pull backe, what meanes this, Girle ?

Rofe. I meane to liue a maide.

Ham. But not to die one, pawfe ere that be faid.

L. Ma. Will you ftill croffe me ? ftill be obfti-
nate ? *afide.*

Ham. Nay chide her not my Lord for doing well,
If she can liue an happie virgins life,
Tis far more bleffed than to be a wife.

Rofe. Say fir I cannot, I haue made a vow,
Who euer be my husband, tis not you.

L. Ma. Your tongue is quicke, but M. *Hammon*
know,

I bade you welcome to another end.

Ham. What, would you have me pule, and pine,
and pray,
With louely Lady miftris of my heart,
Pardon your feruant, and the rimer play,
Rayling on *Cupid*, and his tyrants dart ?

Or shall I vndertake some martiall spoile,
Wearing your gloue at Turney, and at Tilt,
And tell how many gallants I vnhorst,
Sweet, will this pleasure you ?

Rofe. Yes, when wilt begin ?

What loue-rimes man ? fie on that deadly sinne.

L. Ma. If you will haue her, Ile make her agree.

Ham. Enforced loue is worfe than hate to me,
There is a wench keeps shop in the old change,
To her will I, it is not wealth I seeke,
I haue enough, and will prefer her loue
Before the world : my good Lord Maior adew,
Old loue for me, I haue no lucke with new. *Exit.*

L. Ma. Now mammet you haue well behau'd
your selfe.

But you shall curse your coyneffe if I liue :
Who's within there ? see you conuey your mistris
Straight to th' old Ford, Ile keepe you strait enough,
Fore God I would haue sworne the puling girle
Would willingly accepted *Hammons* loue ;
But banish him my thoughts, go minion in.

Exit Rofe.

Now tell me master *Scot*, would you haue thought
That master *Symon Eyre* the Shoomaker
Had beene of wealth to buy such merchandize ?

Scot. 'Twas well my Lord, your honour, and my
selfe,

Grew partners with him, for your billes of lading
Shew that *Eyres* gaines in one commoditie
Rife at the least to full three thousand pound,
Besides like gaine in other merchandize.

L. Ma. Well, he shall spend some of his thousands
now.

For I haue sent for him to the Guild Hall,

Enter Eyre.

See where he comes : good morrow master *Eyre*.

Eyre. Poore *Simon Eyre*, my Lord, your shoo-
maker.

L. Ma. Well well, it likes your selfe to terme you so,
Enter Dodger.

Now *M. Dodger*, whats the newes with you ?

Dodg. Ide gladly speake in priuate to your Honor.

L. Ma. You shall, you shall : master *Eyre*, and *M. Scot*,

I haue some bufinesse with this gentleman,
I pray let me intreat you to walke before
To the Guild hall, Ile follow presently,
Maister *Eyre*, I hope ere noone to call you Sherife.

Eyre. I would not care (my Lord) if you might
call me king of Spaine, come master *Scot*.

L. Ma. Now master *Dodger*, what's the newes you
bring ?

Dod. The Earle of Lincolne by me greets your
Lordship,

And earnestly requests you (if you can)
Informe him where his nephew *Lacy* keeps.

L. Ma. Is not his nephew *Lacy* now in France ?

Dod. No I assure your Lordship, but disguif'd
Lurkes here in London.

L. Ma. London? ist euen so ?

It may be ; but vpon my faith and foule,
I know not where he liues, or whether he liues,
So tell my Lord of Lincolne : lurke in London ?
Well master *Dodger*, you perhaps may start him,
Be but the meanes to rid him into France,
Ile giue you a dozen angells for your paines,
So much I loue his honor, hate his nephew,
And prethee so informe thy Lord from me.

Dodger. I take my leaue. *Exit Dodger.*

L. Ma. Farewell good master *Dodger*.

Lacie in London ? I dare pawne my life,
My daughter knowes thereof, and for that cause,
Denied young Master *Hammon* in his loue,
Well, I am glad I fent her to old Forde,
Gods Lord tis late, to Guild Hall I must hie,
I know my Brethren stay my companie. (2) *Exit.*

(2) lacke my companie. 1631.

Enter Firke, Eyres wife, Hans and Roger.

Wife. Thou goest too fast for me *Roger.* O *Firke.*

Firke. I forsooth.

Wife. I pray thee run (doe you heare) run to Guild Hall, and learne if my husband master *Eyre* will take that worshipfull vocation of M. Sherife vpon him, hie thee good *Firke.*

Firke. Take it? well I goe, and he should not take it, *Firke* sweares to forswear him, yes forsooth I goe to Guild Hall.

Wife. Nay when? th'art two compendious and tedious.

Firke. O rare, your excellence if full of eloquence, how like a new Cart wheele my dame speakes, and she lookes like an old mustie Ale-bottle going to calding.

Wife. Nay when? thou wilt make me melancholy.

Firke. God forbid your Worship should fall into that humour, I run. *Exit.*

Wife. Let me see now *Roger* and *Hans.*

Ro. I forsooth dame, (mistris I should say) but the old terme so stickes to the roose of my mouth, I can hardly licke it off.

Wife. Euen what thou wilt good *Roger,* Dame is a faire name for any honest Christian, but let that passe, how dost thou *Hans?*

Hans. Me tanck you vro.

Wife. Well *Hans* and *Roger,* you see God hath blest your maister, and perdie if euer he come to be M. Sherife of London, (as we are all mortall) you shall see, I will haue some odde thing or other in a corner for you, I will not bee your backe friend, but let that passe, *Hans,* pray thee tye my shoe.

Hans. Yaw ic fal vro.

Wife. *Roger,* thou knowest the length of my foote, as it is none of the biggest, so I thanke God it is handsome enough, prethee let me haue a paire of shooes made, Corke good *Roger,* wooden heele too.

Hodge. You shall.

Wife. Art thou acquainted with neuer a Fardingale-maker, nor a French-hood maker, I must enlarge my bumme, ha, ha, ha, how shall I looke in a hood I wonder? perdie odly I thinke.

Roger. As a Cat out of a Pillory, very wel I warrant you Mistresse.

Wife. Indeed all flesh is grasse, and *Roger*, canst thou tell where I may buy a good haire?

Roger. Yes forsooth, at the Poulterers in Gracious streete.

Wife. Thou art an vngracious wag, perdye, I meane a false haire for my perewig.

Roger. Why Mistris, the next time that I cut my beard, you shall have the shauings of it, but mine are all true haire.

Wife. It is very hot, I must get me a fan or else a maske.

Roger. So you had need to hide your wicked face.

Wife. Fie vpon it, how costly this world's calling, is, perdie, but that it is one of the wonderfull workes of God, I would not deal with it: is not *Firke* come yet? *Hans*, be not so fad, let it passe and vanish as my husbands worship saies.

Hans. Ick bin vrolicke, lot see you foo.

Roger. Mistris, will you drinke a pipe of Tobacco?

Wife. O fie vpon it *Roger*, perdy, these filthy Tobacco pipes are the most idle flauering bables that euer I felt: out vpon it, God bleffe vs, men looke not like men that vse them.

Enter Raph being lame.

Roger. What fellow *Raph*? Mistresse looke hee re *Janes* husband: why how now, lame? *Hans* make much of him, hee's a brother of our Trade, a good workeman, and a tall Souldier.

Hans. You be welcome broder.

Wife. Pardie I knew him not, now dost thou good *Raph*?

I am glad to see thee well.

Raph. I would God you saw me dame as well
As when I went from London into France.

Wife. Trust mee I am forrie *Raph* to see thee
impotent, Lord how the warres haue made him Sun-
burnt: the left leg is not well, 'twas a faire gift of
God, the infirmitie took not hold a little higher,
considering thou camst from France, but let that passe.

Raph. I am glad to see you well, and I rejoyce
To heare that God hath blest my master so
Since my departure.

Wife. Yea truly *Raph*, I thanke my maker: but
let that passe.

Roger. And firra *Raph*, what news, what news in
France?

Raph. Tell me good *Roger* first what newes in
England?

How does my *Jane*? when didst thou see my wife?
Where liues my poore heart? sheele be poore indeed,
Now I want limbs to get whereon to feed.

Rog. Limbes? hast thou not hands man? thou
shalt neuer see a shoemaker want bread, though he
haue but three fingers on a hand.

Raph. Yet all this while I heare not of my *Jane*.

Wife. O *Raph* your wife, perdie wee know not
what's become of her: she was here a while, and
because she was married, grew more stately than
became her, I checkt her, and so forth, away she flung,
neuer returned, nor said bih nor bah: and *Raph* you
know, ka me, ka thee, And so as I tell ye, *Roger* is
not *Firke* come yet?

Roger. No forfooth.

Wife. And so indeed we heard not of her, but I
heare shee liues in London: but let that passe. If
shee had wanted, shee might haue opened her case
to me or my husband, or to any of my men, I am
sure there is not any of them perdie, but would haue
done her good to his power. *Hans*, looke if *Firke*
bee come.

Hans. Yaw ic fal vro.

Exit Hans.

Wife. And so as I said : but *Raph*, why dost thou weepe? thou knowest that naked we came out of our mothers womb, and naked we must returne, and therefore thanke God for all things.

Roger. No faith, *Jane* is a stranger heere, but *Raph* pull vp a good heart, I know thou hast one, thy wife man is in London, one told me he saw her a while agoe very braue and neat, wee'le ferret her out, and London hold her.

Wife. Alas poore soule, hee's ouercome with forrow, he does but as I doe, weepe for the losse of any good thing : but *Raph*, get thee in, call for some meat and drink, thou shalt find me worshipfull towards thee.

Raph. I thanke you dame, since I want limbs and lands,
Ile trust to God, my good friends, and to my hands. (3)

Exit.

Enter Hans and Firke running.

Firke. Runne good *Hans*, O *Hodge*, O *Mistris*; *Hodge* heaue vp thine eares, mistresse smugge vp your lookes, on with your best apparell, my master is chofen, my master is called, nay condemned by the cry of the Countrie to be sherife of the Citie, for this famous yeare now to come : and time now being, a great many men in black gownes were askt for their voices, and their hands, and my master had all their fists about his eares presently, and they cried I, I, I, I, and so I came away, wherefore without all other grieue, I doe salute you mistris Shrieue.

Hans. Yaw, my meester is de groot man, de Shrieue.

Roger. Did not I tell you *Mistris*, now I may boldly say, good morrow to your worship.

Wife. Good morrow good *Roger*, I thanke you my good people all, *Firke*, hold vp thy hand, heer's a three pennie peece for thy tydings.

(3) Ile to God, my good friends, and to these my hands.

Firke. 'Tis but three halfe pence, I think : yes, tis three pence, I smell the Rose.

Hodge. But Mistris, be rul'd by me, and do not speake so pulingly.

Firke. 'Tis her worship speakes so and not she, no faith mistris speake mee in the old key, to it *Firke*, there good *Firke*, ply your businesse *Hodge*, *Hodge* with a full mouth : Ile fill your bellies with good cheare till they cry twang.

Enter Simon Eyre wearing a gold chaine.

Hans. See mine lieuer broder, heere compt my meester.

Wife. Welcome home maister Shrieue, I pray God continue you in health and wealth.

Eyre. See here my *Maggy*, a Chaine, a gold Chaine for *Simon Eyre*, I shall make thee a lady, heere's a French hood for thee, on with it, on with it, dresse thy browes with this flap of a shoulder of mutton, to make thee looke louely : where be my fine men ?

Roger, Ile make ouer my shop and tooles to thee : *Firke*, thou shalt be the foreman : *Hans*, thou shalt haue an hundred for twenty, be as mad knaues as your maister *Sim Eyre* hath beene, and you shall liue to be Sherifes of London : how dost thou like mee *Margerie* ? Prince am I none, yet am I princely borne, *Firke*, *Hodge*, and *Hans*.

All 3. I forsooth, what sayes your worship mistris Sherife ?

Eyre. Worship and honour ye Babilonian knaues, for the Gentle Craft : but I forgot my selfe, I am bidden by my Lord Maior to dinner to old Foord, hees gone before, I must after : come Madge, on with your trinkets : now my true Troians, my fine *Firke*, my dapper *Hodge*, my honest *Hans*, some deuice, some odde crochets, some morris, or such like, for the honour of the gentle Shoo-makers, meet mee at old Foord, you know my mind : come Madge,

away, shut vp the shop knaues, and make Holiday.

Exeunt.

Firke. O rare, O braue, come *Hodge*, follow me
Hans,

Wee'le be with them for a Morris dance. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Maior, Eyre, his wife in a French hood, Sibill and other Seruants.

L. Maior. Trust me you are as welcome to old Foord, as I myselfe.

Wife. Truely, I thanke your Lordship.

L. Maior. Would our bad cheere were worth the thankses you giue.

Eyre. Good cheere my Lord Maior, fine cheere, a fine house, fine walles, all fine and neat.

L. Ma. Now by my troth, Ile tell thee maister
Eyre,

It does me good and all my Brethren,
That such a mad-cap fellow as thy selfe
Is entred into our societie.

Wife. I but my Lord hee must learne now to put on grauitie.

Eyre. Peace *Maggy*, a fig for grauitie, when I goe to Guild Hall in my Scarlet gowne, i'le looke as demurely as a Saint, and speake as grauely as a Justice of Peace, but now I am here at old Foord, at my good Lord Maiors house, let it goe by, vanish *Maggy*, i'le be merrie, away with flip flap, these fooleries, these gulleries : what hunny ? Prince am I none, yet am I Princely borne : what sayes my Lord Maior ?

L. Ma. Ha, ha, ha, I had rather than a thousand pound,

I had an heart but halfe so light as yours.

Eyre. Why what should I doe my Lord ? a pound of care payes not a dram of debt : hum, let's be merrie whiles wee are young, old Age, sacke and sugar will steale vpon vs ere we be aware.

L. Ma. Its well done, Miftris *Eyre*, pray giue good counfell to my daughter.

Wife. I hope miftris *Rofe* will haue the grace to take nothing that's bad.

L. Ma. Pray God ſhe doe, for ifaith miftris *Eyre*, I would beſtow vpon that peeuiſh girle
A thouſand markes more than I meane to giue her,
Upon condition ſheed be rul'd by me.
The Ape ſtill croſſeth me : there came of late
A proper gentleman of faire reuenewes,
Whom gladly I would call Sonne in law :
But my fine Cockney would haue none of him,
Youle proue a Cockſcombe for it ere you die,
A Courtier or no man muſt pleaſe your eye.

Eyre. Bee rul'd ſweet *Rofe*, th'art ripe for a man :
marrie not with a boy that has no more haire on his
face than thou haſt on thy cheekes : a Courtier, waſh,
goe by, ſtand not vpon piſhery paſherie ; thoſe filken
fellowes are but painted Images, outſides, outſides
Rofe, their inner linings are torne : no my fine mouſe,
marrie me with a Gentleman Grocer like my Lord
Maior your father, a Grocer is a ſweet trade, plums,
plums : had I a ſonne or daughter ſhould marrie out
of the generation and blood of the ſhoomakers, he
ſhould pack : what, the gentle trade is a liuing for a
man through Europe, through the world.

A noyſe within of a Taber and a Pipe.

L. Ma. What noyſe is this ?

Eyre. O my Lord Maior, a crue of good fellowes
that for loue to your honour, are come hither with a
Morrifdance ; come in my Mefopotamians cheerily.

Enter Hodge, Hans, Raph, Firke, and other Shoemakers in a morris: after a little dancing the Lord Maior ſpeaks.

L. Ma. Maifter *Eyre*, are all theſe Shoemakers ?

Eyre. All Cordwainers my good Lord Maior.

Rofe. How like my *Lacie* lookes yond Shoemaker.

Hans. O that I durſt but ſpeake vnto my loue !

L. Ma. *Sibill*, go fetch some wine to make these drinke,

You are all welcome.

All. We thanke your Lordship.

Rofe takes a cup of wine and goes to *Hans*.

Rofe. For his fake whose faire shape thou representst,

Good friend I drinke to thee.

Hans. Ic be dancke good frister.

Eyres Wife. I see mistress *Rofe* you do not want iudgement, you haue drunke to the properest man I keepe.

Firke. Here be some haue done their parts to be as proper as he.

L. Ma. Well, vrgent businesse cals me backe to London :

Good fellowes, first go in and tast our cheare,
And to make merrie as you homeward goe,
Spend these two angels in beere at Stratford Boe.

Eyre. To these two (my mad lads) *Sim Eyre* addes another, then cheerily *Firke*, tickle it *Hans*, and all for the honour of Shoemakers.

All go dancing out.

L. Ma. Come maister *Eyre*, let's haue your company. *Exeunt.*

Rofe. *Sibill*, what shall I doe ?

Sibil. Why whats the matter ?

Rofe. That *Hans* the shoo-maker is my loue *Lacy*,
Disguisd in that attire to find me out,
How should I find the meanes to speake with him ?

Sib. What mistress, neuer feare, I dare venter my maidenhead to nothing, and thats great oddes, that *Hans* the Dutchman when we come to London, shall not onely see and speake with you, but in spight of all your Fathers pollicies, steale you away and marrie you, will not this please you ?

Rofe. Do this, and euer be assured of my loue.

Sibil. Away then, and follow your father to London, lest your absence cause him to suspect something :

To morrow if my counsell be obaide,
Ile bind you prentife to the gentle trade.

*Enter Iane in a Semsters shop working, and Hammon
muffled at another doore, he stands aloofe.*

Ham. Yonders the shop, and there my faire loue
fits,
Shee's faire and louely, but she is not mine.
O would she were, thrice haue I courted her,
Thrice hath my hand beene moistned with her hand,
Whilst my poore famisht eyes do feed on that
Which made them famish : I am infortunate,
I still loue one, yet no bodie loues me,
I muse in other men what women see,
That I so want ? fine mistris *Rose* was coy,
And this too curious, oh no, she is chaste,
And for she thinkes me wanton, she denies.
To cheare my cold heart with her funny eyes,
How prettily she workes, oh prettie hand !
Oh happie worke, it doth me good to stand
Unseene to see her, thus I oft haue stood,
In frosty euenings, a light burning by her,
Enduring biting cold, only to eye her,
One onely looke hath seem'd as rich to me
As a Kings crowne, such is loues lunacie :
Muffled Ile passe along, and by that try
Whether she know me.

Fane. Sir, what ist you buy ?
What ist you lacke sir ? callico, or lawne,
Fine cambricke shirts, or bands, what will you buy ?

Ham. That which thou wilt not sell, faith yet ile
trie :

How do you sell this handkercher ?

Fane. Good cheape.

Ham. And how these ruffes ?

Fane. Cheape too.

Ham. And how this band ?

Fane. Cheape too.

Ham. All cheape, how sell you then this hand ?

Fane. My hands are not to be fold.

Ham. To be giuen then, nay faith I come to buy.

Fane. But none knowes when.

Ham. Good sweet, leaue worke a little while, lets play.

Fane. I cannot liue by keeping holliday.

Ham. Ile pay you for the time which shall be lost.

Fane. With me you shall not be at so much cost.

Ham. Looke how you wound this cloth, so you wound me.

Fane. It may be so.

Ham. Tis so.

Fane. What remedy ?

Ham. Nay faith you are too coy.

Fane. Let go my hand.

Ham. I will do any taske at your command,

I would let go this beautie, were I not

In mind to disobey you by a power

That controules Kings : I loue you.

Fane. So, now part.

Ham. With hands I may, but neuer with my heart,

In faith I loue you.

Fane. I beleecue you doe.

Ham. Shall a true loue in mee breed hate in you ?

Fane. I hate you not.

Ham. Then you must loue.

Fane. I doe, what are you better now ? I loue not you.

Ham. All this I hope is but a womans fray,

That meanes come to me, when she cries, away :

In earnest mistris I do not iest,

A true chaste loue hath entred in my brest,

I loue you dearely as I doe my life,

I loue you as a husband loues a wife,

That, and no other loue my loue requires,

Thy wealth I know is little, my desires

Thirst not for gold, sweet beautiful *Fane* what's mine,

Shall (if thou make my selfe thine) all be thine,

Say, iudge, what is thy fentence, life, or death?
Mercy or crueltie lies in thy breath.

Fane. Good fir I do beleeeue you loue me well:
For tis a feely conquest, feely pride,
For one like you (I mean a gentleman)
To boast, that by his loue tricks he hath brought,
Such and such women to his amorous lure:
I thinke you do not so, yet many doe,
And make it euen a very trade to wooe,
I could be coy, as many women be,
Feed you with sun-shine smiles, and wanton lookes,
But I detest witch-craft; say that I
Doe constantly beleeeue you, constant haue.

Ham. Why doest thou not beleeeue me?

Fane. I beleeeue you,
But yet good fir, because I will not greeue you,
With hopes to taste fruit which will neuer fall,
In simple truth this is the summe of all,
My husband liues, at least I hope he liues,
Prest was he to these bitter warres in France,
Bitter they are to me by wanting him,
I haue but one heart, and that heart's his due,
How can I then bestow the same on you?
Whilest he liues, his I liue, be it neere to poore,
And rather be his wife, than a kings whore.

Ham. Chast and deare woman, I will not abuse
thee,
Although it cost my life, if thou refuse me,
Thy husband prest for France, what was his name?

Fane. *Rafe Dampport.*

Ham. *Dampport*, heres a letter sent
From France to me, from a deare friend of mine,
A gentleman of place, here he doth write,
Their names that haue beene flaine in euery fight.

Fane. I hope deaths scroll contains not my
loues name.

Ham. Can you not read?

Fane. I can.

Ham. Peruse the same.

To my remembrance such a name I read
Amongst the rest ; see here.

Fane. Aye me, hee's dead,
Hee's dead, if this be true my deare hearts flaine.

Ham. Haue patience, deare loue.

Fane. Hence, hence.

Ham. Nay sweet *Fane*,

Make not poore sorrow proud with these rich teares,
I mourne thy husbands death because thou mournst.

Fane. That bill is forged, tis signed by forgerie.

Ham. Ile bring thee letters sent besides to many
Carrying the like report : *Fane* tis too true,
Come, weep not : mourning though it rise from loue,
Helpes not the mourned, yet hurts them that mourne.

Fane. For Gods sake leaue me.

Ham. Whither dost thou turne ?

Forget the dead, loue them that are aliue.

His loue is faded, trie how mine will thriue.

Fane. Tis now no time for me to think on loue.

Ham. Tis now best time for you to thinke on loue,
because your loue liues not.

Fane. Though he be dead, my loue to him shal
not be buried :

For Gods sake leaue me to my selfe alone.

Ham. T'would kill my soule to leave thee drownd
in mone :

Answer me to my sute, and I am gone,

Say to me, yea, or no.

Fane. No.

Ham. Then farewell : one farewell will not ferue.

I come againe, come drie these wet cheekes,

tell me faith sweete Jane, yea, or no, once more.

Fane. Once more I say no, once more begone
I pray, else will I goe.

Ham. Nay then I will grow rude by this white
hand,

Untill you change that cold no, here ile stand,

Till by your hard heart.

Fane. Nay for Gods loue peace,

My sorrowes by your presence more increase,
 Not that you thus are present, but all grieffe
 Desires to be alone, therefore in briefe
 Thus much I say, and saying bid adew,
 If euer I wed man it shall be you.

Ham. Oh blessed voice, deare *Fane*, ile urge no
 more,
 Thy breath hath made me rich.

Fane. Death makes me poore. *Exit.*

*Enter Hodge at his shop boord, Rafe, Firke, Hans,
 and a boy at worke.*

All. Hey downe, a downe dery.

Hodge. Well said my hearts, plie your worke to
 day, wee loytred yesterday, to it pell mell, that we
 may liue to be Lord Maiors, or Aldermen at least.

Firke. Hey downe a downe dery.

Hodge. Well said ifaith, how saist thou *Hans*, doth
 not *Firke* tickle it ?

Hans. Yaw mester.

Firke. Not so neither, my organe pipe squeaks
 this morning forwant of licoring : hey downe a downe
 dery.

Hans. Forward *Firke*, tow best vn iolly yongster hort
 I mester ic bid yo cut me vn paire vanpres vor mester
 iffres boots.

Hodge. Thou shalt *Hans*.

Firke. Maister.

Hodge. How now, boy ?

Firke. Pray, now you are in the cutting vaine, cut
 me out a paire of counterfeits, or else my worke will
 not passe currant, hey downe a downe.

Hod. Tell me firs, are my cozen M. Priscillaes
 shooes done ?

Firke. Your cozen ? no master, one of your aunts,
 hang her, let them alone.

Rafe. I am in hand with them, she gaue charge
 that none but I should do them for her.

Firke. Thou do for her ? then twill be but a lame

doing, and that she loues not : *Rafe*, thou might'st haue sent her to me, in faith I would haue yearkt and firkt your *Priscilla*, hey downe a downe dery, this geere will not hold.

Hodge. How saist thou *Firke* ? were we not merry at Old-Ford ?

Firke. How merry ? why our buttockes went Iiggy ioggy like a quagmire : well fir Roger Oatemeale, if I thought all meate of that nature, I would eate nothing but Bag puddings.

Raph. Of all good fortunes, my fellow *Hans* had the best.

Firke. Tis true, becaufe mistris *Rose* dranke to him.

Hodge. Well, well, worke apace, they say feuen of the Aldermen be dead, or very sick.

Firke. I care not, ile be none.

Rafe. No nor I, but then my M. *Eyre* will come quickly to be L. Maior.

Enter Sibill.

Firke. Whoope, yonder comes *Sibill*.

Hodge. *Sibill*, welcome ifaith, and how dost thou madde wench ?

Firke. *Sib* whoore, welcome to London.

Sibill. Godamercy sweet *Firke* : good Lord, *Hodge*, what a delicious shop you haue got, you tickle it ifaith.

Rafe. God a mercy *Sibill* for our good cheere at old Ford.

Sibill. That you shall have *Rafe*.

Firke. Nay by the masse, we had tickling cheere *Sibill*, and how the plague dost thou and mistris *Rose*, and my L. Maior ? I put the women in first.

Sibill. Well Godamercy : but gods me, I forget my selfe, where's *Hans* the Flemming ?

Firke. Hearke butter-boxe, now you must yelp out some fpreken.

Hans. Vat begaie gon vat vod gon Frister.

A pleasant Comedie of

Sibill. Marry you must come to my young mistress, to pull on her shooes you made last.

Hans. Var ben your egle fro, vare ben your mistress?

Sibil. Marrie here at our London house in Cornhill.

Firke. Will no bodie serue her turne but *Hans*?

Sibil. No fir, come *Hans* I stand vpon needles.

Hod. Why then *Sibill*, take heed of pricking.

Sibill. For that let me alone, I haue a trick in my budget, come *Hans*.

Hans. Yaw, yaw ic fall meete yo gane.

Exit Hans and Sibill.

Hodge. Goe *Hans*, make hast againe: come, who lackes worke?

Firke. I master, for I lacke my breakefast, tis munching time, and past.

Hodge. Ist so, why then leaue worke *Raph*, to breakefast, boy looke to the tooles, come *Rafe*, come

Firke. *Excunt.*

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. Let me see now, the signe of the Last in Towerstreet, mas yonders the house: what haw, whoes within?

Enter Rafe.

Rafe. Who calls there, what want you fir?

Ser. Marrie I would haue a paire of shooes made for a Gentlewoman against to morrow morning, what, can you do them?

Rafe. Yes fir, you shall haue them, but what length's her foote?

Ser. Why, you must make them in all parts like this shooe, but at any hand faile not to do them, for the Gentlewoman is to be married very early in the morning.

Rafe. How? by this shooe must it be made? by this? are you fure fir by this?

Ser. How, by this am I fure, by this? art thou in thy wits? I tell thee I must haue a paire of shooes, dost thou marke me? a paire of shooes, two shooes, made by this very shooe, this same shooe, against to morrow morning by foure a clocke, dost vnderstand me, canst thou do it?

Rafe. Yes fir, yes, I, I, I can do't, by this shooe you say: I should know this shooe? yes fir, yes, by this shooe, I can do't, foure a clocke, well, whither shall I bring them?

Ser. To the signe of the golden ball in Watlingstreet, enquire for one maister *Hammon*, a Gentleman, my master.

Raph. Yea fir, by this shooe you say.

Ser. I say master *Hammon* at the golden Ball, hee's the Bride-groome, and those shooes are for his bride.

Raph. They shall be done by this shooe; well, well, master *Hammon* at the gold shooe, I would say the golden Ball, wel, very well, but I pray you fir, where must master *Hammon* be married?

Ser. At Saint *Faith's* Church vnder Paules: but what's that to thee? prethee dispatch those shooes, and so farewell. *Exit.*

Raph. By this shooe said he, how am I amazd At this strange accident? vpon my life,
This was the very shooe I gaue my wife
When I was prest for France; since when, alas,
I neuer could heare of her. 'Tis the same,
And *Hammons* bride no other than my *Jane*.

Enter Firke.

Firke. Snailles *Raph* thou hast lost thy part of three pots, a countrieman of mine gaue me to breakefast.

Raph. I care not, I haue found a better thing.

Firke. A thing? away; is it a mans thing or a womans thing?

Raph. *Firke*, dost thou know this shooe?

Firke. No by my troth, neither doth that know me: I haue no acquaintance with it, tis a meere stranger to me.

Raph. Why then I doe; this shooe I durst be sworne

Once couered the instep of my *Fane*:
This is her size, her breadth, thus trod my loue,
These true-loue knots I prickt, I hold my life,
By this old shooe I shall find out my wife.

Firke. Ha, ha old shooe that wert new, how a murren came this ague fit of foolishnesse vpon thee?

Raph. Thus *Firke* euen now here came a seruing-man,

By this shooe would he haue a new paire made,
Against to morrow morning for his mistris,
That's to be married to a gentleman,
And why may not this be my sweet *Fane*?

Firke. And why maiest not thou be my sweet Affe?
ha, ha.

Raph. Well, laugh and spare not, but the truth is this,

Against to morrow morning Ile prouide
A lusty crew of honest shoemakers,
To watch the going of the bride to Church:
If she proue *Fane*, Ile take her in despite
Of *Hammon* and the Deuill, were he by,
If it be not my *Fane*, what remedy?
Hereof I am sure, I shall liue till I die,
Although I neuer with a woman lie.

Firke. Thou lie with a woman to build nothing but Cripplegates? Well God sends fooles fortune, and it may be hee may light vpon his matrimony by such a deuice, for wedding and hanging goes by destinie.

Exit.

Enter Hans and Rose arme in arme.

Hans. How happie am I by embracing thee,
O I did feare fuch crosse mishaps did raigne,
That I should neuer see my *Rose* againe.

Rose. Sweet *Lacy*, since faire opportunitie,
Offers her selfe to further our escape,
Let not too ouer-fond esteeme of me,
Hinder that happie houre, inuent the meanes,
And *Rose* will follow thee through all the world.

Hans. Oh how I surfet with excesse of ioy,
Made happie by thy rich perfection :
But since thou payst sweet interest to my hopes,
Redoubling loue on loue, let me once more
Like to a bold-fac'd debtor craue of thee,
This night to steale abroad, and at *Eyres* house,
Who now by death of certaine Aldermen,
Is Maior of London, and my maister once,
Meete thou thy *Lacy*, where in spight of change,
Your fathers anger, and mine vncles hate,
Our happy nuptials will we consummate.

Enter Sibill.

Sibill. Oh God, what will you do mistress ? shift for
your selfe, your father is at hand, hee's comming, hee's
comming, maister *Lacy* hide your selfe in my mistress,
for Gods sake shift for your selues.

Hans. Your father come, sweet *Rose*, what shall I
doe ?
Where shall I hide me ? how shall I escape ?

Rose. A man, and want wit in extremitie,
Come come, be *Hans* still, play the shoemaker,
Pull on my shooe.

Enter Lord Maior.

Hans. Mas and that's well remembred.

Sibill. Here comes your father.

Hans. For ware metresse, 'tis vn good skow, it fall
vel fute, or ye fal neit betallen.

Rofe. O God it pincheth me, what will you do?

Hans. Your fathers prefence pincheth, not the fhooe.

L. Ma. Well done, fit my daughter well, and ſhe ſhall pleaſe thee well.

Hans. Yaw, yaw, ick weit dat well, for ware tis vn good ſkoo, tis gi mait van neits leither, fe euer mine here.

Enter a Prentife.

L. Maior. I do beleeeue it, whats the newes with you?

Pren. Pleaſe you the Earle of Lincolne at the gate is newly lighted, and would ſpeake with you.

L. Ma. The Earle of Lincolne come ſpeake with me?

Well, well, I know his errand: daughter *Rofe* Send hence your ſhoomaker, diſpatch, haue done :

Sib make things handſome, ſir boy follow me. *Exit.*

Hans. Mine vncl come : O what may this portend ?

Sweet *Rofe*, this of our loue threatens an end.

Rofe. Be not difmaid at this, what ere befall,
Rofe is thine owne, to witneſſe I ſpeake truth,
Where thou appoints the place, Ile meet with thee ;
I will not fixe a day to follow thee,
But preſently ſteale hence : do not replie,
Loue which gaue ſtrength to beare my fathers hate,
Shall now adde wings to further our eſcape. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Maior and Lincolne.

L. Maior. Beleeeue me on my credit I ſpeake truth,
Since firſt your nephew *Lacy* went to France,
I haue not ſeene him : It ſeem'd ſtrange to me,
When *Dodger* told me that he ſtaied behind,
Neglecting the high charge the king impoſed.

Linc. Truſt me (ſir *Roger Otley*) I did thinke
Your counſell had giuen head to this attempt,
Drawne to it by the loue he beares your child,

Here I did hope to find him in your house,
But now I see mine error, and confesse
My iudgement wrong'd you by conceiuing so.

L. Ma. Lodge in my house, say you? trust me my
Lord,

I loue your nephew Lacy too too dearely,
So much to wrong his honour : and he hath done so,
That first gaue him aduice to staie from France.
To witnesse I speake truth, I let you know
How carefull I haue beene to keepe my daughter
Free from all conference or speech of him,
Not that I scorne your nephew, but in loue
I beare your honor, lest your noble blood,
Should by my meane worth be dishonoured.

Linc. How far the churles tongue wanders from
his heart,

Well, well sir *Roger Otley*, I beleeeue you,
With more than many thanks for the kind loue,
So much you seeme to beare me : but my Lord,
Let me request your helpe to seeke my nephew,
Whom if I find, i'le straight imbarke for France ;
So shall your Rose be free, my thoughts at rest,
And much care die which now lies in my brest.

Enter Sibill.

Sibill. O Lord, helpe for Gods sake my mistris,
Oh my young mistris.

L. Ma. Where is thy mistris? what's become of
her?

Sibill. Shee's gone, shee's fled.

L. Ma. Gone? whither is she fled?

Sibill. I know not forsooth, shee's fled out of doores
with *Hans* the Shoemaker, I saw them scud, scud,
scud, apace, apace.

L. Ma. Which waie? what *John*? where be my
men? which waie?

Sibill. I know not and it please your worship.

L. Ma. Fled with a shoemaker, can this be true?

Sibil. O Lord fir, as true as you are L. Maior.(4)

Lin. Her loue turned shoemaker, I am glad of this.

L. Ma. A Flemming butter-boxe, a shoemaker.
Will she forget her birth? requite my care
With such ingratitude? scorn'd she young *Hammon*,
To loue a honnikin, a needy knaue?
Well let her flie, ile not flie after her,
Let her starue if she will, shee's none of mine.

Lin. Be not so cruell fir.

Enter Firke with shoes.

Sibill. I am glad shee's scapt.

L. Ma. Ile not account of her as of my child,
Was there no better object for her eyes,
But a foule drunken lubbery fwill-bellie,
A shoemaker, that's braue.

Firke. Yea forfooth 'tis a verie braue shooe, and
as fit as a pudding.

L. Ma. How now, what knaue is this, from whence
commest thou?

Firke. No knaue fir, I am *Firke* the shoemaker,
lustie *Rogers* chiefe lusty journey-man, and I come
hither to take vp the prettie legge of sweet mistris
Rose, and thus hoping your worship is in as good
health as I was at the making hereof, I bid you fare-
well, yours

Firke.

L. Ma. Stay, stay, fir knaue.

Lin. Come hither shoemaker.

Firke. Tis happie the knaue is put before the
shoemaker, or else I would not haue vouchsafed to
come backe to you, I am moued, for I stirre.

L. Ma. My Lord, this villaine callis vs knaues by
craft.

Firke. Then 'tis by the Gentle Craft, and to call
one knaue gently is no harme: fit your worship
merrie: *Sib* your young mistris. I'le so bob them,
now my maister M. *Eyre* is Lord Maior of London.

(4) as true as Gods in heauen. 1600.

L. Ma. Tell me firra, whose man are you ?

Firke. I am glad to see your worship so merrie, I haue no maw to this geere, no stomacke as yet to a red petticoat. *Pointing to Sibil.*

Lin. He meanes not fir to wooe you to his maid, But onely doth demand whose man you are.

Firke. I sing now to the tune of Rogero, *Rogery* my fellow is now my maister.

Linc. Sirra knowst thou one *Hans* a shoemaker ?

Fir. *Hans* Shoemaker, oh yes, stay, yes I haue him, I tell you what, I speake it in secret, mistris *Rose* and he are by this time, no not so, but shortly are to come ouer one another, with Can you dance the shaking of the sheets? it is that *Hans*, Ile so gull these diggers.

L. Ma. Knowst thou then where he is ?

Firke. Yes forfooth, yea marry.

Lin. Canst thou in sadnesse ?

Firke. No forfooth, no marry.

L. Ma. Tell me good honest fellow where he is, And thou shalt see what Ile bestow of thee.

Firke. Honest fellow, no fir, not so fir, my profession is the Gentle Craft, I care not for seeing, I loue feeling, let me feel it heere, *aurium tenus*, ten peeces of gold, *genuum tenus*, ten peeces of siluer, and then *Firke* is your man in a new paire of stretchers.

L. Ma. Here is an angell, part of thy reward, Which I will giue thee, tell me where he is.

Firke. No point, shall I betray my brother ? no, shal I proue *Judas* to *Hans* ? no ; shal I crie treason to my corporation ? no, I shall be firkt and yerkt then, but giue me your angell, your angell shall tell you.

Lin. Doe so good fellow, 'tis no hurt to thee.

Firke. Send simpring *Sib* away.

L. Ma. Hufwife get you in. *Exit Sib.*

Firke. Pitchers haue eares, and maids haue wide mouthes : but for *Hans* praunce, vpon my word to morrow morning hee and young mistris *Rose* goe to this geere, they shall be married together by this rush,

or else turne *Firk* to a firkin of butter to tan leather withall.

L. Ma. But art thou sure of this ?

Firke. Am I sure that Paules-steeple is a handfull higher than London stone ? or that the pissing Conduit leaks nothing but pure mother Bunch ? am I sure I am lusty *Firk* ? Gods nailes do you thinke I am so bafe to gull you ?

Lincolne. Where are they married ? dost thou know the Church ?

Firke. I neuer goe to Church, but I know the name of it, it is a swearing Church, stay a while, 'tis, I by the mas : no, no, tis I by my troth, no nor that, tis I by my faith, that that, tis I by my Faiths Church vnder Paules Crosse, there they shall bee knit like a paire of stockings in matrimony, there theyle be in cony.

Linc. Upon my life my Nephew *Lacy* walkes, In the disguise of this Dutch Shoomaker.

Firke. Yes forsooth.

Linc. Doth he not honest fellow ?

Firke. No forsooth I thinke *Hans* is no body but *Hans*, no spirit.

L. Ma. My mind misgiues me now tis so indeed.

Linc. My Cofen speaks the language, knowes the trade.

L. Ma. Let me request your company my Lord, Your honorable preface may, no doubt, Refraine their head-strong rashnesse, when my selfe Going alone, perchance may be ore-borne : Shall I request this fauour ?

Lin. This, or what else.

Firke. Then you must rise betimes, for they meane to fall to their hey passe, and repasse, pindy pandy, which hand will you haue, very early.

L. Ma. My care shall euery way equall their hast, This night accept your lodging in my house, The earlier shal we stir, and at Saint Faiths Preuent this giddy hare-braind Nuptiall,

This trafficke of hot loue shall yeeld cold gaines,
They ban our loues and weele forbid their baines.

Exit.

Lin. At Saint Faiths Church thou faist ?

Firk. Yes, by their troth.

Linc. Be secret on thy life.

Exit.

Firk. Yes when I kisse your wife, ha, ha, heres no craft in the Gentle Craft, I came hither of purpose with shooes to Sir Rogers worship, whilst Rose his daughter be cony-catcht by *Hans* : soft now, these two gullies will be at Saint Faithes Church to morrow morning to take maister Bridegroom, and misstris Bride napping, and they in the meane time shall chop vp the matter at the Sauoy : but the best sport is, Sir *Roger Otley* will find my fellow lame *Raphs* wife going to marrie a Gentleman : and then heele stop her in stead of his Daughter ; O braue, there will bee fine tickling sport : soft now, what haue I to do ? O I know, now a messe of shoemakers meate at the Wooll-sacke in Iuy lane, to cozen my Gentleman of lame *Raphs* wife, that's true, alacke alacke, girles hold out tacke, for now smockes for this iumbling shall go to wracke.

Exit.

Enter Eyre, his wife, Hans and Rose.

Eyre. This is the morning then, stay my bully, my honest *Hans*, is it not ?

Hans. This is the morning that must make vs two happie or miserable, therefore if you——

Eyre. Away with these ifs and ands *Hans*, and these *et ceteraes*, by mine honor *Rowland Lacy*, none but the king shall wrong thee : come feare nothing, am not I *Sim Eyre* ? Is not *Sim Eyre* Lord Maior of London ? feare nothing *Rose*, let them say all what they can, daintie come thou to mee, laughest thou ?

Wife. Good my Lord stand her friend in what thing you may.

Eyre. Why my sweete Ladie Madgy, thinke you *Simon Eyre* can forget his fine Dutch iourneyman ? No vah. Fie I scorne it, it shall neuer be cast in my

teeth, that I was vnthankfull. Lady *Madgy*, thou hadst neuer couered thy Saracens head with this French flappe, nor loaded thy bumme with this farthingale, tis trash, trumperie, vanitie, *Simon Eyre* had neuer walkt in a red petticoate, nor wore a chaine of Gold but for my fine Journeymans Portugues, and shall I leaue him? No: Prince am I none, yet beare a Princely minde.

Hans. My Lord, 'tis time to part from hence.

Eyre. Lady *Madgy*, Lady *Madgy*, take two or three of my Pie-cruft eaters, my Buffe-ierkin varlets, that doe walke in blacke gownes at *Simon Eyres* heeles, take them good Ladie *Madgy*, trip and go, my browne Queene of Perriwigs, with my delicate *Rose*, and my iolly *Rowland* to the Sauoy, see them linkt, countenance the marriage, and when it is done, cling cling together, you Hamborow Turtle Doues, Ile beare you out, come to *Simon Eyre*, come dwell with me *Hans*, thou shalt eate minc'd pies, and marchpane. *Rose*, away cricket, trip and goe, my Lady *Madgy* to the Sauoy. *Hans*, wed, and to bed, kisse and away, go vanish.

Wife. Farewell my Lord.

Rose. Make hast sweet loue.

Wife. Sheede faine the deed were done.

Hans. Come my sweet *Rose*, faster than Deere wee le run.

They goe out.

Eyre. Goe, vanish, vanish, auant I say: by the Lord of Ludgate, it's a mad life to be a Lord Maior, it's a stirring life, a fine life, a veluet life, a carefull life. Well *Simon Eyre*, yet set a good face on it, in the honour of Saint *Hugh*. Soft, the king this day comes to dine with me, to see my new buildings, his maiestie is welcome, hee shall haue good cheere, delicate cheere, princely cheere. This day my fellow prentices of London come to dine with me too, they shal haue fine cheere, gentlemanlike cheere. I promised the mad Cappadofians, when we all serued at the Conduit together, that if euer I came to bee

Maïor of London, I would feaft them all, and i'le doot, i'le doot by the life of *Pharaoh*, by this beard *Sim Eyre* will be no flincher. Befides, I haue procured, that vpon euery Shrouetuesday at the found of the Pancake bell, my fine dapper Affirian lads shall clap vp their fhop windowes, and away, this is the day, and this day they shall doot, they shall doot: boyes, that day are you free, let maifters care, and prentifes shall pray for *Simon Eyre*.

Enter Hodge, Firke, Raph, and five or fix Shoomakers, all with cudgels, or fuch weapons.

Hodge. Come *Rafe*, ftand to it *Firke*: my mafters, as wee are the braue bloods of the Shoomakers, heires apparant to Saint *Hugh*, and perpetuall benefactors to all good fellowes: thou shalt haue no wrong: were *Hammon* a King of Spades, he fhould not delue in thy clofe without thy fufferance: but tell me *Rafe*, art thou fure tis thy wife?

Rafe. Am I fure this is *Firke*? This morning when I ftrokt on her fhooes, I lookt vpon her, and fhe vpon mee, and fighed, askt me if euer I knew one *Rafe*. Yes faid I: for his fake faid fhe (teares ftanding in her eyes) and for thou art fomewhat like him, fpend this peece of gold: I tooke it: my lame leg, and my trauell beyond fea made me vnknowne, all is one for that, I know's fhee's mine.

Firke. Did fhee giue thee this gold? O glorious glittering gold: fhees thine owne, tis thy wife, and fhee loues thee, for Ile ftand toot, there's no woman will giue gold to any man, but fhe thinkes better of him than fhee thinkes of them fhee giues filuer to: and for *Hammon*, neither *Hammon* nor Hangman fhall wrong thee in London: Is not our old Mafters *Eyre* Lord Maïor? Speake my hearts.

All. Yes, and *Hammon* fhall know it to his coft.

Enter Hammon his man, Fane, and others.

Hodge. Peace my bullies, yonder they come.

Rafe. Stand toot my hearts, *Firk*, let me speake first.

Hodge. No *Rafe*, let me : *Hammon*, whither away so earely ?

Ham. Unmannerly rude slaue, what's that to thee ?

Firk. To him fir ? yes fir, and to me, and others : good morrow *Fane*, how dost thou ? good Lord, how the world is changed with you, God be thanked.

Ham. Villaines, hands off, how dare you touch my loue ?

All. Villaines : downe with them, cry clubs for prentises.

Hod. Hold, my hearts : touch her *Hammon* ? yea and more than that, weele carrie her away with vs. My maisters and gentlemen, neuer draw your bird spits, shoemakers are steele to the backe, men euery inch of them, all spirit.

All of Hammons side. Well, and what of all this ?

Hod. Ile shew you : *Fane*, doost thou know this man ? tis *Rafe* I can tell thee : nay, tis he in faith, though he be lam'd by the warres, yet looke not strange, but run to him, fold him about the necke and kisse him.

Fane. Liues then my husband ? oh God let me go, Let me embrace my *Rafe*.

Ham. What meanes my *Fane* ?

Fane. Nay, what meant you to tell me was he flaine ?

Ham. Pardon me deare loue for being misled, Twas rumord here in London thou wert dead.

Firke. Thou seeft he liues : Lasse, go packe home with him ? now M. *Hammon*, wheres your mistris your wife ?

Seru. Swounds M. fight for her, will you thus lose her ?

All. Downe with that creature, clubs, downe with him.

Hodge. Hold, hold.

Ham. Hold foole : firs he shall do no wrong,

Will my *Fane* leaue me thus, and breake her faith?

Firke. Yes sir, the must sir, she shall sir, what then? mend it.

Hod. Hearke fellow *Rafe*, follow my counsell, fet the wench in the midst, and let her chuse her man, and let her be his woman.

Fane. Whom should I chuse? whom should my thoughts affect?

But him whom Heauen hath made to be my loue,
Thou art my husband, and these humble weedes,
Makes thee more beautifull than all his wealth,
Therefore I will but put off his attire,
Returning it into the owners hand,
And euer after be thy constant wife.

Hodge. Not a ragge *Fane*, the law's on our side, hee that fowes in another mans ground forfeits his haruest, get thee home *Raph*, follow him *Fane*, hee shall not haue so much as a buske point from thee.

Firke. Stand to that *Rafe*, the appurtenances are thine owne, *Hammon*, looke not at her.

Seru. O swounds no.

Firke. Blew coate be quiet, weele giue you a new liuerie else, weele make Shroue Tuesday Saint *Georges* day for you: looke not *Hammon*, leare not, Ile firke you, for thy head now, one glance, one sheepes eye, any thing at her, touch not a ragge, lest I and my brethren beate you to clowtes.

Ser. Come maister *Hammon*, theres no striuing here.

Ham. Good fellowes, heare me speake: and honest *Rafe*,

Whom I haue iniured most by louing *Fane*,
Marke what I offer thee: here in faire gold,
Is twentie pound, Ile giue it for thy *Fane*,
If this content thee not, thou shalt haue more.

Hodge. Sell not thy wife, *Rafe*, make her not a whore.

Ham. Say, wilt thou freely ccase thy claime in her,
And let her be my wife?

All. No do not *Raph.*

Raph. Sirra *Hammon Hammon*, dost thou thinke a shooe-maker is so base, to be a bawd to his own wife for cōmodity? take thy gold, choake with it: were I not lame, I would make thee eate thy words.

Firke. A shoemaker sell his flesh and blood, oh indignitie!

Hodg. Sirra, take vp your pelfe, and be packing.

Ham. I will not touch one pennie, but in liew,
Of that great wrong I offered thy *Fane*,
To *Fane* and thee I giue that twentie pound,
Since I haue faild of her, during my life,
I vow no woman else shall be my wife:
Farewell good fellowes of the Gentle trade,
Your morning mirth my mourning day hath made.

Exit.

Firke. Touch the gold creature if you dare, y'are best be trudging: here *Fane* take thou it, now lets home my hearts.

Hodge. Stay, who comes here? *Fane*, on againe with thy maske.

Enter Lincolne, L. Maior, and seruants.

Lin. Yonders the lying varlet mockt vs fo.

L. Ma. Come hither firra.

Firke. I fir, I am firra, you meane me, do you not?

Linc. Where is my Nephew married?

Firke. Is he married? God giue him ioy, I am glad of it: they haue a faire day, and the signe is in a good Planet, *Mars* in *Venus*.

L. Ma. Villaine, thou toldst me that my daughter *Rose*,

This morning should be married at Saint *Faiths*,
Wee haue watcht there these three houres at the least,
Yet see we no such thing.

Firke. Truely I am sorry fort, a Bride's a prettie thing.

Hodge. Come to the purpose, yonder's the Bride

and Bridegroom you looke for I hope : though you be Lords, you are not to barre, by your authoritie, men from women, are you ?

L. Ma. See fee my daughter's maskt.

Lin. True, and my nephew,
To hide his guilt, counterfeits him lame.

Firke. Yea truly, God helpe the poore couple,
they are lame and blind.

L. Ma. Ile ease her blindnesse.

Lin. Ile his lamenesse cure.

Firke. Lye downe firs, and laugh, my fellow *Raph* is taken for *Rowland Lacy*, and *Fane* for mistress damaske Rose, this is all my knauerie.

L. Ma. What haue I found you minion ?

Lin. O bafe wretch,
Nay hide thy face, the horror of thy guilt
Can hardly be washt off : where are thy powers ?
What battells haue you made ? O yes I see,
Thou foughtst with shame, and shame hath conquer'd
thee ;

This lamenesse with not ferue.

L. Ma. Unmaske your selfe.

Lin. Lead home your daughter.

L. Ma. Take your nephew hence.

Raph. Hence, fswounds, what meane you ? are you mad ? I hope you cannot enforce my wife from me, wher's *Hammon* ?

L. Ma. Your wife ?

Lin. What *Hammon* ?

Raph. Yea my wife, and therefore the proudest of you that laies hands on her first, Ile lay my Crutch crosse his pate.

Firke. To him lame *Raph*, here's braue sport.

Raph. *Rose* call you her ? why her name is *Fane*, looke here selfe, do you know her now ?

Lin. Is this your daughter ?

L. Ma. No nor this your nephew :
My Lord of Lincolne, we are both abus'd,
By this bafe craftie varlet.

Firke. Yea forfooth no varlet, forfooth no bafe, forfooth I am but meane, not craftie neither, but of the Gentle Craft.

L. Ma. Where is my daughter *Rofe*? where is my child?

Linc. Where is my Nephew *Lacy* married?

Firke. Why here is good lac'd mutton as I promist you.

Linc. Villaine Ile haue thee punisht for this wrong.

Firke. Punish the Iourneyman villaine, but not the Iourneyman Shoemaker.

Enter Dodger.

Dodg. My Lord, I come to bring vnwelcome newes,
Your Nephew *Lacy* and your daughter *Rofe*,
Earely this morning wedded at the Sauoy,
None being present but the Lady Mayreffē:
Besides I learnt among the Officers,
The Lord Maior vowes to stand in their defence,
Gainst any that shall seeke to crosse the match.

Lin. Dares *Eyre* the Shoemaker vphold the deed?

Firk. Yes fir, Shoemakers dare stand in a womans quarrel
I warrant you, as deepe as another, and deeper too.

Dod. Besides his Grace to day dines with the Mayor,
Who on his knees humbly intends to fall,
And beg a pardon for your Nephews fault.

Lin. But Ile preuent him, come Sir *Roger Otley*,
The King will do vs iustice in this cause,
How ere their hands haue made them man and wife,
I will disioyne the match, or lose my life. *Exeunt.*

Firk. Aduē Monsieur *Dodger*, farewell fooles,
ha, ha.

Oh if they had staid I would haue so lamb'd them with flouts, O heart, my Codpeece-point is ready to flye in peeces euery time I thinke vpon mistris *Rofe*, but let that passe, as my Ladie Mayresse saies.

Hodge. This matter is answered : come *Raph*, home with thy wife, come my fine Shoemakers, lets to our masters the new Lord Mayor, and there swagger this Shroue Tuesday, Ile promise you wine enough, for *Madge* keeps the Seller.

All. Oh rare ! *Madge* is a good wench.

Firke. And Ile promise you meat enough for simpering *Susan* keeps the Larder, Ile lead you to victuals my braue souldiers, follow your Captaine, O braue, harke, harke.

Bell rings.

All. The Pancake bell rings, the Pancake bell, tri-lill my hearts.

Firke. O braue, oh sweet bell, O delicate Pancakes, open the doores my hearts, and shut vp the windowes, keepe in the house, let out the Pancakes, oh rare my hearts, let's march together for the honour of *S. Hugh*, to the great new hall in Gracious streete corner, which our master the new Lord Maior hath built.

Rafe. O the crew of good fellows that will dine at my Lord Maiors cost to day !

Hodge. By the lord, my Lord Maior is a most braue man, how shall Prentises be bound to pray for him and the honor of the Gentlemen Shoemakers ? lets feed and bee fat with my Lordes bountie.

Firke. O muscical Bell still ; O *Hodge*, O my brethren ; there's cheere for the heauens, venison pasties walke vp and downe piping hot like Serieants : Beefe and brewes comes marching in drifattes, fritters and pancakes come trowling in in wheele-barrowes, hens and oranges hopping in Porters baskets, collops and egges in scuttles, and tarts and custards comes quauering in in malt shouels.

Enter more Prentises.

All. Whoop, looke here, looke here.

Hodge. How now mad lads whither away so fast ?

1 Pren. Whither ? why to the great new Hall, know

you not why? the Lord Maior hath bidden all the prentises in London to breakfast this morning.

All. Oh braue Shoomaker, oh braue Lord of incomprehensible good fellowship, whoo, hearke you, the Pancake-Bell rings. *Cast vp Caps.*

Firk. Nay more my hearts, euerie Shroue-tuesday is our yeare of Jubile : and when the Pancake-Bell rings, we are as as free as my Lord Maior, wee may shut up our shoppes and make holiday : I'le haue it cal'd Saint *Hughs* Holiday.

All. Agreed, agreed, Saint *Hughs* Holiday.

Hodge. And this shall continue for euer.

All. Oh braue ; come come my hearts, away, away.

Firke. O eternall credit to vs of the Gentle Craft, march faire my hearts, O rare. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and his traine ouer the stage.

King. Is our Lord Maior of London such a gallant?

Nobleman. One of the merriest madcaps in your Land,
Your Grace will thinke when you behold the man,
Hees rather a wild Ruffian than a Maior :
Yet thus much Ile ensure your Majestie,
In all his actions that concerne his state,
He is as ferious, prouident, and wise,
As full of grauitie amongst the graue,
As any Maior hath been these many yeares.

King. I am with child till I behold this huffecap,
But all my doubt is when we come in presence,
His madnesse will be dasht cleane out of countenance.

Noblem. It may be so, my Liege.

King. Which to preuent,
Let some one giue him notice 'tis our pleasure,
That he put on his wonted merriment :
Set forward. *All.* On afore. *Exeunt.*

Enter Eyre, Hodge, Firke, Raph, and other Shoemakers, all with napkins on their shoulders.

Eyre. Come my fine *Hodge*, my iolly Gentlemen Shoemakers, soft, where be these Caniballes, these varlets my officers, let them all walke and wait vpon my brethren, for my meaning is, that none but Shoemakers, none but the liuerie of my Companie shall in their fattin hoods wait vpon the trencher of my Soueraigne.

Firke. O my Lord, it will be rare.

Eyre. No more *Firke*, come liuely, let your fellow prentifes want no cheere, let wine be plentiful as beere, and beere as water, hang these penny pinching fathers, that cram wealth in innocent Lambes skinnes, up knaues, auant, looke to my guests.

Hodge. My Lord, we are at our wits end for roome, those hundred Tables will not feast the fourth part of them.

Eyre. Then couer me those hundred Tables againe and againe, till all my iolly prentifes be feasted : auoyd *Hodge*, runne *Raph*, friske about my nimble *Firke*, carowse mee fadome healths to the honour of the shoemakers, doe they drinke liuely *Hodge*? do they tickle it *Firke*?

Firke. Tickle it? some of them haue taken their liquor standing so long, that they can stand no longer : but for meat they would eat it and they had it.

Eyre. Want they meat? where's this swag-belly, this greasie kitchinstuffe cooke, call the varlet to me : want meat? *Firke*, *Hodge*, lame *Rafe*, runne my tall men, beleaguer the Shambles, begger all East-cheape, ferue me whole Oxen in Chargers, and let Sheepe whine vpon the tables like Pigs, for want of good fellowes to eat them. Want meat? vanish *Firke*, auant *Hodge*.

Hodge. Your Lordship mistakes my man *Firke*, he means their bellies want meat, not the boords, for they haue drunke so much they can eat nothing.

Enter Hans, Rose, and Wife.

Wife. Where is my Lord?

Eyre. How now Lady *Maggy*?

Wife. The Kings most excellent Maiestie is new come, he sends me for thy honor, one of his most worshipfull Peeres bad me tell thou must be merrie, and so forth : but let that passe.

Eyre. Is my Soueraigne come? vanish my tall Shoomakers, my nimble brethren, looke to my guests the prentizes : yet stay a little, how now *Hans*, how lookes my little *Rose*?

Hans. Let me request you to remember me, I know your honour easily may obtaine, Free pardon of the King for me and *Rose*, And reconcile me to my Uncles grace.

Eyre. Haue done my good *Hans*, my honest Journeyman, looke cheerily, I'll fall vpon both my knees until they be as hard as horne, but I'll get thy pardon.

Wife. Good my Lord haue a care what you speake to his Grace.

Eyre. Away you Iffington whitepot, hence you hopper-arse, you Barly pudding full of maggots, you broild Carbonado, auant, auant, auoyd Mephistophiles : shall *Sim Eyre* learne to speake of you Lady *Maggy*? vanish mother Mineuer-Cap, vanish, goe, trip and goe, meddle with your platters and your pisherie pasherie, your flewes and your whirligigs, goe, rub out mine ally : *Sim Eyre* knowes how to speake to a Pope, to *Sultan Solyman*, to *Tamberlaine* and he were here : and I shall melt, shall I droope before my Soueraigne? no, come my Lady *Maggy*, follow me *Hans*, about your businesse my frolike freebooters : *Firke*, friske about, and about, and about, for the honour of mad *Simon Eyre*, Lord Mayor of *London*.

Firke. Hey for the honour of the Shooemakers.

Exeunt.

A long flourish or two, enter the King, Nobles, Eyre, his Wife, Lacy, Rose; Lacy and Rose kneele.

King. Well *Lacy*, though the fact was very foule,
Of your reuolting from our Kingly loue,
And your owne dutie, yet we pardon you,
Rise both, and Mistris *Lacy*, thanke my Lord Mayor
For your young bridegroom here.

Eyre. So my deare Liege, *Sim Eyre* and my brethren the Gentlemen Shoemakers shall set your sweet Maiesties image cheeke by iole by Saint *Hugh*, for this honour you haue done poore *Simon Eyre*, I beseech your Grace pardon my rude behaiour, I am a handicrafts man, yet my heart is without craft, I would be forrie at my foule that my boldnesse should offend my King.

King. Nay, I pray thee good Lord Mayor, be euen
as merry
As if thou wert among thy Shoemakers,
It does me good to see thee in this humour.

Eyre. Saist thou me so my sweet *Dioclesian*? then humpe, Prince am I none, yet am I Princely borne, by the Lord of Ludgate my Liege, I'll be as merrie as a Pie.

King. Tell me in faith mad *Eyre*, how old thou art?

Eyre. My Liege, a very boy, a stripling, a yonker, you see not a white haire on my head, nor a gray in this beard, euery haire I assure thy Maiefty that flickes in this beard, *Sim Eyre* valews at the King of *Babilons* ranfome, *Tamar Chams* beard was a rubbing brush too't, yet I'll shave it off, and stufte tennis balls with it to please my bully King.

King. But all this while I do not know your age.

Eyre. My Liege, I am six and fifty yeare old, yet I can cry humpe, with a found heart, for the honour of Saint *Hugh*: marke this old wench my King, I danc't the shaking of the sheets with her six and thirtie yeares agoe, and yet I hope to get two or three yong

Lord Mayors ere I die : I am lusty still, *Sim Eyre* still : care and cold lodging brings white haire. My sweet Maiesty, let care vanish, cast it vpon thy Nobles, it will make thee looke always young like *Apollo*, and cry humpe : Prince am I none, yet am I Princely borne.

King. Ha, ha, say *Cornewall*, didst thou euer see his like ?

Noblem. Not I my Lord.

Enter Lincolne and Lord Mayor.

King. *Lincolne* what newes with you ?

Lin. My gracious Lord haue care vnto your selfe, For there are Traitors here.

All. Traitors, where ? who ?

Eyre. Traitors in my house ? God forbid, where be my Officers ? I'le spend my soule ere my King feele harme.

King. Where is the Traitor, *Lincolne* ?

Lin. Here he stands.

King. *Cornewall*, lay hold on *Lacy* : *Lincolne* speake,

What canst thou lay vnto thy Nephewes charge ?

Lin. This my deare Liege, your Grace to do me honour,

Heapt on the head of this degenerous boy,
Desertlesse fauours, you made choyce of him,
To be Commander ouer powers in *France*,
But he :

King. Good *Lincolne*, prethee pause a while,
Euen in thine eyes I read what thou wouldst speake,
I know how *Lacy* did neglect our loue,
Ran himselfe deepely (in the highest degree)
Into vile treason.

Lin. Is he not a Traitor ?

King. *Lincolne*, he was, now haue we pardoned him,

'Twas not a base want of true valours fire
That held him out of *France*, but loues desire.

Lin. I will not beare his shame vpon my backe.

King. Nor shalt thou *Lincolne*, I forgiue you both.

Lin. Then good my Liege forbid the boy to wed
One whose meane birth will much disgrace his bed.

King. Are they not married?

Lin. No my Liege.

Both. We are.

King. Shall I diuorce them then? O be it farre,
That any hand on earth should dare vntie
The sacred knot knit by Gods Maiestie;
I would not for my Crowne disioyne their hands,
That are conioyn'd in holy nuptiall bands:
How faist thou *Lacy*, woulst thou loose thy *Rose*?

Hans. Not for all Indians wealth, my Soueraigne.

King. But *Rose* I am fure her *Lacy* would forgoe.

Rose. If *Rose* were askt that question, shee'd say no.

King. You heare them *Lincolne*.

Lin. Yea my Liege I do.

King. And canst thou finde ith heart to part these
two?

Who seekes besides you to diuorce these louers?

L. Ma. I do (my gracious Lord) I am her father.

King. *Sir Roger Oteley*, our last Mayor I thinke.

Nob. The same my Liege.

King. Would you offend Loues lawes?

Well you shall haue your wills: you sued to me

To prohibit the match: Soft, let me see,

You both are married, *Lacy* art thou not?

Hans. I am dread Soueraigne.

King. Then vpon thy life,

I charge thee not to call this woman wife.

L. Ma. I thanke your Grace.

Rose. O my most gracious Lord.

kneele.

King. Nay *Rose* neuer wooe me, I tell you true,
Although as yet I am a Batchelor,
Yet I beleeeue I shall not marrie you.

Rose. Can you diuide the body from the foule,
Yet make the body liue?

King. Yea, so profound?

I cannot *Rose*, but you I must diuide,
 Faire maid this Bridegroome cannot be your Bride,
 Are you pleas'd *Lincolne*? *Otley*, are you pleas'd?

Both. Yes my Lord.

King. Then must my heart be eas'd,
 For credit me, my conscience liues in paine,
 Till these whom I diuorc'd be ioyned againe :
Lacy giue me thy hand, *Rose* lend me thine,
 Be what you would be : kisse now : so, that's fine,
 At night (*Louers*) to bed : now let me see,
 Which of you all mislikes this harmony ?

L. Ma. Will you then take from me my childe
 perforce ?

King. Why tell me *Otley* shines not *Lacys* name,
 As bright in the worlds eye, as the gay beames
 Of any Citizen ?

Lin. Yea but my gracious Lord,
 I doe mislike the match farre more than he,
 Her blood is too too base.

King. *Lincolne* no more,
 Dost thou not know, that loue respects no blood ?
 Cares not for difference of birth or state,
 The maid is young, well borne, faire, vertuous,
 A worthy Bride for any Gentleman :
 Besides your Nephew for her sake did stoope
 To bare necessitie ; and as I heare,
 Forgetting honours and all Courtly pleasures,
 To gaine her loue became a shoemaker :
 As for the honour which he lost in *France*,
 Thus I redeeme it : *Lacy* kneele thee downe,
 Arise Sir *Rowland Lacy* : tell me now,
 Tell me in earnest *Otley*, canst thou chide ?
 Seeing thy *Rose* a Lady and a Bride.

L. Ma. I am content with what your Grace hath
 done.

Inc. And I my Liege since there's no remedy.

King. Come on then, all shake hands, I'll haue
 you friends

Where there is much loue all discord ends :

What faies my mad Lord Mayor to all this loue ?

Eyre. O my Liege, the honour you haue done to my fine Journeyman here, *Rowland Lacy*, and all these fauours which you haue showne to me this day in my poore houle, will make *Simon Eyre* liue longer by one dozen of warme Summers more than he should.

King. Nay my mad Lord Mayor, (that shall be thy name)

If any grace of mine can length thy life,
One honour more I'le doe thee, that new building,
Which at thy cost in Cornehill is erected,
Shall take a name from vs, wee'le haue it call'd,
The Leaden Hall, because in digging it,
You found the lead that couereth the same.

Eyre. I thanke your Maiesty.

Wife. God bleffe your grace.

King. *Lincolne*, a word with you.

Enter Hodge, Firke, Rafe, and more Shoemakers.

Eyre. How now my mad knaues ? Peace, speake softly, yonder is the King.

King. With the old troope which there we keepe in pay,

We will incorporate a new supply :
Before one Summer more passe ore my head,
France shall repent *England* was iniured,
What are all those ?

Hans. All Shoemakers my Liege,
Sometimes my fellowes, in their companies
I liu'd as merry as an Emperor.

King. My mad Lord Mayor, are all these Shoemakers ?

Eyre. All Shoemakers my Liege, all Gentlemen of the Gentle Craft, true Troyans, couragious Cordwainers, they all kneele to the Shrine of holy Saint *Hugh*.

All. God saue your Maiesty all shoemakers.

King. Mad *Simon*, would they any thing with vs ?

Eyre. Mum, mad knaues not a word, I'le doo't I

warrant you. They are all Beggars my Liege, all for themfelues and I for them all, on both my knees doe intreat, that for the honour of poore *Simon Eyre*, and the good of his Brethren these mad knaues your Grace would vouchsafe some priuilege to my new Leaden hall, that it may be lawfull for vs to buy and fell Leather there two dayes in a weeke.

King. Mad *Sim*, I grant your fute, you shall haue Patent

To hold two market dayes in Leaden-Hall,
Mondayes and Fridays, those shall be the times :
Will this content you ?

All. Jefus bleffe your Grace.

Eyre. In the name of these my poore brethren Shoemakers, I most humblie thanke your Grace. But before I rise, seeing you are in the giuing veine, and we in the begging, grant *Sim Eyre* one boone more.

King. What is it my Lord Mayor ?

Eyre. Vouchsafe to tast of a poore Banquet, that's sweetly waiting for your sweet prefence.

King. I shall vndoe thee *Eyre* only with this, (5)
Alreadie haue I beene too troublefome,
Say, haue I not ?

Eyre. O my deare King, *Sim Eyre* cannot say so ;
vpon a day of shrouing which I promist to all the
merrie Prentifes of *London* : for an't please you when
I was prentife (6)

I bare the water-tankard, and my coat
Sits not a whit the worse vpon my backe :
And then vpon a morning, some mad boyes
(It was Shroue-tuesday, euen as 'tis now)
Gauē me my breakfast, and I swore then by the

(5) only with feasts. 1600.

(6) O my deere King *Sim Eyre* was taken vnawares vpon a day of shrouing which I promist long ago to the prentifes of *London* : for andt please your Highnes, in time past, &c. 1600.

stopple of my Tankard, if euer I came to be Lord Mayor of *London*, I would feast al the Prentifes. This day my Liege I did it, and the flaues had an hundred Tables fwe times couered, they are gone home and vanisht.

Yet adde more glorie to the Gentle Trade,
Taste of *Eyres* Banquet, *Simon's* happie made.

King. I will taste of thy Banquet, and will fay,
I haue not met more pleasure on a day ;
Friends of the Gentle Craft, thanks to you all,
Thanks my kinde Lady Mayresse for our cheere :
Come Lords a while let's reuell it at home,
When all our sports, and banquetings are done
Warres must right wrongs which Frenchmen haue
begun. (7) *Exeunt.*

(7) The later Editions read :
When all our words and banquetings are done,
We must right wrongs which Frenchmen haue begun.

FINIS.





THE
Pleasant Comedie of
Old Fortunatus.

As it was plaid before the Queenes
Maiestie this Christmas, by the Right
Honourable the Earle of Nottingham,
Lord high Admirall of England his Seruants,



Aut Nunc Aut Nunquam.

LONDON

Printed by S. S. for William Aspley, dwelling in
Paules Church-yard at the signe of the
Tygers head. 1600.

*The Prologue at Court: Enter two
old men.*

1. **A** Re you then traueiling to the temple of Eliza?
2. Euen to her temple are my feeble limmes
traueiling. Some cal her Pandora: some Gloriana,
some Cynthia: some Delphœbe, some Astræa: all by
seuerall names to expresse seuerall loues: Yet all
those names make but one celestiall body, as all those
loues meete to create but one soule.

1. I am one of her owne countrie, and we adore
her by the name of Eliza.

2. Blessed name, happie countrie: Your Eliza
makes your land Elizium: but what doe you offer?

1. That which all true Subiects should: when I was
young, an Armed hand; now I am crooked, an vp-
right heart: But what offer you?

2. That which all straungers doe: two eyes stricke
blinde with admiration: Two lips (proud to found her
glorie :) Two hands held vp full of prayers and
praifes: What not, that may expresse loue? what not,
that may make her beloued?

1. How long ist since you last beheld her?

2. A iust yeere: yet that yeere hath seemd to me
but one day, because her glorie hath beene my
howrely contemplation, and yet that yeere hath seemd
to me more then twice seuen yeres, because so long I
haue beene absent from her. Come therefore, good
father, lets goe faster, least we come too late: for see,
the Tapers of the night are already lighted, and stand
brightly burning in their starrie Candlestickes: See howe
gloriously the Moone shines vpon vs. *Both kneele.*

1. Peace foole: tremble, and kneele: The Moone
saist thou?

Our eyes are dazled by Elizaes beames,

See (if at least thou dare see) where shee fits :
 This is the great Panthæon of our Goddesse,
 And all those faces which thine eyes thought starres,
 Are Nymphes attending on her deitie.
 Prithee begin, for I want power to speake.

2. No, no, speake thou, I want words to begin.

Weepes.

1. Alacke what shall I doe ? com'st thou with me,
 And weepst now thou beholdst this Maiestie ?

2. Great land-lady of hearts, pardon me.

1. Blame not mine eyes, good father, in these
 teares.

2. My pure loue shines, as thine doth in thy feares :
 I weepe for ioy to see so many heads
 Of prudent Ladies, clothed in the liuerie
 Of siluer-handed age, for seruing you,
 Whilst in your eyes youthes glory doth remue :
 I weepe for ioy to see the Sunne looke old,
 To see the Moone mad at her often change,
 To see the Starres onely by night to shine,
 Whilst you are still bright, still one, still diuine :
 I weepe for ioy to see the world decay,
 Yet see Eliza flourishing like May :
 O pardon me your Pilgrim, I haue meafurd
 Many a mile to find you : and haue brought,
 Old Fortunatus and his family,
 With other Cipnots (my poore countrie men)
 To pay a whole yeeres tribute : O vouchsafe,
 Dread Queene of Fayries, with your gracious eyes,
 T'accept theirs and our humble sacrifice.

1. Now ile beg for thee too : and yet I need not :
 Her sacred hand hath euermore beene knowne,
 As soone held out to straungers as her owne.

2. Thou doest encourage me : Ile fetch them in,
 They haue no princely gifts, we are all poore,
 Our offrings are true hearts, who can wish more ?

Exeunt.

THE PROLOGUE.

OF *Loues* sweete war, our timerous Muse doth sing,
And to the bosome of each gentle deare,
Offence her Artles tunes, borne on the wing
Of sacred Poesy. A benumbing feare,
(That your nice foules, cloyd with dilicious sounds,
Will loath her lowly notes) makes her pull in
Her fainting pineons, and her spirit confounds
Before the weake voice of her song begin.
Yet since within the circle of each eye,
(Being like so many Suns in his round Sphere)
No wrinkle yet is feene, sheele dare to flie,
Borne vp with hopes, that as you oft do reare
With your faire hands, those who would els sinke
down,

So some will deigne to smile, where all might frown :
And for this smal Circumference must stand,
For the imagind Sur-face of much land,
Of many kingdomes, and since many a mile,
Should here be meafurd out : our muse intreats,
Your thoughts to helpe poore Art, and to allow,
That I may serue as Chorus to her scences,
She begs your pardon, for sheele fend one foorth,
Not when the lawes of Poesy doe call,
But as the storie needes, your gracious eye
Giues life to Fortunatus historie.

Exit.



THE COMEDIE OF

Olde Fortunatus.

*Enter Fortunatus meanelly attired, hee walkes
ere he speake once or twice about
cracking Nuts.*

Fortunatus.



O, ho, ho, ho, ho.

Eccho within. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

Fortun. There boy.

Eccho. There boy.

Fort. And thou bee'st a goodfellow, tel me how
cal'st this wood.

Eccho. This wood.

Fort. I this wood, & which is my best way out.

Eccho. Best way out.

Fort. Ha, ha, ha, thats true, my best way out, is
my best way out, but how that out will come in, by this
Maggot I know not, I see by this we are all wormes
meate: well, I am very poore and verie patient, Pa-
tience is a vertue: would I were not vertuous, thats to
fay, not poore, but full of vice, (thats to fay, ful of
chinckes) Ha, ha, so I am, for I am so full of chinckes,
that a Horfe with one eye may looke through and
through me, I haue fighed long, and that makes me
windie: I haue fasted long, and that makes me chafte,
marie I have praied little, and that makes mee I still
daunce in this coniuring circle: I haue wandred long,

and that makes me wearie ; but for my wearinesse, anon Ile lie down, in steade of fasting ile feede vpon Nuts, and in stead of fighting will laugh and bee leane, Sirra, *Eccho*.

Eccho. Sirra *Eccho*.

Fort. Heres a Nut.

Eccho. Heres a Nut.

Fort. Cracke it

Eccho. Cracke it.

Fort. Hang thy selfe.

Eccho. Hang thy selfe.

Fort. Th'art a knaue, a knaue.

Eccho. A knaue, a knaue.

Fort. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Eccho. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Fortunat. Why so, two fooles laugh at one another, I at my tittle tattle gammer *eccho*, and shee at me. Shortly there will creepe out in print some filthie booke of the old hoarie wandring Knight, meaning me : would I were that booke, for then I should be fure to creepe out from hence : I should bee a good fouldiour, for I trauerse my ground rarely, marrie I see neither enemie nor friends, but Popiniayes, and Squirrels, and Apes, and Owles, and Dawes, and Wagtailes, and the spite is that none of these grasse-eaters can speake my language, but this foole that mockes me, and sweares to haue the last word (in spite of my teeth) I, and shee shall haue it because shee is a woman, which kind of cattell are indeede all *Eccho*, nothing but tongue, and are like the great bell of S. Michaels in Cyprus, that keepe most rumbling when men would most sleepe. *Eccho*, a poxe on thee for mocking me.

Eccho. A poxe on thee for mocking me.

Fortunat. Why so, Snip snap, this warre is at an end, but this wildernesse is world without end, to see how trauell can transforme : my teeth are turn'd into Nutcrackers, a thousand to one I breake out shortly, for I am full of nothing, but waxing kernels, my tongue

speakes no language but an Almond for Parrat, and cracke me this Nut : If I hop three daies more vp and downe this cage of Coockooes nests, I shall turne wilde man fure, and be hyred to throw Squibs among the Cōminaltie vpon some terrible day. In the meane time to tell truth here will I lie. Farwell foole.

Eccho. Farwell foole.

Fort. Are not these comfortable words to a wife man? All haile Signior tree, by your leaue ile sleepe vnder your leaues, I pray bow to me, and ile bend to you, for your backe and my browes must, I doubt, haue a game or two at Noddie erre I wake againe: downe great heart, downe. Hey, ho, well, well.

He lyes downe and sleepe: Enter a Gardiner, a Smith, a Monke, a Shepheard all crown'd, a Nymph with a Globe, another with Fortunes wheele, then Fortune: After her fowre Kings with broken Crownes and Scepters, chained in siluer Giues and led by her. The foremost come out singing. Fortune takes her Chaire, the Kings lying at her fecte, shee treading on them as shee goes vp.

The Song.

Fortune fmiles, cry holyday,
 Dimples on her cheekes doe dwell,
 Fortune frownes, cry wellada,
 Her loue is heauen, her hate is hell :
 Since heauen and hell obey her power,
 Tremble when her eyes doe lowre,
 Since heauen and hell her power obey,
 When shee fmiles, crie holy day.

Holy-day with ioy we cry
 And bend, and bend and merily,
 Sing Hymnes to Fortunes deitie,
 Sing Hymnes to Fortunes deitie.

All. { Let vs sing, merrily, merrily, merrily,
 With our song let heauen resound,
 Fortunes hands our heads haue crown'd,
 Let vs sing merrily, merrily, merrily.

1. *King.* Accursed Queene of chaunce, what had
 we done,
 Who hauing sometimes like young *Phaetons*,
 Ryd in the burnisht Charriot of the Sun,
 And sometimes beene thy minions, when thy fingers
 Weau'd wanton love-nets in our curled hayre,
 And with sweete iugling kisses warm'd our cheekes :
 Oh how haue we offended thy proud eyes,
 That thus we should be spurnd and trod vpon,
 Whilst those infected limmes of the sicke world,
 Are fixt by thee for starres in that bright Sphere,
 Wherein our Sunne like *Radiance* did appeare.

All the Kings.

Accursed Queene of chaunce, damn'd forcereffe.

The rest.

Most powr'full Queene of chaunce dread foueraign-
 nesse.

Fort. No more : curse on : your cries to me are
 Musicke,
 And fill the sacred roundure of mine eares,
 With tunes more sweete then mouing of the Spheres :
 Curse on : on our celestiall browes doe sit
 Un-numberd smiles, which then leaps from their
 throne,
 When they see Peafants daunce and Monarches
 groane.
 Behold you not this Globe, this golden bowle,
 This toy cal'd worlde at our Imperiall feete ?
 This world is Fortunes ball wherewith she sports.
 Sometimes I strike it vp into the ayre,
 And then create I Emperours and kings

Sometimes I spurne it : at which spurne crawles out
That wild beast multitude : curse on you fooles,
Tis I that tumble Princes from their thrones,
And gild false browes with glittering diadems,
Tis I that tread on neckes of Conquerours,
And when like Semi-gods they haue beene drawne,
In Iuorie Charriots to the capitoll,
Circed about with wonder of all eyes,
The shouts of euery tongue, loue of all hearts,
Being swolne with their owne greatnesse, I haue prickt
The bladder of their pride, and made them die,
As water bubbles (without memorie)
I thrust base cowards into Honours chaire,
Whilst the true spirited Souldiour stands by
Bare headed, and all bare, whilst at his skarres
They skoffe, that nere durst view the face of warres.
I set an Ideots cap on vertues head,
Turne learning out of doores, clothe wit in ragges,
And paint ten thousand Images of Loame,
In gawdie filken colours : on the backes
Of Mules and Affes I make affes ride,
Onely for sport, to see the Apish world
Worship such beasts with sound idolatrie.
This Fortune does, and when this is done,
She sits and smiles to heare some curse her name,
And some with adoration crowne her fame.

Monck. True center of this wide circumference,
Sacred commaundresse of the destinies,
Our tongues shall onely fownd thy excellence.

The rest. Thy excellence our tongues shall onely
found.

The second King.

Thou painted strumpet, that with honied smiles,
Openest the gates of heauen and criest, Come in,
Whose glories being seene, thou with one frowne,
(In pride) lower then hell tumblest vs downe.

All Kings. Euer for euer wil we banne thy name.

Fort. How sweete your howlings rellish in mine
eares? *She comes downe.*

Stand by ; now rife, behold, here lies a wretch,
To vex your foules, this begger ile aduance
Beyond the sway of thought, take instruments,
And let the raptures of choice Harmonie,
Through the hollow windings of his eare,

Musicke a while, and he waketh.

Carrie their sacred founds, & wake each fence,
To stand amaz'd at our bright Eminence.

Fortunat. Oh, how am I transported ? Is this
earth ?

Or blest Elizium ?

Fortune. *Fortunatus*, rife.

Fort. Dread Goddesse, how should such a wretch
as I

Be knowne to such a glorious deitie ?

Oh pardon me : for to this place I come,
Lead by my fate, not folly ; in this wood
With wearie sorrow haue I wandered,
And three times seene the sweating Sun take rest,
And three times franticke Cynthia naked ride,
About the rustie high-waies of the skies
Stucke full of burning Starres, which lent her light
To court her Negro paramour grim night.

Fortune. This trauell now expires : yet from this
circle,

Where I and these with fairie troopes abide,
Thou canst not flir, unlesse I be thy guide.
I the worlds Empreffe am Fortune my name,
This hand hath written in thicke leaues of fleee
An euerlasting booke of changelesse Fate,
Shewing whoe's happie, who vnfortunate.

Fort. If euerie name (dread Queene) be there
writ down,

I am sure mine stands in Characters of blacke,
Though happines her selfe lie in my name,
I am forrowes heire, and eldest sonne to shame.

The Kings. No, we are fons to shame, and for-
rowes heires.

Fortune. Thou shalt be one of Fortunes minions :
Behold these foure chain'd like Tartarian slaues,
These I created Emperours and Kings,
And these are now my basest vnderlings :
This sometimes was a Germane Emperour,
Henry the fift, who being first depof'd,
Was after thrust into a dungeon,
And thus in filuer chaines shall rot to death.
This Frederick Barbaroffa Emperour
Of Almaine once : but by Pope Alexander
Now spurn'd and trod on when he takes his horse,
And in these fetters shall he die his slaue.
This wretch once wore the diademe of Fraunce,
(Lewes the meeke,) but through his childrens pride,
Thus haue I caused him to be famished.
Here stands the verie soule of miserie
Poore Baiazet old Turkish Emperour,
And once the greatest Monarch in the East ;
Fortune her selfe is said to view thy fall,
And grieues to see thee glad to licke vp crommes
At the proud feete of that great Scithian fwaine,
Fortunes best minion, warlike Tamberlaine :
Yet must thou in a cage of Iron be drawne
In triumph at his heeles, and there in grieve
Dash out thy braines.

The third King. Oh miserable me.

Fortune. No teares can melt the heart of destinie :
These haue I ruin'd and exalted those :
These hands haue conquerd Spaine, these browes
fill vp
The golden circle of rich Portugall.
Viriat a Monarch now, but borne a shepherd.
This Primislaus (a Bohemian king)
Last day a Carter : this Monke Gregorie
Now lifted to the Papall dignitie,
Wretches, why gnaw you not your fingers off,
And teare your tongues out, seeing your felues trod
downe,

And this Duch Botcher wearing Munsters crowne?
 John Leyden borne in Holland poore and base,
 Now rich in Emperie and Fortunes grace.
 As these I haue aduanc'd, so will I thee.
 Six gifts I spend vpon mortalitie,
 Wisedome, strength, health, beautie, long life, and
 riches,
 Out of my bountie: one of these is thine,
 Choose then which likes thee best.

Fortunat. Oh most diuine:
 Giue me but leaue to borrow wonders eye,
 To looke (amaz'd) at thy bright maiestie,
 Wisedome, strength, health, beautie, long life and
 riches.

Fortune. Before thy foule (at this deepe Lotterie)
 Draw fourth her prize, ordain'd by destinie,
 Know that heres no recanting a first choice.
 Choose then discreetly (for the lawes of Fate,
 Being grauen in steele, must stand inuiolate.)

Fortunat. Daughters of Joue and the vnblemisht
 night,
 Most righteous Parce, guide my Genius right,
 Wisedome, strength, health, beautie, long life, and
 riches.

Fortune. Staie, Fortunatus, once more heare me
 speake,
 If thou kisse wisedomes cheeke and make her thine,
 Sheele breath into thy lips diuinitie,
 And thou (like Phebus) shalt speake Oracle,
 Thy heauen-inspired foule, on wisedomes wings,
 Shall flie vp to the Parliament of Joue,
 And read the Statutes of eternitie,
 And see whats past, and learne what is to come.
 If thou lay claime to strength, Armies shall quake,
 To see thee frowne: as Kings at mine doe lie,
 So shall thy feete trample on Emperie;
 Make Health thine obiect, thou shall be strong prooffe,
 Gainst the deepe searching darts of surfetting,
 Be cuer merrie, euer reuelling.

Wish but for beautie, and within thine eyes,
 Two naked Cupids amorously shall swim,
 And on thy cheekes ile mixe such white and red,
 That Joue shall turne away young Ganimede,
 And with immortall armes shall circle thee.
 Are thy desires long life? thy vitall thread
 Shall be stretcht out, thou shalt behold the chaunge
 Of Monarchies, and see those children die,
 Whose great great Graundfires now in cradles lie.
 If through Golds sacred hunger thou dost pine,
 Those gilded wantons which in swarmes doe runne,
 To warme their slender bodies in the sunne,
 Shall stand for number of those golden piles,
 Which in rich pride shall swell before thy feete,
 As those are; so shall these be infinite.
 Awaken then thy soules best faculties,
 And gladly kisse this bounteous hand of Fate,
 Which striues to bleffe thy name of Fortunate.

The Kings. Old man, take heede, her smiles wil
 murder thee.

Th' other. Old man, sheele crowne thee with
 felicitie.

Fort. Oh, whither am I wrap't beyond my selfe?
 More violent conflicts fight in e'rie thought,
 Than his whose fatall choice Troyes downfall wrought.
 Shall I contract my selfe to wisedomes loue?
 Then I lose riches: And a wiseman poore,
 Is like a sacred booke thats neuer read,
 To himselfe he liues, and to all els seemes dead.
 This age thinks better of a gilded foole,
 Than of a threedbare Saint in wisedomes schoole.
 I will be strong: then I refuse long life,
 And though mine arme should conquer twentie worlds,
 Theres a leane fellow beates all conquerours:
 The greatest strength expires with losse of breath.
 The mightiest (in one minute) stoope to death.
 Then take long life, or Health: should I doe so,
 I might grow vgly, and that tedious Scrole
 Of Months and yeeres, much miserie may enrole:

Therefore ile beg for beautie ; yet I will not,
 That fairest cheeke hath oftentimes a foule
 Leaprous as finne it felfe ; then hell more foule.
 The wifedome of this world is Idiotifme,
 Strength a weake reede : Health sickneffe enemye,
 (And it at length will haue the victorie.)
 Beautie is but a painting, and long life
 Is a long iorney in December gon,
 Tedious and full of tribulation.
 Therefore dread facred Empreffe make me rich,

Kneele downe.

My choice is store of gold ; the rich are wife.
 He that vpon his backe rich garments weares,
 Is wife, though on his head grow Midas eares.
 Gold is the strength, the finnewes of the world,
 The Health, the foule, the beautie most diuine,
 A maske of Gold hides all deformities ;
 Gold is heauens phisicke, lifes restoratiue ;
 Oh therefore make me rich : Not as the wretch,
 That onely ferues leane banquets to his eye,
 Has Gold, yet starues : is famisht in his store :
 No, let me euer spend, be neuer poore.

Fortune. Thy latest words confine thy destinie,
 Thou shalt spend euer, and be neuer poore :
 For prooffe receiue this purse : with it this vertue,
 Still when thou thrusts thy hand into the same,
 Thou shalt draw forth ten pieces of bright gold,
 Currant in any Realme where then thou breathest ;
 If thou can'st dribble out the Sea by drops,
 Then shalt thou want : but that can nere be don,
 Nor this grow emptye.

Fortanat. Thankes, great deitie.

Fortune. The vertue ends when thou and thy
 fonnes end.

This path leades thee to Cyprus, get thee hence ;
 Farewel, vaine couetous foole, thou wilt repent,
 That for the loue of drosse thou hast despised
 Wifedomes diuine embrace, she would haue borne thee
 On the rich wings of immortalitie ;

But now goe dwell with cares and quickly die.

The Kings. We dwell with cares, yet cannot quickly die.

Exeunt all singing, manet Fortunatus.

Fortunat. But now goe dwell with cares and quickly die? How quickly? if I die to morrow, ile be merrie to day: if next day, ile be merrie to morrow: goe dwell with cares? Where dwels care? Hum ha, in what house dwels care, that I may choose an honest neighbor? In princes courts? No, among faire Ladies, neither, theres no care dwels with them: but care how to be most gallant. Among gallants then? Fie, fie, no: care is afraid fure of a guilt Rapier, the sent of Muske is her prison, Tobacco choakes her, rich attire preffeth her to death. Princes, faire Ladies and gallants, haue amongst you then, for this wet eide wench Care dwelles with wretches: they are wretches that feele want, I shall feele none if I be neuer poore, therefore care I casheire you my companie. I wonder what blind Gossip this minx is that is so prodigall, she should be a good one by her open dealing: her name's Fortune: Its no matter what she is, so she does as she saies. *Thou shalt spend euer, and bee neuer poore:* Masse, yet I feele nothing here to make mee rich, heres no sweete Musicke with her siluer found. Trie deeper: ho God be here: Ha, ha, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, good, iust ten. Its gold fure, its so heauie, trie againe, 1, 2, &c. Good againe, iust ten, and iust ten. Ha, ha, ha, this is rare: a leather mint, admirable: an Indian mine in a Lambs skinne, miraculous: Ile fill three or fowre bagges full for my fonnes, but keepe this for my selfe. If that leane tawnie face Tobacconist death, that turnes all into smoke, must turne me so quickly into ashes, yet I will not mourne in ashes, but in Musicke, hey old lad be merrie. Heres riches, wisdom, strength, health, beautie, and long life. (If I die not quickly, sweete purse I kisse thee, Fortune, I adore thee Care, I despise thee, death, I despise thee.

Enter Ampedo, Shaddow after him, both sad: Andolucia after them.

Andelo. S'hart, why how now : two knights of the post ?

Shad. I, mafter, and wee are both forfworne, as all fuch woodden knights be, for we both tooke an oath (mary it was not corporall) you may fee by our cheekes, that we would not fast twentie fowre houres to amend, and we haue tasted no meate fince the clocke told two dozen.

Andel. That lackes not much of twentie fowre, but I wonder when that halfe faced Moone of thine wil be at the ful.

Sha. The next quarter, not this, when the figne is in Taurus.

Andel. Ho thats to fay, when thou eat'st bull biefe. But Shadow, what day is to day ?

Shad. Fasting day.

Andel. What day was yester-day ?

Shad. Fasting day too.

Andel. Will to morrow be fo too ?

Shad. I, and next day too.

Andel. That will be rare, you flauē : For a leane dyet makes a fat wit.

Shad. I had rather be a foole & weare a fat paire of cheekes.

Andel. Now am I powder of this pouertie, which I know is mine owne, then a wayting gentlewoman is, of a frizled groatesworth of haire, that neuer grewe on her head : Sirra Shadow, now we can all three fweare like puritans at one bare word : this want makes vs like good bowlers, we are able to rub out and shift in euery place.

Shad. Thats not fo, we haue shifted our felues in no place this three moneths : marrie, we rub out in euery corner, but here followes no amendement either of life or of liuerie.

Andel. Why, brother Ampedo, art thou not yet

tir'd with riding post ? Come, come, light from this logger-headed Jade, and walke afoote, and talke with your poore friends.

Shad. Nay by my troth he is like me : if his belly be emptie, his heart is full.

Andelo. The famine of Gold gnawes his couetous stomacke, more then the want of good victuals : Thou hast lookt very deuilishly euer since the good Angel left thee : come, come, leaue this broad brim fashions, because the world frownes vpon thee, wilt not thou smile vpon vs ?

Ampe. Did but the bitternes of mine owne fortunes

Infect my taste, I could paint ore my cheekes
With ruddy-coloured smiles : tis not the want
Of costly dyet or desire of gold,
Inforce this rupture in my wounded brest.
Oh no, our Father (if he liue) doth lie
Under the Iron foote of miserie,
And (as a Doue gript in a Faulcons claw)
There pant'th for life being most assur'd of death.
Brother, for him my soule thus languisheth.

Shad. Tis not for my old Master that I languish.

Amped. I am not enamoured of this painted Idoll,
This strumpet world ; for her most beautious lookes
Are poyfnd baits, hung vpon golden hookes.
When fooles doe swim in wealth, her Cynthian beames
Will wantonly daunce on the siluer streames :
But when this squinteide age sees vertue poore,
And by a little sparke fits shiuering,
Begging at all, relieu'd at no mans doore,
She smiles on her (as the Sunne shines on fire)
To kill that little heate, and with her frowne
Is proud, that she can treade poore vertue downe :
Therefore her wrinkled brow makes not mine fowre,
Her gifts are toyes, and I deride her power.

Shad. Tis not the crab-tree fac'd world neither that makes mine fowre.

Andelo. Her gifts toyes : wel brother vertue, we

haue let slip the ripe plucking of those toys so long, that wee flourish like Apple trees in September, (which hauing the falling sicknes) beare neither fruit nor leaues.

Shad. Nay by my troth, master, none flourish in these withering times, but Auncient bearers and trumpettors.

Andelo. Shaddow, when thou prouest a substance, then the tree of vertue and honestie, and such fruit of heauen shall flourish vpon earth.

Shad. True, or when the Sunne shines at midnight, or women flie, and yet they are light enough.

Andelo. Twas neuer merie world with vs, since purses and bags were inuented, for now men set lime twigges to catch wealth : And gold, which ryfeth like the sunne out of the East Indies, to shine vpon euery one, is like a Conie taken napping in a Purfenet, and suffers his gliftring yellow face deitie to be lapt vp in Lambskins, as if the innocencie of those leather prisons, should dispence with the Cheuerill consciences of the Iron harted Jaylers.

Shad. Snudges may well be called Jaylers : for if a poore wretch steale but into a debt of tenne pound, they leade him straight to execution.

Andel. Doth it not vex thee, Shaddow, to stalke vp and downe Cyprus, and to meete the out-side of a man, lapt all in Damaske, his head and beard as white as milke, onely with coniuring in the snowie circles of the field Argent, and his nose as red as Scarlet, onely with kissing the ruddie lippes of Angels, and such an Image to weare on his thumbe, three mens liuings in the shape of a seale Ring, whilst my brother vertue here,

Shad. And you his brother Vice.

Andel. Most true, my little leane Iniquitie, whilst wee three, if we should starue, cannot borrow five shillings of him neither in word nor deede : does not this vex thee, Shaddow ?

Shad. Not me ; it vexes me no more to see such

a picture, then to see an Affe laden with riches, because I know when hee can beare no longer, he must leaue his burthen to some other beast.

Andel. Art not thou mad, to see money on Goldsmithes stalles, and none in our purses?

Shad. It mads not me, I thanke the destinies.

Andel. By my pouertie, and thats but a threed-bare oath, I am more then mad, to see filkes and veluets, lie crowding together in Mercers shops, as in prisons, onely for feare of the smell of waxe (they cannot abide to see a man made out of waxe) for these Satten commodities haue such smooth consciences, that theile haue no man giue his word for them, or stand bownd for their comming forth, but vow to lie till they rot in those shop Counters, except Monsieur money baile them. Shaddow, I am out of my little wits to see this.

Shad. So is not Shaddow: I am out of my wits, to see fat gluttons feede all day long, whilst I that am leane, fast euery day: I am out of my wits, to see our Famagosta fooles, turne halfe a shop of wares into a suite of gay apparrell, onely to make other Ideots laugh, and wise men to crie who's. the foole now? I am mad, to see Souldiours beg, and cowards braue: I am mad, to see Schollers in the Brokers shop, and Dunces in the Mercers: I am mad, to see men that haue no more fashion in them then poore Shaddow, yet must leape thrice a day into three orders of fashions: I am mad, to see many things, but horne-mad, that my mouth feeles nothing.

Andel. Why, now shaddow, I see thou hast a substance: I am glad to see thee thus mad.

Amped. The fonnnes of Fortunatus had not wont, Thus to repine at others happines:

But fooles haue alwaies this loofe garment wore,
Being poore themselues, they wish all others poore,
Fie, brother Andelocia, hate this madnes,
Turne your eyes inward, and behold your foule,
That wants more then your body: burnish that

With glittering Vertue : and make Ideots grieue,
To see your beautious mind in wisedome shine,
As you at their rich pouertie repine.

Enter Fortunatus gallant.

And. Peace, good vertue, Shad. here comes another Shadow.

Shad. It should be a Camelion : for he is all in colours.

Amp. Oh, tis my Father. With these teares of ioye,

My loue and duetie greete your faire returne :
A double gladnesse hath refresht my soule ;
One, that you liue, and one, to see your fate
Lookes freshly howsoever poore in state.

And. My father Fortunatus, & thus braue ?

Sha. Tis no wonder to see a man braue, but a wonder how he comes braue.

Fortunat. Deere Andelocia and sonne Ampedo,
And my poore seruant Shaddow : plume your spirits
With light-wingd mirth : for Fortunatus hand
Can now powre golden showers into their laps,
That sometimes scorn'd him for his want of gold.
Boyes, I am rich, and you shall ne're be poore ;
Weare gold, spend gold, we all in gold will feede,
Now is your father Fortunate indeede.

Andel. Father, be not angrie, if I set open the windowes of my mind : I doubt for all your bragging, you'll prooue like most of our gallants in Famagosta, that haue a rich outside, & a beggerly inside, and like Mules weare gay trappings, and good Veluet foote-clothes on their backes, yet champe on the Iron bitte of penurie, I meane, want coyne : You gild our eares with a talke of Gold, but I pray dazell our eyes with the maiestie of it.

Fort. First will I wake your fences with the found
Of golds sweete musicke : tell me what you heare ?

Amp. Belieue me, Sir, I heare not any thing.

Andel. Ha, ha, ha. S'hart, I thought as much, if I heare any gingling, but of the purse strings that goe flip, flap, flip, flap, flip, flap, would I were turnd into a flip-flap, and folde to the Butchers.

Fort. Shaddow: Ile trie thine eares, harke, doft rattle?

Shad. Yes, like three blew Beanes in a blew bladder, rattle bladder, rattle: your purse is like my bellie, th'ones without money, th'other without meate.

Fort. Bid your eyes blame the error of your eares: You misbeleeuing Pagans, see, heres gold, Ten golden pieces: take them, Ampedo. Hold, Andelocia, here are ten for thee.

Amp. Shaddow, theres one for thee, prouide thee foode.

Fort. Stay, boy: hold, Shad. here are ten for thee.

Shad. Ten master? then defiaunce to Fortune, & a Fig for famine.

Fort. Now tell me, wags, hath my purse gold or no?

Andel. Wee the wags haue gold, Father; but I thinke theres not one Angell more wagging in this sacred Temple; why this is rare: Shaddow, fiew will ferue thy turne, giue me th' other fiew.

Shad. Nay, soft master, liberalitie dyed long agoe: I see some rich beggers are neuer well, but when they be crauing: My ten Duckets are like my ten fingers, they will not ieopard a ioynt for you: I am yours, and these are mine if I part from them, I shall neuer haue part of them.

Amp. Father, if heauen haue blest you once againe,
Let not an open hand disperse that store;
Which gone, lifes gone; for all treade downe the
poore.

Fort. Peace, Ampedo: talke not of pouertie,
Disdaine, my boyes, to kisse the tawnie cheekes
Of leane necessitie: make not inquirie,
How I came rich: I am rich, let that suffice;

There are fowre leathern bags trust full of gold:
 Those spent, ile fill you more : goe lads, be gallant :
 Shine in the streetes of Cyprus like two starres,
 And make them bow their knees that once did spurne
 you ;

For to effect such wonders gold can turne you :
 Braue it in Famagosta, or els where,
 Ile trauell to the Turkish Emperour :
 And then ile reuell it with Prester John,
 Or banquet with great Cham of Tartarie,
 And trie what frolicke Court the Souldan keepes ;
 Ile leaue you presently : teare off these rags.
 Glitter, my boyes, like Angels, that the world
 May (whilst our life in pleasures circle romes)
 Wonder at Fortunatus and his fonnes.

Andel. Come, Shaddow : now wee'le feast it
 royally.

Shad. Doe, master, but take heede of beggerie.

Exeunt.

*Musick sounds : Enter vice with a gilded face, and
 hornes on her head : her garments long, painted be-
 fore with siluer halfe moones, increasing by litle and
 litle, till they come to the full : in the midst of them
 in Capitall letters this written : CRESCIT
 EVNDO : her garment painted behind with fooles
 faces & diuels heads : and vnderneath it in the
 midst this written, Ha, Ha, He : she and others
 wearing gilded visards, and attirde like deuils,
 bring out a faire tree of Gold with apples on it :
 after her comes Vertue, a coxcombe on her head, all
 in white before, and this written about the middle :
 Sibi fapit : her attire behind painted with Crownes,
 and Laurcell garlands, stuck full of starres, held out
 by hands, thrust out of bright cloudes, and among
 them this written : Dominabitur astris : Shee and
 other Nymphes all in white with coxcombs on
 their heads, bring a tree with greene and withered
 leaues mingled together, and litle fruit on it : after*

her Fortune, one bearing her Wheele, another her Globe ; and last, the Priest.

Fortune. You ministers of Vertue, Vice, and Fortune,

Teare off this vpper garment of the earth,
And in her naked bosome slicke these trees.

Vertue. How many kingdomes haue I measured,
Onely to find a Climat, apt to cherish
These withering braunches ? but no ground can prooue
So happie ; (ay mee) none doe vertue loue ;
Ile trie this foyle ; if here I like wise fade,
To heauen ile flie, from whence I tooke my birth,
And tel the Gods, I am banisht from the earth.

Vice. Vertue, I am sworne thy foe : if there thou
plant,
Here opposite to thine, my tree shall florish,
And (as the running wood-bind) spread her armes,
To choke thy withering boughes in their embrace,
Ile driue thee from this world : were Vertue fled,
Vice as an Angell should be honoured.

Fort. Seruants of this bright diuell & and that
poore Saint,
Applie your taske whilst you are labouring :
To make your paines seeme short our priest shall sing.

The song : whilst he sings, the rest set the trees into the earth.

Priest, Vertues braunches wither, vertue pines,
O pittie, pittie, and alacke the time,
Vice doth flourish, Vice in glorie shines,
Her gilded boughs about the Cedar clime,
Vice hath golden cheekes, O pittie, pittie,
She in euery land doth monarchize.
Vertue is exile from euery Cittie,
Vertue is a foole, Vice onely wife.
O pittie, pittie, Vertue weeping dies.
Vice laughs to see her faint (alacke the time)
This sinckes : with painted wings the other
flies,

Alacke that best should fall, and bad should
clime,

O pittie, pittie, pittie, mourne, not sing,
Vice is a Saint, Vertue an vnderling.
Vice doth florish, Vice in glorie shines,
Vertues braunches wither, Vertue pines.

Fort. Florish or wither, Fortune cares not which,
In eithers fall or height our Eminence
Shines equall to the Sunne: the Queene of chance
Both vertuous foules and vicious doth aduance.
These shadowes of your selues shall (like your selues,)
Striue to make men enamoured of their beauties,
This groue shall be our temple; and henceforth
Be consecrated to our deities.

Vert. How few will come and kneel at vertues
shrine?

Vice. This contents vertue, that she is cal'd diuine.

Fort. Poore Vertue, Fortune grieues to see thy
lookes

Want cunning to intice: Why hang these leaues,
As loofe as Autumnes haire (which euery wind,
In mockerie blowes from his rotten browes?)
Why like a drunkard art thou pointed at?
Why is this Motley-scorne fet on thy head?
Why stands thy Court wide open, but none in it?
Why are the Christall pauements of thy temple,
Not worne, not trod vpon? All is for this,
Because thy pride is to weare base attire,
Because thine eyes flame not with amorous fire.

Vert. Vertue is fairest in a poore aray.

Fort. Poore foole, tis not this badge of puritie,
Nor *Sibi fapit*, (painted on thy breast,)
Allures mortalitie to feeke thy loue.
No: now the great wheele of thy Globe hath runne,
And met his first point of creation.
On Crutches went this world but yester-day,
Now it lies bed-rid, and is growne so old,
That its growne young; for tis a child againe,
A childish soule it hath, tis a meere foole:

And tooles and children are well pleasde with toyes :
 So must this world, with shewes it must be pleased,
 Then Vertue, buy a golden face like Vice,
 And hang thy bosome full of siluer Moones,
 To tell the credulous world, As those increafe,
 As the bright Moone swelles in her pearled Spheare,
 So wealth and pleasures them to heauen shall reare.

Vert. Vertue abhorres to weare a borrowed face.

Vice. Why hast thou borrowed then that Idiots
 hood?

Vert. Fooles plac'd it on my head that knew me
 not,

And I am proud to weare the sorne of fooles.

Fort. Mourne in that pride & die, all the world
 hates thee.

Vert. Not all, ile wander once more through the
 world :

Wifedome I know hath with her blefled wings
 Fled to some bosome : if I meete that brest,
 There ile erect my temple, and there rest.
 Fortune nor Vice, shall then ere haue the power,
 (By their loofe eyes) to intice my Paramour ;
 Then will I cast off this deformitie,
 And shine in glorie, and triumph to see
 Your conquerd at my feete, that tread on me.

Fort. Vertue begins to quarrell : Vice, farewell.

Vice. Stay, Fortune, whilst within this Groue we
 dwel,

If my Angelicall and Saint-like forme
 Can win some amorous foole to wanton here,
 And taste the fruite of this alluring tree,
 Thus shall his sawcie browes adorned bee,
 To make vs laugh.

Makes hornes.

Fort. It will be rare : adiew,

Ver. Foule hel-bred fiend, Vertue shall striue with
 you,

If any be enamoured of thine eyes,
 Their loue must needes beget deformities.
 Men are transformed to beastes, feasting with sinne ;

But if (in spite of thee) their soules I winne,
To taste this fruite, though thou disguise their head,
Their shapes shall be re-metamorphosed.

Vice. I dare thee doe thy worst.

Ver. My best ile trie.

Fort. Fortune shall iudge who winnes the foue-
raigtie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. The world to the circumference of heauen,
Is as a small point in Geometrie,
Whose greatnes is so little, that a lesse
Cannot be made : into that narrow roome,
Your quicke imaginations we must charme,
To turne that world : and (turn'd) againe to part it
Into large kingdomes, and within one moment,
To carrie Fortunatus on the wings
Of actiue thought, many a thousand miles.
Suppose then since you last beheld him here,
That you haue faild with him vpon the seas,
And leapt with him vpon the Asian shores,
Beene feasted with him in the Tartars palace,
And all the Courts of each Barbarian kings :
From whence (being cald by some vnluckie starre,
(For happines neuer continues long,
Helpe me to bring him backe to Arragon :
Where for his pride (Riches make all men proude)
On slight quarrell, by a couetous Earle,
Fortunes deere minion is imprisoned ;
There thinke you see him sit with folded armes,
Teares dropping downe his cheekes, his white haire
torne,
His legges in rustie fetters, and his tongue
Bitterly cursing that his squint-eide soule
Did not make choice of wiselomes sacred loue,
Fortune (to triumph in vnconstancie,
From prifon bailes him, (libertie is wild)
For being set free, he like a lustie Eagle,
Cuts with his ventrous feathers through the skie,

And lights not till he find the Turkish court.
 Thither transport your eyes, and there behold him,
 Reuelling with the Emperour of the East,
 From whence (through feare) for safegard of his life,
 (Flying into the armes of vgly night,)
 Suppose you see him brought to Babylon ;
 And that the Sunne (clothed all in fire) hath rid
 One quarter of his hot celestiall way
 With the bright morning, and that in this instant,
 He and the Soldan meete, but what they say,
 Listen you, the talke of 4 Kings none dare bewray.

Exit.

Enter the Souldan, his Noblemen, and Fortunatus.

Sould. Art thou that Fortunatus, whose great name,
 Being carried in the Charriot of the winds,
 Hast fild the Courts of all our Asian kings,
 With loue and enuie, whose deere prefence tyes
 The eyes of admiration to thine eyes ?
 Art thou that Ioue that in a shower of gold
 Appearedst before the Turkish Emperour ?

Fortunat. I am that Fortunatus, mightie Souldan.

Sould. Where is that purse which threw abroad
 such treasure ?

Fort. I gaue it to the Turkish Soliman,
 A second I bestowed on Prester Iohn,
 A third the great Tartarian Cham receiued :
 For with these Monarches haue I banquetted,
 And rid with them in triumph through their courts,
 In christall Charriots drawne by Unicornes.
 England, Fraunce, Spaine, and welthy Belgia,
 And all the rest of Europs bleffed daughters,
 Haue made my couetous eye rich in th' embrace
 Of their celestiall beauties ; now I come,
 To see the glorie of faire Babylon.
 Is Fortunatus wel-come to the Soldan ?
 For I am like the Sunne, if Ioue once chide,
 My gilded browes from amorous heauen I hide.

Sould. Most welcome, and most happie are mine
armes
In circling such an earthly deitie ;
But will not Fortunatus make me blessed
By fight of such a purse ?

Fort. Ere I depart,
The Soldan shall receiue one at my hands :
For I must spend some time in framing it,
And then some time to breathe that vertuous spirit
Into the heart thereof, all which is don
By a most sacred inspiration.

Sould. Wel-come, most welcome to the Soldans
court ;
Stay here and be the king of Babylon,
Stay here, and I will more amaze thine eyes
With wondrous fights, then can all Asia :
Behold yon towre, there stands mine Armourie,
In which are Corlets forg'd of beaten gold,
To arme ten hundred thousand fighting men,
Whose glittering squadrons when the Sunne beholds,
They seeme like to ten hundred thousand Ioues,
When Ioue on the proude backe of thunder rydes,
Trapt all in lightning flames : there can I shew thee
The ball of gold that set all Troy on fire ;
There shalt thou see the skarfe of Cupids mother,
Snatcht from the soft moyst Iuorie of her arme,
To wrap about Adonis wounded thigh,
There shalt thou see a wheele of Titans care,
Which dropt from heauen when Phaeton fir'd the
world :
Ile giue thee (if thou wilt) two siluer Doues
Compos'd by Magicke to diuide the ayre,
Who (as they flie) shall clap their siluer wings,
And giue strange musicke to the Elements ;
Ile giue thee els the fanne of Proserpine,
Which in reward (for a sweete Thracian song,)
The black-browd Emperesse threw to Orpheus,
Being come to fetch Euridice from hell.

Fort. Hath euer mortall eye beheld these wonders ?

Sould. Thine shall behold them, and make choice of any,
So thou wilt giue the Souldan such a purse.

Fort. By Fortunes bleffed hand (who christned me)
The mightie Souldan shall haue such a purse,
Prouided I may see these prizelesse wonders.

Sould. Leau vs alone : neuer was mortal eare
Exeunt Nobles.

Acquainted with the vertue of a Jewell,
Which now ile shew, (out-valuing all the rest.)

Fort. It is impossible.

Sould. Behold this Casket,—*Draw a Curtaine.*
Fettered in golden chaines, the Lock pure gold,
The key of follide gold, which my selfe keepe,
And heres the treasure thats contained in it.

Takes out the Hat.

Fort. A course felt Hat? is this the precious Jewel?

Sould. Ile not exchange this, for ten Diadems.
On paine of death, none listen to our talke.

Fort. What needes this solemne coniuration !

Sould. O, yes, for none shall vnderstand the worth
Of this inestimable ornament,
But you : and yet not you, but that you sweare
By her white hand, that lent you such a name,
To leau a wondrous purse in Babylon.

Fort. What I haue sworne, I will not violate,
But now vncouer the vertues of this Hatte.

Sould. I thinke none listen ; if they doe, they die.

Fort. None listen : tell : what needes this ieaiousie ?

Sould. You see tis poore in shew ; did I want
Jewels,
Gold could beget them, but the wide worlds wealth
Buyes not this Hat ; this clapt vpon my head,
I (onely with a wish) am through the ayre,
Transported in a moment ouer Seas,

And ouer lands to any secrete place ;
 By this I steale to euey Princes court,
 And heare their priuate counsels and preuent
 All daungers which to Babylon are meant.
 By helpe of this I oft see armies ioyne,
 Though when the dreadfull Aluarado sounds,
 I am distant from the place a thousand leagues,
 Oh, had I such a purse and such a Hat,
 The Souldan were, of all, most fortunate.

Fort. Oh, had I such a Hat, then were I braue.
 Wheres he that made it ?

Sould. Dead, and the whole world
 Yeelds not a workman that can frame the like.

Fort. No does ? by what trick shal I make this
 mine ? *Aside.*
 Me thinkes, me thinkes, when you are borne o're Seas,
 And ouer lands, the heauinesse thereof
 Should waigh you downe, drowne you, or breake your
 necke.

Sould. No, tis more light then any Hat beside :
 Your hand shal peife it.

Fort. Oh, tis woudrous heauie.

Sould. Fie, ya're deceau'd : trie it vpon your head.

Fort. Would I were now in Cyprus with my sons.

Exit.

Sould. Stay, Fortunatus, stay, I am vndone.
 Treafon, Lords, treason, get me wings, ile flie
 After this damn'd Traytor through the ayre.

Enter Nobles.

Nob. Who wrongs the mightie king of Babylon ?

Sould. This Fortunatus, this fiend wrongs your
 king.

Nobl. Locke the Court gates, where is the diuell
 hid ?

Sould. No gates no grates of Iron imprifon him,
 Like a Magician breakes he through the clouds,
 Bearing my soule with him, for that Iewell gon,

I am dead, and all is droffe in Babylon.
 Flie after him, tis vaine, on the winds wings,
 Heele ride through all the Courts of earthly kings.

Nobl. What is the Iewell that your grace hath lost ?

Sould. He dies that troubles me : call me not
 king ;

For ile confume my life in forrowing. *Exeunt.*

Enter Andelocia very gallant, and Shaddow.

Andel. Shaddow ? what haue I lost to day at dice ?

Shad. More then you will win againe in a month.

Andel. Why fir, how much comes it to ?

Shad. It comes to nothing, Sir, for you haue lost
 your wits, and when a mans wittes are lost, the man is
 like twentie poundes worth of Tobacco, which mounts
 into th' aire, and prooues nothing but one thing.

Andelo. And what thing is that, you Affe ?

Shad. Marrie fir, that he is an asfe that melts so
 much money in smoke.

Andel. Twere a charitable deed to hang thee a
 smoking.

Shad. I should neuer make good bacon, because I
 am not fat.

Andel. Ile besworne thy wit is leane.

Shad. Its happie I haue a leane wit : but master,
 you haue none ; for when your money tript away, that
 went after it, and euer since you haue beene mad ; here
 com's your brother ; borrowe a dramme of him.

Enter Ampedo.

If his be not mouldie : for mens wits in these daies,
 Are like the Cuckoo, bald once a yeere, and that
 makes Motley so deere, and fooles so good cheape.

Andel. Brother, all haile.

Shad. There's a ratling salutation.

Andel. You must lend me some more money :
 Nay neuer looke so strange, and you will come off, so :
 if you will barre me from square play, doe : come

come, when the old traeller my Father comes home, like a young Ape, full of fantasticke trickes, or a painted Parrat flucke full of outlandish feathers, heele leade the world in a string, and then (like a hot shot) Ile charge and discharge all.

Shad. I would be loth, master, to see that day: for he leades the world in a string that goes to hanging.

And. Take heede I turne not that head into the world, and leade you so?

Brother wilt be: Hay any ends of Gold or Siluer?

Amp. Thus wanton reuelling breeds beggerie.

Brother, twere better that you still liu'd poore.

Want would make wisedome rich: but when your
Coffers

Swell to the brim, then royt sets vp sayles,

And like a desperate vnskild Mariner

Driues your vnsteddie fortunes on the point

Of wracke ineuitable; of all the wealth,

Left (by our Father, when he left vs last)

This little is vnspent, and this being wasted,

Your ryot ends; therefore consume it all,

Ile liue; or dying, find some buriall.

Thankes for my crownes.

Andel. Shaddow, I am villainous hungrie, to heare one of the feuen wise Masters talke thus emptily.

Shad. I am a villaine, master, if I am not hungrie.

Andel. Because ile saue this gold, sirra Shaddowe, weele feede our selues with Paradoxes.

Shad. Oh rare: what meat's that?

Andel. Meate, you gull: tis no meate: a dish of Paradoxes is a feast of straunge opinion, tis an ordinarie that our greatest gallants haunt nowadaies, because they would be held for Statesmen.

Shad. I shall neuer fil my belly with opinions.

And. In despite of sway-bellies, gluttons, & sweet mouth'd Epicures, Ile haue thee maintaine a Paradox in commendations of hunger.

Shad. I shall neuer haue the stomacke to doo't.

And. Seeſt thou this Cruſado? do it, & turne this into a feaſt.

Shad. Couetouſneſſe and lecherie are two diuels, they'le tempt a man to wade through deepe matters: Ile doo't though good cheare coſpire my death, for ſpeaking treaſon againſt her.

Andel. Fall to it then with a full mouth.

Shad. Oh famine, inſpire me with thy miſerable reaſons.

I begin, maſter.

Amp. O miſerable inuocation.

Andel. Silence.

Shad. Thereſ no man but loues one of theſe three beaſtes, a Horſe, a Hound, or a Whore; the Horſe by his goodwill, has his head euer in the maunger; the Whore with your ill will has her hand euer in your purſe; and a hungrie Dogge eates durtie puddings.

Andel. This is profound, forward: the concluſion of this now.

Shad. The concluſion is plaine: For ſince all men loue one of theſe three monſters, being ſuch terrible eaters, therefore all men loue hunger.

Amp. A very leane argument.

Shad. I can make it no fatter.

Andel. Proceede, good Shaddow; this fats me.

Shad. Hunger is made of Gun-powder.

Andel. Giue fire to that opinion.

Shad. Stand by, leſt it blow you vp: hunger is made of Gun-powder, or Gun-powder of hunger; for they both eate through ſtone walles; hunger is a grindſtone, it ſharpens wit, hunger is fuller of loue then Cupid, for it makes a man eate himſelfe; hunger was the firſt that euer open'd a Cookes ſhop; Cookes the firſt that euer made ſawce; ſawce being lickeriſh, lickes vp good meate; good meate preferues life: Hunger therefore preferues life.

Amp. By my conſent thou ſhouldeſt ſtill liue by hunger.

Shad. Not ſo, hunger makes no man mortall:

hunger is an excellent Phyfition : for hee dares kill any body : hunger is one of the feuen liberall fciences.

Andel. O learned ? Which of the feuen ?

Shad. Muficke, for fheele make a man leape at a cruft : but as few care for her fixe lifters, fo none loue to daunce after her pipe : Hunger, mafter, is hungrie and couetous ; therefore the Crufado.

Andel. But haft thou no sharper reafons then this ?

Shad. Yes one : the dagger in Cyprus had neuer flabd out fuch fixe penie pipes, but for hunger.

And. Why, you dolt, thefe pies are but in their minority.

Shad. My belly and my purfe haue beene twentie times at daggers drawing, with parting the little vrchins.

Enter Fortunatus.

Ampe. Peace, Idiot, peace, my Father is return'd.

Fort. Touch mee not, boyes, I am nothing but ayre, let none fpeake to me, till you haue markt me well.

Shad. Now fpeake your mind.

Amp. Villaine, why haft thou chalkt my Fathers backe ?

Shad. Onely to marke him, & to trie what colour aire is of.

Fort. Regard him not, Ampedo : Andelocia, Shaddowe : view me, am I as you are, or am I transform'd ?

And. I thought trauel would turne my father, mad man or foole.

Amp. How fhould you be transform'd I fee no change.

Shad. If your wits be not planet ftrucken, if your braines lie in their right place, you are well inough ; for your body is little mended by your fetching fegaries.

Andel. Mee thinkes, father, you looke as you did, onely your face is more withered.

Fort. Thats not my fault, age is like loue, it cannot be hid.

Shad. Or like Gun-powder a fire, or like a foole, or like a young nouice new come to his lands : for all these will shew of what house they come : now fir, you may amplifie.

Fort. Shaddow, turne thy tongue to a shaddow, be silent : Boyes be proud, your Father hath the whole world in this compasse, I am all felicitie, vp to the brimmes. In a minute am I come from Babylon, I haue beene this half howre in Famagosta.

And. How? in a minute, father? Ha, ha, I see trauellers must lie.

Shad. Tis their destinie : the Fates doe so conspire.

Fort. I haue cut through the ayre like a Falcon ; I would haue it seeme straunge to you.

Shad. So it does, Sir.

Fort. But tis true : I would not haue you belieue it neither.

Shad. No more we doe not, Sir.

Fort. But tis miraculous & true : desire to see you, brought me to Cyprus ; ile leaue you more Gold, and goe visite more Countries.

Sha. Leaue vs gold inough, and weele make all Countries come visit vs.

Amp. The frostie hand of age now nips your bloud,
And strowes her snowie flowers vpon your head,
And giue you warning that within few yeeres,
Death needes must marrie you : those short liues
minutes,

That dribble out your life, must needes be spent,
In peace not trauell : rest in Cyprus then.

Could you suruaie ten worlds, yet you must die ;
And bitter is the sweete thats reapt thereby.

And. Faith father, what pleasure haue you met by walking your stations?

Fort. What pleasure, boy? I haue reueld with kings, daunc'd with Queenes, dallied with Ladies, worne straunge attires, feene fantasticoes, conuerst with

humorists, beene rauisht with diuine raptures of Dorick, Lidian and Phrigian harmonies, I haue spent the day in triumphes, and the night in banquetting.

Andel. Oh rare : this was heauenly.

Shad. Me thinkes t'was horrible.

Andel. He that would not be an Arabian Phenix to burne in these sweete fires, let him liue like an Owle for the world to wonder at.

Amp. Why, brother, are not all these vanities ?

Fort. Vanities? Ampedo, thy foule is made of lead, too dull, too ponderous to mount vp to the incomprehensible glorie, that trauell lifts men to.

Shad. My olde masters foule is Corke and feathers, and being so light doth easily mount vp.

Ande. Sweeten mine eares, good father, with some more.

Fort. When in the warmth of mine owne countries armes

We yawn'd like sluggards, when this small Horizon Imprison'd vp my body, then mine eyes
Worshipt these clouds as brightest ; but, my boyes,
The glistring beames which doe abroad appeare,
(In other heauens) fire is not halfe so cleare.

Shad. Why, fir, are there other heauens in other countries ?

Andel. Peace, interrupt him not vpon thy life.

For. For still in all the Regions I haue seene,
I scorn'd to crowd among the muddie throng
Of the rancke multitude, whose thickned breath,
Like to condensed Fogs doe choake that beautie,
Which els would dwell in euery kingdomes cheeke.
No, I still boldly stept into their Courts,
For there to liue tis rare, O tis diuine ;
There shall you see faces Angelicall,
There shall you see troopes of chaste Goddeses,
Whose star-like eyes haue power, (might they still
shine)

To make night day, and day more christalline.

Neere these you shall behold great *Heroes*,

White headed Councillors and Jouiall spirites,
 Standing like fierie Cherubins to gard
 The Monarch, who in God-like glorie fits.
 In midst of these, as if this deitie
 Had with a looke created a new world ;
 The standers by, being the faire workemanship.

Andel. Oh how my soule is rapt to a third heauen.
 Ile trauell fure, and liue with none but kings.

Shad. Then Shaddow must die among knaues ;
 and yet why so ? in a bunch of Cards, knaues waite
 vpon the kings.

And. When I turne king, then shalt thou waite
 on me.

Shad. Well, theres nothing impossible : a dog has
 his day, and so haue you.

Amf. But tell me, father, haue you in all courts
 Beheld such glorie, so maiesticall ?
 In all perfection ? no way blemished ?

Fort. In some Courts shall you see ambition
 Sit piecing Dedalus old waxen wings,
 But being clapt on, and they about to flie,
 Euen when their hopes are bufied in the clouds,
 They melt against the Sunne of maiestie,
 And downe they tumble to destruction :
 For since the heauens strong armes teach kings to stand,
 Angels are plac'd about their glorious throne,
 To gard it from the strokes of Traitrous hands.
 By trauell, boyes, I haue seene all these things,
 Fantasticke complement stalkes vp and downe,
 Trickt in out-landish Fethers, all his words,
 His lookes, his oathes, are all ridiculous,
 All apish, childish, and Italianate.

Enter Fortune : after her three destinies working.

Shad. I know a medicine for that maladie.

Fort. By trauell, beyes, I haue seene all these
 things.

Andel. And these are fightes for none, but gods &
 kings.

Shad. Yes, and for Christen creatures, if they be not blind.

Fort. In these two hands doe I gripe all the world.
This leather purse, and this bald woollen Hat
Make me a Monarch : heres my Crowne and Scepter.
In progresse will I now goe through the world,
Ile cracke your shoulders, boyes, with bags of gold
Ere I depart ; on Fortunes wings I ride,
And now fit in the height of humane pride.

Fortune. Now, foole, thou liest ; where thy proud
feete doe tread
These shal throw downe thy cold & breathlesse head.

Fort. O faced deitie, what sinne is don,
That deaths Iron fist should wrestle with thy sonne ?

All kneele.

Fortune. Thou art no sonne of Fortune, but her
flaue :

Thy Cedar hath aspir'd to his full height.
Thy Sunne like glorie hath aduaunc'd her selfe
Into the top of prides Meridian,
And downe amaine it comes. From beggerie
I plum'd thee like an Ostrich, like that Ostrich
Thou hast eaten Metals, and abusde my giftes,
Hast plaid the Ruffian, wasted that in ryots,
Which as a blessing I bestowed on thee.

Fort. Forgiue me, I will be more prouident.

Fortunc. No, endlesse follies follow endlesse wealth.
Thou hadst thy fancie, I must haue thy fate,
Which is, to die when th'art most fortunate.
This inckie thread thy vgly sinnes haue spun,
Blacke life, blacke death ; faster, that it were don.

Fort. Oh, let me liue, but till I can redeeme.

Fortunc. The destinies denie thee longer life.

Fort. I am but now lifted to happines.

Fortune. And now I take most pride to cast thee
downe.
Hadst thou chofen wisedome, this blacke had bene
white,
And deaths sterne browe could not thy foule afright.

Fort. Take this againe: giue wisedome to my
sonnes.

Fortune. No, foole, tis now too late: as death
strikes thee,

So shall their ends sudder and wretched bee.
Ioues daughters (righteous destinies) make haste,
His life hath wastefull beene, and let it waste.

Exeunt.

Andel. Why the pox doest thou sweate so?

Shad. For anger to see any of Gods Creatures
haue such filthie faces as these Semsters had that went
hence.

Andel. Semsters? why, you asse, they are destinies.

Shad. Indeede, if it bee ones destinie to haue a
filthie face, I know no remedie but to goe Maskt and
crie, Woe worth the Fates.

Amp. Why droopes my father? these are onely
shaddowes,

Raizd by the malice of some enemie,
To fright your life, o're which they haue no power.

Shad. Shaddowes? I defie their kinred.

Fort. O Ampedo, I faint; helpe me, my sonnes.

Andel. Shaddow, I pray thee runne and call more
helpe.

Shad. If that desperate Don Dego death hath
tane vp the Cudgels once, heres neuer a Fencer in
Cyprus dare take my old masters part.

Andel. Runne, villaine, call more helpe.

Shad. Bid him thanke the destinies for this. *Exit.*

Fort. Let me shrinke downe, & die betweene
your armes,

Helpe comes in vaine. No hand can conquer Fate,
This instant is the last of my lifes date.

This Goddesse (if at least shee be a goddesse)
Names her selfe Fortune: wandring in a wood,
Halfe famisht, her I met. I haue, quoth shee,
Sixe gifts to spend vpon mortalitie,
Wisedome, strength, health, beautie, long life and
riches.

Out of my bountie one of these is thine.

Amp. What benefit did from your choyce arife ?

Fort. Listen, my fonnes : In this small compasse
lies,

Infinite treasure : this shee gaue to mee,
And gaue to this, this vertue, Take (quoth shee)
So often as from hence thou drawst thy hand,
Ten golden peeces of that kingdomes coyne,
Where er'e thou liu'ft, which plenteous sure shall last,
After thy death, till thy fonnes liues doe waste.

Andel. Father, your choice was rare, the gift
diuine.

Fort. It had beene so, if riches had beene mine.

Amp. But hath this golden vertue neuer faild ?

Fort. Neuer.

Andel. O admirable : heare's a fire
Hath power to thaw the very heart of death,
And giue stones life, by this most sacred death,
See brother, heres all India in my hand.

Fort. Inherite you (my Sonnes) that golden land.
This Hat I brought away from Babylon,
I robd the Souldan of it, tis a prize
Worth twentie Empires. In this Jewell lies.

Andel. How, father ? Jewell ? call you this a
Jewell ? It's course Wooll, a bald fashion, and greasie
to the brim ; I haue bought a better Felt for a
French crowne fortie times : Of what vertuous blocke
is this Hat, I pray ?

Fort. Set it vpon thy head, and wish a wish,
Thou in the moment on the winds swift wings,
Shalt be transported into any place.

Andel. A wishing Hat, and a golden mine ?

For. O Andelocia, Ampedo, now death
Sounds his third fommons : I must hence : these
Jewels

To both I doe bequeath ; diuide them not,
But vse them equally : neuer bewray
What vertues are in them ; for if you doe,

Much shame, much griefe, much daunger followes
you.

Peruse this booke : farwell : behold in me

The rotten strength of proud mortalitie. *Dyes.*

Amp. His foule is wandring to the Elizium shades.

Andel. The flowre thats fresh at noone, at Sun-set
fades.

Brother, close you downe his eyes, because you were
his eldest ; and with them close vp your teares, whilst
I (as all yonger brothers doe) shift for my selfe : let
vs mourne, because hees dead, but mourne the lesse,
because he cannot reuiue : the honour we can doe him,
is to burie him royally, lets about it then, for ile not
melt my selfe to death with scalding sighes, nor drop
my foule out at mine eyes, were my father an Empe-
rour.

Amp. Hence, hence, thou stop'st the tide of my
true teares.

True griefe is dumbe, though it hath open eares.

Andel. Yet God send my griefe a tongue, that I
may haue good vtterance for it : Sob on, brother mine,
whilst you sigh there, ile sit & read what Storie my
father has written here.

*They both fall asleepe : Fortune and a companie of
Satyres enter with Musicke, and playing about For-
tunatus body, take them away ; They gone, Shad-
dow enters running.*

Shad. I can get none, I can find none : where are
you, master ? Haue I tane you napping ? and you
too ? I see sorrowes eye-lids are made of a Dor-
mouse skin, they seldome open, or of a misers purse,
that's alwaies shut : So ho, master.

Andel. Shaddow, why how now ? whats the mat-
ter ?

Shad. I can get none Sir, tis impossible.

Amp. What is impossible ? what canst not get.

Shad. No helpe for my old master.

Andel. Haft thou beene all this while calling for helpe?

Sha. Yes fir: he scord all Famagosta when he was in his huffing, and now hee lies puffing for wind, they say they scorne him.

Amp. The poyson of their scorne infects not him; He wants no helpe. See where he breathles lies: Brother, to what place haue you borne his body?

Andel. I beare it? I toucht it not.

Amp. Nor I: a leaden slumber prest mine eyes.

Shad. Whether it were lead or lattin that haspt downe those winking casements, I knowe not, but I found you both snorting.

Amp. And in that sleepe (me thought) I heard the tunes

Of fullen passions apt for Funerals,
And saw my Fathers liuelesse body borne
By Satyres: O I feare that deitie
Hath stolne him hence, that Snudge his destinie.

And. I feare hees ryfen againe, didst not thou meete him?

Shad. I fir? doe you thinke this white and red durst haue kist my sweete cheekes, if they had seene a ghost? But, master, if the destinies, or Fortune, or the Fates, or the Fayries haue stolne him, neuer indite them for the Felonie: for by this meanes the charges of a Tombe is sau'd, and you being his heyres, may doe as many rich Executors doe, put that money in your purses, and giue out that he dyed a begger.

Andel. Away, you Roague, my Father die a begger?

Ile build a Tombe for him of massie Gold.

Shad. Methinkes, master, it were better to let the memory of him shine in his owne vertues (if hee had any) than in Alablaster.

Andel. I shall mangle that Alablaster face, you whorefson vertuous vice.

Shad. He has a Marble heart, that can mangle a face of Alablaster.

Andel. Brother, come, come, mourne not, our Father is but stept to agree with Charon for his boate hyre to Elizium. See, heres a Storie of all his trauels; this booke shall come out with a new Addition: Ile treade after my Fathers steps; ile goe measure the world, therefore lets share these Jewels, take this or this.

Amp. Will you then violate our Fathers Will?

Andel. A puritane? keepe a dead mans Will? Indeed in the old time, when men were buried in soft Church-yardes, that their Ghosts might rise, it was good: but, brother, now they are imprisond in strong Brick and Marble, they are fast: feare not; away, away, these are fooleries, gulleries, trumperies; heres this or this, or I am gon with both.

Amp. Doe you as you please, the finne shall not be mine.

Fooles call those things prophane, that are diuine.

Andel. Are you content to weare the Jewels by turnes? Ile haue the purse for a yeere, you the Hat, and as much gold, as youle aske; & when my purfourship ends, ile resigne, and cap you.

Amp. I am content to beare all discontents. *Exit.*

Andel. I should serue this bearing Affe rarely now, if I should load him, but I will not, though conscience bee (like Physicke) seldome vsed, (for so it does least hurt) yet ile take a dram of it: this for him, and some gold: this for me: for hauing this mint about me, I shall want no wishing Cap: gold is an Eagle, that can flie to any place, and like death, that dares enter all places.

Shaddow, wilt thou trauell withme?

Sha. I shal neuer fadge with the humor becaufe I cannot lie.

And. Thou dolt, weele visit all the kings courts in the world.

Shad. So we may, and returne dolts home, but what shall we learne by trauaile?

Andel. Fashions.

Shad. Thats a beastly difeafe : me thinkes its better staying in your owne countrie.

Andel. How ? In mine owne countrie ? like a Cage-birde and see nothing ?

Shad. Nothing ? yes you may see things enough, for what can you see abroad that is not at home ? The same Sunne cals you vp in the morning, and the same man in the Moone lights you to bed at night, our fields are as greene as theirs in summer, and their frosts will nip vs more in winter : Our birds sing as sweetly & our women are as faire : In other countries you shall haue one drinke to you, whilst you kisse your hand, and ducke, heele poyson you : I confesse you shall meete more fooles, and asses, and knaues abroad then at home (yet God be thanked we haue prettie store of all) but for Punckes, wee put them downe.

And. Prepare thy spirits, for thou shalt goe with me,
To England shall our starres direct our course,
Thither the prince of Cyprus (our kings sonne)
Is gon to see the louely Agripyne,
Shaddow, weele gaze vpon that English dame,
And trie what vertue gold has to inflame.
First to my brother, then away lets flie,
Shaddow must be a Courtier ere he die. *Exit.*

Shad. If I must, the Fates shall bee feru'd : I haue seene many clownes Courtiers, then why not Shaddow ? Fortune, I am for thee. *Exit.*

Enter Orleans melancholike, Galloway with him, a boy after them with a Lute.

Orle. Be gone : leaue that with me, and leaue me to my selfe, if the King aske for me, sweare to him I am sicke, and thou shalt not lie, pray thee leaue me.

Boy. I am gon, Sir. *Exit.*

Orle. This musicke makes me but more out of
tune.

O, Agripyna.

Gall. Gentle friend, no more.

Thou saiest loue is a madnes, hate it then,
Euen for the names fake.

Orle. O, I loue that madnes,
Euen for the names fake.

Gall. Let me tame this frenzie,
By telling thee thou art a prifoner here,
By telling thee shees daughter to a king,
By telling thee the king of Cyprus sonne
Shine like a Sunne, betweene her looks and thine,
Whilst thou seem'st but a starre to Agripyne :
He loues her.

Orle. If he doe : why fo doe I.

Gall. Loue is ambitious and loues maiestie.

Orle. Deere friend, thou art deceiued, loues voice
doth fing
As sweetely in a begger as a king.

Gall. Deere friend, thou art decey'd : O bid thy
foule

Lift vp her intellectuall eyes to heauen,
And (in this ample booke of wonders) read,
Of what celestiall mold, what sacred essence,
Her selfe is formd, the search whereof will driue
Sounds musically among the iarring spirits,
And in sweete tune set that which none inherits.

Orle. Ile gaze on heauen if Agripyne be there :
If not : Fa, La, la, Sol, la, &c.

Gall. O, call this madnes in, see from the win-
dowes

Of euery eye Derision thrusts out cheekes,
Wrinkled with Idiot laughter : euery finger
Is like a Dart shot from the hand of scorne,
By which thy name is hurt, thine honour torne.

Orle. Laugh they at me, sweete Galloway ?

Gall. Euen at thee.

Orle. Ha, ha, I laugh at them, are not they mad,

That let my true true sorrow make them glad
 I daunce and sing onely to anger griefe,
 That in that anger, he might smite life downe
 With his Iron fist : good heart, it seemeth then,
 They laugh to see griefe kill me : O, fond men,
 You laugh at others teares, when others smile,
 You teare your selues in peeces : vile, vile, vile,
 Ha, ha, when I behold a swarme of fooles,
 Crowding together to be counted wise,
 I laugh because sweete Agripine's not there,
 But weepe because shee is not any where,
 And weepe because whether shee be or not,
 My loue was euer and is still forgot : forgot, forgot,
 forgot.

Gall. Draw backe this streame, why should my
 Orleans mourne ?

Orle. Looke yonder, Galloway, doest thou see that
 Sunne ?

Nay good friend, stare vpon it, marke it well,
 Ere he be two howres elder, all that glorie
 Is banisht heauen, and then (for griefe) this skie,
 That's now so iocund, will mourne all in blacke,
 And shall not Orleans mourne ? Alacke, alacke.
 O what a Sauage tyrannie it were
 T'inforce care, laugh and woe : not shed a teare ?
 Dead is my loue, I am buried in her scorne,
 That is my Sun-set, and shall I not mourne ?
 Yes by my troth I will.

Gall. Deere friend forbear,
 Beautie (like sorrow) dwelleth euery where.
 Race out this strong Idea of her face,
 As faire as hers shineth in any place.

Orle. Thou art a Traytor to that white and red,
 Which fitting on her cheekes (being Cupids throne)
 Is my hearts foueraigne : O when shee is dead,
 This wonder (Beautie) shall be found in none.
 Now Agripyne's not mine, I vow to be
 In loue with nothing but deformitie.
 O faire Deformitie, I muse all eyes

Are not enamord of thee : thou didst neuer
Murder mens hearts, or let them pine like wax,
Melting against the Sunne of thy destinie,
Thou art a faithfull nurse to Chastitie,
Thy beautie is not like to Agripynes,
For cares, and age, and sicknesse hers deface,
But thine's eternall : O Deformitie,
Thy fairenes is not like to Agripynes,
For (dead) her beautie will no beautie haue,
But thy face lookes most louely in the graue.

Enter Prince of Cyprus and Agripyne.

Gall. See where they come together hand in hand.

Orle. O, watch sweete Galloway, when their hands doe part,

Betweene them, shalt thou find my murdred heart.

Cypr. By this then it seemes a thing impossible, to know when an English Lady loues truly.

Agrip. Not so, for when her foule steales into her heart, and her heart leapes vp to her eyes, and her eyes drop into her hands, then if shee say, Heres my hand, shees your owne, else neuer.

Cyp. Heres a paire of your prifoners, lets try their opinion.

Agrip. My kind prifoners well encountred, the Prince of Cyprus here and my selfe haue beene wrangling about a question of loue : my Lord of Orleans, you looke leane, and likest a louer ; Whether is it more torment to loue a Lady and neuer enioy her, or alwaies to enioy a Lady, whome you cannot choofe but hate ?

Orle. To hold her euer in mine armes whome I loath in my heart, were some plague, yet the punishment were no more then to be enioyned to keepe poyson in my hand, yet never to taste it.

Agri. But say you should be compeld to swallow the poyson ?

Orle. Then a speedy death would end a speeding miserie: But to loue a Lady and neuer enjoy her, oh it is not death, but worfe then damnation; 'Tis hell, tis.

Agrip. No more, no more, good Orleans, nay then I see my prisoner is in loue too.

Cypr. Me thinkes, fouldiers cannot fal into the fashion of loue.

Agrip. Me thinkes, a Souldier is the most faithfull louer of all men els: for his affection stands not vpon complement: his wooing is plaine home-spun stufte; theres no outlandish thred in it, no Rethoricke: a Souldier casts no figures to get his mistris heart, his loue is like his valour in the field, when he payes downe-right blowes.

Gall. True, Madam, but would you receiue such payment?

Agrip. No, but I meane, I loue a Souldier best, for his plaine dealing.

Cypr. Thats as good as the first.

Agrip. Be it so, that goodnesse I like: for what Lady can abide to loue a Spruce silken face Courtier, that stands euery morning two or three howres learning how to looke by his Glasse, how to speake by his Glasse, how to figh by his glasse, how to court his Mistris by his Glasse. I would wish him no other plague, but to haue a Mistris as brittle as glasse.

Gall. And that were as bad as the horne plague.

Cypr. Are any louers posselt with this madnes?

Agrip. What madman are not posselt with this loue? yet by my troth, wee poore women doe but smile in our sleeves to see all this fopperie: yet we all desire to see our louers attirde gallantly, to heare them sing sweetely, to behold them daunce comely and such like; but this apish monkie fashion of effeminate nicenesse, out vpon it: Oh, I hate it worfe then to be counted a scould.

Cypr. Indeede men are most regarded, when they least regard themselues.

Gall. And women most honored, when they shew most mercy to their louers.

Orle. But ist not a miserable tyrānie, to see a Lady triumph in the passions of a foule languishing through her crueltie ?

Cypr. Me thinkes it is.

Gall. Me thinkes tis more then tyrannie.

Agrip. So thinke not I ; for as there is no reason to hate any that loue vs, so it were madnes to loue all that doe not hate vs ; women are created beautifull, onely because men should wooe them ; for twere miserable tyrannie to inioyne poore women to wooe men : I would not heare of a woman in loue for my fathers kingdome.

Cyp. I neuer heard of any woman that hated loue.

Agrip. Nor I : but we had all rather die then confesse wee loue ; our glorie is to heare men sigh whilst we smile, to kil them with a frowne, to strike them dead with a sharpe eye, to make you this day weare a Feather, and to morrow a sicke nightcap : Oh, why this is rare, there's a certaine deitie in this, when a Lady by the Magicke of her lookes, can turne a man into twentie shapes.

Orle. Sweete friend, shee speakes this but to torture mee.

Gall. Ile teach thee how to plague her : loue her not.

Agrip. Poore Orleans, how lamentably he lookes : if hee stay, heele make me surely loue him for pure pittie. I must fend him hence, for of all fortes of loue, I hate the French ; I pray thee, sweet prisoner, intreate Lord Longauile to come to me presently.

Orle. I will : and esteeme my selfe more then happie, that you will imploy me. *Exit.*

Agrip. Watch him, watch him for Gods sake, if hee sigh not or looke not backe.

Cyp. He does both : but what misterie lyes in this ?

Agrip. Nay, no misterie, tis as plaine as Cupids forehead : why this is as it should be : And esteeme my selfe more then happie, that you will imploy me : my French prifoner is in loue ouer head and eares.

Cypr. Its wonder how he scapes drowning.

Gall. With whom thinke you ?

Agrip. With his keeper, for a good wager : Ah, how glad is he to obey ? And how proud am I to command in this Empire of affection ? Ouer him and such Spungy-liuerd youthes, (that lie foaking in loue) I triumph more with mine eye, then euer he did ouer a Souldier with his sword. Ist not a gallant victorie for me to subdue my Fathers enemy with a looke ? Prince of Cyprus, you were best take heede, how you encounter an English Lady.

Cypr. God bleffe me from louing any of you, if all bee so cruell.

Agryp. God bleffe me from suffring you to loue me, if you be not so formable.

Cypr. Wil you commaund me any seruice, as you haue done Orleans ?

Agrip. No other seruice but this, that (as Orleans) you loue me, for no other reason, but that I may torment you.

Cypr. I wil : conditionally, that in all companie I may call you my tormenter.

Agrip. You shall : conditionally, that you neuer beg for mercy. Come, my Lord of Galloway.

Gall. Come, sweete Madam. *Exeunt.*

Manet Cyprus.

Cypr. The Ruby-colour'd portals of her speech
Were closde by mercy : but vpon her eye,
(Attir'd in frownes) fat murdring crueltie.

Enter Agrip. and listens.

Shees angrie, that I durst so high aspire.
O, shee disdaines that any straungers brest

Should be a Temple for her deitie :
 Shees full of beautie, full of bitternes.
 Till uow, I did not dally with loues fire :
 And when I thought to try his flames indeede,
 I burnt me euen to cinders : O, my starres,
 Why from my natiue shore did your beames guide me,
 To make me dote on her that doth deride me ?

She kneeles : he walks musing.

Agri. Hold him in this mind, sweete Cupid, I con-
 iure thee. O, what musick these hey-hoes make ? I
 was about to cast my litle litle selfe into a great loue
 trance for him, fearing his hart had been flint : but
 since I see tis pure virgin wax, he shal melt his belly
 full : for now I know how to temper him. *Exit.*

Cypr. Neuer beg mercy ? yet be *He spies her.*
 my tormenter.

I hope shee heard me not : doubtlesse shee did :
 And now will she insult vpon my passions,
 And vex my constant loue with mockeries.
 Nay, then ile be mine owne Phyfician,
 And out face loue, and make her thinke that I
 Mournd thus, because I saw her standing by.
 What newes, my Lord of Cornewall ?

Enter Cornewall.

Cornew. This faire Prince,
 One of your Countrie-men, is come to Court,
 A lustie gallant braue in Cyprus Ile,
 With fiftie bard Horses prawning at his heeles,
 Backt by as many strong limbd Cypriots.
 All whom he keeps in pay : whose offred seruice,
 Our king with Armes of gladnes hath embrac'd.

Cypr. Borne in the Ile of Cyprus ? whats his
 name ?

Cornew. His seruants call him Fortunatus sonne.

Cypr. Rich Fortunatus sonne ? Is he ariu'd ?

The Comedie of

*Enter Longaule, Galloway, and Chester
with Jewels.*

Longa. This he bestowed on me.

Chest. And this on me.

Gallow. And this his bounteous hand inforc'd mee
take.

Longa. I prize this Jewell at a hundred Markes,
Yet would he needes bestow this gift on me.

Cyp. My Lords, whose hand hath beene thus pro-
digal?

Gallow. Your countrieman my Lord, a Cypriot.

Longa. The gallant fure is all compact of gold,
To euery Lady hath he giuen rich Jewels,
And sent to euery seruant in the Court
Twentie faire English Angels.

Cypr. This is rare.

Enter Lincolne.

Lincol. My Lords, prepare your selues for re-
ueling,
Tis the kings pleasure that this day be spent
In royall pastimes, that this golden Lord,
(For so all that behold him, christen him)
May tast the pleasures of our English court.
Here comes the gallant, shining like the Sunne.

*Trumpets sound: Enter Athelstane, Andelocia, Agri-
pyne, Orleans, Ladies, and other attendants, In-
sultado a Spanish Lord: Musicke sounds within.*

Andel. For these your royall fauours done to me,
(Being a poore straunger) my best powres shall
proue,

By Acts of worth, the soundnes of my loue.

Athelst. Herein your loue shall best set out it selfe,
By staying with vs: if our English Ile
Hold any obiect welcome to your eyes,

Doe but make choice, and claime it as your prize.

The King and Cyprus conferre aside.

Ande. I thanke your grace : would he durst keepe
his word,

I know what I would claime : Tush, man, be bold,
Were shee a Saint, shee may be wonne with gold.

Cypr. Tis straunge I must confesse, but in this pride,
His Father Fortunatus (if he liue)
Consumes his life in Cyprus : still he spends,
And still his Coffers with abundance swell,
But how he gets these riches none can tell.

The King and Agripyne conferre aside.

Athelst. Hold him in talke : come hither, Agripyne.

Cypr. But what intic'de young Andelociaes soule
To wander hither ?

Andel. That which did allure,
My foueraignes sonne, the wonder of the place.

Agr. This curious heape of wonders, (which an
Empresse

Gaue him) he gaue me, and by Venus hand,
The warlike Amurato needes would sweare,
Hee left his countrie Cyprus for my loue.

Athelst. If by the foueraigne Magicke of thine eye,
Thou canst inchant his lookes to keepe the circles
Of thy faire cheekes, be bold to trie thy charmes,
Feede him with hopes, and find the royall veine,
That leades this Cypriot to his golden mine.
Here's Musicke spent in vaine, Lords, fall to dauncing.

Cypr. My faire tormentor, will you lend a hand ?

Agrip. Ile try this strangers cunning in a daunce.

Andel. My cunning is but small, yet who'le not
proue

To shame himsele for such a Ladies loue ?

Orle. These Cypriots are the diuels that torture me.
He courts her, and shee smiles, but I am borne,
To be her beauties slaue, and her louses scorne.

And. I shall neuer haue the face to aske the ques-
tion twice.

Agrip. Whats the reason ? Cowardlynes or pride ?

Andel. Neither : but tis the fashion of vs Cypriots, both men and women, to yeeld at first assault, and we expect others should doe the like.

Agrip. Its a signe, that either your women are very black, & are glad to be sped, or your men very fond, & wil take no denial.

Andel. Indeede our Ladies are not so faire as you.

Agrip. But your men more ventrous at a breach then you, or els they are all dastardly fouldiers.

Andel. Hee that fightes vnder these fweete colours, & yet turnes coward, let him bee shot to death with the terrible arrowes of faire Ladies eyes.

Athelst. Nay Infultado, you must not denie vs. Infultad. *My Corocon es muy pesada, my Anima muy a-tormentada,*
*No per los Cielos :
La piede de Espagnoll, no haze musica in Tierra Inglesa.*

Cypr. Sweete Infultado let vs see you daunce. I haue heard the Spanish daunce is full of state.

Infultad. *Verdad Signor : la danza spagnola, es muy alta,
Maiestica, y para Monarcas : vuestra Inglesa,
Baxa, Fantastica, y muy humilde.*

Agrip. Doth my Spanish prifoner denie to daunce ? Hee has sworne to me by the crosse of his pure Toledo, to bee my feruant : by that oath (my Castilian prifoner) I coniure you to shew your cunning, though all your body bee not free, I am fure your heeles are at libertie.

Infultad. *Nolo quire contra dezir : vuestra oio haze conqwesto a su prisionero : Oyres, la paayne Hispanola, sea vuestra musica y grauidad, y maicstad : Paie, daime Tabacca, Toma my capa, e my espada. Mas alta, Mas alta : Desuiaios, Desuiaios, Companieros, Mas alta, Mas alta.*

Hee daunces.

Athelst. Thankes, Infultado.

Cypr. Tis most excellent.

Agrip. The Spaniards daunce, is as his deedes bee, full of pride.

Athelst. The day growes old, & what remains
 vnſpent,
 Shall be confum'd in banquets, Agripyne,
 Leaue vs a while, if Anelocia pleaſe,
 Goe beare our beautious daughter companie.

And. Fortune I thanke thee : now thou ſmil'ſt on
 me. *Exeunt Agrip. and Anel. and Ladies.*

Athel. This Cipriot beares a gallant princely mind.
 My Lord, of what birth is your country-man ?
 Thinke not, sweete Prince, that I propound this queſ-
 tion,

To wrong you in your loue to Agripyne :
 Our fauours grace him to an other end.
 Nor let the wings of your affection droope,
 Becauſe ſhee ſeemes to ſhun loues gentle lure.
 Belieue it on our word, her beauties prize
 Onely ſhall yeeld a conqueſt to your eyes.
 But tell me whats this Fortunatus ſonne ?

Cypr. Of honourable bloud, and more renownd
 In forreine kingdomes (whither his proud ſpirit,
 Plum'd with ambitious fethers, caries him)
 Then in his natiue Countrie, but laſt day
 The father and the ſonnes were through their riots,
 Poore and diſdainde of all, but now they gliſter,
 More bright than Midas : if ſome damned fiend
 Fed not his bags, this golden pride would end.

Athelst. His pride weele ſomewhat tame, & curb
 the head
 Of his rebellious prodigalitie :
 He hath inuited vs, and all our Peeres,
 To feaſt with him to morrow, his prouiſion,
 I vnderſtand may entertaine three kings.
 But Lincolne, let our Subiects ſecretly
 Be chargde on paine of life that not a man
 Sell any kind of Fewell to his ſeruants.

Cypr. This pollicy ſhall clip his golden wings,
 And teach his pride what tis to ſtrive with kings.

Athelst. Withdraw awhile : *Exeunt.*
Manet Athelstane.

Athelst. None fild his hands with Gold, for we fet spies,
 To watch who fed his prodigalitie ;
 He hung the Marble bosome of our Court,
 As thicke with gliftring Spangles of pure gold,
 As ere the spring hath stucke the earth with flowers.
 Unlesse he melt himfelfe to liquid gold,
 Or be some God, some diuell, or can transport
 A mint about him, (by enchanted power)
 He cannot raine such showers : with his owne hands
 He threw more wealth abroad in euery streete,
 Then could be thurst into a Chariot :
 Hees a Magician fure, and to some fiend,
 His soule (by infernall couenants) has he fold,
 Alwaies to swimme vp to the chin in gold.
 Be what he can be, if those doting fires,
 Wherein he burnes for Agripinaes loue,
 Want power to melt from him this endlesse Myne,
 Then (like a flauē) weele chaine him in our Tower,
 Where tortures shall compell his sweating hands
 To cast rich heapes into our treasorie.

*Musicke founding still: A curtaine being drawne,
 where Andelocia lies sleeping in Agripines lap,
 shee has his purse, and her selfe and another Lady
 tye another (like it) in the place, and then rise
 from him.*

Agrip. I haue found the sacred spring that neuer
 ebs.
 Leauē vs: *Exit Lady.* But ile not shew't your
 maieslie,
 Till you haue sworne by Englands royall crowne,
 To let me keepe it.

Athelst. By my Crowne I sweare,
 None but faire Agripyne the Jem shall weare.

Agrip. Then is this mine : see Father, here's the
 fire,
 Whose gilded beames still burne, this is the Sunne,
 That euer shines, the tree that neuer dies,

Here growes the Garden of Hesperides,
The out-side mockes you, makes you thinke tis poore,
But entring it, you find eternall store.

Athelst. Art sure of this? How didst thou driue
it out?

Agrip. Feare not his waking yet, I made him
drinke

That soporiferous Juice which was compofd,
To make the Queene (my Mother) rellish sleepe,
When her last sicknes fommond her to heauen.
He sleepes profoundly: when his amorous eyes
Had singde their wings in Cupids wanton flames,
I fet him all on fire, and promist loue:
In pride whereof, he drew me forth this purse,
And swore, by this he multiplyed his gold.
I tride and found it true: and secretly
Commaunded Musicke with her filuer tongue,
To chime soft lullabies into his soule,
And whilst my fingers wantond with his hayre,
(I'intice the sleepeie Juice to charme his eyes)
In all points was there made a purse, like his,
Which counterfet is hung in place of this.

Athelst. More then a second kingdome hast thou
won.

Leaue him, that when he wakes he may suspect,
Some els has robd him, come deere Agripyne,
If this strange purse his sacred vertues hold,
Weele circle England with a wast of Gold. *Exeunt.*

*Musicke still: Enter Shaddow very gallant, reading
a Bill, with emptie bags in his hand singing.*

Shad. These English occupiers are mad Troians:
let a man pay them neuer so much, theile giue him
nothing but the bag. Since my master created me
steward ouer his fiftie men, and his one and fiftie
horse, I haue rid ouer much businesse, yet neuer was
gald, I thanke the destinies: Musicke? O delicate
warble: O these Courtiers are most sweete triumphant

creatures. Seignior, Sir, Monsieur : sweete Seignior : this is the language of the accomplishment : O delicious strings : these heauenly wyre-drawers haue stretcht my master euen out at length : yet at length he must wake : master ?

Andel. Wake me not yet, my gentle Agripyne.

Shad. One word Sir, for the billets, and I vanish.

And. Theres heauen in these times : throw the musicians

A bounteous largeffe of three hundred Angels.

Andelocia starts up.

Shad. Why, fir, I haue but ten pound left.

And. Ha, Shaddow ? where's the Princeffe Agripyne ?

Shad. I am not Apollo, I cannot reueale.

Andel. Was not the princeffe here, when thou cam'st in ?

Shad. Here was no Princeffe but my princely selfe.

Andel. In faith ?

Shad. No in faith, Sir,

Andel. Where are you hid ? where stand you wantoning ? Not here ? gone ifaith ? haue you giuen me the slip ? well, tis but an amorous tricke and so I embrace it : my horse, Shaddow, how fare my horse ?

Shad. Upon the best Oates my vndersteward can buy.

An. I meane, are they lusty, sprightly, gallant, wanton, fiery ?

Shad. They are as all horses are, Caterpillers to the Commonwealth, they are euer munching : but Sir, for these billets, and these fagots and bauins ?

Andel. S'hart what billets, what fagots ? doe't make mee a Woodmonger ?

Shad. No sweete Seignior, but you haue bid the King and his Peeres to dinner, and he has commaunded that no Woodmonger sell you a sticke of wood, and that no Collyer shall cofen you of your measure, but must tie vp the mouth of their Sackes, least their Coales kindle your choler.

Andel. Ist possible ? ist true, or hast thou learnt of the English gallants to gull ?

Shad. Hees a gul that would be taught by such guls.

Andel. Not a sticke of wood ? Some child of enuie has buzd this stratagem into the kings eare, of purpose to disgrace me : I haue inuited his maiestie, and though it cost me a Million, ile feast him. Shadow, thou shalt hyre a hundred or two of Carts, with them post to all the Grocers in London, buy vp all the Cynamon, Cloues, Nutmegs, Licorish and all other spices, that haue any strong heart, and with them make fires to prepare our Cookerie :

Ere Fortunatus sonne looke red with shame,
Heele dresse a Kings feast in a spiced flame.

Shad. This diuice, Sir, will bee somewhat a kin to Lady Pride, twill aske cost.

And. Fetch twentie Porters, ile laid all with gold.

Shad. First, master, fil these bags.

And. Come then, hold vp, how now ? trickes, new crochets, Madam Fortune ? Drie as an Eele-skin ? Shaddow, take thou my Gold out.

Shad. Why Sir, here's none in.

Andel. Ha, let me see : O heres a bastard cheeke, I see now tis not mine ; tis counterfet,
Tis so : flauie thou hast robd thy master.

Sha. Not of a peny, I haue beene as true a steward.

And. Vengeance on thee and on thy stewardship.
Yet wherefore curse I thee ? thy leaden soule
Had neuer power to mount vp to the knowledge
Of the rich misterie closde in my purse.
Oh no, ile curse myfelfe, mine eyes ile curse,
They haue betrayd me, I will curse my tongue,
That hath betraid me : Ile curse Agripyne,
Shee hath betraid me. Sirens cease to sing,
Your charmes haue tane effect, for now I see,
All your inchantments were, to cosen me.

Musicke ceaseth.

Shad. What shall I doe with this ten pound, Sir ?

Andel. Goe buy with it a Chaine and hang thy selfe.

Now thinke I on my Fathers prophecie.
 Tell none (quoth he) the vertue, if you doe,
 Much shame, much grieffe, much danger follows you.
 With teares I credit his diuinitie.
 O fingers, were you vpright Iustices,
 You would teare out mine eyes : had not they gazde
 On the fraile colour of a painted cheeke,
 None had betraid me : henceforth ile desie
 All beautie, and will call a louely eye,
 A Sun whose scorching beames burne vp our ioyes,
 Or turne them blacke like Ethiopians.
 O women, wherefore are you borne mens woe,
 Why are your faces fram'd Angelicall ?
 Your hearts of sponges, soft and smooth in shew,
 But toucht, with poyson they doe ouer-flow. -
 Had sacred wisedome beene my Fathers Fate,
 He had died happie, I liu'd fortunate.
 Shaddow, beare this to beautious Agripyne,
 With it this message, tell her, ile reprooue
 Her couetous sinne the lesse, because for gold,
 I see that most mens foules too cheape are sold.

Sha. Shal I buy these spices to day or to morrow ?

And. To morrow ? I, to morrow thou shalt buy them.

To morrow tell the Princeffe I wil loue her,
 To morrow tell the king, ile banquet him,
 To morrow, Shaddow, will I giue thee gold,
 To morrow pride goes bare and lust acold.
 To morrow will the rich man feede the poore.
 And vice to morrow vertue will adore,
 To morrow beggers shall be crowned kings,
 This No-time, morrowes-time, no sweetnes sings :
 I pray thee hence ; beare that to Agripyne.

Shad, Ile goe hence, because you fend me : but ile goe weeping hence, for grieffe that I must turne villaine as many doe, and leaue you when you are vp to the eares in aduersitie.

Exit.

Andel. Shee hath robd me, and now ile play the thiefe,

I steale from hence to Cyprus, for blacke shame
Here (through my riots) brands my loftie name.
Ile fell this pride for helpe to beare me thither,
So pride and beggerie shall walke together :
This world is but a Schoole of villanie,
Therefore ile rob my brother, (not of gold,
Nor of his vertues, vertue none will steale :)
But (if I can,) ile steale his wishing Hat.
And with that, wandring round about the world,
Ile search all corners to find miserie,
And where shee dwels, ile dwell, languish and die.

Exit.

Chorus. Gentels, if ere you haue beheld the paffions,

The combats of his foule who being a king,
By some vsurping hand hath beene depofde
From all his royalties : euen such a foule,
Such eyes, such heart fwolne big with sighes and teares,
The star-croft sonne of Fortunatus weares.
The thoughts crownd him a Monarch in the morne,
Yet now hees bandyed by the Seas in scorne,
From waue to waue : his golden treasures spoyle
Makes him in desperate language to intreate,
The winds to spend their furie on his life :
But they (being milde in tyrannie) or scorning
To triumph in a wretches funerall,
Tosse him to Cyprus. O what treacherie
Cannot this Serpent gold intice vs to ?
He robs his brother of the Souldans prize,
And hauing got his wish (the wishing Hat)
He does not (as he vould) seeke miserie,
But hopes by that to win his purse againe,
And in that Hope from Cyprus is he fled.
If your swift thoughts clap on their wonted wings,
In Genoway may you take this fugitiue,
Where hauing cozened many Jewellers,
To England backe he comes, step but to court,

And there (disguizde) you find him bargoning
 For Jewels with the beautious Agripyne,
 Who wearing at her side the vertuous purse,
 He claspes her in his armes, and as a Rauen,
 Griping the tender-hearted Nightingale,
 So flies he with her (wishing) in the ayre,
 To be transported to some wilderneffe :
 Imagine this the place : see here they come.

Enter Andelocia and Agripyne.

Since they themselues haue tongues, mine shall be
 dumbe. *Exit.*

*Enter Andelocia with the wishing Hat on : Agripyna in
 his hand.*

Agrip. What diuell art thou that affrightst me thus,
 Haling a Princeffe from her fathers court,
 To spoyle her in this sauage wilderneffe ?

Andel. Indeed the diuel and the pick-purse should
 alwaies flie together, (for they are sworne brothers :)
 but Madam Couetoufnes, I am neither a diuel as you
 cal me, nor a Jeweller as I call my selfe, no, nor a
 Jugler, yet ere you and I part, weele haue some leger-
 dimain together : do you know me ?

Agrip. I am betrayd : this is the Cypriot.
 Forgiue mee, twas not I that changde thy purse,
 But Athelstane my father, fend me home,
 And heres thy purse againe : here are thy Jewels,
 And I in satisfaction of all wrongs.

Andel. Talke not you of satisfaction, this is some
 recompence that I haue you, tis not the purse I
 regard : put it off, and ile mince it as small as pie
 meate : the purse ? hang the purse : were that gon,
 I can make another, and another, and another,
 I and another : tis not the purse I care for, but
 the purser : you, I you. Ist not a shame that a
 kings daughter, a faire Lady, a Lady not for Lords,
 but for Monarches, should for gold fell her loue, and
 when shee has her owne asking, and that there stands

nothing betweene, then to cheate your sweete heart ?
O fie, fie, a shee cony-catcher ? You must be dealt
foundly with.

Agrip. Inioyne what paines thou wilt, and ile
endure them,
so thou wilt fend me to my fathers court.

Ande. Nay gods lid, y' are not gon so : fet your
heart at rest, for I haue fet vp my rest, that except
you can runne swifter then a Hart, home you goe
not : what paines shall I lay vpon you ? Let me see :
I could serue you now but a slipperie touch : I could
get a young King or two, or three of you, and then
fend you home, and bid their grand-fire king nurse
them : I could pepper you, but I will not.

Agrip. O, doe not violate my chastitie.

Ande. No, why I tell you I am not giuen to the
flesh, though I fauor (in your nose) a little of the
diuell, I could run away else, and starue you here.

Agrip. If I must die, doome me some easier
death.

Ande. Or transforme you (because you loue pick-
ing) into a Squirell, and make you picke out a poore
liuing here among the Nut trees : but I will not
neither.

Agrip. What will my gentle Andelocia doe ?

Ande. Oh, now you come to your old byas of
cogging.

Agrip. I pray thee Andelocia, let me goe :
Send me to England, and by heauen I sweare,
Thou from all kings on earth my loue shalt beare.

Ande. Shall I in faith ?

Agrip. In faith, in faith thou shalt.

Ande. Here, god a mercie : now thou shalt not
goe.

Agrip. Oh God.

Ande. Nay doe you heare Lady ? crie not y' are
best : no nor curse me not : if you thinke but a
crabbed thought of me, the spirit that caried you in
mine arnes through the ayre, will tell me all : there-

fore fet your Sunday face vpont. Since you'le loue me, ile loue you, ile marrie you, and lie with you, and beget little Juglers : marie home you get not : England you'le fay is yours : but Agripyne, loue me, and I will make the whole world thine.

Agrip. I care not for the world, thou muredrest me, Betweene my forrow, and the scalding Sunne I faint, and quickly will my life be done, My mouth is like a Furnace, and drie heate Drinks vp my bloud. Oh God, my heart will burst, I die, vnlesse some moysture quench my thirst.

Andel. S' hart now I am worfe then ere I was before :
For halfe the world I would not haue her die.
Heres neither spring nor ditch, nor raine, nor dew,
Nor bread nor drinke : my louely Agripyne,
Be comforted, see here are Apple trees.

Agrip. Clime vp for Gods sake, reach me some of them.

Andel. Looke vp, which of these Apples likes thee best ?

Agrip. This hath a withered face, tis some sweete fruit.

Not that, my forrowes are too fowre already.

Andel. Come hither, here are Apples like gold.

Agrip. O, I for Gods sake, gather some of these.
Ay me, would God I were at home againe.

Andel. Stand farder, leaft I chance to fall on thee.

Climes vp.

Oh here be rare Apples, rare red-cheekt Apples, that cry come kisse me : Apples, hold your peace, ile teach you to cry.

Eates one.

Agrip. O England, shal I ne're behold thee more ?

Andel. Agripyna, tis a most Sugred delicious tast in ones mouth, but when tis downe, tis as bitter as gall.

Agrip. Yet gather some of them. Oh, that a Princeffe

Should pine for foode : were I at home againe,
I should difdaine to stand thus and complaine.

And. Heres one Apple that growes highest,
Agripyna, and I could reach that, ile come downe.

Hee stands fishing with his girdle for it.

Agrip. Make hast, for the hot Sun doth scald my
cheekes.

Andel. The funne kisse thee? hold, catch, put on
my Hat, I will haue yonder highest Apple, though
I die for 't.

Agrip. I had not wont be Sun-burnt, wretched
mee.

O England, would I were againe in thee.

Exit. He leapes downe.

And. Swounds Agripyna, stay, O I am vndone,
Sweete Agripyna, if thou hearst my voice,
Take pittie of me, and returne againe.
Shee flies like lightning: O she heares me not,
I wish myselfe into a wildernesse,
And now I shall turne wilde: here I shall famish,
Here die, here cursing dye, here rauing die,
And thus will wound my brest, and rent mine hayre.
What hills of Flint are growne vpon my browes?
O me, two forked hornes, I am turn'd beast,
I haue abuzde two blessings, welth and knowledge,
Wealth in my purse, and knowledge in my Hat,
By which being borne into the Courts of kings,
I might haue seene the wondrous workes of Joue,
Acquirde Experience, Learning, Wisedome, Truth,
But I in wildernesse tottred out my youth,
And therefore must turne wild: must be a beast,
An vgly beast: my body hornes must beare,
Because my soule deformitie doth weare.
Liues none within this wood? If none but I
Liue here (thankes heauen) for here none els shal
die.

*He lies downe and sleepes under the tree: Enter
Fortune, Vice, Vertue, the Priest: Satyres with
Musicke, playing as they come in before Fortune.
They play awhile.*

Fortune. See where my new-turnd diuel has built his hel.

Vice. Vertue, who conquers now? the foole is tane.

Vert. O fleepie sinne.

Vice. Sweete tunes wake him againe.

Musicke awhile, and then cease.

Fort. Vice sets too heauie on his drowzy foule,
Musicks sweete concord cannot pierce his eare.
Sing and amongst your Songs, mix bitter scorne.

Vert. Those that teare Vertue, must by Vice be torne.

The Song.

1. *Verse.* Vertue stand aside : the foole is caught,
Laugh to see him, laugh alowd to wake him,
Follies nets are wide, and neatly wrought,
Mocke his hornes, and laugh to see Vice
take him.

Quire. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, laugh, laugh in scorne,
Who's the foole? the foole, he wears a horne.

Andel. wakens and stands vp.

2. *Verse.* Vertue stand aside, mock him, mock him,
mock him
Laugh alowd to see him, call him foole.
Error gaue him fucke, now forrowes rocke
him,
Send the riotous beast to madnes schoole.

Quire. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, laugh, laugh in scorne,
Who's the foole? the foole, he weares a horne.

3. *Verse.* Vertue stand aside : your schoole he hates.
Laugh alowd to see him, mocke, mocke,
mock him.
Vanitie and hell keepe open gates,
Hees in, and a newe nurse (Despaire) must
rocke him.

Quire. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, laugh, laugh in scorne,
Foole, foole, foole, foole, foole, weare still the
horne.

*When they haue done finging, Vice and Vertue hold
Apples out to him, Vice laughing, Vertue grieuing.*

Andel. O me, what hell is this? fiends, tempt me
not.

Thou glorious diuell hence. O now I see,
This fruit is thine, thou hast deformed mee :
Idiot auoide, thy gifts I loath to tast.

Away : since I am entred madnes Schoole,
As good to be a beast, as be a foole.

Away, why tempt you me? some powrefull grace
Come and redeeme me from this hideous place.

Fort. To her hath Andelocia (all his life)
Sworne fealtie, woudst thou forsake her now?

Andel. Whose blessed tongue names Andelocia?

Fort. Hers, who (attended on by destinies)
Shortned thy Fathers life, and lengthens thine.

Andel. O sacred Queene of chance, now shorten
mine,

Else let thy deitie take off this shame.

Fort. Wooe her, t' was shee that set it on thy head.

Andel. She laughs to see me metamorphosed. *Rises.*

Vert. Wooe me, and ile take off this vgly scorne.

Vice. Wooe me, and ile clap on another horne,

Andel. I am beset with anguish, shame and death.
O bid the Fates worke fast, and stop my breath.

Fort. No Andelocia, thou must liue to see
Worse torments (for thy follies) light on thee.
This golden tree, which did thine eyes intice,
Was planted here by Vice : loe, here stands Vice :
How often hast thou sued to win her grace?

Andel. Till now, I neuer did behold her face.

Fort. Thou didst behold her at thy fathers death,
When thou in scorne didst violate his will,
Thou didst behold her, when thy strecht-out arme
Catcht at the highest bough, the loftiest vice,

The fairest Apple, but the fowlest price.
 Thou didst behold her, when thy lickerish eye
 Fed on the beautie of faire Agripyne,
 Because th' adst gold, thou thoughtst al women thine.
 When look'st thou off from her? for they whose foules
 Still reuell in the nights of vanitie,
 On the faire cheekes of Vice still fixe their eye.
 Because her face doth shine, and all her bosome
 Beares siluer Moones, thou wast enamord of her.
 But hadst thou vpward lookt, and seene these shames,
 Or viewd her round about, and in this glasse
 Seene Idiots faces, heads of diuels and hell,
 And read this ha, ha, he, this merrie storie,
 Thou wouldst haue loathd her: where, by louing her,
 Thou bearst this face, and wearst this vgly head,
 And if shee once can bring thee to this place,
 Lowd sounds these ha, ha, he, sheele laugh apace.

Andel. O, re-transforme me to a glorious shape,
 And I will learne how I may loue to hate her.

Fort. I cannot re-transforme thee, wooe this
 woman.

Andel. This woman? wretched is my state, when I,
 To find out wisedome, to a foole must flie.

Fort. Foole, cleere thine eyes, this is bright Arete,
 This is poore Vertue, care not how the world
 Doth crowne her head, the world laughs her to scorne,
 Yet *Sibi sapit*, Vertue knowes her worth.

Runne after her, sheele give thee these and these
 Crownes and Bay-garlands: (honours victories:)
 Serue her, and shee will fetch thee pay from heauen,
 Or giue thee some bright office in the starres.

Ande. Immortall Arete, Vertue diuine, *Kneeles.*
 O smile on me, and I will still be thine.

Vert. Smile thou on me, and I will still be thine:
 Though I am ielous of thy Apostasie,
 Ile entertaine thee: here, come tast this tree,
 Here's Physicke for thy sicke deformitie.

Andel. 'Tis bitter: this fruit I shall ne're digest.

Vert. 'Trie once againe, the bitternes soone dies.

Vice. Mines sweete, tast mine.

Vert. But being downe tis sowre,
And mine being downe has a delicious taste.
The path that leades to Vertues court is narrow,
Thornie and vp a hill, a bitter iorney,
But being gon through, you find all heau'nly sweetes,
The entrance is all flintie, but at th' end,
To towres of pearle and christall you ascend.

Ande. O delicate, O sweete Ambrosian rellish,
And see, my vglinesse drops from my browes,
Thankes beautious Arete : O had I now
My Hat and purse againe, how I would shine,
And gild my foule with none but thoughts diuine.

Fort. That shall be tride, take fruit from both
these trees,
By helpe of them, winne both thy purse and Hat,
I will instruct thee how, for on my wings
To England shalt thou ride ; thy vertuous brother
Is (with that Shadow who attends on thee,)
In London, there ile fet thee presently.
But if thou lose our fauours once againe,
To taste her sweetes, those sweetes must prooue thy
bane.

Vert. Vice, who shall now be crownd with victorie ?

Vice. Shee that triumphes at last, and that must I.

Exeunt.

*Enter Athelstane, Lincolne with Agripyne, Cyprus,
Galloway, Cornewall, Chester, Longauile and
Montrosse.*

Athelst. Lincolne, how fet'st thou her at libertie ?

Lincol. No other prison held her but your court,
There (in her chamber) hath shee hid her selfe
These two daies, onely to shake off that feare,
Which her late violent rapture cast vpon her.

Cypr. Where hath the beautious Agripyna been ?

Agryp. In heauen or hel, in or without the world,
I know not which, for as I oft haue seene
(When angrie Thamefis hath curld her lockes,)

A whirle-wind come, and from her frizeld browes,
 Snatch vp a handful of those sweatie pearles,
 That floode vpon her forehead, which awhile,
 Being by the boyflrous wind hung in the ayre,
 At length hath flung them downe and raizd a storme.
 Euen with such furie was I wherryed vp,
 And by such force held prifoner in the cloudes,
 And throwne by such a tempeft downe againe.

Cornw. Some foule is dam'd in hell for this black
 deede.

Agrip. I haue the purfe safe, and anon your grace
 Shall heare the wondrous historie at full.

Cypr. Tel me, tormenter, shall faire Agripyne,
 Without more difference be now christend mine?

Agrip. My choice must be my Fathers faire con-
 sent.

Athelf. Then shall thy choyce end in this Cyprus
 prince.

Before the Sunne shall fixe times more arife,
 His royall marriage will we solemnife.
 Proclaime this honord match, come Agripyne,
 I am glad th' art here, more glad the purfe is mine.

*As they are all going in: Enter Andlocia and Shad-
 dowe, like Irish Coster-mongers, Agripyna, Longa-
 nyule, and Montrosse stay listening to them, the rest
 Exeunt.*

Both. Buy any Apples, feene Apples of Tamasco,
 feene Tamasio peepins: peeps feene, buy Tamasco
 peepins.

Agrip. Damasco apples? good my Lord Mont-
 roffe,
 Call yonder fellowes.

Montr. Sirra Coster-monger.

Shad. Who cals: peeps of Tamasco, feene peeps:
 I fat tis de sweetest apple in de world, tis better den
 de Pome water, or apple John.

Andel. By my trat Madam, tis reet Tamasco
 peepins, looke here els.

Shad. I dare not say, as de Irishman my countryman say, tast de goodnesse of de fruit: No sayt tis farie teere mistris, by Saint Patrickes hand tis teere Tamasco apple.

Agrif. The fairest fruit that euer I beheld, Damasco apples, wherefore are they good?

Longa. What is your price of halfe a score of these?

Both. Halfe a score, halfe a score? dat is doos many mester.

Longa. I, I, ten, half a score, thats fwe and fwe.

Andel. Feeue and feeue? By my trat and as Creeze faue me la, I cannot tell, wat be de price of feeue and feeue, but tis tree crowne for one Peepin, dat is de preez if you take em.

Shad. I fat, tis no leffe for Tamasco.

Agrif. Three crownes for one? what wondrous vertues haue they?

Shad. O, tis feene Tamasco apple, and shall make you a great teale wife, and make you no foole, and make feene memorie.

Andel. And make dis fash be more faire and amiable, and make dis eyes looke alwaies louely, and make all de court & countrie burne in desire to kisse di none sweete countenance.

Montr. Apples to make a Lady beautifull? Madam thats excellent.

Agrif. These Irishmen, Some say, are great dissemblers, and I feare, These two the badge of their owne countrie weare.

Andel. By my trat, and by Saint Patrickes hand, and as Creez faue me la, tis no dissembler: de Irish man now and den cut di countrie-mans throate, but yet in sayt hee loue di countrie-man, tis no dissembler: dis feene Tamasco apple can make di sweete countenance, but I can take no leffe but three crownes for one, I weare out my naked legs and my footes, and my tods, and run hjdder and didder to Tamasco for dem.

Shad. As Creez faue me la, hee ſpeakes true :
Peeps feene.

Agrip. Ile trie what power lies in Damafco fruit.
Here are ten crownes for three. So fare you well.

Montr. Lord Longauyle, buy ſome.

Longa. I buy? not I :
Hang them, they are toyes, come Madam, let vs
goe. *Exeunt.*

Both. Saint Patricke and Saint Peter, and all de
holy Angels look vpon dat fafh and make it faire.

Enter Montroffe ſoftly.

Shad. Ha, ha, ha, ſhees ſped, I warrant.

Andcl. Peace, Shaddow, buy any peepins, buy.

Both. Peeps feene, feene Tamafco apples.

Montr. Came not Lord Longauyle to buy ſome
fruit ?

Andcl. No fat, maſter, here came no Lords nor
Ladies, but di none ſweete ſelfe.

Montr. Tis well, ſay nothing, heres fix crownes for
two :

You ſay the vertues are to make one ſtrong.

Both. Yes fat and make ſweet countenance &
ſtrong too.

Montr. Tis excellent, here : farwell, if theſe proue,
Ile conquer men by ſtrength, women by loue. *Exit.*

Enter Longauyle.

Both. Ha, ha, ha, why this is rare.

Shad. Peace, maſter, here comes another foole.

Both. Peepes feene, buy any peepes of Tamafco ?

Longa. Did not the Lord Montroffe returne to
you ?

Both. No fat, ſweete maſter, no Lord did turne to
vs : Peeps feene.

Longa. I am glad of it : here are nine crownes for
thee :

What are the vertues beſides making faire ?

Andcl. O, twill make thee wondrous wiſe.

Shad. And dow shall bee no more a foole, but
fweete face and wife.

Longa. Tis rare, farwell, I neuer yet durst wooe.
None loues me : now ile trie what these can doe.

Exit.

Andel. Ha, ha, ha, So, this is admirable, Shaddow,
here end my torments in Saint Patrickes Purgatorie,
but thine shall continue longer.

Shad. Did I not clap on a good false Irish face ?

Andel. It became thee rarely.

Shad. Yet thats lamentable, that a false face
should become any man.

Andel. Thou art a gull, tis all the fashion now,
which fashion because wee keepe, step thou abroad,
let not the world want fooles : whilst thou art commen-
sing thy knauerie there, ile proceede Doctour Dodipoll
here : that done, thou Shaddow and I will fat our felues
to behold the transformation of these fooles : goe flie.

Shad. I feare nothing, but that whilst wee striue
to make others fooles, we shall weare the Coxcombes
our felues, Pips fine &c. *Exit Shaddow.*

Enter Ampedo.

Andel. S'hart, here's my brother whome I haue
abuzde :

His prefence makes me blush, it strikes me dead,
To thinke how I am metamorphosed.
Feene peepins of Tamasco &c.

Amp. For shame cast off this Maske.

Andel. Wilt thou buy any pips ?

Amp. Mocke me no longer
With idle apparitions : many a land
Haue I with wearie feete and a sicke foule
Meafurd to find thee ; and when thou art found,
My greatest grieffe is, that thou art not lost :
Yet lost thou art, thy fame, thy welth are lost,
Thy wits are lost, and thou hast in their stead,
With shame and cares, and misery crownd thy head.
That Shaddow that pursues thee, fild mine eares

With sad relation of thy wretchednesse,
Where is the purse, and where my wishing Hat ?

Andel. Where ? and where ? are you created Con-
stable, you stand so much vpon Intergatories ? the
purse is gone, let that fret you, and the Hat is gone,
let that mad you : I runne thus through all trades to
ouer-take them, if youle bee quiet, follow me, and
helpe, if not, flie from me, and hang your selfe : wilt
thou buy any pippins ? *Exit.*

Amp. O, how I grieue, to see him thus tranformed ?
Yet from the circles of my iealous eyes,
He shall not start, till he haue re-possesst
Those vertuous Jewels, which found once againe,
More cause they ne're shall giue me to complaine,
Their worth shall be consum'd in murdring flames,
And end my grieue, his ryot, and our shames. *Exit.*

*Enter Athelstane, Agripyne, Montrosse and Longaule
with hornes, Lincolne and Cornwall.*

Athelst. In spite of forcerie trie once againe,
Trie once more in contempt of all dam'd spels.

Agrip. Your maiestie fights with no mortall power.
Shame and not conquest, hangs vpon his strife.
O, touch me not, you adde but paine to paine,
The more you cut, the more they grow againe.

Lincol. Is there no art to coniure downe this
scorne ?
I ne're knew Phisicke yet against the home.

Enter Cyprus.

Athelst. See, prince of Cyprus, thy faire Agripyne
Hath turnd her beautie to deformitie.

Cypr. Then I desie thee, Loue, vaine hopes, adew,
You haue mockt me long ; in scorne ile now mocke
you.

I came to see how the Lord Longaule
Was turnd into a monster, and I find
An obiect, which both strikes me dumbe and blind.
To morrow should haue beene our marriage morne,

But now my bride is shame, thy bridegrome fcorne.
 O tell mee yet, is there no Art, no charmes,
 No desperate Physicke for this desperate wound?

Athelst. Al meanes are tride, but no meanes can
 be found.

Cypr. Then England, farwell : haplesse maide, thy
 stars,
 Through spitefull influence fet our hearts at warres.
 I am infor't to leaue thee, and refigne
 My loue to grieffe.

Enter Orleans and Galloway.

Agrip. All grieffe to Agripyne.

Cypr. Adew, I would say more, had I a tongue
 Able to helpe his master : mightie king,
 I humbly take my leaue, to Cyprus I,
 My fathers Sonne, must all such shame defie. *Exit.*

Orle. So doth not Orleans, I defie all thofe,
 That loue not Agripyne, and him defie,
 That dares but loue her halfe fo well as I.
 O pardon me, I haue in forrowes Jayle,
 Beene long tormented, long this mangled bofome
 Hath bled, and neuer durst expose her wounds,
 Till now, till now, when at thy beautious feete,
 I offer loue and life, O cast an eye
 Of mercy on me, this deformed face
 Cannot affright my foule from louing thee.

Agri. Talk not of loue, good Orleans, but of hate.

Orle. What fentence will my loue pronounce on
 me?

Gall. Will Orleans then be mad? O gentle friend.

Orle. O gentle, gentle friend, I am not mad :
 Hees mad, whose eyes on painted cheekes doe doate,
 O Galloway, such read beauties booke by roate.
 Hees mad, that pines for want of a gay flowre,
 Which fades when grief doth blast, or sicknes lowre,
 Which heate doth wither, and white ages frost
 Nips dead : such fairenes, when tis found, tis lost.
 I am not mad, for louing Agripyne,

My loue lookes on her eyes, with eyes diuine,
 I doate on the rich brightnes of her mind,
 That sacred beautie strikes all other blind,
 O make me happie then, since my desires
 Are set a burning by loues purest fires.

Athelst. So thou wilt beare her far from England
 fight
 Inioy thy wishes.

Agrip. Locke me in some caue,
 Where staring wonders eye shall not be guiltie
 To my abhorred lookes, and I will die
 To thee, as ful of loue as miserie.

Athelst. I am amaze and mad, some speckled
 foule
 Lies pawnd for this in Hell, without redemption,
 Some fiend deludes vs all.

Cornw. O vniust Fates,
 Why doe you hide from vs this misterie ?

Lincol. My Lord Montrosse, how long haue your
 browes worne
 This fashion ? these two feather-springs of horne ?

Montr. An Irish kerne fold me Damasco apples,
 Some two howres since, and (like a credulous foole)
 Hee swearing to me that they had this power,
 To make me strong in body rich in mind,
 I did beleue his words, tasted his fruit,
 And since haue been attirde in this disguise.

Longa. I feare that villaine hath beguild me too.

Cornw. Nay before God he has not cozend you,
 You haue it foundly.

Longa. Me he made beleue,
 One apple of Damasco would inspire
 My thoughts with wisedome, and vpon my cheekes
 Would cast such beautie, that each Ladies eye,
 Which lookt on me, should love me presently.

Agrip. Desire to looke more faire, makes me more
 fowle,
 Those apples did intice my wandring eye,
 To be enamord of deformitie.

Athelst. This prooves that true, which oft I haue
heard in schooles,
Those that would seeme most wise, doe turne most
fooles.

Lincol. Here's your best hope, none needes to
hide his face,
For horned foreheads swarme in euery place.

Enter Chester bringing Andelocia like a French Doctor.

Athelst. Now Chester, what Physitions hast thou
found?

Chest. Many, my leige, but none that haue true skill
To tame such wilde diseases : yet here's one,
A Doctor and a Frenchman, whome report
Of Agripynes grieffe hath drawne to court.

Athelst. Cure her, and Englands treasorie shall
stand,
As free for thee to vse, as rayne from heauen.

Montr. Cure me, and to thy Coffers I will send,
More gold from Scotland then thy life can spend.

Logna. Cure Longauile, and all his wealth is thine.

Andel. He Monsieur Long-villaine gra tanck you :
Gra tanck your mashestie a great teale artely by my
trat : where be dis Madam Princeza dat be so mush
tormenta ? O Jeshu : one, 2 : an tree, 4 & 5,
feez horne : Ha, ha, ha, pardona moy prea wid al
mine art, for by my trat, me can no point shofe but
laugh, Ha, ha, ha, to marke how like tree bul-beg-
gera, dey stand. Oh, by my trat and fat, di diuela
be whoreson, scuruie, paltry, ill fauore knaue to mocke
de Madam, and gentill-home so : Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Lincol. This Doctor comes to mocke your maiestie.

Ande. No by my trat la, but me loua musha
musha merymant : Come Madam, prea-artely stand
still, and letta mee feele you : dis horne, O tis prettie
horne, dis be facile, easie for pull de vey, but Madame
dis O be grand, grand horne, difficill, and very
deepe, tis perilous, a grand Laroone. But Madam,
prea be patient, we shall take it off vell.

Athe. Thrice haue we parde them off, but with
fresh paine,

In compasse of a thought they rise againe.

Andel. Its true, tis no easie mattra, to pull horne
off, tis easie for pull on, but hard for pull off, some
horne bee so good fellow, hee will still inhabit in de
mans pate, but tis all one for tat, I shall snap away all
dis: Madam trust dis downe into your little belly.

Agrip. Father, I am in feare to taste his physicke.
First let him worke experiments on those.

Andel. Ile sawce you for your infidelitie. *Aside.*
In no place can I spie my wishing Hat.

Longa. Thou learned Frenchman, trie thy skill on me,
More vgly then I am, I cannot be.

Montr. Cure me, and Montrosse welth shall all be
thine.

Andel. Tis all one for dat: shall doe presently,
Madam prea marke me: Monsieur, shamp dis in your
two shaps, so, now Monsieur Long-villaine, dis so:
nowe dis, feare noting, tis eshelent medicine: so,
now cram dis into your guts, and belly: So, now
snap away dis whoreson fowre diuela; Ha, ha, Is no
point good?

Puts Gallowayes hornes off.

Athelst. This is most strange.

Wast painefull Longauyle?

Longa. Ease tooke them off, and there remains no
paine.

Agrip. O trie thy sacred Physicke on me.

Andel. No by my trat, tis no possibla, tis no possi-
bla, al de mattra, all de ting, all de substance, all de
medicine, be among his and his belly: tis no possibla,
till me prepare more.

Athelst. Prepare it then, and thou shalt haue more
gold

From Englands Coffers, then thy life can wast.

Andel. I must buy many costily tings dat grow in
Arabia, in Asia, and America, by my trat tis no possi-
bla, till anoder time, no point.

Agrip. There's nothing in the world, but may for gold

Be bought in England, hold your lap ile rayne
A shower of Angels.

Andel. Fie, fie, fie, fie, you no credit le dockature ?
Ha, but vel, tis all one for tat : tis no mattera for
gold : Vel, vel, vel, vel, vel, me haue some more, prea
fay noting, shall bee presently prepara for your
hornes.

Shee has my purse, and yonder lies my Hat,
Worke braines, and once more make me fortunat.
Vel, vel, vel, vel, be patient Madam, presently, pre-
sently, be patient, mee haue two, tree, fowre and five
medicines for de horne : presently Madam, stand you
der, prea wid all mine art, stand you all der : and fay
noting, fo : nor looke noting dis vey : fo, presently,
presently Madam, snip dis horne off wid de rushes &
anoder ting by and by, by and by, by and by, prea
looke none dis vey, and fay noting. *Gets his Hat vp.*

Athelst. Let no man speake, or looke, vpon his
life.

Doctor, none here shall rob thee of thy skill.

Andel. So, taka dis hand : winck now prea artely
wid your two nyes : why fo.

Would I were with my brother Ampedo.

Exit with her.

Agrip. Helpe, Father, helpe, I am hurried hence
perforce.

Athelst. Draw weapons, wheres the princeffe, fol-
low him,

Stay the French Doctor, stay the Doctor there.

Cornwall and some other run out, and enter presently.

Cornw. Stay him, sh'art who dare stay him ? tis the
diuell

In likeneffe of a Frenchman, of a Doctor.

Looke how a rascall Kyte having swept vp

A Chicken in his clawes, so flies this hell-hound

In th' ayre with Agripyne in his armes.

Orle. Mount euery man vpon his swiftest horse.

Flie feuerall waies, he cannot beare her farre.

Gall. These paths weelee beate.

Exeunt Gall. and Orleans.

Lincol. And this way shall be mine.

Cornw. This way, my Leige, ile ride.

Athelst. And this way I :

No matter which way, to seeke miserie. *Exit Athelst.*

Loga. I can ride no way, to out-runne my shame.

Montr. Yes, Longauile, lets gallop after too,
Doubtlesse this Doctour was that Irish diuell,
That cozend vs, the medicine which he gaue vs,
Tasted like his Damasco villanie.

To horse, to horse, if we can catch this fiend,
Our forked shame shall in his heart bloud end.

Longa. O how this mads me, that all tongues in
scorne,

Which way so ere I ryde, cry, Ware the horne.

Exeunt.

Enter Andelocia, with Agripyne, Ampedo and Shaddow.

Agrip. O gentle Andelocia pittie me,
Take off this infamie, or take my life.

Andel. Your life? you thinke then that I am a
true Doctour indeede, that tie vp my liuing in the
knots of winding sheetes: your life? no, keepe your
life, but deliuer your purse: you know the theifes salu-
tation, Stand & deliuer. So, this is mine, and these
yours: Ile teach you to liue by the sweate of other
mens browes.

Shad. And to striue to be fairer then God made
her.

Andel. Right, Shaddow: therefore vanish, you
haue made me turne Iugler, and crie hey-passe, but your
hornes shall not repasse.

Agrip. O gentle Andelocia.

And. Andelocia is a Nettle: if you touch him
gently, heele sting you.

Shad. Or a rose, if you pul his sweete stalke heele
prick you.

Andel. Therefore not a word, goe, trudge to your Father: sigh not for your purse, money may be got by you, as well as by the little Welshwoman in Cyprus, that had but one horne in her head, you have two; and perhaps you shall cast both: as you vse me, marke those words well, as you vse me, nay, y'are best flie, ile not endure one word more. Yet stay too, because you intreate me so gently, and that ile make some amends to your Father, although I care not for any King in Christendome, yet hold you, take this Apple, eat it as you goe to court, and your hornes shall play the cowards and fall from you,

Agrip. O gentle Andelocia.

Andel. Nay away, not a word.

Shad. Ha, ha, ha, &c. Ware hornes.

Exit Agrip. weeping.

Andel. Why doest thou laugh, Shaddow?

Shad. To see what a horne plague followes coueteousnesse and pride.

Amp. Brother, what misteries lie in all this?

Andel. Trickes, Ampedo, trickes, deuises, and mad Heroglyphickes, mirth, mirth, and melody. O, there's more musicke in this, then all the Gammoth ares, and Sol fa Res, in the world; here's the purse, and here's the Hat: because you shall be sure ile not start, weare you this you know his vertue; if danger beset you, flie & away: A sort of broken-shind limping legd Jades runne hobling to seeke vs: Shaddow, weele for all this haue one fit of mirth more, to make vs laugh and be fat.

Shad. And when we are fat, master, weele doe as all gluttons doe, laugh and lie downe.

Andel. Hiet hee to my chamber, make ready my richest attire, ile to Court presently.

Shad. Ile goe to Court in this attire, for apparell is but the shaddow of a man, but shaddow is the substance of his apparell.

Exit Shaddow.

Andel. Away, away, and meete me presently.

Amp. I had more neede to crie, away to thee.

Away, away with this wilde lunacie,
 Away with ryots.

Andel. Away with your puritie, brother, y'are an Affe, why doth this purse spit out gold but to be spent? why liues a man in this world, to dwell in the Suburbs of it, as you doe? Away forren simplicitie, away: are not eyes made to see faire Ladies? hearts to loue them? tongues to court them, & hands to feele them? Out your Stocke, you stone, you logs end: Are not legs made to daunce, and shall mine limp vp and downe the world after your cloth-stockin-heeles? you haue the Hat, keepe it, anon ile visit your vertuous countenance againe, adew, pleasure is my sweete mistris, I weare her loue in my Hat, and her foule in my heart: I haue sworne to bee merry, and in spite of Fortune and the blacke-browd destinies, ile neuer be sad. *Exit.*

Amped. Goe, foole, in spite of mirth, thou shalt be sad.

Ile burie halfe thy pleasures in a graue
 Of hungrie flames, this fire I did ordaine
 To burne both purse and Hat: as this doth perish,
 So shall the other; count what good and bad
 They both haue wrought, the good is to the ill,
 As a small Pible to a mightie hill.
 Thy glorie and thy mischiefes here shall burne,
 Good gifts abuzde to mans confusion turne.

Enter Longaule, and Montrosse with Souldiers.

Longa. This is his brother: Souldiers, bind his armes.

Montr. Bind armes and legs, and hale the fiend away.

Amp. Vnciuill: wherefore must I taste your spite?

Longa. Art thou not one of Fortunatus sonnes?

Amped. I am, but he did neuer doe you wrong.

Longa. The diuell thy brother has, villaine, looke here.

Montr. Where is the beautious purfe and wifhing Hat?

Amped. My brother Andelocia has the purfe,
This way heele come anon to paffe to court,
Alas, that finne fhould make mens hearts fo bold,
To kill their foules for the bafe thirft of gold.
The wifhing Hat is burnt.

Montr. Burnt? Souldiers bind him.
Tortures fhall wring both hat and purfe from you,
Villaine, ile be reueng'd for that bafe fcorne,
Thy hell-hound brother clapt vpon my head.

Longa. And fo will Longaule.
Away with him.

Montr. Drag him to yonder towre, there fhackle
him,
And in a paire of Stockes, locke vp his heeles,
And bid your wifhing Cap deliuer you.
Giue vs the purfe and Hat, wee le fet thee free,
Els rot to death and ftarue.

Amp. Oh tyranny, you need not fcorne the badge
which you did beare :
Beafts would you be, though hornes you did not weare.

Montr. Drag hence the cur : come noble Long-
aule,
One's fure, and were the other fiend as faft,
Their pride fhould coft their liues : their purfe and
Hat
Shall be both ours, wee le fhare them equally.

Longa. That will be fome amends for arming me.

Enter Andelocia and Shaddow after him.

Montr. Peace, Longaule, yonder the gallant
comes.

Longa. Y'are well encountred.

Andel. Thankes, Lord Longaule.

Longa. The king expects your prefence at the
court.

Andel. And thither am I going.

Shad. Pips fine, fine apples of Tamaſco, ha, ha, ha.

Montr. Wert thou that Iriſhman that cozend vs ?

Shad. Pips fine, ha, ha, ha, no not I : not Shad-
dow.

Andel. Were not your Apples delicate and rare ?

Longa. The worſt that ere you fold ; Sirs, bind
him faſt.

Andel. What, wil you murder me ? helpe, help,
ſome helpe.

Shad. Helpe, helpe, helpe. *Exit Shaddow.*

Montr. Follow that Dog, and ſtop his balling
throate.

Andel. Villaines, what meanes this barbarous
trechery ?

Longa. We meane to be reueng'd for our diſgrace.

Montr. And ſtop the golden current of thy waſt.

Andel. Murder, they murder me, O call for helpe.

Long. Thy voice is ſpent in vaine, come, come,
this purſe,

This wel-ſpring of your prodigalitie.

Andel. Are you appointed by the king to this ?

Montr. No, no, riſe, ſpurne him vp : know you
who's this ?

Andel. My brother Ampedo ? Alas, what fate
Hath made thy vertues ſo infortunate ?

Amp. They ryot and the wrong of theſe two
Lords,

Who (cauſeleſſe) thus do ſtarue me in this priſon.

Longa. Striue not y'are beſt, villaines, liſt in his legs.

Andel. Traitors to honor, what doe you intend ?

Longa. That ryot ſhall in wretchedneſſe haue end.
Question thy brother with what coſt hees fed,
And ſo aſſure thou ſhalt be banquetted.

Exeunt they two.

Amp. In want, in miſerie, in woe and care,
Poore Ampedo his fill hath ſurfeted :

My want is famine, bolts my miſerie,

My care and woe ſhould be thy portion.

Andel. Giue me that portion, for I haue a heart

Shall spend it freely, and make bankrowt
 The proudest woe that euer wet mans eye.
 Care with a mischief ? wherefore should I care ?
 Haue I rid side by side by mightie kings,
 Yet be thus bridled now ? Ile teare these fetters.
 Murder, crie murder, Ampedo, alowd.
 To beare this scorne our Fortunes are too proud.

Amp. O folly, thou hast powre to make flesh
 glad,
 When the rich soule in wretchednesse is clad.

Ande. Peace, foole, am not I Fortunes minion ?
 These bands are but one wrinkle of her frowne,
 This is her Euening maske, her next mornes eye
 Shall ouer-shine the Sunne in maiestie.

Amp. But this sad night will make an end of me.
 Brother, farwell, grieve, famine, forrow, want,
 Haue made an end of wretched Ampedo.

Andel. Where is the wishing Hat ?

Amp. Consum'd in fire.

Ande. Accursed be those hands that did destroy it,
 That would redeeme vs, did we now enioy it.

Amp. Wanton, farwel, I faint, deaths frozen hand
 Congeales lifes little Riuer in my brest.
 No man before his end is truely blest. *Dyes.*

Andel. O miserable, miserable soule.
 Thus a foule life makes death to looke more foule.

Enter Longaule and Montrosse with a halter.

Longa. Thus shall this golden purse diuided be,
 One day for you, another day for me.

Montr. Of daies anon, say, what determine you,
 Shall they haue libertie, or shall they die ?

Long. Die sure : and see, I thinke the elder's dead.

And. I, murderers, he is dead, O sacred wisdom,
 Had Fortunatus beene enamored
 Of thy celestiall beautie, his two sonnes
 Had shind like two bright Sunnes.

Longa. Pul hard, Montrosse.

Andel. Come you to strangle me? are you the hangman?

Hell-hounds y' are dam'd for this impietic.
 Fortune, forgiue me, I deserue thy hate,
 My selfe haue made myselfe a reprobate:
 Vertue, forgiue me, for I haue transgreft
 Against thy lawes, my vowes are quite forgot,
 And therefore shame is false to my finnes lot.
 Riches and knowledge are two gifts diuine.
 They that abuse them both as I haue done,
 To shame, to beggerie, to hell must runne.
 O conscience hold thy sting, cease to afflict me.
 Be quicke, tormentors, I desire to die.
 No death is equall to my miserie.
 Cyprus, vaine world, and Vanitie farwell.
 Who builds his heauen on earth, is sure of hell.

Lon. He's dead: in some deepe vault lets throw
 their bodies.

Montr. First let us see the purse, Lord Longauyle.

Longa. Here tis, by this weele fill this towre with
 gold.

Montr. Frenchman, this purse is counterfeit.

Longa. Thou lyest.

Scot, thou hast cozend me, giue me the right,
 Els shall thy bosome be my weapons graue.

Montr. Villaine, thou shalt not rob me of my due.

*They fight: Enter Athelstane, Agripyna, Orleans,
 Galloway, Cornetwall, Chester, Lincolne, and
 Shaddow with weapons at one dore: Fortune,
 Vice, and their attendants at another dore.*

All. Lay hands vpon the murderers, strike them
 downe.

Fortunc. Surrender vp this purse for this is mine.

All. Are these two diuels, or some powers diuine?

Shad. O fee, fee, O my two masters, poore Shad-
 dows substances; what shall I doe? whose body shall
 Shaddow now follow?

Fort. Peace, Ideot, thou shalt find rich heapes of
fooles,
That will be proud to entertaine a Shaddow.
I charme thy babbling lips from troubling me.
You need not hold them, see, I fimate them downe
Lower then hell : base foules, sincke to your heauen.

Vice. I doe arrest you both my prifoners.

Fort. Stand not amazde, you gods of earth, at this,
Shee that arresteth these two fooles is Vice,
They haue broke Vertues laws, Vice is her serieant,
Her Jayler and her executioner.
Looke on those Cypriots, Fortunatus sonnes,
They and their Father were my minions,
My name is Fortune.

All. O dread deitie.

Fort. Kneele not to me : if Fortune list to frowne,
You need not fal downe, for sheele spurne you downe,
Arise, but fooles, on you ile triumph thus.
What haue you gaind by being couetous ?
This prodigall purse did Fortunes bounteous hand
Bestow on them, their ryots made them poore,
And fet these markes of miserable death,
On all their pride, the famine of base gold
Hath made your foules to murders hands be sold,
Onely to be cald rich. But Ideots see
The vertues to be fled, Fortune hath cauld it so,
Those that will all deuowre, must all forgoe.

Athelst. Most sacred Goddesse.

Fortune. Peace, you flatterer.
Thy tongue but heapes more vengeance on thy head.
Fortune is angrie with thee, in thee burnes
A greedie couetous fire, in Agripyne
Pride like a Monarch reuels, and those sinnes
Haue lead you blind-fold to your former shames,
But Vertue pardond you, and so doth Fortune.

Athelst. and Agrip. All thanks to both your sacred
deities.

Fort. As for these Mettall-eaters, these base thieues,
Who rather then they would be counted poore,

Will dig through hell for gold, you were forgien
 By Vertues generall pardon; her broade seale
 Gaue you your liues, when shee tooke off your hornes.
 Yet hauing scarce one foote out of the Jayle,
 You tempt damnation by more desperate meanes,
 You both are mortall, and your paines shall ring
 Through both your eares, to terrifie your soules,
 As please the Judgement of this mortall king.

Athelst. Faire Empreffe of the world, since you
 refigne

Your power to me, this sentence shall be mine,
 Thou shalt be torturd on a wheele to death,
 Thou with wild horses shalt be quartered.

Vice. Ha, ha, weake Judge, weake iudgement, I
 reuerse

That sentence, for they are my prifoners,
 Embalme the bodies of those Cypriots,
 And honour them with princely buriall,
 For those doe as you please, but for these two,
 I kisse you both, I loue you, y' are my minions.
 Untie their bands, Vice doth repriue you both,
 I fet you free.

Both. Thankes, gracious deitie.

Vice. Be gon, but you in libertie shall find
 More bondage then in chaines, fooles, get you
 hence,

Both wander with tormented conscience.

Longa. O horrid Judgement, thats the hell in-
 deede.

Mon. Come, come, our death ne're ends if con-
 science bleede.

Both. O miserable, miserable men. *Exeunt.*

Fortune. Fortune triumphes at this, yet to appeare,
 All like my selfe, that which from those I tooke,
 King Athelstane I will bestow on thee,
 And in it the old vertue I infuse:
 But, king, take heede how thou my gifts doest vse.
 England shall ne're be poore, if England striue,
 Rather by vertue, then by wealth to thriue.

Enter Vertue, crown'd: Nymphes and kings attending on her, crown'd with Olive branches and lawrels, musicke founding.

Vice. Vertue? alas good foule, shee hides her head.

Vert. What enuious tongue said, Vertue hides her head?

Vice. Shee that will driue thee into banishment.

Fort. Shee that hath conquerd thee: how dar'st thou come,

Thus trickt in gawdy Feathers, and thus garded,
Which crowned kings and Muses, when thy foe
Hath trod thus on thee, and now triumphes so?
Where's vertuous Ampedo? See, hees her slaue,
For following thee this recompence they haue.

Vert. Is Ampedo her slaue? why thats my glorie.
The Idiots cap I once wore on my head,
Did figure him, those that (like him) doe muffle
Vertue in clouds, and care not how shee shine,
Ile make their glorie like to his decline:
He made no vse of me, but like a miser,
Lockt up his wealth in rustie barres of sloth:
His face was beautifull, but wore a maske,
And in the worlds eyes seemd a Blackamore.
So perish they that so keepe vertue poore.

Vice. Thou art a foole to striue, I am more strong,
And greater then thy selfe, then Vertue flie,
And hide thy face, yeeld me the victorie.

Vert. Is Vice higher then Vertue? thats my
glorie,
The higher that thou art, thou art more horrid,
The world will loue me for my comlynesse.

Fortu. Thine owne selfe loues thy selfe: why on
the heads
Of Agripyne, Montroste and Longauyle,
(English, Scot, French) did Vice clap vgly hornes,
But to approue that English, French and Scot,
And all the world els, kneele and honour Vice,

But in no Countrie, Vertue is of price ?

Vert. Yes, in all Countries Vertue is of price,
In euery kingdome some diuiner brest
Is more enamord of me then the rest.
Haue English, Scot, and French bowd knees to
thee ?

Why that's my glorie too, for by their shame,
Men will abhor thee and adore my name.
Fortune, thou art too weake, Vice th' art a foole,
To fight with me, I suffred you awhile,
T' ecclips my brightnes, but I now will shine,
And make you sweare your beautie's base to mine.

Fort. Thou art too insolent, see here 's a court
Of mortall Judges, lets by them be tride,
Which of vs three shall most be deifide.

Vice. I am content.

Fort. And I.

Vert. So am not I.

My Judge shall be your sacred deitie.

Vice. O miserable me, I am vndon.

Exit Vice and her traine.

All. O stop the horrid monster.

Vert. Let her runne.

Fortune, who conquers now ?

Fort. Vertue, I see,

Thou wilt triumph both ouer her and me.

All. Empresse of heauen and earth.

Fort. Why doe you mocke me ?

Kneele not to me, to her transfer your eyes,
There fits the Queene of Chance, I bend my knees,
Lower then yours : dread goddesse, tis most meete,
That Fortune fall downe at thy conqu'ring feete.
Thou sacred Empresse that commandst the Fates,
Forgiue what I haue to thy handmaid don,
And at thy Chariot wheelles Fortune shall run,
And be thy captiue and to thee resigne
All powers which heau'ns large Patent haue made
mine.

Vert. Fortune th'art vanquisht : sacred deitie,
O now pronounce who winnes the victorie,
And yet that sentence needes not, since alone,
Your vertuous presence Vice hath ouer-throwne,
Yet to confirme the conquest on your side,
Looke but on Fortunatus and his sonnes
Of all the welth those gallants did possesse,
Onely poore Shaddow is left comfortlesse,
Their glorye's faded and their golden pride.

Sha. Onely poore Shaddow tels how poore they
died.

Vert. All that they had, or mortall men can haue,
Sends onely but a Shaddow from the graue.
Vertue alone liues still, and liues in you,
I am a counterfeit, you are the true,
I am a Shaddow, at your feete I fall,
Begging for these, and these, my selfe and all.
All these that thus doe kneele before your eyes,
Are shaddowes like my selfe, dred Nymph it lyes
In you to make vs substances. O doe it,
Vertue I am fure you loue, thee woes you to it.
I read a verdiſt in your Sun-like eyes,
And this it is : Vertue the victorie.

All. All loudly cry, Vertue the victorie.

Vert. Vertue the victorie : for ioy of this,
Those selfe same himnes which you to Fortune sung
Let them be now in Vertues honour rung.

The Song.

Vertue smiles : crie hollyday,
Dimples on her cheekes doe dwell,
Vertue frownes, crie wellada,
Her loue is Heauen, her hate is Hell.
Since heau'n and hell obey her power,
Tremble when her eyes doe lowre.

174 *The Comedie of Olde Fortunatus.*

Since heau'n and hell her power obey,
Where thee fmiles, crie hollyday.
Hollyday with ioy we crie,
And bend, and bend, and merily,
Sing hymnes to vertues deitie :
Sing hymnes to Vertues deitie.

As they all offer to goe in, Enter the two old men.



THE EPILOGUE AT COURT.

1. **N** Ay stay, poore pilgrims, when I entred first
The circle of this bright celestiaall Sphære,
I wept for ioy, now I could weepe for feare.

2. I feare we all like mortall men shall proue
Weake (not in loue) but in exprefsing loue.

1. Let euery one beg once more on his knee,
One pardon for himfelfe, and one for mee,
For I intic'd you hither : O deere Goddeffe,
Breathe life in our nombd spirits with one fmile,
And from this cold earth, we with liuely foules
Shal rife like men (new-borne) and make heau'n found
With Hymnes fung to thy name, and praiera that we
May once a yeere so oft enioy this fight,
Til these yong boyes change their curld locks to white,
And when gray-winged Age fits on their heads,
That fo their children may supply their Steads,
And that heau'ns great Arithmetician,
(Who in the Scales of Nomber weyes the world)
May still to fortie two, and one yeere more,
And still adde one to one, that went before,
And multiply fowre tennes by many a ten :
To this I crie Amen.

All. Amen, amen.

1. Good night (deere mistris) those that wish thee
harne,
Thus let them sloop vnder destructions arme.

All. Amen, Amen, Amen.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

Tho. Dekker.





Satiro-mastix.

OR

The vntrussing of the Humorous Poet.

As it hath bin presented publikely,
by the Right Honorable, the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants ; and priuately, by the Children of Paules.

By *Thomas Dekker.*

Non recito cuiquam nisi Amicis idq; coactus.



LONDON,

Printed for *Edward VWhite*, and are to be sold at his shop, neere the little North doore of Paules Church, at the signe of the Gun. 1602.

Dramatis personæ.

1. William Rufus.
2. Sir Walter Terill.
3. Sir Rees ap Vaughan.
4. S. Quintilian Shorthofe.
5. Sir Adam Prickshaft.
6. Blunt.
7. Crispinus.
8. Demetrius Fannius.
9. Tucca.
10. Horace.
11. Asinius Bubo.
12. Peter Flash.
13. Cælestine.
14. Miftris Miniuer.
15. Ladies.

Ad Detractorem.

*Non potes in Nugas dicere plura meas,
Fpse ego quam dixi.— Qui se mirantur, in illos
Virus habe : Nos hæc nouimus efse nihil.*



To the World.

WOrld, I was once resolv'd to bee round with thee, because I know tis thy fashion to bee round with enery bodie: but the winde shifting his point, the Veine turn'd: yet because thou wilt sit as Judge of all matters (though for thy labour thou wear'st *Midas*'s cares, and art *Monstrum horrendum*, informe: *Ingens cui lumen ademptum*; whose great *Poliphemian* eye is put out) I care not much if I make description (before thy *Vniuersality*) of that terrible *Poetomachia*, lately commenc'd betweene *Horace the second*, and a band of leanc-witted *Poetasters*. They haue bin at high wordes, and so high, that the ground could not serue them, but (for want of *Chopins*) haue stalk't vpon *Stages*.

Horace hal'd his *Poetasters* to the *Barre*, the *Poetasters* vntruss'd *Horace*: how worthily eyther, or how wrongfully, (World) leaue it to the *Jurie*: *Horace* (*questionles*) made himselfe belceue, that his *Burgonian* wit might desperately challenge all commers, and that none durst take vp the foyles against him: It's likely, if he had not so belein'd, he had not bin so decein'd, for hee was answer'd at his owne weapon: And if before *Apollo* himselfe (who is *Coronator Poetarum*) an

Inquisition should be taken touching this lamentable merry murdering of Innocent Poetry: all mount Helicon to Bun-hill, it would be found on the Poetafters side *Se defendendo*. Notwithstanding the Doctōrs think otherwise. I meete one, and he runnes full Butt at me with his Satires hornes, for that in vntrusting Horace I did onely whip his fortunes, and condition of life, where the more noble Reprehension had bin of his mindes Deformitie, whose greatnes if his Criticall Lynx had with as narrow eyes, obseru'd in himselfe, as it did little spots vpon others, without all disputation: Horace would not haue left Horace out of Euey man in's Hvmour. His fortunes? why does not he taxe that onely in others? Read his Arraignement and see. A second Cat-a-mountaine mezoes, and calles me Barren, because my braines could bring foorth no other Stigmaticke than Tucca, whome Horace had put to making, and begot to my hand: but I wonder what language Tucca would haue spoke, if honest Capten Hannam had bin borne without a tongue? Ist not as lawfull then for mee to imitate Horace, as Horace Hannam? Besides, If I had made an opposition of any other new-minted fellow, (of what Test so euer) hee had bin out-fac'd, and out-weyed by a settled former approbation: neyther was it much improper to set the same dog vpon Horace, whom Horace had set to worrie others.

I could heere (euen with the feather of my pen) wipe off other ridiculous imputations: but my best way to answer them, is to laugh at them: onely thus much I protest (and sweare by the diuine part of true Poesie) that (howsoeuer the limmes of my naked lines may bee and I know haue bin, tortur'd on the racke) they are free from conspiring

*the least disgrace to any man, but onely to our new
Horace; neyther should this ghost of Tucca, haue
walkt vp and downe Poules Church-yard, but that
hee was rais'd vp (in print) by newe Exorcismes.
World, if thy Hugenes will beleine this: doe,
if not, I care not: for I dedicate my booke not to
thy Greatnes, but to the Greatnes of thy scorne:
Defying which, let that mad Dog Detraction bite
till his teeth bee worne to the stumps: Enuy feede
thy Snakes so fat with poyson till they burst:
World, let all thy Adders shoote out their Hidra-
headed-forked Stinges, Ha, ha, Nauci; if none
will take my part, (as I desire none) yet I thanke
— thee (thou true Venusian Horace) for these good
wordes thou giu'st me: Populus me sibylat at
mihi plaudo. World farewell.*

Malim Coniuiis quam placuisse Cocis.







The Vntrussing of the Humorous Poet.

Enter two Gentlewomen strewing of flowers.

1. **C**ome bedfellow come, strew apace, strew, strew : in good troth tis pitty that these flowers must be trodden vnder feete as they are like to bee anon.

2. Pitty, alacke pretty heart, thou art sorry to see any good thing fall to the ground : pitty ? no more pitty, then to see an Innocent Mayden-head deliuered vp to the ruffling of her new-wedded husband. Beauty is made for vse, and hee that will not vse a sweete soule well, when she is vnder his fingers, I pray *Venus* he may neuer kisse a fair and a delicate, soft, red, plump-lip.

1. Amen, and that's torment enough.

2. Pitty ? come foole, fling them about lustily ; flowers neuer dye a sweeter death, than when they are smother'd to death in a Louers bosome, or else paue the high wayes, ouer which these pretty, simpring, setting things, call'd brides, must trippe.

1. I pray thee tell mee, why doe they vse at weddings to furnish all places thus, with sweete hearbes and flowers ?

2. One reason is, because tis —— ô a most sweet thing to lye with a man.

1. I think tis a O more more more more sweet to lye with a woman.

2. I warrant all men are of thy minde : another reason is, because they flicke like the scutchions of madame chastity, on the sable ground, weeping in their stalkes, and wincking with theyr yellow-funke eyes, as loathe to beholde the lamentable fall of a Maydenhead : what fenceless thing in all the house, that is not nowe as melancholy, as a new set-vp Schoolemaster ?

1. Troth I am.

2. Troth I thinke thou mournst, because th'ast mist thy turne, I doe by the quiuer of *Cupid* : you see the torches melt themselues away in teares : the instruments weare theyr heart fringes out for sorrow : and the Siluer Ewers weepe most pittifull Rosewater : five or fixe payre of the white innocent wedding gloues, did in my fight choose rather to be torne in peeces than to be drawne on ; and looke this Rosemary, (a fatal hearbe) this dead-mans nose-gay, has crept in amongst these flowers to decke th' inuisible coarfe of the Bride's Maydenhead, when (oh how much do we poore wenches suffer) about eleuen or twelue, or one a clock at midnight at furthest, it descends to purgatory, to giue notice that *Celestine* (hey ho) will neuer come to lead Apes in hell.

1. I see by thy fighting thou wilt not.

2. If I had as many Mayden-heads, as I have hayres on my head, Ide venture them all rather then to come into so hot a place ; prethy strew thou, for my little armes are weary.

1. I am sure thy little tongue is not.

2. No faith that's like a woman bitten with fleas, it neuer lyes stil : fye vpont, what a miserable thing tis to be a noble Bride, there's such delayes in rising, in fitting gownes, in tyring, in pinning Rebatoes, in poaking, in dinner, in supper, in Reuels, & last of all in cursing the poore nodding fiddlers, for keeping Mistris Bride so long vp from sweeter Reuels ; that, oh I could neuer endure to put it vp without much bickering.

1. Come th'art an odde wench, hark, harke, musicke ? nay then the Bride's vp.

2. Is she vp ? nay then I see she has been downe : Lord ha mercy on vs, we women fall and fall still, and when we haue husbands we play upon them like Virginnall Jackes, they must ryse and fall to our humours, or else they'l neuer get any good straines of musicke out of vs ; but come now, haue at it for a mayden-head.

strew.

As they strew, enter Sir Quintilian Shorthose with Peeter Flash and two or three seruimgmen, with lights.

Sir quin. Come knaues, night begins to be like my selfe, an olde man ; day playes the theefe and steales vpon 'vs ; O well done wenches, well done, well done, you haue couered all the stony way to church with flowers, tis well, tis well, ther's an Embleame too, to be made out of these flowers and stoncs, but you are honest wenchcs, in, in, in.

2. When we come to your yeares, we shal learne what honesty is, come pew-fellow. *Exeunt.*

Sir quin. Is the musicke come yet ? so much to do ! Ist come ?

Omnes. Come fir.

Sir quin. Haue the merry knaues pul'd their fiddle cases ouer their instruments eares ?

Flash. As soone as they entred our gates, the noyse went, before they came nere the great Hall, the faint hearted villiacoes founded at least thrice.

Sir quin. Thou shouldst haue reuiu'd them with a Cup of burnt wine and sugar ; firra, you, horse-keeper, goe, bid them curry their strings : Is my daughter vp yet ?

Flash. Vp fir ? she was seene vp an houre agoe.

Sir quin. Shee's an early flurrer, ah firra.

Flash. Shee'l be a late flurrer soone at night fir.

Sir Quint. Goe too *Peeter Flash*, you haue a good

fodaine flash of braine, your wittes husky, and no maruaile, for tis like one of our Comedians beardes, still ith stubble : about your busines and looke you be nymble to flye from the wine, or the nymble wine will catch you by the nose.

Flash. If youre wine play with my nose Sir, Ile knocke's coxcombe.

Sir quin Doe *Pecter*, and weare it for thy labour ; Is my Sonne in Law Sir *Walter Terell* ready yet ?

Omnes. Ready Sir.

Exit another.

Sir Quin. One of you attend him : Stay *Flash*, where's the note of the guesstes you haue inuited ?

Flash. Here Sir, Ile pull all your guesstes out of my bosome ; the men that will come, I haue crost, but all the Gentlewomen haue at the tayle of the last letter a pricke, because you may read them the better.

Sir Quin. My spectacles, lyght, lyght, knaues : Sir *Adam Prickshaft*, thou hast crost him, heele come.

Flash. I had much a doe fir, to draw Sir *Adam Prickshaft* home, because I tolde him twas early, but heele come.

Sir quint. Justice *Crop*, what will he come ?

Flash. He took phificke yesterday fir.

Sir quint. Oh then *Crop* cannot come.

Flash. O Lord yes, fir yes, twas but to make more roome in his *Crop* for your good cheare, *Crop* will come.

Sir quint. Widdow *Mineuer*.

Flash. Shee's prickt you see fir, and will come.

Sir quint. Sir *Vaughan ap Rees*, oh hee's crost twise, so, so, so, then all these Ladyes, that fall downewards heere, will come I see, and all these Gentlemen that stand right before them.

Flash. All wil come.

Sir quint. Well sayd, heere, wryte them out agen, and put the men from the women ; and *Pecter*, when we are at Church bring wine and cakes, be light & nimble good *Flash*, for your burden will be but light.

Enter fir Adam a light before him.

Sir Adam Pricke shaft. God morrow, god morrow :
goe, in, in, in, to the Bridegroome, taste a cup of
burnt wine this morning, twill make you flye the better
all the day after,

Sir Adam. You are au early styrrer *Sir Quintilian
Shorthofe.*

Sir qui. I am so, it behoues me at my daughters
wedding, in, in, in ; fellow put out thy torch, and put
thy selfe into my buttery, the torch burnes ill in thy
hand, the wine will burne better in thy belly, in, in.

Flash. Ware there, roome for *Sir Adam Pricke-
shaft* : your Worship— *Exit.*

Enter Sir Vaughan and Mistris Mineuer.

Sir quin. *Sir Vaughan* and Widdow *Mineuer*, wel-
come, welcome, a thousand times : my lips *Mistris*
Widdow shall bid you God morrow, in, in, one to the
Bridegroome, the other to the Bride.

Sir Vaughan. Why then *Sir quintilian Shorthofe*, I
will step into *mistris* Bride, and Widdow *Mineuer*,
shall goe vpon M. Bridegroome.

Mineu. No pardon, for by my truely *Sir Vaughan*,
Ile ha no dealings with any M. Bridegroomes.

Sir quin. In widdow in, in honest knight in.

Sir Vaug. I will vsfer you *mistris* widdow.

Flash. Light there for *Sir Vaughan* ; your good
Worship—

Sir Vaug. Drinke that shilling Ma. *Pecter Flash*,
in your guttes and belly.

Fla. Ile not drinke it downe fir, but Ile turne it
into that which shall run downe, oh merrily !

Exit Sir Vaughan.

*Enter Blunt, Crispinus, Demetrius, and others with
Ladies, lights before them.*

Sir quin. God morrow to these beauties, and Gen-

lemen, that haue Vshered this troope of Ladyes to my daughters wedding, welcome, welcome all ; musick ? nay then the bridegroom's comming, where are these knaues heere ?

Flash. All here fir.

Enter Terill, Sir Adam, Sir Vaughan, Celestine, Mineuer, and other Ladies and attendants with lights.

Teri. Good morrow Ladies and fayre troopes of gallants, that haue depof'd the drowzy King of sleep, to Crowne our traine with your rich prefences, I salute you all ;

Each one share thanks from thanks in generall.

Cris. God morrow M. Bride-groome, mistris Bride.

Omnes. God morrow M. Bride-groome.

Ter. Gallants I shal intreate you to prepare, For Maskes and Reuels to defeate the night, Our Soueraigne will in person grace our marriage.

Sir quin. What will the king be heer ?

Ter. Father he will.

Sir quin. Where be these knaues ? More Rosemary and gloues, gloues, gloues : choose Gentlemen ; Ladyes put on soft skins vpon the skin of softer hands ; fo, fo : come mistris Bride take you your place, the olde men first, and then the Batchelors ; Maydes with the Bride, Widdows and wiues together, the priest's at Church, tis time that we march thether.

Ter. Deare *Blunt* at our returne from Church, take paines to step to *Horace*, for our nuptiall songs ; now Father when you please.

Sir quin. Agreed, set on, come good Sir *Vaughan*, must we lead the way ?

Sir Vau. *Pceter* you goe too fast for Mistris pride : fo, gingerly, gingerly ; I muse why Sir *Adam Pricke-shaft* flicks so short behinde ?

Sir quin. He follows close, not too fast, holde vp knaues,

Thus we lead youth to church, they vs to graues.

Exeunt.

Horace sitting in a study behinde a Curtaine, a candle by him burning, bookes lying confuscdly: to himselfe.

Hor. To thee whose fore-head fwels with Rofes,
 Whose most haunted bower
 Giues life & sent to euery flower,
 Whose most adored name inclofes,
 Things abstruse, deep and diuine,
 Whose yellow tresses shine,
 Bright as *Eoan* fire.
 O me thy Priest inspire.
 For I to thee and thine immortall name,
 In—in—in golden tunes,
 For I to thee and thine immortall name—
 In—sacred raptures flowing, flowing, swimming, swim-
 ming :
 In sacred raptures swimming,
 Immortal name, game, dame, tame, lame, lame, lame,
 Pux, hath, shame, proclaime, oh—
 In sacred raptures flowing, will proclaime, not—
 O me thy Priest inspire !
 For I to thee and thine immortall name,
 In flowing numbers fild with spright and flame,
 Good, good, in flowing numbers fild with spright &
 flame.

Enter Afinius Bubo.

Afni. *Horace, Horace*, my sweet ningle, is alwayes
 in labour when I come, the nine Muses be his mid-
 wiuies I pray *Jupiter* : Ningle.

Ho. In flowing numbers fild with spright and
 flame,
 To thee.

Afni. To me? I pledge thee sweet Ningle, by
Bacchus quaffing boule, I thought th' adst drunke to
 me.

Hor. It must haue been in the deuine lycour of *Pernassus*, then in which, I know you would scarce haue pledg'd me, but come sweet roague, fit, fit, fit.

Afini. Ouer head and eares yfaith? I haue a sacke-full of newes for thee, thou shalt plague some of them, if God send vs life and health together.

Hor. Its no matter, empty thy sacke anon, but come here first honest roague, come.

Afini. Ist good, Ist good, pure *Helicon* ha?

Hor. Dam me ist be not the best that euer came from me, if I haue any iudgement, looke fir, tis an *Epi-thalamium* for Sir *Walter Terrels* wedding, my braines haue giuen assault to it but this morning.

Afin. Then I hope to see them flye out like gun powder ere night.

Hor. Nay good roague marke, for they are the best lynes that euer I drew.

Afin. Heer's the best leafe in England, but on, on, Ile but tune this Pipe.

Hor. Marke, to thee whose fore-head swels with *Roses*.

Afin. O sweet, but will there be no exceptions taken, because fore-head and swelling comes together?

Hor. Push away, away, its proper, besides tis an elegancy to say the fore head swels.

Afin. Nay an't be proper, let it stand for Gods loue.

Hor. Whose most haunted bower,
Giues life and sent to euery flower,
Whose most adored name incloses,
Things abstruse, deep and diuine.
Whose yellow tresses shine,
Bright as *Eoan* fire.

Afini. O pure, rich, ther's heate in this, on, on.

Hor. Bright as *Eoan* fire,
O me thy Priest inspire!
For I to thee and thine immortall name . . . marke
this.

In flowing numbers filld with spryte and flame.

Afini. I mary, ther's spryte and flame in this.

Hor. A pox, a this Tobacco.

Afin. Wod this case were my last, if I did not marke, nay all's one, I haue always a confort of Pypes about mee, myne Ingle is all fire and water; I markt, by this Candle (which is none of Gods Angels) I remember, you started backe at sprite and flame.

Hor. For I to thee and thine immortall name,
In flowing numbers filld with sprite and flame,
To the Loues mightiest King,

Himen ô *Himen*, does our chafe muse sing.

Afin. Ther's musicke in this;

Hor. Marke now deare *Afinius*.

Let these virgins quickly see thee,
Leading out the Bride,
Though theyr blushing cheekes they hide,
Yet with kisses will they see thee,
To vntye theyr Virgin zone,
They grieue to lye alone.

Afini. So doe I by *Venus*.

Hor. Yet with kisses wil they see thee, my Muse has marcht (deare roague) no farder yet: but how ist? how ist? nay prethee good *Afinius* deale plainly, doe not flatter me, come, how?—

Afin. If I haue any iudgement:

Hor. Nay look you Sir, and then follow a troope of other rich and labour'd conceipts, oh the end shall be admirable! but how ist sweet *Bubo*, how, how?

Afin. If I have any Iudgement, tis the best stufte that euer dropt from thee.

Hor. You ha seene my Acrosticks?

Afi. Ile put vp my pypes and then Ile see any thing.

Hor. Th'ast a Coppy of mine Odes to, hast not *Bubo*?

Afi. Your odes? O that which you spoke by word a mouth at th' ordinary, when Musco the gull cryed Mew at it:

Hor. A pox on him poore braineles Rooke: and you remember, I tolde him his wit lay at pawne with

his new Sattin fute, and both would be loft, for not fetching home by a day.

Afl. At which he would faine ha blufht but that his painted cheekes would not let him.

Hor. Nay firra the Palinode, which I meane to ftitch to my Reuels, fhall be the beft and ingenious piece that euer I fwet for ; flay roague, Ile fat thy fpleane and make it plumpe with laughter.

Afl. Shall I ? fayth Ningle, fhall I fee thy fecrets ?

Hor. Puh my friends.

Afl. But what fardle's that ? what fardle's that ?

Hor. Fardle, away, tis my packet ; heere lyes in-tomb'd the loues of Knights and Earles, heere tis, heere tis, heere tis, Sir Walter Terils letter to me, and my anfwere to him : I no fooner opened his letter, but there appeared to me three glorious Angels, whome I ador'd, as fubiectes doe their Soueraignes : the honeft knight Angles for my acquaintance, with fuch golden baites—but why dooft laugh my good roague ? how is my anfwere, prethee, how, how ?

Afl. Anfwere, as God iudge me Ningle, for thy wit thou mayft answer any Iuflice of peace in England I warrant ; thou writ'ft in a moft goodly big hand too, I like that, I readft as leageably as fome that haue bin fau'd by their neck-verfe.

Hor. But how doft like the Knights inditing ?

Afl. If I haue any iudgement ; a pox ont, heer's worshipfull lynes indeed, heer's fluffe : but firra Ningle, of what fashion is this knights wit, of what blocke ?

Hor. Why you fee ; wel, wel, an ordinary Ingenuity, a good wit for a knight, you know how, before God I am haunted with fome the moft pittyfull dry gallants.

Afni. Troth fo I think ; good peeces of lantskip, fhew beft a far off.

Hor. I, I, I, excellent fumpter horfes, carry good cloaths ; but honeft roague, come, what news, what newes abroad ? I haue heard a the horfes walking a' the top of Paules.

Afi. Ha ye? why thê Captain Tucca rayles vpon you most preposterouſty behinde your backe, did you not heare him?

Ho. A pox upon him: by the white & ſoft hand of *Minerua*, Ile make him the moſt ridiculous: dam me if I bring not's humor ath ſtage: &—ſcuruy lympling tongu'd captaine, poore greaſie buffe Ierkin, hang him: tis out of his Element to traduce me: I am too well ranckt *Aſinius* to bee ſtab'd with his dudgion wit: firra, Ile compoſe an Epigram vpon him, ſhall goe thus—

Afi. Nay I ha more news, ther's Crispinus & his Torneyman Poet Demetrius Faninus too, they ſweare they'll bring your life & death vpon'th ſtage like a Bricklayer in a play.

Hor. Bubo they muſt preſſe more valiant wits than theyr own to do it: me ath ſtage? ha, ha. Ile ſtarue their poore copper-lace work maſters, that dare play me: I can bring (& that they quake at) a prepar'd troope of gallants, who for my ſake ſhal diſtaſte euery vnſalted line, in their fly-blowne Comedies.

Afi. Nay that's certaine, ile bring 100 gallants of my ranke.

Hor. That ſame Crispinus is the fillieſt Dor, and Faninus the flighteſt cob-web-lawne peece of a Poet, oh God!

Why ſhould I care what euery Dor doth buz
In credulous eares, it is a crowne to me,
That the beſt iudgements can report me wrong'd.

Afi. I am one of them that can report it:

Hor. I thinke but what they are, and am not mou'd.

The one a light voluptuous Reueler,
The other, a ſtrange arrogating puffe,
Both impudent, and arrogant enough.

Aſin. S'lid do not Criticus Reuel in theſe lynes,
ha Ningle ha?

Knocking.

Hor. Yes, they're mine owne.

Crif. Horrace.

Dem. Flaccus.

Crif. Horrace, not vp yet ;

Hor. Peace, tread softly, hyde my Papers ; who's this so early ?

Some of my rookes, some of my guls ?

Crif. Horrace, Flaccus.

Hor. Who's there ? fray, treade softly : *Wat Terill* on my life : who's there ? my gowne sweete roague, so, come vp, come in.

Enter Crispinus and Demetrius.

Crif. God morrow Horrace.

Hor. O, God faue you gallants.

Crif. *Afinius* Bubo well met.

Afin. Nay, I hope so Crispinus, yet I was sicke a quarter of a yeare a goe of a vehement great tooth-atch : a pox ont, it bit me vilye, as God sa me la I knew twas you by your knocking so soone as I saw you ; Demetrius Fannius, wil you take a whiffe this morning ? I haue tickling geare now, heer's that will play with your nose, and a pype of mine owne scowring too.

Dem. I, and a Hodghead too of your owne, but that will neuer be scowred cleane I feare.

Afin. I burnt my pype yesternight, and twas neuer vfde since, if you will tis at your seruice gallants, and Tobacco too, tis right pudding I can tell you ; a Lady or two, tooke a pype full or two at my hands, and praizde it for the Heauens, shall I fill Flannius ?

Dem. I thanke you good *Afinius* for your loue, I sildome take that Phificke, tis enough Hauing so much foole to take him in snuffe.

Hor. Good Bubo read some booke, and giue vs leaue. . . .

Af. Leaue haue you deare Ningle, marry for reading any book Ile take my death vpont (as my Ningle faves) tis out of my Element : no faith, ever since I felt one hit me ith teeth that the greatest Clarkes are not

the wifest men, could I abide to goe to Schoole, I was at *As in presenti* and left there: yet because Ile not be counted a worfe foole then I am, Ile turne ouer a new leafe.

Afinius reads and takes Tobacco.

Hor. To see my fate, that when I dip my pen
In distilde Rofes, and doe struie to dreine,
Out of myne Inke all gall; that when I wey
Each fillable I write or speake, because
Mine enemies with sharpe and searhing eyes
Looke through & through me, caruing my poore
labours

Like an Anotomy: Oh heauens to see,
That when my lines are measur'd out as straight
As even Paralels, tis strange that still,
Still some imagine they are drawne awry.
The error is not mine, but in theyr eye,
That cannot take proportions.

Crif. Horrace, Horrace,
To stand within the shot of galling tongues,
Proues not your gilt, for could we write on paper,
Made of these turning leaues of heauen, the cloudes,
Or speake with Angels tongues: yet wise men know,
That some would shake the head, tho Saints should
sing,
Some snakes must hisse, because they're borne with
flings.

Hor. Tis true.

Crif. Doe we not see fooles laugh at heauen?
and mocke
The Makers workmanship; be not you grieu'd
If that which you molde faire, vpright and smooth,
Be skrwed awry, made crooked, lame and vile,
By racking coments, and calumnious tongues,
So to be bit it rankles not: for innocence
May with a feather brush off the foulest wrongs.
But when your dastard wit will strike at men
In corners, and in riddles folde the vices
Of your best friends, you must not take to heart,

If they take off all gilding from their pilles,
And onely offer you the bitter Coare.

Hor. Crispinus.

Cri. Say that you haue not sworne vnto your
Paper,
To blot her white cheekes with the dregs and bottome
Of your friends priuate vices : say you sweare
Your loue and your allegiance to bright vertue
Makes you descend so low, as to put on
The Office of an Executioner,
Onely to strike off the swolne head of finne,
Where ere you finde it standing,
Say you sweare ;
And make damnation parcell of your oath,
That when your lashing iestes make all men bleed,
Yet you whip none. Court Citty, country, friends,
Foes, all must smart alike ; yet Court, nor Citty,
Nor foe, nor friend, dare winch at you ; great pittie.

Dem. If you sweare, dam me Faninus, or Crif-
pinus,
Or to the law (*Our kingdomes golden chaine*)
To Poets dam me, or to Players dam me,
If I brand you, or you, tax you, scourge you :
I wonder then, that of fve hundred, foure
Should all point with their fingers in one instant
At one and the same man ?

Hor. Deare Faninus.

Dem. Come, you cannot excuse it.

Hor. Heare me, I can—

Dem. You must daube on thicke collours then to
hide it.

Crif. We come like your Phisitions, to purge
Your sicke and daungerous minde of her diseafe.

Dem. In troth we doe, out of our loues we come,
And not reuenge, but if you strike vs still,
We must defend our reputations :
Our pens shall like our swords be alwayes sheath'd,
Vnlesse too much prouockt, Horace if then
They draw bloud of you, blame vs not, we are men :

Come, let thy Muse beare vp a smoother sayle,
Tis the easiest and the basest Arte to raile.

Hor. Deliuer me your hands, I loue you both,
As deare as my owne soule, prooue me, and when
I shall traduce you, make me the scorne of men.

Both. Enough, we are friends.

Cri. What reads Afinius?

Afi. By my troth heer's an excellent comfortable
booke, it's most sweet reading in it.

Dem. Why, what does it smell of Bubo?

Afi. Mas it smels of Rose-leaues a little too.

Hor. Then it must be a sweet booke, he would
faine perfume his ignorance.

Afi. I warrant he had wit in him that pen'd it.

Cri. Tis good yet a foole will confesse truth.

Afi. The whoorson made me meete with a hard
stile in two or three places as I went ouer him.

Dem. I beleeuue thee, for they had need to be very
lowe & easie Stiles of wit that thy braines goe ouer.

Enter Blunt and Tucca.

Blun. Wher's this gallant? Morrow Gentlemen:
what's this deuise done yet Horace?

Hor. Gods so, what meane you to let this fellow
dog you into my Chamber?

Blun. Oh, our honest Captayne, come, prethee let
vs see.

Tuc. Why you bastards of nine whoores, the Muses,
why do you walke heere in this gorgeous gallery of
gallant inuentions, with that whooreson poor lyme &
hayre-rascal? why—

Cri. O peace good Tucca, we are all sworne
friends,

Tuc. Sworne, that Iudas yonder that walkes in
Rug, will dub you Knights ath Poste, if you serue
vnder his band of oaths, the copper-fact rascal wil for
a good supper out sweare twelue dozen of graund
Iuries.

Blun. A pox ont, not done yet, and bin about it three dayes ?

Horr. By Iefu within this houre, faue you Captayne Tucca.

Tuc. Dam thee, thou thin bearded Hermaphrodite, dam thee, Ile faue my felfe for one I warrant thee, is this thy Tub Diogines ?

Hor. Yes Captaine this is my poore lodging.

Afn. *Morrow Captaine Tucca*, will you whiffe this morning ?

Tuc. Art thou there goates pizzel ; no godamercy Caine I am for no whiffs I, come hether sheep-skin-weauer, s'foote thou lookst as though th' adst beg'd out of a Iayle : drawe, I mean not thy face (for tis not worth drawing) but drawe neere : this way martch, follow your commaunder you fcountrell : So, thou must run of an errand for mee Mephostophiles.

Hor. To doe your pleafure Captayne I will, but whether.

Tuc. To hell, thou knowst the way, to hell my fire and brimstone, to hell ; dost stare my Sarfens-head at Newgate ? dost gloate ? Ile march through thy dunkirkes guts for shooting iestes at me.

Hor. Deare Captaine but one word.

Tuc. Out bench-whiffler out, ile not take thy word for a dagger Pye : you browne-bread-mouth stinker, ile teach thee turne me into Bankes his horse, and to tell gentlemen I am a Iugler, and can shew trickes.

Hor. Captaine Tucca, but halfe a word in your care.

Tuc. No you staru'd rascal, thou't bite off mine eares then, you must haue three or foure suites of names, when like a lowfie Pediculous vermin th'ast but one suite to thy backe : you must be call'd Asper, and Criticus, and Horace, thy tytle's longer a reading then the Stile a the big Turkes : Asper, Criticus, Quintus, Horatius, Flaccus.

Hor. Captaine I know vpon what euen bases I stand, and therefore—

Tuc. Bases? wud the rogue were but ready for me.

Blun. Nay prethee deare Tucca, come you shall shake—

Tuc. Not hands with great Hunkes there, not hands, but Ile shake the gull-groper out of his tan'd skinne.

Cripp. & Deme. For our fake Captaine, nay prethee holde.

Tuc. Thou wrongst heere a good honest rascal Crispinus, and a poore varlet Demetrius Fanninus (bretheren in thine owne trade of Poetry) thou sayst Crispinus Sattin dublet is Reauel'd out heere, and that this penurious sneaker is out of elboes, goe two my good full mouth'd ban-dog, Ile ha thee friends with both.

Hor. With all my heart captaine Tucca, and with you too, Ile laye my handes vnder your feete, to keepe them from aking.

Omnes. Can you have any more?

Tuc. Saist thou me so, olde Coale come? doo't then; yet tis no matter neither, Ile haue thee in league first with these two rowly powlies: they shal be thy Damons and thou their Pithyasse; Crispinus shall giue thee an olde cast Sattin fuite, and Demetrius shall write thee a Scene or two, in one of thy strong garlicke Comedies; and thou shalt take the guilt of conscience for't, and sweare tis thine owne olde lad, tis thine owne: thou neuer yet fels't into the hands of sattin, didst?

Hor. Neuer Captaine I thanke God.

Tuc. Goe too, thou shalt now King Gorboduck, thou shalt, because Ile ha thee damn'd, Ile ha thee all in Sattin: Asper, Criticus, Quintus, Horatius, Flaccus, Crispinus shal doo't, thou shalt doo't, heyre apparant of Helicon, thou shalt doo't.

Afi. Mine Ingle weare an olde cast Sattin fuite?

Tuc. I wafer-face your Ningle.

Ast. If he carry the minde of a Gentleman, he'll scorne it at's heeles.

Tuc. Mary muffe, my man a ginger-bread, wilt eate any small coale?

Ast. No Captaine, wod you should well know it, great coale shall not fill my bellie.

Tuc. Scorne it, dost scorne to be arrested at one of his olde Suites?

Hor. No Captaine, Ile weare any thing.

Tuc. I know thou wilt, I know th'art an honest low minded Pigmey, for I ha seene thy shoulders lapt in a Plaiers old cast Cloake, like a Slie knaue as thou art: and when thou ranst mad for the death of Horatio: thou borrowedst a gowne of Roscius the Stager, (that honest Nicodemus) and sentest it home lowfie, didst not? *Responde*, didst not?

Blun. So, so, no more of this, within this houre—

Hor. If I can found retreat to my wits, with whome this leader is in skirmish, Ile end within this houre.

Tuc. What wut end? wut hang thy selfe now? has he not writ Finis yet Jacke? what will he bee fifteene weekes about this Cockatrices egge too? has hee not cackeld yet? not laide yet?

Blunt. Not yet he sweares hee will within this houre.

Tuc. His wittes are somewhat hard bound: the Puncke his Muse has fore labour ere the whoore bee deliuered: the poore saffron-cheeke Sun-burnt Gipsie wantes Phisicke; giue the hungrie-face pudding-pye-eater ten Pilles: ten shillings my faire Angelica, they'll make his Muse as yare as a tumbler.

Blu. He shall not want for money if heele write.

Tuc. Goe by Ieronimo, goe by; and heere, drop the ten shillings into this Bason; doe, drop, when Jacke? hee shall call me his Mæcenas: besides, Ile dam vp's Ouen-mouth for rayling at's: So, ist right Jacke? ist sterling? fall off now to the vanward of yonder foure Stinkers, and aske alowde if wee shal

goe? the Knight shall defray Iacke, the Knight when it comes to *Summa totalis*, the Knyght, the Knight.—

Blu. Well Gentlemen, we'll leaue you, shall we goe Captaine? good Horrace make some haſt.

Hor. Ile put on wings.

Aſin. I never ſawe mine Ingle ſo daſht in my life before.

Criſ. Yes once Aſinius.

Aſi. Mas you ſay true, hee was daſht worſe once going (in a rainy day) with a ſpeech to 'th Tilt-yard, by Gods lye has call'd him names, a dog would not put vp, that had any diſcreation.

Tuc. Holde, holde vp thy hand, I ha ſeene the day thou didſt not ſcorne to holde vp thy golles; ther's a Souldiers Spur-royall, twelue pence: Stay, becauſe I know thou canſt not write without quick-filuer: vp agen, this goll agen, I giue thee double preſſe-money: Stay, becauſe I know thou haſt a noble head, ile deuide my Crowne, ô royall Porrex, ther's a teſton more; goe, thou and thy Muſe munch, doe, munch; come my deare Mandrake, if Skeldring fall not to decay, thou ſhalt flouriſh: farewell my ſweet *Amadis de Gaule*, farewell.

Hor. Deare Captaine.

Tuc. Come Iacke.

Dem. Nay Captaine ſtay, we are of your band.

Tuc. March faire then;

Cri. Horace farewell, adue Aſinius. *Exeunt.*

Aſi. Ningle lets goe to ſome Tauerne, and dine together, for my ſtomache riſes at this ſcuruy leather Captaine.

Hor. No, they haue choakt me with mine owne diſgrace,
Which(fooles) ile ſpit againe euen in your face. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Quintilian Shorthoſe, Sir Adam, Sir Vaug-
ham, Mineuer *with ſeruingmen.*

Sir quinti. Knaues, Varlets, what Lungis, giue me a dozen of ſtooles there.

Sir Vau. Sefu pleffe vs all in our siue fences a peece, what meane yee sir Kintilian Sorthose to stand so much on a dozen stooles, heere be not preeches inuffe to hyde a dozen stooles, vnlesse you wisse some of vs preake his finnes.

Sir quin. I say sir Vaughan no shinne shal be broken heer, what lungis, a chayre with a stronge backe, and a soft bellie, great with childe, with a cushion for this reuerend Lady.

Mineu. God neuer gaue me the grace to be a Lady, yet I ha bene worshipt in my conscience to my face a thousand times, I cannot denye sir Vaughan, but that I haue all implements, belonging to the vocation of a Lady.

Sir Vaughan. I trust mistris Mineuer you haue all a honest oman shud haue?

Min. Yes perdie, as my Coach, and my fan, and a man or two that serue my turne, and othier things which Ide bee loath eury one should see, because they shal not be common, I am in manner of a Lady in one point.

Sir Vaug. I pray mistris Mineuers, let vs all see that point for our better vnderstanding.

Mi. For I ha some thinges that were fetcht (I am sure) as faire as some of the Low Countries, and I payde sweetly for them too, and they tolde me they were good for Ladies.

Sir qui. And much good do't thy good heart faire widdow them.

Min. I am fayre enough to bee a Widdow, Sir Quintilian.

Sir Vaug. In my soule and conscience, and well faouered enough to be a Lady: heere is sir Kintilian Sorthose, and heere is sir Adam Prickshaft, a sentleman of a very good braine, and well headed; you see he shootes his bolt fildome, but when Adam lets goe, he hits: and heere is sir Vaughan ap Rees, and I belecue if God sud take vs all from his mercy, as I hope hee will not yet; we all three loue you, at the

bottom of our bellies, and our hearts : and therefore mistress Mineuer, if you please, you shall be knighted by one of vs, whom you shall desire to put into your deuce and minde.

Min. One I must haue fir Vaughan.

Sir quin. And one of vs thou shalt haue widdow.

Min. One I must haue, for now euery one seekes to crow ouer me.

Sir Vaug. By Sefu and if I finde any crowing ouer you, & he were a cocke (come out as farre as in Turkeys country) tis possible to cut his combe off.

Min. I muse why fir Adam Prickshaft flies so farre from vs.

Sir Adam. I am in a browne study, my deare, if loue should bee turned into a beast, what beast hee were fit to bee turned into.

Sir quinti. I thinke Sir Adam an Affe, because of his bearing.

Min. I thinke (sauiug your reuerence) Sir Adam a puppy, for a dog is the most louing creature to a christian that is, vnles it be a childe.

Sir Ad. No, I thinke if loue should bee turn'd away, and goe to serue any beast, it must bee an Ape, and my reason——

Sir Vaug. Sir Adam, an Ape? ther's no more reason in an Ape, than in a very plaine Monkey ; for an Ape has no tayle, but we all know, or tis our duty to know, loue has two tailes ; In my sudsment, if loue be a beast, that beast is a bunce of Reddis ; for a bunce of Reddis is wife meate without Mutton, and so is loue.

Mi. Ther's the yawning Captaine (sauiug your reuerence that has such a fore mouth) would one day needes perswade me, that loue was a Rebato ; and his reason was (sauiug your reuerence) that a Rebato was worne out with pinning too often ; and so he said loue was.

Sir Vaug. And Master Captaine Tucca sayd wifely too, loue is a Rebato indeede : a Rebato must

be poaked ; now many women weare Rebatoes, and many that weare Rebatoes——

Sir Adam. Must be poakt.

Sir Vau. Sir Adam Prickshaft has hit the cloute.

Musicke.

Sir qui. The Musicke speakes to vs, we'll haue a daunce before dinner.

Enter Sir Walter Terrill, Cælestine, Blunt, Crispinus, and Demetrius, *euery one with a Lady.*

All. The King's at hand.

Ter. Father the King's at hand.

Musicke talke lowder, that thy siluer voice,
May reach my Soueraignes eares.

Sir Vaug. I pray doe so, Musitions bestir your fingers, that you may haue vs all by the eares.

Sir quin. His Grace comes, a Hall varlets, where be my men? blow, blow your colde Trumpets till they sweate ; tickle them till they found agen.

Blun. Best goe meete his Grace.

All. Agreed.

Sir Vaug. Pray all stand bare, as well men as women : Sir Adam is best you hide your head for feare your wife braines take key-colde : on afore Sir Kintilian ; Sentlemen fall in before the Ladyes, in seemely order and fashion ; so this is comelye.

Enter Trumpets sounding, they goe to the doore, and meete the King and his Traine, and whilst the Trumpets sound the King is welcom'd, kisses the Bride, and honors the Bridegroome in dumbe shew.

King. Nay if your pleasures shrinke at sight of vs,
We shall repent this labour, Mistris Bride
You that for speaking but one word to day,
Must loose your head at night ; you that doe stand
Taking your last leaue of virginity ;
You that being well begun, must not be Maide :
Winne you the Ladies, I the men will wooe,
Our selfe will leade my blushing Bride with you.

Sir Vaughan. God bleffe your Maiefty, and fend you to be a long King William Rufus ouer vs, when he fees his times & pleasures.

King. Wee thanke you good Sir Vaughan, wee will take your meaning not your words..

Sir quint. Lowde Muficke there.

Sir Vau. I am glad your Maiefty will take any thing at my hands; my words I trust in Sefu, are fpoken betweene my foule and body together, and haue neither Felonies nor treafons about them, I hope.

King. Good words, Sir Vaughan, I prethee give vs leaue.

Vaug. Good words fir Vaughan? thats by interpretation in engliff, you'r best giue good words fir Vaughan: god and his Anfells bleffe me, what ayles his maieftye to be fo tedious and difficult in his right mindes now, I holde my life that file rascall-rymer Horace hath puzd and puzd aboute a hundred merie tales and lyce, into his great and princely cares: by god and he vse it, his being Phoebus priest cannot faue him, if hee were his Sapline too ide preafe vpon his coxcomb: good lord bleffe me out of his maiesties celler: King Williams, I hope tis none offences to make a fupplication to god a mightie for your long life: for by thefu I haue no meaning in't in all the world, vnles rascalls be here that will haue your grace take shalke for shees, and vnlesse Horace has sent lyce to your maiefty.

King. Horace, what's he fir Vaughan?

Vaugh. As hard-fauour'd a fellow as your maieftie has feene in a fommers day: he does pen, an't please your grace, toyes that will not please your grace: tis a Poet, we call them Bardes in our Countrie, finges ballads and rymes, and I was mightie fealous, that his Inke which is blacke and full of gall, had brought my name to your maieftie, and fo lifted vp your hye and princely coller.

King. I neither know that Horace, nor mine anger, If as thou faist our high and princely choller

Be vp, wee'l tread it downe with daunces ; Ladies
Loofe not your men ; faire measures must be tread,
When by fo faire a dauncer you are lead.

Vaugh. Miftris Miniuer :

Min. Perdie fir Vaughan I cannot daunce.

Vaugh. Perdie by this Miniuer cappe, and acording
to his mafesties leaue too, you fall be put in
among theife Ladies, & daunce ere long I trest in
god, the faking of the fetes.

*They daunce a straine, and whilst the others keepe on,
the King and Celestine flay.*

Kin. That turne faire Bride shews you must turne
at night,
In that sweet daunce which steales away delight.

Cæl. Then pleasure is a thiefe, a fit, a feauer :

Kin. True, he's the thiefe, but women the receiuer.

Another change ; they fall in, the rest goe on.

Kin. This change sweet Maide, faies you must
change your life,
As Virgins doe.

Cæl. Virgins nere change their life,
She that is wiu'd a maide, is Maide and wife.

Kin. But she that dyes a Maide ;—

Cæl. Thrice happy then.

Kin. Leades Apes in hell.

Cæl. Better leade Apes then men.

At this third change they end, and she meetes the King.

Kin. Well met,

Cæl. Tis ouertaken.

Kin. Why faire sweet ?

Cæl. Women are ouertaken when they meete ;

King. Your blood speakes like a coward.

Cæl. It were good,
If euery Maiden blufh, had fuch a bloud.

Kin. A coward bloud, why whom should maidens
feare ?

Cæ. Men, were Maides cowards, they'd not come
fo nere,

My Lord the Measure's done, I pleade my duetie.

Kin. Onelie my heart takes measure of thy beautie.

Sir quin. Now by my hofe I fweare, that's no deepe
oath,

This was a fine sweet earth-quake gentlie moou'd,
By the foft winde of whifpring Silkes : come Ladies,
Whofe ioynts are made out of the dauncing Orbes,
Come, follow me, walke a colde measure now ;
In the Brides Chamber ; your hot beautie's melt,
Take euerie one her fan, giue them their places,
And waue the Northerne winde vpon your faces.

*Celestine and all the Ladyes doing obeysance to the
King, who onely kiffes her, Exeunt, Short-hofe
manning them, the Gallants stand aloofe.*

Kin. Sir Walter Terrill.

Ter. My confirmed Leige.

Ki. Beautie out of her bountie, thee hath lent
More then her owne with liberall extent.

Ter. What meanes my Lord ?

Kin. Thy Bride, thy choice, thy wife,
She that is now thy fadom, thy new world,
That brings thee people, and makes little fubieçts ;
Kneele at thy feete, obay in euerie thing,
So euerie Father is a priuate King.

Ter. My Lord, her beauty is the pooreft part,
Chieflie her vertues did endowe my heart.

Kin. Doe not back-bite her beauties, they all
fhine,

Brighter on thee, becaufe the beames are thine,
To thee more faire, to others her two lips
Shew like a parted Moone in thine Eclipse ;
That glauce, which louers mongft themfelues deuife,
Walkes as inuifible to others eies :

Giue me thine eare.

Ter. What meanes the King ?

Dem. Tis a quaint straine.

Ter. My Lord.

King. Thou darst not Wat.

Ter. She is too course an obieſt for the Court.

Kin. Thou darst not Wat: let to night be to morrow,

Ter. For ſhee's not yet mine owne.

Rin. Thou darst not Wat?

Ter. My Lord I dare, but——

King. But I ſee thou darst not.

Ter. This night.

King. Yea, this night, tuſh thy minde repaires not,
The more thou talk'ſt of night, the more thou darst not;

Thus farre I tend, I wod but turne this ſpheare,
Of Ladies eyes, and place it in the Court,
Where thy faire Bride ſhould for the Zodiacke ſhine,
And euery Lady elſe fit for a ſigne.

But all thy thoughts are yellow, thy ſweet bloud
Rebels, th'art iealous Wat; thus with proude reuels
To emulate the masking firmament,
Where Starres dance in the ſiluer Hall of heauen,
Thy pleaſure ſhould be ſeaſoned, and thy bed
Reliſh thy Bride, But, but thou darst not Wat.

Ter. My Loord I dare.

Kin. Speake that agen.

Ter. I dare.

King. Agen kinde Wat, and then I know thou darst.

Ter. I dare and will by that ioynt holy oath,
Which ſhe and I fwore to the booke of heauen.
This very day when the ſurueying Sunne,
Riz like a witnes to her faith and mine,
By all the loyalty that ſubieſts owe
To Maieſty, by that, by this, by both,
I ſweare to make a double guarded oath,
This night vntainted by the touch of man,
She ſhall a Virgin come.

Kin. To Court? *Ter.* To Court.
I know I tooke a woman to my wife,

And I know women to be earthly Moones,
That neuer shine till night, I know they change
Their Orbes (their husbands) and in sickish hearts,
Steale to their sweete Endimions, to be cur'd
With better Phisicke, sweeter dyet drinckes,
Then home can minister : all this I know
Yet know not all, but giue me leaue O King,
To boast of mine, and saie that I know none ;
I haue a woman but not such a one.

Kin. Why, she's confirmed in thee ; I now ap-
prooue her,
If constant in thy thoughts who then can moue her ?

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir qui. Wilt please your Highnes take your place
within,
The Ladies attend the Table.

Kin. I goe good Knight ; Wat thy oath.

Ter. My Lord,
My oath's my honour, my honour is my life,
My oath is constant, so I hope my wife. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Horace in his true attyre, Afinius bearing his
Cloake.*

Afi. If you flye out Ningle, heer's your Cloake ; I
thinke it raines too.

Ho. Hide my shoulders in't.

Afi. Troth so th'adst neede, for now thou art in
thy Pee and Kue ; thou hast such a villanous broad
backe, that I warrant th'art able to beare away any
mans iestes in England.

Hor. It's well Sir, I ha strength to beare yours mee
thinckes ; fore God you are growne a piece of a Critist,
since you fell into my hands : ah little roague, your
wit has pickt vp her crums prettie and well.

Afi. Yes faith, I finde my wit a the mending hand

Ningle; troth I doe not thinke but to proceede Poet-
after next Commencement, if I haue my grace per-
fectlie: euerie one that confer with me now, stop their
nose in merriment, and sweare I smell somewhat of
Horace; one calles me Horaces Ape, another Horaces
Beagle, and such Poeticall names it passes. I was but
at Barbers last day, and when he was rencing my face,
did but crie out, fellow thou makst me *Connive* too
long, & sayes he sayes hyee, Master *Afinius Bubo*, you
haue eene Horaces wordes as right as if he had spit
them into your mouth.

Hor. Well, away deare *Afinius*, deliuer this letter
to the young Gallant *Drufo*, he that fell so strongly in
loue with mee yesternight.

Afin. It's a sweete Muske-cod, a pure spic'd-gull;
by this feather I pittie his *Ingenuities*; but hast writ
all this since Ningle? I know thou hast a good run-
ning head and thou listest.

Hor. Foh come, your great belly'd wit must long
for euerie thing too; why you *Rooke*, I haue a set of
letters readie starcht to my hands, which to any fresh
suiued gallant, that but newlie enters his name into
my rowle, I send the next morning, ere his ten a
clocke dreame has rize from him, onelie with clapping
my hand to't, that my Nouice shall start, ho and his
haire stand an end, when hee sees the sodaine flash of
my writing: what you prettie *Diminitue* roague, we
must haue false fiers to amaze these spangle babies,
these true heires of Ma. Justice Shallow.

Afin. I wod alwaies haue thee sauce a foole thus.

Hor. Away, and, stay: here be Epigrams vpon
Tucca, divulge these among the gallants; as for
Crispinus, that *Crispin-asse* and *Fannius* his Play-
dresser; who (to make the *Muses* beleeeue, their sub-
iects eares were staru'd, and that there was a dearth of
Poesie) cut an Innocent Moore i'th middle, to serue
him in twice; & when he had done, made *Poules-*
worke of it, as for these *Twynnes*, these *Poet-apes*:
Their Mimicke trickes shall serue

With mirth to feast our Muse, whilst their owne starue.

Afn. Well Ningle Ile trudge, but where's the Randeuow ?

Hor. Well thought off, marie at Sir Vaughans lodging the Welsh knight, I haue compos'd a loue-letter for the gallants worship, to his Rosamond : the second, Mistris Miniuer, because she does not thinke so foundly of his lame English as he could wish ; I ha gull'd his Knightship heere to his face, yet haue given charge to his wincking vnderstanding not to perceiue it : nay Gods so, away deare Bubo.

Afn. I am gone.

Exit.

Hor. The Muses birdes the Bees were hui'd and fled,

Vs in our cradle, thereby prophecyng ;

That we to learned eares should sweetly sing,

But to the vulger and adulterate braine,

Should loath to prostitute our Virgin straine.

No, our sharpe pen shall keep the world in awe,

Horace thy Poesie, wormwood wreathes shall weare,

We hunt not for mens loues but for their feare. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Adam and Miniuer.

Min. O Sir Adam Prickshaft, you are a the bow hand wide, a long yard I assure you : and as for Suitors, truelie they all goe downe with me, they haue all one flat answere.

Sir Adam. All Widdow ? not all, let Sir Adam bee your first man still.

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir quin. Widdow, art stolne from Table ? I Sir Adam,

Are you my riual ? well, flye faire y' are best ;

The King's exceeding merrie at the banquet,

He makes the Bride blush with his merrie words

That run into her eares ; ah he's a wanton,

Yet I dare trust her, had he twentie tongues,

And euerie tongue a Stile of Maiestie.

Now Widdow, let me tell thee in thine eare,
I loue thee Widdow, by this ring ; nay weare it.

Minew. Ile come in no rings pardie, Ile take no
golde.

Sir Ada. Harke in thine eare, take me, I am no
golde.

Enter Sir Vaughan and Peter Flash.

Sir Vau. Master Peter Flash, I will grope about
Sir Quintilian, for his terminations touching and con-
sidering you.

Flash. I thanke your Worship, for I haue as good
a stomacke to your Worship as a man could wish.

Sir Vau. I hope in God a mightie, I shall fill your
stomack Master Peter : What two vpon one Sentle-
men ; Mistris Miniuer, much good doo't you Sir
Adam.

Sir quin. Sir Vaughan, have you din'd well Sir
Vaughan ?

Sir Vau. As good seere as would make any hun-
grie man (and a were in the vilest prifon in the world)
eate and hee had anie stomacke : One word Sir
Quintilian in hugger mugger ; heere is a Sentleman
of yours, Master Peter Flash, is tefirous to haue his
blew coate pul'd ouer his eares ; and

Flash. No, Sir, my petition runs thus, that your
worshippe would thrust me out of doores, and that I
may follow Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vau. I can tell you Master Flash, and you
follow mee I goe verie fast, I thinke in my conscience,
I am one of the lightest knights in England.

Flash. It's no matter Sir, the Flasches haue euer
bin knowne to be quicke and light enough.

Sir quin. Sir Vaughan, he shal follow you, he shall
dog you good Sir Vaughan.

Enter Horace walking.

Sir Vau. Why then Peter Flash I will fet my foure
markes a yeare, and a blew coate vpon you.

Fla. Godamercy to your worship, I hope you shall neuer repent for me.

Sir Vau. You beare the face of an honest man, for you blush passing well Peter, I will quench the flame out of your name, and you shall be christned Peter Salamander.

Peter Flash. The name 's too good for me, I thanke your worship.

Sir Vau. Are you come Master Horace, you sent mee the Coppie of your letters countenance, and I did write and read it; your wittes truelie haue done verie valliantlie: tis a good inditements, you haue put in enough for her ha you not?

Hor. According to my instructions.

Sir Vau. 'Tis passing well, I pray Master Horace walke a little beside your selfe, I will turne vpon you incontinent.

Sir quin. What Gentleman is this in the Mandilian, a foldyer?

Sir Vau. No, tho he has a very bad face for a fouldier, yet he has as desperate a wit as euer any Scholler went to cuffes for; tis a Senteleman Poet, he has made rimes called Thalamimums, for M. Pridegroome, on vrd widdow.

Sir qui. Is this he? welcome Sir, your name? pray you walke not so flatelie, but be acquainted with me boldlie; your name Sir?

Hor. Quintus, Horacius, Flaccus.

Sir Quint. Good Master Flappus welcome.

He walkes vp and downe.

Sir Vau. Mistris Miniuer, one vrde in your corner heere; I desire you to breake my armes heere, and read this Paper, you shall feele my mindes and affections in it, at full and at large.

Mini. Ile receiue no Loue libels perdy, but by word a mouth.

Sir Vaughan. By Sefu tis no libell, for heere is my hand to it.

Mini. Ile ha no hand in it Sir Vaughan, Ile not deale with you.

Sir Vau. Why then widdow, Ile tell you by word a mouth my deuices.

Mi. Your deuices come not neere my mouth Sir Vaughan perdy, I was vpon a time in the way to marriage, but now I am turn'd a tother side, I ha fworne to leade a single and simple life.

Sir Adam. She has answer'd you Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vau. Tis true, but at wrong weapons Sir Adam; will you be an Affe Mistris Miniuers?

Min. If I be you shall not ride me.

Sir Vaug. A simple life! by Sefu tis the life of a foole, a simple life!

Sir qui. How now Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vaug. My braines has a little fine quawme come vnder it, and therefore Sir Adam, and Sir Quintilian, and mistris Miniuer caps God bo'y.

All. Good Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vaug. Master Horace, your inuentions doe her no good in the Vniuersalities; yet heere is two shillings for your wittes; nay by Sefu you shall take it if 't were more: yonder bald Adams, is put my nose from his ioynt; but Adam I will be euen to you: this is my cogitations, I will indite the Ladies & Miniuer caps to a dinner of Plumbes, and I shall desire you M. Horace, to speake or raile; you can raile I hope in God a mighty.

Hor. You meane to speake bitterlie:

Sir Vaughan. Right, to spitte bitterlie vpon baldnes, or the thinnes of haire; you fall eate downe Plumbes to sweeten your mouth, and heere is a good Anfell to defend you: Peter Salamander follow me.

Flash. With hue and crie and you will Sir.

Sir Vau. Come M. Horace, I will goe pull out the Ladies.

Ho. And Ile set out my wits, Baldnes the Theame? My words shall flow hye in a siluer streame. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tucca brushing off the crumbes.

Tuc. Wher 's my most costly and sumptuous Short-hose ?

Sir Quint. Is the King risen from table Captaine Tucca ?

Tuc. How ? risen ? no my noble Quintilian, kings are greater men then we Knights and Caualliers, and therefore must eate more then lesser persons ; God-amercy good Diues for these crummes : how now ? has not Frier Tucke din'd yet ? he falles so hard to that Oyster-pye yonder.

Sir quin. Oyster-pye Captaine ? ha, ha, he loues her, and I loue her and feare both shall goe without her.

Tuc. Dost loue her, my finest and first part of the Mirrour of Knighthood ? hange her she lookes like a bottle of ale, when the corke flies out and the Ale fomes at mouth, shee lookes my good button-breech like the signe of Capricorne, or like Tiborne when it is couer'd with snow.

Sir quin. All 's one for that, she has a vizard in a bagge, will make her looke like an Angell ; I wod I had her, vpon condition, I gaue thee this chaine manlie Tucca.

Tuc. I ? saist thou so Friskin ? I haue her ath hip for some causes, I can found her, she 'll come at my becke.

Sir quin. Wod I could found her too Noble commander.

Tuc. Thou shalt doo 't ; that Lady ath Lake is thine Sir Tristram, lend mee thy chaine, doe, lend it, Ile make her take it as a token, Ile lincke her vnto thee ; and thou shalt weare hergloue in thy Worshipfull hatte like to a leather brooch ; Nay and thou mistrusts thy coller, be tyed in 't still.

Sir quin. Mistrust Captaine ? no, heere tis, giue it her if she 'll take it, or weare it thy selfe if shee 'll take mee, Ile watch him well enough too.

Tuc. No more, Ile shoote away yonder Prickshaft,

and then belabour her, and flye you after yonder Cucko : dost heere me my noble Gold-finch ? —

Sir qui. No more.

Tuc. How dost thou my smug Belimperia ? how dost thou ? hands off my little bald Derricke, hands off : harke hether Sufanna, beware a these two wicked Elders, shall I speake well or ill of thee ?

Min. Nay, eene as you please Captaine, it shal be at your choice.

Tuc. Why well said, my nimble Short-hose.

Sir quin. I heare her, I heare her.

Tuc. Art angry father time ? art angrie because I tooke mother-Winter aside ? Ile holde my life thou art strucke with Cupids Birde-bolt, my little prick-shaft, art ? dost loue that mother Mumble-crust, dost thou ? dost long for that whim-wham ?

Sir Ada. Wod I were as sure to lye with her, as to loue her.

Tuc. Haue I found thee my learned Dunce, haue I found thee ? If I might ha my wil, thou shouldst not put thy spoone into that bumble-broth (for indeede Ide taste her my selfe) no thou shouldst not : yet if her beautie blinde thee, she's thine, I can doo't, thou heardst her say eene now, it should bee at my choice.

Sir Ada. She did so, worke the match and Ile bestow—

Tuc. Not a filke point vpon mee, little Adam shee shall be thy Eeue, for lesse then an Apple ; but send, bee wise, send her some token, shee's greedie, shee shall take it, doe, send, thou shalt flicke in her (Prickeshaft) but send.

Sir Adam. Heer's a purse of golde, thinke you that wil be accepted ?

Tuc. Goe to, it shall bee accepted, and twere but filuer, when that Flea-bitten Short-hose steppes hence : vanish too, and let mee alone with my Grannam in Gutter-Lane there, and this purse of golde doe, let me alone.

Sir quin. The King, gods Lord, I doe forget the King ;

Widdow, thinke on my wordes, I must be gone
To waite his rising, Ile returne anone.

Sir Ad. Stay Sir Quintilian, Ile be a waiter too.

Sir quint. Widdow wee'll trust that Captaine there
with you. *Exeunt.*

Tuc. Now, now, mother Bunch how dost thou ?
what dost frowne Queene Gwyniuer ? dost wrinkle ?
what made these paire of Shittle-cockes heere ? what
doe they fumble for ? Ile ha none of these Kites
fluttering about thy carkas, for thou shalt bee my
West Indyas, and none but trim Tucca shall discover
thee.

Min. Discover me ? discover what thou canst of
me.

Tuc. What I can ? thou knowst what I can discover,
but I will not lay thee open to the world.

Min. Lay me open to the world ?

Tuc. No I will not my moldie decay'd Charing-
crosse, I will not.

Min. Hang thee patch-pannell, I am none a thy
Charing-crosse : I scorne to be Crosse to such a scab as
thou makst thy selfe.

Tuc. No, tis thou makst me so, my Long Meg a
Westminster, thou breedst a scab, thou—

Min. I ? dam thee filthie Captaine, dam thy selfe.

Tuc. My little deuill a Dow-gate, Ile dam thee,
thou knowst my meaning) Ile dam thee vp ; my wide
mouth at Bishops-gate.

Min. Wod I might once come to that damming.

Tuc. Why thou shalt, my sweet dame Annis a
cleere thou shalt, for Ile drowne my selfe in thee ; I,
for thy loue, Ile sinke, I, for thee.

Min. So thou wilt I warrant, in thy abhominable
finnes ; Lord, Lord, howe many filthy words hast thou
to answere for.

Tuc. Name one Madge-owlet, name one, Ile an-
swer for none ; my words shall be fourth comming at

all times, & shall answer for them felues ; my nimble Cat-a-mountaine : they shall Sifle Bum-trincket, for Ile giue thee none but Suger-candie words, I will not Puffe : goody Tripe-wife, I will not.

Min. Why dost call mee such horrible vngodlie names then ?

Tuc. Ile name thee no more Mother Red-cap vpon paine of death, if thou wilt Grimalkin, Maggot-a-pye I will not.

Min. Wod thou shouldst wel know, I am no Maggot, but a meere Gentlewoman borne.

Tu. I know thou art a Gentle, and Ile nibble at thee, thou shalt be my Cap-a-maintenance, & Ile carrie my naked sword before thee, my reuerend Ladie Lettice-cap.

Mi. Thou shalt carry no naked swords before me to fright me, thou—

Tuc. Go too, let not thy tongue play so hard at hot-cockles ; for, Gammer Gurton, I meane to bee thy needle, I loue thee, I loue thee, because thy teeth stand like the Arches vnder London Bridge, for thou't not turne Satyre & bite thy husband ; No, come my Cub, doe not scorne mee because I goe in Stag, in Buffe, heer's veluet too ; thou seest I am worth thus much in bare veluet.

Min. I scorne thee not, not I.

Tuc. I know thou dost not, thou that see that I could march with two or three hundred linkes before me, looke here, what ? I could shew golde too, if that would tempt thee, but I would not make my selfe a Gold-smithes stall I ; I scorne to goe chain'd my Ladie ath Hospitall, I doe ; yet I will and must bee chain'd to thee.

Min. To mee ? why Master Captaine, you know that I haue my choise of three or foure payre of Knights, and therefore haue small reason to flye out I know not how in a man of war.

Tuc. A man a warre ? come thou knowst not what a worshipfull focation tis to be a Captaines wife ;

three or foure payre of Knights? why dost heare Ioane-a-bedlam, Ile enter into bond to be dub'd by what day thou wilt, when the next action is layde vpon me, thou shalt be Ladified.

Min. You know I am offered that by halfe a dozen.

Tuc. Thou shalt little Miniuer, thou shalt, Ile ha this frocke turn'd into a foote-cloth: and thou shalt be carted drawne I meane, Coacht, Coacht, thou shalt ryde Iigga-Iogge; a Hood shall flap vp and downe heere, and this shipskin-cap shall be put off.

Mini. Nay perdie, Ile put off my cap for no mans pleafure.

Tuc. Wut thou be proude little Lucifer? well, thou shalt goe how then thou wilt Maide-marian; come buffe thy little Anthony now, now, my cleane Cleopatria; fo, fo, goe thy waies Alexis fecrets, th'ast a breath as sweete as the Rose, that growes by the Beare-garden, as sweete as the proud'st head a Garlicke in England: come, wut march in, to the Gentle folkes?

Mini. Nay trulie Captaine you shall be my leader.

Tuc. I fay Mary Ambree, thou shalt march formost,
Because Ile marke how broad th'art in the heeles.

Mini. Perdie, I will be fet ath last for this time.

Tuc. Why then come, we'll walke arme in arme,
As tho we were leading one another to Newgate.

Enter Blunt, Crispinus, and Demetrius, with papers, laughing.

Cri. Mine's of a fashion, cut out quite from yours.

Dem. Mine has the sharpest tooth, yonder he is.

Blu. Captaine Tucca. *All hold vp papers.*

Tuc. How now? I cannot stand to read supplications now.

Cris. They're bitter Epigrams compos'd on you
By Horace.

The vntrusting of

Dem. And disperst amongst the gallants
In feuerall coppies, by Afinius Bubo.

Tuc. By that liue Eele? read, *Lege Legito*, read
thou Iacke.

Blu. *Tucca's growne monstrous, how! rich? that I
feare,*

He's to be seene for money euery where.

Tuc. Why true, shall not I get in my debts, nay
and the roague write no better I care not, farewell
blacke Iacke farewell.

Cri. But Captaine heer's a nettle.

Tuc. Sting me, doe.

Cri. *Tucca's exceeding tall and yet not hye,
He fights with skill, but does most vilye lye.*

Tuc. Right, for heere I lye now, open, open, to
make my aduerfarie come on; and then Sir, heere
am I in's bosome: nay and this be the worst, I shal
hug the poore honest face-maker, Ile loue the little
Atheist, when he writes after my commendation, au-
other whip? come yerke me.

Dem. *Tucca will bite, how? growne Satiricall,
No, he bites tables, for he feedes on all.*

Tuc. The whoreson clouen-foote deuill in mans
apparell lyes,

There stood aboue forty dishes before me to day,
That I nere toucht, because they were empty.

Min. I am witnes young Gentlemen to that.

Tuc. Farewell flinckers, I smel thy meaning
Screech-owle, I doe, tho I stop my nose: and Sirra
Poet, we'll haue thee vntrust for this; come, mother
Mum-pudding, come. *Excunt.*

*Trumpets found a flourish, and then a fennate: Enter
King with Cælestine, Sir Walter Terrill, Sir
Quintilian, Sir Adam, Blunt and other Ladies and
attendants: whilst the Trumpets found the King
takes his leaue of the Bride-groome, and Sir Quin-
tilian, and last of the Bride.*

Kin. My song in parting doth this burden beare

A kisse the Ditty, and I fet it heere.
Your lips are well in tune, strung with delight,
By this faire Bride remember soone at night ;
Sir Walter.

Ter. My Leige Lord, we all attend,
The time and place.

Kin. Till then my leauē commend.

They bring him to the doore: Enter at another doore
Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vau. Ladies, I am to put a verie easie suite
vpon you all, and to desire you to fill your little pellics
at a dinner of plums behinde noone ; there be Suckets,
and Marmilads, and Marchants, and other long white
plummes that faine would kisse your delicate and
sweet lippes ; I indite you all together, and you espe-
cially my Ladie Pride ; what doe you saie for your
felles ? for I indite you all.

Cæl. I thanke you good Sir Vaughan, I will come.

Sir Vau. Say Sentlewomen will you stand to me
too ?

All. Wee'll fit with you sweet Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vau. God a mightie plesse your faces, and
make your peauties last, when wee are all dead and
rotten :—you all will come.

1 Lady. All will come.

Sir Vaug. Pray God that Horace bee in his right
wittes to raile now. *Exit.*

Crif. Come Ladie, you shall be my dauncing
guest.

To treade the maze of musicke with the rest.

Dem. Ile lead you in.

Dicach. A maze is like a doubt :
Tis easie to goe in, hard to get out.

Blun. We follow close behinde.

Philoca. That measure's best.

Now none markes vs, but we marke all the rest.

Exeunt.

Exeunt all sauing Sir Quintilian, Cælestine, and Sir
Walter Terrill.

Ter. Father, and you my Bride ; that name to day
Wife comes not till to-morrow : but omitting
This enterchange of language ; let vs thinke
Vpon the King and night, and ca'l our spirits
To a true reckoning : first to Arme our wittes
With compleat steele of Iudgement, and our tonges
With found artillery of Phrases : then
Our Bodies must bee motions ; moouing first
What we speake : afterwards, our very knees
Must humbly seeme to talke, and sute out speech ;
For a true furnisht Cortyer hath such force,
Though his tongue faints, his very legs discourse.

Sir quin. Sonne Terrill, thou hast drawne his picture
right,
For hee's noe full-made Courtier, nor well strung,
That hath not euery ioynt stucke with a tongue.
Daughter, if Ladies say, that is the Bride, that's she,
Gaze thou at none, for all will gaze at thee.

Cæl. Then, ô my father must I goe ? O my husband
Shall I then goe ? O my selfe, will I goe ?

Sir quin. You must.

Ter. You shall.

Cæl. I will, but giue me leaue,
To say I may not, nor I ought not, say not
Still, I must goe, let me intreate I may not.

Ter. You must and shall, I made a deede of gift,
And gaue my oath vnto the King, I swore
By thy true constancy.

Cæl. Then keep that word
To sweare by, O let me be constant still.

Ter. What shall I cancell faith, and breake my
oath ?

Cæl. If breaking constancie, thou breakst them
both.

Ter. Thy constancie no euill can pursue.

Cæl. I may be constant still, and yet not true.

Ter. As how?

Cæ. As thus, by violence detain'd,
They may be constant still, that are constrain'd.

Ter. Constrain'd? that word weighs heavy, yet
my oath

Weighes downe that word; the kinges thoughts are at
oddes,

They are not euen ballanst in his brest;

The King may play the man with me; nay more,

Kings may vsurpe; my wife's a woman; yet

Tis more then I know yet, that know not her,

If she should prooue mankinde, twere rare, fye, fye,

See how I loose my selfe, amongst my thoughts,

Thinking to finde my selfe; my oath, my oath.

Sir quin. I sweare another, let me see, by what,

By my long stocking, and my narrow skirtes,

Not made to fit vpon, she shall to Court.

I haue a tricke, a charme, that shall lay downe

The spirit of lust, and keep thee vndeflowred;

Thy husbands honor sau'd, and the hot King,

Shall haue enough too. Come, a tricke, a charme.

Exit.

Cæl. God keep thy honour safe, my blood from
harme.

Ter. Come, my sicke-minded Bride, Ile teach thee
how,

To relish health a little: Taste this thought,

That when mine eyes seru'd loues commission,

Vpon thy beauties I did seife on them,

To a Kings vse; cure all thy grieffe with this,

That his great seale was grauen vpon this ring,

And that I was but Steward to a King.

Exeunt.

A banquet set out: Enter Sir Vaughan, Horace, Afinius Bubo, Lady Petula, Dicache, Philocalia, Mistress Miniuer and Peter Flash.

Sir Vaugh. Ladies and Sentlemen, you are almost
all welcome, to this sweet nuncions of Plums.

Dicach. Almost all Sir Vaughan ? why to which of vs are you so niggardly, that you cut her out but a peice of welcome.

Sir Vaugh. My interpretations is that almost all are welcome, because I indited a brace or two more that is not come, I am forrie my Lady Pride is not among you.

Aji. Slid, he makes hounds of vs Ningle, a brace quoth a ?

Sir Vaug. Peter Salamanders draw out the pictures of all the ioynt stooles, & Ladies fit downe vpon their wodden faces.

Flash. I warrant Sir, Ile giue euerie one of them a good stoole.

Sir Vau. Master Horace, Master Horace, when I pray to God, and desire in hipocritnes that bald Sir Adams were heer, then, then, then begin to make your railles at the pouertie and beggerly want of haire.

Hor. Leaue it to my iudgment.

Sir Vau. M. Bubo fit there, you and I wil thinke vpon our ends at the Tables : M. Horace, put your learned bodie into the midst of these Ladies ; so tis no matter to speake graces at nuncions, because we are all past grace since dinner.

Ajini. Mas I thanke my destinie I am not past grace, for by this hand full of Carrawaies, I could neuer abide to fay grace.

Dica. Mistris Miniuer, is not that innocent Gentleman a kinde of foole ?

Min. Why doe you aske Madam ?

Dicach. Nay for no harme, I aske because I thought you two had been of acquaintanc.

Min. I thinke he's within an Inch of a foole.

Dicach. Madam Philocalia, you fit next that spare Gentleman, wod you heard what Mistris Miniuer faies of you.

Philo. Why what faies she Madam Dicache.

Dica. Nay nothing, but wishes you were married to that small timber'd gallant.

Philo. Your wish and mine are twinnes, I wish so too, for then I should be sure to lead a merrie life.

Afini. Yes faith Ladie, Ide make you laugh, my bolts now and then should be soone shot; by these comfits, weed let all slide.

Petu. He takes the sweetest oathes that euer I heard a gallant of his pitch sweare; by these Comfits, & these Carrawaies, I warrant it does him good to sweare.

Afini. Yes faith tis meate and drinke to me. I am glad Ladie Petula (by this Apple) that they please you.

Sir Vau. Peter Salamanders wine, I beseech you Master Afinius Bubo, not to sweare so deeplie, for there comes no fruite of your oathes; heere Ladies, I put you all into one corners together, you shall all drinke of one cup.

Afi. Peter I prethee fill me out too.

Flash. Ide sling you out too and I might ha my will, a pox of all fooles.

Sir Vau. Mistris Miniuers, pray bee lustie, wod Sir Adams Prickshaft stucke by you.

Hor. Who, the balde Knight Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vau. The same M. Horace, he that has but a remnant or parcell of haire, his crowne is clipt and par'd away; me thinkes tis an excellent quallitie to bee balde; for and there stucke a nose and two nyes in his pate, he might weare two faces vnder one hood.

Afi. As God faue me la, if I might ha my will, Ide rather be a balde Gentleman then a hairy; for I am sure the best and tallest Yeomen in England haue balde heads: me thinkes haire is a scuruie lowsie commodity.

Hor. Bubo, herein you blaze your ignorance.

Sir Vau. Pray stop and fill your mouthes, and giue M. Horace all your eares.

Hor. For, if of all the bodies parts, the head
Be the most royall: if discourse, wit, Iudgement,
And all our vnderstanding faculties,
Sit there in their high Court of Parliament,
Enactling lawes to sway this humorous world:

The untrussing of

*This little Ile of Man : needes must that crowne,
Which stands vpon this supream head, be faire,
And helde inualueable, and that crowne's the Haire :
The head that wants this honour stands awry,
Is bare in name and in authority.*

Sir Vau. He meanes balde-pates Mistris Miniuers.

Hor. Haire, tis the roabe which curious nature
weaues,

*To hang vpon the head : and does adorne,
Our bodies in the first houre we are borne :
God does bestow that garment : when we dye,
That (like a soft and silken Canopie)
Is still spred ouer vs ; In spight of death
Our hayre growes in our graue, and that alone
Lookes fresh, when all our other beauty's gone.
The excellence of Haire, in this shines cleere,
That the foure Elements take pride to weare -
The fashion of it : when Fire most bright does burne,
The flames to golden lockes doe striue to turne ;
When her lasciuious armes the Water hurles,
About the shoares wast, her flecke head she curls :
And rorid cloudes being suckt into the Ayre,
When downe they melt, hangs like fine siluer hayre.
You see the Earth (whose head so oft is shorne)
Frighted to feele her lockes so rudely torne,
Stands with her haire an end, and (thus afraide)
Turnes euery haire to a greene naked blade.
Besides, (when strucke with grieffe) we long to dye,
We spoile that most, which most does beautifie,
We rend this Head-tyre off. I thus conclude,
Cullors set cullors out ; our eyes iudge right,
Of vice or vertue by their opposite :
So, if faire haire to beauty ad such grace,
Baldnes must needes be vgly, vile and base.*

Sir Vau. True M. Horace, for a bald reason, is a reason that has no haire vpon't, a scurvy scalded reason.

Mi. By my truely I neuer thought you could ha pickt such strange things out of haire before.

Afni. Nay my Ningle can tickle it, when hee comes too't.

Min. Troth I shall neuer be enameld of a bare-headed man for this, what shift so euer I make.

Sir Vaug. Then Mistris Miniuer S. Adams Prick-shaft must not hit you ; Peter take vp all the cloathes at the table and the Plums.

Enter Tucca and his boy.

Tuc. Saue thee my little worshipfull Harper ; how doe yee my little cracknels ? how doe ye ?

Sir Vau. Welcome M. Tucca, sit and shoote into your belly some Suger pellets.

Tuc. No, Godamercy Cadwallader, how doe you Horace ?

Ho. Thankes good Captaine.

Tu. Wher's the Sering thou carriest about thee ? O haue I found thee my scowring-sticke ; what's my name Bubo ?

Afni. Wod I were hang'd if I can call you any names but Captaine and Tucca.

Tuc. No Fye'ft ; my name's Hamlet reuenge ; thou hast been at Parris garden hast not ?

Hor. Yes Captaine, I ha plaide Zulziman there.

Sir Vau. Then M. Horace you plaide the part of an honest man.

Tuc. Death of Hercules, he could neuer play that part well in's life, no Fulkes you could not : thou call'st Demetrius Iorneyman Poet, but thou putst vp a Supplication to be a poore Iorneyman Player, and hadst beene still so, but that thou couldst not fet a good face vpon't : thou hast forgot how thou amblest (in leather pilch) by a play-wagon, in the high way, and took'st mad Ieronimoes part, to get seruice among the Mimickes : and when the Stagerites banisht thee into the Ile of Dogs, thou turn'dst Ban-dog (villanous Guy) & euer since bitest therefore I aske if th'ast been at Parris-garden, because thou hast such a good mouth ; thou baitst well, read, *lege*, faue thy selfe and read.

Hor. Why Captaine these are *Epigrams* compos'd on you.

Tuc. Goe not out Farding Candle, goe not out, for trusty *Damboys* now the deed is done, Ile pledge this *Epigram* in wine, Ile swallow it, I, yes.

Sir Vau. God bleffe vs, will he be drunke with nittigrams now.

Tuc. So, now arise sprite ath Buttry; no Herring-bone Ile not pull thee out, but arise deere *Eccho* rise, rise deuill or Ile coniure thee vp.

Min. Good Master *Tucca* lets ha no coniuring heere.

Sir Vau. Vddes bloud you scald gouty Captaine, why come you to set encombrances heere betweene the Ladies.

Tuc. Be not so tart my precious *Metheglin*, be not (my old whore a *Babilon*, fit fast.)

Min. O *Iesu* if I know where abouts in-London *Babilon* stands.

Tuc. Feede and be fat my faire *Calipolis*, stir not my beauteous wriggle-tailes, Ile disease none of you, Ile take none of you vp, but onely this table-man, I must enter him into some filthy fincke point, I must.

Hor. Captaine, you doe me wrong thus to disgrace me.

Tuc. Thou thinkst thou maist be as sawcy with me as my *Buffe Ierkin*, to sit vpon me, dost?

Ho. Dam me, if euer I traduc'd your name, What imputation can you charge me with?

Sir Vau. Sblud, I, what cōputations can you lay to his farge? answer, or by *Sefu* Ile canuas your cox-combe *Tucky*.

Min. If they draw sweet hearts, let vs shift for our felues.

Tuc. My noble swaggerer, I wil not fall out with thee, I cannot my mad *Cumrade*, finde in my heart to shed thy bloud.

Sir Vau. *Cumrade*? by *Sefu* call me *Cumrade* againe, and ile *Cumrade* ye about the finnes and shoulders;

ownds, what come you to smell out heere? did you not dine and feede horribly well to day at dinner, but you come to munch heere, and giue vs winter-plummes? I pray depart, goe marfe, marfe, marfe out a doores.

Tuc. Adew Sir Eglamour, adew Lute-fringe, Curtin-rod, Goofe-quill; heere, giue that full-nof'd Skinker, these rimes; & harke Ile tagge my Codpeece point with thy legs, spout-pot Ile empty thee.

Afin. Dost threaten mee? Gods lid Ile binde thee to the good forbearing.

Sir Vau. Will you amble Hobby-horse, will you trot and amble?

Tuc. Raw Artichocke I shall sauce thee. *Exit.*

Min. I pray you Master Tucca, will you send me the five pound you borrowed on me; O you cannot heare now, but Ile make you heare me and feele me too in another place, to your shame I warrant you, thou shalt not conny-catch mee for five pounds; he tooke it vp Sir Vaughan in your name, hee swore you sent for it to Mum withall, twas five pound in gold, as white as my kercher.

Sir Vaughan. Ownds, five pound in my name to Mum about withall.

Min. I, to Mum withall, but hee playes mum-budget with me.

Sir Vau. Peter Salamander, tye vp your great and your little sword, by Sefu Ile goe sing him while tis hot. Ile beate five pound out of his leather pilch: Master Horace, let your wittes inhabite in your right places; if I fall fansomely vpon the Widdow, I haue some coffens Garman at Court, shall beget you the reuerfion of the Master of the Kings Reuels, or else be his Lord of Mis-rule nowe at Christmas: Come Ladyes, whorefon Stragling Captaine, Ile pound him. *Exeunt.*

Manet Horace and Afinius.

Hor. How now, what ail'st thou, that thou look'st so pale?

Afin. Nay, nothing, but I am afraide the Welsh

Knight has giuen me nothing but purging Comfits : this Captaine flickes pockily in my stomack ; read this scroule, he saies they'r rimes, and bid me giue them you.

Hor. Rimes ? tis a challenge sent to you.

Afin. To me ?

Hor. He saies heere you divulg'd my Epigrams.

Afin. And for that dares he challenge me ?

Hor. You see he dares, but dare you answer him ?

Afin. I dare answer his challenge, by word of mouth, or by writing, but I sorne to meete him, I hope he and I are not Paralels.

Hor. Deere Bubo, thou shalt answer him ; our credites

Lye pawn'd vpon thy resolution,
Thy vallor must redeeme them ; charge thy spirits,
To waite more close, and neere thee : if he kill thee
Ile not furuiue ; into one Lottery
We'll cast our fates ; together liue and dye.

Afi. Content, I owe God a death, and if he will make mee pay't against my will, Ile say tis hard dealing. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Adam, Tucca, with two pistols by his sides, his boy laden with swords and bucklers.

Tuc. Did Apolloes Freeze gowne watchman (boy, dost heare Turkie-cockes tayle, haue an eye behinde, least the enemie assault our Rere-ward) on proceede Father Adam ; did that same tiranicall-tongu'd rag-a-muffin Horace, turne bald-pates out so naked ?

Sir Ad. He did, and whipt them so with nettles, that

The Widdow swore that a bare-headed man,
Should not man her : the Ladie Petula
Was there, heard all, and tolde me this.

Tuc. Goe too. Thy golde was accepted, it was, and she shall bring thee into her Paradiçe, she shall small Adam, she shall.

Sir Ada. But how ? but how Capten ?

Tuc. Thus, goe, couer a table with sweet meates, let all the Gentlewomen, and that same Pasquils-mad-cap (mother Bee there) nibble, bid them bite: they will come to gobble downe Plummes; then take vp that paire of Basket hiltes, with my commiffion, I meane Crispinus and Fannius; charge one of them to take vp the Bucklers, againft that hayre-monger Horace, and haue a bout or two, in defence of baldepates: let them cracke euerie crowne that has haire on't: goe, let them lift vp baldenes to the skie, and thou fhalt fee, twill turne Miniuers heart quite againft the haire.

Sir Ada. Excellent, why then M. Tucca——

Tuc. Nay, whir, nymble Prickshaft; whir, away, I goe vpon life and death, away, flie Scanderbag flie.

Exit.

Enter Afinius Bubo, and Horace aloofe.

Boy. Arme Captaine, arme, arme, arme, the foe is come downe.

Tucca offers to fhooote.

Afi. Hold Capten Tucca holde, I am Bubo, & come to anfwer any thing you can lay to my charge.

Tuc. What, doft fummon a parlie my little Drum-flicke? tis too late; thou feeft my red flag is hung out, Ile fill thy guts with thine owne carrion carcas, and then eate them vp in fteed of Sawfages.

Afin. Vfe me how you will; I am refolute, for I ha made my Will.

Tuc. Wilt fight Turke-a-ten-pence? wilt fight then?

Afini. Thou fhalt finde Ile fight in a Godly quarrell, if I be once fir'd.

Tuc. Thou fhalt not want fire, Ile ha thee burnt when thou wilt, my colde Cornelius: but come: *Ref-pice funem*; looke, thou feeft; open thy felfe my little Cutlers Shoppe, I challenge thee thou slender Gentleman, at foure fundrie weapons.

Afi. Thy challenge was but at one, and Ile anfwere but one.

Boy. Thou shalt answer two, for thou shalt answer me and my Capten.

Tac. Well said Cockrell out-crowe him: art hardy noble Huon? art Magnanimious? licke-trencher; looke, search least some lye in ambush; for this man at Armes has paper in's bellie, or some friend in a corner, or else hee durst not bee so cranke.

Boy. Capten, Capten, Horace stands sneaking heere.

Tuc. I smelt the foule-fisted Morter-treader, come my most damnable fastidious rascall, I haue a suite to both of you.

Afi. O holde, most pittifull Captaine holde.

Hor. Holde Capten, tis knowne that Horace is valliant, & a man of the sword.

Tuc. A Gentleman or an honest Cittizen, shall not Sit in your pennie-bench Theaters, with his Squirrel by his side cracking nuttes; nor sneake into a Tauerne with his Mermaid; but he shall be Satyr'd, and Epigram'd vpon, and his humour must run vpo'th Stage: you'll ha *Euery Gentleman in's humour*, and *Euery Gentleman out on's humour*: wee that are heades of Legions and Bandes, and feare none but these fame shoulder-clappers, shall feare you, you Serpentine rascall.

Hor. Honour'd Capten.

Tuc. Art not famous enough yet, my mad *Horastratus*, for killing a Player, but thou must eate men aliue? thy friends? Sirra wilde-man, thy Patrons? thou Anthropophagite, thy Mecænasses?

Hor. Captaine, I'm forry that you lay this wrong. So close vnto your heart: deare Captaine thinke I writ out of hot bloud, which (now) being colde, I could be pleas'd (to please you) to quaffe downe, The poyson'd Inke, in which I dipt your name.

Tuc. Saist thou so, my *Palinodicall* rimester?

Hor. Henceforth Ile rather breath out *Solucismes*. (To doe which Ide as soone speake blasphemie) Than with my tongue or pen to wound your worth,

Beleeue it noble Capten ; it to me
Shall be a Crowne, to crowne your actes with praize,
Out of your hate, your loue Ile stronglie raize.

Tuc. I know now th'ast a number of these *Quiddits* to binde men to'th peace : tis thy fashion to flirt Inke in euerie mans face ; and then to craule into his bosome, and damne thy selfe to wip't off agen : yet to giue out abroad, that he was glad to come to composition with me : I know *Monsieur Machiauell* tis one a thy rules ; My long-heel'd *Troglodite*, I could make thine eares burne now, by dropping into them, all those hot oathes, to which, thy selfe gau'ft voluntarie fire, (when thou wast the man in the Moone) that thou wouldst neuer squib out any new Salt-peter Iestes against honest *Tucca*, nor those Maligo-tasters, his *Poetasters* ; I could *Cinocephalus*, but I will not, yet thou knowst thou hast broke those oathes in print, my excellent infernall.

Ho. Capten.

Tuc. Nay I smell what breath is to come from thee, thy answer is, that there's no faith to be helde with Heritickes & Infidels, and therefore thou swear'ft anie thing : but come, lend mee thy hand, thou and I henceforth will bee *Alexander* and *Lodwicke*, the Gemini : sworne brothers, thou shalt be *Perithous* and *Tucca Theseus* ; but Ile leaue thee 'i'th lurch, when thou mak'ft thy voiage into hell : till then, *Thine-assuredly*.

Hor. With all my foule deare Capten.

Tuc. Thou'lt shoote thy quilles at mee, when my terrible backe's turn'd for all this, wilt not Porcupine ? and bring me & my Heliconistes into thy Dialogues to make vs talke madlie, wut not *Lucian* ?

Hor. Capten, if I doe——

Tuc. Nay and thou dost, hornes of *Lucifer*, the *Parcell-Poets* shall Sue thy wrangling Muse, in the Court of *Pernassus*, and neuer leaue hunting her, till she pleade in *Forma Pauperis* : but I hope th'ast more grace ; come : friendes, clap handes tis a bargaine ;

amiable Bubo, thy fist must walke too : fo, I loue thee, now I see th'art a little Hercules, and wilt fight ; Ile Sticke thee now in my companie like a sprig of Rosemary.

Enter Sir Rees ap Vaughan and Peter Flafh.

Fla. Draw Sir Rees he's yonder, shall I vpon him ?

Sir Vau. Vpon him? goe too, goe too Peter Salamander ; holde, in Gods name holde ; I will kill him to his face, because I meane he shall answer for it ; being an eye-witnes ; one vrde Capten Tucky.

Tuc. Ile giue thee ten thousand words and thou wilt, my little Thomas Thomafius.

Sir Vau. By Sefu, tis best you giue good vrdes too, least I beate out your tongue, and make your vrde nere to bee taken more ; doe you heare, fise pounds, fise pounds Tucky.

Tuc. Thou shalt ha fise, and fise, and fise, and thou wantst money my Iob.

Sir Vau. Leauē your fetches and your fegaries, you tough leather-Ierkins ; leauē your quandaries, and trickes, and draw vpon me y' are best : you conny-catch Widdow *Miniuer-caps* for fise pounds, and say tis for me to cry Mum, and make mee run vp and downe in dishonors, and discredites ; is 't not true, you winke-a-pipes rascall ? is not true ?

Tuc. Right, true, guilty, I remember 't now ; for when I spake a good word to the Widdow for thee my young Sampson —

Sir Vau. For fise pounds you cheating scab, for 5. pounds, not for me.

Tuc. For thee ô Cæsar, for thee I tooke vp fise pounds in golde, that lay in her lap, & said Ide giue it thee as a token from her : I did it but to smell out how she stood affected to thee, to feele her ; I, and I know what she said, I know how I carried away the golde.

Sir Vau. By Sefu, I ha not the mercy to fall vpon

him now: M. Tucky, did widdow Miniuers part quietly from her golde, because you lyed, and said it was for me?

Tuc. Quietly, in peace, without grumbling; made no noife. I know how I tempted her in thy behalfe, my little Trangdo.

Sir Vau. Capten Tucky, I will pay back her 5. £. (vnles you be damn'd in lyes) & hold you, I pray you pocket vp this; by the crosse a this sword & dagger, Capten you shall take it.

Tuc. Dost sweare by daggers? nay then Ile put vp more at thy hands then this.

Flash. Is the fray done fir?

Sir Vau. Done Peter, put vp your smeeter.

Tuc. Come hether, my foure-fac'd Poet; fling away that beard-brush Bubo, casheere him and harke: Knight attend: So, that raw-head and bloody-bones Sir Adam, has fee'd another brat (of those nine common wenches) to defend baldnes and to raile against haire: he'll haue a fling at thee, my noble Cock-Sparrow.

Sir Vau. At mee? will hee fling the cudgels of his witte at mee?

Tuc. And at thy button-cap too; but come, Ile be your leader, you shall stand, heare all, and not be seene; cast off that blew coate, away with that flawne, and follow, come: *Exit.*

Hor. Bubo, we follow Captaine.

Sir Vau. Peter, leaue comming behinde me, I pray any longer, for you and I must part Peter.

Flash. Sounds Sir, I hope you will not ferue me so, to turne me away in this case.

Sir Vau. Turne you into a fooles coate; I meane I will go *solus*, or in solitaries alone; ounds y-are best giue better words, or Ile turne you away indeed; where is Capten Tucky? come Horace; get you home Peter.

Flash. Ile home to your cost, and I can get into the Wine-Seller. *Exit.*

Hor. Remember where to meete mee.

Afn. Yes Ile meete ; Tucca should ha found I
dare meete. *Exit.*

Ho. Dare defend baldnes, which our conquering
Mufe
Has beaten downe so flat ? Well, we will goe,
And see what weapons theyr weake wittes doe bring ;
If sharpe, we'll spred a large and nobler wing ;
Tucca, heere lyes thy Peace : warre roares agen ;
My Swoord shall neuer cutte thee, but my pen. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Adam, Crispinus, Fannius, Blunt, Miniuer,
Petula, Philocalia and Dicace.

Ladies. Thankes good Sir Adam.

Sir Ada. Welcome red-cheekt Ladies,
And welcome comely Widdow ; Gentlemen,
Now that our sorry banquet is put by,
From stealing more sweete kisses from your lips
Walke in my garden : Ladyes let your eyes
Shed life into these flowers by their bright beames,
Sit, Sit, heere's a large bower, heere all may heare,
Now good Crispinus let your praise begin.
There, where it left off Baldnes.

Cris. I shall winne
No praise, by praising that, which to deprauae,
All tongues are readie, and which none would haue.

Blu. To prooue that best, by strong and armed
reason,
Whose part reason feares to take, cannot but prooue,
Your wit's fine temper, and from these win loue.

Min. I promise you has almost conuerted me, I
pray bring forward your bald reasons M. Poet.

Cri. Mistris you giue my Reasons proper names,
For Arguments (like Children) should be like,
The subiect that begets them ; I must striue,
To crowne *Bald heades*, therefore must baldlie thriue ;
But be it as it can : To what before,
Went arm'd at table, this force bring I more,
If a *Bare head* (being like a dead-mans scull)

Should beare vp no praife els but this, it sets
Our end before our eyes ; should I dispaire,
From giuing *Baldnes* higher place then haire ?

Mini. Nay perdie, haire has the higher place.

Cri. The goodliest & most glorious strange-built
wonder,

Which that great Architec̄t hath made, is heauen ;
For there he keeps his Court, It is his Kingdome,
That's his best Master-piece ; yet tis the rooffe,
And Seeling of the world : that may be cal'd
The head or crowne of Earth, and yet that's balde,
All creatures in it balde ; the louely *Sunne*,
Has a face flecke as golde ; the full-cheekt *Moone*,
As bright and smooth as filuer : nothing there
Weares dangling lockes, but sometime blazing Starres,
Whose flaming curles, set realmes on fire with warres.
Descend more low ; looke through mans fūe-folde
fence,

Of all, the *Eye*, beares greateſt eminence ;
And yet that's balde, the haire that like a lace,
Are ſlicht vnto the liddes, borrow thoſe formes,
Like Pent-houſes to faue the eyes from ſtormes.

Sir Adam. Right, well ſaid.

Criſ. A head and face ore-growne with Shaggie
droſſe,

O, tis an Orient pearle hid all in Moſſe,
But when the head's all naked and vncrown'd,
It is the worlds *Globe*, euen, ſmooth and round ;
Baldnes is natures *But*, at which our life,
Shootes her laſt Arrow : what man euer lead
His age out with a ſtaffe, but had a head
Bare and vncouer'd ? hee whoſe yeares doe riſe,
To their full height, yet not balde, is not wiſe.
The *Head* is Wifedomes houſe, *Haire* but the thatch,
Haire ? It's the baſeſt ſtubble ; in ſcorne of it,
This Prouerbe ſprung, *he has more haire then wit* :
Marke you not in deriſion how we call,
A head growne thicke with haire, *Buſh-naturall* ?

Min. By your leaue (Maſter Poet) but that Buſh-

naturall, is one a the trimmest, and most intanglingst beautie in a woman.

Cris. Right, but beleeeue this (*pardon me most faire*) You would haue much more wit, had you lesse haire : I could more wearie you to tell the proofes, (As they passe by) which fight on *Baldnes* side, Then were you taskt to number on a head, The haire : I know not how your thoughts are lead, On this strong Tower shall my opinion rest, *Heades thicke of haire are goode, but balde the best.*

Whilst this Paradox is in speaking, Tucca Enters with Sir Vaughan at one doore, and secretly placeth him : then Exit and brings in Horace muffled, placing him : Tucca sits among them.

Tuc. Th' art within a haire of it, my sweete *Wit whether wilt thou ?* my delicate Poeticall *Furie*, th' ast hit it to a haire.

Sir Vaughan steps out.

Sir Vau. By your fauour Master Tucky, his balde reasons are wide about two hayres, I beseees you pardon mee Ladies, that I thrust in so malepartly among you, for I did but mych heere, and see how this cruell Poet did handle bald heades.

Sir Ad. He gaue them but their due Sir Vaughan ; Widdow did he not ?

Mini. By my faith he made more of a balde head, than euer I shall be able : he gaue them their due truely.

Sir Vaugh. Nay vds bloud, their due is to bee a the right haire as I am, and that was not in his fingers to giue, but in God a Mighties : Well, I will hyre that humorous and fantastickall Poet Master Horace, to breake your balde pate Sir Adam.

Sir Ada. Breake my balde pate ?

Tuc. Dost heare my worshipfull block-head ?

Sir Vaug. Patience Captaine Tucky, let me absolue him ; I meane he shal pricke, pricke your head or

fconce a little with his goose-quils, for he ſhal make another Thalimum, or croſſe-ftickes, or ſome Polinod-dyes, with a few Nappy-grams in them that ſhall liſt vp haire, and ſet it an end, with his learned and harty commendations.

Hor. This is excellent, all will come out now.

Dica. That ſame Horace me thinkes has the moſt vngodly face, by my Fan ; it lookes for all the world, like a rotten ruſſet Apple, when tis bruiz'd : Its better then a ſpoonefull of Sinamon water next my heart, for me to heare him ſpeake ; hee foundes it ſo i' th noſe, and talkes and randes for all the world, like the poore fellow vnder Ludgate : oh fye vpon him.

Min. By my troth ſweet Ladies, it's Cake and pudding to me, to ſee his face make faces, when hee reades his Songs and Sonnets.

Hor. Ile face ſome of you for this, when you ſhall not budge.

Tuc. Its the ſinckingſt dung-farmer—foh vpon him.

Sir Vau. Foh ? oundes you make him vrſe than olde herring : foh ? by Sefu I thinke he's as tidy, and as tall a Poet as euer drew out a long verſe.

Tuc. The beſt verſe that euer I knew him hacke out, was his white necke-verſe : noble Ap Rees thou wouldſt ſcorne to laye thy lippes to his commendations, and thou ſmeldſt him out as I doe, hee calles thee the burning Knight of the Salamander.

Sir Vaugh. Right, Peter is my Salamander ; what of him ? but Peter is neuer burnt : howe now ? ſo, goe too now.

Tucca. And ſayes becauſe thou Clipſt the Kinges Engliſh.

Sir Vaughan. Oundes mee ? that's treaſon : clip ? horrible treaſons, Sefu holde my handes ; clip ? he baites mouſe-trappes for my life.

Tucca. Right little *Twinkler*, right : hee ſayes becauſe thou ſpeak'ſt no better, thou canſt not keepe a good tongue in thy head.

Sir Vaug. By God tis the best tongue, I can buy for loue or money.

Tuc. He shootes at thee too Adam Bell, and his arrowes flickes heere ; he calles thee bald-pate.

Sir Vaug. Oundes make him prooue these intolerabilities.

Tuc. And askes who shall carry the vineger-bottle ? & then he rimes too't, and sayes Prickshaft : nay Miniuer hee cromples thy Cap too ; and ——

Cri. Come Tucca, come, no more ; the man's wel knowne, thou needst not paint him, whom does he not wrong ?

Tuc. Mary himselfe, the vglie Pope Boniface, pardons himselfe, and therefore my iudgement is, that presently he bee had from hence to his place of execution, and there bee Stab'd, Stab'd, Stab'd.

He stabs at him.

Hor. Oh gentlemen, I am flaine, oh flauie art hyr'd to murder me, to murder me, to murder me ?

Ladies. Oh God !

Sir Vaug. Ounds Capten, you haue put all Poetrie to the dint of sword, blow winde about him : Ladies for our Lordes sake you that haue smocks, teare off peeces to shoote through his oundes : Is he dead and buried ? is he ? pull his nose, pinch, rub, rub, rub, rub.

Tu. If he be not dead, looke heere ; I ha the Stab and pippin for him : if I had kil'd him, I could ha pleas'd the great foole with an Apple.

Cris. How now ? be well good Horace, heer's no wound ;

Y'are flaine by your owne feares ; how dost thou man ? Come, put thy heart into his place againe ;

Thy out-side's neither peir'ft, nor In-side flaine.

Sir Vau. I am glad M. Horace, to see you walking.

Ho. Gentlemen, I am blacke and blewe the breadth of a groate.

Tuc. Breadth of a groate ? there's a teston, hide thy infirmities, my scuruy Lazarus ; doe, hide it, least

it prooue a scab in time : hang thee desperation, hang thee, thou knowst I cannot be sharpe set against thee : looke, feele (my light-vptailles all) feele my weapon.

Mi. O most pittifull as blunt as my great thumbe.

Sir Vau. By Sefu, as blunt as a Welsh bag-pudding.

Tuc. As blunt as the top of Poules ; tis not like thy Aloe, Cicatrine tongue, bitter : no, tis no stabber, but like thy goodly and glorious nose, blunt, blunt, blunt : dost roare bulchin ? dost roare ? th' ast a good rounciual voice to cry Lanthorne & Candle-light.

Sir Va. Two vrds Horace about your eares : how chance it passes, that you bid God boygh to an honest trade of building Symneys, and laying downe Bricks, for a worse handicraftnes, to make nothing but railes ; your Muse leanes vpon nothing but filthy rotten railes, such as stand on Poules head, how chance ?

Hor. Sir Vaughan.

Sir Va. You lye fir varlet fir villaine, I am fir Salamanders, ounds, is my man Master Peter Salamanders face as vrse as mine ? Sentlemen, all and Ladies, and you say once or twice Amen, I will lap this little Silde, this Booby in his blankets agen.

Omnes. Agree'd, agree'd.

Tuc. A blanket, these crackt Venice glasses shall fill him out, they shall tosse him, holde fast wag-tailes : so, come, in, take this bandy with the racket of patience, why when ? dost stampe mad Tamberlaine, dost stampe ? thou thinkst th' ast Morter vnder thy feete, dost ?

Ladies. Come, a bandy ho.

Hor. O holde most sacred beauties.

Sir Vau. Hold, filence ; the puppet-teacher speakes.

Ho. Sir Vaughan, noble Capten, Gentlemen, Crispinus, deare Demetrius ô redeeme me, Out of this infamous — by God by Iesu —

Cri. Nay, sweare not so good Horace, now these Ladies,
Are made your executioners : prepare,

To suffer like a gallant, not a coward ;
 Ile trie t' vnloose, their hands, impossible.
 Nay, womens vengeance are implacable.

Hor. Why, would you make me thus the ball of scorne ?

Tuc. Ile tell thee why, because th' aft entred Actions of assault and battery, against a companie of honourable and worshipfull Fathers of the law : you wrangling rascall, law is one of the pillars ath land, and if thou beest bound too't (as I hope thou shalt bee) thou't prooue a skip-Jacke, thou't be whipt. Ile tell thee why, because thy sputtering chappes yelp, that Arrogance, and Impudence, and Ignoraunce, are the essentiall parts of a Courtier.

Sir Vau. You remember Horace they will puncke, and pincke, and pompe you, and they catch you by the coxcombe : on I pray, one lash, a little more.

Tuc. Ile tell thee why, because thou cryest p'trooh at worshipfull Cittizens, and cal'st them Hat-caps, Cuckolds, and banckrupts, and modest and vertuous wiues punckes & cockatrices. Ile tell thee why, because th' aft arraigned two Poets against all lawe and conscience ; and not content with that, hast turn'd them amongst a company of horrible blacke Fryers.

Sir Vau. The same hand still, it is your owne another day, M. Horace, admonitions is good meate.

Tuc. Thou art the true arraign'd Poet, and shouldst haue been hang'd, but for one of these part-takers, these charitable Copper-lac'd Christians, that fetcht thee out of Purgatory, (Players I meane) Theaterians pouch-mouth, Stage-walkers ; for this Poet, for this, thou must lye with these foure wenches, in that blancket, for this — —

Hor. What could I doe, out of a iust reuenge,
 But bring them to the Stage ? they enuy me
 because I holde more worthy company.

Deme. Good Horace, no ; my cheekes do blush
 for thine,
 As often as thou speakst so, where one true

And nobly-vertuous spirit, for thy best part
 Loues thee, I wish one ten, euen from my heart.}]
 I make account I put vp as deepe share
 In any good mans loue, which thy worth earne,
 As thou thy selfe ; we enuy not to see,
 Thy friends with Bayes to crowne thy Poesie.
 No, heere the gall lyes, we that know what stufte
 Thy verie heart is made of ; know the stalke
 On which thy learning growes, and can giue life
 To thy (once dying) basenes ; yet must we
 Dance Antickes on your Paper.

Hor. Fannius.

Cri. This makes vs angry, but not enuious,
 No ; were thy warpt foule, put in a new molde,
 Ide weare thee as a Iewell set in golde.

Sir Vau. And Iewels Master Horace, must be
 hang'd you know.

Tuc. Good Pagans, well said, they haue sowed vp
 that broken seame-rent lye of thine, that Demetrius is
 out at Elbowes, and Crispinus is falne out with Sattin
 heere, they haue ; but bloate herring dost heere ?

Hor. Yes honour'd Captaine, I haue eares at will.

Tuc. Ist not better be out at Elbowes, then to bee
 a bond-slaue, and to goe all in Parchment as thou
 dost ?

Horace. Parchment Captaine ? tis Perpetuana I
 assure you.

Tuc. My Perpetuall pantaloone true, but tis waxt
 ouer ; th'art made out of Wax ; thou must answere for
 this one day ; thy Muse is a hagler, and weares
 cloathes vpon best-be-trust : th'art great in some bodies
 books for this, thou knowst where ; thou wouldst bee
 out at Elbowes, and out at heeles too, but that thou
 layest about thee with a Bill for this, a Bill—

Ho. I confesse Capten, I followed this suite hard.

Tuc. I know thou didst, and therefore we haue
 Hiren heere, speake my little dish-washers, a verdit
 Pisse-kitchins.

Omnes. Blancket.

Sir Vau. Holde I pray, holde, by Sefu I haue put vpon my heade, a fine deuice, to make you laugh, tis not your fooles Cap Master Horace, which you couer'd your Poetafters in, but a fine tricke, ha, ha, is iumbling in my braine.

Tuc. Ile beate out thy braines, my whorfon handsome dwarfe, but ile haue it out of thee.

Omnes. What is it good Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vau. To conclude, tis after this manners, because Ma. Horace is ambition, and does conspire to bee more hie and tall as God a mightie made him, wee'll carry his terrible person to Court, and there before his Mafestie Dub, or what you call it, dip his Muse in some licour, and christen him, or dye him, into collours of a Poet.

Omnes. Excellent.

Tuc. Super Super-excellent Reuellers. goe, proceede you Masters of Arte in kissing these wenches, and in daunces, bring you the quiuering Bride to Court, in a Maske, come Grumboll, thou shalt Mum with vs; come, dogge mee skneakes-bill.

Hor. O thou my Muse!

Sir Vau. Call vpon God a mighty, and no Muses, your Muse I warrant is otherwise occupied, there is no dealing with your Muse now, therefore I pray marfe, marfe, marfe, oundes your Moose? *Exeunt.*

Cri. We shal haue sport to see them; come bright beauties,
The Sunne stoops low, and whispers in our eares,
To hasten on our Maske, let's crowne this night,
With choise composed wreathes of sweet delight.

Exeunt.

Enter Terrill and Cælestine sadly, Sir Quintilian stirring and migling a cup of wine.

Ter. O Night, that Dyes the Firmament in blacke,
And like a cloth of cloudes dost stretch thy limbes;
Vpon the windy Tenters of the Ayre:

O thou that hang'st vpon the backe of Day,
Like a long mourning gowne : thou that art made
Without an eye, because thou shouldst not see
A Louers Reuels : nor participate
The Bride-groomes heauen ; ô heauen, to me a hell :
I haue a hell in heauen, a blessed curse ;
All other Bride-groomes long for Night, and taxe
The Day of lazie slouth ; call Time a Cripple,
And say the houres limpe after him : but I
Wish Night for euer banisht from the skie,
Or that the Day would neuer sleepe : or Time,
Were in a swoound ; and all his little Houres,
Could neuer lift him vp with their poore powers.

Enter Cælestine.

But backward runnes the course of my delight ;
The day hath turn'd his backe, and it is night :
This night will make vs odde ; day made vs euen,
All else and damb'd in hel, but I in heauen.

Cæ. Let loose thy oath, so shal we still be euen.

Ter. Then am I damb'd in hell, and not in
heauen.

Cæ. Must I then goe ? tis easie to fay no,
Must is the King himselfe, and I must goe ;
Shall I then goe ? that word is thine ; I shall,
Is thy commaund : I goe because I shall ;
Will I then goe ? I aske my selfe ; ô ill,
King, saies I must : you, I shall ; I, I will.

Ter. Had I not sworne.

Cæ. Why didst thou sweare ?

Ter. The King

Sat heauy on my resolution,
Till (out of breath) it panted out an oath,

Cæ. An oath ? why, what's an oath ? tis but the
smoake,

Of flame & bloud ; the blister of the spirit,
Which rizeth from the Steame of rage, the bubble

That shootes vp to the tongue, and scaldes the voice,
 (For oathes are burning words, thou swor'st but one,
 Tis frozen long agoe : if one be numbred,
 What Countrimen are they ? where doe they dwell,
 That speake naught else but oathes ?

Ter. They're men of hell.

An oath ? why tis the trafficke of the foule,
 Tis law within a man ; the seale of faith,
 The bond of euery conscience ; vnto whom,
 We set our thoughts like hands : yea such a one
 I swore, and to the King : A King containes
 A thousand thousand ; when I swore to him,
 I swore to them ; the very haire that guard
 His head, will rise vp like sharpe witnesses
 Against my faith and loyalty : his eye
 Would straight condemne me : argue oathes no more,
 My oath is high, for to the King I swore.

Enter Sir Quintilian with the cup.

Cæ. Must I betray my Chastity ? So long
 Cleane from the treason of rebelling lust ;
 O husband ! O my Father ! if poore I
 Must not liue chaste, then let me chaste dye.

S. qui. I, heer's a charme shall keep thee chaste,
 come, come,

Olde Time hath left vs but an houre to play
 Our parts ; begin the Sceane, who shall speake first ?
 Oh, I, I play the King, and Kings speake first ;
 Daughter stand thou heere, thou Sonne Terrill there,
 O thou standst well, thou lean'st against a poast,
 (For thou't be posted off I warrant thee :)
 The King will hang a horne about thy necke,
 And make a poast of thee ; you stand well both,
 We neede no Prologue, the King entring first,
 He's a most gracious Prologue : mary then
 For the Catastrophe, or Epilogue,
 Ther's one in cloth of Siluer, which no doubt,

Will please the hearers well when he steps out ;
His mouth is fil'd with words : see where he stands ;
He'll make them clap their eyes besides their hands.
But to my part ; suppose who enters now,
A King, whose eyes are set in Silver ; one
That blusheth golde, speakes Musicke, dancing
walkes,

Now gathers neerer takes thee by the hand,
When straight thou thinkest, the very Orbe of heauen,
Mooves round about thy fingers, then he speakes,
Thus—thus—I know not how.

Cal. Nor I to answer him.

Sir Quint. No girle? knowst thou not how to answer him?

Why then the field is lost, and he rides home,
Like a great conquerour ; not answer him ?
Out of thy part already? foyle the Sceane ?
Disfranckt the lynes? difarm'd the action?

Ter. Yes, yes, true chastity is tongu'd so weake,
Tis ouer-come ere it know how to speake.

Sir qui. Come come, thou happy close of euery
wrong,

Tis thou that canst dissolue the hardest doubt ;
Tis time for thee to speake, we are all out.
Daughter, and you the man whom I call Sonne,
I must confesse I made a deede of gift ;
To heauen and you and gaue my childe to both :
When on my blessing I did charme her soule,
In the white circle of true Chastity,
Still to run true, till death : now Sir if not,
She forfeys my rich blessing, and is Fin'd
With an eternall curse ; then I tell you,
She shall dye now, now whilst her soule is true.

Ter. Dye !

Cal. I, I am deaths eccho.

Sir quin. O my Sonne,

I am her Father ; euery teare I shed,
Is threescore ten yeere olde ; I weepe and smile
Two kinde of teares : I weepe that she must dye,

I smile that she must dye a Virgin : thus
 We ioyfull men mocke teares, and teares mocke vs.

Ter. What speakes that cup ?

Sir quin. White wine and poison.

Ter. Oh :

That very name of poison, poisons me ;
 Thou Winter of a man, thou walking graue,
 Whose life is like a dying Taper : how
 Canst thou define a Louers labouring thoughts ?
 What Sent hast thou but death ? what taste but earth ?
 The breath that purles from thee. is like the Steame
 Of a new-open'd vault : I know thy drift,
 Because thou art traueiling to the land of Graues,
 Thou couetst company, and hether bringst,
 A health of poison to pledge death : a poison
 For this sweete spring ; this Element is mine,
 This is the Ayre I breath ; corrupt it not ; .
 This heauen is mine, I bought it with my foule,
 Of him that felles a heauen, to buy a foule.

Sir quin. Well, let her goe ; she's thine thou cal'st
 her thine,

Thy Element, the Ayre thou breath'st ; thou knowst
 The Ayre thou breath'st is common, make her so :
 Perhaps thou't say ; none but the King shall weare
 Thy night-gowne, she that laps thee warme with loue ;
 And that Kings are not common : Then to shew,
 By consequence he cannot make her so,
 Indeede she may promoote her shame and thine,
 And with your shames, speake a good word for mine :
 The King shining so cleare, and we so dim,
 Our darke disgraces will be seene through him.
 Imagine her the cup of thy moist life,
 What man would pledge a King in his own wife ?

Ter. She dyes : that sentence poisons her : O life !
 What slaue would pledge a King in his owne wife ?

Cal. Welcome, ô poyson, phisicke against lust,
 Thou holesome medicine to a constant bloud ;
 Thou rare Apothecary that canst keepe,
 My chastity preferu'd, within this boxe ;

Of tempting dust, this painted earthen pot,
That stands vpon the stall of the white foule,
To set the shop out like a flatterer ;
To draw the customers of Sinne : come, come,
Thou art no poison, but a dyet-drinke,
To moderate my bloud : White-innocent Wine,
Art thou made guilty of my death ? oh no,
For thou thy selfe art poison'd, take me hence,
For Innocence, shall murder Innocence. *Drinkes.*

Ter. Holde, holde, thou shalt not dye, my Bride,
my wife,

O stop that speedy messenger of death ;
O let him not run downe that narrow path,
Which leades vnto thy heart ; nor carry newes
To thy remoouing foule, that thou must dye.

Cæl. 'Tis done already, the Spirituall Court,
Is breaking vp ; all Offices discharg'd,
My foule remooues from this weake standing house,
Of fraile mortallity ; Deare Father, bleffe
Me now and euer : Dearer Man, farewell,
I ioyntly take my leaue of thee and life,
Goe, tell the King thou hast a constant wife.

Ter. I had a constant wife, Ile tell the King ;
Vntill the King—what dost thou smile ? art thou
A Father ?

Sir quin. Yea, smiles on my cheekes arise,
To see how sweetly a true virgin dyes.

Enter Blunt, Crispinus, Fannius, Philocalia, Dicache,
Petula, *lights before them.*

Cref. Sir Walter Terrill gallants are all ready,

Ter. All ready.

Dem. Well said, come, come, wher's the Bride ?

Ter. She's going to forbid the Banes agen.
She'll dye a maide : and see she keeps her oath.

All the men. Faire Cælestine !

Ladies. The Bride !

Ter. She that was faire,
Whom I cal'd faire and Cælestine.

Omnes. Dead!

Sir quin. Dead, she's deatnes Bride, he hath her maidenhead.

Cri. Sir Walter Terrill.

Omnes. Tell vs how.

Ter. All cease,

The subiect that we treat of now is *Peace*.

If you demand how: I can tell: if why,

Aske the King that; he was the cause, not I.

Let it suffice, she's dead, she kept her vow,

Aske the King why, and then Ile tell you how:

Nay giue your Reuels life, tho she be gone,

To Court with all your preparation;

Leade on, and leade her on; if any aske

The mistery, say death presents a maske,

Ring peales of Musicke, you are Louers belles,

The losse of one heauen, brings a thousand hels.

Exeunt.

Enter an arm'd Sewer, after him the seruice of a Banquet: the King at another doore meetes them, they Exeunt.

Kin. Why so, euen thus the Mercury of Heauen,
Vthers th' ambrosiate banquet of the Gods,
When a long traine of Angels in a ranke,
Serue the first course, and bow their Christall knees,
Before the Siluer table; where Ioues page
Sweet Ganimed filles Nectar: when the Gods
Drinke healthes to Kings, they pledge them; none
but Kings
Dare pledge the Gods, none but Gods drinke to
Kings.

Men of our house are we prepar'd?

Enter Scr-uants.

Scr. My Leige,
All waite the presence of the Bride.

Kin. The Bride?

Yea, euery fenceles thing, which she beholdes,

Wil looke on her agen, her eyes reflection,
Will make the walles all eyes, with her perfection :
Obferue me now, becaufe of Maskes and Reuels,
And many nuptiall ceremonies : Marke,
This I create the Prefence heere the State,
Our Kingdomes feate, fhall fit in honours Pride,
Like pleasures Queene, there will I place the Bride :
Be gone, be speedy, let me fee it done. *Exeunt.*
A King in Loue, is Steward to himfelfe,
And neuer fcornes the office, my felfe buy,
All glances from the Market of her eye.

Soft Muficke, chaire is fet vnder a Canopie.

Kin. Sound Muficke, thou fweet fuitter to the ayre,
Now wooe the ayre agen, this is the houre,
Writ in the Calender of time, this houre,
Muficke fhall fpend, the next and next the Bride ;
Her tongue will read the Muficke-Lecture : Wat
I loue thee Wat, becaufe thou art not wife ;
Not deep-read in the volume of a man,
Thou neuer fawft a thought, poore foule thou thinkft,
The heart and tongue is cut out of one peece,
But th'art deceau'd, the world hath a falfe light,
Foolles thinke tis day, when wife men know tis night.

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir quint. My Leige they're come a maske of
gallants,

King. Now — the fpirit of Loue vfhers my
bloud.

Sir quin. They come.

The Watch-word in a Maske is the bolde Drum.

Enter Blunt, Crifpinus, Demetrius, Philocalia, Petula,
Dicache, *all maskt, two and two with lights like
maskers* : *Cælestine in a chaire.*

Ter. All pleasures guard my King, I heere present,
My oath vpon the knee of duety : knees
Are made for Kings, they are the fubiects Fees.

King. Wat Terrill, th'art ill fuitted, ill made vp,

In Sable collours, like a night peece dyed,
 Com'ft thou the Prologue of a Maske in blacke ;
 Thy body is ill shapt ; a Bride-groome too ?
 Looke how the day is drest in Siluer cloth,
 Laide round about with golden Sunne-beames : so
 (As white as heauen) should a fresh Bride-groome goe.
 What ? Cælestine the Bride, in the same taske ?
 Nay then I see ther's mistery in this maske,
 Prethee resolue me Wat ?

Ter. My gracious Lord,

That part is hers, she actes it ; onely I
 Present the Prologue, she the misterie.

Kin. Come Bride, the Sceane of blushing entred
 first,

Your cheekes are fetled now, and past the worst ;

Vnmasks her.

A mistery ? oh none plaies heere but death,
 This is deaths motion, motionles ; speake you,
 Flatter no longer ; thou her Bride-groome ; thou
 Her Father speake,

Sir quint. Dead.

Ter. Dead.

Kin. How ?

Sir quin. Poyson'd.

King. And poyson'd ?

What villaine durst blasphemè her beauties, or
 Prophane the cleare religion of her eyes.

Ter. Now King I enter, now the Sceane is mine,
 My tongue is tipt with poison : know who speakes,
 And looke into my thoughts ; I blush not King,
 To call thee Tyrant : death hath fet my face,
 And made my bloud bolde : heare me spirits of men,
 And place your eares vpon your hearts ; the day
 (The fellow to this night) saw her and me,
 Shake hands together : for the booke of heauen,
 Made vs eternall friends : thus, *Man and Wife*,
 This man of men (the King) what are not kings ?
 Was my chiefe guest, my royall guest, his Grace
 Grac'd all the Table, and did well become

The vpper end, where fate my Bride : in briefe,
 He tainted her chaste eares ; she yet vnknowne,
 His breath was treason, tho his words were none.
 Treason to her and me, he dar'd me then,
 (Vnder the couert of a flattering smile,)
 To bring her where she is not as she is,
 Aliue for lust, not dead for Chastity :
 The resolution of my soule, out-dar'd,
 I swore and taxt my faith with a sad oath ;
 Which I maintaine ; heere take her, she was mine,
 When she was liuing, but now dead, she's thine.

Kin. Doe not confound me quite ; for mine owne
 guilt,
 Speakes more within me then thy tongue containes ;
 Thy sorrow is my shame : yet heerein springs,
 Ioy out of sorrow, boldnes out of shame ;
 For I by this haue found, once in my life,
 A faithfull subiect, thou a constant wife.

Cal. A constant wife.

Kin. Am I confounded twice ?
 Blasted with wonder.

Ter. O delude me not.
 Thou art too true to liue agen, too faire
 To be my Cælestine, too constant farre
 To be a woman.

Cal. Not to be thy wife,
 But first I pleade my duetie, and salute
 The world agen.

Sir quin. My King, my Sonne, know all,
 I am an Actor in this misterie,
 And beare the chiefeſt part. / The Father I,
 Twas I that ministred to her chaste bloud,
 A true somniferous potion, which did steale
 Her thoughts to sleepe, and flattered her with death :
 I cal'd it a quick poison'd drug, to trie
 The Bride-groomes loue, and the Brides constancie.
 He in the passion of his loue did fight,
 A combat with affection ; so did both,
 She for the poison stroue, he for his oath :

Thus like a happie Father, I haue won,
A constant Daughter, and a louing Sonne.

Kin. Mirrour of Maidens, wonder of thy name,
I giue thee that art giuen, pure, chaste, the same
Heere Wat: I would not part (for the worlds pride)
So true a Bride-groome, and so chaste a Bride.

Cri. My Leige, to wed a Comicall euent,
To presupposed tragicke Argument:
Vouchsafe to exercise your eyes, and see
A humorous dreadfull Poet take degree.

Kin. Dreadfull in his proportion or his pen?

Cri. In both, he calles himselfe the whip of
men.

Kin. If a cleare merrit stand vpon his praise,
Reach him a Poets Crowne (the honour'd Bayes)
But if he claime it, wanting right thereto,
(As many bastard Sonnes of Poesie doe)
Race downe his vsurpation to the ground.

True Poets are with Arte and Nature Crown'd.
But in what molde fo ere this man bee cast,
We make him thine Crispinus, wit and iudgement,
Shine in thy numbers, and thy foule I know,
Will not goe arm'd in passion gainst thy foe:
Therefore be thou our selfe; whilst our selfe fit,
But as spectator of this Sceane of wit.

Cri. Thankes royall Lord, for these high honors
done,
To me vnworthie, my mindes brightest fires
Shall all consume themselues in purest flame,
On the Alter of your deare eternall name.

Kin. Not vnder vs, but next vs take thy Seate,
"Artes nourished by Kings make Kings more great,
Vse thy Authority.

Cri. Demetrius.
Call in that *selfe-creating Horace*, bring
Him and his *shaddow* foorth.

Dem. Both shall appeare,
"No black-eyed star must sticke in vertues Sphcare.

Enter Sir Vaughan.

Sir Va. Ounds did you see him, I pray let all his Mafesties most excellent dogs, be fet at liberties, and haue their freedoms to smell him out.

Dem. Smell whom?

Sir Vaugh. Whom? the *Composer*, the *Prince of Poets*, *Horace*, *Horace*, he's departed: in Gods name and the Kinges I farge you to ring it out from all our eares, for Horaces bodie is departed: Master hue and crie shall—God bleffe King Williams, I crie you mercy and aske forgiuenes, for mine eyes did not finde in their hearts to looke vppon your Maiestie.

Kin. What news with thee Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vau. Newes? God tis as vrse newes as I can desire to bring about mee: our vnhanfome-fac'd Poet does play at bo-peepes with your Grace, and cryes all-hidde as boyes doe.

Officers. Stand by, roome there, backe, roome for the Poet.

Sir Va. He's reprehended and taken, by Sefu, I reioyce very neere as much as if I had discouer'd a New-found Land, or the North and East Indies.

Enter Tucca, his boy after him with two pictures vnder his cloake, and a wreath of nettles: Horace and Bubo pul'd in by th' hornes bound both like Satyres, Sir Adam following, Mistris Miniuer with him, wearing Tuccaes chaine.

Tuc. So, tug, tug, pull the mad Bull in by' th hornes; So, baite one at that flake my place-mouth yelpers, and one at that flake Gurnets-head.

King. What busie fellow's this?

Tuc. Saue thee, my most gracious King a Harts faue thee, all hats and caps are thine, and therefore I vaile: for but to thee great *Sultane Soliman*, I

scorne to be thus put off or to deliuer vp this sconce I wud.

Kin. Sir Vaughan, what's this iolly Captaines name ?

Sir Va. Has a very sufficient name, and is a man has done God and his Country as good and as hot Seruice (in conquering this vile Monster-Poet) as euer did S. George his horse-backe about the Dragon.

Tuc. I sweate for 't, but Tawsoone, holde thy tongue Mon du, if thou't praise mee, doo't behinde my backe : I am my weighty Soueraigne one of thy graines, thy valliant vassaile ; aske not what I am, but read, turne ouer, vnclaspe thy Chronicles : there thou shalt finde Buffe-Ierkin ; there read my points of war ; I am one a thy Mandilian-Leaders ; one that enters into thy royall bands for thee ; *Pantilius Tucca* ; one of thy Kingdomes chiefeft quarrellers ; one a thy most faithfull—fy—fy—fy——

Sir Vau. Drunkerds I holde my life.

Tuc. No *whirligig*, one of his faithfull fighters ; thy drawer ô royall *Tamor Cham*.

Sir Vau. Goe too, I pray Captaine Tucca, giue vs all leaue to doe our busines before the King.

Tuc. With all my heart, shi, shi, shi shake that *Beare-whelp* when thou wut.

Sir Vau. Horace and Bubo, pray fend an answer into his Mafesties eares, why you goe thus in Ouids Morter-Morphesis and strange fashions of apparell.

Tuc. *Cur* why ?

Afini. My Lords, I was drawne into this beastly suite by head and shoulders onely for loue I bare to my Ningle.

Tuc. Speake Ningle, thy mouth's next, belch out, belch, why ——

Hor. I did it to retyre me from the world ;
And turne my *Muse* into a *Timonist*,
Loathing the general Leprozie of Sinne,

Which like a plague runs through the foules of men :
I did it but to ———

Tu. But to bite euery Motley-head vice by'th nose,
you did it Ningle to play the Bug-bear Satyre, &
make a Campe royall of fashion-mongers quake at
your paper Bullets ; you Nastie Tortois, you and your
Itchy Poetry breake out like Christmas, but once a
yeare, and then you keepe a Reuelling, & Araigning
& a Scratching of mens faces, as tho you were
Tyber the long-tail'd Prince of Rattes, doe you ?

Cri. Horace.

Sir Vaughan. Silence, pray let all vrdes be strangled,
or held fast betweene your teeth

Cri. Vnder controule of my dreade Soueraigne,
We are thy Iudges ; thou that didst Arraigne,
Art now prepar'd for condemnation ;
Should I but bid thy *Muse stand to the Barre*,
Thy selfe against her wouldst giue euidence :
For flat rebellion gainst the Sacred lawes
Of diuine Poesie : heerein most she mist,
Thy pride and scorne made her turne Saterist,
And not her loue to vertue (as thou Preachest)
Or should we minister strong pilles to thee :
What lumpes of hard and indigested stufte,
Of bitter *Satirisme*, of *Arrogance*,
Of *Selfe-loue*, of *Detraction*, of a blacke
And stinking *Insolence* should we fetch vp ?
But none of these, we giue thee what's more fit,
With stinging nettles Crowne his stinging wit.

Tuc. Wel said my Poeticall huckster, now he's in
thy handling rate him, doe rate him well.

Hor. O I beseech your Maiesty, rather then thus
to be netled, Ile ha my Satyres coate pull'd ouer mine
eares, and be turn'd out a the nine Muses Seruice.

Asin. And I too, let mee be put to my shiftes with
myne Ningle.

Sir Vau. By Sefu so you shall M. Bubo ; flea off
this hairie skin M. Horace, so, so, so, vntruffe, vn-
truffe.

Tuc. His Poeticall wreath my dapper puncke-fetcher.

Hor. Ooh——

Sir Va. Nay, your oohs, nor your *Callin-oes* cannot ferue your turne ; your tongue you know is full of blisters with rayling, your face full of pockey-holes and pimples, with your fierie inuentions : and therefore to preferue your head from aking, this Biggin is yours, —— nay by Sefu you shall bee a Poet, though not Lawrefyed, yet Nettlefyed, so :

Tuc. Sirra flincker, thou'rt but vntruff'd now, I owe thee a whipping still, and Ile pay it : I haue layde roddes in Pisse and Vineger for thee : It shall not bee the *Whipping a' th Satyre*, nor the Whipping of the blinde-Bear, but of a counterfeit Iugler, that steales the name of Horace.

Kin. How? counterfeit? does hee vsurpe that name?

Sir Vau. Yes indeede ant please your Grace, he does sup vp that abhominable name.

Tuc. Hee does O King *Cambifes*, hee does : thou hast no part of Horace in thee but's name, and his damnable vices : thou hast such a terrible mouth, that thy beard's afraide to peepe out : but, looke heere you staring Leuiathan, heere's the sweete visage of Horace ; looke perboyld-face, looke ; Horace had a trim long-beard, and a reasonable good face for a Poet, (as faces goe now-a-dayes) Horace did not skrue and wriggle himfelse into great Mens famyliarity, (impudentlie) as thou doost : nor weare the Badge of Gentlemens company, as thou doost thy Taffetie sleeues tackt too onely with some pointes of profit : No, Horace had not his face puncth full of Oylet-holes, like the couer of a warming-pan : Horace lou'd Poets well, and gaue Coxcombes to none but fooles ; but thou lou'ft none, neither Wisemen nor fooles, but thy felse : Horace was a goodly Corpulent Gentleman, and not so leane a hollow-cheekt Scrag as thou art : No, heere's the Cobby of thy countenance, by this will I learne to

make a number of villanous faces more, and to looke scuruily vpon'th world, as thou dost.

Cri. Sir Vaughan will you minister their oath?

Sir Vau. Master Afnius Bubo, you shall sweare as little as you can, one oath shall damme vp your Innocent mouth.

Afn. Any oath Sir, Ile sweare any thing.

Sir Va. You shall sweare by *Phæbus* (who is your Poets good Lord and Master,) that heere-after you will not hyre Horace, to giue you poesies for rings, or hand-kerchers, or kniues which you vnderstand not, nor to write your Loue-letters; which you (in turning of a hand) fet your marques vpon, as your owne: nor you shall not carry Lattin Poets about you, till you can write and read English at most; and lastlye that you shall not call Horace your Ningle.

Afn. By *Phæbus* I sweare all this, and as many oathes as you will, so I may trudge.

Sir Vau. Trudge then, pay your legs for Fees, and bee diffarg'd.

Tuc. Tprooth . . runne Red-cap, ware hornes there.

Exit Afn.

Sir Va. Now Master Horace, you must be a more horrible swearer, for your oath must be (like your wittes) of many collours; and like a Brokers booke of many parcels.

Tuc. Read, read; th'inuentry of his oath.

Hor. Ile sweare till my haire stands vp an end, to bee rid of this sting, oh this sting.

Sir Vau. Tis not your sting of conscience, is it?

Tuc. Vpon him: *Inprimis.*

Sir Vaugh. *Inprimis*, you shall sweare by *Phæbus* and the halfe a score Muses lacking one: not to sweare to hang your selfe, if you thought any Man, Ooman or Silde, could write Playes and Rimes, as well-fauour'd ones as your selfe.

Tuc. Well sayd, hast brought him toth gallowes already?

Sir Vaugh. You shall sweare not to bumbast out a

new Play, with the olde lynings of Iestes, stolen from the Temples Reuels.

Tuc. To him olde Tango.

Sir Va. Moreouer, you shall not fit in a Gallery, when your Comedies and Enterludes haue entred their Actions, and there make vile and bad faces at euerie lyne, to make Sentlemen haue an eye to you, and to make Players afraide to take your part.

Tuc. Thou shalt be my Ningle for this.

Sir Vau. Besides, you must forweare to venter on the stage, when your Play is ended, and to exchange curtezie, and complements with Gallants in the Lordes roomes, to make all the house rise vp in Armes, and to cry that's Horace, that's he, that's he, that's he, that pennes and purges Humours and diseafes.

Tuc. There boy, agen.

Sir Vau. Secondly, when you bid all your friends to the marriage of a poore couple, that is to say : your *Wits and necessities, alias dictus, to the rising of your Muse: alias, your Muses vp-sitting: alias a Poet Whit-fon-Ale* ; you shall sweare that within three dayes after, you shall not abroad, in Booke-binders shops, brag that your *Vize-royes* or *Tributorie-Kings*, haue done homage to you, or paide quarterage.

Tuc. Ile buste thy head Holofernes.

Sir Vaugh. Moreouer and *Inprimis*, when a Knight or Sentlemen of vrship, does giue you his passe-port, to trauaile in and out to his Company, and giues you money for Gods sake ; I trust in Sefu, you will sweare (tooth and nayle) not to make scalde and wry-mouth Iestes vpon his Knight-hood, will you not ?

Hor. I neuer did it by Parnassus.

Tuc. Wut sweare by Parnassus and lye too, Doctor Doddipol ?

Sir Va. Thirdly, and last of all sauing one, when your Playes are misse-likt at Court, you shall not crye Mew like a Puffe-cat, and say you are glad you write out of the Courtiers Element.

Tuc. Let the Element alone, tis out a thy reach.

Sir Vau. In brieflynes, when you Sup in Tauernes, amongst your betters, you shall sweare not to dippe your Manners in too much sawce, nor at Table to fling Epigrams, Embleames, or Play-speeches about you (lyke Hayle-stones) to keepe you out of the terrible daunger of the Shot, vpon payne to sit at the vpper ende of the Table, a'th left hand of Carlo Buffon : sweare all this, by Apollo and the eight or nine Muses.

Hor. By Apollo, Helicon, the Muses (who march three and three in a rancke) and by all that belongs to Pernassus, I sweare all this.

Tuc. Beare witnes.

Crif. That fearefull wreath, this honour is your due,

All Poets shall be Poet-Apes but you ;

Thankes (*Learnings true Mecænas, Poesies king*)

Thankes for that gracious eare, which you haue lent,
To this most tedious, most rude argument.

Kin. Our spirits haue well been feasted ; he whose
pen

Draws both corrupt, and cleare bloud from all men :

(Careles what veine he prickes) let him not raue,

When his owne fides are strucke, blowes, blowes, doe
craue.

Tuc. Kings-truce, my noble Hearbe-a-grace ; my
Princely sweet-William, a boone—Stay first, Ist a
match or no match, Lady Furniuall Ist ?

Sir Ad. & Sir quint. A match ?

Mini. I, a match, since he hath hit the Mistris so
often i'th fore-game, we'll eene play out a rubbers.

Sir Ada. Take her for me.

Sir quin. Take her for thy selfe, not for me.

Sir Vau. Play out your rubbers in Gods name,
by Sefu Ile neuer boule more in your Alley, Iddow.

Sir Quin. My Chaine.

Sir Adam. My Purse.

Tuc. Ile Chaine thee presently, and giue thee ten
pound and a purse : a boone my Leige : . . . daunce

ô my delicate Rufus, at my wedding with this reuerend
Antiquary; ist done? wut thou?

Kin. Ile giue thee Kingly honour: *Night* and
Sleepe,

With filken Ribands would tye vp our eyes,
But Mistris Bride, one measure shall be led,
In scorne of Mid-nights hast, and then to bed.

Excunt.





EPILOGUS.

Tucca. **G**entlemen, Gallants, and you my little Swaggerers that fight lowe: my tough hearts of Oake that stand too't so valliantly, and are still within a yard of your Capten: Now the Trumpets (that set men together by the eares) haue left their Tantara-rag-boy, let's part friends. I recant, beare witnes all you Gentle-folkes (that walke i'th Galleries) I recant the opinions which I helde of Courtiers, Ladies, & Cittizens, when once (in an assembly of Friers) I railde vpon them: that Hereticall Libertine Horace, taught me so to mouth it. Besides, twas when stiffe Tucca was a boy: twas not Tucca that railde and roar'd then, but the Deuill & his Angels: But now, Kings-truce, the Capten Summons a parlee, and deliuers himselfe and his prating company into your hands, vpon what composition you wil. Are you pleas'd? and Ile dance Friskin for ioy, but if you be not, by'th Lord Ile see you all — heere for your two pence a peice agen, before Ile loose your company. I know now some be come hyther with cheekes swolne as big with hisses, as if they had the toot-ach: vds-foote, if I stood by them, Ide bee so bold as — intreate them to hisse in another place. Are you aduiz'd what you doe when you hisse? you blowe away

Horace's reuenge : but if you fet your hands and
 Seales to this, Horace will write against it, and
 you may haue more sport : he shall not loofe his
 labour, he shall not turne his blanke verfes into
 waft paper : No, my Poetasters will not laugh
 at him, but will vntruffe him agen, and agen,
 and agen. Ile tell you what you shall doe,
 cast your little Tucca into a Bell : doe, make
 a Bell of me, and be al you my clappers, vpon
 condition, wee may haue a lustie peale, this
 colde weather : I haue but two legs left me,
 and they are both yours : Good night
 my two penny Tenants
 Good night.

FINIS.



THE
MAGNIFICENT

Entertainment :

Giuen to King *James*, Queene *Anne* his wife,
and *Henry Frederick* the Prince, vpon the day
of his Maiesties Tryumphant Passage (from
the Tower) through his Honourable Citie
(and Chamber) of *London*, being the
15. of March. 1603.

*As well by the English as by the Strangers: With
the speeches and Songes, deliuered in the seue-
rall Pageants.*

Mart. *Templa Dcis, mores populis dedit, otia ferro,
Astra fuis, Cælo fydera, ferta Ioui.*

Tho. Dekker.



Imprinted at London by T. C. for Tho. Man
the yonger. 1604.



50 A D E V I C E

(projected downe, but till now not
publisht,) that should haue serued
at his Maiesties first accesse to
the Cittie.

THe sorrow and amazement, that like an earthquake began to shake the distempered body of this Ilād (by reason of our late Soueraigns departure,) being wisely and miraculouly preuented, and the feared wounds of a ciuill sword, (as *Alexanders* fury was with Musicke) being stoppt from bursting forth, by the found of Trompets that proclaimed King *James*: All mens eyes were presently turnd to the North, standing euen stone stil in their Circles, like the poynts of so many Geometricall needles, through a fixed & Adamantine desire to behold this 45. yeares wonder now brought forth by *Tyme*: their tongues neglecting all language else, faue that which spake zealous prayers, and vnceasable wishes, for his most speedy and longd-for arriual. Inso-much that the Night was thought vnworthy to be crownd with sleepe, and the day not fit to be lookt vpon by the Sunne, which brought not some fresh tydings of his Maiesties more neare and neerer approach.

At the length *Expectation* (who is euer waking) and

that so long was great, grewe neare the time of her deliury, *Rumor* comming all in a sweate to play the Midwife, whose first comfortable words were, that this *Treasure* of a Kingdome (a Man Ruler) hid so many yeares from vs, was now brought to light, and at hand.

Martiall. *Et populi vox erat vna, Venit.*

And that he was to be conducted through some vtter part of this his Citie, to his royall Castle the *Tower*, that in the age of a man (till this very minute) had not bene acquainted nor borne the name of a Kings Court. Which Entrance of his (in this maner) being fam'de abroad, Because his louing Subiects the Citizens would giue a taste of their dutie and affection: The *Deuice* following was suddainly made vp, as the first seruice, to a more royall and serious ensuing Entertainment; And this (as it was then purposed) should haue bene performed about the Barres beyond Bishops-gate.



The Deuice.

Saint *George*, Saint *Andrew*, (the Patrons of both Kingdomes) hauing along time lookt vpon each other, with countenances rather of meere strangers, then of such neare Neighbours, vpon the present aspect of his *Maiesties* approach toward *London*, were (in his sight) to issue from two feuerall places on horsebacke, and in compleate Armour, their Brestes and Caparisons suited with the Armes of *England* and *Scotland*, (as they are now quartered) to testifie their leagued Combination, and newe sworne Brother-hood. These two armed Knights, encountering one another on the way, were to ride hand in hand, till they met his *Maiestie*. But the strangeness of this newly-begotten amitie, flying ouer the earth, It calles vp the *Genius* of the Cittie, who (not so much mazde, as wondring at the Noueltie) Intersepts their Passage.

And most aptly (in our Iudgement) might this *Domesticum Numen* (the *Genius* of the place) lay iust clayme to this preheminance of first bestowing Salutations and welcomes on his *Maiestie*, *Genius* being held (*Inter fictos Deos*), to be God of Hospitalitie and Pleasure: and none but such a one was meet to receiue so excellent and princely a Guest.

Or if not worthy, for those two former respects: Yet being *Deus Generationis*, and hauing a power af-well ouer Countries, hearbs and trees, as ouer men, and the Cittie hauing now put on a *Regeneration*, or new birth; the induction of such a Person, might (without a Warrant from the court of *Critijls*) passe very currant.

To made a false flourish here with the borrowed weapons of all the old Maisters of the noble Science of Poesie, and to keepe a tyrannicall coyle, in Anatomizing *Genius*, from head to foote, (only to shew how nimble we can carue vp the whole messe of the Poets) were to play the Executioner, and to lay our Cities household God on the rack, to make him confesse, how

many paire of Latin sheets, we haue shaken & cut into shreds to make him a garment. Such feates of Actiuitie are stale, and common among Schollers, (before whome it is protested we come not now (in a Pageant) to Play a Maisters prize) For *Nunc ego ventosæ Plebis suffragia venor.*

The multitude is now to be our Audience, whose heads would miserably runne a wooll-gathering, if we doo but offer to breake them with hard words. But suppose (by the way) contrary to the opinion of all the Doctors) that our *Genius* (in regarde the place is *Feminine*, and the person it selfe, drawne *Figura Humana, sed Ambiguo sexu*) should at this time be thrust into womans apparrell. It is no Schisme: be it so: our *Genius* is then a female, Antique; and reuerend both in yeares and habit: a Chaplet of mingled flowres, Inter wouen with branches of the Plane Tree (crowning her Temples: her haire long and white: her Vesture a loose roabe, Changeable and powdred with Starres: And being (on horsebacke likewise) thus furnished, this was the tune of her voyce.



Genius Locj.

S *Tay : wee coniure you, by that Potent Name,
Of which each Letter's (now) a triple charme :
Stay ; and deliuer vs, of whence you are,
And why you beare (alone) th'ostent of Warre,
When all hands else reare Oliue-boughs and Palme :
And Halcyonean dayes assure all's calme.
When euery tongue speakes Musick : when each Pen
(Dul'd and dyde blacke in Galle) is white agen,
And dipt in Nectar, which by Delphick fire
Being heated, melts into an Orphean-quire.
When Troyes proud buildings shew like Fairie-bowers,
And Streets (like Gardens) are perfum'd with Flowers :
And Windowes glazde onely with wondring eyes ;
(In a Kings looke such admiration lyes !)
And when soft handed Peace, so sweetly thrives,
That Bees in Souldiers Helmets build their Hines :
When Ioy a tip-toe stands on Fortunes Wheele,
In silken Robes : How dare you shine in Steele ?*

*Saint George.**Ladie, What are you that fo question vs ?**Genius.*

I *Am the places Genius, whence now springs
 A Vine, whose yongest Braunch shall produce Kings :
 This little world of men ; this precious Stone,
 That sets out Europe : this (the glasse alone),
 Where the neat Sunne each Morne himselfe attires,
 And gildes it with his repercussive fires.
 This Jewell of the Land ; Englands right Eye :
 Altar of Loue ; and Spheare of Maiestic :
 Greene Neptunes Minion, bow't whose Virgin-waite,
 Isis is like a Cristall girdle cast.
 Of this are we the Genius ; here haue I,
 Slept (by the fauour of a Deity)
 Fortie-foure Summers and as many Springs,
 Not frighted with the threats of forraine Kings.
 But held vp in that gowned State I haue,
 By twice Twelue-Fathers politique and graue :
 Who with a sheathed Sword, and silken Law,
 Do keepe (within weake Walles) Millions in awe.*

I charge you therefore say, for what you come ?
 What are you ?

Both. Knights at Armes.

S. George. *Saint George.*

Saint Andrew. *Saint Andrew.*

For Scotlands honour I.

S. George. For Englands I

Both sworne into a League of Vnitie.

Genius.

I *Clap my hands for Ioy, and seate you both
 Next to my heart : In leaues of purest golde,
 This most auspicious loue shall be enrold.
 Be ioynde to vs : And as to earth we bowe,*

So, to those royall feet, bende your steelde brow.
In name of all these Senators, (on whom
Vertue builds more, then these of Antique Rome)
Shouting a cheerefull welcome: Since no clyme,
Nor Age that has gon o're the head of Time,
Did e're cast vp such Ioyes, nor the like Summe
(But here) shall stand in the world, yeares to come,
Dread King, our hearts make good, what words do want,
To bid thee boldly enter Troynouant.

Rerum certa falus, Terrarum gloria Cæsar ! Mart.
Sospite quo, magnos credimus esse Deos :
Diluxere prius pueri, Iuvenesque senesque, Idem.
At Nunc Infantes te quoque Cæsar amant.

This should haue beene the first Offring of the Citties
Loue : But his *Maieslie* not making his *Entrance* (ac-
cordiLg to expectation) It was (not vtterly throwne
from the Alter) but layd by.



Mart. *Iam Crescunt media Pægmata celsa via.*



BY this time Imagine, that *Poets* (who draw speaking Pictures) and *Painters* (who make dumbe Poefie) had their heads & hands full; the one for natiue and sweet Inuention; the other for liuely Illustration of what the former should deuife: Both of them emuloufly contending (but not striuing) with the propreft and brighteft Colours of Wit and Art, to fet out the beautie of the great *Triumphant day*.

For more exact and formall managing of which Bufineffe, a Select number both of Aldermen and Commoners (like fo many Romane *Ædiles*) were (*Communi Confilio*) chosen forth, to whose discretion, the *Charge*, *Contriuing*, *Proiects*, and all other *Dependences*, owing to fo troublesome a worke, was intirely, and Iudicially committed.

Many dayes were thriftily confumed, to molde the bodies of these Tryumphes comely, and to the honour of the Place: & at last, the stufie whereof to frame them, was beaten out. The Soule that should giue life, & a tongue to this *Entertainment*, being to breathe out of Writers Pens. The Limmes of it to lye at the hard-handed mercy of Mychanitiens.

In a moment therefore of Time, are Carpenters, Ioyners, Caruers, and other Artificers sweating at their Chizzells.

Vir. *Accingunt Omnes operi.*

Not a finger but had an Office: He was held vn worthy euer after to *sucke the Hony dew of Peace*, that (*against his comming, by whom our Peace weares a triple Wreathe*) would offer to play the Droane. The Streets are surueyed; heigthes, breadths, and distances taken, as it were to make *Fortifications*, for the *Solemnities*. Seauen pieces of ground, (like fo many fieldes for a battaile) are plotted foorth, vpon which these

Arches of Tryumph must shew themselues in their glorie : aloft, in the ende doe they aduance their proude fore-heads.

*Virg:—Circum pueri, Innuptæque Puellæ,
Sacra Canunt, funemq; manu contingere gaudent.*

Euen childrê (might they haue bin suffred) would gladly haue spent their little strength, about the *Engines*, that mounted vp the Frames : Such a fire of loue and ioy, was kindled in euery brest.

The day (for whose sake, these wonders of Wood, clymde thus into the clowdes) is now come ; being so earely vp by reason of Artificiall Lights, which wakened it, that the Sunne ouer slept himselfe, and rose not in many houres after, yet bringing with it into the very bosome of the Cittie, a world of people. The Streets seemde to bee paved with men : Stalles in stead of rich wares were fet out with children, open Cafements filld vp with women.

All Glasse windowes taken downe, but in their places, sparkeled so many eyes, that had it not bene the day, the light which reflected from them, was sufficient to haue made one: hee that should haue compared the emptie and vntroden walkes of *London*, which were to be seen in that late mortally-destroying Deluge, with the thronged streetes now, might haue believed, that vpon this day, began a new *Creation*, & that the Citie was the onely Workhouse wherein fundry Nations were made.

A goodly and ciuil order was obserued, in Martialling all the Companies according to their degrees : The first beginning at the vpper end of *Saint Marks Lane*, and the last reaching about the Conduit in *Fleetstreete* : their Seats, being double-railde : vpon the vpper part wheron they leaned, the Streamers, Ensignes, and Bannerets, of each particular Company decently fixed : And directly against them, (euen quite through the body of the Citie, so hie as to

Temple-Barre) a single Raile (in faire distance from the other) was likewise erected to put off the multitude. Amongst whose tongues (which in such Conforts neuer lye still,) tho there were no Musicke, yet as the Poet fayes :

Mart. *Vox diuerfa sonat, populorum est vox tamen vna.*

Nothing that they speake could bee made any thing, yet all that was spoken, founded to this purpose, that still his Maiestie was comming. They haue their longings: And behold, A farre off they spie him, richly mounted on a white Iennet, vnder a rich Canopy, sustained by eight Barons of the *Cinqueports*; the Tower seruing that morning but for his with-drawing Chamber, wherein hee made him ready: and from thence slept presently into his Citie of *London*, which for the time might worthily borrow the name of his *Court Royall*: His passage alongst that Court, offering it selfe for more State) through feuen Gates, of which the first was erected at *Fanchurch*.

Thus presenting it selfe.

IT was an vpright Flat-square, (for it contained fiftie foote in the perpendiculer, *Fanchurch*, and fiftie foote in the Ground-lyne) the vpper roose thereof (one distinct *Griues*) bore vp the true moddells of all the notable Houses, Turrets, and Steeples, within the Citie. The Gate vnder which his Maiestie did passe, was 12. foote wide, and 18. foote hie: A Posterne likewise (at one side of it) being foure foote wide, and 8. foote in heigth: On either side of the Gate, stood a great French Terme, of stone, aduanced vpon wodden Pedestalls; two half Pilasters of Ruslick, standing ouer their heads. I could shoote more Arrowes at this marke, and teach you without the Carpenters Rule how to measure all the proportions

belonging to this *Fabrick*. But an excellent hand being at this instant curiously describing all the feuen, and bestowing on them their faire prospectiue limmes, your eye shall hereafter rather be delighted in beholding those Pictures, than now be wearied in looking vpon mine.



So The Perfonages (as well Mutes
as Speakers) in this Pageant, were
theſe: viz.

- 1 **T**He highest Perſon was *The Brittainy Monarchy.*
- 2 At her feet, ſate *Diuine Wiſdome.*
- 3 Beneath her, ſtood *The Genius of the City, A man.*
- 4 At his right hand was placed a Perſonage, figuring,
The Counſell of the City.
- 5 Vnder all theſe lay a perſon representing *Thameſis the Riuer.*

Six other perſons (being daughters to *Genius*) were aduanced about him, on a ſpreading *Aſcent*, of which the firſt was,

- 1 *Gladneſſe.*
- 2 The ſecond, *Veneration.*
- 3 The third, *Promptitude.*
- 4 The fourth, *Vigilance.*
- 5 The fifth, *Louing affection.*
- 6 The ſixth, *Vnanimity.*

Of all which perſonages, *Genius* and *Thameſis* were the only Speakers: *Thameſis* being preſented by one of the children of her Maieſties Reuels: *Genius* by M. *Allin* (ſeruant to the young Prince) his gratulatory ſpeech (which was deliuered with excellent Action, and a well tun'd audible voyce) being to this effect:

That London may be proud to behold this day, and therefore in name of the Lord *Maïor* and *Aldermen*, the *Councell*, *Commoners* and *Multitude*, the heartieſt Welcome is tendered to his Maieſty, that euer was beſtowed on any King, &c.

Which Banquet being taken away with
The ſound of Muſicke, there, ready for the pur-
Wayts & poſe, his Maieſtie made his entrance into this
Hault- his Court Royall: vnder this firſt Gate, vpon
boyes of
London.

the Battlements of the worke, in great Capitalls was inscribed, thus :

L O N D I N I V M.

And vnder that, in a smaller (but not different) *Character*, was written,

C A M E R A R E G I A :
The Kings Chamber.

Too short a time (in their opinions that were glewed there together so many houres, to behold him) did his Maiestie dwell vpon this first place : yet too long it seemed to other happy Spirits, that higher vp in these *Elizian* fields awaited for his presence : he sets on therefore (like the Sunne in his *Zodiaque*) bountifully disperfing his beames amongst particular Nations : the brightnesse and warmth of which, was now spent first vpon the *Italians*, & next vpon the *Belgians* : The space of ground, on which their *magnificent Arches* were builded, being not vnworthy to beare the name of the great Hall to this our Court Royal : wherein was to be heard & seene the fundry languages & habits of Strangers, which vnder Princes Roofes tender excellent harmony.

In a paire of Scales doe I weigh these two Nations, and finde them (neither in hearty loue to his Maiestie, in aduancement of the Cities honor, nor in forwardnesse to glorifie these *Triumphes*) to differ one graine.

To dispute which haue done best, were to doubt that one had done well. Call their inuentions therefore *Twynnes* : or if they themselues doe not like that name, (for happily they are emulous of one glory) yet thus may we speake of them.

————— *Facies non omnibus vna,
Nec diuersa tamen, Qualem decet esse sororum.* *Ouid.*

282 *The Kings Entertainment*

Because, whofoeuer (*fixis oculis*) beholds their proportions,

Virg. Expleri mentem nequit, ardescitq; tuendo.

The street, vpon whose breast, this *Italian Gracious Jewell* was worne, was neuer worthy of that *street.* name which it carries, till this houre: For here did the Kings eye meete a second Obiect, that inticed him by tarrying to giue honor to the place. And thus did the quaintnesse of the *Engine* seeme to discover it selfe before him.

The Italians Pageant.

THE building tooke vp the whole bredth of the Street, of which, the lower part was a Square, garnished with foure great Columnnes : In the midst of of which Square, was cut out a fayre and spacious high Gate, arched, being twenty feuen foot in the perpendicular lyne, and eyghteene at the ground lyne : ouer the Gate, in golden Characters, these verses (in a long square) were inscribed :

*Tu Regere Imperio populos Iacobe memento,
Hæ tibi erunt Artes, Paciꝑ; imponere morem,
Parcere Subiectis, & debellare superbos.*

And directly aboute this, was aduanc'd the Armes of the Kingdome, the Supporters fairely cut out to the life : ouer the Lyon (some prety distance from it) was written,

IACOBO REGI MAGN.

And aboute the head of the *Vnicorne*, at the like distance, this,

HENRICI VII. ABNEP.

In a large Square erected aboute all these, King *Henry* the feuenth was royally feated in his Imperiall Robes, to whome King *James* (mounted on horsebacke) approches, and receyues a Scepter, ouer both their heads these words being written,

HIC VIR, HIC EST.

Betweene two of the *Columnnes*, (on the right hand) was fixed vp a Square table, wherein, in liuely and excellent colours, was lim'd a woman, figuring *Peace*, her head securely leaning on her left hand, her body modestly bestowed (to the length) vpon the earth : In her other hand, was held an *Oliue* branch, the *Ensigne* of Peace, her word was out of *Virgil*, being thus,

———— *Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.*

Beneath that peece, was another square Table, reaching almost to the Bases of the two *Columnes*: In which, 2. (seeming) Sea personages, were drawne to the life, both of them lying, or rather leaning on the bosome of the earth, naked; the one a woman, her backe onely seene; the other a man, his hand stretch- ing and fastning it selfe vpon her shoulder: the word that this dead body spake, was this,

I Decus, I Nostrum.

Vpon the left-hand side of the Gate, betweene the other two *Columnes*, were also two square Tables: In the one of which were two persons portrayed to the life, naked, and wilde in lookes, the word,

Expectate solo Trinobanti.

And ouer that, in another square, carying the same proportion, stood a woman vpright, holding in her hand a Shield, beneath whom was inscribed in golden *Characters*,

———— *Spes ô fidissima rerum.*

And this was the shape and front of the first great *Square*, whose top being flat, was garnished with *Pelasters*, and vpon the roofoe was directed a great *Padestall*, on which stood a Person carued out to the life (a woman) her left hand leaning on a sword, with the poynt downeward, and her right hand reaching foorth a Diadem, which shee seemde by bowing of her knee and head, to bestow vpon his Maiestie.

On the foure corners of this vpper part, stood foure naked portraytures (in great) with artificiall Trumpets in their hands.

In the Arch of the Gate, was drawne (at one side) a companie of Palme trees, young, and as it were but newly springing, ouer whose branches, two naked winged Angels, flying, held foorth a Scroll, which seem'd to speake thus,

Spes altera.

On the contrarie side, was a Vine, spreading it selfe into many branches, and winding about *Oliue*, and

Palme trees : two naked winged Angels hanging like-wife in the Ayre ouer them, and holding a Scrol betweene them, fild with this infcription,

*Vxor tua, ficut vitis abundans,
Et filii tui, ficut palmites Olinarum.*

If your imaginations (after the beholding of these obiects) will fuppofe, that his Maieftie is now gone to the other fide of this *Italian Trophæe*; doe but caft your eyes backe, and there you fhall finde iuft the fame proportions, which the fore-part, or Brest of our Arch carrieth, with equall number of *Columnes*, *Pedestals*, *Pilafters*, *Lim'd peeces*, and *Carued Statues*. Ouer the Gate, this *Distichon* presents it felfe.

*Nonne tuo Imperio fatis est Iacobe potiri ?
Imperium in Mufas, Aemule quæris ? Habes.*

Vnder which verfes, a wreathe of *Lawrell* feem'd to be ready to be let fall on his Maiefties head, as hee went vnder it, being held betweene two naked Antique women, their bodies ftretching (at the full length) to compaffe ouer the Arch of the Gate. And aboute thofe verfes, in a faire Azure table, this infcription was aduanc'd in golden *Capitals* :

EXPECTATIONI ORBIS TERRARVM,
REGIB. GENITO NVMEROSISS.
REGVM GENITORI FÆLICISS.
REGI MARTIGENARVM AVGVSTISS.
REGI MVSARVM GLORIOSISS.

Itali ftatuerunt letitiæ & cultus Signum.

On the right hand of this backe-part, betweene two of the *Columnes* was a fquare table, in which was drawne a Woman, crown'd with beautifull and frefh flowres, a *Caduceus* in her hand : All the notes of a plenteous and liuely Spring being caried about her, the foule that gaue life to this fpeaking picture, was :

——— *Omnis feret omnia Tellus.*

About this peece, in another square, was portrayed a *Tryton*, his Trumpet at his mouth, seeming to utter this much,

Dum Cælum stellas.

Vpon the left hand of this back-part, in most excellent colours, Antikely attir'd, stood the 4. kingdoms, *England, Scotland, France* and *Ireland*, holding hands together ; this being the language of them all,

Concordes stabili Fatorum Numine.

The middle great Square, that was aduanced ouer the *Freeze* of the Gate, held *Apollo*, with all his Ensignes and properties belonging vnto him, as a *Sphere*, *Bookes*, a *Caduceus*, an *Octaedron*, with other *Geometricall* Bodies, and a Harpe in his left hand : his right hand with a golden Wand in it, poynting to the battel of *Lepanto* fought by the *Turks*, (of which his Maiestie hath written a *Poem*) and to doe him Honour, *Apollo* himselfe doth here seeme to take vpon him to describe : his word,

Fortunate Puer.

These were the Mutes, and properties that helpt to furnish out this great *Italian Theater* : vpon whose Stage, the sound of no voice was appointed to be heard, but of one, (and that, in the presence of the *Italians* themselves) who in two little opposite galleries vnder & within the Arch of the gate, very richly and neatly hung, deliuered thus much Latine to his Maiestie :

The Italians speach.

Salue, Rex magne, faluc. Salutem Maieftati tuæ Itali, feliciſſimum Aduentum læti, felices ſub Te futuri, precamur. Ecce h̄c Omnes, Exigui munere, pauculi Numero: Sed magni erga Maieſtatem tuam animi, multi obſequij. At nec Atlas, qui Cælum ſuſtinet, nec ipſa Cæli conuexa, altitudinem attingant meritum Regis optimi; Hoc eſt, eius, quem de Teipſo expreſſiſti doctiſſimo (Deus!) et admirabili penicillo: Beatiſſimos populos, vbi & Philoſophus regnat, & Rex Philoſophatur. Salue, Rex nobiliſſime, falue, viue, Rex potentiſſime, felicitè. Regna, Rex ſapientiſſime, felicitè, Itali optamus omnes, Itali clamamus omnes: Omnes, omnes.

Hauing hoyſted vp our Sailes, and taken leaue of this *Italian* ſhore, let our next place of caſting anker, be vpon the Land of the 17. Prouinces; where the *Belgians*, (attired in the coſtly habits of their own natiue Countrey, without the fantaſticke mixtures of other Nations) but more richly furniſhed with loue, ſtand ready to receyue his Maieſtie: who (according to their expectation) does moſt gratiouſly make himſelfe & his Royall traine their Princely gheſts. The houſe which theſe *Strangers* haue builded to entertaine him in, is thus contriu'de.

The Pageant of the Dutch-men,
by the Royall Exchange.

THE Foundation of this, was (as it were by *Fate*) layd neere vnto a royall place ; for it was a royall and magnificent labour: It was bounded in with the houses on both sides the street, so proudly (as all the rest also did) did this extend her body in bredth. The passage of State, was a Gate, large, ascending eighteene foot high, aptly proportion'd to the other lymmes, and twelue foot wyde, arched ; two lesser Posternes were for common feet, cut out and open'd on the sides of the other.

Within a small *Freeze*, (and kissing the very forehead of the Gate) the *Aedifice* spake thus,

Vnicus à Fato surgo non Degener Heres.

Whil'st lifting vp your eye to an vpper larger *Freeze*, you may there be enriched with these golden Capitalls,

IACOBO, ANGL. SCOT. FRANC. HIBERN.
REGI OPT. PRINC. MAX. BELGAE ded.

But bestowing your sight vpon a large Azure Table, lyned quite through with Characters of gold, likewise you may for your paynes receiue this inscription,

ORBIS RESTITVTOR. PACIS FVND. RELIG.
PROPVG. D. IAC. P. F. REGI. P. P.
D. ANNAE REGIAE CONIVG. SOR. FIL.
NEPTI, ET D. HENRICO I. FIL. PRINC.
IVVENT.

IN PVBL. VRBIS ET ORBIS LAETITIA,
SECVLIQVE FAELICITAT. XVII. BELGIAE
PROV. MERCATORES BENIGNE REGIA
HAC IN VRBE EXCEPTI, ET
S. M. VESTRAE OB ANTIQ. SOCIALE FOE-
DVS, ET D. ELIZ. BENEFICENT. DEVOTI.

FAVSTA OMNIA ET FOELICIA AD IMPERII
ÆTERNITAT. PRECANTVR.

Above which (being the heart of the *Trophee*) was a spacious square roome, left open, Silke Curtaines drawne before it, which (vpon the approach of his Maiestie) being put by, 17. yong *Damfels*, (all of them sumptuously adorned, after their countrey fashion,) fate as it were in so many Chaires of State, and figuring in their persons, the 17. *Prouinces* of *Belgia*, of which euery one caried in a Scutchion (excellently pencilde) the Armes and Coate of one.

Above the vpper edge of this large Square Roome, and ouer the first Battlement, in another front, aduanc'd for the purpose, a square Table was fastened vpright, in which was drawne the liuely picture of the *King*, in his Imperial Robes; a Crowne on his head, the Sword and Scepter in his handes: vpon his left side stood a woman, her face fixed vpon his, a burning hart in her right hand, her left hanging by, a *Heron* standing close vnto her: vpon his other side stood vpright (with her countenance directed likewise vpon him) another woman, winged, and in a *Freeze* beneath them, which tooke vp the full length of this Square: this inscription fet out it felse in golden wordes;

— *Vtroque Satellite Tutus.*

Suffer your eyes to be wearied no longer with gazing vp so high at those *Sun-beams*, but turne thê aside to looke below through the little *Posternes*: whose State sweld quickly vp to a greatnes, by reason of 2. *Columnes*, that supported them on either side. In a Table, ouer the right-hand *Portall*, was in perfect colours, drawne a Serpêt, pursude by a Lion: betweene them, Adders and Snakes, chafing one another, the Lion scornfully casting his head backe, to behold the violence of a blacke storme, that heauen powred

downe, to ouertake them: the found that came from all this, was thus:

— *Sequitur grauis Ira feroces.*

The opposite body to this (on the other side, and directly ouer the other *Portall*, whose pompe did in like maner leane vpon, and vphold it selfe by two mayne *Columnes*) was a square peece, in which were to be seene, Sheepe browsing, Lambes nibbling, Byrds flying in the Ayre, with other arguments of a serene and vntroubled season, whose happineffe was proclaimed in this maner,

— *Venit alma Cicuribus Aura.*

Directly aboue this, in a square Table, were portrayed two *Kings*, reuerently and antiquely attyrde, who seem'd to walke vpon these golden lines,

*Nascitur in nostro Regum par Nobile Rege
Alter Iesiades, Alter Amoniades.*

From whome, leade but your eye, in a straight line, to the other side, (ouer the contrary *Posterne*) and there in a second vpper Picture, you may meete with two other *Kings*, not fully so antique, but as rich in their Ornaments; both of them, out of golden letters, composing these wordes,

*Lucius ante alios, Edwardus, & inde I A C O B V S
Sextus, & hic sanxit, sextus & ille fidem.*

And these were the *Nerues*, by which this great *Triumphall* Body was knit together, in the inferiour parts of it, vpon the shoulders whereof, (which were garnished with rowes of *Pilasters*, that supported Lions, rampant, bearing vp Banners) there stood another lesser Square, the head of which wore a Coronet of *Pilasters*

also ; and aboue thê, vpon a *Pedestal*, curiously closed in betweene the tayles of two Dolphins, was aduanced a Woman, holding in one hand, a golden Warder, and poynting with the fore-finger of the other hand vp to heauen. She figur'd *Diuine Prouidence*, for so at her feete was written.

Prouida Mens Cali.

Somewhat beneath which, was to bee seene an Imperiall Crowne, two Scepters being fastened (crossewife) vnto it, and deliuering this speech,

—*Sceptra hæc concredidit vni.*

At the elbowes of this vpper Square, stood vpon the foure corners of a great *Pedestall*, foure *Pyramides*, hollow, and so neatly contriu'de, that in the night time (for anger that the Sunne would no longer looke vpon these earthly beauties) they gaue light to themselves, and the whole place about them : the windowes, from whence these artificiall beames were throwne, being cut out in such a fashion, that (as *Ouid*, describing the Palace of the Sunne, fayes)

Clara micante Auro, Flammæsq ; imitante Pyropo,

So did they shine afarre off, like Cryfolites, and sparkled like Carbuncles : Betweene those two *Pyramides* that were lifted vp on the right hand, stood *Fortitude* ; her Piller resting it selfe vpon this golden line,

Perfero curarum pondus, Discrimina temno.

Betweene the two *Pyramides* on the other side, Iustice challenged her place, being knowne both by her habit and by her voyce, that spake thus,

Auspice me Dextra folium Regale perennat.

Wee haue held his Maiestie too long from entring this third Gate of his *Court Royall*; It is now hie time, that those eyes, which on the other side ake with rolling vp and downe for his gladfome presence, should inioy that happinesse. Beholde, hee is in an instance passed thorough; The Obiects that there offer themselves before him, being these:

Our *Belgick Statue* of Triumph, weares on her backe, as much riches, as she caried vpon her brest, being altogether as glorious in *Columnes*, standing on Tip-toe, on as loftie and as proude *Pyramides*; her walkes encompa'ft with as strong and as neate *Pilasters*: the colours of her garments are as bright, her adornments as many: For,

In the square Field, next and lowest, ouer one of the Portals, were the Dutch Countrey peoplē, toyling at their Husbandrie; women carding of their Hemp, the men beating it, such excellent Art being exprest in their faces, their floopings, bendings, sweatings, &c. that nothing is wanting in them but life (which no colours can giue) to make them bee thought more than the works of Paynters.

Lift vp your eyes a little aboue them, and beholde their *Exchange*; the countenaunces of the Marchants there being so liuely, that bargaines seeme to come from their lippes.

But in stead of other speach, this is onely to bee had,

P I O I N V I C T O,
R. I A C O B O,

QVOD FEL. EIVS AVSPICIIS VNIVERSVM
BRIT. IMPERIVM PACAT, MARE TVTVM
PORTVS APERIT.

Ouer the other Portall, in a square (proportion'd, to the bignes of those other) men, women, & childrē (in Dutch habits) are busie at other workes: the men

Weaving, the women Spinning, the children at their Hand-loomes, &c. About whose heads, you may with little labour, walke into the *Mart*, where as well as the *Froe*, as the *Burger*, are buying and selling, the praise of whose industrie (being worthy of it) stands published in gold, thus,

QVOD MVTVIS COMMERCIIIS, ET ARTIFICVM NAVTARVMQVE SOLERTIA CRES-CAT, DESIDIA EXVLAT, MVTVAQVE AMI-CITIA CONSERVETVR.

Iust in the midst of these foure Squares, and directly ouer the Gate, in a large Table, whose feete are fastned to the *Freeze*, is their fishing & shipping liuely and sweetely set downe: The *Skipper* (euen though he be had tugging at his Net) loudly singing this:

*Quod Celcb: hoc Emporium prudenti industria suos,
Quouis Terrarum Negotiatores emittat, exteros
Humaniter admittat, foris famam, domi diuitias augeat.*

Let vs now clime vp to the vpper battlementes; where, at the right hand *Time* standes: at the left (in a direct line) his daughter *Trueth*; vnder her foote is written,
Sincera.
And vnder his,

Durant.
Sincera Durant.

In the midst of these two, three other persons are rancked together, *Art*, *Sedulitie*, and *Labour*: beneath whom, in a *Freeze* rowing along the whole breadth of that Square, you may find these wordes in gold.

Artes, Perfecit, Sedulitate, Labor.

As on the foreside, so on this, and equall in heighth

to that of *Diuine Prouidence*, is the figure of a Woman aduanced : beneath whom, is an imperiall Crowne, with branches of Oliue, fixed (crosse-wise) vnto it, and giues you this word.

Sine Cæde at Sanguine.

And thus haue we bestowed vpon you, all the dead Cullours of this Picture, (wherein notwithstanding, was left so much life) as can come from Art. The speaking instrument, was a Boy, attyred all in white Silke, a wreath of Lawrell about his temples : from his voyce came this found.

Sermo ad Regem.

Q*Væ tot Sceptra tenes forti, Rex maxime, dextra,
Prouida Mens summi Numinis illa dedit.
Aspice ridentem per gaudia Plebis Olympum,
Reddentem et plausus ad sua verba suos,
Tantus honos paucis, primi post secula mundi
Obtigit, et paucis tantum vnus incubuit,
Nam Regere imperijs populum fœlicibus vnum,
Arduares, magnis res tamen apta viris.
At non vmanimes nutu compefcere gentes,
Non homines pensum, sed labor ille Dei,
Ille idèd ingentes qui temperet orbis habenas,
Adiungit longas ad tua fræna manus.
Et menti de mente sua præluçet, et Artem
Regnandi, regnum qui dedit illa, docet.
Crescentes varijs Cumulat virtutibus annos,
Quas inter pietas, culmina summa tenet.
Hac proauos reddis patriæ, qui barbara Gentis
Flexère inducto Numine, corda feræ.
Hac animos tractas rigidos, subigisq; rebelles,
Et leue persuades quod trahis ipse iugum,*

*Illi fida comes terram indignata profanum,
 Aut nunc te tanto Rege reuerfa Themis.
 Afsidat et robuſta foror, ingentibus auſis
 Pro populo carum tradere prompta caput.
 Quin et Regis amor, muſæ et dilectus Apollo,
 Regali gaudent ſubdere pleetra manu.
 Aurea et vbertas ſolerti nata labore,
 Exhibet aggeſtas Ruris et vrbis opes.
 Sunt hæc dona Poli, certa quæ prodita fama
 Miratum vt veniat, venit vterq; ; polus.
 Venimus et Belgæ, patrijs Gens exul ab oris
 Quos fouit tenero mater Eliza ſinu.
 Matri ſacratum, Patri duplicamus amorem,
 Poſcimus et ſimili poſſe fauore frui.
 Sic Deum Panthaeci tibi proferat alitis æuum,
 Sceptra per Innumeros qui tibi tradit Auos.
 Sic Regina tua pars altera, et altera proles,
 Spes populi longum det, capiatq; ; decus.*

Whilst the tongues of the *Strangers* were employed in extolling the gracious Aspect of the King, and his Princely behauiour towards them, his Maieſtie (by the quicknes of *Time*, and the earnestneſſe of expectation, whose eyes ran a thousand wayes to finde him) had won more ground, and was gotten ſo far as to *S. Mildreds Church* in the *Poulterie*: cloſe to the ſide of which, a Scaffold was erected; where (at the Citties coſt) to delight the Queene with her owne country Muſicke, nine Trumpets, and a Kettle Drum, did very ſprightly & actiuely ſound the *Daniſh march*: Whoſe cunning and quicke ſtops, by that time they had toucht the laſt Ladyes eare in the traine, behold, the *King* was aduauced vp ſo hie as to *Cheapeſide*: into which place (if *Loue* himſelfe had entered, and ſeene ſo many gallant Gentlemen, ſo many Ladyes, and beautifull creatures, in whoſe eyes glaunces (mixt with modeſt lookes) ſeemed to daunce courtly Meaſures in their motion) he could not haue choſen, to haue giuen the Roome any other name, then, *The Prefence Chamber*.

Soper lane. The stately entraunce into which, was a faire Gate in height 18. foote. In breadth 12. The thicknesse of the passage vnder it, being 24. Two Posternes floode wide open on the two sides, either of them being 4. foote wide, and 8. foote high. The two Portals that ietted out before these Posternes, had their sides open foure feuerall wayes, and serued as Pedestalles (of Rusticke) to support two *Pyramides*, which floode vpon foure great Balles, and foure great Lions: the Pedestalles, Balles, and *Pyramides*, deuowring in their full vpright heighth, from the ground line to the top, iust 60. foote. But burying this Mechanicke Body in scilence, let vs now take note in what fashion it flood attyred. Thus then it went appareled.

The Deuice at

Soper-lane end.

VVithin a large Compartiment, mounted aboue the forehead of the Gate, ouer the Freeze, in Capitalles was inscribed this Title :

NOVA FÆLIX ARABIA.

Vnder that shape of *Arabia*, this Iland being figured : which two names of *New*, and *Happie*, the Countrey could by no merit in it selfe, challenge to be her due, but onely by meanes of that secret influence accompanying his Maiestie wheresoeuer hee goes, and working such effectes.

The most worthy personage aduanced in this place, was *Arabia Britannica*, a Woman, attyred all in White, a rich Mantle of Greene cast about her, an imperiall Crowne on her head, and a Scepter in one hand, a Mound in the other : vpon which she sadly leaned : a rich Veyle (vnder the Crowne) shadowing her eyes, by reason that her countenance (which till his Maiesties approach, could by no worldly obiect be drawne to looke vp) was pensiuely deiected : her ornamentes were markes of *Chastetie* and *Youth* : the Crowne, Mound, and Scepter, badges of Soueraigntie.

Direc[tly vnder her in a Cant by her selfe, *Fame* stood vp[righ]t : A Woman in a Watchet Roabe, thickly fet with open Eyes, and Tongues, a payre of large golden Wings at her backe, a Trumpet in her hand, a Mantle of sundry cullours trauerfing her body : all

these Ensignes displaying but the proprietie of her swiftnesse, and aptnesse to disperse Rumors.

In a Descent beneath her, being a spacious Concaue roome, were exalted five Mounts, swelling vp with different ascensions; vpon which fate the five *Sences*, drooping: *Viz.*

| | | |
|---|------------------|-----------|
| 1 | <i>Auditus,</i> | Hearing. |
| 2 | <i>Vifus,</i> | Sight. |
| 3 | <i>Tactus,</i> | Feeling. |
| 4 | <i>Olfactus.</i> | Smelling. |
| 5 | <i>Gustus.</i> | Taste. |

Appareled in Roabes of distinct cullours, proper to their natures; and holding Scutchions in their handes: vpon which were drawne Heroglyphicall bodyes, to expresse their qualities.

Some prettie distaunce from them (and as it were in the midst before them) an artificiall Lauer or Fount was erected, called the *Fount of Arate* (*Vertue.*) Sundry Pipes (like veines) branching from the body of it: the water receiuing libertie but from one place, and that very slowly.

At the foote of this Fount, two personages (in greater shapes then the rest) lay sleeping: vpon their brestes slucke their names, *Detractio*, *Obliuio*: The one holdes an open Cuppe; about whose brim, a wreath of curled Snakes were winding, intimating that whatsoeuer his lippes toucht, was poysoned: the other helde a blacke Cuppe couerd, in token of an enuious desire to drowne the worth and memorie of Noble persons.

Vpon an Ascent, on the right hand of these, stood the three *Charites* or *Graces*, hand in hand, attyred like three Sisters.

| | | | | |
|--------------------|---|-----------------|---|------------------------------|
| <i>Aglaia.</i> | } | <i>Figuring</i> | } | Brightneffe, or Maieftie. |
| <i>Thalia,</i> | | | | Youthfulnes, or flourishing. |
| <i>Euphrofine,</i> | | | | Chearfulnes, or gladnes. |

They were all three Virgins : their countenaunces laboring to smother an innated sweetnes and chearefulnes, that appared their cheekes ; yet hardly to be hid : their Garmentes were long Roabes of fundry coloures, hanging loofe : the one had a Chaplet of fundry Flowers on her head, cluftard heere and there with the Fruites of the earth. The feconde, a Garland of eares of Corne. The third, a wreath of Vine-branches, mixt with Grapes and Oliues.

Their haire hung downe ouer their foulders loofe, and of a bright cullour, for that *Epithite* is properly beftowed vpon them, by *Homer* in his Himne to *Apollo*.

PVLCHRICOMÆ CHARITES.

The Bright Hayrde Graces.

They helde in their handes penfild Shieldes : vpon the firft, was drawne a Rofe : on the fecond, 3. Dyce : on the third, a branch of Mirtle.

| | | |
|----------|---|-----------------------|
| Figuring | } | <i>Pleasantneffe.</i> |
| | | <i>Accord.</i> |
| | | <i>Flourifhing.</i> |

In a direft line againft them, floode the three *Howres*, to whom in this place we giue the names of *Loue*, *Iuftice*, and *Peace* : they were attyred in loofe Roabes of light cullours, paynted with Flowers : for fo *Ouid* apparrels them.

Conueniunt pictis incinctæ vestibis Horæ.

Winges at their feete, expressing their swiftnesse, because they are Lackies to the Sunne : *Iungere equos Tytan velocibus imperat Horis. Ouid.*

Each*of them helde two Goblets ; the one full of Flowers (as Ensigne of the *Spring*,) the other full of rypened Figges, the Cognifance of *Summer*.

Vpon the approch of his Maiestie (sad and solemne Musicke hauing beaten the Ayre all the time of his absence, and now ceasing,) *Fame* speakes.

Fama.

Turne into Ice mine eye-balls, whilst the sound
Flying through this brazen trump, may back rebound
To stop *Fames* hundred tongues, leauing them mute,
As in an vntoucht Bell, or stringlesse Lute,
For *Vertues* Fount, which late ran deepe and cleare,
Drie, and melts all her body to a teare.
You *Graces* ! and you houres that each day runne
On the quicke errands of the golden Sunne,
O say ! to *Vertues* Fount what has befell,
That thus her veines shrinke vp.

Charites Horæ.

Wee cannot tell.

Euphrosine.

Behold the five-folde guard of *Scence* which keeps
The sacred streame, sit drooping : neere them sleepe
Two horred Monsters : *Fame* ! summon each *Scence*,
To tell the cause of this strange accident.

Heereupon *Fame* founding her Trumpet ; *Arabia Britannica*, lookes cheerefully vp, the fences are flart

led: *Detraction* and *Oblivion* throw off their iron slumber, busily bestowing all their powers to fill their cups at the Fount with their olde malicious intention to sucke it drie; But a strange and heauenly musicke suddainly striking through their eares, which causing a wildnes and quicke motion in their lookes, drew them to light vpon the glorious presence of the King, they were suddainly thereby daunted and sunke downe; The Fount in the same moment of *Tyme*, flowing fresh and abundantly through feuerall pipes, with Milke, Wine, and Balme, whilst a person (figuring *Circumspection*) that had watcht day and night, to giue note to the world of this blessed *Tyme*, which hee foresawe would happen, steps forth on a mounted Stage extended 30. foote in length from the maine building, to deliuer to his Maiestie the interpretation of this dumbe Mysterie.

This Prefenter was a Boy, one of the Choristers, belonging to Paules.

His Speech.

Great Monarch of the West, whose glorious Stem,
Doth now support a triple Diadem,
Weying more thā that of thy grand Grandfire *Brute*,
Thou that maist make a King thy substitute,
And doest besides the Red-rose and the white,
With the rich flower of *France* thy garland dight,
Wearing aboue Kings now, or those of olde,
A double Crowne of Lawrell and of gold,
O let my voyce passe through thy royall eare,
And whisper thus much, that we figure here,
A new *Arabia*, in whose spiced nest
A *Phoenix* liu'd and died in the Sunnes brest,
Her losse, made sight, in teares to drowne her eyes,
The Eare grew deafe, Tastelike a sick-man lyes,
Finding no rellish: euery other Sence,
Forgat his office, worth and excellence,
Whereby this Fount of Vertue gan to freeze,

Threatned to be drunke by two enemies,
 Snakie *Detraction*, and *Obliuion*,
 But at thy glorious prefence, both are gone,
 Thou being that facred *Phoenix*, that doest rife,
 From th'afhes of the firft : Beames from thine eyes
 So vertually fhining, that they bring,
 To *Englands* new *Arabia*, a new Spring :
 For ioy whereof, *Nimphes*, *Sences*, *Houres*, & *Fame*,
 Eccho loud *Hymnes* to his imperiall name.

At the shutting vp of this Speech, his Maieftie (being readie to goe on,) did moft graciouſlie feede the eyes of beholders with his prefence, till a Song was ſpent : which to a loude and excellent Muſicke (compoſed of *Violins* & an other rare *Artificiall Inſtrumēt*, wherein beſides fundrie feuerall founds effus'd (all at one time) were alſo ſenſibly diſtinguiſht the chirpings of birds, was by two Boyes (*Choriſters* of *Paules*) deliuered in ſweete and rauifhing voyces.

Cant.

Troynouant is now no more a Citie :
 O great pittie ! is't not pittie ?
 And yet her Towers on tiptoe ſtand,
 Like Pageants built on Fairie land,
 And her Marble armes,
 Like to Magicke charmes,
 binde thouſands faſt vnto her,
 That for her wealth & beauty daily wooe her,
 yet for all this, is't not pittie ?
Troynouant is now no more a Cittie.

2

Troynouant is now a Sommer Arbour,
 or the neſt wherein doth harbour
 The Eagle, of all birds that flie,
 The Soueraigne, for his piercing eie

If you wifely marke,
Tis besides a Parke,
Where runnes (being newly borne)
With the fierce Lyon, the faire Vnicorne,
or else it is a wedding Hall,
Where foure great Kingdomes holde a Festiuall.

3

Troynouant is now a Bridall Chamber,
whose rooffe is gold, floore is of Amber,
By vertue of that holy light,
That burnes in *Hymens* hand, more bright,
Than the filuer Moone,
or the Torch at Noone,
Harke what the Ecchoes fay !
Brittaine till now nere kept a Holiday :
for *Ioue* dwels heere : And tis no pittie,
If *Troynouant* be now no more a Cittie.

Nor let the scrue of any wresting comment vpon
these words,

Troynouant is now no more a Citie.

Enforce the Authors inuention away frō his owne
cleare straight and harmeleffe meaning : all the scope
of this fiction stretch onely to this point, that *Lon-
don* (to doo honour to this day, wherein springs vp all
her happines) beeing rauished with vnutterable ioyes,
makes no account (for the present) of her ancient title,
to be called a Citie, (because that during these try-
umphes, shee puts off her formall habite of Trade and
Commerce, treading euen Thrift it selfe vnder foote,
but now becomes a Reueller and a Courtier. So that,
albeit in the end of the first Stanza tis said,

*Yet for all this, is't not pittie
Troynouant is now no more a Cittie.*

By a figure called *Castigatio* or the mender, heere followes presently are prooffe; wherein tytles of Sommer Arbor; The Eagles nest, a wedding Hall, &c. are throwne vpon her, the least of them being at this time by vertue of Poeticall Heraldrie, but especiallie in regard of the State that now vpholds her, thought to be names of more honour, than that of her owne. And this short Apologie, doth our verfe make for it selfe, in regard that some, (to whose fetled iudgement and authoritie the censure of these Deuifes was referred,) brought though not bitterly the life of those lines into question: But appealing with *Machetas* to *Phillip*, now these reasons haue awakend him: let vs followe King *James*, who hauing passed vnder this our third gate, is by this time, graciously receauing a gratulatorie Oration from the mouth of Sir *Henry Mountague*, Recorder of the Citie, a square lowe gallorie, fet round about with pilasters, beeing for that purpose erected some 4. foote from the ground, and ioyned to the front of the Crosse in *Cheape*; where likewise stood all the Aldermen, the Chamberlaine, Towne-clerke, and Counsell of the Citie.

The Records Speech.

High Imperiall Maiestie, it is not yet a yeere in dayes since with acclamation of the People, Citizens, and Nobles, auspitiouflie heere at this Crosse was proclaimed your true succession to the Crowne. If then it was ioyous with Hats, hands, and hearts, lift vp to heauen to crie King *James*, what is it now to see King *James*? Come therefore O worthiest of Kings as a glorious Bridegroom through your Royall Chamber: But to come neerer, *Adest quem querimus*. Twentie and more are the Soueraignes wee haue serued since our conquest, but Conquerour of hearts it is you and your Posteritie, that we haue vowed to loue and wish to serue whilst *London* is a Citie. In pledge whereof my Lord Maior, the Aldermen, and Commons of this

Citie, wishing a golden Reigne vnto you, present your Greatnes with a little cup of gold.

At the end of the Oration three Cups of gold were giuen (in the name of the Lord Maior, and the whole Body of the Citie,) to his Maiestie, the young Prince, and the Queene.

All which but about all (being gifts of greater value) the loyall hearts of the Citizens, beeing louingly re- ceaued ; his Grace was (at least it was appointed he should haue beene) met on his way neere to the Crosse, by *Syluanus* drest vp in greene Iuie, a Cornet in his hand, being attended on by foure other *Syl- uans* in Iuie likewise, their bowes and quiuers hang- ing on their shoulders, and winde Instruments in their hands.

Vpon sight of his Maiestie, they make a stand, *Syl- uanus* breaking forth into this abrupt passion of ioy.

Syluanus.

Stay *Syluans*, and let the loudest voyce of Musicke proclayme it (euen as high as Heauen) that hee is come.

Alter Apollo redit, Nouus En, iam regnat Apollo.

Which acclamation of his was borne vp into the ayre, and there mingled with the breath of their musi- call Instruments : whose sound beeing vanished to nothing, Thus goes our Speaker on.

Syluanus.

Most happie Prince, pardon me, that being meane in habite, and wilde in apparence, (for my richest liuorie is but leaues, and my flateliest dwelling but in the woodes,) thus rudely with piping *Syluanes*. I pre- sume to intercept your royall passage. These are my walkes : yet stand I heere, not to cut off your way, but to giue it a full and a bounteous welcome, beeing a

Messenger sent from the Lady *Eirene* my Mistresse, to deliuer an errand to the best of all these Worthies, your royall selfe. Many Kingdomes hath the Lady fought out to abide in, but from them all, hath shee beene most churlishly banished : not that her beautie did deserue such vnkindnes, but that (like the eye of Heauen) hers were too bright, and there were no Eagles breeding in those nests, that could truly beholde them.

At last heere she ariued, *Destinie* subscribing to this Warrant, that none but this Land should be her Inheritance. In contempt of which happines, Enuie shootes his impoisoned stings at her heart, but his Adversers (being charmed) turne their daungerous heads vpon his owne bosome. Those that dwell far off, pine away with vexing to see her prosper, because all the acquaintance which they haue of her, is this, that they know there is such a goodly Creature as *Eirene*, in the world, yet her face they know not : whilst all those that heere sleepe vnder the warmth of her wings, adore her by the sacred & Cœlestiall name of *Peace*, for number being (as her blessings are) infinite.

Her daughter *Euporia* (well knowne by the name of *Plentie*, is at this present with her, (being indeede neuer [from her side) vnder yonder Arbour they sit, which after the daughters name is called, *Hortus Euporix* (*Plenties Bower* :) Chast are they both, and both maydens in memorie of a Virgine, to whom they were nurse children : for whose sake (because they were bound to her for their life,) mee, haue they charged to lay at your imperiall feete, (being your hereditatie due) the tribute of their loue : And with it thus to say.

That they haue languished many heauie moneths for your presence, which to them would haue beene, (& proud they are that it shall be so now,) of the same operation and influence, that the Sunne is to the spring, and the spring to the earth : hearing therefore what trebble preferment you haue bestowed vpon this

day, wherein besides the beames of a glorious Sunne, two other cleare and gracious starres shine cheerefullie on these her homely buildings : Into which (because no dutie should bee wanting) shee hath giuen leaue euen to Strangers, to bee Sharers in her happines, by suffering them to bid you likewise welcome. By mee (once hers now your vassaile,) shee entreates, and with a knee sinking lower than the ground on which you tread, doo I humbly execute her pleasure, that ere you passe further, you would deigne to walke into yonder Garden ; the *Hesperides* liue not there but the Muses, and the Muses no longer than vnder your protection. Thus farre am I sent to conduct you thither, profrately begging this grace, (since I dare not, as beeing vnwoorthie, lackey by your royall fide) in that yet these my greene Followers and my selfe may bee ioyfull fore-runners of your expected approach, away *Syluanus*.

And being (in this their returne) come neare to the Arbor, they gaue a signe with a short florish from all their Cornets, that his Maiestie was at hand : whose princely eye whilest it was delighting it selfe with the quaint obiect before it, a sweete pleasure likewise courted his eare in the shape of Musicke, sent from the voyces of nine Boyes (all of them Queristers of Paules) who in that place presenting the nine Muses sang the dittie following to their Viols and other Instruments.

But, least leaping too bluntly into the midst of our Garden at first, we deface the beautie of it, let vs send you round about it, and suruey the Walles, Allies, and quarters of it as they lye in order.

This being the fashion of it.

The passages through it were two gates, arched and grated Arbor-wise, their heighth being 16. foote, their breadth 10. from the rooffe, and so on the sides, downe to the ground, Cowcubers, Pompions, Grapes,

and all other fruits growing in the land, hanging artificially in clusters: Betweene the two gates, a payre of stayres were mounted with some 20 affents: at the bottome of them (on two pillers) were fixed two Satiers carued out in wood; the sides of both the gates, being strenghtened with foure great French frames standing vpon pedestals, taking vp in their full height 20. foote.

The vpper part also caried the proportion, of an Arbor, being clofde with their round tops, the midft whereof was exalted aboue the other two, *Fortune* standing on the top of it. The garnishments for the whole Bower, being Apples, Peares, Cheries, Grapes, Roses, Lillies, and all other both fruits and flowers most artificially molded to the life. The whole frame of this fomer banqueting house flood (at the ground line) vpon 4 foote; the *Perpendicular* stretching it selfe to 45. Wee might (that day) haue called it, *The Musicke roome*, by reason of the change of tunes, that danced round about it; for in one place were heard a noyse of cornets, in a second, a consort, the third, (which fate in fight) a set of Viols, to which the Muses sang.

The principall persons aduancde in this Bower, were, *Eirene* (*Peace*) and *Euporia* (*Plenty*) who fate together.

Eirene.

Peace: Was richly attired, her vpper garment of carnation, hanging loofe, a Robe of White vnder it, powdred with Starres, and girt to her: her haire of a bright colour, long, and hanging at her back, but interwouen with white ribbands, and Iewels; her browes were encompast with a wreath compounded of the Oliue, the Lawrell, & the Date tree: In one hand shee held a *Caduceus*, (or *Mercurics* rod, the god of eloquence :) In the other, ripe eares of corne gilded: on her lap fate a Doue: All these being enignes, and furnitures of *Peace*.

Euporie.

Plenty : Her daughter fate of the left hand, in changeable colours, a rich mantle of Gold trauffering her bodie : her haire large and loofely fpreading ouer her foulders : on her head a crowne of Poppy & Muftard feede ; the antique badges of *Fertilitie* & *Abundance*, In her right hand a *Cornucopia*, filde with flowers, fruits, &c.

Chrufos.

Directly vnder thefe, fate *Chrufos*, a perfon figuring Gold, his drefsing, a tinfell Robe of the colour of Gold.

Argurion.

And clofe by him, *Argurion*, Siluer, all in white tinfell ; both of them crownde, and both their hands fupporting a Globe, betweene them, in token that they commaunded ouer the world.

Pomona.

Pomona, the goddeffe of garden fruits ; fate at the one fide of Gold and Siluer ; attirde in greene, a wreath of frutages circling her temples : her armes naked : her haire beautifull, and long.

Ceres.

On the other fide fate *Ceres*, crowned with ripened eares of Wheate, in a loofe ftraw-coloured roabe.

In two large defcents (a little belowe them) were placde at one end,

| | | |
|-----------------|---|---|
| The nine Muses. | { <i>Clio.</i> <i>Euterpe.</i> <i>Thalia.</i> <i>Melpomene.</i> <i>Terpsicore.</i> <i>Erato.</i> <i>Polymnia.</i> <i>Vrania.</i> <i>Calliope.</i> } | With muscally instruments in their hands, to which they fung all the day. |
|-----------------|---|---|

At the other end.

| | | |
|-----------------------|--|---|
| The 7 liberall Artes. | { <i>Grammer.</i> <i>Logique.</i> <i>Rhetorique.</i> <i>Musicke.</i> <i>Arithmeticke.</i> <i>Geometry.</i> <i>Astrology.</i> } | Holding shieldes in their hands, expressing their feuerall offices. |
|-----------------------|--|---|

Vpon the verie vpper edge of a faire large Freeze, running quite along the full breadth of the Arbor, and iust at their feete were planted rankes of artificiall Artichocks and roses.

To describe what apparrell these Arts, and Muses wore, were a hard labour, and when it were done, all were but idle. Few Taylors know how to cut out their garments: they haue no Wardrob at all, not a Mercer, nor Merchant, though they can all write and read verie excellently well, will suffer them to bee great in their bookes. But (as in other countries) so in this of ours, they goe attirde in such thin clothes, that the winde euerie minute is readie to blowe through them: happy was it for them, that they tooke vp their lodging in a summer arbour, and that they had so much musicke to comfort them, their ioies (of which they do not euerie daie tast,) being notwithstanding now infinitelie multiplied, in this, that where before they might haue cryed out till they grew horfe, & non would heare them, now they sing.

Adcritque vocatus Apollo.

Chorus in full voices answering it thus.

*Ergo alacris Sylvas, & cætera rura voluptas
Panaque pastoresque tenet, Driadæque puellas,
Nec Lupus insidias pecori, nec retia Ceruis
Vlla dolum meditantur, amat bonus otia Daphnis ;
Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera iactant
Intonsi montes : ipsæ iam carmina Rupes,
Ipsa sonant Arbusta, Deus, Deus illi !*

Sylvanus (as you may perceiue by his office before) was but sent of an errand ; there was another of a higher calling, a Trauailer, and one that had gon ouer much grownd, appointed to speake to his Maiesty, his name *Vertumnus*, the maister Gardner, and husband to *Pomona* : To tell you what cloathes hee had on his backe were to doo him wrong, for hee had (to fay truth) but one suite : homelie it was, yet meete and fit for a Gardener : In steade of a hat, his browes were bound about with flowers, out of whose thicke heapes, here and there peeped a queene apple, a cherie, or a peare, this boon-grace hee made of purpose to keepe his face from heate, (because he desired to looke louelie) yet the funne found him out, and by casting a continuall eye at him, whilst the old man was dressing his arbours, his cheekes grew tawnie, which colour for the better grace, he himselfe interpreted blushing. A white head he had, & funne-burnt hands : in the one he held a weeding hooke, in the other a grafting knife : and this was the tenor of his speech. That he was bound to giue thanks to heauen, In that the arbour and trees which growing in that fruitfull Cynthian garden, began to droop and hang downe their greene heades, and to vncurl their crisped forlocks, as fearing and in some fort, feeling the sharpenesse of Autumnian malice, are now on the fudden by the deuine influence apparelled with a fresh and more liuely verdure than euer they were

before. The nine Muses that could expect no better entertainment than sad banishment, hauing now louely and amiable faces: Arts that were threatned to be trod vnder foot by Barbarisme, now (euen at fight of his Maiestie who is the Delian Patron both of the Muses & Arts) being likewise aduanced to most high preferment whilst the very rurall & Syluane troopes dancd for ioy: the Lady therfore of the place *Eirene*, (his mistris) in name of the Prætor, Consuls & Senators of the City, who carefully prouine this garden, (weeding out al hurtful & idle branches that hinder the growth of the good,) and who are indeede, *Ergatai Piftoi*, faithfull Laborers in this peice of ground, Shee doth in al their names, (& he in behalfe of his Lady) offer them felues, this Arbor, the bowers & walkes, yea her children gold & siluer, with the louing & loyall harts of all those the Sons of peace, standing about him, to be disposde after his royal pleasure. And so wishing his happie Arriual, at a more glorious bower, to which he is now going, yet welcoming him to this, & praying his Maiesty not to forget this poore Arbor of his Lady, Musicke is commanded to cary all their praiers for his happie reigne, with the loud *Amen* of all his Subiects as hie as heauen.

Cant.

Shine Titan shine.
 Let thy sharpe raies be hurld
 Not on this vnder world,
 For now tis none of thine.

These first 4. lines were fung by one alone, the single lines following, by a *Chorus* in full voices.

Chor. No, no tis none of thine.

But in that spheare,
 Where what thine armes infolde,

Turnes all to burnisht gold,
Spend thy guilt arrowes there,
Chor. Doe, doe, shoote onelie there.

3

Earth needes thee not :
Her childbed daies are done,
And Shee another Sunne,
Faire as thy selfe has got.
Chor. A new new Sunne is got.

4

O this is hee !
Whose new beames make our Spring,
Men glad and birdes to Sing,
Hymnes of praife, ioy, and glee.
Sing, Sing, O this is hee !

5

That in the North
First rizing : shonne (so far)
Bright as the morning Starre,
At his gaie comming forth.
Chor. See, see, he now comes forth.

6

How soone ioies varie ?
Here staide hee still ! O then
Happie both place and men,
But here hee list not tarrie.
Chor. O grieffe ! hee list not tarrie.

7

No, no, his beames,
Must equall deuide,

314 *The Kings Entertainment*

Their heate to Orbes beside,
Like nourishing filuer streames.
Chor. Ioies flide awaie like streames.

8

Yet in this lies
Sweete hope : how far foeuer,
Hee bides, no cloudes can feuer,
His glorie from our eyes.
Chor. Drie, drie, your weeping eies.

9

And make heauen ring,
His welcomes showed loudelie,
For Heauen it selfe looks proudly,
That earth has such a King.
Chor. Earth has not such a King.

His Maiestie dwelt here a reasonable long time, giuing both good allowance to the song & Musick, and liberally bestowing his eye on the workemanship of the place : from whence at the length departing, his next entrnce was, as it were, into the clofet or rather the priuy chamber to this our Court royall : through the windowes of which he might behold the Cathedrall Temple of Saint Paule : vpon whose lower batlements an Antheme was fung, by the Quiristers of the Church to the musicke of loud instruments : which being finisht, a latine Oration was *Viva voce* deliuered to his grace, by one of maister Mulcasters Schollers, at the dore of the free-schole fownded by the Mercers.



Oratio habita, & ad Regem, & coram
Rege præschola Paulina.

(.·.)

BReuis ero, ne ingratus sim, Rex serenissime, licet,
& planè, & plenè putem Regem tam prudentem,
in tam profusa suorum lætitia, ita se hodie patientia
contra tædium armauisse, ne vllius tædij ipsum posset
tædere. A Edificium hoc magno sumptu suo extructum
Dominus Johannes Collettus Ecclesiae Paulinae Decanus,
sub Henrico septimo, maiestatis tuæ prudentissimo abauo,
erudiendae pueritiæ consecrauit, vt huius scholæ infantia
tuo in Regnum Anglicanum iure coetanea existat. Tanta
magnificentia conditum parique magnificentia dotatum
fidelissimæ Mercerorum huius urbis primaria semper,
hodie etiam Prætoricæ societati tuendum testamento
moriens commendauit. Quæ societas, & demortui
fundatoris spei, & nostræ educationis studio fidem
suam sanctissime exoluit. Hic nos cum multis
alijs erudimur, qui communi nomine totius pueritiæ
Anglicanæ, a Domino Rege, licet sponte sua ad omnia
optima satis incitato, humillimè tamen contendimus, vt
quemadmodum sua ætatis ratione, in omni re adultio-
ribus prospicit, ita in summæ spei Principis Henrici
gratiam tenerioribus, parique cum ipso ætate pueris,
in scholarum cura velit etiam consulere. Virgæ enim
obsequium, sceptri obedientia & parit, & præit inquit
preceptor meus. Quique metu didicit iuuenis parere
puerque, grandibus imperiis officiosus erit. Habent
scholæ Anglicanæ multa, in quibus Regiam maiestatis
correctionem efflagitant, ne inde in Academias implumes
euolent vnde in Rempublicam implumiores etiam è prima
nuditate emittuntur. Quod malum à Preceptore nostro
accepimus: qui annos iam quatuor supra quinquaginta

publice, priuatimque erudiendæ pueritiæ præfuit, & hæc scholarum errata, cum aliquo etiam dolore suo, & passim, & sparsim deprehendit. Nostra hæc schola fundatorem Collettum hominem tam pium; tutores Merceros homines tam fidos consequuta, quam esset fœlix, si placeret, Domino etiam Regi, quod Regibus Angliæ, ad summam apud suos charitatem sæpissimè profuit, huic Mercerosum principi societati, fratrem se, & conciuem adscribere, Quantum huic vrbi ornamentum, quantum societati honestamentum, Quantum scholæ nostræ emolumentum? Quantu setiam Regi ipsi honos inde accederet, mauult, qui hoc vult alias inter alia per otium Regi suo apperire, quam hodie cum tædio & præter aream eidem explicare. Omnipotens Deus Iesus Christus & cum eo, ac per eum noster, et Pater, et Deus serenissimum Regem Iacobum, honoratissimam Reginam Annam, nobilissimum Principem Henricum, relinquamque Regiæ stirpis ad omnia summam natam sobolem diu nobis ita incolumes tueatur, vt cum huius vitæ fecundissimum curriculum confeceritis, beatissimam vitæ cælestis æternitatem consequamini. Dixi.



Our next Arch of triumph, was erected about the Conduit in Fleetstreete, into which (as into the long and beauteous gallery of the Citie) his Maiestie being entered ; a farre off (as if it had beene some swelling Promontory, or rather some enchanted Castle guarded by tenne thousand harmelesse spirits) did his eye encounter another Towre of Pleasure.

Presenting it selfe.

Fourescore and ten foote in height, and fiftie in breadth ; the gate twentie foote in the perpendicular line, and fourteene in the ground line : The two Posternes were answerable to these that are set downe before : ouer the posternes riz vp in proportionable measures, two turrets, with battlementes on the tops : The middest of the building was laid open to the world, and great reason it should be so, for the Globe of the world, was there seene to moue, being filld with all the degrees, and states that are in the land : and these were the mechanicall and dead limmes of this carued bodie. As touching those that had the vse of motion in it, and for a neede durst haue spoken, but that there was no stuffe fit for their mouthes.

The principall and worthiest was *Astræa*, (*Iustice*) fitting aloft, as being newly descended from heauen, gloriously attirde ; all her garments being thickely strewed with starres ; a crowne of starres on her head : a Siluer veile covering her eyes. Hauing tolde you that her name was *Iustice* ; I hope you will not put mee to describe what properties she held in her hands, fithence euery painted cloath can informe you.

Directly vnder her, in a Cant by her selfe, was *Arate* (vertue) inthronde, her garments white, her head crowned, and vnder her *Fortuna* : her foote

treading on the Globe, that moude beneath her : Intimating, that his Maiesties fortune, was aboute the world, but his vertues aboute his fortune.

Inuidia.

Enuy, vnhandfomely attirde all in blacke, her haire of the same colour, filleted about with snakes, stood in a darke and obscure place by her selfe, neere vnto *Vertue*, but making shew of a fearefulnesse to approach her and the light : yet still & anon, casting her eyes, sometimes to the one side beneath, where on feuerall Greeces fate the foure cardinall vertues :

Viz. { *Iustitia.*
Fortitudo.
Temperantia.
Prudentia. } In habiliments, fitting to their natures.

And sometimes throwing a distorted and repining countenance to the other opposite seate, on which, his Maiesties foure kfgndomes were aduanced.

Viz. { *England.*
Scotland.
France.
Ireland. }

All of them, in rich Robes and Mantles ; crownes on their heads, and Scepters with pensild scutchions in their hands, lined with the coats of the particuler kingdomes : for very madnesse, that she beheld these glorious obiects, she stood feeding on the heads of Adders.

The foure Elements in proper shapes, (artificially and aptly expressing their qualities) vpon the approach of his Maiestie, went round in a proportionable and euen circle, touching that cantle of the Globe, (which was open) to the full view of his Maiestie, which being

done, they bestowed themfelues in fuch comely order, and flood fo, as if the Eronie had beene held vp on the tops of their fingers.

Vpon diftinct Afcenfions, (neatly raifde within the hollow wombe of the Globe) were placed all the ftates of the land, from the Nobleman to the Ploughman, among whom there was not one word to bee heard, for you muft imagine as *Virgil* faith :

*Ægl. 4. Magnus ab integro feclorum nafcitur ordo.
Iam redit at * virgo redeunt Saturnia regna.*^{Aftræa.}

That it was now the golden world, in which there were few parts.

All the tongues that went in this place, was the tongue of *Zeale*, whose perfonage was put on by *W. Bourne*, one of the feruants to the young Prince.

And thus went his fpeech.

THe populous Globe of this our English Ile,
Seemde to mooue backward, at the funerall pile,
Of her dead female Maieftie. All ftates
From Nobles downe to fpirits of meaner Fates,
Mooude oppofite to Nature and to Peace,
As if thefe men had bin Th' Antipodes,
But fee, the vertue of a Regall eye,
Th' attraftiue wonder of mans Maieftie,
Our Globe is drawne in a right line agen,
And now appeare new faces, and new men.
The Elements, Earth, Water, Ayre, and Fire,
(Which euer clipt a naturall defire,
To combat each with other, being at firft,)
Created enemies to fight their worft,
See at the peacefull prefence of their King,
How quietly they moude, without their fling :
Earth not deuouring, Fire not defacing,

Water not drowning, & the Ayre not chafing :
 But proping the queint Fabrick that heere stands,
 Without the violence of their wrathfull hands.

Mirror of times, lo where thy *Fortune* fits,
 About the world, and all our humane wits,
 But thy hye Vertue about that: what pen,
 Or Art, or braine can reach thy vertue then ?
 At whose immortall brightnes and true light,
Enuies infectious eyes haue lost their fight,
 Her snakes (not daring to shoot-forth their stings
 Gainst such a glorious obiect) downe she flings
 Their forkes of Venome into her owne mawe,
 Whilst her ranke teeth the glittering poisons chawe,
 For tis the property of *Enuies* blood,
 To dry away at euery kingdomes good,
 Especially when shee had eyes to view,
 These foure maine vertues figurde all in you,
Justice in causes, *Fortitude* gainst foes,
Temprance in spleene, and *Prudence* in all those,
 And then so rich an Empyre, whose fayre brest,
 Contaynes foure Kingdomes by your entrance blest
 By *Brute* diuided, but by you alone,
 All are againe vnited and made *One*,
 Whose fruitfull glories shine so far and euen,
 They touch not onely earth, but they kisse heauen,
 From whence *Astræa* is descended hither,
 Who with our last Queenes Spirit, fled vp thither,
 Fore-knowing on the earth, she could not rest,
 Till you had lockt her in your rightfull brest.
 And therefore all Estates, whose proper Arts,
 Liue by the breath of Majestie, had harts
 Burning in holy Zeales immaculate fires,
 With quenchles Ardors, and vnstaind desires,
 To see what they now see, your powerful Grace,
 Reflecting joyes on every subjects face.
 These paynted flames and yellow burning Stripes,
 Vpon this roab, being but as shoues and types,
 Of that great Zeale. And therefore in the name
 Of this glad Citie, whither no Prince euer came,

More lou'd, more long'd for, lowely I intreate,
You'd be to her as gracious as y' are great :
So with reuerberate shoutes our Globe shall ring,
The Muficks clofe being thus : God faue our King.

If there be any glorie to be won by writing these lynes, I do freelie bestow it (as his due) on Tho. *Middleton*, in whose braine they were begotten, though they were deliuered heere : *Quæ nos non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco.*

But hauing peiced vp our wings now againe with our owne feathers : suffer vs a while to be pruning them, and to lay them smooth, whilst this song, which went fourth at the found of Hault-boyes, and other lowde instruments, flyes along with the trayne.

Cant.

Where are all these Honors owing ?
Why are seas of people flowing ?
 Tell mee, tell me Rumor,
 Though it be thy Humor
 More often to be lying,
Than from thy breath to haue trueth flying :
 Yet alter, now that fashion,
 And without the streame of pafsion,
 Let thy voyce swim smooth and cleare,
When words want gilding, then they are most deere.
Behold where Ioue and all the States,
Of Heau'n, through Heau'ns feauen siluer gates,
 All in glory riding
 (Backs of Clouds bestriding)
 The milky waie do couer,
Which starry Path being measur'd ouer,
 The Deities conuent,
 In Ioues high Court of Parliament.
 Rumor thou doest loose thy aymes,
This is not Ioue, but One, as great, King IAMES.

And now take we our flight vp to Temple-bar, (the

other ende of this our Gallery) where by this time, his Majestie is vpon the poynt of giuing a gracious and Princely Fare-well to the Lord Major, and the Citie. But that his eye meeting a feauenth beautifull obfect, is invited by that, to delay awhile his (lamented) departure.

The Building being fet out thus.

The Front or Surface of it was proportioned in euery respect like a Temple, being dedicated to *Ianus*, as by this inscription ouer the *Ianus* head may appear.

*Iano Quadri fronti
Sacrum.*

The height of the whole Aedifice, from the grownd line to the top, was 57. foote, the full bredth of it 18. foote : the thicknes of the Pafsage 12.

The personages that were in this Temple, *are these*.

1. The principall person, *Peace*.
2. By her stood, *Wealth*.
3. Beneath the feet of Peace, lay *Mars* (War) groueling.
4. And vpon her right hand (but with some little descent) was seated *Quiet*, the first hand-maid of *Peace*.
5. Shee had lying at her feete, *Tumult*.
6. On the other side was the seconde hand-mayd, *Libertie* at whose feete lay a Catte.
7. This person trod vpon *Scruidude*.
8. The third handmaid was *Safety*.
9. Beneath her was *Danger*,
10. The fourth attendant was, *Falicitie* :
11. At her feete, *Vnhappines*.

Within the Temple was an Altar, to which, vpon the approach of the King, a *Flamin* appeares, and to him, the former Genius of the Citie.

The effect of whose speech was, that whereas the *Flamin* came to performe rites there, in honour of one *Anna* a goddesse of the *Romaines*, the Genius vowes, that none shall doe Sacrifice there, but himselfe, the offering that he makes being, the Heart of the Citie, &c.

And thus haue wee (lowely and aloofe) followed our Soueraigne through the seauen Triumphal gates of this his Court Royall, which name, as *London* receiued at the ryfing of the *Sunne*; so now at his going from her (euen in a moment) She lost that honour: And being (like an Actor on a Stage) stript out of her borrowed Majestie, she resignes her former shape & title of Citie; nor is it quite lost, considering it went along with him, to whom it is due: For such Vertue is begotten in Princes, that their verie presence hath power to turne a Village to a Citie, and to make a Citie appeare great as a Kingdome. Behold how glorious a Flower, Happineffe is, but how fading. The Minutes (that lackey at the heeles of *Time*) run not faster away then do our joyes. What tongue could haue exprest the raptures on which the soule of the Citie was carried beyond it selfe, for the space of manie houres? What wealth could haue allurde her to haue closde her eies, at the comming of her King, and yet See, her Bridegrome is but slept from her, and in a Minute (nay in shorter time, then a thought can be borne) is she made a Widdow. All her consolation being now, to repeate ouer by roate those Honors, which lately she had perfectly by hart: And to tell of those joyes, which but euen now, shee reallie behelde; yet thus of her absent, beloued, do I heare her gladly and heartily speaking.

*Infreta dum Fluvii Current: dum montibus umbrae,
Lustrabunt Conuexa, Polus dum sidera pascit,
Virg. Semper Honos Nomenque tuum, Laudesque manebunt.*

The Pageant in the Strond.

THE Citie of *Westminster* and Dutchy of *Lancaster*, perceiuing what preparation their neighbor citie made to entertain her Soueraigne ; though in greatnes they could not match her, yet in greatnes of Loue and Duetie, they gaue testimonie, that both were equall. And in token they were so, hands and hearts went together : and in the Strond, erected vp a Monument of their affection.

The Inuention was a Rayne-bowe, the Moone, Sunne, and the seauen Starres, called the *Pleiades*, being aduanced betweene two *Pyramides* : *Electra* (one of those seauen hanging in the aire, in figure of a Comet) was the speaker, her words carrying this effect.

That as his Majestie had left the Citie of London, happy, by deliuering it frô the noyse of tumult : so he would crowne this place with the like joyes ; which being done, shee reckons vp a number of blefings, that will follow vpon it.

The worke of this was thought vpon, begun and made perfect in xij. daies.

As touching those fiue which the Citie builded, the *Arbor* in Cheap-side, and the Temple of *Ianus*, at Temple-bar, were both of them begun and finisht in fixe weekes. The rest were taken in hande, first in March last, after his Majestie was proclaymed, vpon which, at that time, they wrought till a Moneth after *S. James* his day following, and then gaue ouer by reason of the sicknes : At this second setting vpon thê, six weekes more were spent.

The Citie elected fixteene Comitties, to whom the Mannaging of the whole busines was absolutely referred : of which number, foure were Aldermen, the other graue Commoners.

There were also Committies appoynted as Ouerfeers, and Serueyors of the workes.

*Artificum Operariumque in hoc tam
celebri apparatu, summa.
summa.*

THe Citie employed in the Framing, building, and setting vp of their five *Arches*, these officers and worke-men.

A Clarke that attended on the Committies.

Two officers that gaue Summons for their meetings. &c.

A clarke of the Workes.

Two master-Carpenters.

Painters.

Of which number, those that gaue the maine direction, and vndertooke for the whole busines, were only these feauen.

| | | |
|---|----------------------|---|
| { | William Friselfield. | } |
| | George Mofse. | |
| | John Knight. | |
| | Paul Ifacson. | |
| | Samuell Goodrick. | |
| | Richard Wood. | |
| | George Heron. | |

Caruers. 24

Ouer whom, Stephen Harrison Joyner was appoynted chiefe; who was the sole Inuentor of the Architecture, and from whom all directions, for so much as belonged to Caruing, Joyning, Molding, and all other worke in those five Pageants of the Citle (Paynting excepted) were fet downe.

Ioyners. 80

Carpenters. 60

Turners. 6

Laborers to them. 6

Sawyers. 12

Laborers during all the time, and for the day of the Triumph. 70

326 *The Kings Entertainment.*

Besides these, there were other Artificers, As :
Plommers, Smythes, Molders.

To the Reader.

Reader, you must vnderstand, that a regard, being had that his Majestie should not be wearied with teadious speeches : A great part of those which are in this Booke fet downe, were left vnspoken : So that thou doest here receiue them as they should haue been deliuered, not as they were. Some errours wander up and downe in these sheetes, vnder the Printers warrant : which notwithstanding may by thy authoritie be brought in, and receiue their due Correction.

FINIS.



NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 1.

The Shoemakers Holiday.

On what authority is this play sometimes ascribed to Barten Holiday and to others? That Dekker was the author, even if Henflowe's testimony were wanting, is, as will be seen, abundantly proved by internal evidence.

The original edition of this comedy, as also that of *Old Fortunatus*, is printed in black letter.

PAGE 20.

wher's Cissy Bumtrinket your maid?

The same term is used by Richard Brome in the Beggars' song, in the comedy of *The Jovial Crew*. Dekker also uses it in *Satiromastix* (p. 220).

PAGE 81.

The Comedie of Old Fortunatus.

Hazlitt says that this play "has the idle garrulity of age, with the freshness and gaiety of youth still upon its cheek and in its heart." The plan is founded on an old German romance, which was reprinted and translated a great many times during the sixteenth century. Dekker has preserved the original names and the main outline of the story.

PAGE 83.

Some call her Pandora.

From the evils Pandora is said to have brought on mortals, and the sense in consequence generally attached to her name, this seems a somewhat equivocal compliment; but Dekker alludes only to her name, which signifies *all-accomplished*, and

perhaps to the corresponding description of her in the "Theogony" of Hesiod. Gloriana, Cynthia, Belphebe, and Astrea, were undoubtedly appellations applied to Elizabeth by the Poets of her time, although there is probably no other instance in which she is praised under the name of Pandora.

PAGE 87.

Patience is a vertue: would I were not vertuous, thats to say, not poore, but full of vice, (thats to say, full of chinckes) Ha, ha, so I am, for I am so full of chinckes, that a Horse with one eye may looke through and through me.

This is probably an allusion to a line found in Lyly's Grammar :

Effodiuntur opes, irritamenta malorum.

as by chinks, in the first instance, money is meant, and the holes in his drefs in the second.

PAGE 89.

My tongue speakes no language but an Almond for Parrat, and cracke me this Nut.

It is somewhat difficult to affix any precise meaning to these phrases, which, however, occur not unfrequently in the writings of the time. There is a scarce black letter work named "An Almond for a Parrot;" and a play called "Crack me this Nut," was performed at the Rose Theatre in 1595. This latter is also one of the titles of a pamphlet of Lyly's.

PAGE 93.

Fortune her selfe is said to view thy fall.

We should probably read "fad" here instead of *said*.

PAGE 95.

If through Golds sacred hunger thou dost pine.

This is the *Auri sacra fames* of Virgil (see *Æn.* III. 57); the word "sacred" being of course used in the sense of accursed.

PAGE 95.

*a wiseman poore,
Is like a sacred booke thats neuer read,
To himselfe he liues, and to all els seemes dead.
This age thinks better of a gilded foole,
Then of a threedbare Saint in wisedomes schoole.*

Our poet may here allude to a passage in the Book of Ecclesi-

astes, ix. 14, sqq. "The poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard."

PAGE 96.

*thou wilt repent
That for the love of dross thou hast despised
Wisdomes divine embrace.*

It is evident that many of the sentiments in this scene were drawn by our poet from the choice made by Solomon in the beginning of his reign, of wisdom, in preference to riches, or honour, or power over his enemies, or length of life, as recorded in the First Book of Kings: and it should be remembered to their honour that many noble images and illustrations were derived from the same divine source by the dramatic poets of that age.

PAGE 96.

Gold is the strength, the sinewes of the world.

"No wonder," says Campbell, who quotes this Scene in his Specimens, "poor Dekker could rise a degree above the level of his ordinary genius in describing the blessings of Fortunatus's inexhaustible purse: he had probably felt but too keenly the force of what he expresses in the misanthropy of Ampedo,

"I'm not enamour'd of this painted idol," &c.

PAGE 97.

*yet I feele nothing here to make mee rich,
here's no sweete Musicke with her siluer found.*

"Music with her silver found" is a quotation from a poem by Richard Edwards, in *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, 1576, 1597. The stanza containing these words is also quoted in *Romeo and Juliet*, towards the end of the fourth act. A similar expression "Musicke with her silver tongue" occurs again in the *Comedy of Old Fortunatus*. Dekker seems indeed to have had a special fondness for this phrase, for we read also in *Satiro-mastix*.

"Musicke talke lowder, that thy silver voice," &c.

PAGE 124.

Whether it were lead or latten that haspt downe those winking casements.

The word *latten*, which occurs in act 1. of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* has been differently explained by the commentators.

Theobald supposes it to have been the old orichalc; Malone that it was made of copper and calimini, and Steevens, who quotes the passage in the text, seems inclined to think it tin. Chaucer says in *The Frankeleines Tale*:

“And this was, as the bookes me remember,
The colde frosty feson of December.
Phebus waxe old and hewed like *laton*,
That in his hote declination
Shone as the burned gold with stremes bright:
But now in Capricorne adoun he light,
When as he shone ful pale, I dare wel fain.”

PAGE 125.

what shall we learne by trauaile

ANDEL. *Fashions.*

SHAD. *Thats a beastly diseafe.*

“Infected with the fashions” is one of the disorders of Petruccio’s horse, as described by Biondello in act 3. of *Taming of the Shrew*. “It is so called in the West of England,” says Grey, “but by the best writers on farriery, *farcens* or *farcy*.” Steevens, among other instances of its use by the old writers, adduces the passage in the text.

PAGE 125.

when my purfourschip ends, ile resigne, and cap you.

Cap you, from the context, must mean, *take from you the cap*. In the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, the host threatens to *cap* Ralph, unless his reckoning be immediately paid, which is repented by the honest citizen as an unpardonable indignity.

PAGE 129.

O Deformitie,

*Thy fairenes is not like to Agripynes,
For (dead) her beautie will no beautie haue,
But thy face lookes most lonely in the graue.*

In the original the word in parenthesis is misprinted *dread*. For the very obvious correction made in the text I have the high authority of Charles Lamb, who says of the scene which these lines close:—“The humour of a frantic lover is here done to the life. Orleans is as passionate an inamorato as any which Shakespeare ever drew. He is just such another adept in love’s reasons. He talks ‘pure Biron and Romeo,’ he is almost as

poetical as they, quite as philosophical, only a little madder." *Specimens* (1808) p. 62-63.

PAGE 133.

With fiftie bard Horses prawning at his heeles.

"Bard," *i.e.* barbed or adorned with trappings. So in Heywood's *Four Prentices of London* :

"Shall our *bar'd horses* climb yon mountain tops," &c.

PAGE 136.

la paayne Hispanola.

The pavan, which is here spoken of, is said in the *Alchemist* of Ben Jonson, to be a Spanish dance. It is also mentioned in the last scene of *Twelfth Night*. It seems to have been a majestic and stately dance, and is particularly described by Sir John Hawkins in a note on *Twelfth Night*.

PAGE 147.

But I in wildernesse tottred out my youth.

"Wildness" is probably the correct reading.

PAGE 151.

*The path that leades to Vertues court is narrow,
Thornie and vp a hill, a bitter iorney,
But being gon through, you find all heau'nly sweetes,
The entrance is all flintie, but at th'end;
To towers of pearle and christall you ascend.*

One is irresistibly reminded in reading these fine lines of a similar passage in Tennyson's *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*.

PAGE 155.

whilst thou art commensing thy knauerie there, ile proccede Doctor Dodipoll here.

A comedy called "The Wisdom of Dr. Dodipoll," was printed in 1600: it is to this that Dekker alludes, as also in *Satiro-mastix*, p. 262, "Wut sweare by Parnassus and lye too, Doctor Doddipol?"

PAGE 159.

to marke how like tree bul-beggara dey stand.

Bull-beggar and bull-bear were words of the same meaning as the modern *bug-bear*. Gable Harvey in his *Four Letters and certain Sonnets*, uses both. "He was proved a filly *bull-bear*; a very puff of wind; a thing of nothing." "Some odd wits for-

footh will needs be accounted terrible *bull-beggars*, and the only kill-cows of their age." See also Pierce's *Supererogation*.

PAGE 160.

Puts Gallowayes hornes off.

This stage-direction is evidently an error. For Galloway we should doubtless read Montrose and Longavile.

PAGE 175.

May still to fortie two, and one yeere more,

So the original ; but there is very little doubt we should read "add." As Elizabeth succeeded to the Crown only in November, 1558, and the present play was printed in 1600, it seems certain that she could not have reigned more than forty-two years.

PAGE 177.

SATIRO-MASTIX.

This play is an answer to Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, which had been brought out at the Blackfriars by the children of the Queen's chapel in the previous year. Marston and Dekker had, it seems, persisted for some years in ridiculing Jonson on the stage, till he found it necessary to draw up the *Poetaster*, in which, together with the untrussing, the whipping, and the stinging, he anticipated and answered many of the accusations subsequently brought against him in the *Satiro-mastix*. As Marston and Dekker had headed the cabal against him, he introduced them under the respective names of Crispinus and Demetrius ; Marston is very distinctly marked : Dekker might, perhaps, have "sat still unquestioned"—at least with posterity—had not the justice of the satire filled him with rage, and induced him to appropriate the character of Demetrius to himself in an angry recrimination. He was (apparently to his own satisfaction) put forward by the rest as their defender. Jonson must have been aware of this, for he makes one of the players say of Dekker, "his doublet's a little decayed, otherwise he is a very simple honest fellow, sir, one Demetrius, a dresser of plays about the town here ; we have hired him to abuse Horace, and bring him in in a play."

Dekker, being both a rapid and a popular writer, the choice of a champion was not injudicious. The *Satiro-mastix* was produced in 1602. Jonson had played with his subject ; but Dekker writes in downright passion, and foams through every page. He makes no pretensions to invention, but takes up

the characters of his predeceffor, turns them the *feamy fide without*, and produces a coarfe and ill-wrought caricature. Tucca who, in Jonfon's hands, is amufing with all his infolence and rapacity, degenerates with Dekker into a mere candidate for Tyburn. Nor is this the worft. In transferring the fcene from the court of Auguftus to England, Dekker has the inconceivable folly to fix on William Rufus, a rude and ignorant foldier, whom he ridiculoufly terms "learning's true Mæcenas, poefy's king," for the champion of literature, when his brother, Henry I., who afpired to the reputation of a fcholar, would have entered into his plot with equal facility.—GIFFORD, *Memoir of Ben Jonfon*.

"William Rufus, 'learning's true Mæcenas, poefy's king,' it may be prefumed, was the ignorant William Shakefpeare, "skilled in the hawking and hunting languages;" fo that Dekker's felection appears to have been peculiarly appropriate. The wits of Elizabeth were not afleep.

In this comedy Shakefpeare is King William, and Lyly is Sir Vaughan ap Rees; the remark of Tucca, "be not fo tart my precious Metheglin," identifies Lyly with Amorphus, reminding us of the Metheglin and Pythagorical breeches in *Cynthia's Revels*, which, I hold, are fatirical allufions to the tranfmigrations through Sir Hugh Evans and Captain Fluellen; whilst in the remark, "you nafty Tortois, you and your itchy poetry break out like Chriftnas, but once a year," we have probably the germ of Caliban."

SHAKESPEARE AND JONSON. Dramatic *verfus* Wit-Combats. Auxiliary Forces: Beaumont and Fletcher, Marfton, Dekker, Chapman, and Webfter. Lond.: J. Ruffell Smith, 1864, p. 52.

PAGE 179.

*Non potes in Nugas dicere plura meas,
Ipfe ego quam dixi.—Qui fe mirantur, in illos
Virus habe: Nos hæc novimus effe nihil.*

This is from Martial. Epig. lib. XIII. 2, *In Detractorem*.

PAGE 181.

Monftrum horrendum, informe: Ingens cui lumen ademptum.
Virgil, *Aen.* III, 658.

PAGE 183.

Populus me fibilat, at mihi plaudo.
Horace, Satir. lib. I. 1. 66.

SATIRO-MASTIX.

PAGE 184.

To this play the author prefixed a list of *Errata* (which have, of course, been corrected in the present edition), with the following address, *Ad Lectorem*: "In steed of the Trumpets sounding thrice, before the Play begin: it shall not be amisse (for him that will read) first to beholde this short Comedy of Errors, and where the greatest enter, to give them in steed of a hisse, a gentle correction."

PAGE 212.

these true heires of Ma. Justice Shallow.

The two plays of Shakespeare, in which the character here alluded to, appears—*i. e.*, the Second Part of K. Henry IV. and The Merry Wives of Windfor—were brought out in 1600—1602. The allusion in the text seems to prove that the famous justice had already become a household word.

PAGE 214.

One word Sir Quintilian in hugger mugger.

In hugger-mugger—*i. e.*, in private, secretly. The phrase occurs in *Hamlet*, Act iv. Sc. 5.

"we have done but greenly

In hugger-mugger t'inter him."

PAGE 216.

Mistris Miniuer caps.

This expression, which recurs frequently in the *Satiro-mastix*, is used by Simon Eyre as a term of reproach in *The Shoemakers Holiday* (*vide antea*, p. 72): "Vanish mother Mincuer-Cap, trip and goe."

PAGE 218.

Mother Mumblecruff.

This name, which is applied by Eyre to his wife in *The Shoemakers Holiday*, is given in *Ralph Roister Doister* to one of the principal characters: it is also used in the *Pleasant Comedy of Patient Griffell*, 1603.

PAGE 221.

Th'ast a breath as sweet as the Rose, that growes by the Beare-garden.

The proximity of the Hoop, while yet a bear-garden to the

Rofe, may be gathered from the above paffage. The atmosphere at the Rofe was, it would feem, impregnated with the effluvia from the Hope.—*Collier*.

PAGE 229.

TUC. *Thou haft been at Parris Garden haft not?*

HOR. *Yes, Captaine, I ha plaide Zulziman there.*

Paris Garden was at an early date employed as a theatre for dramatic representations, and it feems to have been of an hexagonal fhape. *Zulziman* was a character in fome play which has not furvived.

PAGE 229.

My name's Hamlet reuenge.

This is the fecond allufion in *Satiro-maftix* to the writings of Shakefpeare. The earlieft known edition of Hamlet bears date 1603; but it feems to have been acted fome time before it found its way into print.

PAGE 231.

He tagge my Codpeece point with thy legs.

This expreffion occurs alfo in *The Shomakers Holiday* (*ſuprà*, p. 68): “My *Codpeece-point* is ready to flye in peeeces euery time I thinke vpon miſtris *Rofe*.”

PAGE 251.

Smiles on my checkes ariſe,

To ſee how ſweetly a true virgin dyes.

“The beauty and force of this ſcene,” ſays Charles Lamb, “are much diminished to the reader of the entire play, when he comes to find that this ſolemn preparation is but a ſham contrivance of the father’s, and the potion which Cœleſtina ſwallows nothing more than a ſleeping draught, from the effects of which ſhe is to awake in due time, to the ſurpriſe of her huſband, and the great mirth and edification of the king and his courtiers. As Hamlet ſays, they do but ‘poison in jeſt.’ The ſentiments are worthy of a real martyrdom, and an Appian ſacrifice in earneſt.” But as Terrill and his bride both believed the ſacrifice to be real, we cannot concur in theſe ſtrictures of the gentle Elia.

PAGE 257.

Sauē thee, my moſt gracious King a Harts ſauē thee, all hats and caps are thine, and therefore I vail: for but to thee great Sultane Soliman, &c.

Compare the final scenes of *The Shoemakers Holiday*, where Simon Eyre talks in much the same way to the King. "Sim Eyre knows how to speake to a Pope, to *Sultan Solyman*, to *Tamberlaine*, and he were here." Both Eyre and Tucca ask of their Sovereign the boon of his presence to grace a banquet. The difference is that the *bonhonnie* of the former is genuine and natural, and that of the latter assumed and artificial.

PAGE 265.

Epilogus.

In the Epilogue to Dekker's *Satiro-mastix*, Tucca addresses the audience generally as "*two penny tenants*," having previously told them, "Ill see you all here for your two-pence a-piece again, before I'll lose your company," as if the price had been, for some reason, temporarily lowered to that rate. This play was performed before 1602, by the Lord Chamberlain's servants and by the Children of St. Pauls. In the body of it, Tucca speaks degradingly of "*penny-bench theatres*," where "a gentleman or an honest citizen" might sit "with his squirrel by his side cracking nuts;" which agrees with a passage in his *Gull's Horn-Book*, 1609, where he remarks, "your groundling and gallery; commoner buys his sport for a penny," as if the admission to the yard, where people stood, and to the gallery, where they sat, were the same.

PAGE 267.

The Magnificent Entertainment, &c.

With this is usually found at the end: B. JON: [Ben Jonson] *his Part of King James his Royall and Magnificent Entertainment through his Honorable Cittie of London, Thursday the 15 of March 1603.* So much as was presented in the first and last of their *Triumphall Arch's.* Printed at London by V. S. for Edward Blount, 1604.

Of Dekker's portion another edition exists, "Edinburgh, Printed by Thomas Finlason and are to be sold at Niddries wynde heide. Anno Dom. 1604. with Licence."

PAGE 274.

*Where the neat Sunne each Morne himselfe attires,
And gildes it with his repercussive fires.*

This is a word of very uncommon occurrence. It is used in Fanshawe's translation of the *Lusiad* :

“Whose *repercussive* lyre shall have the fate
To be renowned more than fortunate.”

Dekker uses the word again in his Pageant of *Troia Nova Triumphans* (vol. III., p. 243).

PAGE 282.

Gracious-street.

See also *The Shoemakers Holiday*, p. 69: “the great new hall in Gracious streete corner.” The present name, Gracechurch-street, is but little more correct than the corrupted appellation of Dekker’s time. St. Bennet Grays-church, at the south-west corner of Fenchurch-street, was so called from its vicinity to the Grays-market, formerly held close by. The customs or duties of this market, in the reign of Edward III., are printed in Stow’s *Survey*, ed. 1603, p. 214.

PAGE 290.

Alter Iesiades, alter Amoniades.

Iesiades, i.e., Solomon, the grandson of *Jesse*. It is almost needless to observe how much the King admired this agnomen, or how often it was attributed to him. In the Preface to his Works, by Bishop Montacute, we read “God hath given us a Solomon, and God above all things gave Solomon wisdom,” &c. *Amoniades* probably signifies Apollo, the son of Jupiter (Ammon).

PAGE 293.

The Mart, where as well the Froe, as the Burger, are buying and selling.

Froe is the Dutch word for a woman. It is used by Beaumont and Fletcher in *Wit at Seven Weapons*, Act. V.

“Buxom as Bacchus’ froes, revelling, dancing,
Telling the musick’s numbers with their feet.”

PAGE 294.

Sermo ad Regem.

Gifford is at a loss to know where Dekker got these Latin verses—“perhaps,” he says, “from his own stores; for he had a smattering of Latin, which he is somewhat too fond of showing.”

PAGE 297.

A woman in a watchet robe.

Watchet is a light blue-colour. The word is Saxon, and is used by Milton and Dryden.

PAGE 302.

Troynouant is now no more a Citie.

The name of *Troynouant* here given to London, and also in a Pageant by Dekker, entitled *Troia Nova Triumphans* (1612), is derived from the once popular fable of Geoffrey of Monmouth, who declares that Brute, a lineal descendant of Æneas, "the grandson of Jupiter, by his daughter Venus, builded this citie about the year of the world 2885," (or 1008 years before the nativity of Christ), and named it Trinovantum, Troy-novant, (or New Troy), in remembrance of Troy, from whence he came, calling the country Britain after his own name.

PAGE 314.

One of maister Mulcasters Schollers.

Dr. Richard Mulcaster, then Master of St. Paul's School, "a native of Carlisle, was educated at Eton, whence he was sent to King's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A., 1553-4, but afterwards removed to Oxford, and was elected a Student of Christ Church; proceeded M.A. and became eminent for his skill in Greek. After spending more than five years at Oxford, he made so great a proficiency in several sorts of learning, that he was unanimously chosen master of the school erected in 1561 in the parish of St. Laurence, Pountney, by the Worshipful Company of Merchant-tailors of that City. In 1596 he succeeded one Joh. Harrison in the Chief Mastership of St. Pauls School in London, and soon after had the rich parsonage of Stamford Rivers in Essex bestowed on him by Queen Elizabeth. He died there 15th April 1611, having resigned Paul's School three years before."—Wood's *Athene Oxonienses*.

PAGE 317.

I hope you will not put me to describe what properties shce held in her hands, sithence every painted cloath can informe you.

Properties, i.e., ensigns proper to her character—a theatrical term. *Sithence* is "since." *Painted cloth* was cloth or canvas painted in oil with a variety of devices and verses interperfed.

PAGE 318.

Scepters with pensild scutchions in their handes.

i.e. (not having *pensils*, small flags, but) painted; so in an earlier passage of this pageant: "They held in their handes pensild Shildes; vpon the first was drawne a Rofe," &c.

PAGE 318.

where, on feuerall greeces, sate the foure cardinall vertues.

This word, used in several places by Shakespeare, was variously spelt, grice, greece, greese, grieze, grize, grife, &c.; and seems to be formed from *gressus*, or contracted from *degrees*. It signified a step, or a flight of steps. See Lydgate's *Warres of Troy* (ed. 1555):—

"She gan anone by *greeces* to affende
Of a Touret in to an hye pynacle."

PAGE 318.

that cantle of the globe which was open to the full view of his Maiestie.

Cantle, or *cantel*, signifies portion, piece, or parcel.

"Cant," which occurs *antea* p. 317:—"Directly vnder her in a Cant by herselfe" is a contraction of this, and means a niche or corner, like the Dutch *kant*, from which both words are probably derived.

PAGE 319.

And flood so, as if the Eronic had bene held vp on the tops of their fingers.

Qy. "ourany"? suggests Mr. Dyce (Notes to Middleton's Works, v. 209).



ADDITIONAL NOTES.

PAGE 181.

Horace *hal'd his Poetafters to the Barre.*

Alluding to the trial of the Poetafters, which takes place before Auguftus and his poetical jury of Virgil, Ovid, Tibullus, etc., in Ben Jonfon's play.

Ib.

Horace *made himfelfe believe, that his Burgonian wit might deſperately challenge all commers.*

Dekker alludes here to the baftard of Burgundy, who confidered himfelf unmatched, till he was overthrown in Smithfield by Woodville Earl Rivers.

ERRATA.

| PAGE | LINE |
|------|---|
| 329 | 20 <i>for</i> probable, <i>read</i> probably. |
| 339 | 6 <i>for</i> bonhonnie, <i>read</i> bonhomie. |

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