



3 1761 06838401 5

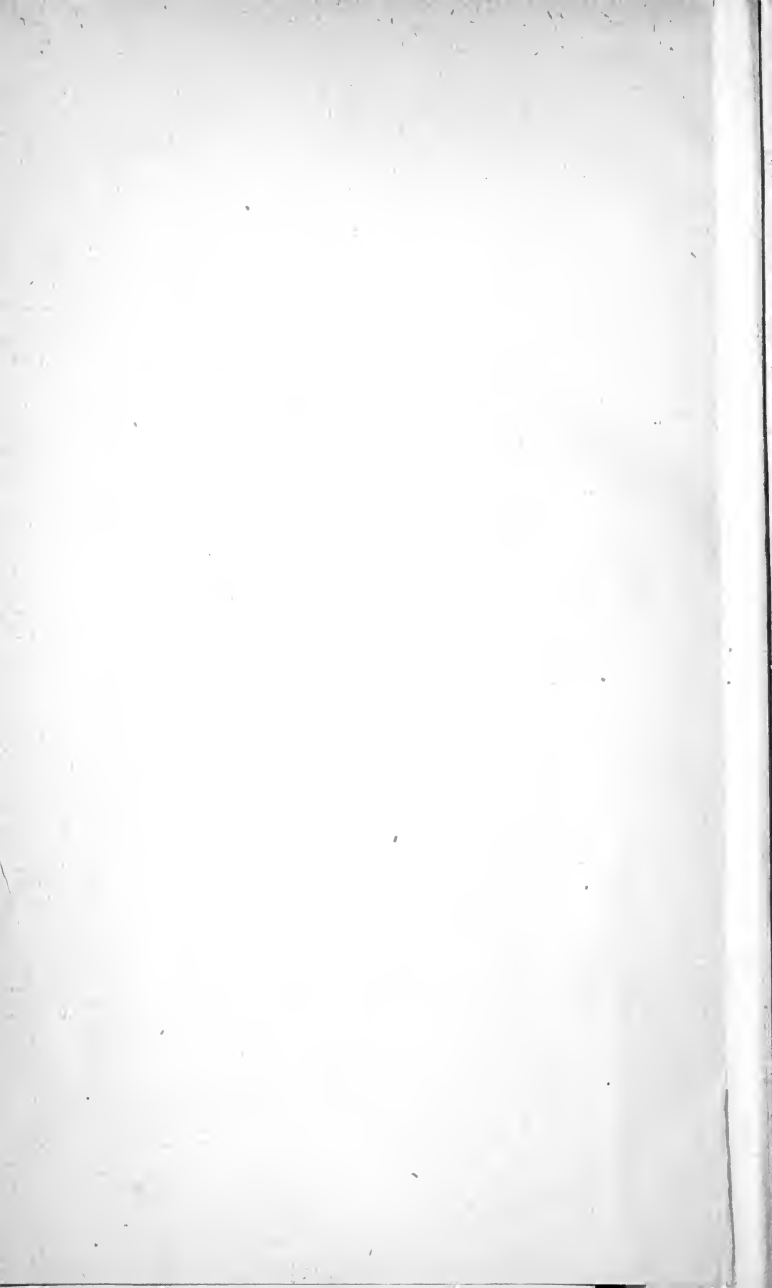


Presented to
The Library
of the
University of Toronto
by
Professor W. J. Alexander

48

300

HEYWOOD'S
DRAMATIC WORKS



DE
H6227d.3



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

Aut prodesse solent aut delectare

VOLUME THE FIRST



372341
6.11.39

LONDON

JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN

1874

SEEN BY
PRESERVATION
SERVICES
DATE MAY 1 1900

PR
2570
1874
v.1
cop.2



CONTENTS

VOLUME THE FIRST

MEMOIR OF THOMAS HEYWOOD

FIRST AND SECOND PARTS OF KING EDWARD
THE FOURTH

IF YOU KNOW NOT ME, YOU KNOW NO BODY,
OR THE TROUBLES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

THE SECOND PART OF IF YOU KNOW NOT
ME, YOU KNOW NO BODY

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME THE SECOND

THE FAIRE MAID OF THE EXCHANGE

A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESSE

THE FOUR PRENTISES OF LONDON

THE FAIRE MAID OF THE WEST

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME THE THIRD

THE GOLDEN AGE

THE SILVER AGE

THE BRAZEN AGE

THE FIRST AND SECOND PARTS OF THE
IRON AGE

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME THE FOURTH

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER

A MAIDENHEAD WELL LOST

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES

LONDON'S IUS HONORARIUM

LONDINI SINUS SALUTIS

LONDINI SPECULUM

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME THE FIFTH

A CHALLENGE FOR BEAUTIE

LOVES MAISTRESSE

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE

LONDINI PORTA PIETATIS

THE WISE WOMAN OF HOGSDON
LONDINI STATUS PACATUS
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME THE SIXTH

THE ROYALL KING AND THE LOYALL SUBJECT
PLEASANT DIALOGUES AND DRAMMAS
FORTUNE BY LAND AND SEA
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS







Memoir of

THOMAS HEYWOOD

THOMAS HEYWOOD was probably one of the most prolific writers of his own, or of any other age or country; and on that account he has sometimes been not inappropriately termed the English Lope de Vega. Besides the two hundred and twenty(1) plays, in which he “had either an entire hand or at least a maine finger,” he was the author of Poems, Histories, and dissertations innumerable, on all subjects from the creation of the world down to the Spanish Armada; from the building of

(1) It must be remembered that it was in 1633 that Heywood made this assertion, and as he published several plays after that date, the total number is perhaps understated here.

Noah's ark down to the building of the last new man-of-war, and of all sizes from stately folio down to modest duodecimo. If, therefore, we were to estimate a man's life by the number and extent of his works, we should say that Thomas Heywood had not been gathered to his fathers until he had arrived at a ripe old age; but whether, according to the ordinary mode of calculating human existence, he lived to any great length of days, the few materials within our reach do not enable us to ascertain. The time of his birth and death are alike unknown: the place of the first may be collected from his works; but as to the last, we are unable to trace him to his grave. We learn from *A funerall Elegy, upon the death of Sir George St. Poole, of Lincolneshire, my Country-man*, (2) that he was a native of that county; and from the dedication of Cartwright's Edition of his *Apology for Actors*, that he was a Fellow of Peter House, Cambridge. (3)

(2) Printed in Heywood's *Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas*, Lond. 1637, p. 252.

(3) Heywood himself in his *Apology for Actors* (1612) alludes to the time of his residence in Cambridge:—
 "In the time of my residence in Cambridge, I have seen tragedyes, comedyes, historyes, pastorals, and shewes, publickly acted, in which the graduates of good place and reputation have bene specially parted."

This statement is probably correct, and nearly all his extant works display extensive general reading, and considerable classical attainments. From the manner in which he alludes to his family, (4) it may be inferred that it held a respectable rank in society: in the Dedication to *The English Traveller*, addressed to Sir Henry Appleton, he speaks of the "alternate love and those frequent courtesies which interchangeably passed between yourself and that good old gentleman, mine uncle (Master Edmund Heywood), whom you pleased to grace by the title of father;" and in the same place, he alludes to "my countryman, Sir William Elvish, whom, for his unmerited love, many ways extended to me, I much honour."

In what year Heywood came to London we have no account; but on the 14th October, 1596, a person whose name Henslowe spells "Hawode" had written a book, or play, for the Lord Admiral's Company. On the 25th of March, 1598, we find "Thomas Hawoode" regularly engaged by Henslowe as a player and a sharer in the company. From this date, at all events until the

(4) It may here be noted that he was in no way related to *John* Heywood, the elder dramatist, with whom Schegel seems to have confounded him.

death of Queen Anne, the wife of James I., Heywood continued on the stage ; for in the account of the persons who attended her funeral, he is introduced as "one of her majesty's players." After quitting the Lord Admiral's Company, on the accession of James I., Heywood became one of the theatrical servants of the Earl of Worcester, and was by that nobleman transferred to the queen. "I was, my lord," (says Heywood in dedicating one of his books(5) to the Earl of Worcester) "your creature, and amongst other your servants, you bestowed me upon the excellent Princeesse Q. Anne, . . . but by her lamented death your gift is returned againe into your hands."

On the authority of Henflowe we learn, that in December 1598, he wrote a piece called *War without Blows, and Love without Suit* ; and in February, 1598-9, (following) another entitled *Joan as good as my Lady*. Neither of these appears now to be extant, either in a printed or manuscript form. *The four Prentices of London*, though not apparently printed until 1615, must have been written about this time.(6)

(5) *Nine books of Various History concerning Women*, folio, Lond. 1624.

(6) Heywood speaks of it in the Dedication as "written many yeares since, in my Infancy of Judgment in this

His first printed productions were the series of historical plays on Edward the Fourth and Queen Elizabeth. These were published surreptitiously and without his name—the former in 1600, and the latter in 1605-6. Both are in black letter. The text of the first part of Queen Elizabeth is, as the author himself complains, very corrupt, and can only be considered the fragment of a play. We may assume that it found its way to the press by means of shorthand notes, taken in the theatre while the drama was in course of representation. Why the author did not think it worth while, in any subsequent impression, to render it more complete, we know not. The second part, which deals with the events of Elizabeth's reign, is, as our readers will perceive, much more perfect, and runs out to a much greater length: from that, we feel persuaded, nothing important was omitted. We probably have it in the editions of 1606, 1609, and 1623, pretty much in the form in which it came from Heywood's pen, when it was first acted, quite early in the reign of James I. In the edition of 1633 we find it most materially

kinde of Poetry, and my first practise :”—and further on he says : “as Playes were then *some fiftene or sixtene yeares agoe* it was in the fashion.”

altered subsequent to the "Chorus," and the "Chorus" itself is there new, having been designed to prepare the spectators for the great event about to succeed in the representation, viz., the defeat of the Spanish Armada. This incident had been but briefly and imperfectly treated in previous editions, and it seems more than likely that Heywood himself introduced the changes, and made the additions, on revival, for the sake of giving the drama increased effect and greater novelty. That revival, we take it, followed the revival of the first part of the same subject, and was perhaps consequent upon the favour with which its renewed performance had been received by public audiences at the Cock-pit Theatre.

Our impression of this portion of the drama (we mean the portion including and following the "Chorus") is from the edition of 1633, under the persuasion that the author meant that his work should permanently (as far as such productions were at that period considered permanent) bear that shape. However, for greater completeness, and to afford ready means of comparison, we have subjoined the brief scenes of this conclusion of the drama, as they appear in the earlier impressions.

Besides the first part of *If You know not Me,*

You know Nobody, which is devoted to the "Troubles of Queen Elizabeth," Heywood left behind him a prose narrative of the events of her life, from the elevation of her sister to her own accession. In this history he goes over many of the circumstances of his play; and it is the more worthy of attention, because it may be said in a degree to supply some of the obvious deficiencies of his drama, in the curtailed and decrepit shape in which it has reached our hands. In the Notes to this volume we supply such extracts from it as afford illustrations of the scenes of the drama. It was printed in London, with the following title:—

"England's Elizabeth: her Life and Troubles, during her Minoritie from the Cradle to the Crowne. Historically laid open and interwoven with such eminent Passages of State as happened under the Reigne of Henry the Eight, Edward the Sixt, Q. Mary; all of them aptly introducing to the present Relation. By Tho. Heywood.—London, printed by John Beale, for Philip Waterhouse, and are to be sold at his Shop at St. Paul's head, neere Londonstone. 1631."

This is a small duodecimo of 234 pages, besides the preliminary matter.

Two of Heywood's best plays, *A Woman killed with Kindness*, and *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*, were printed in 1607. The date at which the former was originally brought out, is

ascertained with unusual precision from *Henslowe's Diary*, as printed by the Shakespeare Society in 1845, pp. 249, 250, where the following entries occur:—

- “ Paid, at the appointment of the company, the 6th of March, 1602, unto Thomas Heywood, in full payment for his play, called *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, the sum of £3.”
- “ Paid, at the appointment of Thomas Blackwood, the 7th of March, 1602, unto the tailor which made the black fatin suit for the *Woman killed with Kindness*, the sum of 10s.”

The play, therefore, was finished when Henslowe paid £3 for it; and we may conclude, perhaps, that the “black fatin suit” was worn by the hero after the fall of his wife, and when she was dying, in consequence of the undeserved tenderness with which she had been treated by her forgiving husband. Nothing can be more tragically touching than the later scenes of this fine moral play.

The earliest printed notice yet discovered of *A Woman Killed with Kindness* is found in *The Blacke Booke*, by T. M., 1604, where it is coupled with *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*. The words of the author are:—

“ And being fet out of the Shoppe, (with her man afore her, to quench the jealousie of her Husband) shee, by thy instructions, shall turne the honest simple fellow off at the

next turning, and give him leave to see the *merry Divell of Edmunton*, or a *Woman kild with kindnesse*, when his Mistress is going her selfe to the same murder."

Of *The Faire Maid of the Exchange* Mr. Bar-ron Field gives the following account :—

"The Royal Exchange was then full of shops, like a bazaar. The Fair Maid, Phillis Flower, though her parents are wealthy, is an apprentice to a sempstress in this Exchange; and, one night, in company with a female servant, taking home some work to a lady at Mile-End, they are assaulted by Scarlet and Bobbington, two men of broken fortune, from whom they are at first rescued by the Cripple with his crutch; and, the ruffians having returned, secondly by the assistance of Frank Goulding, the lover-hero of the comedy. Grateful for their services the Fair Maid falls in love, not with Frank, but with the Cripple. Frank is the younger brother of Ferdinand and Anthony Goulding, who afterwards severally confide to him their passion for the same Fair Maid. Frank scoffs at love, but is subsequently himself caught in the very same snare. The two elder brothers, overhearing each other confess their love for the same object, set about mutual circumvention, and entrust their respective stratagems to Frank, who, by the help of his friend the Cripple, cheats them both, and in the disguise of his "crooked habit," eventually gains the hand of the Fair Maid. Her father had favoured the suit of Ferdinand, and her mother that of Anthony; but they are all out-witted by Frank, and rejected by Phillis. Our dramatist has not dared to let his deformed Cripple accept the offered love of the heroine; and this at the expense of destroying the interest we take in her, by making her most unaccountably transfer

her affections at last, for the mere purpose of letting the curtain fall upon her marriage with somebody. But this is a comedy of intrigue, though containing one well-drawn character; and in comedies of intrigue the ladies resemble pullets, who transfer their affections to the cunningest conqueror, and are as readily deceived by the disguise of dress as Dame Partlet takes a lump of chalk for an egg.

“To conclude the argument of this comedy. There is an underplot, which is not so good. Bowdler and Bernard, two spendthrifts, but friends of the Cripple, make love to Moll Berry, who treats both with witty disdain; but is really in love with Bowdler, and even affiances herself to him. Bernard owes her father a hundred pounds, for which he causes him to be arrested; when the Cripple persuades her, most unaccountably, that she is in love with Bernard, and to marry him: this she does, and then offers herself to her father, as bail for her husband, who, upon the usual promise of reform, is forgiven and released. There is a still more unnecessary incident of Master Flower’s lending Bobbington ten pounds upon a diamond, which afterwards appears to have been stolen; and the comedy concludes with the father of our bride and bridegroom being taken before the judges upon a charge of felony, leaving us in ignorance of the result.”

In his *Specimens* Charles Lamb, after quoting the scene where Cripple offers to fit Frank Golding with ready-made Love Epistles, observes:—

“The above satire against some dramatic plagiarists of the time is put into the mouth of the Cripple, who is an

excellent fellow, and the hero of the comedy. Of his humour this extract is a sufficient specimen ; but he is described (albeit a tradesman, yet wealthy withal) with heroic qualities of mind and body ; the latter of which he evinces by rescuing his mistress (the Fair Maid) from three robbers by the main force of one crutch lustily applied ; and the former by his foregoing the advantages which this action gained him in her good opinion, and bestowing his wit and finesse in procuring for her a husband in the person of his friend Golding ; more worthy of her beauty, than he could conceive his own maimed and halting limbs to be. It would require some boldness in a dramatist now-a-days to exhibit such a character ; and some luck in finding a sufficient actor, who would be willing to personate the infirmities, together with the virtues of the noble cripple."

In 1608 *The Rape of Lucrece* was published in its first form ; but in later editions it was considerably enlarged, and some new songs were added. Of this play a modern writer has thus spoken :—

" *The Rape of Lucrece* is a sort of dramatic monster, in the construction of which every rule of propriety is violated, and all grace and symmetry are set at defiance. The author, one would suppose, must have produced it when in a state of inebriety ; in which a man of genius may frequently, amidst strange and foolish things, give birth to poetical and impassioned conceptions. The dignified characters of Roman story are, in this play, really infected with the madness which Brutus only assumes. But, with an exuberance of buffoonery and conceits, are mingled a con-

siderable portion of poetry and some powerful scenes. Upon the whole, this singular composition, with all its absurdities, contains so much that is really excellent, that it is well worthy of forming a part of this collection." (7)

The Four Ages, which extended in time of publication over more than twenty years, form in their complete sequence one of Heywood's most interesting and important works. He has dealt very beautifully with the old mythological legends; though he is doubtless under very considerable obligations to his great predecessor Ovid.

Of these five plays, *The Golden Age* appeared in 1611; the *Silver* and *Brazen Ages* in 1613, and the two parts of *The Iron Age* not until 1632.

It was the intention of Heywood to have published them together eventually in one "handsome Volume," and "to illustrate the whole Worke, with an Explanation of all the difficulties, and an Historicall Comment of every hard name, which may appeare obscure or intricate to such as are not frequent in Poetry." Circumstances, however, prevented the accomplishment of this purpose; though the author lived for some years afterwards.

(7) *Preface to the Reprint of Heywood's Rape of Lucrece in The Old English Drama, a Selection of Plays from the Old English Dramatists.* Lond. 1824.

Heywood wrote all the known pageants for Lord Mayor's Day, between 1630 and 1640, when they ceased for some years to be exhibited. Such of these as were extant or accessible have been included in the present volumes.

The two parts of *The Fair Maid of the West* were printed in 1631. They were in existence in 1617, when an attack was made upon the Cock-pit theatre, in Drury Lane, where they had been frequently acted. There is no doubt that they long continued popular performances; and we may imagine that a printed edition was called for, because their reputation had led to their recent performance before the King and Queen.

Great and many allowances must be made for the construction and conduct of the story. What would tell extremely well in a narrative, would sometimes appear violent and improbable on the stage. Considering the difficulties with which Heywood in this respect had to contend (aiding himself, however, by Chorus and dumb-show), it cannot be disputed that he has displayed much skill and ingenuity. There are abundant instances of rapid alterations of the scene of action, and of as frequent appeals, therefore, to the imagination of the spectators: in the fourth Act, it is transferred at once from Cornwall to Morocco,

and from Morocco to the Azores ; but nobody is kept for more than a moment in suspense as to the place represented. The bustle is unceasing, and attention never wearies. For the coarseness of a small portion of the comic business, the usual excuse must be found in the manners of the time ; and, at all events, it was not such as the King and Queen could not sit patiently to hear, and they perhaps listened to it with as much enjoyment as less exalted auditors. The poetry and pathos of some of the scenes in which the hero and heroine are engaged cannot be too highly praised : it is extremely touching, from its truth to nature and its graceful simplicity, without the slightest apparent effort on the part of the author. The characters are strongly drawn and clearly distinguished, while that of the heroine is admirably preserved and is constantly attractive. (8)

The English Traveller was published in 1633.

“Heywood’s Preface to this Play,” says Charles Lamb, “is interesting, as it shows the heroic indifference about posterity, which some of these great writers seem to have felt. There is a magnanimity in authorship as in everything else. Of the two hundred and twenty pieces which

(8) See Mr. Payne Collier’s Introduction to *The Fair Maid of the West*, as printed for the Shakespeare Society in 1850.

he here speaks of having been concerned in, only twenty-five have come down to us, for the reasons assigned in the Preface. The rest have perished, exposed to the casualties of a theatre. Heywood's ambition seems to have been confined to the pleasure of hearing the players speak his lines while he lived. It does not appear that he ever contemplated the possibility of being read by after ages. What a slender pittance of fame was motive sufficient to the production of such plays as the *The English Traveller*, the *Challenge for Beauty*, and the *Woman Killed with Kindness!* Posterity is bound to take care that a writer loses nothing by such a noble modesty."

Heywood's "own account," says Hazlitt, "makes the number of his writings for the stage, or those in which he had a main hand, upwards of two hundred. In fact, I do not wonder at any quantity that an author is said to have written; for the more a man writes, the more he can write."

A Maidenhead Well Lost followed in 1634. This is one of the best of Heywood's romantic plays; the story is developed with sweet poetic feeling, and the whole has about it the air and the charm of a fairy-tale. In the same year appeared *The late Lancashire Witches*, a comedy in which he was assisted by Richard Brome, who had formerly been a servant of Ben Jonson, but who had at this time raised himself to considerable repute by his writings for the stage. Those

who are acquainted with his other plays, which have lately been reprinted, will probably find little difficulty in discriminating between his portions of the comedy and those of Heywood.

This play was recently reprinted by Mr. Hallwell, but without annotation.

In 1636 appeared *A Challenge for Beautie, and Love's Mistris*. Of the former some account will be found in a subsequent page: the latter—it may be remarked—is an exquisite, airy dramatization of the old classical story of Cupid and Psyche—singularly happy in its felicitous touches of poetry that seem to come unsought, and in its entire freedom from all taint of vulgarity.

The remaining extant plays of Heywood are *The Royall King and Loyal Subject*, published in 1637; *The Wise Woman of Hogsdon*, 1638; and *Fortune by Land and Sea*, written in conjunction with William Rowley, and published apparently for the first time some years after Heywood's death, in 1655.

His latest dated production appeared in 1641; (9) but we may perhaps infer, from the following lines that he was still living in 1648: they are from *A Satire against Separatists* published in that year:

(9) *The Life of Ambrosius Merlin.*

“ So may rare Pageants grace the Lord Mayor’s show :
And none find out that they are idols too :
So may you come to sleep in fur at last,
And some Smectymnuan, when your days are past,
Your funeral sermon of six hours rehearse,
And Heywood sing your acts in lofty verse.”

We proceed to subjoin the testimonies of the best authorities respecting Heywood’s claims as a dramatist. We begin with Charles Lamb, who thus writes :—

“ If I were to be consulted as to a Reprint of our Old English Dramatists, I should advise to begin with the collected Plays of Heywood. He was a fellow Actor, and fellow Dramatist, with Shakespeare. He possessed not the imagination of the latter ; but in all those qualities which gained for Shakespeare the attribute of *gentle*, he was not inferior to him. Generosity, courtesy, temperance in the depths of passion ; sweetness, in a word, and gentleness ; Christianism ; and true hearty Anglicism of feelings, shaping that Christianism, shine throughout his beautiful writings in a manner more conspicuous than in those of Shakespeare ; but only more conspicuous, inasmuch as in Heywood these qualities are primary, in the other subordinate to poetry. Heywood should be known to his countrymen, as he deserves. His plots are almost invariably English.”

In another place he adds :—

“ Heywood is a sort of *prose* Shakespeare. His scenes are to the full as natural and affecting. But we miss *the Poet*, that which in Shakespeare always appears out and

above the surface of *the nature*. Heywood's characters, his country gentlemen, &c., are exactly what we see (but of the best kind of what we see) in life."

William Hazlitt, in his Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth, speaks of Heywood in the following terms :—

"Heywood's imagination is a gentle, lambent flame, that purifies without consuming. His manner is simplicity itself. There is nothing supernatural, nothing startling or terrific. He makes use of the commonest circumstances of every-day life, and of the easiest tempers, to show the workings or rather the inefficacy of the passions, the *vis inertiae* of tragedy. His incidents strike from their very familiarity, and the distresses he paints invite our sympathy from the calmness and resignation with which they are borne. The pathos might be deemed purer from its having no mixture of turbulence or vindictiveness in it ; and in proportion as the sufferers are made to deserve a better fate. In the midst of the most untoward reverses and cutting injuries, good nature and good sense keep their accustomed sway. He describes men's errors with tenderness, and their duties only with zeal, and the heightenings of a poetic fancy. His style is equally natural, simple, and unconstrained. The dialogue (bating the verse) is such as might be uttered in ordinary conversation. It is beautiful prose put into heroic measure. It is not so much that he uses the common English idiom for everything (for that the most poetical and impassioned of our elder dramatists do equally), but the simplicity of the characters, and the equable flow of the sentiments do not require or suffer it to be warped from the tone of level speaking, by

figurative expressions, or hyperbolical allusions. A few scattered exceptions occur now and then, where the hectic flush of passion forces them from the lips, and they are not the worse for being rare. In the play called *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, such poetical ornaments are to be met with at considerable intervals, (10) and do not disturb the calm serenity and domestic simplicity of the author's style. The conclusion of Wendoll's declaration of love to Mrs. Frankford may serve as an illustration of its general merits, both as to purity of thought and diction. (11)

The winding up of this play is rather awkwardly managed, and the moral is, according to established usage, equivocal. The view here given of country manners is truly edifying. The frequent quarrels and ferocious habits of private life are well exposed in the fatal rencounter between Sir Francis Acton and Sir Charles Mountford about a hawking match, in the ruin and rancorous persecution of the latter in consequence, and in the hard, unfeeling, cold-blooded treatment he receives in his distress from his own relations, and from a fellow of the name of Shafton. After reading the sketch of this last character, who is introduced as a mere ordinary personage, the representative of a class, without any preface or apology, no one can doubt the credibility of that of Sir Giles Overreach. The callous declaration of one of these unconscionable churls,

“This is no world in which to pity men,”

might have been taken as a motto for the good old times in general, and with a very few reservations, if Heywood has not grossly libelled them.

(10) Three instances are given, which the reader will perhaps prefer to find out for himself.—ED.

(11) Fair, and of all beloved,” &c. See Vol. II. p. 112.

Heywood's plots have little of artifice or regularity of design to recommend them. He writes on carelessly, as it happens, and trusts to Nature and a certain happy tranquillity of spirit, for gaining the favour of the audience. He is said, besides attending to his duties as an actor, to have composed regularly a sheet a day. This may account in some measure for the unembarrassed facility of his style.

The same remarks will apply with certain modifications, to other remaining works of this writer, the *Royal King and Loyal Subject*, *A Challenge for Beauty*, and *The English Traveller*. The barb of misfortune is sheathed in the mildness of the writer's temperament, and the story jogs on very comfortably without effort or resistance, to the *euthanasia* of the catastrophe. In two of these the person principally aggrieved survives, and feels himself none the worse for it.

The following criticism of Heywood's Plays is from an article in the *Retrospective Review* (12):—

The character of his dramas is very various—he is so dissimilar from himself, that we are tempted to doubt his identity. One can only reconcile the fact of his having written some of the plays ascribed to him by supposing, with Kirkman, that he wrote them loosely in taverns, or that he was spurred on to their hasty production by necessity; or lastly, that he did not originate, but only added to and altered many of them. How else can we account for the author of *A Woman killed with Kindness*, and *The English Traveller*, writing such plays as *Edward IV.*, *The Fair Maid of the Exchange*, &c. We will slightly

notice these inferior productions before we speak of those of a more elevated kind.

The play of *Edward IV.* is a long and tedious business. There are one or two touching parts in those scenes in which Jane Shore is introduced, but Heywood has not made anything like what he might have done with such materials, nor, indeed, anything at all approaching to what he has himself done in other pieces. With the exception of those parts, the play is mere chronicle, without poetry or dramatic situation. The character of Matthew Shore, however, is not bad; and there is, in the midst of the misery and disaster with which the play abounds, a spirit of kindness and humanity which obtains our good will, notwithstanding we find so little to excite our feelings. The author has made Richard III. a very vulgar villain. The first part of the play of *If you know not me, you know Nobody; or, the Troubles of Queen Elizabeth*—of the inaccurate printing of which the author very much complains—possesses neither character, passion, nor poetry. The second part has a more poetical air about it, and possesses more of character than the first. Old Hobson, a blunt, honest, and charitable citizen; John Gresham, a wild, indomitable youth; and Timothy, a puritanical hypocrite and knave, are well discriminated. The only foundation for the strange title of this piece is the answer of old Hobson to an inquiry made by the Queen, “Knowest thou not me? then thou knowest nobody.”

The Wise Woman of Hogsdon is characterized by some humorous situations, but possesses little interest and less poetry. Sir Boniface, one of the characters, is a humorous caricature of a pedant. *The Fair Maid of the Exchange* (Heywood's title to which is exceedingly doubtful) and *The Fair Maid of the West* are hardly worthy of

xxx *Memoir of Thomas Heywood.*

notice. *The Four Prentices of London* is a rhyming, braggart production, which is ridiculed in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*. *A Maiden-head well lost* is not worth finding, and the *Four Ages* are as poor as the author is said to have been by a writer of the day, who observes that—

‘ Well of the golden age he could entreat,
But little of the metal he could get.’

How different in style, in pathos, in the very tone of ordinary feeling, are these from the plays we are about to mention.

Heywood's best comedies are distinguished by a peculiar air, a superior manner; his gentlemen are the most refined and finished of gentlemen—refined in their nice sense of the true and beautiful, their fine moral perception, and finished in the most scrupulous attention to polite manners, most exact in the observances of decorum without appearing rigorously precise; ductile as fused gold to that which is good, and unmalleable to that which is evil; men, in short, ‘of most erected spirits.’ There is an inexpressible charm about those characters, a politeness founded on benevolence and the charities of life, a spirit of the good and kind which twines around our affections, which gives us an elevation above the infirmities which flesh is heir to, and identifies us with the nobleness of soul and strength of character which shed ‘a glory’ round their heads.

Heywood, like many of our old dramatists, deals in the extreme of character, which frequently amounts to heroism. His heroes are of unshaken purpose, of irresistible patience; men who will stand beneath the sword suspended by a single hair; and, with the power of motion,

still refolutely bide the confequence. The point of honour is difcriminated with the moft fubtle nicety ; a vow is confidered as regiftered in heaven ; it is the fentence of fate, and muft be equally inexorable. The fpirit, however, is frequently facrificed to the letter, and the good and the true are difregarded to preferve a confiftency with a fupposed virtue—a fort of character better calculated to fupply, from the paffionate and deep internal conflicts which it occafions, affecting fubjects for the ftage, than ufeful example or inftruction for human happinefs. To fome, this character will appear unnatural ; and fo it would be, if man were left to his own natural tendencies ; but if we grant the exiftence of the artificial notions of honour and virtue on which it is founded, then the characters are perfectly confiftent and natural, although acting under a falfe impreffion of what is right and juft. Fancy, for inftance, a generous, honeft, and valiant gentleman, induced by a noble duke to convey a letter to an unyielding lady, who is, as that gentleman conceives, unknown to him ; and, by the duke's dictation, who fufpects that he is more intimately connected with her than is agreeable to his grace's intereft, to fwear that he will not caft an amorous look on her, fpeak 'no familiar fyllable, touch or come near her bofom,' &c. Fancy him haftening to perform the duke's befts, and difcovering, to his amazement, that he has undertaken to folicit his own wife for another. Imagine him tricked into a vow, in total ignorance of the circumftances, and refolving to bind himfelf to fo unjuft a ftipulation, the effect of which is to make two perfons miferable, and not to make the third happy ; yet Heywood makes Spencer, in *The Fair Maid of the Weft*, rigidly perform this vow, and leave his miftrefs in a fwoon, without attempting to render her any affiftance.

xxxii *Memoir of Thomas Heywood.*

The consequence is that the Fair Maid of the West, the lady in question, is under the necessity of tricking the duke into another vow, in order to get out of the difficulty.

These exaggerated situations, however, are mixed with others of the deepest feeling, the most glorious overflowings of the affections, the kindest sympathies, the tenderest sentiments. Heywood knew well the nature of human passions, but he threw them into extravagant positions. . . . He did not deal skilfully with the invisible world, and yet he was not altogether unacquainted with 'the winged spirits of the air;' he introduces them gracefully in *Love's Mistress*, one of the most beautiful and purest of masques founded upon classical mythology.

"In a rank in many respects considerably above the plays we first mentioned, we must place the *Rape of Lucrece*, one of the most wild, irregular, and unaccountable productions of that age. Amongst the most extravagant buffoonery, we find sparks of genius which would do honour to any dramatist; touches of feeling to which no reader can be indifferent. The scene in which the crime is perpetrated, and that which immediately follows, are of this description. The dreadful consummation is preceded by an awful note of preparation, a solemn pause in the stride of guilt, which makes the boldest hold his breath, and is succeeded by a display of the most exquisitely touching grief. Not the least singular part of this play are the songs, which are freely introduced, and somewhat too freely expressed. Some of them are strange and fantastical productions, and one is written in a sort of Dutch jargon. One is on national predilection, and is an odd and at the same time amusing collection of contrasts. It appears to have been a favourite with the

author, if we may judge from the circumstance of his having also introduced it in the *Challenge for Beauty*. There is in the *Rape of Lucrece* a strange mixture of the solemn and ludicrous. Heywood has assigned to most of the honest patricians of Rome an assumed gaiety, a reckless spirit of merriment, a love of 'merry tunes which have no mirth in them,' all to hide the discontent and sorrow which lurk beneath; but, instead of making them merry patricians, he has overstepped the modesty of nature, and invested them with the livery of fools.

"The next play we shall notice is *The English Traveller*, a production which abounds with good scenes, good writing, and excellent sentiment, and is distinguished by pure, gentle, and attractive characters—Heywood's characters. They are perfectly natural, and yet appear to belong to a superior order to any which we see in ordinary life, not in reach of intellect, but in sweetness of disposition and perfection of moral character, the influence of which is diffused over the whole of the dialogues of his best plays. They are calculated, as we have before intimated, to make us wiser and better. We might instance for example, Mr. Generous, in *The Lancashire Witches*, two or three characters in the *Woman killed with Kindness*, and young Geraldine in *The English Traveller*. The chief and most interesting part of this play turns on the following circumstances:—Young Geraldine, on his return from travel, visits his father's friend, Wincot, a kind-hearted, honest old gentleman, who has married a young lady, formerly the traveller's playmate, and whom it had been reported, previously to his going abroad, he was to have married. Without children himself, Wincot has the utmost fondness for Young Geraldine, and when he is present, can hardly bear to hear any other person speak; he

desires him to command his house, servants, &c.;—in short, treats him like a son. Geraldine introduces his friend Delavel; Delavel conceives a passion for the wife, and proves a villain; he insinuates into the mind of Geraldine's father, that his son's visits to Wincot are neither consistent with his own honour, nor with the lady's reputation. Old Geraldine takes the alarm, and prevails upon his son to promise that he will cease his visits to Wincot. The latter, surpris'd at his unusual absence, and ignorant of the cause, urges him to renew the intercourse, or, at least, satisfy him as to the cause of his staying away for so long a time, and proposes a private meeting for that purpose. An appointment is accordingly made at Wincot's house, at a time when the family have retired to rest. They meet, and Geraldine proceeds to explain the cause of his absence. The attempt he makes to see the lady before leaving, puts him in possession of fatal information. He hears the wife and Delavel converse in a manner which leaves no room to doubt the nature of their connexion. He determines to travel once more; but before he quits the country, he cannot refuse to pay a parting visit to his friend Wincot, who prepares a little feast for him. Geraldine studiously avoids both his mistress and his false friend. The former, however, seeks for, and succeeds in gaining, an occasion of speaking to him in private.

The Challenge for Beauty, is founded upon the following incidents: Isabella, the imperious queen of Spain and Portugal, arrogates to herself the perfection of beauty and virtue, and inflicts the penalty of banishment on Bonavida an honest nobleman, for not assenting to the justice of her claims. The sentence is to continue in force until such time as he can produce the equal of the royal paragon. He travels far and near, but without success, until he sets

his foot upon the shores of England, and there he meets with the object of his search, in the person of the beautiful Hellena. He is smitten with her charms, offers her his hand, and, in due season, is accepted. It is necessary, however, that he should return to Spain, to make arrangements for redeeming his sentence, and on his departure he leaves her a ring, with a strict injunction not to part with it, on any consideration whatever. He arrives in his native country, unfolds the success of his search, is required to produce the formidable rival of royalty, and on his failure to do so, is thrown into prison. Meanwhile the jealous Isabella despatches Pineda and Centella, two base courtiers, to England, to try to obtain possession of the ring which Bonavida had given to Hellena, and on the obtaining of which he had offered to rest the issue of his cause. On their arrival in England, one of them makes love to her maid, and persuades her to steal the ring, which she succeeds in doing, whilst her mistress is washing her hands. She delivers it to her pretended lover, who immediately flies with it to Spain, as an indisputable proof of the inconstancy of Hellena. The queen triumphs in the success of her stratagem;—Bonavida is brought out of prison, to be a witness of the shame of his mistress, which is proclaimed by the two emissaries, and proved by the production of the ring, the identity of which Bonavida acknowledges. For his insolent disparagement of the sovereign of beauty and virtue, he is condemned to death. At the appointed time, everything being prepared, and the executioner ready to do his office, Hellena, to whom the deceived maid had confessed the fraud which had been practised upon her, and who has a shrewd suspicion of the source of it, appears on the spot. . . . The *Challenge for Beauty* is full of action and interest, and possesses a great

variety of well-discriminated characters; the arrogant and vain-glorious Isabella, the vivacious vanity of Petrocella, and the noble innocence and enterprize of Hellena, amongst the female, and the weak and yielding king and his lying courtiers, the mixture of boasting and pride, with high honour, in Valladaura, and the fierce contempt and rigid integrity of Mountferrers, amongst the male characters, form altogether a varied and pleasing group. There is great vivacity in this performance, and sometimes considerable smartness of repartee; as, for example, in the scene between Petrocella and Valladaura, an old lover just returned from a cruise, and Aldana, the lady's foolish old father.

The Royal King and Loyal Subject is a good play, without possessing any very striking scenes, but we cannot say so much for the moral of it.—It is a perfect sample of loyal non-resistance—of passive obedience pushed to its extreme verge; it is not the case of a pliant sycophant—a mere court nonentity, the contempt which must accompany whose all-complying nature would have been a sufficient equipoise to his slavish obedience; but it is that of a magnanimous, valiant, and discreet gentleman, who is as blindly submissive as the most absolute despot could desire. The substance of the story is, that certain noble persons about court, jealous of the virtues, fame, and kingly favour which the marshal, “the loyal subject,” enjoys, endeavour to prejudice the royal mind against him. They succeed so far as to induce the royal, or tyrant king to prove him—to put his virtue, that is his power of bearing and forbearing, to the severest test which royal ingenuity can devise. The king first strips him of all his offices, one by one, and in the most public and contemptuous manner bestows them upon his unworthy enemies, and then banishes

him from court. Understanding that the marshal has two daughters, the king despatches a nobleman with a command for him to send to court her of the two who is the most dear to him. The marshal sends the elder, who, by her beauty and grace, gains the affections of majesty, and is made his queen. The marshal, who foresaw this event, had instructed his daughter, when she found herself pregnant, to speak of the superior beauty of her sister, and the greater affection which the marshal had for her. Hereupon his majesty, in seeming rage, packs off his queen to her father, and requires the other daughter to be sent to him. The marshal delays complying with this requisition (the only instance of his disobedience) for three months. At last, he sends the queen crowned, accompanied with a double dowry, and attended by her sister to court, he himself remaining at a convenient distance, and begging permission to present his majesty with a more valuable present than anything he had yet sent. The king consents—the marshal approaches, and presents a magnificent cradle and a young prince.—A reconciliation takes place, and the marshal receives a king's daughter for his wife,—but his probation does not end here—he undergoes a public trial, and, that having terminated in his triumph, and the discomfiture of his enemies, the scene closes.

The best known and best of Heywood's plays is *A Woman Killed with Kindness*. This is the most tearful of tragedies; the most touching in story; the most pathetic in detail;—it raises, in the reader's breast, "a sea of troubles;" a sympathy the most engrossing; a grief the most profound. We are overwhelmed with the emotion of the unhappy sufferers, and are carried along in the stream of distress, incapable of resistance, and unconscious of anything but the scene before us. If the miserable

xxxviii *Memoir of Thomas Heywood.*

termination of a guilty connexion can ever serve as an example to those who are still innocent, the unparalleled agony exhibited in this tragedy, must serve as an awful beacon to warn the pure and inexperienced. . . . The subject of this domestic tragedy, the conjugal infidelity of Mrs. Frankford, is pretty much the same as that of *The English Traveller*; but is infinitely more distressing in its details. Mrs. Frankford is represented as a pure and good woman, and yet she surrenders at discretion, or rather at indiscretion, hardly making a shew of resistance. It must be admitted, that the tempter sustains his cause in a very artful manner, with many a glozing wile; but yet the conquest appears unnaturally precipitate. This, however, does not at all diminish the interest, or intensity, of the scenes which follow. The underplot of this play is also of an interesting and affecting kind. The occasional rhyme with which some, even the most solemn passages, canter off, gives an unpleasant jerk to the course of our feelings; it causes too violent a change in the measure and produces a disagreeable effect."

From an article on "Beaumont and Fletcher and their Contemporaries," which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* some thirty years ago, (12) we extract the following estimate of Heywood:—

Heywood is one of the most prolific of all dramatists; and his works of other sorts are likewise numerous. He declares himself to have composed, in whole or in part, two hundred and twenty plays; and accounts for the fewness

(12) Ed. Rev. April, 1841, pp. 221—223.

of those that have been printed, amounting, so far as we can now discover, to fewer than thirty. His range of subjects embraces several comedies, avowedly intended to be pictures of contemporary English life; but it also includes other kinds of works, which we have here more particularly in view. One class of these consists of his plays called the "Golden," "Silver," "Brazen," and "Iron" Ages, which bring down the classical legends from Saturn to the taking of Troy. In the same class may be reckoned such plays as his *Rape of Lucrece*, in which the stately tragedy is relieved by a multitude of comic songs, sung by one of the Roman "lords," and set forth in the title-page of the printed copy as a primary inducement to attract purchasers. Another class is instanced in his *Four Prentices*; in which Godfrey of Bulloigne and his three brothers pass from behind the counters of London shops to the first crusade, and the conquest of Jerusalem. A third class is the domestic tragedy, to which belongs his *Woman Killed with Kindness*. . . . This interesting work is an attempt at restoring a kind of drama, of which several had been written before or about 1590—such as "Arden of Feversham," and "A Warning for Faire Women." Heywood's *Ages* both in their subject and in the method of its treatment, bear the same antique stamp. His *Four Prentices of London* has been oddly represented by some critics as a satire upon knight-errantry—a light in which it is quite wrong to consider it. Ridiculous it certainly is in its conception, and in several parts of its execution—just like Greene's *Alphonfus* or *Orlando*, to which it bears some resemblance. But the author wrote in sober seriousness; and printing his play in 1615, he dedicates it gravely—"To the honest and high-spirited prentices, the readers;"—adding some curious information as to the vicissitudes

of taste that had come over, not only the public, but the author himself.

Before the date of that dedication, indeed, Heywood, taught by experience, and by the examples of excellence which were accumulating around him, had written several of his comedies of English manners. Among these were his *Fair Maid of the Exchange*—a love-comedy of intrigue, “very delectable and full of mirth;” and the two parts of the *Fair Maid of the West* which is a lively mixture of native and familiar life with foreign and romantic adventure. His better plays, however, are probably later, and therefore possess an additional interest for us, while we look towards Fletcher’s school and works. Such is *The English Traveller*, a comedy much in Ben Jonson’s manner; with a double plot, ingeniously combined, and solemnized, in the death of the seduced wife, by a tragic sentiment resembling that which makes the story of his older tragedy. His *Wife Woman of Hogsdon*, a comedy of intrigue, not without interest nor force of character, has not been reprinted since the seventeenth century; nor has his *Maidenhead Well Lost*—a play far superior, which has a romantic air of feeling, well kept up, and has furnished, in several of its situations, hints for Massinger’s *Great Duke of Florence*. We have dwelt long upon Heywood, because he is a writer for whom we entertain a great affection. Charles Lamb has called him “a prose Shakespeare;” and the expression conveys the idea of much that characterizes his manner. He is one of the most moral of the dramatists of his time; and there is a natural repose in his scenes, which contrasts pleasingly with the excitement that reigns in most of his contemporaries. He walks quietly to and fro among his characters while they are yet at large as members of

society ; contenting himself with a sad smile at their follies, or with a frequent warning to them on the consequences of their crimes."

We have evidence that Heywood was for many years engaged upon a collection of the Lives of Poets of his own day and country, as well as of other times and nations. It would of course have included Shakespeare, and his dramatic predecessors and contemporaries; and it is possible that the manuscript or part of it, may yet lurk in some unexplored receptacle. Richard Braithwayte, in his *Scholar's Medley*, 1614, gave the earliest information of Heywood's intention to make "a description of all Poets' lives;" and, ten years afterwards, in his *Nine Books of various History concerning Women*, Heywood himself tells us that the title of his projected work would be *The Lives of all the Poets, modern and foreign*. It was still in progress in 1635, when *the Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells* appeared, on p. 245 of which work we meet with the following passage:—"In proceeding further I might have forestalled a worke, which hereafter (I hope) by God's assistance, to commit to the publick view; namely, the Lives of all the Poets, Forreine and moderne, from the first before Homer, to the *novissimi* and last, of what nation or language soever."

The manner in which he would probably have

treated the subject makes us still more regret the loss of his collection of the Lives of the Poets; and we may judge of that manner from the terms in which he speaks of his great contemporaries in the body of the work just quoted. What he says of them affords a curious proof of the kindly and familiar footing on which they lived with each other. Though the passage is now well known, we shall venture to quote it once more. He is complaining in a mood half serious, half comic, of the disrespect which Poets in his time met with from the world, compared with the honours paid them by antiquity.

“*Greene*, who had in both Academies ta’ne
Degree of Master, yet could never gaine
To be call’d more than *Robin*; who, had he
Profest ought save the Muse, serv’d and been free
After a seven-yeares’ prentifeship, might have
(With credit too) gone *Robert* to his grave.
Marlo, renowned for his rare art and wit,
Could ne’re attaine beyond the name of *Kit*,
Although his *Hero* and *Leander* did
Merit addition rather. Famous *Kid*
Was call’d but *Tom*. *Tom Watson*, though he wrote
Able to make *Apollo’s* selfe to dote
Upon his Muse, for all that he could strive,
Yet never could to his full name arrive.
Tom Nash (in his time of no small esteeme)
Could not a second syllable redeeme.

Excellent *Bewmont*, in the formost ranke
Of the rar'st wits, was never more than *Franck*.
Mellifluous Shake-speare, whose inchanting quill
Commanded mirth or passion, was but *Will*;
And famous *Fonson*, though his learned pen
Be dipt in Castaly, is still but *Ben*.
Fletcher and *Webster*, of that learned packe
None of the mean'st, yet neither was but *Jacke*.
Decker's but *Tom* ; nor *May* nor *Middleton* ;
And hee's now but *Jacke Foord* that once was *John*."

"Possibly," says Charles Lamb, in quoting the above passage, "our Poet was a little fore, that this contemptuous curtailment of their baptismal names was chiefly exercised upon his Poetical Brethren of the *Drama*. We hear nothing about Sam. Daniel, or Ned Spenser in his catalogue. The familiarity of common discourse might probably take the greater liberties with the dramatic poets, as conceiving of them as more upon a level with the stage actors. Or did their greater publicity, and popularity in consequence, fasten these diminutives upon them out of a feeling of love and kindness? Doubtless Heywood had an indistinct conception of this truth when (coming to his own name), with that beautiful *retracting* which is natural to one who, not fatirically given, has wandered a little out of his way into something recriminative, he goes on to say :—

' Nor speake I this, that any here exprest,
Should think themselves lesse worthy than the rest,
Whose names haue their full syllable and sound ;
Or that *Franck*, *Kit*, or *Iacke*, are the least wound
Vnto their fame and merit. I for my part
(Thinke others what they please) accept that heart

xliv *Memoir of Thomas Heywood.*

Which courts my loue in most familiar phrafe ;
And that it takes not from my paines or praise.
If any one to me so bluntly com,
I hold he loues me best that calls me *Tom.*'”

We can figure to ourselves no higher prize, of a literary kind, than the discovery of the manuscript of the lives of such men by such a man, who would probably have given us their great characteristics and individual peculiarities, and have dwelt with fond detail upon the scenes of their early and social intercourse.

But whatever of Heywood's writing may be lost, enough remains to warrant our assigning him a high place among that brilliant company of poets and dramatists who adorned the reigns of Elizabeth and of the first James and Charles. There were others, perhaps, who had more fire of poetry, more brilliancy of wit, or more fervour of passion ; but in dealing with the common life which is in all ages essentially the same, none showed a truer tenderness and pathos, a more thoroughly human sympathy, than Thomas Heywood.

To his worthie friend the
Authour, Master *Thomas*
Heywood.

Heywood, when men weigh truly what thou art,
How the whole frame of learning claimes a part
In thy deepe apprehension ; and then see,
To knowledge added so much industry ;
Who will deny thee the best Palme and Bayés ?
And that to name thee, to himselfe is praise.
As first, which I must ever first preferre,
Thy skill in Poetry, where thou so farre
Hast gone, as none beyond thee, and hast writ,
That after-ages must despaire of wit
Or matter to write more. Nor art thou lesse,
In whatsoere thy fancy will expresse.
Thy pen commands all history, all actions,
Counsels, Decrees, men, manners, States, and factions,
Playes, Epicediums, Odes, and Lyricks,
Translations, Epitaphs, and Panegyricks :
They all doe speake thy worth. Nor dost thou teach
Things meere prophane ; but thy great Muse does reach
Above the Orbes, unto the utmost skie,
And makes transition unto Deitie.
When thou with such high straines detainst our eares,
As might become the Angels, or the Spheares.
What Reader then in justice can decline
From this assertion ? Poets are divine,
Rapt with a heavenly fire, which is made knowne
By no example better than thine owne.



To the learned Authour
Master THOMAS
HEYWOOD.

WHo can deny but Poets take their birth
From some thing that's more excellent than earth?
Since those harmonious strains that fill our eares,
Proclaime their neere allyance with the Spheares,
And shewes their Art all Arts as farre exceed
As doth the fiery-Cane, the weakest Reed.
That Matter which six lines of Prose rehearse,
May fitly be contained in one Verse;
Yea, and so pithily (if well compacted)
That out of it whole Bookes may be extracted.
A President whereof if thou wouldst find,
I prethee gentle Reader bend thy mind
To what this little Volume doth containe,
And sure the fruit will recompence thy paine,
The subject with the Authours names agree,
Who all have left unto Posteritie
Such Noble badges of their learned fame,
That my weake Pen can no way shew the same;
Therefore doe thou, oh Heywood, weare the Bayes
As thy just merit many thousand wayes.
For this thy Worke, with others heretofore
Shall honor thee till time shall be no more.



To my praise-worthy friend

Master T H O M A S

HEYWOOD.

T*Hy Worth unto the Knowing World is knowne,
Let Criticks censure others by their owne,
And tinct their foreheads with a purple shame,
When they shall see thy Works, or heare thy Name,
Whilst with thy owne, thou setst forth others fame ;* }
*Whose lofty Anthems, in our English tone
Thou sing'st, and mak'st them live, though dead & gone.
What barking or untutor'd Momus then
Will dare to belch against thy learned Pen ?
Whose worthier Lines, unto their foule disgrace,
Shall spit defiance in a brasen face ;
And when th' art dead, thy Poesie shall sing
Such pleasant straines, whereof the World shall ring ;
And Envies selfe, in spight of all Assayes,
Shall crowne thy Tombe-stone with eternall Bayes.*

S. N.

THE
AUTHOR TO HIS BOOKE.

*The world's a theater, the earth a stage,
Which God and nature doth with actors fill:
Kings have their entrance in due equipage,
And some there parts play well, and others ill.
The best no better are (in this theater),
Where every humor's fitted in his kinde;
This a true subiect acts, and that a traytor,
The first applauded, and the last confin'd;
This plaies an honest man, and that a knave,
A gentle person this, and he a clowne,
One man is ragged, and another brave:
All men have parts, and each one acts his owne.
She a chaste lady acteth all her life;
A wanton curtezan another playes;
This covets marriage love, that nuptial strife;
Both in continual action spend their dayes:
Some citizens, some soldiers, borne to aduenter,
Sheepheards, and sea-men. Then our play's begun
When we are borne, and to the world first enter,
And all finde exits when their parts are done.
If then the world a theater present,
As by the roundnesse it appears most fit,
Built with starre galleries of hye ascent,
In which Jehove doth as spectator sit,
And chiefe determiner to applaud the best,
And their indeuours crowne with more then merit;
But by their evill actions doomes the rest
To end disgrac't, whilst others praise inherit;
He that denyes then theaters should be,
He may as well deny a world to me.*

So compared
by the
Fathers.

No theater
no world.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.*

* Prefixed to Heywood's *Apology for Actors* (1612).

THE FIRST

and Second parts of King

Edward the Fourth.

CONTAINING,

His merie pastime with the Tanner of Tamworth, as also his loue to faire Mistriffe Shore, her great promotion, fall and miserie, and lastly the lamentable death of both her and her husband.

Likewise the besieging of London, by the Bastard Falconbridge, and the valiant defence of the same by the Lord Maior and the *Citizens.*

As it hath diuers times beene publikely played by the Right Honourable the Earle of *Derbie his seruants.*



Imprinted at *London* by F. K. for *Humfrey Lowmes*
and *John Oxenbridge.* 1600.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 309

LECTURE 10

STATISTICAL MECHANICS

ENTROPY

AND INFORMATION

AND THE BOLTZMANN CONSTANT

AND THE THERMODYNAMIC LIMIT

AND THE GIBBS PARADOX

AND THE MAXWELL-BOLTZMANN DISTRIBUTION

AND THE BOLTZMANN FACTOR

AND THE PARTITION FUNCTION

AND THE THERMODYNAMIC POTENTIAL

AND THE GIBBS ENSEMBLE

AND THE THERMODYNAMIC LIMIT

AND THE GIBBS PARADOX

AND THE MAXWELL-BOLTZMANN DISTRIBUTION

AND THE BOLTZMANN FACTOR

AND THE PARTITION FUNCTION

AND THE THERMODYNAMIC POTENTIAL



THE
FIRST AND SECOND

parts of King Edward the fourth.

Contayning his merrie pastime with the Tanner of
Tamworth, as also his loue to faire Mistresse
Shore, her great promotion, fall and
miserie, and lastly the lamentable
death of both her and her
husband.

*Enter King Edward, the Dutches of Yorke, the Queene,
the Lord Howard, and Sir Thomas Sellinger.*

Dutcheffe.

Sonne I tell ye you haue done you know not
what :
King. I haue married a woman, else I am deceiued
mother.

Dutch. Married a woman ? married indeed,
Here is a marriage that befits a King :
It is no maruaile it was done in haste,

Here is a Bridall and with hell to boote,
You haue made worke.

King. Faith mother some we haue indeed, but ere long you shall see vs make worke for an heir apparant, I doubt not, nay, nay, come come, Gods will what chiding still?

Dutch. O God that ere I liude to see this day.

King. By my faith mother, I hope you shall see the night too, and in the morning I will be bold to bid you to the Christning Grandmother, and God-mother to a Prince of Wales, tut mother, tis a stirring world.

Dutch. Haue you sent *Warwicke* into *France* for this?

King. No by my faith mother I sent *Warwicke* into *France* for an other, but this by chance beeing neerer hand, and comming in the way I cannot tell how, we concluded, and now (as you see) are going about to get a young King.

Dutch. But tell me sonne how will you answere this?

Is't possible your rash vnlawfull act
Should not breed mortall hate betwixt the Realmes?
What may the French King thinke when he shall
heare

That whilst you send to entreat about his daughter,
Bafely to take a subiect of your owne?

What may the Princeesse *Bona* thinke of this?

Our noble Cofin *Warwicke* that great Lord,
That Center-shaking thunderclap of warre,
That like a Colum propt the house of Yorke:
And boare our white Rose brauely in his top,
When he shall hear his embassage abus'd,

In this but made an instrument by you,
I know his soule will blush within his bosome,
And shame will sit in Scarlet on his Brow,
To have his honor toucht with this foule blemish.
Sonne, sonne, I tell you that is done by you,
Which yet the child that is vnborne shall rue.

King. Tush mother you are deceiued, all true subiects shall haue cause to thanke God, to haue their King borne of a true English woman. I tell you, it was neuer well since wee matched with strangers; so our children haue beene still like Chicken of the halfe kind. But where the cock and the hen be both of one breede, there is like to be birds of the game. Heare you, mother, heare you; had I gone to it by fortune, I had made your fons *George* and *Dick* to haue stood gaping after the Crowne. This wench, mother, is a widow, and hath made prooffe of her valour; and for any thing I know, I am as like to do the deed, as *John Gray* her husband was. I had rather the people praied to blefs mine heire, than send me an heire. Hold your peace, if you can see: there was neuer mother had a towarder son. Why, Cousin *Howard* and *Tom Sellinger*, heard you euer such a coile about a wife?

How. My soueraign Lord, with patience bear her spleen.

Your princely mother's zeal is like a riuer,
That from the free abundance of the waters
Breakes out into this inundation.
From her abundant care this rage proceedes,
Ore-swoln with the extremity of loue.

Sel. My lord, my lord, auoid a woman's humor.
If you resist this tumour of her will,
Here you shall haue her dwell vpon this passion,
Vntil she lade and dull our eares againe.
Seem you but sorry for what you haue done,
And straight shele put the finger in the eye,
With comfort now, since it cannot be helpt.
But make you show to justify the act,
If ever other language in her lips
Than Out vpon it, it is abhominable,
I dare be hanged.
Say any thing, it makes no matter what,
Then thus be wearied with a womans chat.

Dutch. I, I, you are the spaniels of the court,

And thus you fawne, and sooth your wanton king :
 But *Edward*, hadst thou prizd thy maiestie,
 Thou neuer wouldst haue staind thy princely state
 With the base leauings of a subiects bed,
 Nor borne the blemish of her bigamy.
 A widow, is it not a goodly thing ?

Gray's children, come ask blessing of the *King*.

Queene. Nay, I beseech your grace my lady *York*,
 Euen as you are a princess and a widow,
 Think not so meanly of my widowhood :
 A spotless Virgin came I first to *Gray* ;
 With him I liu'd a true and faithful wife ;
 And since his high imperiall maiesty
 Hath pleas'd to blesse my poor deiected state
 With the high Soueraign title of his *Queene*,
 I here protest before the host of heauen,
 I came as chaste a widow to his bed
 As when a virgin I to *Gray* was wed.

King. Come, come, haue done. Now you haue
 chid enough. God's foot, we were as merry ere she
 came as any people in *Christendom*, I with the mis-
 tresse and these with the maids, only we haue no
 fidlers at our feast ; but, mother, you haue made a fit
 of mirth. Welcome to *Grafton*, mother. By my
 troth, you are euen iust come as I wished you here.
 Let vs go to supper ; and in charity giue vs your
 blessing ere we go to bed.

Dutch. O *Edward*, *Edward* ! fly and leaue this
 place,
 Wherein, poor silly king, thou art enchanted,
 This is her dam of *Bedford's* work, her mother,
 That hath bewitch'd thee, *Edward*, my poor child.
 Dishonour not the princes of thy land,
 To make them kneele with reverence at her feet,
 That, ere thou didst empale with foueraigntie,
 They would haue scorned to haue lookd vpon.
 Theres no such difference twixt the greatest peere
 And the poor silliest kitching-maide that liues,
 As is betwixt thy worthiness and hers.

Queene. I do confesse it : yet, my lady *Yorke*,
My mother is a dutchesse, as you are,
A princeffe born, the Duke of *Bedford's* wife,
And, as you knowe, a daughter and a sister
Vnto the royall blood of *Burgundy*.
But you cannot so basely think on me,
As I do think of these vain worldly titles.
Gcd from my soule my sinne as far diuide,
As I am far from boasting in this pride !

Sel. Madam, she is the mirror of her kinde.
Hath she but so much spleen as hath a gnat,
Her spirits would startle to abide your taunts.
She is a faint, and, madam, you blaspheme,
To wrong so sweet a lady.

Dutch. Thou art a minion and a flatterer.

Sl. Madam, but that you are my Soueraignes
Mother,

I would let you know that you wrong a gentleman.

Eow. Good cousin *Sellinger*, haue patience.
Her grace's rage, by too much violence,
Hath spent itself already into air.

Dea madam, I beseech you, on my knee,
Tender that louing-kindnesse to the Queene,
That I dare sweare she doth in soule to you.

Elw. Well said, good coz ; I pray thee, make
hem friends.

Why, how now, *Befs*, what weepe ? nay then, Ile
hide you.

What sudden newes comes by this messenger ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mis. My foueraign lord, the bastard *Falconbridge*
Of late hath stirr'd rebellion in the south,
Encouraging his forces to deliuer
King *Henry*, late depos'd, out of the *Tower*.
To him the malcontented commons flock
From euery part of *Suffex*, *Kent*, and *Essex*,
His army waxed twentie thousand strong,

And, as it is suppos'd by circumstance,
Meane to take *London*, if not well defended.

Edw. Well, let this *Phaeton*, that is mounted thus,
Look he fit surely, or, by *England's George*,
He breake his necke. This is no new euasion ;
I surely thought that one day I should see
That bastard Falcon take his wings to mount
Into our eagle-aerie. Methought I saw
Black discontent fit euer on his browe,
And now I see I calculated well.
Good coufin *Howard*, and *Tom Sellinger*,
This night wele spend in feast and iollity
With our new Queen and our beloued mother :
To morrow you shall haue a commission
To raise vp powers against this haughty rebel.
Sirrah, depart not till you know our pleasure.
You shall conuey vs letters back to *London*
Vnto the Mayor, Recorder, and our friendes.
Is supper ready ? come by, my bonny *Besse*.
Welcome, mother ; we are all your guests. *Exunt.*

*Enter Falconbridge with his troops marching, Spiling,
Smoke, Chub, and others.*

Fal. Hold, drumme !

Spi. Hold, drumme, and be hanged !

Smoke. Hold, drum, hold ! peace then, ho !
Silence to the proclamation.

Spi. You lie, you rogue ; tis to the oration.

Chub. Nay, then, you all lie ; tis to the cobliction.

Fal. True hearted English, and our vliant
friends.

All. Ho ! braue General, ifaith.

Spi. Peace there, you rogues, or I will split your
chaps.

Fal. Dear countrymen, I publickly proclaim,
If any wronged discontented English,
Tought with true feeling of King *Henry's* wrongs,
Henry the Sixt, the lawfull king of *England*,

Who, by that tyrant *Edward*, the vsurper,
Is held a wretched prifoner in the Tower.
If any man that faine would be enfranchis'd
From the fad yoke of *Yorkifh* feruitude,
Vnder which we toil like naked galley-flaues,
Know he that *Thomas Neuille*, the Lord *Falcon-
bridge*

All. I, I, a *Falconbridge*! a *Falconbridge*!

Spi. Peace, ye clamorous rogues! On, General,
with your oration. Peace, there!

Fal. Pitying King *Henry's* poor diftressed cafe,
Arm'd with his title and a fubiect's zeal,
Takes vp juft armes againft the houfe of *Yorke*,
And does proclaime our ancient liberty.

All. Liberty, liberty, liberty, general liberty!

Fal. We do not rife like *Tyler*, *Cade*, and *Straw*,
Bluebeard, and other of that rafcal rout,
Bafely like tinkers or fuch muddy flaues,
For mending meafures or the price of corne,
Or for fome common in the wield of Kent
Thats by fome greedy cormorant enclos'd,
But in the true and antient lawfull right
Of the redoubted houfe of *Lancafter*.

Our blood is noble, by our birth a *Neuille*,
And by our lawful line, Lord *Falconbridge*.
Whofe here thats of fo dull a leaden temper,
That is not fired with a *Neuille's* name?

All. A *Neuille*! a *Neuille*! a *Neuille*!

Fal. Our quarrell, like ourfelf, is honourable,
The law our warrant.

Smoke. I, I, the law is on our fide.

Chub. I, the law is in our hands.

Spi. Peace, you rogues!

Fal. And more: a bleffing by the word pro-
pos'd

To thofe that aide a true anointed king.
Courage, braue fpirits, and cry a *Falconbridge*!

All. A *Falconbridge*! a *Falconbridge*!

Fal. We will be Masters of the Mint ourselues,
 And fet our own stamp on the golden coin.
 We'll shoe our neighing courfers with no worfe
 Than the purest filuer that is folde in Cheape.
 At *Leadenhall*, we'll fell pearles by the pecke,
 As now the mealmen vse to fell their meal.
 In *Westminster*, we'll keep a solemne court,
 And build it bigger to receiue our men.
 Cry *Falconbridge*, my hearts, and liberty!

All. *Falconbridge* and liberty, &c.

Smoke. Peace, ye slaues; or I will fmoke ye else.

Chub. Peace, ye slaues, or I will chub your chaps;
 but indeed thou mayest well fmoke them, because thy
 name is *Smoke*.

Smoke. Why, sirs, I hope *Smoke*, the smith of *Chepstead*,
 is as good a man as *Chub*, the chandler of *Sandwich*.

Spi. Peace, ye rogues; what, are you quarrelling?
 and now list to Captaine *Spicing*.

You know *Cheapside*: there are the mercers' shops.
 Where we will measure veluet by the pikes,
 And filkes and fatins by the street's whole bredth:
 We'le take the tankards from the conduit-cocks
 To fill with ipocras and drinke caroufe,
 Where chains of gold and plate shall be as plenty
 As wooden dishes in the wild of *Kent*.

Smoke. Oh, brauely said, *Ned Spicing*! the honest-
 est lad that euer pound spice in a mortar. Now speaks
 Captaine *Smoke*.

Looke, lads; for from this hill ye may discern
 The louely town which we are marching to:
 That same is *London*, lads, ye looke vpon:
 Range all arow, my heares, and stand at gaze,
 As do the herds of decre at some strange sight,
 Or as a troop of hungry trauellers,
 That fixe their eyes vpon a furnisht feast.
 Looke how the *Tower* doth tice vs to come on,
 To take out *Henry* the *Sixt*, there prisoner:

See how Saint *Katharines* smokes ; wipe, flaves, your eyes,

And whet your stomachs for the good malt-pies.

Chub. Why, then, belike I am nobody. Room and avoidance, for now speaks Captain *Chub*.

No sooner in *London* will wee be,

But the bakers for you, the brewers for mee.

Birchin lane shall suite vs.

The costermongers fruite vs,

The poulters fend vs in fowl,

And butchers meate without controul :

And euer when we suppe or dine,

The vintners freely bring vs in wine.

In anybody aske who shall pay,

Cut off his head and fend him away.

This is Captain *Chub's* law, whofoeuer say nay.

Fal. Brauely resolued, so march we forward all,

And boldly say, good luck shall us befall. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lord Mayor, M. Shore, and M. Joffelin, in their veluet coats and gorgets, and leading stauces.

Mayor. This is well done. Thus should good Citizens

fashion themselues as well for warre as peace.

Haue ye commanded that in euery streete

They hang forth lights as soon as night comes on ?

Say cousin *Shore* ; that was referr'd to you.

Shore. We haue, my lord. Besides, from euery hall

There is at least two hundred men in armes.

Mayor. It cheeres my heart to hear this readinesse.

Let neuer rebels put true subiects down.

Come when they will, their welcome shall be such,

As they had better kept them further off.

But where is Maister *Recorder* ? his aduice

Must not be wanting in these high affairs.

Shore. About an hour ago, and somewhat more,

I left him fortifying the bridge, my lord ;
Which done, he purposed to meete you here.

Maior. A discreet painful gentleman he is,
And we must all of vs be so inclin'd,
If we intend to haue the City safe,
Or look for thanks and credit with the King.
I tell ye, masters, aged though I be,
I, for my part, will to no bed this night.

Fof. Why, is it thought the Bastard is so near ?

Maior. How meane ye, Maister *Foffelin*, by
near ?

He neither comes from *Italy* nor *Spain* ;
But out of *Kent* and *Essex*, which you know
Are both so near, as nearer cannot be.

Fof. Nay, by your patience, good my Lord, a
word.

Simple tho' I am, yet I must confesse,
A mischief further off would, and so forth ;
You knowe my meaning. Things not seene before
Are, and so forth. Yet, in good sadnesse,
I would that all were well ; and perchance
It may be so. What ! were it not for hope,
The heart, and so forth. But to the matter :
You meane and purpose ; I, I am fure ye do.

Maior. Well, maister *Foffelin*, we are fure ye mean
well,

Although somewhat defectiue in your vtterance.

Fof. Ay, ay, my Lord *Maior*, I am you know,
Willing, ready, and so forth ; tut, tut, for me,
ha, ha !

My mansion is at *Ham*, and thence, you know,
I come to help you in this needfull time,
When rebels are so busy, and so forth.
What, masters ? age must neuer be despis'd.
You shall find me, my Lord, still, and so forth.

Enter Urswick, the Recorder.

Shore. My lord, now here comes Maister *Recorder*.

Rec. Good eu'n, my good Lord *Maïor*. The streets
are chain'd,

The bridge well mann'd, and euery place prepar'd.

Shall we now go together and consult

What else there is to be determin'd of ?

Maïor. Your coming, Maister *Recorder*, was the
thing

We all desired ; therefore, let vs consult.

And now what say ye, if with halfe our power

We issue forth and giue the rebels fight ?

Rec. Before they do prouoke vs nearer hand.

There were no way to that, if all be pleased.

Whats your opinion, Maister *Fosselin* ?

Fof. Good footh, my lord *Maïor* and Maister *Re-*
recorder,

You may take your choice ; but, in my conceit,

Issue if you will, or else stay if you will.

A man can neuer be too wary and so forth.

Yet, as to issue will not be the worst,

Even so to tarry. Well, you may think more on't,

But all is one ; we shall be sure to fight,

And you are wise enough to see your time ;

I, I, a God's name.

Rec. My Lord,

Accept his meaning better than his counsell.

Maïor. I, so we do, or else we were to blame.

What if we stop the passage of the *Thames*

With such prouision as we haue of ships ?

Rec. 'Tis doubtful yet, my lord, whether the
rebels

Purpose that way to seek our detriment.

Rather, meseemeth, they will come by land,

And either make assault at *London Bridge*,

Or else at *Aldgate*, both which entrances

Were good they should be strongly fortified.

Fof. Well said, maister *Recorder*. You do. I, I
I ye warrant.

Rec. As for the other, the whole companies
Of *Mercers*, *Grocers*, *Drapers*, and the rest,

Are drawne together, for their best defence,
Beside the *Tower*, a neighbour to that place,
As on the one side it will cleare the riuer,
So on the other, with their ordinance,
It may repulse and beate them from the gate.

A noife within.

Maior. What noife is this? provide ye suddenly,
And euerie man betake him to his charge.

Enter a Messenger.

Shore. Soft; who is this? How now, my friende,
what newes?

Mef. My master, the *Lieutenant* of the *Tower*,
Giues ye to vnderstand he hath descried
The army of the rebels.

Rec. Which way come they?

Mef. From *Effexward*; and therefore 'tis his
mind

You guard both *Aldgate* well and *Bishopsgate*.

Maior. Saint *George*, away! and let vs all resolute
Either to vanquish this rebellious rout,
Preferue our goods, our children, and our wiues,
Or feale our resolution with our liues. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falconbridge, with Spicing and his Troopes.

Fal. Summon the City, and command our entrance;
Which, if we shall be stubbornly denied,
Our power shall rufh like thunder through the walls.

Spi. Open your gates, slaues, when I command ye.

*Spicing beats on the gates, and then enters the Lord
Maior and his associates, with prentices.*

Maior. What's he that beats thus at the City
gates,

Commanding entrance as he were a king ?

Fal. He that will haue releafement for a King,
I, *Thomas Neuille*, the Lord *Falconbridge*.

Spi. Ho, sirrah, you clapperdudgin, vnlocke, vn-
bolt ! or I'll bolt you, if I get in. Stand you preach-
ing, with a pox ?

Maior. We haue no warrant, *Thomas Falconbridge*,
To let your armed troops into our city,
Confidering you haue taken vp these arms
Against our foueraign and our countries peace.

Fal. I tell thee, *Maior*, and know he tells thee so,
That cometh armed in a king's defence,
That I craue entrance in King *Henry's* name,
In right of the true line of *Lancaster*.

Methinks that word, spoke from a *Neuille's* mouth,
Should like an earthquake rend your chained
gates,

And tear in pieces your portcullises.

I thunder it again into your ears,

You stout and braue couragious Londoners ;

In *Henry's* name, I craue my entrance in.

Rec. Should *Henry's* name command the entrance
here,

We should deny allegiance vnto *Edward*,

Whose true and faithful subiects we are fworn,

And in whose prefence is our sword vpborne.

Fal. I tell thee, traitor, then thou bear'st thy
sword

Against thy true vndoubted king.

Shore. Nay, then, I tell thee, bastard *Falconbridge*,

My lord *Maior* bears his sword in *his* defence,

That put the sword into the arms of *London*,

Made the lord *Maiors* for euer after knights,

Richard, depos'd by *Henry Bolingbroke*,

From whom the house of *Yorke* doth claime their
right.

Fal. What's he that answers vs thus faucily ?

Smoke. Sirrah, your name, that we may know ye
hereafter.

Shore. My name is *Shore*, a goldsmith by my trade.

Fal. What! not that *Shore* that hath the dainty wife?

Shore's wife, the flow'r of *London* for her beauty!

Shore. Yes, rebel, eu'n the very fame.

Spi. Run, rascal, and fetch thy wife to our General presently, or else all the gold in *Cheapside* cannot ransom her. Wilt thou not stirre when I bid thee?

Fal. *Shore*, listen: thy wife is mine, thats flat. This night, in thine own house, she sleeps with me.

Now, *Crosby*, lord *Maior*, shall we enter in?

Maior. *Crosby*, the lord *Maior*, tells thee, proud rebel, no.

Fal. No, *Crosby* shall I not? Then doting lord,

I cram the name of rebel down thy throat.
There's not the poorest rascal of my camp,
But if he chance to meet thee in *Cheapside*,
Vpon thy foot-cloth, he shall make thee light,
And hold his stirrup while he mount thy horse,
Then lackey him which way he please to go.

Crosby, I'll make the citizens be glad
To fend thee and the aldermen, thy brethren,
All manacled and chain'd like galley-flaues,
To ransom them and to redeem the city.

Maior. Nay, then, proud rebel, pause, and hear me speak.

There's not the poorest and meanest citizen,
That is a faithful subiect to the King,
But, in despite of thy rebellious rout,
Shall walk to *Bowe*, a small wand in his hand,
Although thou lie encamp'd at *Mile-end Green*,
And not the proudest rebel of you all
Shall dare to touch him for his damned soul.
Come, we will pull vp our portcullises,
And let me see thee enter if thou dare.

Fal. Spoken like a man, and true veluet-iacket,
And we will enter, or strike by the way. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Maior, Recorder, and Ioffelin.

Maior. Where's Master *Recorder* and Master *Ioffelin*?

Rec. Here, my lord *Maior*. We now haue manned
the walls,
And fortified such places as were needfull.

Maior. Why, it is well, brothers and citizens ;
Sticke to your city as good men should do.
Think that in *Richard's* time even such a rebel
Was then by *Walworth*, the lord *Maior* of *London*,
Stabb'd dead in *Smithfield*.

Then shew yourselues as it befits the time,
And let this find a hundred *Walworths* now
Dare stabbe a rebell, were he made of brasse.
And, prentices, stick to your officers,
For you may come to be as we are now.
God and our King against an arrant rebel !
Brothers, away ; let vs defend our walles.

First Ap. My Lord, your wordes are able to
infuse
A double courage in a coward's breast.
Then feare not vs ; although our chins be bare,
Our hearts are good : the trial shall be seene
Against these rebels on this champion greene.

Sec. Ap. We haue no trickes nor policies of
warre,
But by the antient custom of our fathers,
We'll foundly lay it on ; take't off that will :
And, *London* prentices, be rul'd by me ;
Die ere ye lose fair *Londons* liberty.

Spi. How now, my flat-caps ; are you growne so
brave ?
'Tis but your wordes : when matters come to prooffe,
You'll scud as twere a company of sheepe.

My counfel therefore is to keepe your shoppes.
 What lacke you? better will beseeme your mouthes
 Than terms of warre. In footh, you are too
 yong.

First Ap. Sirrah, go to; you shall not finde it fo.
 Flat-caps thou call'st vs. We scorne not the name,
 And shortly, by the vertue of our fwords,
 We'll make your cappe so fit unto your crowne,
 As sponce and cappe and all shall kisse the ground.

Sec. Ap. You are those desperate, idle, swaggering
 mates,
 That haunt the fuburbes in the time of peace,
 And raise vp ale-house brawls in the streete;
 And when the rumour of the warre begins,
 You hide your heads, and are not to be found.
 Thou term'st it better that we keep our shoppes.
 It's good indeede wee should have such a care,
 But yet, for all our keeping now and then,
 Your pilfiring fingers break into our locks,
 Vntil at *Tyburn* you acquit the fault.
 Go to: albeit by custome we are milde,
 As those that do professe ciuility,
 Yet, being mou'd, a nest of angry hornets
 Shall not be more offensiue than we will.
 Wele fly about your ears and sting your hearts.

Joff. He tells you truth, my friends, and so
 forth.

Fal. Who can endure to be so brau'd by boys?

First Ap. Nay, scorn vs not that we are prentices.
 The Chronicles of *England* can report
 What memorable actions we haue done,
 To which this daies achieuement shall be knit,
 To make the volume larger than it is.

Maior. Now, of mine honour, ye do cheere my
 heart.

Braue English offsprings, valiantly resolu'd!

Sec. Ap. My Lord, return you back; let vs alone;
 You are our masters; giue vs leaue to work;
 And if we do not vanquish them in fight,

Let vs go fupperlefs to bed at night.

Exeunt all but Spicing, Smoke, and their crew.

Spi. *Smoke*, get thee vp on the top of *S. Buttolphs* fleepie, and make a proclamation.

Smoke. What, a plague, should I proclaime there ?

Spi. That the bells be rung backward,
And cutting of throats be cried *hauock*.

No more calling of lanthorn and candle-light :

That maidenheads be valued at iust nothing ;

And facke be fold by the fallet.

That no piddling flauē stand to picke a locke, but
flafh me off the hinges, as one would flit up a cow's
paunch.

Smoke. Let no man haue leffe then a warehouse to
his wardrope. Cry a fig for a fergeant, and walk by
the *Counter* like a lord : plucke out the clapper of
Bow Bell, and hang vp all the sextons in the city.

Spi. Rantum, scantum, rogues, follow your leader,
Cavallero *Spicing*, the maddest flauē that euer pund
spice in a mortar.

Smoke. Take me an vferer by the greasie pouch
and shake out his crownes, as a hungry dog would
shake a haggas. Bar foule play, rogues, and liue by
honest filching and stealing : he that hath a true finger,
let him forfeit his face to the frying-pan. Follow your
leader, rogues, follow your leader !

Spi. Affault, affault ! and cry, a *Falconbridge* !

Joffelin on the walls cries to them

Fos. Sirrah *Spicing*, if *Spicing* be thy name, we are
here for matters and caufes as it might seem for the
king : therefore, it were good, and so forth.

Spi. Open the gates ; or, if we be the picklocks,
ye rogues, we'll play the mastiff dogs amongst you. If
I worry not a thousand of you with my teeth, let me
be hanged in a packthread, and so forth.

Fos. Fond fellow, iustice is to be vsed ; I, marry,

is it ; and law in some fort, as it were, is to be followed. Oh, God forbid else ! This our magistrate hath power as might seem, and so forth ; for duty is to be obserued, and officers must be obeyed, in fort and calling, and so forth.

Spi. We'll talk more anon, good Master and-so-forth.

Here is a very fierie assault on all sides, wherein the prentices doe great seruice.

Enter Falconbridge, angry, with his men.

Fal. Why this is to trust to these base rogues,
This dirty scum of rascal peasantry,
This heartless rout of base rascality.
A plague vpon you all, you cowardly rogues,
You crauen curs, you slimy muddy clownes,
Whose courage but consists in multitude,
Like sheep and neat that follow one another,
Which if one run away, all follow after ;
This hedgebred rascal, this filthy fry of ditches ;
A vengeance take you all ! This 'tis to lead you.
Now do you cry and shriek at euery shock ;
A hot confuming mischief follow you !

Spi. 'Swounds ! scale, rogues, scale ! A *Falconbridge*, a *Falconbridge* !

Enter Lord Maior and his train.

Maior. Set open the gates ! Nay, then, we'll fall out.

It neuer shall be said, when I was Maior,
The Londoners were shut vp in the city.
Then cry King Edward, and let's issue out.

Fal. Now, if ye be true-hearted Englishmen,
The gates set open and the portcullis vp,
Let's pell-mell in, to stop their passage out.
He that first enters be possert of Cheape,

I giue him it freely, and the chiefeſt wench.

Spi. That he can finde. Let that lie in the bargain.

Exeunt.

The Lord Maior and the Citizens hauing valiantly repulſed the Rebels from the city, enters Falconbridge and Spicing, and their train, wounded and diſmayed.

Spi. Heareſt thou, general? there's hot drinking at the Mouth of *Biſhopſ-gate*, for our ſoldiers are all mouth. They lie like rafcals, with their braines beaten out, Therefore, ſince we are all like to feede hogs in *Houndſditch*, let vs retire our troopes, and ſaue our maimed men: or, if we iſſue further, we are put to the ſword, euery mothers ſonne of vs.

Fal. Art thou that villain, in whoſe damned mouth

Was neuer heard of any word but *wounds*?
Whoſe recreant limbs are notch't with gaping ſcars,
Thicker than any carking craftſmans ſcore,
Whoſe very ſcalp is ſcratch'd, and craz'd, and broken,
Like an old mazer beaten on the ſtones;
And ſtand'ſt thou now to ſaue our maimed men?
A plague upon thee, coward!

Spi. Why how now, baſe *Thomas*? 'Swounds! wert thou a baſe-viol, thou art but a rascal and a rebel, as I am, heareſt thou? If I do not turn true ſubiect, and leaue thee, let me be worried with dogs. 'Swounds! doſt thou impeach my manhood? *Tom Neville*, thou had'ſt as good to haue damned thyſelf as uttered ſuch a word. Flatly, I forſake thee; and all that loue *Ned Spicing*, follow me.

Here the reſt offer to follow.

Fal. Come, come, ye teſty fool, thou ſeeſt me grieu'd,

Yet canſt not beare with mine infirmity.
Thou knoweſt I hold thee for as tall a man
As any liues or breathes our English aire.

I know there liues not a more fiery fpirit,
 A more refolued, valiant. A plague vpon it
 Thou knowft I loue thee ; yet if a word escape
 My lips in anger, how tefty then thou art.
 I had rather all men left me then thyfelf.
 Thou art my foul : thou art my genius.
 I cannot liue without thee, not an hour.
 Thus muft I ftill be forcd, againft my will, *afide.*
 To foothe this dirty flaue, this cowardly rafcall.
 Come, come, be friends, ye tefty firebrand !
 We muft retire. There is no remedy.

Sp. Nay, *Tom*, if thou wilt haue me mount on
 the walls,
 And caft myfelf down headlong on their pikes,
 Ile do it. But to impeach my valour !
 Had any man but thou fpoke half fo much,
 I would haue fpilt his heart. Still beware
 My valour : fuch words go hardly down.
 Well, I am friends : thou thoughtft not as thou
 fpakft.

Fal. No ; on my foule, thou think'ft not that I
 did.
 Sound a retreat there, I command ye, ftrait !
 But whither fhall we retire ?

Sp. To *Mile-end Greene*. There is no fitter
 place.

Fal. Then let vs back retire to *Mile-end Greene*,
 And there expect fresh fuccour from our friends,
 With fuch fupply as fhall ere long affure
 The city is our own. March on ! Away ! *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Maior, with his traine, and prentices.

Maior. Ye haue beftirr'd you like good citizens,
 And shown yourfelues true fubiefts to your king.
 You worthily, prentices, beftirr'd yourfelues,
 That it did cheer my heart to fee your valour.
 The rebels are retir'd to *Mile-end Greene*.

Rec. Where so we may not suffer them to rest,
But issue forth vpon them with fresh force.

Fos. My lord *Maior*, diligence doth well, and so
forth. Matters must be looked into as they ought,
indeed should they. When things are well done, they
are, and so forth; for causes and things must indeed
be looked into.

Maior. Well, sir, we very well conceiue your
meaning,
And you haue shown yourself a worthy gentleman.
See that our walls be kept with courts of guard,
And well defended against the enemy;
For we will now withdraw vs to *Guildhall*,
To take aduice what further must be done. *Exeunt.*

Enter Master Shore and Jane, his Wife.

Shore. Be not afraid, sweetheart, the worst is
past:
God haue the praise, the victory is ours.
We haue preuailed: the rebels are repuls'd,
And euery streete of *London* foundeth ioy.
Canst thou, then, gentle *Jane*, be sad alone?

Jane. I am not sad now you are here with me,
My ioy, my hope, my comfort, and my loue,
My dear, dear husband, kindest *Matthew Shore*.
But when these arms, the circles of my soule,
Were in the fight so forward, as I heard,
How could I choose, sweetheart, but be afraide?

Shore. Why dost thou tremble now, when perils
past?

Jane. I think vpon the horror of the time.
But tell me why you fought so desperately?

Shore. First to maintain King *Edward's* royalty;
Next, to defend the city's liberty;
But chiefly *Jane*, to keep thee from the toil
Of him that to my face did vow thy spoil.
Had he preuaild, where then had been our liues?
Dishonourd our daughters, rauishd our fair wiues;

Poffeffd our goods, and fet our feruants free ;
Yet all this nothing to the los of thee.

Fane. Of me sweetheart? why how should I be
loft?

Were I by thousand stormes of fortune toft,
And should indure the pooreft wretched life,
Yet *Fane* will be thy honest loyal wife.
The greatest prince the Sunne did euer see,
Shall neuer make me proue vntrue to thee.

Shore. I feare not faire means, but a rebels
force.

Fane. These hands shall make this body a dead
corse

Ere force or flattery shall mine honour flain.

Shore. True fame furuiues, when death the flesh
hath flain.

Enter an Officer from the Lord Maior.

Officer. God faue ye, master *Shore*, and, mistris,
by your leauē ;

Sir, my lord *Maior* fends for you by me,
And prays your speedy prefence at *Guildhall*,
Theres newes the rebels haue made head againe,
And haue enfoncd themfelues vpon *Mile-end*,
And presently our armed men must out.
You being Captaine of two companies,
In honour of your valour and your skill,
Must leade the vaward. God and right stand with
ye !

Shore. Friend, tell my Lord Ile wait vpon him
frait.

Iane. Friend, tell my Lord he does my husband
wrong,

To fet him foremost in the danger still.
Ye shall not goe, if I may haue my will.

Shore. Peace, wife, no more. Friend, I will fol-
low ye.

Exit.

Iane. Ifaith ye shall not. Prethee do not go.

Shore. Not go, sweetheart? that were a cowards
trick,

A traitor's part, to shrink when others fight.
Enuy shall neuer say that *Matthew Shore*,
The goldsmith, stayd, when other men went out
To meet his Kings and countrys enemy.
No, *Iane*; gainst all the rebels on *Mile-end*,
I dare alone King *Edwards* right defend.

Iane. If you be slaine, what shall become of me?

Shore. Right well, my wench: enow will marry
thee.

I leaue thee worth at least five thousand pound.

Iane. Marry again? that word my heart doth
wound. *She weeps.*

I'll neuer marry, nor I will not liue
If thou be killd. Let me go with thee, *Mat.*

Shore. Tis idle talke, good *Iane*; no more of
that.

Go to my lady *Maioreffe* and the rest,
As you are still companion with the best;
With them be merrie, and pray for our good speed.

Iane. To part from thee, my very heart doth
bleed. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Falconbridge with his Troops, marching as being
at Mile end.*

Fal. Yet stand we in the fight of vpreard *Troy*,
And suck the air she draws: our very breath
Flies from our nostrils warme vnto the walls.
We beard her bristling spires, her battled towers,
And proudly stand and gaze her in the face.
Look on me, and I doubt not ye imagine
My worth as great as any one of yours,
My fortunes, would I basely fawn on *Edward*,
To be as fair as any mans in *England*.
But he that keeps your Soueraign in the *Tower*
Hath feized my land, and robbd me of my right.
I am a gentleman as well as hee.
What he hath got, he holds by tyranny.

Now, if you faint, or cowardly should fly,
 There is no hope for any one to liue.
 We heare the Londoners will leaue the city,
 And bid vs battle here on *Mile-end Green*,
 Whom if we vanquish, then we take the town,
 And ride in triumph thorough *Cheape* to *Pauls*.
 The *Mint* is ours, *Cheape*, *Lombard Street*, our own ;
 The meanest soldier wealthier than a king.

Spi. March fair, ye rogues, all kings or capknitters.
 Dost thou hear, *Tom Falconbridge* ? I prithee grant
 me one boon I shall aske thee.

Fal. What is it, *Ned* ? its hard I should deny
 thee.

Spi. Why, that when we haue won the city, as
 we cannot chuse but win it, that I may haue the
 knighting of all these rogues and rascals.

Fal. What then ?

Spi. What then ? Zounds, I scorn your scuruy,
 wry-mouthed What then ? Now, a poxe take me if I
 fight a blow.

Fal. Why, this is fine. Go to ; knight whom thou
 wilt.

Spi. Who ? I knight any of them ? Ile see them
 hanged first for a company of tattered ragged rascals.
 If I were a king, I would not knight one of them.

Chub. What, not me, Cavallero *Chub* ?

Spi. Yes, I care not if I knight thee ; and yet Ile
 see thee hanged ere Ile honour thee so much. I care
 not so much for the matter ; but I would not be
 denied my humour.

Fal. Why, what a perverse fellow art thou, *Ned* !

Spi. Ho, my fine *Tom*, my braue *Falconbridge*, my
 mad *Greeke*, my lusty *Neuille* ! thou art a king, a
Cæsar ! a plague on thee ; I loue thee not, and yet
 Ile die with thee.

*Enter the Lord Maior, Recorder, Ioffelin, Shore, and
 their Soldiers, marching.*

Maior. See how rebellion can exalt itself,

Pruning the feathers of sick discipline.

Rec. They think they can outlook our truer looks.

Shore. Mark but the scornful eye of *Falconbridge*.

Maior. I rather think tis feare vpon his cheeke.

Deciphers pale disturbance in his heart.

Fos. Our coming forth hath—well, I say no more;
But shall we take occasion, and so forth?

Rebellion should haue no respite. Oh, my lord,
The time hath been—but all is one for that.

Spi. How like a troop of rank overidden jades
Yon bushy-bearded citizens appeare!

Chub. Nay, rather so many men in the moone,
And euery one a furzen bush in his mouth.

Spi. The four and twenty wards! now, fair befall
them;

Would any one haue thought before this houre,
There had been such increase of muddy flaues?

Fal. Peace, foldiers! they are resolute, you see;
And not to flatter vs, nor fauour them,
Such haughtie stomacks seldom haue been seene
Imbodied in the breasts of Citizens.

How sternly in their own peculiar strength,
Without the assistance of their lingring King,
Did they of late repulse vs from their walls!

And now again how expeditiously,
And vnexpected, they haue met vs here!
Were we more deadly incensd than we are,
I would not but commend their chivalry.

Spi. Captaine, shall we goe challenge them to
fight?

Sblood! we burn daylight; they will think, anon,
We are afraid to see their glittering swords.

Chub. Tell them, they come instead of pudding
pies
And *Stratford* cakes, to make's a banquet here.

Fal. Soft; giue me leaue; I will deuise with
words

To weaken and abash their fortitude.

Rec. The bastard offers to come forth, my lord.

Maior. I am the man intend to answer him.

Fal. Crosby!

Maior. Traitor!

All. Traitor! zounds, down with him!

Fal. Be patient: giue me leaue, I say, to speak.

I doubt not but the traitors name shall rest
With those that keep their lawfull King in bonds.
Mean time, ye men of *London*, once again
Behold my warlike colours are displayed,
Which I haue vowed shall neuer be wrapt vp
Vntil your lofty buildings kisse our feete,
Vnless you grant me passage through your streetes.

Rec. Passage, saist thou? That must be ore our
brests,

If any passage thou art like to haue.

Fal. Why then vpon your bodies will I treade,
And wade through standing pooles of your lost blood.

Shore. We know thy threates, and reckon them as
winde,

Not of sufficient power to shake a reede.

Spi. But we shook your gates not long agoe,
And made your walls to shake like Irish bogges.

Chub. I, and so terrified ye, that not one of ye
durst come to fetch a pint of facke at the *Mouth* at
Bishopsgate; no, not for your liues.

Fos. I, but you know what followed, and so
forth.

Spi. Et cetera! are you there? methinkes, the
fight of the dun bull, the *Neuilles* honoured crest,
should make you leaue your broken sentences, and
quite forget euer to speake at all.

Shore. Nay, then, look thou upon our Cities arms,
Wherein is a bloody dagger: that is it,
Wherewith a rebel like to *Falconbridge*
Had his desert, meet for his treachery.
Can you behold that, and not quake for fear?

Rec. Since when, it is successefully decreed,
Traitors with vs shall neuer better speed.

Spi. Captaine and fellow-soldiers, talk no more,

But draw your meaning forth in downright blows.

Fal. Sound then alarum.

Maior. Doe the like for vs,
And where the right is, there attend successe!

Fos. Stay, and be better aduisd. Why, countrymen,

What is this *Falconbridge* you follow fo?

I could instruct you; but you know my minde.

And, *Falconbridge*, what are these rusticalls,
Thou shouldst repose such confidence in glasse;
Shall I informe thee? No, thou art wise enough.

Edward of York delays the time, you say;

Therefore he will not come. Imagine so.

The cities weake. Hold that opinion still.

And your pretence King *Henry's* liberty.

True; but as how? Shall I declare you? No.

What then? youle fight. A Gods name, take your choice.

I can no more but giue you my aduice.

Fal. Away with this parenthesis of words.

Crosby, courage thy men, and on this *Greene*
Whose cause is right, let it be quickly seen.

Maior. I am ready as thou canst desire.

On then, a Gods name!

*They fight. The rebels driue them back. Then enter
Falconbridge and Spicing.*

Fal. This was well fought. Now, *Spicing*, lift to me.

The citizens thus hauing giuen vs ground,
And therefore somewhat daunted, take a band
Of *Essex* souldiers, and with all the speed
Thou possibly canst make, withdraw thyself,
And get between the city gates and them.

Spi. Oh braue *Tom Neuille*, gallant *Falconbridge*,
I aim at thy intended policy;
This is thy meaning; while thou art employd
And holdst them battle here on *Mile-end Greene*,

I must prouide, as harbinger before,
 There be not only cleare and open passage,
 But the best merchants houfes to receiue
 Vs and our retinue. I am proud of that,
 And will not sleepe vpon thy iust command.

Fal. Away, then ! I will follow as I may,
 And doubt not but that ours will be the day.

*After some excursions, enter Lord Maior and Master
 Shore.*

Maior. We haue recouerd what before we lost,
 And Heauen stands with the iustice of our cause.
 But this I noted in the fight euen now,
 That part of this rebellious crew is sent,
 By what direction, or for what intent,
 I cannot guesse, but may suspect the worst ;
 And, as it seemes, they compassse it about
 To hem vs in, or get the gate of vs :
 And therefore, cousin *Shore*, as I repose
 Trust in thy valour and thy loyalty,
 Draw forth three hundred bowmen and some pikes,
 And presently encounter their assault.

Shore. I haue your meaning ; and effect, my
 Lord,
 I trust shall disappoint them of their hope. *Exit.*

*After an alarum, enter Spicing, with a Drum, and
 certain Soldiers.*

Spi. Come on my hearts, we will be kings to-
 night,
 Caroufe in gold, and sleep with merchants wiues,
 While their poor husbands lose their liues abroad :
 We are now quite behind our enemies backs,
 And theres no let or hindrance in the way,
 But we may take possession of the town.
 Ah you mad rogues, this is the wished hour ;
 Follow your leader and be resolute.

As he marches, thinking to enter Shore and his Soldiers issue forth and repulse him. After excursions, wherein the Rebels are disperfed, enter Maior, Recorder, Shore, Joffelin, and a Meffenger talking with the Maior.

Maior. I, my good friend, fo certify his Grace,
The rebels are disperfed all and fled,
And now his Highneffe meetes with victory.

Exit Meffenger.

Marshal yourfelues, and keepe in good array.
To add more glory to this victory,
The King in perfon cometh to this place.
How greate an honour haue you gaind to-day !
And how much is this City famed for euer,
That twice, without the help either of King,
Or any but of God and our own felues
We haue preuail'd againft our countries foes.
Thankes to his maiefty affifted vs,
Who always helps true fubiects in their need !

*The trumpets found, and then enters King Edward,
Lord Howard, Sellinger, and the train.*

King. Where is my Lord *Maior* ?

Maior. Here, dread Soueraign.
I hold no lordship nor no dignity
In prefence of my gracious Lord the King.
But all I humble at your Highneffe feet,
With the most happy conquest of proud rebels,
Disperfd and fled, that now remains no doubt
Of euer making head to vexe vs more.

King. You haue not tane the bastard *Falcon-
bridge,*
Or is he flain ?

Maior. Neither, my gracious Lord.
Although we labour'd to our vttermoft,
Yet all our care came ouer-fhort
For apprehending him or *Spicing* either :

But some are taken ; others on profferd grace
Yielded themfelues, and at your mercy stand.

King. Thankes, good Lord *Maior.* You may
condemn vs

Of too much slacknefs in fuch vrgent need ;
But we affure you on our royall word,
So foon as we had gather'd vs a power,
We dallied not, but made all hafte we could.
What order haue ye tane for *Falconbridge*
And his confederates in this rebellion ?

Maior. Vnder your leaue, my leige, we haue
proclaim'd

Who bringeth *Falconbridge*, aliuie or dead,
Shall be requited with a thousand markes.
As much for *Spicing.* Others of lefs worth,
At eafier rates are fet.

King. Well haue ye done ;
And we will fee it paid from our Exchequer.
Now leaue we this and come to you,
'That haue fo well deferu'd in thefe affaires,
Affaires, I mean, of fo maine confequence.
Kneel down and all of you receiue in field
The honour you haue merited in field.

Drawes his fword and knights them.

Arife Sir *John Crofobie*, Lord Maior of London and
Knight.

Arife Sir *Ralfe Foffeline* Knight.

Arife Sir *Thomas Vrfewicke*, our Recorder of London
and Knight.

Now tell me which is Master *Shoare.*

Maior. This fame, my Lord,
And hand to hand he fought with *Falconbridge.*

King. *Shoare*, kneel thou down. What call ye elfe
his name ?

Rec. His name is *Mathew Shoare*, my Lord.

King. *Shoare*

Why kneelft thou not, and at thy Soueraignes hand
Receiue thy right ?

Shore. Pardon me, gracious lord,
I doe not stand contemptuous, or defpifing

Such royall fauor of my Soueraign,
But to acknowledge mine vnworthines.
Farre be it from the thought of *Mathew Shoare*
That he should be aduanc'd with Aldermen,
With our Lord Maior, and our right graue Recorder.
If any thing hath been performd by me,
That may deserue your Highnes meanst respect,
I haue enough, and I desire no more ;
Then let me craue that I may haue no more.

King. Well, be it as thou wilt ; some other way
We will deuise to quittance thy desert,
And not to faile therein, vpon my word.
Now let me tell ye all my friends at once,
Your King is married since you saw him last,
And haste to helpe you in this needfull time
Made me on sudder to forsake my Bride.
But seeing all things are fallen out so well,
And there remains no further doubt of ill,
Let me entreate you would go boote yourselues,
And bring your King a little on his way.
How say you, my Lord ; shall it be so ?

Ma. Now God forbid but that my Lord the King
Should always haue his subiects at command.

Jof. Forbid, quotha ? I, in good sadnes : your
maiestie shall finde vs alwaies ready, and so forth.

King. Why, then, set forward, Gentlemen ;
And come, L. *Maior*, I must conferre with you.

Exeunt.

*Enter Falconbridge and Spicing, with their weapons
in their hands.*

Spi. Art thou the man whose victories drawne
at sea
Fild euery heart with terror of thy name ?
Art thou that *Neuill* whom we tooke thee for ?
Thou art a louse, thou bastard *Falconbridge* ;
Thou baser than a bastard, in whose birth
The very dregs of feruitude appears.

Why, tell me, liuer of some rotten sheepe,
 After, by thy allurements, we are brought
 To vndertake this courfe, after thy promifes
 Of many golden mountaines to enfue,
 Is this the greateft comfort thou canft giue?
 Haft thou enfnar'd our heedleffe feet with death,
 And brought vs to the Iibbet of defame,
 And now doft bid vs shift and faue ourfelues!
 No, crauen, were I fure I fhould be tane,
 I would not flir my feete, vntill this hand
 Had venged me on thee for mifguiding us.

Fal. Opprobrious uillaine, ftable excrement,
 That neuer dreamtft of other manhood yet,
 But how to ierke a horfe, vntill my words
 Infufd into thee refolutions fire.
 Controllft thou me for that wherein thyfelf
 Art only the occafion of mishap?
 Hadft thou and they flood to it as well as I,
 The day had bin our own, and *London* now,
 That laughs in triumph, fhould haue wept in teares.
 But, being backd by fuch faint-hearted flauers,
 No maruel if the Lion go to wracke,
 As though it were not incident to kings
 Sometime to take repulfe: mine is no more.
 Nor is it for that muddy braine of thine
 To tutor me how to digeft my loffe,
 Then, fly with thofe that are already fled,
 Or ftay behind, and hang all but the head.

Spi. Oh, prejudice to *Spicings* conqu'ring name,
 Whofe valour eu'n the hackes this fworde has made
 Upon the flint and iron bars at *Aldgate*,
 Like mouths will publifh whiles the City ftands,
 That I shrunk backe, that I was neuer feene
 To fhew my manly spleen but with a whip?
 I tell thee *Falconbridge*, the leaft of thefe
 Doe challenge blood, before they be appeas'd.

Fal. Away, ye fcountrel! tempt not my refolue.
 The courage that furuiues in *Falconbridge*
 Scornes the incounter of fo bafe a drudge.

Spi. By the pure temper of this sword of mine,
By this true flesh and blood that gripes the fame,
And by the honour I did winne of late,
Against those frostie-bearded citizens,
It shall be tride before we do depart,
Whether accuseth other wrongfully,
Or which of vs two is the better man.

Fal. I shall but quit the hangman of a labour :
Yet rather then to be vpbraided thus,
The Eagle once will stoop to feed on carion.

They fight.

Enter Chub.

Chub. Hold, if ye be men ; if not, hold as ye are,
rebels and strong theeues. I bring ye newes of a pro-
clamation. The King hath promised that whosoever
can bring the head of *Falconbridge* or *Spicing*, shall
haue for his labour a thousand crowns. What meane
you then to swagger ? Saue yourselues.

Spi. This proclamation comes in happy time.
Ile vanquish *Falconbridge*, and with this sword
Cut off his head and bear it to the King.
So not alone shall I be pardoned,
But haue the thousand crownes is promised.

Fal. This rascal was ordaind to faue my life,
For now, when I haue ouerthrown the wretch,
Euen with his head Ile yield me to the King.
His princely word is past to pardon me ;
And, though I were the chief in this rebellion,
Yet this will be a meanes to make my peace.

Chub. Oh, that I knew how to betray them both.

Fal. How say'st thou, *Spicing* ? wilt thou yeeld
thyself ?

For I haue vowd either aliuie or dead
To bring thee to King *Edward*.

Spi. And I haue vowd the like by thee :
How will these two bad contraries agree ?

Chub. And I the same by both of you.

Fal. Come, fir, Ile quickly rid you of that care.

Spi. And what thou lottest me shall be thy share.

Chub. Here comes a Miller. Help to part the fray.

These are the rebels *Falconbridge* and *Spicing*.

The worst of them is worth a thousand crowns.

Mil. Marry, and such a booty would I haue.

Submit, submit ; it is in vaine to striue. *Exit. Fal.*

Spi. Why, what art thou ?

Mil. One that will hamper you.

But whats the other that is fled away ?

Chub. Oh, miller, that was *Falconbridge*,
And this is *Spicing*, his companion.

Spi. I tell thee, miller, thou hast beene the
meanes

To hinder the most charitable deede

That euer honest Christian vndertooke.

Chub. Thou canst beare me witness, I had
ta'en

That most notorious rebell, but for him.

Mil. But I haue taken thee ; and the world
knowes

That *Spicing* is as bad as who is best.

Spi. Why, thou mistakest : I am a true subiect.

Chub. Miller, he lies : be sure to hold him fast.

Spi. Dost thou accuse me ? apprehend him too,
For hes as guilty as anie of vs.

Mil. Come, you shall both together answer it,
Before my Lord *Maïor* ; and here he comes.

Enter Lord Maïor, Joffeline, and other Attendants.

Maïor. Sir *Ralph Joffeline*, haue you euer seen a
prince more affable than *Edward* is ? What merry
talk he had vpon the way !

Jof. Doubtless, my lord, hele proue a royal
King.

But how now ; what are these ?

Mil. God faue your honour !

Here I present vnto you, my Lord *Maior*,
A pair of rebels, whom I did espy
As I was bufy grinding at my mill ;
And taking them for vagrant idle knaues,
That had befet fome true man from his houfe,
I came to keepe the peace ; but afterward
Found that it was the bastard *Falconbridge*
And this his mate, together by the ears.
The one, for all that I could do, efcap'd ;
The other standeth at your mercy here.

Maior. It is the rebel *Spicing*.

Spi. It is indeed ;

I fee you are not blind ; you know me then.

Maior. Well, miller, thou haft done a fubiects
part,

And worthily deferuft that recompence
Is publickly proclaimed by the King.
But whats this other ? I haue feene his face ;
And, as I take it, he is one of them.

Mil. I muft confefs, I took them both together.
He aided me to apprehend the reft.

Chub. A tells you true, my lord. I am *Chub* the
Chandler ; and I curfe the time that euer I faw their
faces ; for, if they had not been, I had liued an honeft
man in mine owne country, and neuer come to this.

Spi. Out, rogue ! doft thou recant for feare of
death ?

I, *Maior*, I am he that fought to cut your throat ;
And fince I haue mifcarried in the fact,
Ile ne'er deny it, do the worft you can.

Maior. Bring him away. He fhall haue martiall law,
And, at the next tree we do come vnto,
Be hanged, to rid the world of fuch a wretch.
Miller thy duty is a thoufand markes,
Which muft be fhar'd betwixt thee and this poor fel-
lowe

That did reueale him. And, firrah, your life is fau'd

On this condition, that you hang vp *Spicing*.
How faist thou? wilt thou do it?

Chub. Will I do it? what a question is that! I would hang him if he were my father, to saue mine owne life.

Maior. Then, when ye haue done it, come home to my house, and there ye truly shall haue your reward.

Spi. Well, firrah, then thou must be my hang-man?

Chub. I by my troth, fir, for fault of a better.

Spi. Well, commend me to little *Pim*, and pray her to redeeme my paund hose: they lye at the *Blue Boare* for eleuen pence, and if my hostesse will haue the other odd penny, tell her she is a damned bawd, and there is no trueth in her score.

Chub. Take no thought, fir, for your paund hose. They are lousie, and not worthe redeeming.

Spi. There is a constable stickes in my mind: he got my sword from me, that night I should haue killed black *Ralphe*. If I had liued, I would haue been meet with him.

Chub. I, fir; but here's a thing shall take an order for that.

Spi. Commend me to blacke *Luce*, bouncing *Befs*, and lusty *Kate*, and the other pretty morfels of man's flesh. Farewell, pink and pinnace, fibote and caruel, *Turnbull* and *Spittal*! I die like a man.

Club. Oh, captain *Spicing*, thy vain enticing
Brought me from my trade,
From good candles-making to this pains-taking,

A rebel to be made.

Therefore, *Ned Spicing*, to quit thy enticing,
This must be thy hope:

By one of thy fellows to be led to the gal-
lows,

To end in a rope.

Exeunt.

Enter Hobs the Tanner of Tamworth.

Hobs. Dudgeon! dost thou heare? looke well to Brock, my mare. Driue Dun and her faire and softly downe the hill; and take heede the thornes teare not the hornes of my cow-hides, as thou goest neare the hedges. Ha, what saiest thou, knaue? Is the Bulls hide downe? why, lay it vp again; what care I? Ile meet thee at the stile, and help to fet all strait. And yet, God help! its a crooked world, and an vn-thrifty; for some, that haue ne'er a shooe, had rather go barefoot than buy clout-leather to mend the old, when they can buy no new; for they haue time enough to mend all, they fit so long betweene the cup and the wall. Well, God amend them! God amend them! Let me see, by my executor here, my leather pouch, what I haue taken, what I haue spent, what I haue gained, what I haue lost, and what I haue laid out. My taking is more than my spending, for heeres store left. I haue spent but a groat; a penny for my two iades, a penny to the poor, a penny pot of ale, and a penny cake for my man and me, a dicker of cow-hides cost me.

Heer enter the Queene and Dutcheffe with their riding rods, unpinning their maskes. Hobs goes forward.

'Snailles, who comes here? Mistrifs *Ferris*, or Mistrifs What call ye her? Put vp, *John Hobs*: money tempts beauty.

Dutch. Well met, good fellow: sawst thou not the hurt?

Hobs. My heart? God blefs me from seeing my heart.

Dutch. Thy heart? the deer, man; we demand the deere.

Hobs. Do you demand whats deare? Marry, come and cow-hides. Mafs, a good snug lasse, well

like my daughter *Nell*. I had rather than a bend of leather shee and I might smouch together.

Dutch. Cam'ft thou not downe the wood?

Hobs. Yes, mistrifs; that I did.

Dutch. And sawest thou not the deere imboft?

Hobs. By my hood, ye make me laugh. What the dickens? is it loue that makes ye prate to me so fondly? By my fathers soule, I would I had jobd faces with you.

Hunts. Why, how now, *Hobs*? so saucy with the Dutcheffe and the Queene?

Hobs. Much Queene, I trowe! these be but women: and one of them is like my wench. I would she had her rags. I would giue a load of haire and hornes, and a fat of leather, to match her to some justice, by the meg-holly.

Hunt. Be silent, Tanner, and aske pardon of the Queene.

Hobs. And ye be the Queene, I cry ye mercy, good Mistrefs Queene.

Queene. No fault, my friend. Madam, let's take our bows,
And in the standing seeke to get a shoot.

Dutch. Come, bend our bows, and bring the herd of deer.

Exeunt.

Hobs. God fend you good standing, and good striking, and fat flesh! See, if all gentlewomen be not alike when their blacke faces be on! I tooke the Queene, as I am a true tanner, for mistrefs Ferris.

Enter Sellenger and Howard in greene.

Soft, who comes here? more knaues yet?

Sel. Ho, good fellow sawest thou not the King?

Hobs. No, good fellow I saw no king, Which king dost thou ask for?

How. Why, King *Edward*. What king is there else?

Hobs. There's another king, and ye could hit on him; one *Harry*, one *Harry*; and, by our Lady, they fay hees the honefter man of the two.

Sel. Sirrah, beware you speake not treason.

Hobs. What, if I do?

Sel. Then shalt thou be hanged.

Hobs. A dogs death: I'll not meddle with it; for, by my troth, I know not when I speake treason, when I do not. There's fuch halting betwixt two kings, that a man cannot go vpright, but he shall offend t'one of them. I would God had them both, for me.

How. Well, thou sawest not the King?

Hobs. No; is he in the country?

How. He's hunting here, at *Drayton Basset*.

Hobs. The deuil he is? God blesse his master-ship: I saw a woman heere, that they said was the Queene. She's as like my daughter, but my daughter is the fairer, as euer I fee.

Sel. Farewell, fellow; speake well of the King.

Exeunt.

Hobs. God make him an honest man! I hope thats well spoken; for, by the moufe-foot, some giue him hard words, whether he zerues em not. Let him look to that. Ile meddle of my cow-hide, and let the world slide.

Enter the King disguised.

The deuil in a dung-cart. How these roysters swarme in the country, now the King is so neare! God 'liuer me from this; for this looks like a theefe; but a man cannot tell amongst these court-nols whose true.

King. Holla, my friend! good fellow, prithee, stay.

Hobs. No fuch matter. I haue more haste of my way.

King. If thou be a good fellow, let me borrow a word.

Hobs. My purse, thou meanest. I am no good fellowe; and I pray God thou beest not one.

King. Why? dost thou not loue a good fellowe?

Hobs. No: good fellowes be thieues.

King. Dost thou think I am one?

Hobs. Thought is free; and thou art not my ghostly father.

King. I mean thee no harme.

Hobs. Who knows that but thyself? I pray God he spie not my purse.

King. On my troth I meane thee none.

Hobs. Vpon thy oth Ile stay. Now, what faist thou to me? speak quickly; for my company staies for me beneath, at the next stile.

King. The king is hunting hereabouts. Didst thou see his Maiesty?

Hobs. His Maiesty? what's that? his horse or his mare?

King. Tush! I meane his Grace?

Hobs. Grace, quotha? pray God he haue anie. Which king doest thou quire for?

King. Why, for King *Edward*. Knowest thou anie more kings then one?

Hobs. I know not so many; for I tell thee I know none. Marry, I hear of King *Edward*.

King. Didst thou see his Highnesse?

Hobs. By my holidame, thats the best terme thou gauest him yet: hes hie enough; but he has put poor King *Harry* lowe enough.

King. How low hath he put him?

Hobs. Nay, I cannot tell; but he has put him downe, for he has got the crowne; much good doot him with it.

King. Amen. I like thy talke so well, I would I knew thy name.

Hobs. Dost thou not know me?

King. No.

Hobs. Then thou knowest nobody. Didst neuer heare of *John Hobs*, the Tanner of *Tamworth*?

King. Not till now, I promise thee; but now I like thee well.

Hobs. So do not I thee. I feare thou art some outrider, that liues by taking of purfes here, on *Baffets Heath*. But I feare thee not, for I haue wared all my mony in cowhides at *Coleshill* Market, and my man and my mare are hard by at the hill-foote.

King. Is that thy gray mare, thats tied at the stile, with the hides on her back?

Hobs. Thats *Brocke*, my mare; and theres *Dun* my nag, and *Dudgeon*, my man.

King. Theres neither man nor horfe; but onely one mare.

Hobs. Gods blue budkin! has the knaue ferued me so? Farewell, I may lose hides, horns, and mare and all, by prating with thee.

King. Tarry, man, tarry! theile sooner take my gelding than thy grey mare; for I haue tied mine by her.

Hobs. That will I see, afore Ile take your word.

King. Ile beare thee company.

Hobs. I had as lieue goe alone. *Exeunt.*

Enter the two Huntsmen againe with the bowes.

1. *Hunt.* Now, on my troth, the Queene shootes passing well.

2. *Hunt.* So did the Dutcheffe, when she was as young.

1. *Hunt.* Age shakes the hand, and shoots both wide and short.

2. *Hunt.* What haue they giuen vs?

1. *Hunt.* Six rose-nobles just.

2. *Hunt.* The Queen gaue foure.

1. *Hunt.* True; and the Dutcheffe twaine.

2. *Hunt.* O, were we euer so paid for our paine.

1. *Hunt.* Tut! had the King come, as they said he would,

He would haue rained vpon vs show'rs of gold.

2. *Hunt.* Why, he is hunting fomewhere here-about.
Let's first go drink and then go feek him out.

Exeunt.

Enter King Edward againe and Hobs.

K. Ed. Hay faist thou tanner? wilt thou take my courfer for thy mare?

Hobs. Courfer, callst thou him? So ill mought I fare, thy skittish jade will neuer abide to carrie my leather, my horns, nor hide. But, if I were so mad to score, what boote wouldst thou giue me?

King. Nay, boote thats boot worthy. I look for boote of thee.

Hobs. Ha, ha, a merry jigge. Why, man, *Brocke*, my mare, knowes *ha* and *ree*, and will stand when I cry *ho*, and let me get vp and down, and make water when I do.

King. I'll giue thee a noble, if I like her pace. Lay thy cowhides on my faddell, and let's jog towards *Drayton*.

Hobs. 'Tis out of my way; but I begin to like thee well.

King. Thou wilt like me better before we do part.

I prithee tell me, what say they of the King?

Hobs. Of the Kings, thou meanest. Art thou no blabbe, if I tell thee?

King. If the King know't not now, he shall neuer knowe it for me.

Hobs. Mafs, they say King *Harrie's* a very ad-vowtry man.

King. A deuout man? And whats King *Edward*?

Hobs. He's a frank franion, a merry companion, and loues a wench well. They say he has married a poor widow, because shes faire.

King. Dost thou like him the worfe for that?

Hobs. No; by my feckins, but the better; for

though I be a plain Tanner, I loue a faire lasse myself.

King. Prithee tell me, how loue they king *Edward*?

Hobs. Faith, as poor folks loue holidays, glad to haue them now and then; but to haue them come too often will vndoe them. So, to see the King now and then 'tis comfort; but euery day would begger vs; and I may say to thee, we feare we shall be troubled to lend him money; for we doubt hees but needy.

King. Wouldst thou lend him no money, if he should neede?

Hobs. By my halidome, yes. He shall haue half my store; and Ile sell sole leather to helpe him to more.

King. Faith, whether louest thou better *Harry* or *Edward*?

Hobs. Nay, thats counsel, and two may keepe it, if one be away.

King. Shall I say my conscience? I think *Harry* is the true king.

Hobs. Art aduised of that? *Harrys* of the old house of *Lancaster*; and that progenity do I loue.

King. And thou doest not hate the house of *York*?

Hobs. Why, no; for I am just akin to *Sutton* Windmill; I can grind which way foe're the winde blow. If it be *Harry*, I can say, Well fare *Lancaster*. If it be *Edward*, I can sing, *Yorke, Yorke*, for my mony.

King. Thou art of my mind; but I say *Harry* is the lawful king. *Edward* is but an vsurper, and a fool, and a coward.

Hobs. Nay, there thou liest. He has wit inough and courage inough. Dost thou not speake treason?

King. Ay, but I know to whom I speake it.

Hobs. Dost thou? Well, if I were constable, I should be forsworn, if I fet thee not in the stockes for it.

King. Well, let it go no further ; for I did serue King *Harry*, and I loue him best, though now I serue King *Edward*.

Hobs. Thou art the arranter knaue to speake ill of thy master. But sirrah, whats thy name ? what office hast thou ? and what will the King do for thee ?

King. My name is *Ned*. I am the Kings butler ; and he will do more for me than for any nobleman in the court.

Hobs. The deuil he will ? he's the more fool ; and so I'll tell him, if ere I see him ; and I would I might see him in my poor house at *Tamworth*.

King. Go with me to the Court, and Ile bring thee to the King ; and what suit foe'er thou haue to him, I'll warrant thee to speed.

Hobs. I ha nothing to do at Court. Ile home with my cowhides ; and if the King will come to me, he shall be welcome.

King. Hast thou no suit touching thy trade, to transport hides or fell leather onely in a certain circuit ; or about barke, or such like, to haue letters patent ?

Hobs. By the mafs and the matins, I like not those patents. Sirrah, they that haue them do, as the priests did in old time, buy and sell the finnes of the people. So they make the King belieue they mend whats amisse, and for money they make the thing worse than it is. Theres another thing in too, the more is the pity.

King. What pity, *Fohn Hobs* ? I prithee fay all.

Hobs. Faith, 'tis pity that one subiect should haue in his hand that might do good to many through the land.

King. Sayst thou me so, tanner ? Well, let's cast lots whether thou shalt go with me to *Drayton*, or I go home with thee to *Tamworth*.

Hobs. Lot me no lotting. Ile not go with thee. If thou wilt go with me, cause thou art my lieges man (and yet I think he has many honest), thou

shalt be welcome to *John Hobs* ; thou shalt be welcome to beef and bacon, and perhaps a bag-pudding ; and my daughter *Nell* shall pop a posset vpon thee, when thou goest to bed.

King. Heeres my hand. Ile but go and see the King ferued, and Ile be at home as soon as thyself.

Hobs. Dost thou heare me, *Ned*? If I shall be thy host,
Make haste thou art best, for fear thou kists the post.

Exit Hobs.

King. Farewell, *John Hobs*, the honest true tanner !

I see plain men, by obseruation
Of things that alter in the change of times,
Do gather knowledge ; and the meanest life
Proportiond with content sufficiency,
Is merrier then the mighty state of kinges.

Enters Howard and Sellenger.

How now ? what newes bring ye, sirs ? Wheres the Queene ?

Sel. Her Highnesse and your Mother, my dread Lord,

Are both inuited by Sir *Humfrey Bowes*,
Where they intend to feast and lodge this night ;
And do expect your graces presence there.

King. *Tom Sellenger* I haue other businesse,
Astray from you and all my other traine.
I met a tanner, such a merry mate,
So frolicke and so full of good conceite,
That I haue giuen my word to be his guest,
Because he knowes me not to be the King.
Good coufin *Howard*, grudge not at the ieast,
But greeete my mother and my wife from me ;
Bid them be merry : I must haue my humour ;
Let them both suppe and sleepe when they see time.
Commend me kindly to Sir *Humfrey Bowes* :
Tell him at breakfast I will visit him.
This night *Tom Sellenger* and I must feast

With *Hobs* the tanner : there plain *Ned* and *Tom* ;
No King nor *Sellenger* for a thousand pound.

*Enter a Messenger, booted, with letters, and kneeling
giues them to the King.*

How. The Queene and Dutchesse will be discontent,
Because his highness comes not to the feast.

Sel. Sir *Humfrey Bowes* may take the most conceite ;
But whats the end ? the King will haue his pleasure.

King. Good news, my boys, *Harry* the Sixt is dead.

Peruse that letter. Sirrah, drink you that.

Giues his purse.

And stay not ; but post back againe for life,
And thanke my brother *Gloster* for his newes :
Commend me to him ; Ile see him to-morrowe night.
How like ye it firs ?

Sel. Oh, passing well, my Liege ;
You may be merry for this happy news.

King. The merrier with our host the tanner, *Tom*.
My lord, take you that letter to the ladies ;
Bid them be merry with the second course ;
And if we see them not before we go,
Pray them to journey easily after vs ;
Weele post to London : so good night, my lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hobs and his daughter Nell.

Hobs. Come, *Nell*, come, daughter. Is your hands
and your face washed ?

Nell. I, forfooth, father.

Hobs. Yee must bee cleanly, I tell ye ; for there
comes a courtinol hither to-night, the Kings master-
ships butler, *Ned*, a spruce youth ; but beware ye be

not in loue nor ouertaken by him, for courtiers be slippery lads.

Nell. No, forfooth, father.

Hobs. Gods blessing on thee ! That half-yeares schooling at Litchfield was better to thee then house and land. It has put such manners into thee—I forfooth, and No, forfooth, at euery word. Ye haue a clean smock on. I like your apparell well. Is supper ready ?

Nell. I, forfooth, father.

Hobs. Haue we a good barley bag-pudding, a piece of fat bacon, a good cow-heel, a hard cheefe, and a brown loaf ?

Nell. All this, forfooth, and more. Ye shall haue a posset ; but indeede the rats haue spoiled your hard cheefe.

Hobs. Now, the deuil choke them ! So they haue eat me a farthing candle the other night.

Dudgeon (within). What, maister, maister !

Hobs. How now, knaue ? what sayst thou, *Dudgeon* ?

Dud. Heres guests come. Wheres *Helen* ?

Hobs. What guests be they ?

Dud. A courtinol ; one *Ned*, the Kings butcher, he saies, and his friends too.

Hobs. *Ned*, the Kings butcher ? Ha, ha ! the Kings butler. Take their horses and walk them, and bid them come near house. *Nell*, lay the cloth, and clap supper o' th' boord. *Exit Nell.*

Enter King Edward and Sellenger.

Mafs, heres *Ned*, indeed, and another misproud ruffian. Welcome, *Ned*, I like thy honesty ; thou keepest promise.

King. Ifaith, honest tanner, Ile euer keep promise with thee. Prithee, bid my friend welcome.

Hobs. By my troth, ye are both welcome to *Tamworth*.

Friend, I know not your name.

Sel. My name is *Tom Twist*.

Hobs. Belieue, ye that list. But ye are wel. come both ; and I like ye both well but for one thing.

Sel. Whats that ?

Hobs. Nay, that I keepe to myfelfe ; for I figh to see and think that pride brings many one to ex-
struction.

King. Prethee, tell vs thy meaning.

Hobs. Troth I doubt ye ne'er came truly by all these gay rags. Tis not your bare wages and thin fees ye haue of the King can keep ye thus fine ; but either ye must rob the King priuily, or his subiects openly, to maintain your probicalitie.

Sel. Thinkst thou so, tanner ?

Hobs. Tis no matter what I think. Come, lets go to supper. What *Nell*, What *Dudgeon*, where be these folkes ?

Enter Nell and Dudgeon, with a table covered.

Daughter, bid my friends welcome.

Nell. Ye are welcome, gentlemen, as I may say.

Sel. I thank ye, faire maide. *Kifs her both.*

King. A pretty wench, by my fay.

Hobs. How likest her, *Ned* ?

King. I like her so well, I would ye would make mee your son in law.

Hobs. And I like thee so well, *Ned*, that, hadst thou an occupation (for seruice is no heritage : a young courtier, an old beggar), I could find in my heart to cast her away vpon thee ; and if thou wilt forsake the court and turn tanner, or bind thyfelfe to a shoemaker in *Liechfield*, ile giue thee twenty nobles ready money with my *Nell*, and trust thee with a dicker of leather to set vp thy trade.

Sel. *Ned*, he offers ye fair, if ye haue the grace to take it.

King. He does, indeed, *Tom*: and hereafter I'll tell him more.

Hobs. Come, sit down to supper: go to, *Nell*: no more sheep's eyes: ye may be caught, I tell ye: these be liquorish lads.

Nell. I warrant ye, father; yet in truth *Ned* is a very proper man, and t'other may serue; but *Ned's* a pearl in mine eye.

Hobs. Daughter, call *Dudgeon* and his fellows. Weele haue a three-men song, to make our guests merry. *Exit Nell.*

Nailles, what courtniols are ye? yeele neither talk nor eate.

What newes at the court? Do fomewhat for your meate.

King. Heauie newes there: King *Henry* is dead.

Hobs. That's light news and merry for your master, King *Edward*.

King. But how will the Commons take it?

Hobs. Well, God be with good King *Henry*.

Faith, the Commons will take it as a common thing.

Death's an honest man; for he spares not the King.

For as one comes, anothers tane away;

And feldom comes the better, thats all we fay.

Sel. Shrewdly spoken, tanner, by my fay!

Hobs. Come, fill me a cup of mother *Whetstones* ale;

I may drinke to my friends and driue down my tale.

Here, *Ned* and *Tom*, I drink to ye; and yet, if I come to the court, I doubt youle not know me.

King. Yes, *Tom* shall be my surety, tanner; I will know thee.

Sel. If thou dost not, *Ned*, by my troth, I beshrew thee.

King. I drinke to thy wife that may be.

Sel. Faith *Ned*, thou maiest liue to make her a lady.

King. Tush, her father offers nothing, hauing no more children but her.

Hobs. I would I had not, condition she had all.

But I haue a knaue to my fon ; I remember him by you ; euen fuch an vnthrift as one of you two, that fpende all on gay clothes and new fashions ; and no work will down with him, that I fear hele be hanged. God blefs you from a better fortune, yet you wear fuch filthy breeks. Lord, were not this a good fashion ? I, and would faue many a fair penny.

King. Let that pafs, and let vs heare your fong.

Hobs. Agreed, agreed ! Come, fol, fol, fol, fa, fa, fa ! Say, *Dudgeon.*

Here they fing the three mans Song.

Agencourt, Agencourt ! know ye not Agencourt ?

Where the English flew and hurt

All the French foemen :

With our Guns and bills brown,

O, the French were beaten downe,

Morris-pikes and bowmen.

&c.

Sel. Well fung, good fellowes ! I would the King heard ye.

Hobs. So fhould I, faith ; I fhould ftrain a note for him. Come, take away, and let's to bed. Ye fhall haue clean fheetes, *Ned* ; but they be coarfe, good ftrong hemp, of my daughters own fpinning ; and I tell thee, your chamber-pot muft be a fair horne, a badge of our occupation ; for we buy no bending pewter, nor breaking earth.

King. No matter, *Hobs* ; we will not go to bed.

Hobs. What then ?

King. Even what thou wilt ; for it is near day.

Tanner, gramercies for our hearty cheere !

If ere it be thy chance to come to court,

Enquire for me, *Ned*, the Kings butler,

Or *Tom*, of the Kings chamber, my companion,

And fee what welcome we will giue thee there.

Hobs. I haue heard of countiers haue faid as much as you, and when they haue been tride, would not bid their friends drinke.

Sel. We are none such. Let our horses be brought out; for we must away; and so, with thanks, farewell!

Hobs. Farewell to ye both. Commend me to the King; and tell him I would have been glad to have seene his worship heere. *Exit.*

King. Come, *Tom*, for London! horse, and hence, away!

Enter Vice-Admiral, and the Captain of the Ile of Wight, with Falconbridge bound, the Headsman bearing the axe before him.

Mor. *Thomas Neuill*, yet hast thou gracious time Of deare repentance. Now discharge thy conscience; Lay open thine offences to the world, That we may witnesse thou dost die a Christian.

Fal. Why, Sir *Harry Morton*, haue you arraign'd, Condemn'd, and brought me to this place Of bloody execution, and now aske If I be guilty? Therein doth appeare What justice you haue vsde. Call you this law?

Cap. Thou dost mistake our meaning, *Falconbridge*

We do not aske as being ignorant Of thy transgression, but as vrging thee To hearty sorrow for thy vile misdeedes, That Heauen may take compassion on thy soule.

Fal. How charitable you would seeme to be! I feare anon youle say it is for loue You binde me thus, and bring me to the block, And that of meere affection you are mou'd To cut my head off. Cunning policy Such butchers as yourselues neuer want A colour to excuse your slaughterous mind.

Mor. We butcher thee? and thou deny thyselfe But thou hast been a pirate on the sea? Canst thou deny but with the communtie Of *Kent* and *Effex*, thou didst rise in arms,

And twice assault the city *London*, where
 Thou twice didst take repulse? and, since that time,
 Canst thou deny that, being fled from hence,
 Thou joinedst in confederacy with *France*,
 And camst with them to burne *Southampton* here?
 Are these no faults, thou shouldst so much presume
 To cleare thyfelfe, and lay thy blood on vs?

Fal. Hear me, Sir *Harry*, since we must dispute!

Capt. Dispute! Vnciuil wretch, what needs dispute?

Did not the Vice Admirall heere and I,
 Encount'ring with the nauy of the French,
 Attach thee in a ship of *Normandie*,
 And wilt thou stand upon thine innocence?
 Despatch, thou art as rightfully condemnde
 As euer rebel was. And thou shalt die.

Fal. I make no question of it, I must die;
 But let me telle you how I scorne your threats.
 So little do I reckon of the name
 Of vgly Death, as, were he visible,
 Ide wrestle with him for the victory,
 And tug the flauē, and teare him with my teeth,
 But I would make him stoope to *Falconbridge*;
 And for this life, this paltry brittle life,
 This blast of winde, which you haue labour'd so,
 By iuries, sessions, and I know not what,
 To robbe me of, is of so vile repute,
 That, to obtaine that I might liue mine age,
 I would not giue the value of a point.
 You cannot be so cruel to afflict,
 But I will be as forward to indure.

Mor. Go to, leaue off these idle braues of thine,
 And think vpon thy foul's health, *Falconbridge*.

Capt. Submit, and ask forgiueness of thy King.

Fal. What king?

Mor. Why *Edward*, of the house of Yorke.

Fal. He is no king of mine. He does vsurp;
 And, if the destinies had giuen me leaue,
 I would haue told him so before this time,

And pull'd the diadem from off his head.

Mor. Thou art a traitor. Stop thy traitor's mouth.

Fal. I am no traitor : *Lancaster* is King.

If that be treason to defend his right,
What ist for them that do imprison him ?

If infurrection to aduance his sceptre,
What fault is theirs that step into his throne ?

Oh, God, thou pourdst the balm vpon his head ;

Can that pure vnction be wipt off again ?

Thou once didst crown him in his infancy ;

Shall wicked men now in his age depose him ?

Oh, pardon me, if I expostulate

More than becomes a finfull man to do

England I fear thou wilt thy folly rue.

Capt. Thou triflest time, and dost but weary vs
With dilatory questions. Make an end.

Fal. Indeed, the end of all kingdoms must end ;

Eonour and riches all must haue an end ;

And he that thinks he doth the most preuaile,

His head once laid, there resteth but a tale.

Come, fellow, do thy office. What, methinkes,

Thou lookst as if thy heart were in thy hose.

Pull vp thy spirits : it will be quickly done ;

A blow or two at most will serue the turne.

Eead. Forgiue me, sir, your death.

Fal. Forgiue thee ? I, and giue thee, too.

Hold ; there is some few crowns for thee to drinke.

Tush ! weepe not, man : giue losers leaue to plaine :

And yet, ifaith, my losse I count a gaine.

First, let me see, is thy axe sharpe enough ?

I am indifferent. Well, a Gods name, to this gear.

Heud. Come, and yield your head gently to the
bocke.

Fal. Gently, saiest thou ; thou wilt not vse me so.

But all is one for that. What strength thou hast,

Throughout the whole proportion of thy limbs,

Reuoke it all into thy manly arms,

And spare me not. I am a gentleman,

A *Newille*, and a *Falconbridge* beside :

Then do thy work : thou mayst get credit by it ;
 For, if thou dost not, I must tell thee plain,
 I shall be passing angry when tis done.

Head. I warrant you, fir : none in the land shall
 do it better.

Fal. Why, now thou pleafest me. *England*, fare-
 well !

And, old *Plantagenet*, if thou furuiue,
 Think on my loue, although it did not thriue.

He is led forth.

Mor. As for his head, it shall be sent with speed
 To *London*, and the promised reward
 Alloted for the apprehending him,
 Be giuen vnto the poore of *Southampton* here.
 How say you captaine ; are you so content ?

Capt. With all my heart ; but I do maruel much
 We heare not of the messenger we sent,
 To giue the King intelligence of this.

Mor. Take truce with your furmifes. Here he
 comes.

Enter a Messenger.

Fellow, it seems that thou art flow of gate,
 Or very negligent in our affairs.
 What says King *Edward* to our seruice done ?

Mef. To answer you directly and as briefly,
 I spoke not with him ; for when I was come
 To *Drayton Bassett*, where they said he was,
 Twas told me there, that eu'n the night before,
 His Highnesse in all haste was rid to *London*,
 The occasion, *Henrys* death within the *Tower*,
 Of which the people are in sundry tales,
 Some thinking he was murderd, some again
 Supposing that he died a natural death.

Mor. Well, howfoeuer that concerns not vs.
 We haue to do with no mans death but his,
 That for his treason here hath lost his head.
 Come, let vs giue direction as before,

And afterward make back vnto the shore. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lord Maior, in his scarlet gown, with a gilded rapier by his side.

Mair. I marie, *Crosbie* this befits thee well.
But some will maruel that, that with scarlet gowne,
I weare a gilded rapier by my side :
Why let them know, I was knighted in the field
For my good feruice to my Lord the King ;
And therefore I may wear it lawfully
In court, in city, or at any royal banquet.
But soft *John Crosbie* thou forgetst thyself,
And dost not mind thy birth and parentage ;
Where thou wast born, and whence thou art deriued.
I do not shame to say the Hospital
Of *London* was my chieftest fostring place ;
There did I learn that, near vnto the Crosse,
Commonly calld *Cow Crosse* neare *Islington*,
An honest citizen did chance to find me :
A poor shoemaker by trade he was,
And doubting of my christendom or no,
Calld me according to the place he found me,
John Crosbie, finding me so by a crosse.
The Maisters of the Hospital, at further yeares,
Bound me apprentice to the Grocer's trade,
Wherein God pleafd to blefs my poor endeauours,
That, by his blessing, I am come to this.
The man that found me I haue well requited,
And to the Hospital, my fostring place,
An hundred pound a yeare I giue for euer.
Likewise, in memory of me, *John Crosbie*,
In *Bishopsgate* Street, a poor House haue I built,
And as my name haue calld it *Crosbie* House.
And when as God shall take me from this life,
In little *S. Helens* will I be buried.
All this declares I boast not of my birth ;
But found on earth, I must returne to earth.
But God, for his pittie ! . forget myself :

The King, my soueraign lorde, will come anon,
 And nothing is as yet in readinesse.
 Where are ye, cousin *Shore*? nay, where is mistrisse
Shore?
 Oh, I am forry that she staies so long!
 See what it is to be a widdower,
 And lack a lady Maioreffe in such neede!

Enter M. Shore and Mistrisse Shore.

Oh, are ye come? Welcome, good cousin *Shore*!
 But you indeed are welcome, gentle neice!
 Needs must you be our lady Maioreffe now,
 And helpe vs; or else we are sham'd for euer.
 Good cousin, still thus am I bold with you.

Shore. With all my heart, my lord, and thank ye
 too,

That you do please to vse our homely help.

Maior. Why, see how neatly she bestirs herself,
 And, in good sooth, makes hufwifery to shine!
 Ah, had my lady Maiorets liud to see
 Fair Mistrisse *Shore* thus beautify her house,
 She would haue been not little proud thereof.

Fane. Well, my lord Maior, I thank you for that
 flout:

But let his highnesse now come when he please,
 All things are in a perfect readinesse.

They bring forth a table, and serue in the banquet.

Maior. The more am I beholding, niece, to you,
 That take such paines to faue our credit now.
 My seruants are so slacke, his Maiestie
 Might haue been here before we were preparte.
 But peace, here comes his highnesse.

*The Trumpets sound, and enters King Edward,
 Howard, Sellinger, and the traine.*

King. Now, my lord Maior, haue we not kept our
 word?

Because we could not stay to dine with you,
At our departure hence, we promised,
First food we tasted at our backe returne
Should be with you ; still yielding hearty thanks
To you and all our *London* citizens,
For the great seruice which you did perform
Against that bold-fac'd rebel, *Falconbridge*.

Maior. My gracious lord, what then we did,
We did account no more than was our duty,
Thereto oblig'd by true subiects zeal ;
And may he neuer liue that not defends
The honour of his King and Country !
Next thanke I God, it likes your maiestie
To blesse my poore roof with your royal presence.
To me could come no greater happines.

King. Thanks, good lord Maior ; but wheres my
lady Maioreffe ;
I hope that she will bid vs welcome, too.

Maior. She would my liege and with no little
ioy,
Had she but liu'd to see this blessed day ;
But in her stead this gentlewoman here,
My cousins wife, that office will supplie.
How say you Mistrisse *Shore* ?

King. How ! Mistrisse *Shore*, what, not his wife
That did refuse his knighthood at our hand ?

Maior. The very fame, my lord ; and here he is.

King. What, master *Shore*, we are your debtor
still ;
But, by Gods grace, intend not so to die ;
And, gentlewoman, now before your face,
I must condemne him of discourtesy ;
Yea, and of great wrong that he hath offerd you ;
For you had beene a Lady but for him.
He was in fault ; trust me, he was to blame,
To hinder vertue of her due by right.

Fane. My gracious Lord, my poor and humble
thoughts
Nere had an eye to such vnworthinesse ;

And though some hold it as a maxim,
 That womens minds by nature do aspire,
 Yet how, both God and Master *Shore*, I thank
 For my continuance in this humble state,
 And likewise how I loue your maiestie
 For gracious sufferance that it may be so,
 Heauen beare true record of my inward soule :
 Now it remaines, on my lord Maiors behalf,
 I do such duty as becometh me,
 To bid your highness welcome to his house.
 Were welcomes vertue powerful in my word,
 The King of *England* should not doubt thereof.

King. Nor do I, Mistrisse *Shore*. Now my lord
 Maior,

Edward dare boldly sweare that he is welcome.
 You spake the word well, very well, ifaith :
 But Mistrisse *Shore* her tongue hath gilded it.
 Tell me, cousin *Howard*, and *Tom Sellinger*,
 Had euer citizen so faire a wife ?

How. Of flesh and bloud I neuer did behold
 A woman euery way so absolute.

Sel. Nor I, my liege. Were *Sellinger* a King,
 He could afford *Shores* wife to be a queene.

King. Why, how now, *Tom* ? Nay, rather, how
 now, *Ned* ?

What change is this ? proud, faucy, rouing eye,
 What whifperst in my braine that she is faire ?
 I know it, I see it : fairer than my Queene ?
 Wilt thou maintaine it ? What, and thou traitor heart,
 Wouldst thou shake hands in this conspiracy ?
 Down, rebel ; back, base, trecherous conceit ;
 I will not credit thee. My *Besse* is fair,
 And *Shores* wife but a blowze, compared to her.
 Come, let vs sit ; here will I take my place.
 And, my lord Maior, fill me a bowl of wine,
 That I may drink to your elected Maioreffe ;
 And master *Shore*, tell me how like you this ?
 My lord Maior makes your wife his lady Maioreffe.

Shore. So well, my lord, as better cannot be,

All in the honor of your maieſty.

The Lord Maior brings a bowle of wine, and humbly on his knees offers it to the King.

King. Nay, drinke to vs, Lord Maior ; wele haue it ſo.

Go to, I ſay ; you are our taſter now.

Drink, then, and we will pledge ye.

Maior. All health and happineſs to my ſoueraign !
hee drinkes.

King. Fill full our cup ; and, lady Maioreſſe,
This full carouſe we mean to drinke to you ;
And you muſt pledge vs ; but yet no more
Than you ſhall pleaſe to answer vs withall.

He drinkes, and the trumpets ſound. Then wine is brought to her, and ſhe offers to drink.

Nay, you muſt drink to ſome body ; yea *Tom*

To thee ! Well, firrah, ſee you do her right.

For *Edward* would : oh, would to God he might !

Yet, idle eye, wilt thou be gadding ſtill ?

Keep home, keep home, for feare of further ill.

Enter a Meſſenger, with letters.

How now ? Letters to us, From whom ?

Meſ. My liege, this from the Duke of *Burgundy*,
And this is from the Conſtable of *France*.

King. What newes from them ?

He opens the letter and reades.

To claim our right in *France* ;

And they will aide vs. Yea, will ye ſo ?

But other aide muſt aide vs, ere we goe.

He ſeems to read the letters, but glances on Miſtreſſe Shore in his reading.

A womans aid, that hath more power than *France*

To crowne vs, or to kill vs with miſchance.

If chaſt reſolue be to ſuch beauty tide,

Sue how thou canſt, thou wilt be ſtill denide.

Her husband hath deſerued well of thee :

Tut, loue makes no reſpect, where'er it be.

Thou wrongſt the Queene : euery inforced ill

Must be endurd, where beauty seekes to kill.
 Thou seemst to read, only to blinde their eyes,
 Who, knowing it, thy folly would dispise.

He starts from the table.

Thanks for my cheere, Lord Maior ! I am not well :
 I know not how to take these news—this fit, I mean,
 That hath bereft me of all reason clean.

Maior. God shield my Soueraign !

King. Nay, nothing. I shall be well anon.

Fane. May it please your highness, sit.

King. I, faine with thee. Nay, we must needes
 be gone.

Cousin *Howard*, conuey these letters to our Counfel ;
 And bid them giue vs their aduice of them.

Thanks for my cheere, Lord Maior, farewell to you !
 And farewell, mistresse *Shoare*, Lady Maioreffe, I should
 say,

Tis you haue caused our parting at this time.

Farewell, master *Shoare* ! farewell to all !

We'll meet once more, to make amends for this.

Exeunt King, Howard, and Sellinger.

Maior. Oh, God ! here to be ill !

My house to cause my Soueraigns discontent !

Cousin *Shore*, I had rather spent

Shore. Content yourself, my lord ! Kings haue
 their humors.

The letters did containe fomwhat, no doubt,
 That did displease him.

Fane. So, my lord, thinke I.

But, by Gods helpe, he will be well againe.

Maior. I hope so too. Well cousin for your
 paines,

I can but thanke ye : chiefly you, fair neice,
 At night, I pray ye, both come suppe with me.
 How say ye ? will ye ?

Shore. Yes, my lord, we will.

So for this time we humbly take our leaue.

Exeunt Shore and his Wife.

Maior. Oh, now the sudder sicknesse of my liege

Afflicts my soule with many passions !
His highnesse did intend to be right merry ;
And God he knows how it would glad my soule,
If I had seen his highnesse fatisfied
With the poor entertainment of his Maior,
His humble vassal, whose lands, whose life, and all,
Are, and in duty must be alwaies, his.
Well, God, I trust, will bleffe his graces health,
And quickly ease him of his suddaine fit.
Take away there, ho ! rid this place ;
And God of heauen blefs my foueraign's grace. *Exit.*

*Enter two prentices, preparing the Goldsmith's Shop
with plate.*

1 *Pren.* Sirrah *Jack*, come set out.

2 *Pren.* You are the elder prentice ! I pray you do
it, lest my mistrisse talk with you when she comes
downe. What is it a'clock ?

1 *Pren.* Six by *Allhallowes* !

2 *Pren.* Lying and stealing will bring ye to the gal-
lows.

Is heere all the plate ?

1 *Pren.* Ay, that must serue to-day. Where is the
weights and balance ?

2 *Pren.* All ready. Hark, my mistrefs comes.

Exit 1 Ap.

Enter Mistris Shore, with her worke in her hand.

Fane. Sir boy, while I attend the shop myself,
See if the workman haue dispatcht the cup.
How many ounces weiges it ?

2 *Pren.* Twenty, forsooth.

Fane. What said the gentleman to the fashion ?

2 *Pren.* He told my master. I was not within.

Fane. Go sir make haste. Your masters in Cheape-
side.

Take heed ye were best your loitring be not spide.

*The boy departs, and she sits sowing in her shop.
Enter the King disguised.*

King. Well fare a case to put a king in yet.
Good mistress *Shore*! this doth your loue procure:
This shape is secret; and I hope tis sure.
The watermen that daily vse the Court,
And see me often, know me not in this.
At *Lion quay* I landed in their view,
Yet none of them took knowledge of the King.
If any gallant striue to haue the wall,
Ile yield it gently. Soft; here must I turn;
Heres *Lombard Streete*, and heres the *Pelican*;
And there's the phoenix in the pelicans nest.
Oh, rare perfection of rich Natures work!
Bright twinkling spark of precious diamond,
Of greater value then all *India*!
Were there no funne, by whose kind, louely heate,
The earth brings forth those stones we hold of prize,
Her radiant eies, dejected to the ground,
Would turn each pebble to a diamond.
Gaze, greedy eies; and be not satisfied
Till you find rest where hearts desire doth bide.

Fane. What would you buy, sir, that you look on
here?

King. Your fairest jewel, be it not too dear.
First how this sapphire mistress, that you wear?

Fane. Sir, it is right; that will I warrant ye.
No jeweller in *London* shoves a better.

King. No, nor the like; you praise it passing well.

Fane. Do I? No; if some lapidary had the
stone, more would not buy it than I can demand.
Tis as well set, I think, as ere ye saw.

King. 'Tis set, indeed, vpon the fairest hand that
e'er I saw.

Fane. You are disposed to jest. But for value
his maiestie might wear it.

King. Mjght he, ifaith?

Fane. Sir, tis the ring I mean.

King. I meant the hand.

Fane. You are a merry man :

I see you come to cheape, and not to buy.

King. Yet he that offers fairer than Ile do,
Shall hardly find a partner in his bargaine.

Fane. Perhaps in buying things of so small value.

King. Rather because no wealth can purchase it.

Fane. He were too fond that would so highly
prife

The thing which once was giuen away for loue.

King. His hap was good that came so easly by it.

Fane. The gift so small, that (askt) who could
denie it.

King. Oh, she gaue more, that such a gift then
gaue,

Than earth ere had, or world shall euer haue.

Fane. His hap is ill, should it be as you say,
That, hauing giuen him what you rate so high,
And yet is still the poorer by the match.

King. That easly proues he doth not know the
worth.

Fane. Yet, hauing had the vse of it so long,
It rather proues you ouer rate the thing,
He being a chapman, as it seems you are.

King. Indeed, none should aduenture on the
thing,

Thats to be purchast only by a king.

Fane. If kings loue that which no man else
respects,

It may be so ; else do I see small reason
A king should take delight in such coarse stuff.

King. Liues there a king that would not giue his
crowne

To purchase such a kingdom of content ?

Fane. In my conceit, right well you aske that
question :

The world I think containes not such fond king.

King. Why mistrefs *Shore*, I am the man will do it.

Jane. Its proudly spoke, although Ide not believe it,
Were he king *Edward* that should offer it.

King. But shall I haue it?

Jane. Vpon what acquaintance?

King. Why since I saw thee last.

Jane. Where was that?

King. At the Lord Maiors, in the presence of the King.

Jane. I haue forgotten that I saw you there ;
For there were manie that I took small note of.

King. Of me you did, and we had some discourse.

Jane. You are deceiued, sir ; I had then no time,
For my attendance on his maiestie.

King. Ile gage my hand vnto your hand of that.
Look well upon me. *He discouers himself.*

Jane. Now, I beseech you, let this strange disguise

Excuse my boldnesse to your maiesty. *Kneeles.*
Whateuer we possesse is all your highness ;
Only mine honour, which I cannot grant.

King. Only thy loue, bright angel, *Edward* craues ;
For which I thus aduentured to see thee.

Enter Maister Shore.

Jane. But here comes one to whom I only gaue
it ;
And he, I doubt, will say you shall not haue it.

King. Am I so soone cut off? O spite,
How say you, mistresse ; will you take my offer?

Jane. Indeed, I cannot, sir, afford it so.

King. Youle not be offered fairlier I beleeeue.

Jane. Indeed, you offer like a gentleman ;
But yet the jewell will not so be left.

Shore. Sir, if you bid not too much under-foot,
Ile driue the bargain twixt you and my wife.

King. Alas, good *Shore*, myself dare answer No.

aside.

Nothing can make thee such a jewell foregoe.
She faith you shall be too much loser by it.

Shore. See in the row, then, if you can speede better.

King. See many worlds arow, affords not like.

As he goes forth, Shore looks earnestly and perceives it is the King, whereat he seemeth greatly discontented.

Fane. Why lookest thou, *Mat*? knowst thou the gentleman?

Alas, what ails thee, that thou lookst so pale?

What cheer, sweetheart? alas! where hast thou been?

Shore. Nay, nothing, *Fane.* Know you the gentleman?

Fane. Not I, sweetheart. Alas! why do you aske?

Is he thine enemy?

Shore. I cannot tell.

What came he heere to cheapen at our shop?

Fane. This jewell, loue.

Shore. Well, I pray God he came for nothing else.

Fane. Why, who is it? I do suspect him, *Shore,* That you demand thus doubtedly of me.

Shore. Ah, *Fane,* it is the King.

Fane. The King, what then? is it for that thou fighest?

Were he a thousand kings, thou hast no cause

To feare his presence, or suspect my loue.

Shore. I know I haue not. See, he comes again.

The King enters againe, muffled in his cloak.

King. Still is my hindrer there? be patient, heart!

Some fitter season must asswage the smart.

What, will ye take that, mistrisse, which I offerd ye?

I come again, sir, as one willing to buy.

I *Fane.* Indeed, I cannot, sir; I pray ye Deale with my husband. Heare what he will say.

Shore. Ile sell it worth your money, if you please.

I pray you come neare fir.

King. I am too neare already, thou so neare.
Nay, nay, she knowes what I did offer her ;
And, in good fadnesse, I can giue no more.
So fare ye well fir ; I will not deal with you. *Exit.*

Fane. You are deceiud, sweetheart. Tis not the
King.

Thinke you he would aduenture thus alone ?

Shore. I do assure thee, *Fane*, it is the King.
Oh, God ! twixt the extreames of loue and fear,
In what a shiuering ague fits my soul !
Keep we our treasure secret, yet so fond
As fet so rich a beauty as this is
In the wide view of euery gazers eye ?
Oh, traitor beautie, oh, deceitfull good !
That doest conspire against thyself and loue :
No fooner got, but wisht againe of others !
In thine own self injurious to thy self !
Oh, rich poor portion ! thou good evil thing !
How many joyful woes still dost thou bring !

Fane. I prithe, come, sweet loue, and sit by me.
No king thats vnder heauen Ile loue like thee. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sir Humfrey Bowes and Maister Aston, being
two Iustices, Harry Grudgen, Robert Good-
fellow, and John Hobs the Tauner.*

Bowes. Neighbours and friends the cause that you
are cald
Concernes the Kings most excellent Maieesty,
Whose right, you know, by his progenitors,
Vnto the crowne and foueraignty of *France*,
Is wrongfully detained by the French ;
Which to reuenge and royally regaine,
His highnesse meanes to put himself in armes,
And in his princely person to conduct
His warlicke troops against the enemy.
But for his coffers which are vnfurnished,
Through ciuill discord and intestine war,

Whose bleeding scars our eies may yet behold,
He praies his faithful, louing subiects help,
To further this his just great enterprize.

Hobs. So the feck and meaning, whereby, as it were, of all your long purgation, Sir *Humfrey*, is no more, in some respect, but the King wants mony, and would haue some of his commonty.

Bowes. Tanner, you rightly vnderstand the matter.

Ast. Note this, withal ; where his dread maiestie,
Our lawfull fouereign and most royall king,
Might haue exacted or imposd a tax,
Or borrowd greater fums then we can spare,
(For all we haue is at his dread command)
He doth not so ; but mildly doth intreate
Our kind beneuolence, what we will giue,
With willing minds, towards this mighty charge,

Enter Lord Howard.

Which to receiue, his noble counseller
And Kinsman, the Lord *Howard*, here is come.

How. Now, good Sir *Humfrey Bowes* and Maister

Aston,

Haue ye declared the Kings most gracious pleasure ?

Bowes. We haue, my Lord.

How. His Highnesse will not force
As loan or tribute, but will take your gift
In grateful part, and recompense your loue.

Bowes. To shew my loue, though money now be
scarce,
A hundreth pound Ile giue his maiesty.

How. Tis well, Sir *Humfrey*.

Ast. I a hundred marks.

How. Thanks, maister *Aston* ; you both shew your
loue.

Now ask your neighbors what they will bestowe ?

Bowes. Come maister *Hadland*, your Beneuolence.

Had. Oh, good Sir *Humfrey*, do not rack my
purse.

You know my state : I lately sold my land.

As. Then you haue mony: let the King haue part.

Hobs. I, do, maſter *Hadland*, do. They ſay ye ſold a foule deale of dirtie land for faire gold and ſiluer. Let the King haue ſome nowe, while you haue it; for, if ye be forborne a while, all will be ſpent; for he that cannot keep land, that lies faſt, will haue much adoe to hold money; tis ſlipperry ware; tis melting ware: tis melting ware.

How. Gramercy tanner.

Bowes. Say, what ſhall we haue?

Had. My forty ſhillings.

As. *Robert Goodfellow*,

I knowe you will be liberall to the King.

Good. O, Maſter *Aſton*, be content, I pray ye: You know my charge; my houſhold very greate; And my houſekeeping holdes me very bare; Three ſcore vprifing and downlying fir, Spends no ſmall flore of victuals in a yeare; Two brace of grayhounds, twenty couple of hounds; And then my iades deuoure a deale of corne; My Chriſtmaffe coſt; and then my friends that come,

Amounts to charge; I am *Robin Goodfellowe*, That welcomes all and keepes a frolick houſe. I haue no mony. Pray ye, pardon me.

How. Heres a plain tanner can teach you how to thriue.

Keep fewer dogs, and then ye may feede men: Yet feede no idle men; tis needleſſe charge: You that on hounds and hunting-mates will ſpend, No doubt but ſomthing to your King youle lend.

Good. My brace of angells: by my troth, that's all.

Hobs. Maſſe, and tis well the curs haue left ſo much. I thought they would haue eaten vp thy houſe and land ere this.

Bowes. Now, *Harry Grudgen*.

Grud. What would you haue of me? Money,

I haue none ; and Ile fell no stock. Heres old polling, subsidy, fifteen, soldiers and to the poor ! And you may haue your will, youle soon shut me out a door.

Hobs. Hear ye, worships, will ye let me answer my neighbour *Grudgen* ? By my halidome, *Harry Grudgen* ! th'art but a grumbling, grudging churl : thou hast two ploughs going, and nere a cradle rocking ; thast a peck of mony, go to ; turne thee loose ; thoult go to law with the vicar for a tithe goose, and wilt not spare the King four or five pound.

Grud. Gep, goodman *Tanner*, are ye so round ? your prolicateness has brought your son to the gallows almost. You can be frank of another mans cost.

Hobs. Th'art no honest man, to twit me with my son : he may outliue thee yet, for aught that he has done : my sons ith gaol : is he the first hath been there ? And thou wert a man, as thart a beast, I would haue thee by the eares. *Weeping.*

How. Friend, thou wantst nurture to vpbraid a father

With a sons fault. We fit not here for this.

Whats thy beneuolence to his Maiesty ?

Hobs. His benegligenge ? hang him, hele not giue a penny willingly.

Grud. I care not much to cast away forty pence.

How. Out, grudging peasant, base, ill-nurtured groome,

Is this the loue thou bearest vnto the King ?

Gentlemen, take notice of the slaue ;

And if he fault, let him be soundly plagude.

Now frolick tanner, what wilt thou afford ?

Hobs. Twenty old angels and a score of hides ; if that be too little, take twenty nobles more. While I haue it, my King shall spend of my store.

How. The King shall know thy louing liberal heart.

Hobs. Shall he, ifaith ? I thank ye heartily : but hear ye, gentlemen, you come from the Court ?

How. I doe.

Hobs. Lord, how does the King? and how does *Ned*, the Kings butler, and *Tom*, of his Chamber? I am fure ye know them.

How. They do very well.

Hobs. For want of better guests, they were at my house one night.

How. I know they were.

Hobs. They promise me a good turne for kissing my daughter *Nell*; and now I ha' cazon to try them. My son's in Dybell here, in Caperdochy, itha gaol; for peeping into another man's purse; and, outstep the King be miserable, hees like to totter. Can that same *Ned*, the butler, do any thing with the King?

How. More than myself, or any other lord.

Hobs. A halter he can, by my troth, ye rejoyce my heart to heare it.

How. Come to the Court: I warrant thy sons life:

Ned will faue that, and do thee greater good.

Hobs. Ile weane *Brock*, my mares foal, and come vp to the King; and it shall go hard but two fat hens for your pains I will bring.

Bowes. My lord, this fellow now will giue Fiue pounds, so you will pardon his rude speech.

How. For fiue and fiue I cannot brooke the beast.

Grud. What giues the tanner? I am as able as he.

Ast. He giues ten pound.

Grud. Take twenty then of me.

I pray ye my lord, forgiue my rough-heaued speech. I wis, I meant no hurt vnto my liege.

Bowes. Let vs intreat your lordships patience.

How. I do, at your request, remit the offence; So lets depart: heres all we haue to do.

Ast. Tis, for this time and place, my lord.

Sirrah, bring your mony.

Hobs. What haue you faued now, good man

Grudgen, by your hincing and your pinching? not
the worth of a blacke pudding. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mistris Shore and Mistris Blague.

Mais. Bla. Now mistrefs *Shore*, what urgent cause
is that

Which made ye fend for me in such great haste?
I promise ye, it made me halfe afraid
You were not well.

Fane. Trust me, nor sicke nor well,
But troubled still with the disease I told ye.
Here is another letter from the King.
Was neuer poor soule so importuned?

Mais. Bla. But will no answer serue?

Fane. No, mistrefs *Blague*; no answer will suffice.
He, he it is, that with a violent siege
Labours to breake into my plighted faith.
Oh, what am I, he should so much forget
His royal state and his high maiestie?
Still doth he come disguised to my house,
And in most humble terms bewrays his loue.
My husband grieues: alas, how can he choose,
Fearing the dispossessment of his *Fane*?
And when he cannot come (for him) he writes,
Offering beside incomparable gifts:
And all to win me to his princely will.

Mais. Bla. Belieue me, Mistrisse *Shore*, a dangerous
case;

And euery way replete with doubtful feare.
If you should yield, your vertuous name were foild,
And your beloued husband made a scorn;
And if not yield, tis likely that his loue,
Which now admires ye, will conuert to hate;
And who knows not a princes hate is death?
Yet I will not be she shall counsel ye:
Good mistrefs *Shore*, do what ye will for me.

Fane. Then counsell me what I were best to do.

Mais. Bla. You know, his greatnesse can dispense
with ill,
Making the sin seem leffer by his worth ;
And you yourself, your children, and your friends,
Be all aduanced to worldly dignity ;
And this worlds pomp, you know is a goodly thing.
Yet I will not be she shall counsell ye ;
Good mistres *Shore*, do what ye will for me.

Fane. Alas, I know that I was bound by oath
To keep the promise that I made at first ;
And virtue liues, when pomp consumes to dust.

Mais. Bla. So we do say dishonour is no shame,
When slander does not touch th' offenders name.
You shall be folded in a princes arms,
Whose beck disperfeth euen the greatest harmes.
Many, that fit themfelues in high degree,
Will then be glad to stoope and bend the knee.
And who ist, hauing plenty in the hand,
Neuer commanded, but doth still command,
That cannot work in such excesse of things,
To quit the guilt one small transgression brings ?
Yet I will not be she shall counsell ye :
Good maistresse *Shore*, do what ye will for me.

Fane. Here do I liue, although in mean estate,
Yet with a conscience free from all debate ;
Where higher footing may in time procure
A sudden fall, and mixe my sweete with soure.

Mais. Bla. True, I confesse a priuate life is
good,
Nor would I otherwise be vnderstood.
To be a goldsmiths wife is some content ;
But dayes in court more pleasantly are spent.
A households gouernment deserues renowne,
But what is a companion to a crowne ?
The name of Mistrisse is a pretty thing,
But Madam at each word doth glory bring.
Yet I will not be she shall counsel ye :
Good Mistriss *Shore*, do what ye will for me.

Fane. Oh, that I knew which were the best of
twain,
Which for I doe not, I am sicke with paine.

Enter her Boy.

How now fir boy, what is the newes with you ?

Boy. The gentleman, forsooth, the other day,
That would haue bought the jewell at our stall,
Is here to speake with ye.

Fane. Oh, God ! it is the King.
Good mistrisse *Blague*, withdraw ye from this place :
Ile come anon, so soon as he is gone.

And firrah, get you to the shop again. *Exit Boy.*

Mais. Bla. Now, mistrisse *Shore*, bethink ye what
to do.
Such suitors come not euery day to woo.

*Mistris Blague departs, and the King enters in his
former disguise.*

King. Thou mayst conuict me, beauties pride, of
boldnes,
That I intrude like an vnbidden guest ;
But, Loue being guide my fault will seem the lesse.

Fane. Most welcome to your subiects homely
roofe !
The foot, my foueraign, seldom doth offence,
Vnles the heart some other hurt intend.

King. The most thou seeest is hurt vnto myself :
How for thy sake is maiesty disrobed !
Riches made poore and dignity brought low,
Only that thou mightst our affection know !

Fane. The more the pity, that, within the sky,
The sunne that should all other vapors dry,
And guide the world with his most glorious light,
Is muffled vp himself in wilfull night.

King. The want of thee, fair *Cinthia*, is the
cause.
Spread thou thy filuer brightnesse in the aire,
And strait the gladfome morning will appeare.

Fane. I may not wander. He, that guides my car,
Is an immoued, constant, fixed Star.

King. But I will giue that Star a Comets name,
And shield both thee and him from further blame.

Fane. How if the Host of Heauen at this abuse
Repine? who can the prodigy excuse?

King. It lies within the compasse of my power,
To dim their enuious eyes, dare seeme to loue.
But, leauing this our enigmatick talke,
Thou must sweete *Fane*, repaire vnto the Court.
His tongue intreates, controuls the greatest peer:
His hand plights loue, a royall sceptre holds;
And in his heart he hath confirmd thy good,
Which may not, must not, shall not be withstood.

Fane. If you inforce me, I haue nought to say;
But wish I had not liued to see this day.

King. Blame not the time. Thou shalt haue cause
to joy!

Fane, in the euening I will fend for thee,
And thou and thine shall be aduanced by me:
In sign whereof, receiue this true-loue kisse.

Nothing ill meant, there can be no amisse. *Exit.*

Fane. Well, I will in; and ere the time beginne,
Learn how to be repentant for my sinne. *Exit.*

*Enter Lord Maior, Maister Shore, and Fraunces
Emersley.*

Maior. But, coufin *Shore*, are ye assured it was the
King you saw in such disguise?

Shore. Do I know you, the vncler of my wife?
Know I *Frank Emersley*, her brother here?
So surely do I knowe that counterfeit
To be the King.

Fran. Well, admit all this,
And that his maiesty, in such disguise,
Please to suruay the manner of our city,
Or what occasion else may like himself:
Methinks you haue small reason, brother *Shore*,
To be displeasde thereat.

Ma. Oh, I haue found him now.

Because my Neece, his wife, is beautifull,
And well reputed for her vertuous parts,
He, in his fond conceit, misdoubts the King
Doth dote on her in his affection.
I know not coufin how she may be changed,
By any cause in your procuring it,
From the fair carriage of her wonted course ;
But well I wot, I haue oft heard you say,
She merited no scruple of mislike.
If now some gidly fancy in your braine
Make you conceiue sinisterly of her,
And with a person of such difference,
I tell you Coufin more for her respect
Than to soothe you in such sottishness,
I would reueale ye open to the world,
And let your folly iustly plague yourself.

Shore. Vncle, you are too forward in your rage,
And much mistake me in this suddennesse.
Your neeces reputation haue I prisde,
And shined as deuoutly in my soule,
As you or any that it can concerne.
Nor when I tell you that it is the King
Comes muffled like a common seruing-man,
Do I infer thereby my wife is false,
Or swerues one iot from wonted modestie.
Though in my shop she sit, more to respect
Her seruants duty, then for any skill
She doth, or can pretend, in what we trade,
Is it not strange, that euer when he comes,
It is to her, and will not deale with me ?
Ah, vncle, *Frank*, nay, would all her kin
Were heere to censure of my cause aright.
Though I misdeeme not her, yet give me leaue
To doubt what his fly walking may entend.
And let me tell ye, he that is possest
Of such a beautie, feares vndermining guesstes ;
Especialy a mighty one, like him,
Whose greatnesse may giuld ouer vgly sinne.
But say his coming is not to my wife,

Then hath he some sly aiming at my life,
By false compounded metall, or light gold,
Or else some other trifle to be sold.

When kings themselves so narrowly do pry
Into the world, men feare; and why not I?

Fran. Believe me, brother, in this doubtful case,
I know not well how I should answer ye.
I wonder in this serious busie time
Of this great gathered Beneuolence
For his regaining of his right in *France*,
The day and nightly turmoile of his lordes,
Yea of the whole estate in generall,
He can be spared from these great affaires,
And wander heere disguised in this sort.
But is not this your Boy?

Enter Boy.

Shore. Yes, marry, is it. How now; what newes
with thee?

Boy. Master, my mistresse, by a nobleman,
Is sent for to the King, in a close coach.
Shees gone with him. These are the news I bring.

Maior. How, my neece sent for to the King?
By a nobleman, and shee is gone with him?
Nay, then, I like it not.

Em. How, gone, saiest thou?

Shore. Be patient vncke, storm not, gentle *Franke*,
The wrong is mine. By whom? A king.
To talke of such it is no common thing.
She is gone, thou saiest?

Boy. Yes, truly, sir: tis so.

Shore. I cannot help it; a Gods name, let her
goe.

You cannot help it, vncke; no nor you.
Where kings are medlers, meaner men must rue.
I storme against it? no; farewell, *Fane Shore*.
Once thou wast mine; but must be so no more.

Maior. Gone to the Court?

Exit.

Shore. Yet, vncke, will ye rage ?
Let mine example your high heat affwage.
To note offences in a mightie man
It is enough ; amend it he that can.

Franke Emersley ! my wife thy fister was ;
Lands, goods, and all I haue, to thee I paffe,
Saue that poor portion, must along with me,
To beare me from this badge of obloquy.
It neuer shall be said that *Matthew Shore*
A kings dishonor in his bonnet wore.

Em. Good brother.

Shore. Striue not to change me, for I am resolu'd,
And will not tarrie. England fare thou well.
And, *Edward*, for requiting me so well,
But dare I speake of him ? forbear, forbear.
Come, *Franke*, I will surrender all to thee,
And then abroad, where ere my fortune be. *Exeunt.*

Enter King Edward, Howard, Sellinger, &c.

King. And haue our country subiects beene so
franke
And bountifull in their Beneuolence
Toward our present expedition ?
Thanks, cousin *Howard*, for thy paines herein :
We will haue letters sent to euery shire
Of thankful gratitude, that they may knowe
How highly we respect their gentlenesse.

How. One thing, my Lord, I had well neare
forgot :
Your pleasant host, the Tanner of *Tamworth*.

King. What of him, cousin ?

How. He was right liberall :
Twenty old angels did he send your grace ;
And others, seeing him so bountifull,
Stretcht further than they otherwise had done.

King. Trust me, I must requite that honest
Tanner.

Oh, had he kept his word and come to Court,

Then, in good fadnesse, we had had good sport.

How. That is not long, my lord, which comes at last.

Hees come to London, on an earnest cause.

His sonne lies prisoner in *Stafford* Jaile,

And is condemned for a robbery.

Your Highnesse pardoning his sonnes offence,

May yield the Tanner no meane recompense.

King. But who hath seene him since he came to towne?

Sel. My Lord, in *Holborne* twas my hap to see him,

Gazing about. I sent away my men;

And clapping on one of their liuery cloakes,

Came to him; and the Tanner knew me straight.

How dost thou *Tom*? and How doth *Ned*? quoth he;

That honest, merry hangman, how doth he?

I, knowing that your maiestie intended

This day in person to come to the Tower,

There bade him meete me, where *Ned* and I

Would bring him to the presence of the King,

And there procure a pardon for his sonne.

King. Haue then a care we be not seene of him,

Vntil we be prouided for the purpose;

Because, once more wele haue a little sport.

Tom Sellinger, let that care be yours.

Sel. I warrant ye, my lord. Let me alone.

Enter the Lord Maior.

King. Welcome, lord Maior! what, haue you signified

Our thankfulnesse vnto our citizens,

For their late-gathered Beneuolence?

Maior. Before the citizens in our *Guildhall*,

Master Recorder made a good oration,

Of thankfull gratitude vnto them all,

Which they receiued with so kinde respect

And loue vnto your royall maiestie,
As it appeard to vs they forrowed
Their bounty to your highness was no more.

King. Lord Maior, thanks to yourself and them!
And go ye with vs now into the *Tower*,
To see the order that we shall obserue
In this so needful preparation;
The better may you signifie to them
What neede there was of their Beneuolence.

Maior. Ile wait vpon your gracious maiestie.
Yet there is one thing that much grieueth me. *aside.*
Exeunt.

Enter Shore and two Watermen, bearing his trunkes.

Shore. Go, honest fellow; bear my trunkes
aboard;
And tell the maister Ile come presently.

Enter Mistris Shore, lady-like attired, with diuers supplications in her hand, she unpinning her Mask, and attended on by many Suitors.

1. *Waterman.* We will, sir. But what lady haue
we heere?

Belike she is of no meane countenance,
That hath so many fuitors waiting on her.

Shore. Go, one of you, I pray ye, inquire her
name.

1. *Waterman.* My honest friend, what Lady call ye
this?

Ayre. Her name is Mistrisse *Shore*, the kings be-
loued;

A special friend to fuitors at the court,

Shore. Her name is mistrisse *Shore*, the Kings be-
loved!

Where shall I hide my head, or stop mine ears,
But like an owle I shall be wonderd at?

When she with me was wont to walke the strectes,

The people then, as she did pass along,
 Would say, There goes faire, modest, mistress *Shore*.
 When she attended like a City dame,
 Was prais'd of matrons. So that citizens,
 When they would speake of ought vnto their wiues.
 Fetcht their example still from mistress *Shore*.
 But now she goes deckt in her courtly robes.
 This is not she, that once in seemely blacke
 Was the chaste, sober wife of *Matthew Shore*;
 For now she is King *Edwards* concubine.
 Oh, greate ill title, honorable shame !
 Her good I had ; but, King, her ill is thine :
 Once *Shore's* true wife ; now *Edwards* concubine.
 Amongst the rest, Ile note her new behaiour.
*All this while, she stands conferring priuately with her
 Suitors, and looking on their bills.*

Ayre. Good mistress *Shore*, remember my son's
 life.

Fane. What is thy name ?

Ayre. My name is *Thomas Ayre*.

Fane. There is his pardon, signed by the King.

Ayre. In sign of humble, hearty thankfulnessse,
 Take this, in angels, twenty pound.

Fane. What think ye that I buie and sell for
 bribes

His highness fauour, or his subiects blood ?

No, without gifts, God grant I may do good.

For all my good cannot redeeme my ill ;

Yet to doe good I will endeuour still.

Shore. Yet all this good doth but guild ore *aside.*
 thy ill.

Pal. Mistress the restitution of my landes,
 Taken perforce by his highnesse officers.

Fane. The Kings content your goodes shall be re-
 stored,

But the officers will hardly yeeld thereto.

Yet be content ; Ile see ye haue no wrong.

Shore. Thou canst not say to me so. I haue
 wrong.

Fockey. Mistrefs, gude faith, gin yele help me til my laund, whilk the faulfe loon, *Billy Grime* of *Glen-dale*, hauds wrangfully fra me, I's quite your gudenets with a bonny nag, fall swum away so deftly as the winde.

Fane. Your fuit, my friend, requires a longer time.

Yet since you dwell so far, to ease your charge,
Your diet with my seruants you may take ;
And some relief Ile get thee of the King.

Shore. It's cold relief thou gettst me from the King.

Focky. Now, Gods blessing light on that gudely fair face. I's be your bedesman, mistrefs ; I, indeed, fall I.

Pal. God bleffe the care you haue of doing good !

Ayre. Pity she should miscarry in her life.
That beares so sweete a minde in doing good.

Shore. So say I, too. Ah, *Fane*, this kills my heart,

That thou reckes other, and not rust my smart

Ruf. Mistrisse, I fear you haue forgot my fuit.

Fane. Oh, tis for a licence to transport come
From this land, and lead, to foraigne realmes.
I had your bill ; but I haue torne your bill ;
And twere no shame, I think, to teare your eares,
That care not how you wound the commonwealth.
The poor must starue for foode, to fill your purse,
And the enemy bandy bullets of our leade !
No, maister *Rufford*, Ile not speake for you,
Except it be to haue you punished.

Focky. By the messe, a deft lasf ! Christs benifon light on her.

She espies her husband, walking aloof off, and takes him for another Sutor.

Fane. Is that another Sutor ? I haue no bill of his:

Go, one of you, and know what he would haue.

Shore. Yes, *Fane* the bill of my obliged faith :
And I had thine ; but thou hast cancelld it.

Here she knowes him, and lamenting, comes to him.

Fane. Oh God, it is my husband, kind *Mattheiw*
Shore.

Shore. Ah *Fane*, whats he dare say he is thy husband ?

Thou wast a wife, but now thou art not so ;
Thou wast a maid, a maid when thou wast wife ;
Thou wast a wife, euen when thou wast a maide ;
So good, so modest, and so chaste thou wast !
But now thou art diuorct whiles yet he liues,
That was thy husband, while thou wast his wife.
Thy wisheod staine, by thy dishonour'd life.
For now thou art nor widow, maide, nor wife.

Fane. I must confesse, I yeelded vp the fort,
Wherein lay all the riches of my joy ;
But yet, sweete *Shore*, before I yeelded it,
I did indure the longest and greatest siege
That euer batterd on poor chastity.
And but to him that did assault the same,
For euer it had been inuincible.
But I will yeeld it backe againe to thee.
He cannot blame me, though it be so done,
To lose by me, what first by me was wonne.

Shore. No, *Fane*, there is no place allowd for
me,

Where once a king has tane possession.
Meane men brooke not a riuall in their loue ;
Much les so high unriualld maiestie.
A concubine to one, so great as *Edward*,
Is far too greate to be the wife of *Shore*.

Fane. I will refuse the pleasures of the Court.
Let me go with thee, *Shore*, though not as a wife,
Yet as thy slaue since I haue lost that name.
I will redeem the wrong that I haue done thee,
With my true seruice, if thou wilt accept it.

Srre. Thou go with me, *Fane* ? Oh God forbid
That I should be a traitor to my King !

Shall I become a felon to his pleasures,
And fly away, as guilty of the theft?
No, my dear *Fane*, I say it may not be.
Oh, what haue subiects that is not their kings,
Ile not examine his prerogatiue.

Fane. Why, then, sweete *Mat*, let me intreate thee
stay.

What ist with *Edward* that I cannot do?
Ile make thee wealthier than ere *Richard* was,
That entertained the three greatest kings in Europe,
And feasted them in London on a day.
Aske what thou wilt; were it a million,
That may content thee; thou shalt haue it *Shore*.

Shore. Indeed, this were some comfort to a man
That tasted want or worldly misery;
But I haue lost what wealth cannot returne.
All worldly losses are but toys to mine:
O all my wealth—the loss of thee was more
Than euer time or fortune can restore.
Therefore, sweet *Fane* farewell, once thou wast mine;
Too rich for me; and that King *Edward* knew.
Adieu, O world, he shall deceiued be,
That puts his trust in women or in thee. *Exit.*

Jane. O *Shore*, farewell, poor heart; in death Ile
tell
I euer loued thee, *Shore*, farewell, farewell. *Exit.*

*Enter King Edward, Lord Maior, Howard, Sellinger,
and the traine.*

King. Hauing awakt forth of their sleepy dens
Our drowsy cannons, which, ere long, shall charm
The watchful French with deaths eternall sleepe;
And all things else in readinesse for France,
Awhile we will giue truce vnto our care.
There is a merry tanner neare at hand,
With whom we meane to be a little merry.
Therefore, Lord Maior, and you, my other friendes,
I must intreate you not to knowledge me.

No man stand bare—all as companions.

Giue a cloke, that I may be disguisde.

Tom Sellinger, go thou and take another.

So Tanner, now come when ye please : we are provided.

And in good time ; see he is come already.

Enter the Tanner.

Tom Sellinger, go thou and meet him.

Sel. What *Fohn Hobs* ! welcome, ifaith, to Court.

Hobs. Gramercies, honest *Tom* : where is the hangman, *Ned* ?

Where is that mad rascal ? shall I not see him ?

Sel. See where he stands : that same is he.

Hobs. What *Ned* ? a plague found thee, how dost thou, for a villaine ? how dost thou mad rogue ? and how ? and how ?

King. In health *John Hobs* ; and very glad to see thee ;

But say, what wind droue thee to *London* ?

Hobs. Ah, *Ned*, I was brought hither with a whirlwinde, man : my son, my son ; did I not tell thee I had a knaue to my son ?

King. Yes, tanner ; what of him ?

Hobs. Faith, he's in Capperdochy, *Ned*, in *Stafford Jaile*, for a robbery ; and is like to be hanged, except thou get the King to be more miserable to him.

King. If that be all, tanner, Ile warrant him, I will procure his pardon of the King.

Hobs. Wilt thou, *Ned* ? for those good words, see what my daughter *Nell* hath sent thee : a handkercher wrought with as good Couentry-filk blue thread, as euer thou sawest.

King. And I perhaps may weare it, for her sake, In better presence then thou art aware of.

Hobs. Now, *Ned* ? a better present, that thou canst not haue, for filk, cloth, and workmanship. Why, *Nell* made it, man. But, *Ned*, is not the King in this com-

pany? What's he in the long beard and the red petticoate? Before God, I misdoubt, *Ned*, that is the King. I knowe it by my Lord What-ye-call's players.

King. How by them, tanner?

Hobs. Euer when they play an enterlout or a commodity at *Tamworth*, the King alwaies is in a long bearde and a red gowne, like him. Therefore I speēt him to be the King.

King. No trust me tanner, this is not the King; But thou shalt see the King before thou goest, This man is the Lord Maior, Lord Maior of *London*. Here was the Recorder too; but he is gone.

Hobs. What nicknames these court-nols haue! Mare and Corder, quotha! we haue no such at *Lichfield*. There is the honest Bailiff and his brethren. Such words gree best with vs.

King. My lord Maior, I pray ye, for my sake, To bid this honest tanner welcome.

Maior. You are welcome, my honest friend. In signe whereof, I pray you see my house, And sup with me this night.

Hobs. I thanke ye, Goodman Maior; but I care not for no meat. My stomach is like to a ficke swine, that will neither eate nor drinke till she knowe what shall become of her pig. *Ned* and *Tom*, you promised me a good turn when I came to Court. Either do it now, or go hang yourselues.

King. No fooner comes the King, but I will do it.

Sel. I warrant thee, tanner; fear not thy finnes life.

Hobs. Nay I feare not his life, I fear his death.

Enter Maister of S. Katharines and Widow Norton.

Master. All health and happines to my soueraign!

King. The Maister of *S. Katharines* hath marred all.

The first part of

Hobs. Out, alas that euer I was born.

The Tanner falls into a swoound: they labour to reuiuie him, meanwhile the King puts on his royal robes.

King. Looke to the tanner there, he takes no harm.

I would not haue him (for my crown) miscarry.

Widow. Let me come to him, by my Kings good leaue.

Here's ginger, honest man ; bite it.

Hobs. Bite ginger, bite ginger, bite a dogs date. I I am but a dead man. Ah, my liege that you should deal so with a poor well-meaning man : but it makes no matter ; I can but die.

King. But when, tanner ? canst thou tell ?

Hobs. Nay, euen when you please ; for I haue so defended ye, by calling ye plaine *Ned*, mad rogue, and rascal, that I know youle haue me hanged. Therefore, make no more ado, but send me down to *Stafford*, and there, a Gods name, hang me with my son. And heres another as honest as yourself. You made me call him plaine *Tom* : I warrant, his name is *Thomas*, and some man of worship too. Therefore, lets to it, euen when and where ye will.

King. Tanner, attend ! Not only do we pardon thee,

But in all princely kindnesse welcome thee ;

And thy sonnes trespasse do we pardon too.

One go and see that forthwith it be drawn

Vnder our seal of *England*, as it ought.

And forty pounds we giue thee, to defray

Thy charges in thy coming vp to *London*.

Now, tanner, what saist thou to vs ?

Hobs. Marry, you speak like an honest man, if you mean what you say.

King. We mean it, tanner, on our royal word.

Now, Maister of *S. Katharines*, what would you ?

Maister. My gracious lord, the great beneuolence (Though small to that your subiects could afford)

Of poor S. *Katharines* do I bring your grace.
Fiue hundred pounds here haue they sent by me,
For the easier portage, all in angel gold.
What this good widdowe, mistrisse *Norton*, will,
She comes herself, and brings her gift with her.

Widow. Pardon me, gracious lord, presumption,
Nor ouerweening in mine owne conceite,
Makes me thus bolde to come before your grace ;
But loue and duty to your maiestie,
And great desire to see my lord the King.
Our Maister, here, spake of beneuolence,
And said my twenty nobles was enough.
I thought not so ; but at your highness feete,
A widows mite, a token of her zeale,
In humble duty giues you twenty pound.

King. Now by my crowne, a gallant lusty girle.
Of all the exhibition yet bestowed,
This womans liberality likes me best.
Is thy name *Norton* ?

Widow. I, my gracious liege.

King. How long hast thou been a widow ?

Widow. It is, my lord,
Since I did bury *Wilkin*, my good man,
At Shrouetide next, euen just a dozen yeares.

King. In all which space, couldst thou not finde a
man,
On whom thou mightst bestowe thyself againe ?

Widow. Not anie like my *Wilkin*, whose deare
loue

I knowe is matchlesse : in respect of whom
I thinke not any worthy of a kifs.

King. No, widow ? that Ile try. How like you
this ? *He kisseth her.*

Widow. Beshrew my heart, it was a honey kifs,
Able to make an aged woman young ;
And for the same, most sweete and louely prince,
See what the widow giues you from her store,
Forty olde angels but for one kifs more.

King. Marry, widow, and thou shalt haue it. *John Hobs,* thou art a widower : lackst thou such a wife ?

Hobs. Snails, twenty pound a kisse ? Had she as many twenty pound bags as I haue knobs of barke in my tan-fat, she might kisse them away in a quarter of a year. Ile no S. *Katharines* widows, if kisses be fo dear.

Widow. Clubs and clouted shoes, there's none enamoured here.

King. Lord Maior, we thanke you, and intreat
withall

To recommend vs to our Citizens.

We must for France. We bid you all farewell.

Come tanner thou shalt go with vs to Court ;

To morrow you shall dine with my lord Maior,

And afterward fet homeward when ye please.

God and our right that only fight for vs,

Adieu, pray that our toile proue prosperous.

Exeunt.

FINIS.





THE SECOND
PART OF KING EDWARD
THE FOURTH.

Containing

his journey into *France*, for the obtaining of
his right there :

The trecherous falshood of the Duke of *Bur-*
gundie and the Constable of *France*
vsed against him, and his
returne home
againe.

Likewise the profecution of the historie of M.
Shoare and his faire wife.

Concluding with the lamentable death of them
both.

Enter King Edward, Howard, Sellinger, and *Souldiers*
marching.

King. Is this the aide our coufin *Burgundy*
And the great Constable of *France* assured us ?
Haue we marcht thus far through the heart of *France*,
And with the terrour of our English drummes
Roused the poore trembling French, which leaue their
townes,
That now the wolues affrighted from the fieldes

Do get their prey, and kennell in the streetes?
 Our thundering cannons, now this fortnight space,
 Like common bellmen in some market towne,
 Haue cride the Constable and *Burgundy*;
 But yet I see they come not to our aide.
 Wele bring them in, or by the blessed light,
 Wele searck the groundfills of their cities walls.
 Since you haue brought me hither, I will make
 The proudest tower that stands in *France* to quake.
 I maruel much that *Scales* returnes not; for by him
 I doe expect to heare their resolutions.

Enter the Lord Scales.

How. My soueraign, he is happily returned.

King. Welcome, my lord; welcome, good cofin
Scales.

What newes from *Burgundy*? what is his answer?
 What, comes he to our succour, as he promised?

Scales. Not by his good will. For ought that I
 can see,

He lingers still in his long siege at *Nuse*.
 I vrged his promise and your expectation,
 Euen to the force and compasse of my spirit.
 I cheerd my firme persuasions with your hopes,
 And guiled them with my best oratory:
 I framed my speech still fitly, as I found
 The temper of his humor to be wrought vpon;
 But still I found him earthly, vnresolved,
 Muddie; and, methought, euer through his eyes,
 I saw his wauering and vnsettled spirit;
 And, to be short, subtle and trecherous,
 And one that doth intend no good to you.
 And he will come, and yet he wanteth power;
 He would faine come, but may not leaue the siege,
 He hopes he shall, but yet he knows not when,
 He purposed, but some impediments
 Haue hinderd his determined intent.
 Briefly, I thinke he will not come at all.

King. But is he like to take the town of *Nuse*?

Scales. My lord, the town is liker to take him;
That, if he chance to come to you at all,
Tis but for succour.

King. But what saies Count *S. Paul*?

Scales. My lord, he lies and reuels at *S. Quintins*,
And laughs at *Edwards* coming into *France*.
There domineiring with his drunken crewe,
Make jigs of vs, and in their flauering iests
Tell how like rogues we lie here in the field.
Then comes a slaue, one of these drunken fots,
In with a tauern-reckoning for a supplication,
Disguised with a cushion on his head,
A drawers apron for a heralds coate,
And tells the Count, the King of England craues
One of his worthy honours dog-kennels,
To be his lodging for a day or two.
With some such other tauern-foolery.
With that, this filthie, rascall, greasie rout
Burst out in laughter at this worthie iest,
Naighing like horses. Thus the Count *S. Paul*
Regards his promise to your maiestie.

King. Will no man thrust the slaue into a sack-
but?

Sel. Now, by this light, were I but neare the
slaue

With a blacke iacke, I would beate out his braines.

How. If it please your highnesse but to say the
word,

Wele pluck him out of *Quintins* by the eares.

King. No, cousin *Howard*; wele referue our
valour

For better purpose. Since they both refuse vs,
Ourselues will be vnriualld. in our honour.
Now our first cast, my Lord, is at maine France,
Whilst yet our army is in health and strong;
And, haue we once but broke into that war,
I will not leaue *S. Paul*, nor *Burgundy*,

Not a bare pigs-cote to shroud them in.

Herald.

Her. My soueraign !

King. Go, herald, and to *Lewis*, the French king,

Denounce stern war, and tell him I am come

To take possession of my realme of France.

Defie him boldly from vs. Be thy voice

As fierce as thunder, to affright his soule.

Herald, begone, I say, and be thy breath

Piercing as lightning, and thy words as death.

Her. I goe, my liege, resolud to your high will.

Exit.

King. Sound drumme, I say ; fet forward with our powre ;

And, France, ere long expect a dreadful houre !

I will not take the English standards down,

Till thou empale my temples with thy crowne.

Enter Lewis the French King, Bourbon, and St. Pierre, with the Herald of England.

Lewis. Herald of England, we are pleased to heare

What message thou hast brought vs from thy King.

Prepare thyself, and be aduised in speech.

Her. Right gracious and most Christian King of France !

I come not to thy presence vnprepared

To do the message of my royal liege.

Edward the Fourth, of England and of France

The lawful King, and Lord of Ireland,

Whose puissant magnanimous breast incensed,

Through manifest notorious iniuries,

Offerd by thee, King *Lewis*, and thy French,

Against his title to the crowne of France,

And right in all these dukedomes following,

Aquitaine, Anjou, Guyen, Aguileme,

Breathes forth by me, the organ of his speech,
Hostile defiance to thy realme and thee.
And trampling now vpon the face of France
With barbed horse and valiant armed foote,
Himself the leader of those martiall troopes,
Bids thee to battle, where and when thou darst,
Except thou make such restitution
And yearely tribute on good hostages,
As may content his iust conceiued wrath.
And to this message answer I expect.

Lew. Right peremptory is this embassage ;
And were my roiall brother of *England* pleased
To entertaine those kinde affections
Wherewith we do imbrace his amity,
Needlesse were all these thunder-threatning wordes.
Let Heauen, where all our thoughts are registerd,
Beare record with what deepe desire of peace
We shall subscribe to such conditions
As equity for *England* shall propound.
If *Edward* haue sustained wrong in *France*,
Lewis was neuer authour of that wrong ;
Yet, faultlesse, we will make due recompense.
We are assur'd that his maiestick thoughts,
In his mild spirit, did neuer mean these warres,
Till *Charles Burgundy*, once our fawning friend,
But now our open foe, and Count *S. Paul*,
Our subiect once and Constable of France,
But now a traitour to our realme and vs,
Were motiues to incite him vnto armes,
Which hauing done, will leaue him, on my life.

Her. The King my maister reckes not *Burgundy*,
And scorns *S. Paul*, that trechrous Constable.
His puissance is sufficient in itself
To conquer France, like his progenitors.

Lew. He shall not neede to waste by force of
warre,
Where peace shall yeeld him more then he can win.
We couet peace, and we will purchase it
At any rate that reason can demand.

And it is better *England* ioin in league
 With vs, his strong, old, open enemy,
 Than with those weake and new dissembling friends.
 We do secure vs from our open foes,
 But trust in friendes (though faithlesse) we repose.
 My Lord *S. Pierre* and cousin *Bourbon*, speake.
 What censure you of *Burgundy* and *S. Paul* ?

St. Pierre. Dread Lord, it is well known that
Burgundy

Made shew of tender seruice to your maiesty,
 Till by the engine of his flatteries,
 He made a breach into your Highnesse loue ;
 Where enterd once and thereof full posselt,
 He so abusd that royal excellence
 By getting footing into manie towns,
 Castles, and forts, belonging to your crowne,
 That now he holds them gainst your realme and you.

Bur. And Count *S. Paul*, the Constable of
France,

Ambitious in that high authority,
 Vsurps the lands and feigneuries of those
 That are true subiects, noble peers of France.
 Your boundlesse fauours did him first suborne ;
 And now to be your liegeman he thinkes scorne.

Lew. By this coniecture the vnsteady course
 Thy royal maister vndertakes in France :
 And herald intimate what feruent zeale
 We haue to league with *Edward* and his English.
 Three hundreth crownes we giue thee for reward,
 And of rich crimson veluet thirty yardes,
 In hope thou wilt vnto thy soueraign tell
 We shew thee not one discontented looke,
 Nor render him one misbeholden word ;
 But his defiance and his dare to warre,
 We swallow with the supple oile of peace ;
 Which gentle herald if thou canst procure,
 A thousand crowns shall iustly guerdon thee.

Her. So please it your most sacred maiesty,
 To send vnto my gracious Soueraign

Equall conditions for the bonds of peace
And restitution of his iniuries,
His temper is not of obdurate malice,
But sweete relenting princely clemency.
Performe your promise of a thousand crownes,
And second me with some fit messenger,
And I will vndertake to worke your peace.

Lew. By the true honor of a Christian king,
Effect our peace, and thou shalt haue our crownes.
And we will post a herald after thee,
That shall confirm thy speech and our designs.
Go, *Mugeroun*; see to this herauld giuen
The veluet and three hundred crownes propos'd.
Farewell, good friend, remember our request,
And kindly recommend vs to King *Edward*.

Exeunt English Herald and Mugeroun.

How think you lords? is't not more requisite
To make our peace, then war with *Englands* power?

Bour. Yes, gracious Lord; the wounds are bleed-
ing yet
That *Talbot*, *Bedford*, and King *Henry* made,
Which peace must cure, or *France* shall languish still.

S. Pierre. Besides my liege, by these intestine
foes,
The Constable and trecherous *Burgundy*,
The States in danger, if the English stir.

Enter Mugeroun.

Lew. 'Tis perilous and full of doubt, my lords;
We must haue peace with *England* euerie way.
Who shall be herald in these high affaires?

Bur. No better man then Monsieur *Mugeroun*,
Whose wit is sharp, whose eloquence is found;
His presence gracious, and his courage good;
A gentleman, a scholar, and a souldier;
A compleate man for such an embassage.
Art thou content to be employ'd, *Mugeroun*,
In this negotiation to King *Edward*?

Mug. If your most sacred maiestie command,
Your humble vassall *Mugeroun* shall goe.

Lew. Gramercies, *Mugeroun*. But thou must
assume

A heralds habit, and his office both,
To pleade our loue, and to procure vs peace
With English *Edward*, for the good of *France*.

Mug. I know the matter and the form, my Lord.
Giue me my Heralds Coat, and I am gone.

Lew. Thou art a man composed for business.
Attend on vs for thy instructions,
And other fit supplies for these affaires ;
And for thy diligence expect reward.

Exeunt.

*Enter seuerall waies, Burgundy and the Constable of
France.*

Con. Whither away so fast goes *Burgundy* ?

Bur. Nay rather whither goes the Constable ?

Con. Why, to King *Edward*, man. Is he not
come ?

Meanst thou not likewise to goe visit him ?

Bur. Oh, excellent. I knowe that in thy soule
Thou knowst that I doe purpose nothing lesse.
Nay, I do knowe, for all thy outward shoue,
Thou hast no meaning once to looke on him.
Brother dissembler, leaue this colouring,
With him that means as falsely as thyself.

Con. I, but thou knowst that *Edward* on our
letters,
And hoping our assistance when he came,
Did make this purposed voyage into *France* ;
And with his forces is he heere arriued,
Trusting that we will keepe our word with him.
Now though we meane it not, yet set a face
Vpon the matter as though we intended
To keepe our word with him effectually.

Bur. And for my better countnance in this case,
My lingring siege at *Nuse* will serue the turne.

And you haue dealt like a disloyall knight. 7

Bur. *Edward of England*, these are vnkingly words.

King. He that will do, my lord, what he should not,

Must and shall heare of me what he would not,
I say againe, you haue deluded me.

Bur. Am I not come according to my word ?

King. No, *Charles of Burgundy* ! thy word was giuen

To meet with me in April ; now tis August ;
The place appointed, *Cales*, not *Lorraine* ;
And thy approach to be with martiall troopes ;
But thou art come, not hauing in thy traine
So much as page or lackey to attend thee.
As who should say thy presence were munition,
And strength enough to answer our expect.
Summer is almost spent, yet nothing done.
And all by dalliance with vncertaine hope.

Bur. My forces lay before the citie *Nuse*,
From which I could not rise but with dishonour,
Vnlesse vpon some composition had.

King. There was no such exception in your letters.

Why smiles Lord *Scales* ?

Scales. My man reports, my Lord,
The composition that the Duke there made
Was meere compulsion ; for the cittizens
Draue him from thence perforce.

King. I thought so much.

We should not yet haue seene your Excellence,
But that your heeles were better then your hands.

Bur. Lord *Scales*, thou dost me wrong to slander me.

King. Letting that passe, it shall be seene, my Lord,

That we are able of ourselfe to claime
Our right in France, without or your assistance

Or anie others, but the helpe of Heauen.

Bur. I make no question of it: yet the Constable,

Prest with no such occasion as I was,
Might haue excusd vs both, if he had pleased.

King. Accuse him not. Your Cities, as we came,
Were euen as much to be condemned as his.
They gaue vs leaue to lye within the field,
And scarcely would affoord vs meat for money.
This was small friendship, in respect of that
You had engaged your honour to performe.
But march we forward as we were determined.
This is S. *Quintins*, where you say, my Lord,
The Constable is ready to receiue vs.

Bur. So much he signified to me my letter.

King. Well, we shall see his entertainment. Forward!

As they march vpon the stage, the Lord Scales is strucke downe, and two Souldiers slaine outright, with great shot from the towne.

Fly to our main battalia; bid them stand.
Theres treason plotted: speake to me, Lord *Scales*;
Or if there be no power of life remaining
To vtter thy hearts grieuance, make a signe.
Two of our common souldiers slaine beside!
This is hard welcome. But it was not you,
At whom the fatall enginer did aime:
My breast the leuell was, though you the marke:
In which conspiracy, answer me, Duke,
Is not thy foule as guilty as the Earles?

Bur. Perish, my foule, King *Edward*, if I knew
Of any such intention. Yet I did,
And grieue that it hath sped no otherwise.

King. *Howard* and *Sellinger*

Burgundy steales away.

What is there hope of life in none of them?

How. The souldiers are both slaine outright, my Lord,

But the Lord *Scales* a little is recouerd.

King. Conuey his body to our pauilion,
And let our Surgeons vse all diligence
They can deuife for saueguard of his life,
Whilst we with all extremity of warre
Go plague S. *Quintins*. *Howard* fetch on our
powers,

We will not stir a foot till we haue showne
Just vengeance on the Constable of France.

Oh, God, to wooe vs first to pass the sea,
And at our coming thus to halt with vs !

I think the like thereof was neuer seen.

But wheres the Duke ?

Sel. Gone, as it seemes, my Lord;
Stept secretly away, as one that knew
His conscience would accuse him if he staid.

King. A pair of most dissembling hypocrites,
Is he and this base Earle, on whom I vowe,
Leauing King *Lewis* vnpreiudizd in peace,
To spend the whole measure of my kindled rage.
Their streets shall sweate with their effused blood,
And this bright sunne be darkend with the smoke
Of smouldring cinders, when their city lies
Buried in ashes of reuengefull fire :
On whose pale superficies, in the steade
Of parchment, with my lance Ile drawe these
lines

*Edward of England left this memory,
In iust reuenge of hatefull treachery.*

Enter Howard againe.

Lord *Howard*, haue ye done as I commanded ?

How. Our battles are disposd ; and on the browe
Of euery inferiour seruitour, my lord,
You might behold destruction figured,
Greedily thirsting to beginne the fight ;
But when no longer they might be restrained,
And that the drumme and trumpet both beganne
To sound warres cheerfull harmony, behold

A flag of truce vpon the walls was hangd,
And forth the gates did issue meekly pacde,
Three men, whereof the Constable is one ;
The other two, the gunner and his mate,
By whose grofs ouerfight (as they report)
This suddaine chance vnwittingly befell.

King. Bring forth the Constable. The other
two,
See them safe-guarded till you know our pleasure.

Enter the Constable.

Now, my Lord *Howard*, how is it with *Scales* ?

How. Well, my dread Soueraigne, now his wound
is drest.

And by the opinion of the furgeons,
Tis thought he shall not perish by this hurt.

King. I am the gladder. But unfaithfull Earl,
I do not see how yet I can dispense
With thy submission. This was not the welcome
Your letters sent to *England* promised me.

Con. Right high and mighty prince, condemn me
not,
That am as innocent in this offence
As any souldier in the English army.
The fault is in our gunners ignorance,
Who, taking you for *Lewis*, King of *France*,
That likewise is within the cities ken,
Made that vn lucky shot to beate him backe,
And not of malice to your maiestie :
To knowledge which, I brought them with myself,
And thirty thousand crownes within this purse,
Sent by the burghers to redeeme your lacke.

King. Constable of *France*, we will not felle a
droppe
Of English blood for all the gould in *France* :
But infomuch two of our men are slaine,
To quit their deaths, those two that came with
thee

Shall both be crammd into a cannons mouth,
 And so be shot into the towne againe.
 It is not like but that they knew our colors,
 And of set purpose did this villainy ;
 Nor can I be perswaded thoroughly
 But that our person was the marke they aimed at.
 Yet are we well content to hold you excusd,
 Marie our soldiers must be satisfide ;
 And, therefore, first shall be distributed
 These crownes amongst them ; then you shall re-
 turne,

And of your best prouision sende to vs
 Thirty waine-load, beside twelue tun of wine.
 This if the burghers will subscribe vnto,
 Their peace is made. Otherwise I will proclaime
 Free liberty for all to take the spoile.

Con. Your highness shall be answerd presently,
 And I will see these articles performd.

King. Yet one thing more. I will that you, my
 Lord,

Together with the Duke of *Burgundy*,
 Do ere to-morrow noone, bring all your force,
 And joine with ours ; or else we doe recant,
 And these conditions shall be frustrate.

Con. Mine are at hand, my lord ; and I will
 write
 The Duke may likewise be in readinesse.

King. Let him haue safe-conduct through our
 army.

And, gainst the morning, euery leader see
 His troops be furnisht. For no longer time,
 God willing, the trial shall be deferred
 Twixt *Lewis* and vs. What echoing found is this ?

Sel. A gentleman from the King of *France*, my
 Lord,

Craues parlance with your Excellence.

King. A gentleman, bring him in.
 What news, a Gods name, from our brother *Lewis* ?

Enter Mugeroun.

Mug. Most puiffant and most honorable King,
My royall master, *Lewis*, the King of France,
Doth greeete your highnesse with vnfaigned loue,
Wifhing your health prosperity, and rule ;
And thus he fays by me : When was it feen
That euer *Lewis* pretended hurt to England,
Either by clofe conspirators sent ouer
To vndermine your flate, or openly
By taking arms with purpose to inuade ?
Nay, when was it that *Lewis* was euer heard
So much as to detract from *Edwards* name ?
But still hath done him all his due of speech,
By blazing to the world his high deferts
Of wifedom. valour, and his heroicke birth ?
Whence is it, then, that *Edward* is incensd
To render hate for loue, for amity stern war ?
Not of himfelfe, we know ; but by the means
Of some infectious counsell, that, like mudde
Would spoile the pure temper of his noble minde.
It is the Duke and that pernicious rebell,
Earl of *S. Paul*, haue fet abroach these warres,
Who of themfelues vnable to proceede,
Would make your Grace the instrument of wrong ;
And when you haue done what you can for them,
You shall be fure of nothing but of this,
Still to be doubled and diffembled with.
But if it might seeme gracious in your eie
To cast off these despisd confederates,
Vnfit companions for so greate a Prince,
And joine in league with *Lewis*, my royall maister,
Him shall you find as willing as of power
To do your grace all offices of loue.
And what commodity may spring thereby
To both the realmes, your Grace is wise enough,

Without my rude suggestions, to imagine.
 Besides, much bloodshed for this present time
 Will be prevented when two such personages
 Shall meete together to shake hands in peace,
 And not with shock of lance and curtel-axe.
 That *Lewis* is willing, I am his substitute ;
 And he himself in person, if you please,
 Not farre from hence, will signify as much.

King. Sir, withdraw, and giue vs leaue awhile
 To take aduifement of our counsellers.

What say ye, Lords, vnto this profferd truce ?

How. In my conceit, let it not be slipt, my
 Lord.

Sel. Will it not be dishonor, hauing landed
 So great an army in these parts of *France*,
 And not to fight before we do returne ?

How. How can it be, when the enemie submits,
 And of himself makes tender of allegiance ?

Sel. I, thats the question, whether he will yeeld,
 And do King *Edward* fealty or no ?

King. What talk ye, lords ? he shall subscribe to
 that ;

Or no condition Ile accept at all.

How. Let him be bound, my Lord, to pay your
 grace,

Toward your expences since your coming ouer,
 Seuentie-fue thousand crownes of the funne,
 And, yearely after, fifty thousand more,
 During your life, with homage therewithall,
 That he doth hold his roialtie from you ;
 And take his offer ; twill not be amisse.

King. It shall be so. Draw you the articles :
 And *Sellinger*, call forth the Messenger.
 Bring with thee, too, a cuppe of massie gould,
 And bid the bearer of our priuy purse
 Inclose therein a hundred English ryals.
 Friend we do accept thy maisters league,
 With no lesf firm affection then he craues ;

If he will meet vs here, betwixt our tents,
It shall on both sides be confirmd by oath,
On this condition, that he will subscribe
To certaine articles shall be proposed.
And so thou hast thy answer. To requite
Thy paines herein, we giue to thee this cuppe.

Mug. Health and increase of honour wait on *Edward.*

King. Lord *Howard* bring the Frenchman on his
way.

King *Lewis* is one that neuer was precise :
But nowe, Lord *Howard* and *Tom Sellinger*,
There is a taske remaines for you to do :
And that is this : you two shall be disguised,
And one of you repaire to *Burgundy*,
The other to the *Constable of France* ;
Where you shall learne in secret, if you can,
If they intend to meete vs heere to-morrow,
Or how they take this our accord with *France*.
Somewhat it giues me you will bring from thence
Worthy the noting. Will you vndertake it ?

Sel. With all my heart, my Lord. I am for *Burgundy.*

How. And I am for the *Constable of France.*

Exeunt.

King. Make speede againe. What newes ?

Mef. The King of *France*, my lord, attended
roially,

Is marching hitherward to meet your grace.

King. He shall be welcome. Hast thou drawne
the articles ?

Mef. Yes, my dread Soueraigne.

King. Go, call forth our traine,
We may receiue him with like maiestie.

*Enter certaine Noblemen and Soldiers, with drummes.
They march about the stage. Then enter King
Lewis and his traine, and meet with King Edward.
The Kings embrace.*

K. Lew. My princely brother, we are grieved
much

To thinke you haue been at so greate a charge,
And toild your royal selfe so far from home,
Vpon the vnconstant promise of those men
That doth dissembles with your Grace and me.

K. Ed. Brother of France, you might condemne
vs rightly,
Not onely of great wrongs and toils sustaind,
But of exceeding folly, if, incited,
We had presumd to enter these dominions
Vpon no other reason than the word
And weak assistance of the Earle S. *Paule*
Or *Burgundy's* persuasion. Tis our right
That wings the body of composed warre ;
And though we listend to their flatteries,
Yet so we shapd the course of our affaires,
As of ourselues we might be able found,
Without the trusting to a broken staffe.

K. Lew. I knowe your maiestie had more discre-
tion ;
But this is not the occasion of our meeting.
If you be pleasd to entertain a peace,
My kingly brother, in the sight of these,
And of the all-discouering eye of Heauen,
Let vs imbrace ; for as my life, I sweare
I tender *England* and your happinesse.

K. Ed. The like do I by you and warlike *France*.
But princely brother ere this knot be knit,
There are some few conditions to be signde.
That done I am as ready as yourself.

K. Lew. Faire brother, let vs hear them what they
be.

K. Ed. Herauld, repeate the articles.

Her. First it is couenanted that *Lewis* King of *France*, according to the custom of his predecessors, shall do homage to King *Edward*, King of *England*, as his Soueraign and true heire to all the dominions of *France*.

Bour. How as his Soueraign? That were to depose
And quite bereaue him of his diadem.
Will kingly *Lewis* stoope to such a vassallage?

K. Ed. *Bourbon*, and if he will not, let him chuse.

K. Lew. Brother, haue patience, *Bourbon*, seale your lips;
And interrupt not these high consequents.
Forward, herauld, what is else demanded?

Her. Secondly, it is couenanted that *Lewis*, King of *France*, shall pay vnto *Edward*, King of *England*, immediately upon the agreement betwixt their maiesties, seenty-fue thousand crowns of the sun, toward the charge King *Edward* hath been at since his arriual in these parts of *France*.

Bour. *Mort Dieu!* hele neither leaue him crowne nor coine.

K. Lew. *Bourbon* I say be silent, Herauld, reade on.

Her. Thirdly and lastly it is couenanted that, ouer and besides these seenty-fue thousand crownes of the sun now presently to be paid, *Lewis*, King of *France*, shall yearely heereafter, during the life of *Edward*, King of *England*, pay fifty thousand crownes more, without fraud or guile, to be tendered at his maiestys castle, commonly called the Towre of *London*.

Bour. Nay, bind him that he bring his lordship a couple of capons, too, euery year beside. Here is a peace, indeed, far worse then warre.

K. Ed. Brother of *France*, are you resold to do, According as you heare the couenants drawne?

K. Lew. Brother of *England*, mount your roial throne,

For subiects weale and glory of my God,
 And to deale iustly with the world beside,
 Knowing your title to be lineall
 From the great *Edward* of that name the *Third*,
 Your predecessor, thus I do resigne,
 Giuing my crowne and scepter to your hand,
 As an obedient liegeman to your Grace.

K. Ed. The same do I deliuer backe againe
 With as large interest as you had before.
 Now for the other couenants.

K. Lew. Those, my Lord,
 Shall likewise be performd with expedition ;
 And euer after, as you haue prescribd,
 The yearly pension shall be truely paid.

Her. Swear on this book, King *Lewis*, so helpe
 you God,
 You meane no otherwise then you haue said.

K. Lew. So helpe me God, as I dissembles not.

K. Ed. And so help he me, as I intend to keepe
 Vnfeigned league and truce with noble *France*.
 And, kingly brother, now to consummate
 This happy day, feast in our royall tent.
 English and French are one. So it is meant. *Exeunt.*

Enter at one doore, Burgundy, chafing, with him Sellinger, disguised like a Souldier: at another, the Constable of France, with him Howard, in the like disguise.

Bur. A peace concluded, faist thou? ist not so?

Sel. My lord, I do assure you, it is so.

Con. And thou affirmst the like: say, dost thou not?

How. I doe, my Lord, and that for certainty.

Bur. I haue found it now, the villaine Constable
 Hath secretly with *Edward* thus compact,
 To joine our King and him in amity,
 And thereby doubtlesse got into his hands
 Such lands and Dukedoms as I aimed at,

And leaues me difappointed in my hope.

A plague vpon fuch crafty cofening

Now fhall I be a mark for them to aim at,

And that vile flauē to triumph at my foil.

afide.

Con. Tis fo ; for it can be no otherwife.

Burgundy hath been priuy to this plot ;

Confpird with *Lewis* and the Englifh King,

To faue his owne ftake, and affure himfelf

Of all thofe feigneuries I hoped for ;

And thereupon this clofe peace is contriued.

Now muft the Conftable be as a butte

For all their bullets to be leuelld at.

Hell and hot vengeance light on *Burgundy*

For this his fubtile fecret villany.

Bur. Well, fellow, for thy pains, take that.

Leaue me alone ; for I am much difpleafed. *to Sel.*

Con. And get thee gone, my friend. There's for thy pains.

So leaue me to myfelf.

to How.

Sel. Fare ye well, fir ! I hope I haue pepperd ye.

How. And fo I thinke haue I my Conftable.

Exeunt Sel. and How.

Bur. Now, Conftable this peace, this peace ;
What think ye of it, man ?

Con. Nay, rather what thinks *Burgundy* ?

Cur. I thinke he that did contriue the fame
Was little leffe than a difsembling villaine.

Con. Dog, bite thyfelf, come on, come on,
Haue not you play'd John for the King,
To faue yourfelf, fir ?

Bur. I, art thou good at that ?
Adieu, fir I may chance to hit you pat.

Exit.

Con. You may, fir : I perhaps may be before ye,
And for this cunning through the nofe to bore ye.

Exeunt.

*Enter King Edward, King Lewis, Howard, Sellinger,
and their traine.*

K. Ed. So, *Sellinger* we then perceiue by thee

The Duke is passing angry at our league ?

Sel. I, my dread Lord ! beyond comparifon,
Like a mad dogge, fnatching at euey one
That paffeth by : fhall I but fhew you how,
And act the manner of his tragicke fury ?

K. Ed. No, ftay awhile. Methought I heard thee
fay

They meant to greet vs by their meffengers.

Sel. They did my Lord.

K. Ed. What, and the Conftable too ?

How. My foueraign, yes.

K. Ed. But how tooke he the newes ?

How. 'Faith, euen as difcontented as might be ;

But, being a more deep melancholifte,
And fullener of temper then the Duke,
He chawes his malice, fumes and frothes at mouth,
Vttering but little more then what we gather
By his difturbed looks and riuell'd front ;
Sauing that now and then his boiling paffion,
Damnd vp as in a furnace, finding vent,
Breaks through his feuerd lips into fhort puffs,
And then he mumbles forth a word or two,
As doth a toothlefse monke when hees at mattens.

K. Ed. Oh, it was fport alone to note their car-
riage.

Sel. Sport, my Lord ? will you but heare me
fpeake,

And if I do not wearie you with laughter,
Nere trust *Tom Sellinger* more vpon his word.

Sound a trumpet.

K. Ed. I pray thee, peace : by this it fhould
appeare

One of their meffengers is come. Go fee.
Vpon my life, we fhall haue fome deuife
Of new diffimulation. How now, *Tom* ?

Sel. Tis as your highneffe did fuppofe, my Lord.
Here is a meffenger from *Burgundy*.

K. Ed. Excellent good, admit him prefently :
And, brother of *France*, let me intreat your grace

To stand aside a little in my tent,
Least, finding vs together, he refraine
To tell the message he is sent about ;
So sure I am persuaded we shall find
Some notable piece of knauerie set afoote.

K. Lew. With all my hart. Urge him speak loud
inough,
That I, my Lord, may vnderstand him too. *Exit.*

Enter the Lord of Conte.

K. Ed. Fear not. I haue the method in my
mind.

What, is it you, my lord of *Conte* ? Welcome,
How doth the valiant Duke ? in health, I hope ?

Con. In health, my lord, of body, though in
mind
Somewhat distemper'd, that your grace hath joind
In league with his professed enemy.

K. Ed. How say you that, my lord ? pray you
speake out ;

For I, of late, by reason of a cold,
Am somewhat thicke of hearing.

Con. Thus, my Lord.
Your grace demanded if the Duke were well.
I answer you, he is in health of body,
Though inwardly, in mind, somewhat perplext
That you, without his knowledge, haue tane truce
With childish *Lewis*, hartles King of *France*.

K. Ed. With whom, I pray ye ? A little louder,
sir.

Conte. With childish *Lewis*, that heartles king of
France.

K. Ed. I now do vnderstand you. Is it that
He takes vnkindly ? Why, if hee had come
With his expected forces, as he promised,
I had been still incapable of peace ;
But he deceiuing me, the fault was his.

Con. No, my good lord, the fault was not in him,
But in that lewd pernicious counterfeit,

That crafty foxe, the Constable of *France*,
 Who counfeld him to keepe him at his siege,
 Saying it would be more dishonorable
 To rise from thence, then any way profitable
 To meet your maiestie. Beside my lord,
 It hath been proued since how much the Constable
 Hates your proceedings, by that wilfull shot
 Was made against you from *S. Quintins* walls,
 Which though he feemd to colour with faire speech,
 The truth is, they did leuel at your selfe,
 And griued when they heard you were not slaine.

K. Ed. May I be bold to credit your report?

Conte. The Duke, vpon his honour, bade me say
 That it was true; and therewithall, quoth he,
 Tell noble *Edward*, if he will recant,
 And fall from *Lewis* againe, knowing it is
 More for his dignity to be sole King,
 And conquer *France*, as did his ancestors,
 Then take a fee, and so be satisfied,
 That I am ready with twelue thousand soldiers,
 All well appointed, and not only will
 Deliuer him the Constable of *France*,
 That he may punish him as hee sees good,
 But feat him in the throne imperial,
 Which now another basely doth vsurpe.

K. Ed. Speake that againe: I heard not your last words.

Conte. But feat you in the throne imperial,
 Which now another basely doth vsurpe.

K. Ed. I thank his honour for his good regard.
 Pleaseth you stay till we haue paus'd vpon it,
 And you shall haue our answer to the Duke.

Tom Sellinger, receiue him to your tent,
 And let him taste a cup of Orleance wine.

Now, my kingly brother, haue you heard this news?

K. Lew. So plainely, my lord, that I scarce held
 myself

From stepping forth, hearing my royal name
 So much profande and slubberd as it was;

But I do weigh the person like himselfe,
From whence it came, a fly dissemler ;
And, spight my anger, I was forst sometime
To smile, to thinke the Duke doth hang his friend,
Behind his backe, whom to his face he smotheres.

K. Ed. But we shall haue farre better sport anon.

Howard tells me that another messenger
Is come in post haste from the Constable ;
As you haue begun, with patience heare the rest.

K. Lew. No more adoe. Ile to my place again.
Remember that you stil be deafe, my lord.

K. Ed. I warrant you. *Howard*, cal in the messenger.

Enter the Messenger from the Constable.

Mes. Health to the victorious King of *England*

K. Ed. Tell him he must straine out his voice
aloud ;

For I am somewhat deafe, and cannot heare.

How. His maiestie requests you to speake out,
Because his hearing is of late decaide.

Mes. The worthy Earle *S. Paul*.

K. Ed. Come neere mee.

Mes. The worthy Earle *S. Paul* greets noble
Edward,

And giues your grace to vnderstand by me,
That whereas *Charles*, that painted sepulchre,
And most disloyall Duke of *Burgundy*,
Hath but usurpt the habit of a friend,
Being in heart your deadly enemy,
As well appears in his false breach of promise,
And that whereas he neuer meant himselfe,
To send you aide, but likewise was the meanes
To hinder my lords well affected duty,
Alleading, you desire his company
But that you might betraie him to the King.
Beside, whereas it will be prou'd, my lord,
That he did hire the gunner of *S. Quintins*,

For a large sum of money, to discharge
 Three feueral pieces of great ordenance,
 Vpon your coming to that curfed town,
 To flay your maiestie : in which regard,
 If it will please you to reuoke from *France*,
 And think of *Burgundy* as he deserues,
 The Duke with expedition bad me say
 That he would put the Earle into your hands,
 Whereby you might reuenge his treacherous purpose,
 And aide you, too, with twife five thousand men,
 And feat you like a conquerour in *France*.

K. Ed. Can it seeme possible that two such
 friends,
 So firmly knit together as they were,
 Should on a suddaine now be such great foes ?

Mes. The Earle, my lord, could neuer abide the
 Duke,
 Since his last treason against your sacred person,
 Before S. *Quintins* came to open light.

K. Ed. Was that the cause of their dissention,
 then ?

Mes. It was, my lord.

K. Ed. Well, I will think vpont,
 And you shall haue our answere by and by.
 Cofin *Howard*, take him aside ;
 But let him be kept from the others fight.

How. Sir, will you walk in ? my lord will take
 aduice,
 And so despatch you backe againe vnto the Earle.

K. Lew. Here's vying of villany, who shall haue
 all,
 Fraud with deceit, deceit with fraud outfacede,
 I would the diuel were there to cry swoop-stake.
 But how intends your grace to deale with them ?

K. Ed. Faith in their kind. I am the steele you
 see,
 Against the which their enuy being strooke,
 The sparkles of hipocrisfe fly forth.
 Twere not amisse to quench them in their blood.

Enter another Messenger to the King of France, with letters.

Mef. My lord, here's letters to your maiestie ;
One from the Duke of *Burgundy*, the other
From the Constable.

K. Lew. More villany ! a thousand crowns to
nothing !

K. Ed. Can there be more than is already
broacht,
Methinks they haue already done so well,
As this may ferue to bring them both to hell.

K. Lew. No, no ; they are indifferently well
loden ;
But yet their fraughts not full. See other ware,
Other prouision to prepare their way.
The very fame, my lord, which they pretend,
In loue to you, against my life and crown,
The same they vndertake to do for me
Against your safety ; vrging, if I please,
That they will ioin their forces both with mine,
And in your back return to *Calice*, cut the throats
Of you and all your foldiers.

K. Ed. Oh damnable !
But that I see it figurde in these lines,
I would haue sworne there had been nothing
left
For their pernicious braine to worke vpon.

K. Lew. A traitors like a bold-facde hipo-
crite,
That neuer will be brought vnto a non-plus,
So long as he hath liberty to speake.

K. Ed. The way to cure them is to cut them
off.

Call forth their messengers once more to vs.

How. Both of them, my lord ?

K. Ed. Yes, both together.

Wele see if they haue grace to blush or no,
At that their masters shame now to attempt.

Enter both the Messengers.

Conte. What, is his maiesty of *France* so neere ?
And *Monfieur Roffe*, the Earles secretary ?
I feare some hurt depends vpon his prefence.

Mef. How comes it that I fee the French King
here ?

Ay, and the Lord of *Conte*, too, methinks.
Pray God our message be not made a scorne.

K. Ed. You told me that you came from Earle
S. Paul ?

Mef. I did, my lord ; and therein fabled not.

K. Ed. You told me, too, of many kind in-
deauours

Which he intended for our benefite ?

Mef. No more then he is willing to perform.

K. Ed. Know you his handwriting, if you feet.

Mef. I doe, my lord.

K. Ed. Is this his hand or no ?

Mef. I cannot fay but that it is his hand.

K. Ed. How comes it then that vnderneath his
hand

My death is fought, when you, that are his mouth,
Tune to our ears a quite contrary tale ?

The like read you decipherd in this paper
Concerning treacherous, wauering *Burgundy* :

Vnlesse you grant they can diuide themselues,
And of two shapes become foure substances,
How is it I should haue their knightly aide,
And yet by them be vtterly destroide ?

K. Lew. And I to be protected by their meanes,
And yet they shall conspire against my life ?

K. Ed. What call you this but vile hipocrisy ?

K. Lew. Nay pefant-like, vnheard-of treachery.

Conte. My lord, vpbraid not me with this
offence :

I do protest I knew of no such letters,
Nor any other intention of the Duke,
More then before was vtterd in my message.

Sel. Will you be halting too before a creeple?
Do you not remember what they were,
That first did certify the Duke of truce
Betwixt the renowned *Edward* and the French?

Conte. Yes, they were two soldiers; what of
that?

Sel. Those soldiers were this gentleman and I,
Where we did hear the foul-mouth'd Duke exclaim
Against our noble Soueraign and this prince,
And roarde and bellowd like a parish-bull,
And that in hearing both of you and him.
His words to please my lord I can repeat,
As he did speake them at the very time.

K. Ed. Well, they are messengers; and, for that
cause,
We are content to bear with their amisse;
But keepe them safe, and let them not returne,
To carry tales vnto those counterfeits,
Vntil you haue them both as fast inharde:
To compasse which the better, brother of *France*,
Fiue thousand of our soldiers here we leaue,
To be imploide in seruice to that end.
The rest with vs to England shall return.

Exit.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. King *Edward* is returned home to *Eng-
land*,
And *Lewis*, King of *France*, soon afterward
Surprized both his subtil enemies,
Rewarding them with traiterous recompence.
Now do we draw the curtain of our Scene,
To speake of *Shore* and his faire wife againe,
With other matters thereupon depending.
You must imagine since you saw him last
Preparde for trauaile, he hath been abroade,
And seene the fundry fashions of the world,
Vlysses-like, his countries loue at length,
Hoping his wiues death, and to see his friends,

Such as did sorrow for his great mishaps,
 Come home is hee ; but so vnluckily,
 As he is like to loofe his life thereby.
 His and her fortunes shall we now pursue,
 Gracde with your gentle sufferance and view. *Exit.*

Enter mistress Shore with Jocky her Man, and some Attendants more, and is met by Sir Robert Brackenburie.

Fane. Haue ye bestowd our small beneuolence
 On the poore prisioners in the common gaol
 Of the White Lion and the Kings Bench ?

Jocky. Yes, forsooth ?

Fane. What prisons this ?

Jocky. The Marshalsea, forsooth !

Enter Sir Robert Brackenbury.

Bra. Well met, faire lady in the happiest time
 And choifest place that my desire could wish.
 Without offence, where haue ye beene this way ?

Fane. To take the aire here, in Saint Georges field,

Sir Robert Brackenbury, and to visit some
 Poore patients that cannot visit me.

Bra. Are you a phyfition ?

Fane. I, a simple one.

Bra. What disease cure yee ?

Fane. Faith, none perfectly.

My physicke doth but mitigate the paine
 A little while, and then it comes againe.

Bra. Sweet mistress *Shore*, I vnderstand ye not.

Fane. Maister Lieutenant, I belieue you well.

Jocky. Gude faith, Sir *Robert Brobenbelly*, may maistress speaks deftly and truly ; for she hes been till see those that cannot come till see her ; and theyes peatients perforce. The prisioners, man, in the twea

prisons. And she hes gynne tham her filler and her geer till bay them fude.

Bra. Gramercies, *Focky*, thou resoluft my doubt.
A comfort-miniftring, kind phyfition,
That once a week in her owne perfon vifits
The prifoners and the poore in hofpitals,
In *London* or neere *London* euery way ;
Whofe purfe is open to the hungry foule ;
Whofe piteous heart faues many a tall mans life.

Fane. Peace, good Sir *Robert*, tis not worthy
praise,
Nor yet worth thanks, that is of duty done.
For you know well, the world doth know too well,
That all the coals of my poor charity
Cannot confume the fcandall of my name.
What remedy ? well, tel me, gentle knight,
What meant your kind falute and gentle fpeech
At your firft meeting, when you feemde to bleffe
The time and place of our encounter heere ?

Bra. Lady, there lies here prifonde in the *Mar-
shalfea*,
A gentleman of good parents and good difcent,
My deare, neare kinfman, Captaine *Harrie Stran-
guidge*,
As tall a skilfull nauigator tride
As ere fet foote in any fhip at fea,
Whofe lucke it was to take a prize of *France*,
As he from *Rocheil* was for *London* bound ;
For which (except his pardon be obtain'd
By fome especiall favorite of the King)
He and his crew, a company of proper men,
Are fure to die, becaufe twas fince the league.

Fane. Let me fee him and all his company.

Bra. Keeper, bring forth the Captain and his
crew.

*Enter Keeper, Stranguidge, Shore disguised, and three
more fettered.*

Focky. Now, fay oth deel, that fike bonny men

And be hampert like plu-jades. Waes me for ye, gude lads.

Bra. I, cofin *Harry*! this is mistris *Shore*,
Peerlesse in court, for beautie, bountie, pittie!

Jane *views them all.*

And if she cannot faue thee, thou must die.

Stran. Will she, if she can?

Bra. I, cofin *Stranguidge*, I.

Shore. aside. Oh, torment worse than death, to see
her face,

That cauld her shame and my vnjust disgrace!

O, that our mutual eyes were basiliske

To kill each other at this enterview.

Bra. How like ye him, lady? you haue viewed
him well.

Jane. I pity him, and that same proper man
That turnes his backe, ashamd of this distresse.

Shore. Asham'd of thee, cause of my heauineffe.

Jane. And all the rest. Oh were the King re-
turn'd,

There might be hope; but, ere his comming home,
They may be tried, condemnd, and judgd, and dead.

Shore. I am condemn'd by sentence of defame,

aside.

O, were I dead, I might not see my shame!

Bra. Your credit, lady, may prolong their triall.
What judge is he that will giue you deniall?

Jane. Ile rack my credit, and will lanch my
crownes,

To faue their liues, if they haue done no murther.

Shore. Oh, thou hast crack'd thy credit with a
crowne,

And murderd me, poore *Matthew Shore*, aliue! *aside.*

Stran. Faire lady, we did shed no drop of bloud,
Nor cast one Frenchman ouerbord, and yet,
Because the league was made before the fact,
Which we poor seamen God knows neuer heard,
We doubt our liues; yea, though we should restore
Treble the value that we tooke and more.

Twas lawfull prize when I put out to sea,
And warranted in my commiffion.
The kings are fince combind in amity
(Long may it laft) and I vnwittingly
Haue tooke a Frenchman fince the truce was tane,
And if I die, *via*, one day I muft.
And God will pardon all my fins, I truft.
My grief will be for thefe poore harmleffe men,
Who thought my warrant might fuborn the deed ;
Chiefly that gentleman that ftands fadly there,
Who (on my foule) was but a paffenger.

Fane. Well, Captain *Stranguidge*, were the king at
home,
I could fay more.

Stran. Lady, hees come afhore.
Laft night at *Douer*, my boy came from thence,
And faw his highneffe land.

Fane. Then courage fir
Ile vfe my faireft meanes to faue your liues.
In the meane feafon, fpend that for my fake.
casts her purfe.

*Enter Lord Marquesse Dorfet, and claps her on the
Shoulder.*

Mar. By your leaue, miftris *Shore*, I haue taken
paines
To find you out. Come, you muft go with me.

Fane. Whither, my lord ?

Mar. Vnto the Queene, my mother.

Fane. Good my lord *Marquesse Dorfet*, wrong me
not.

Mar. I cannot wrong thee, as thou wrongft my
mother,
Ile bring thee to her. Let her vfe her pleasure.

Fane. Against my will I wrong her good my
lord,
Yet am afhamed to fee her maiefty.
Sweet lord, excufe me. Say ye faw me not.

Mar. Shall I delude my mother for a whore?
No, mistress *Shore*, ye must go to the Queene.

Fane. Must I, my lord? what will she do to me?
Vse violence on me, now the Kings away?
Alas, my lord, behold this showr of tears,
Which kinde King *Edward* would compaffionate.
Bring me not to her: she will flit my nose,
Or mark my face, or spurn me vnto death.
Look on me lord! Can you find in your heart
To haue me spoil'd that neuer thought you harme?
Oh, rather with your rapier run me through,
Then carry me to the displeas'd Queene.

Shore. Oh, hadst thou neuer broke thy vow to
me,
From feare and wrong had I defended thee.

Mar. I am inexorable. Therefore arise,
And go with me. What rascall crue is this?
Mistress *Shores* futors? such slaues make her proud.
What, Sir *Robert Brackenbury*! you a *Shorist* too?

Bra. No *Shorist*, but to saue my cofins life.

Mar. Then Ile be hangd if he escape, for this;
The rather for your meanes to mistress *Shore*.
My mother can do nothing; this whore all.
Come away, minion you shall prate no more.

Fane. Pray for me, friends; and I will pray for
you.

God fend you better hap then I expect;
Go to my lodging, you; and, if I perish,
Take what is there in lieu of your true seruice.

Fock. Na! a maye sale aye nere forsake my gude
maistress, till aye ha seen tha worst that spight can du
her.

Exeunt Marquesse and Jane, and theirs.

Shore. For all the wrong that thou hast done to
me,

They should not hurt thee yet if I were free.

Bra. See, cousin *Stranguidge*, how the case is
changed,
She that could help thee cannot help herselfe.

Stran. What remedy? the God of heauen helps
all.

What say ye mates? our hope of life is dasht.
Now none but God, lets put our trust in him,
And euery man repent him of his sinne,
And as together we haue liude like men,
So like tall men together let vs die.
The best is, if we dye for this offence,
Our ignorance shall plead our innocence.

Keeper. Your meat is ready, Captain; you must
in.

Stran. Must I? I will. Cofin, what will you
do?

Bra. Visit you soone; but now I will to Court,
To see what shall become of mistris *Shore*.

Stran. God speede ye well.

Keeper. Come, sir, will you goe in?

Shore. Ile eate no meat. Giue me leaue to walk
here.

Exeunt omnes præter Shore.

Am I not left alone? No; millions
Of miseries attend me euery where:
Ah, *Matthew Shore*, how doth all-seeing Heauen
Punish some sinne from thy blind conscience hid!
Infllicting paine where all thy pleasure was;
And by my wife came all these woes to passe.
She falsde her faith, and brake her wedlocks band:
Her honour falln, how could my credit stand?
Yet will not I, poore *Jane*, on thee exclaim.
Though guilty thou, I guiltlesse suffer shame.
I left this land, too little for my griefe;
Returning, am accounted as a theefe,
Who in that ship came for a passenger
To see my friends, hoping the death of her;
At sight of whom some sparks of former loue
(Hid in affections ashes) pity mooued,
Kindling compassion in my broken heart,
That bleeds to thinke on her insuing smart.

O, fee weake womens imperfections,
 That leaue their husbands safe protections,
 Hazarding all on strangers flatteries,
 Whose lust allaid, leaues them to miseries.
 See what dishonour breach of wedlock brings,
 Which is not safe, euen in the arms of kings.
 Thus do I *Fane* lament thy present state,
 Wishing my teares thy torments might abate. *Exit.*

Enter the Queene, Marquesse Dorset leading mistris Shore, who falls downe on her knees before the Queene fearefull and weeping.

Queen. Now as I am a queene, a goodly creature,
 Son, how was shee attended, where you found her?

Mar. Madame I found her at the *Marshalsea*,
 Going to visit the poore prisoners,
 As she came by, hauing been to take the aire ;
 And there the keeper told me she oft deales
 Such bounteous almes as feldom hath been seene.

Queen. Now, before God ! she would make a gal-
 lant Queene.

But, good son *Dorset*, stand aside awhile.
 God saue your Majesty, my Lady *Shore*.
 My Lady *Shore*, said I ? Oh blasphemy,
 To wrong your title with a ladies name !
 Queene *Shore*, nay rather *Empresse Shore* !
 God saue your grace, your maiesty, your highnes
 Lord I want titles you must pardon me ?
 What ? you kneel there ? King *Edwards* bed-
 fellow,

And I, your subiect, sit ? fie, fie for shame.
 Come take your place ; and ile kneel where you do.
 I may take your place : you may take mine.
 Good lord, that you will so debase yourself !
 I am sure, you are our sister queene at least :
 Nay, that you are. Then let vs sit together.

Jane. Great queene yet heare me, if my sinne
committed

Haue not stopt vp all passage to your mercie.
To tell the wrongs that I haue done your highnes,
Might make reuenge exceed extremity.
Oh, had I words or tongue to vtter it,
To plead my womans weaknesse, and his strength,
That was the onely worker of my fall,
Euen Innocence herselfe would blush for shame,
Once to be namde or spoken of in this.
Let them expect for mercy whose offence
May but be called sinne. Oh mine is more.
Prostrate as earth before your highnesse feete,
Insiect what torments you shall thinke most meete.

Mar. Spurn the whore, (mother) teare those entic-
ing eies,
That robd you of King *Edwards* dearest loue.
Mangle those locks, the baits to his desires,
Let me come to her : you but stand and talke,
As if reuenge consisted but in words.

Queen. Son ! stand aloofe, and do not trouble
me.

Alas, poor soule as much adoe haue I *Aside.*
To forbear teares to keepe her company.
Yet once more will I to my former humor.
Why, as I am, thinke that thou wert a queen ;
And I as thou should wrong thy princely bed,
And win the King thy husband, as thou mine ?
Would it not sting thy soule ? Or if that I,
Being a queene, while thou didst loue thy husband,
Should but haue done as thou hast done to me,
Would it not grieue thee ? Yes, I warrant thee.
Ther's not the meanest woman that doth liue,
But if she like and loue her husband well,
She had rather feele his warme limmes in her bed
Then see him in the armes of any queene.
You are flesh and blood as we, and we as you,
And all alike in our affections,
Though maiesty makes vs the more ambitious.

What tis to fall into so great a hand,
 Knowledge might teach thee. There was once a
 king,

Henry the Second, who did keep his lemman
 Cag'd vp at *Woodstocke* in a labyrinth :
 His queen yet got a tricke to finde her out ;
 And how she vſde her, I am ſure thou haſt heard.
 Thou art not mewde vp in ſome ſecret place ;
 But kept in court here vnderneath my noſe.
 Now, in the abſence of my lord the King,
 Haue I not time moſt fitting for reuenge ?
 Faire *Rofamond*, ſhe a pure virgin was,
 Vntill the king ſeduc'd her to his will.
 She wrongd but one bed ; only the angry Queens ;
 But thou haſt wronged two ; mine and thy hus-
 bands.

Be thine own iudge, and now in iuſtice ſee
 What due reuenge I ought to take on thee.

Fane. Eun what you will (great queene) here do
 I lie,

Humble and proſtrate at your highneſſe feete ;
 Inſlic't on me what may reuenge your wrong :
 Was neuer lambe abode more patiently
 Then I will do. Call all your griefes to minde ;
 And do euen what you will, or how likes you,
 I will not ſtirre I will not ſhrike or cry,
 Be it torture, poiſon, any puniſhment,
 Was neuer doue or turtle more ſubmiſs,
 Then I will be vnto your chaſtiſement.

Mar. Fetcht I her for this ? mother, let me come
 to her ;

And what compaſſion will not ſuffer you
 To do to her, referre the ſame to me.

Queen. Touch her not ſon, vpon thy life I charge
 thee !

But keepe of ſtill, if thou wilt haue my loue.

Exit Marquis.

I am glad to heare ye are ſo well reſolude,
 To beare the burthen of my iuſt diſpleaſure.

She drawes forth a knife, and making as though she meant to spoile her face, runs to her, and falling on her knees, embraces and kisses her, casting away the knife.

Thus, then, Ile do. Alas, poor soul !
 Shall I weep with thee ? in faith, poor heart, I will.
 Be of good comfort : thou shalt haue no harm ;
 But if that kisses haue the power to kill thee,
 Thus, thus, and thus, a thousand times Ile stab
 thee.

Fane, I forgiue thee. What fort is so strong,
 But, with besieging, he will batter it ?
 Weep not (sweet *Fane*) alas, I know thy sex,
 Tought with the self-same weaknes that thou art :
 And if my state had beene as meane as thine,
 And such a beauty to allure his eye
 (Though I may promise much to mine owne strength),
 What might haue hapt to mee I cannot tell.
 Nay feare not ; for I speak it with my heart,
 And in thy sorrow truly beare a part.

Fane. Most high and mighty Queene, may I be-
 lieue

There can be found such mercy in a woman ?
 And in a queene, more then in a wife,
 So deeply wrongd as I haue wronged you ?
 In this bright christal mirror of your mercy,
 I see the greatnesse of my sinne the more,
 And makes my fault more odious in mine eyes.
 Your princely pity now doth wound me more
 Than all your threatnings euer did before.

Queen. Rife, my sweet *Fane* I say thou shalt not
 kneele

Oh God forbid that *Edwards* queene should hate
 Her, whom she knowes he doth so dearely loue.
 My loue to her, may purchase me his loue.

Fane, speak well vnto the King of me and mine ;
 Remember not my sons ore-hasty speech ;
 Thou art my sister, and I loue thee so.

I know thou maiest do much with my deare lord.
 Speak well of vs to him in any case,
 And I and mine will loue and cherish thee.

Jane. All I can do is all too little too,
 But to requite the least part of this grace.
 The dearest thoughts that harbour in this brest
 Shall in your seruice onely be exprest.

*Enter King Edward angerly, his Lords following, and
 Sir Robert Brackenburie.*

King. What, is my *Jane* with her? It is to true.
 See where she hath her downe vpon her knees!
 Why, how now *Besse*? what, will you wrong my

Jane?
 Come hither, love! what hath she done to thee?

Jane falls on her knees to the King.

Jane. Oh, royall *Edward*! loue, loue thy beauteous
 Queen
 The onely perfect mirrouer of her kind,
 For all the choifest vertues can be named!
 Oh, let not my bewitching lookes withdraw
 Your deare affections from your dearer queene!
 But to requite the grace that she hath showne,
 To me, the worthlesse creature on this earth.
 To banish me the Court immediately.
 Great King let me but beg one boone of thee,
 That *Shores* wife ne'er do her more iniury!

*As Jane kneels on one side the King, so the
 Queene steps and kneeles on the other.*

Queen. Nay, then, Ile beg against her, royal *Ed-
 ward*
 Loue thy *Jane* still; nay more, if more may be;
kissing her.

And this is all the harm that at my hands
 She shall indure for it. Oh where my *Edward*
 loues.
 It ill befemes his Queene to grudge thereat.

King. Say'st thou me so, *Besse?* on my kingly word,

Edward will honour thee in heart for this.

But, trust me, *Besse*, I greatly was afraid

I should not finde ye in so good a tune.

How now, what would our Constable of the *Tower?*

Bra. The Queen and mistress *Shore* do know my suit.

Queen. It is for *Stranguidge* and his men at sea.

Edward, needs must you pardon them.

King. Haue I not vowd the contrary already?

Dishonour me, when I haue made a league?

My word is past, and they shall suffer death;

Or neuer more let me see *France* againe.

Jane. Why, there is one was but a passenger.
Shall he die too?

King. Passe me no passage, *Jane.*

Were he in company, he dies for company.

Queen. Good *Jane*, intreat for them.

Jane. Come *Edward*, I must not take this answer.
Needs must I haue some grace for *Stranguidge.*

King. Why *Jane*, haue I not denide my Queene?

Yet what ist, *Jane*, I would deny to thee?

I prithee, *Brackenbury*, be not thou displeasde:

My word is past. Not one of them shall liue.

One, go and see them forthwith sent to death.

Exeunt.

Enter Clarence, Gloster, and Shaw.

Gloster. I cannot see this prophecy you speake of
Should any way so much displease the King;
And yet I promise you good brother *Clarence*,
Tis such a letter as concerns vs both.

That G. should put away King *Edwards* children,
And sit vpon his throne! that G. should? well.

Cl. God blefs the King and those two sweet young
princes.

Gloft. Amen, good brother *Clarence*.

Shaw. Amen.

Gloft. And fend them all to Heauen shortly, I beseech him.

Cla. The Kings much troubled, in his sicknes, with it.

Gloft. I promise you he is, and very much. But, Doctor *Shaw*, who prophesied that G. Should be so fadly ominous to vs?

Shaw. My lord of Gloster, I receiued the same From old Frier Anfelme of S. *Bartholmews*.

Gloft. A great learnd man he was ; and, as I haue heard,
Hath prophesied of very many things :
I promise you, it troubles me.

I hope, in me his prophesy is true.

aside.

Clar. And so it does me, I tell you, brother

Gloster.

Gloft. I am sure it does, for, look you, brother
Clarence,

We know not how his highnes will apply it :

We are but two, yourself my lord, and I.

Should the yong princes faile which God defend.

Clar. Which God defend

D. Shaw. Which God defend.

Gloft. aside. But they should be cut off. Amen,
amen.

You brother, first, and should your issue faile,

Poor I am next, the yongest of the three.

But how far I am from a thought of that,

Heau'n witness with me that I wish you dead. *aside.*

Clar. Brother I durst be sworne.

Gloft. God blesse you all !

And take you to him, if it be his will !

Now, brother, this prophesie of G. troubling the
King,

He may as well apply it vnto *Gloster,*

My dukedoms name, if he be iealous,

As vnto *George*, your name, good brother *Clarence*.
God help, God help, i'faith it troubles me,
You would not think how: *aside* that any of you
liue.

Clar. It cannot chuse: how innocent I am,
And how vnspotted are my loyall thoughts
Vnto his highnes and those sweete yong princes,
God be my record.

Gloft. Who, you? I, I durst answer for you,
That I shall cut you off ere it be long. *aside.*
But, reuerend doctour, you can onely tell,
Being his highnes confessor, how he takes it.

Shaw, you know my mind, a villaine like myself.
aside to Shaw.

Shaw. My lord of *Clarence*, I must tell your lord-
ship,
His highnes is much troubled in his sicknes
With this fame prophecy of *G.* Who is this *G*?
Oft-times he will demaund; then will he sigh,
And name his brother *George*, yourself, my lord,
And then he strikes his breast, I promise you.
This morning, in the extreamest of his fit,
He lay so still, we all thought he had slept,
When suddenly, *George* is the *G.* quoth he,
And gaue a groane, and turnd his face away.

Clar. God be my witnesse, witnesse with my
soule,
My iust and vpright thoughts to him and his,
I stand so guiltlesse and so innocent,
As I could wish my breast to be transparent,
And my thoughts written in great letters there,
The world might reade the secrets of my soule.

Gloft. Ah brother *Clarence*, when you are sus-
pected

Well, well, it is a wicked world the while:
But shal I tell you, brother, in plaine tearms,
I feare yourselfe and I haue enemies
About the King, God pardon them,

The world was neuer worfer to be trusted.
 Ah brother *George*, where is that loue that was ?
 Ah it is banisht, brother, from the world.
 Ah, conscience, conscience, and true brotherhood,
 Tis gone, tis gone. Brother, I am your friend,
 I am your louing brother, your own selfe,
 And loue you as my soule ; vse me in what you please,
 And you shall see Ile do a brothers part,
 Send you to Heaun, I hope, ere it be long : *aside.*
 I am a true-stampt villaine as euer liued.

Clar. I know you will. Then, brother, I beseech
 you,
 Plead you mine innocence vnto the King,
 And in meane time, to tell my loyalty,
 Ile keep within my house at *Bainards Castle*,
 Vntil I heare how my dread foueraign takes it.

Gloft. Do so, good brother.

Clar. Farewel, good brother *Gloster*.

Gloft. My teares will scarcely let me take my
 leaue,

I loue you so : farewell, sweet *George*. *Exit Clar.*
 So, is he gone ? now *Shaw* tis in thy power
 To bind me to thee euerlastingly,
 And there is not one step that I shall rise,
 But I will draw thee with me vnto greatnesse.
 Thou shalt fit in my bosome as my soule.
 Incense the King, now being as thou art,
 So neare about him, and his confessor,
 That this *G.* onely is *George*, Duke of *Clarence*.
 Doctour, thou need'st not my instruction ;
 Thou hast a searching braine, a nimble spirit,
 Able to master any mans affections.
 Effect it, *Shaw*, and bring it to pass once,
 Ile make thee the greatest *Shaw* that euer was.

Shaw. My lord, I am going by commandement
 Vnto the *Marshalsea*, to Captain *Stranguidge*,
 For piracy of late condemnd to die,
 There to confesse him and his company ;

That done, Ile come with speed backe to the
King,

And make no doubt but ile effect the thing.

Gloſt. Farewell, gentle Doctōr.

Shaw. Farewell, my lord of *Gloſter.* *Exit.*

Gloſt. Let me awake my ſleeping wits awhile.

Ha, the marke thou aimſt at, *Richard*, is a crowne,
And many ſtand betwixt thee and the ſame.

What of all that? Doctōr play thou thy part:

Ile climbe vp by degrees, through many a heart. *Exit.*

Enter Brackenburie with Vaux the Keeper.

Bra. Why, maſter *Vaux*, is there no remedy?
But inſtanſtly they muſt be led to death?
Can it not be deferrd till afternoon,
Or but two hours, in hope to get reſprie?

Keeper. Maſter Lieutenant, tis in vaine to ſpeake:
The Kings incenſd, and will not pardon them.
The men are patient, and reſolute to die;
The Captaine and that other gentleman
Haue caſt the dice whether ſhall ſuffer firſt.

Bra. How fell the lot, to *Stranguidge* or to
him?

Keeper. The guiltleſſe paſſenger muſt firſt go toot.

Bra. They are all guiltleſſe from intent of ill.

Keeper. And yet muſt die for doing of the deed.
Beſides, the Duke of *Exeter* found dead,
And naked, floating vp and down the ſea,
Twixt *Calice* and our coaſt, is laide to them,
That they ſhould rob and caſt him ouerboard.

Bra. My ſoule ſhall be pawne, they neuer knew
of it.

Keeper. Well bring them forth.

Bra. Stay them yet but an houre.

Keeper. I dare not doe it, Sir *Robert Bracken-*
bury:

You are Lieutenant of the *Tower* yourſelfe,
And know the peril of protracting time:

Moreouer heres that pickthank, Doct^r *Shaw*,
The Duke of *Glosters* spaniel, shriuing them.
Come, bring them forth.

Bra. Poor *Stranguidge*, must thou die ?

*Enter one bearing a siluer oare before Stranguidge,
Shore, and two or three more pinioned, and two or
three with bills and a hangman.*

Bra. stil. I dare not say good morrow, but ill day,
That *Harry Stranguidge* is thus cast away.

Stran. Good coufin *Brackenbury*, be as well
content

To see me die, as I to suffer death.
Be witness that I die an honest man,
Because my fact proues ill through ignorance ;
And for the Duke of *Exeter* his death,
So speed my soul as I am innocent.
Here goes my grief, this guiltless gentleman,
Like *Aesops* stork, that dies for company,
And came (God knows) but as a passenger.
Ah master *Flud*, a thousand floods of woe
Ore-flow my soul that thou must perish so.

Shore. Good Captaine, let no perturbation
Hinder our passage to a better world.
This last breaths blast will waft our weary souls
Ouer deaths gulf, to heauens most happy port,
There is a little battle to be fought,

*The while the Hangman prepares, Shore at this speech
mounts vp the ladder.*

Wherein by lot the leading must be mine.
Second me, Captaine, and this bitter breakfast
Shall bring a sweeter supper with the Saints.

Shaw. This Christian patience, at the point of
death,

Doth argue he hath led no wicked life,
How euer Heauen hath laide this cross on him.
Well, *Matthew Flud* for so thou call'st thyself,

Finish a good course as thou hast begun,
And clear thy conscience by confession.
What know'st thou of the Duke of *Exeters* death ?

Shore. So God respect the waygate of my foule,
As I know nothing.

Shaw. Then concerning this
For which thou diest, knew *Stranguidge* of the league
Betwixt the kings before he took that prize ?

Shore. No, in my conscience.

Shaw. *Stranguidge*, what say you ?
You see theres but a turn betwixt your liues ;
You must be next : confesse, and faue your foule,
Concerning that wherein I question'd him.
I am your ghostly father, to absolue
You of your sins, if you confesse the truth.

Stran. True, D. *Shaw*, and, .as I hope for
heauen,
In that great day when we shall all appeare,
I neither knew how that good Duke came dead,
Nor of the league, til I had tane the prize.
Neither was *Flud* (that innocent dying man)
Euer with me but as a passenger.

Shaw. More happy he. Well, *Flud*, forgiue the
world,
As thou wilt haue forgiuenesse from the heauens.

Shore. O so I do, and pray the world forgiue
What wrong I did whilst I therein did liue ;
And now I pray you turne your paines to them,
And leaue me priuate for a little space
To meditate vpon my parting hence.

Shaw. Do, gentle *Flud*, and we will pray for
thee.

Shore. Pray not for *Flud*, but pray for *Matthew
Shore* ;

For *Shore* couered with the cloak of *Flud*.
If I haue sinned in changing of my name,
Forgiue me, God, twas done to hide my shame.
And I forgiue the world, King *Edward* first,
That wrackt my state, by winning of my wife ;

And though he would not pardon trespass small
 In these, in me God knowes no fault at all,
 I pardon him, though guilty of my fall.
 Perhaps he would, if he had knowne twas I ;
 But twenty deaths I rather wish to die,
 Than liue beholding for one minutes breath
 To him, that liuing, wounded me with death.
 Death of my joy, and hell of my defame,
 Which now shall die vnder this borrow'd name.
Fane, God forgiue thee, euen as I forgiue ;
 And pray thou maist repent while thou dost liue.
 I am as glad to leaue this loathed light,
 As to embrace thee on our marriage-night.
 To die vnknown thus is my greatest good,
 That *Matthew Shores* not hanged, but *Matthew*
Floud ;
 For flouds of woe haue wafhd away the shore
 That neuer wife no kin shall looke on more.
 Now, when you will, I am prepar'd to go.

Enter Jocky running and crying.

Jocky. Haud, haud ! fay for speed ! vntaye, vn-
 truffe, pull downe, pull off ! God feaue the King !
 off with the helters ! hence with the prifoners ! a par-
 don, a pardon !

Bra. Good news, vnlookt for ! Welcome, gen-
 tle friend,

Who brings the pardon ?

Jocky. Stay, first let ma blaw ! my maistrefs, maif-
 trefs *Shore*, shee brings tha pardon, tha Kings par-
 donne : Off with those bands ! bestow them o' tha
 hangman ! May maistrefs made me run the nearest
 way ore tha fields. She raids a pace the hee way.
 She's at hand bay this. Sirrah, ye that preach, come
 down. Let Doctor *Shaw* ha your place : hees tha
 better scholar. Maistrefs *Shore* brings a new lesson
 for you.

Shore. O I had read my latest lesson well,

Had he been ready to haue said *Amen*.

point to the hangman.

Now shall I liue to see my shame agen.

Shoare comes down.

Oh, had I dide vnwitting to my wife,

Rather than see her, though she bring me life.

Enter Jane, in haste, in her riding-cloak and saue-guard, with a pardon in her hand.

Jane. Alas I see that eu'n my smallest stay
Had lost my labour, and cast them away,
God knows, I hasted all that ere I might.
Here, Master *Vaux*, King *Edward* greets ye well :
His gracious pardon frees this gentleman,
And all his company, from shameful death.

All. God saue the King, and God blefs Mistres
Shore.

Focky. Amen ; and keep these fra coming here
any mair.

Jane. You must discharge them, paying of their
fees,

Which for I fear their store is very small,
I will defray. Hold, here, take purse and all,
Nay, master *Vaux*, tis gold ; if not enough,
Send to me : I will pay you royally.

Stran. Lady, in behalf of all the rest,
With humble thanks I yeeld myself your slaue.
Command their seruice and command my life.

Jane. No, Captain *Stranguidge* ; let the King
command

Your liues and seruice, who hath giuen you life.
These and such offices conscience bids me doe.

Shaw. Pity that ere awry she trod her shoe.

Shore. O had that conscience prickt when loue
prouokt.

Bra. Lady the last but not the least in debt,
To your deuotion for my cousins life,
I render thanks : yet thanks is but a breath,

Command me, madam, during life.
 Old *Brackenbury* vows for you to stand
 Whilst I haue limbs or any foot of land.

Shore. Thus is her glory builded on the sand.

Fane. Thanks, good Master Lieutenant of the
 Tower.

Sirra, prepare my horse : why stay you
 here ? (To Joc.)

Pray ye, commend me to my noble friend
 The Duke of *Clarence*, now your prisoner :
 Bid him not doubt the Kings displeasures past,
 I hope to gain him fauour and release.

Bra. God grant ye may, he's a noble gentle-
 man.

Shaw. My patron *Gloster* will crosse it if he can.
Exit.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Where's mistress *Shore*? Lady, I come in
 post.

The King hath had a very dangerous fit
 Since you came from him. Twice his maiesty
 Hath fswounded, and with much ado reuiued ;
 And still, as breath will giue him leaue to speak,
 He calls for you. The Queene and all the lords
 Haue sent to seeke ye : haste vnto his grace,
 Or else I fear youle neuer see his face.

Fane. O God defend, good friends, pray for the
 King.

More bitter are the newes which he doth bring,
 Than those were sweet I brought to you but late :
 If *Edward* die, confounded is my state.
 Ile haste vnto him, and will spend my blood
 To saue his life, or to him any good.

Exeunt she and the Messenger.

Shore. And so would I for thee, hadst thou bene
 true :
 But if he die, bid all thy pompe adieu.

Bra. Beleeue me, but I do not like these newes
Of the Kings dangerous sickness.

Keeper. No, nor I.

Captain and Master *Fludde*, and all the rest,
I do reioice your pardon was obtained
Before these newes, these inauspicious news :
If the King die, the state will soon be changed.
Master Lieutenant ! youle go to the *Tower*.
Ile take my leaue. Gallants, God buoye all.

Exeunt Vaux and his traine.

Stran. God buoye, Master Vaux ! I was ye ha'
lost good guests.

Bra. You shall be my guest for a night or two,
Cousin, till your own lodging be prepared.
But, tell me, fir, what meanes hath master *Fludde*.

Strang. I cannot tell : Ile ask him if ye will.

Bra. Do so ; and if his fortunes be debasde,
Ile entertaine him, if hele dwell with me,
On good codition.

Stran. Master *Matthew Flood*,
Hear ye my cofin *Brackenburies* mind ?
He hath conceiud such liking of your parts,
That if your means surmount not his suppose,
Hele entertain ye gladly at the *Tower*
To wait on him, and put ye in great trust.

Shore. In what I vndertake, I will be just,
And hold me happy, if my diligence
May please so worthy a gentleman as he.
Whater my fortunes haue been, they are now
Such as to seruice make their maister bow.

Bra. No, *Flood*, more like a friend and fellow-
mate
I mean to vse thee, then a seruitor,
And place thee in some credit in the *Tower*,
And giue thee means to liue in some good fort.

Shore. I thanke ye, fir. God grant I may deserue
it.

Bra. Cousin, and all your crue, come home with
me,

Where after sorrow we may merry be.

Shore. The *Tower* will be a place of secret rest,
Where I may heare good newes and bad, and vse
the best.

God blefs the King a worse may weare the crowne ;
And then, *Fane Shore*, thy credit will come downe.

For though Ile neuer bed nor bord with thee,
Yet thy destruction wish I not to see :
Because I loude thee when thou wast my wife,
Not for now sauing my disdained life,
Which lasts too long. God grant vs both to mend,
Well I must in my seruice to attend. *Exit.*

*The Lord Louell and Doctor Shaw meet on the
stage.*

Shaw. Well met, my good lord *Louell*.

Lou. Whither away so fast goes Doctor *Shaw* ?

Shaw. Why, to the *Tower*, to shriue the Duke of
Clarence,

Who as I hear is falln so grievous sick,
As it is thought he can by no means scape.

Lou. He neither can nor shall, I warrant thee.

Shaw. I hope my lord he is not dead already.

Lou. But I hope fir he is : I am sure I saw him
dead,

Of a flies death ; drownd in a butte of *Malmsey*.

Shaw. Drownd in a butte of *Malmsey* ! that is
strange,

Doubtles he neuer would misdoe himself ?

Lou. No ; that thou knowst right well : he had
some helpers :

Thy hand was in it with the Duke of *Glosters*,
As smoothly as thou seekst to couer it.

Shaw. O foule words, my lord no more of that :
The world knowes nothing : then what should I
feare ?

Doth not your honour seeke promotion ?

Oh giue the Doctor then a little leaue,

So that he gaine preferment with a King,
Cares not who goes to wracke, whose heart doth
wring.

Lou. A king? what King?

Shaw. Why *Richard* man, who else? good Lord
I see,

Wife men sometimes haue weake capacity.

Lou. Why, is not *Edward* liuing? and if he were
not,

Hath he not children? what shall become of them?

Shaw. Why, man, lining for beds, a knife or fo,
What, make a boy a king, and a man by,
Richard, a man for vs? fie, that were shame.

Lou. Nay, then I see, if *Edward* were deceaft,
Which way the game would go.

Shaw. What else, my lord?

That way the current of our fortune runs,
By noble *Richard*, gallant royall *Richard*:
He is the man must onely do vs good;
So I haue honour, let me swimme through bloud.
My lord, be but at *Pauls* Crofs on Sunday next;
I hope I haue it here shall foundly proue
King *Edwards* children not legitimate.

Nay, and that for King *Edward* ruling now,
And *George* the Duke of *Clarence*, so late dead,
Their mother hapt to tread the shoe awry.

Lou. Why, what is *Richard* then?

Shaw. Tut, lawfull man: he saies it so himselfe;
And what he saies, Ile be so bold to sweare,
Though in my foule I know it otherwise.
Beware promotion, while you liue, my lord.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. A staff, a staffe! a thousand crownes for a
staff!

Lou. What staff, Sir *William Catesby*?

Cat. Why, man, a white staffe for my lord pro-
tector.

Lou. Why, is King *Edward* dead?

Cat. Dead, *Louell*, dead. And *Richard*, our good lord,

Is made protector of the sweete young prince.

O, for a staffe, where might I haue a staffe,

That I might first present it to his hand?

Shaw. Now, do I smell two bishopricks at least.
My sermon shall be pepperd found for this.

Enter mistress Shore, weeping, Jockie following.

Cat. Why, how now, mistress *Shore*? what, put
finger in the eie?

Nay, then, I see you haue some cause to cry.

Lou. I blame her not. Her chiefest stay is gone,
The only staff she had to leane vpon.

I see by her these tidings are too true.

Fane. I, my lord *Louell*; they are too true, indeed.

Royal King *Edward* now hath breath'd his last;

The Queen turnd out, and euery friend put by;

None now admitted, but whom *Richard* please.

Lou. Why, doubtless *Richard* will be kind to you.

Fane. Ah, my lord *Louell*, God blesse me from his
kindness:

No sooner was the white staffe in his hand,

But finding me and the right woful queene,

Sadly bemoaning such a mighty los,

Here is no place, quoth he; you must be gone:

We haue other matters now to think vpon.

For you (quoth he to me) and bit his lip,

And stroke me with his staff, but said no more.

Whereby I know he meaneth me no good.

Cat. Well, mistress *Shore*, 'tis like to be a busie
time:

Shift for yourselfe, Come lads, let vs begone,

Royall King *Richard* must be waite vpon.

Shaw. Well, mistress *Shoare*, if you haue need of me
You shall command me to the yttermost. *Exeunt*

Fane. First, let me die, ere I do put my trust
In any fliering spaniel of you all.

Go, *Jocky*, take down all my hangings,
And quickly see my trunks be conuayd forth
To mistrefs *Blages*, an Inne in *Lombard Streete*,
The *Flower-de-luce*. Good *Jock*, make some speed ;
She, she must be my refuge in this need.

See it done quickly, *Focky*. *Exit.*

Focky. Whickly, quotha? marry, here's a whick
change, indeed, sic whick change did I neuer see
before. Now, dream I, that Ise be a very puir fellow,
and hardly ha' any filler to drink with a gude-fellow.
But what stand I tattling here. I must go do my
maistrefs bidding ; carry all her stuff and gear to maif-
trefs *Blages* at the *Flower-de-luce* in *Lombard Street*.
Whick then, dispatch. *Exit.*

*Enter Brackenbury and Floud, to them the two young
princes, Edward and Richard, Gloster, Cates.
Louell and Tirill.*

Bra. Come hither, *Flood* let me heare thy
opinion.

Thou knowest I build vpon thy confidence,
And honest dealing in my greatestt affaires.
I haue receiued letters from the Duke,
Gloster, I meane, Protector of the land,
Who giues in charge the *Tower* be preparte,
This night, to entertaine the two young princes.
It is my duty to obey, I know ;
But manifold suspicions troubles me.

Shore. He is their vncler, sir ; and, in that sence,
Nature should warrant their security :
Next, his deceased brother, at his death,
To *Richards* care committed both the realme,
And their protection ; where humanity
Stands as an orator to plead against
All wrong suggestion of vnciuil thoughts :
Beside you are Lieutenant of the *Tower* ;

Say there should be any hurt pretended,
 The priuiledge of your authority
 Pries into euery corner of this house,
 And what can then be done without your know-
 ledge ?

Bra. Thou sayst true, *Flood*, though *Richard* be Pro-
 tector,

When once they are within the *Tower* limits,
 The charge of them (vnless he derogate
 From this my office, which was neuer seen
 In any kings time) doth belong to me :
 And ere that *Brackenbury* will consent
 Or suffer wrong be done vnto these babes,
 His sword, and all the strength within the *Tower*
 Shall be oppos'd against the proudest comer.
 Be it to my soul, as I entend to them !

Shore. And faith in me vnto this commonwealth,
 And truth to men, hath hitherto beene seene
 The pylot that hath guided my liues course,
 Though twas my fortune to be wrongd in both,
 And therefore fir neither the mightiest frowne,
 Nor any bribes, shall winne me otherwise.

Bra. Tis well resolued. Still, methinks, they
 should

Be safe enough with vs ; and yet I feare
 But now no more : it seemes they are at hand.

P. Ed. Vncle, what gentleman is that ? *Enter.*

Glos. It is, sweet prince, Lieutenant of the *Tower*.

P. Ed. Sir, we are come to be your guests to-
 night.

I pray you, tell me, did you euer know
 Our father *Edward* lodgde within this place ?

Bra. Neuer to lodge, my liege ; but oftentimes,
 On other occasions, I haue seene him here.

Ri. Brother, last night, when you did fend for
 me,

My mother told me, hearing we should lodge
 Within the *Tower*, that it was a prison,
 And therefore maruell'd that my vncle *Gloster*,

Of all the houses for a kings receipt
 Within this city, had appointed none
 Where you might keep your court but only here.

Glos. Vile brats, how they do descant on the
 Tower!

My gentle nephew, they were ill advised
 To tutor you with such unfitting terms
 (Who ere they were) against this royal mansion.
 What if some part of it hath been referu'd
 To be a prison for nobility?
 Follows it therefore, that it cannot serue
 To any other vse? *Cæsar* himself,
 That built the same, within it kept his court,
 And many kings since him: the rooms are large,
 The building stately, and for strength beside,
 It is the safest and the surest hold you haue.

P. Ed. Vncle of *Gloster*, if you thinke it so,
 Tis not for me to contradict your will,
 We must allow it, and are well content.

Glos. On then, a Gods name.

P. Ed. Yet, before we goe,
 One question more with you, master Lieutenant:
 We like you well; and but we do perceiue
 More comfort in your looks than in these walls,
 For all our vncle *Glosters* friendly speech,
 Our hearts would be as heauy still as lead.
 I pray you tell me, at which dore or gate
 Was it my vncle *Clarence* did go in,
 When he was sent a prisoner to this place?

Bra. At this, my liege! Why sighs your maiesty?

P. Ed. He went in here that nere came back
 again,

But as God hath decreed, so let it be,
 Come, brother, shall we go?

P. R. Yes, brother; any where with you. *Exeunt.*

Tiril pulls Catesby by the sleeve.

Tir. Sir, were it best I did attend the Duke,
 Or stay his leisure till his backe returne?

Cat. I pray you, master Tirill, stay without :
It is not good you should be seen by day
Within the *Tower*, especially at this time ;
He tel his honour of your being here,
And you shall know his pleasure presently.

Tir. Euen so, sir. Men would be glad by any
means
To raise themselues, that haue been ouerthrowne
By fortunes scorn ; and I am one of them.

Enter Duke of Gloucester.

Here comes the Duke.

Glof. Catesby is this the man ?

Cat. It is, ist like your excellency.

Glof. Come neare.

Thy name, I heare, is *Tiril*, is it not ?

Tir. *James Tiril* is my name, my gracious lord.

Glof. Welcome, it should appeare that thou hast
been

In better state then now it seemes thou art.

Tyr. I haue been, by my fay, my lord ! though
now deprest

And clouded ouer with aduersity.

Glof. Be rulde by me, and thou shalt rise againe,
And proue more happy than thou euer wast.
There is but onely two degrees by which
It shall be needful for thee to ascend,
And that is, faith and taciturnitie.

Tir. If euer I proue false vnto your grace,
Conuert your fauour to afflictions.

Glof. But canst thou too be secret ?

Tyr. Trie me, my lord.

This tongue was neuer knowne to be a blab.

Glof. Thy countenance hath, like a siluer key,
Opend the closet of my heart. Read there ;
If scholer-like thou canst expound those lines,
Thou art the man ordaind to serue my turn.

Tyr. So far as my capacity will reach,
The sence my lord is this. This night you say,

The two young Princes both must suffer death.

Glof. Thou hast my meaning. Wilt thou do it?
speak.

Tyr. It shall be done.

Glof. Inough! come, follow me,
For thy direction, and for gold to fee,
Such as must aide thee in their tragedy.

Enter mistress Blage and Jockie, laden.

Bla. Welcome, good Jockie! what good news
bring you?

Jockie. Marry maistress my gude maistress greets
ye, maistress, and prays ye, maistress, till dight vp her
chamber, for shele lig wi ye to-night, maistress. And
heres her cat-skin till she come.

Enter Jane.

Jane. Why how now loiterer? make ye no more
haft?

When will my trunkes and all my stufte be brought,
If you thus loiter? Go, make haft withal.

Jockie. - Marry, fall I, gin yele be bud peetient
a while. *Exit.*

Jane. Good gentle mistress *Blage*, the only
friend,

That fortune leaves me to rely vpon,
My counfels closet and my tower of strength,
To whom for safety I retire myself,
To be secure in these tempestuous times,
O smile on me, and giue me gentle looks.
If I be welcome, then with cheereful heart
And willing hand, show me true signs thereof.

Bla. Doubt ye of welcome ladie, to your friend?
Nay to your seruant, to your beadswoman,
To speake but truth, your bountie bondwoman?
Use me, command me, call my house your owne,
And all I haue, sweet lady, at your will.

Fane. Away with titles, lay by courtly tearms.
The case is alterd now the King is dead ;
And with his life my fauouring friends are fled.
No madam, now, but, as I was before,
Your faithfull kind companion, poor *Fane Shore* !

Bla. I loude you then, and since, and euer shall,
You are the woman, though your fortunes fall :
You, when my husbands lewde transgression
Of all our welth had lost possession,
By forfeiture into his highnes hands,
Got restitution of our goods and lands.
He fled, and died in *France* : to heale that harme,
You helpt me to three manors in fee-farme,
The worst of which clears three score pound a yeare.
Haue I not reason, then, to hold ye deare ?
Yes, hap what will, vntil my life do end,
You are and shall be my best beloued friend.

Fane. How, if misfortune my folly do succeed ?

Bla. Trust me, true friends bide touch in time of
neede.

Fane. If want consume the wealth I had before.

Bla. My wealth is yours, and you shall spend my
store.

Fane. But the Protector profecutes his hate.

Bla. With me liue secret from the worlds debate.

Fane. You will be weary of so bad a guest.

Bla. Then let me neuer on the earth be blest.

Fane. Ah, mistrifs *Blage* you tender me such
loue,

As all my sorrowes from my soul remoue ;

And though my portion be not very large,

Yet come I not to you to be a charge.

Coin, plate, and iewels, prizde at lowest rate,

I bring with me, to maintaine my estate,

Worth twenty thousand pound, and my array.

If you furuiue to see my dying day,

From you no penny will I giue away.

Bla. And I thanke you that so my wealth in-
creast,

Am worth, I trow, ten thousand pounds at least.
I thinke, like two warme widdowes we may liue,
Vntill good fortune two good husbands giue ;
For surely, mistriſs *Shore*, your husbands dead :
When heard ye of him ?

Fane. Neuer ſince he fled.

O, miſtriſs *Blage*, now put you in my head
That kills my heart. Why ſhould I breathe this
aire,

Whoſe loſt good name no treaſure can reſpire ?

O, were he here with me to lead his life,

Although he neuer uſed me as a wife,

But as a drudge to ſperne me with his feete,

Yet ſhould I think with him that life were ſweete.

Bla. How can ye once conceit ſo baſe a thing,
That haue beene kiſt and cokerd by a King ?

Weepe not ; you hurt yourſelf, by Gods bleſt mother,

Your husbands dead, woman, thinke vpon another,

Let vs in to ſupper : drinke wine : cheere your
heart ;

And whiſt I liue, be ſure Ile take your part. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brackenbury, Shore, Dighton, Forreſt, Tirill.

Tir. Sir, I aſſure you, tis my lord Proteſtors
warrant.

Bra. My friend, I haue conferd it with his
letters,

And tis his hand, indeed, Ile not deny.

But blame me not, although I be preciſe

In matters that ſo nearly do concern me.

Digh. My lord Proteſtor, ſir, I make no doubt,
Dare iuſtify his warrant, though perhaps
He doth not now acquaint you why he doth it.

Bra. I think, ſir, theres no ſubieſt now in Eng-
land

Will vrge his grace to ſhow what he dare do ;

Nor will I aſke him why he does it ;

I would I might, to rid me of my doubt. (*Aſide.*)

For. Why fir I think he needs no president,
For what he does : I thinke his power is absolute
enough.

Bra. I haue no power fir to examine it,
Nor will I do : obey your warrant,
Which I will keepe for my security.

Tyr. You shall do well in that fir.

Bra. Heres the keys.

Shore. And yet I could wish my lord Protector
aside.

Had sent his warrant hither by some other.
I doe not like their looks, I tell you true.

Bra. Nor I, *Flud*, I assure thee.

For. What does that slaue mutter to his maister ?

Digh. I heare him say he does not like our
lookes.

Tyr. Why not our lookes, fir.

For. Sirra, we heare you.

Shore. I am glad you doe, fir : all is one for
that.

But, if you did not, hearken better now
I neuer saw three faces in whose looks
Did euer sit more terror, or more death.
God bleffe the princes, if it be his will,
I do not like these villaines.

Digh. Zounds, stab the villain. Sirra, do you
braue us ?

Shore. I, thats your comming ; for you come to
stab.

For. Stab him.

Shore. Nay, then, Ile stab with thee.

Tir. Zblood, cut his throat.

Bra. Hold, gentlemen, I pray you.

Shore. Sir, I am hurt, stabd in the arm.

Bra. This is not to be justified, my friends,
To draw your weapons here within the *Tower*,
And by the law it is no less than death.
I cannot think the Duke will like of this.
I pray ye be content : too much is done.

Tir. He might haue held his peace, then, and been quiet.

Farewell, farewell.

Shore. Hell and damnation follow murtherers.

Bra. Go, *Flud*,

Get thee some surgeon to looke to thy wound.

Haft no acquaintance with some skilfull surgeon?

Keep thy wound close, and let it not take aire.

And for my own part, I will not stay here.

Whither wilt thou go, that I may send to thee?

Shore. To one Mistrifs *Blages*, an inn, in *Gracious* Street.

There you shall find me, or shall heare of me.

Bra. Sweet princely babes, farewell I fear you fore:

I doubt these eyes shall neuer see you more.

Enter the two young Princes, Edward and Richard, in their gowns and caps, unbuttond, and vntrust.

Ric. How does your lordship?

Ed. Well, good brother *Richard*.

How does yourself? you told me your head aked.

Ric. Indeed it does, my Lord feele with your hands

How hot it is. *He laies his hand on his brothers head.*

Ed. Indeed you haue caught cold,

With sitting yesternight to heare me read.

I pray thee go to bed, sweet *Dick*, poore little heart.

Ric. Youle giue me leaue to wait vpon your lordship.

Ed. I had more need, brother, to wait on you.

For you are sick; and so am not I.

Ric. Oh, lord, methinks this going to our bed, How like it is to going to our graue.

Ed. I pray thee, do not speake of graues sweet heart.

Indeed thou frightest me.

Ric. Why, my lord brother, did not our tutor teach
vs,

That when at night we went vnto our bed,
We still should think we went vnto our graue.

Ed. Yes, thats true,
That we should do as eu'ry Christian ought,
To be prepar'd to die at euery hour,
But I am heauy.

Ric. Indeed, and so am I.

Ed. Then let vs say our prayers and go to bed.

They kneel, and solemn musicke the while within.

The musicke ceaseth, and they rise.

Ric. What, bleeds your grace ?

Ed. I two drops and no more.

Ric. God blesse vs both ; and I desire no more.

Ed. Brother, see here what *David* says, and so
say I :

Lord ! in thee will I trust, although I die.

As the young Princes go out, enter Tirill.

Tir. Go, lay ye down, but neuer more to rise,
I haue put my hand into the foulest murder
That euer was committed since the world.
The very fenfeleffe stoncs here in the walles
Breake out in teares but to behold the fact.
Methinkes the bodies lying dead in graues,
Should rise and cry against vs. O hark, (*a noise within*)
harke,

The mandrakes shrieks are music to their cries,
The very night is frightened, and the starres
Do drop like torches, to behold this deed :
The very centre of the earth doth shake,
Methinks the *Towre* should rent down from the
toppe,

To let the heauen look on this monstrous deede.

Enter at the one doore, Dighton, with Edward vnder his arm, at the other doore, Forrest with Richard.

Digh. Stand further, damned rogue, and come not near me.

For. Nay, stand thou further villain, stand aside.

Digh. Are we not both damnd for this curfed deed ?

For. Thou art the witness that thou bearest the King.

Digh. And what bearest thou ?

For. It is too true. Oh, I am damnd indeed !

He lookes downe on the boy vnder his arme.

Tyr. I am as deepe as you, although my hand Did not the deede.

Digh. O villaine, art thou there ?

For. A plague light on thee !

Tyr. Curfe not,

A thousand plagues will light vpon vs all.

They lay them down.

The priest here in the *Tower* will bury them.

Let vs away.

Enter M. Blage & her two men, bringing in Shoar alias Floud, in a chaire, his arme bleeding apace.

Bla. So, fet him here awhile, where is more aire. How cheere you, sir. Alack, he doth begin To change his colour. Where is mistress *Shore* ? Gone to her closet for a precious balm, The same (she sayd) King *Edward* vs'd himself. Alack, I fear hele die before she come. Run quickly for some *rosa solis*. Faint not, sir ; Be of good comfort. Come, good mistress *Shore*, What haue you there ?

Fane. Stand by, and giue me leaue.

Bla. Unhappy me, to lodge him in my house !

Fane. I warrant you, woman, be not so afraid. If not this blood-stone hangd about his necke, This balme will stanch it, by the helpe of God. Lift vp his arme, whilst I do bathe his wound.

The sign belike was here when he was hurt,
Or else some principal and chief veine is pierst.

Bl. How euer fure the surgeon was a knaue,
That lookt no better to him at the first.

Fane. Blame him not, Mistrifs *Blage*; the best of
them,
In such a case as this, may be to seeke.

Bla. Now, God be blessed! see the crimson
blood,

That was precipitate and falling down
Into his arm, retires into his face,
How fare you, sir? how do you feele yourself?

Shore. Oh, wherefore haue you wakt me from my
sleepe?

And broke the quiet slumber I was in?
Methought I fate in such a pleasant place,
So full of all delight as neuer any eie
Beheld, nor heart of man could comprehend,
If you had let me go, I felt no paine:
But being now reuokt, my grief renews.

Fane. Giue him some *rosa-folis*, mistrefs *Blage*,
And that will likewise animate the sprites,
And send alacrity vnto the heart,
That hath been strugling with the pangs of death.

Bla. Here, sir, drinke this; you need not feare it,
sir;

It is no hurt: see, I will be your taster:
Then drinke I pray you.

Fane. Now, fellowes, raise his body from the
chaire,
And gently let him walke a turne or two.

Bla. Good sooth, mistrifs *Shore*, I did not think
till now

You had been such a cunning skilld phyfition.

Shore. Oh, mistresse *Blage*, though I must needs
confesse

It would haue been more welcome to my foule,
If I had died, and been remoud at last,
From the confused troubles of this world,

Whereof I haue sustained no meane waight,
Than lingring here, be made a packhorfe still
Of torments, in comparifon of which
Death is but as the pricking of a thorne,
Yet I do thank you for your taken paines,
And would to God I could requite your loue !

Bla. Sir, I did you little good. What was
done,

Ascribe the benefit and praise thereof
Vnto the gentlewoman, kind mistriſs *Shore*,
Who, next to God, preservd your feeble life.

Shore. How? mistriſs *Shore*, good friends, let go
your hold !

My strength is now sufficient of itself.

Oh is it she that still prolongs my woe ?
Was it ordaind not onely at the first
She should be my destruction, but now twife,
When gracious destinies had brought about
To ende this weary pilgrimage of mine,
Must she, and none but she, preuent that good,
And stop my entrance to eternall blisse ?
Oh, lasting plague, oh, endlesse corrasieue !
It now repents me double that I scape
Since's lifes made death, and lifes author hate !

Fane. Sir, take my counsell, and sit downe
again.

It is not good to be so bold of foot
Vpon the sudden, till you haue more strength.

Shore. Mistriſs, I thanke you, and I care not
much

If I be ruld by you. *sits downe.*

Oh, God, that she should pity me vnknown,
That, knowing me, by her was ouerthrowne ;
Or ignorantly she should regard this smart,
That heretofore spard not to stab my heart.

Enter Brackenbury.

Bra. By your leaue, mistriſs *Blage*, I am some-
what bold,

Is there not a gentleman within your house,
Calld M. *Flood*, came hither hurt last night?

Bla. Is his name *Flood*? I knew it not till
now;

But here he is, and well recouered,
Thanks to this gentlewoman, mistrefs *Shore*.

Bra. Pardon me, mistrefs *Shore*, I saw you not:
And trust me, I am forry at the heart
So good a creature as yourselfe hath beene
Should be so vilely dealt with as you are.
I promise you, the world laments your case.

Fane. How meane you, sir? I vnderstand you
not.

Lament my case for what? for *Edwards* death?
I know that I haue lost a gracious friend;
But that is not to be remedied now.

Bra. No, mistrefs *Shore*, it is for *Richards* hate,
That too much enuies your prosperitie.

Fane. I know he loues me not, and for that
cause,
I haue withdrawn me wholly from the Court.

Bra. You haue not seene the proclamation,
then?

Fane. The proclamation? No. What proclama-
tion?

Bra. Oh, mistrefs *Shore*, The King, in euery
street

Of London and in euery borough town
Throughout this land, hath publikely proclaimed,
On paine of death, that none shall harbour you,
Or giue you foode or clothes to keepe you warme;
But hauing first done shameful penance here,
You shall be then thrust forth the city-gates
Into the naked cold, forsaken field.
I fable not, I would to God I did,
See, heres the manner of it put in print,
Tis to be told in euery Stationers shop,
Besides a number of them clapt on posts,
Where people crowding, as they read your fall,

Some murmur, and some figh ; but most of them
Haue their relenting eyes euen big with teares.

Fane. Gods will be done. I know my sinne is
great,
And he that is omnipotent and iust
Cannot but must reward me heauily.

Bra. It grieues me, mistris *Shore*, it was my
chance,
To be the first reporter of this newes.

Fane. Let it not grieue, I must haue heard of it,
And now as good as at another time.

Bra. I pray ye, mistris *Blage*, haue care of
Flood ;
And what his charge is I will see you paid. *Exit.*

Fane. Farewell to all that still shall be my
song,

Let men impose upon me nere such wrong ;
And this extremity shall seeme the lesse,
In that I haue a friend to lean vnto.
Sweet mistris *Blage*, there were vpon the earth
No comfort left for miserable *Fane*,
But that I do presume vpon your loue.
I know, though tyrant *Richard* had set down
A greater penalty than is proclaime,
Which cannot well be thought, yet in your house
I should haue succour and reliefe beside.

Bla. What ! and so I should be a traitor,
should I ?

Is that the care you haue of me and mine ?
I thanke you, truly, no theres no such matter.
I loue you well, but loue my selfe better.
As long as you were held a true subiect,
I made account of you accordingly ;
But, being otherwise, I doe reiect you,
And will not cherish my kings enemy.
You know the danger of the proclamation :
I would to God you would depart my house.

Fane. When was it euer seen *Fane Shore* was
falsse

Either vnto her countrey or her king ?
 And therefore tis not well, good mistris *Blage*,
 That you vpbraid me with a traitors name.

Bla. I, but you haue been a wicked liuer,
 And now you see what tis to be vnchaste :
 You should haue kept you with your honest hus-
 band :

'Twas neuer other like but that such like filthineffe
 Would haue a foule and detestable end.

Fane. Time was that you did tell me otherwise,
 And studied how to set a glosse on that,
 Which now you say is vgly and deformde.

Bla. I told you then as then the time did serue,
 And more, indeed, to try your disposition,
 Than any way to encourage you to sinne.

But when I saw you were ambitious,
 And faintly stood on terms of modesty,
 I left you to your own arbiterment.

Can you deny it was not so ? how say you ?

Fane. We will not, mistris *Blage*, dispute of that :
 But now, in charity and womanhood,
 Let me find fauour, if it be but this,
 That in some barne or stable I may shrowd,
 Till otherwise I be prouided for.

Bla. I pray ye do not vrge me mistris *Shore*,
 I will not haue my house indanger'd so.

Fane. Oh you did promise I should neuer want,
 And that your house was mine, and swore the same.
 To keepe your oth be then compaffionate.

Bla. So you did swear you would be true to
Shore ;

But you were not so good as your word.
 My oathes disherit which by the Kings command.

Fane. Yet let me haue those jewels and that
 money
 Which is within my trunks.

Bla. I know of none.
 If there be any, le be so bolde,
 As keepe it for your diet and your mans.

It is no little charge I haue beene at
To feed your dainty tooth, since you came hither
Beside, house-roume, I'm fure, is somewhat worth.

Shore. Ah, *Fane!* I cannot choose but pity
thee.

Heres the first step to thy deep misery.

Fane. Oh, that my graue had then been made my
houfe,

When either first I went vnto the Court,
Or from the Court returnd vnto this place!

Enter two Apparators.

Seruant. How now, what are you? it had been
manners,

You should haue knockt before you had come in.

First. Ap. We are the Bishops Parators, my friend ;
And mistrifs, *Shore* our errand is to you.

This day it is commanded by the King,

You must be stript out of your rich attire,
And in a white sheet go from *Temple-barre*

Vntil you come to *Algate*, bare footed,

Your haire about your eares, and in your hand

A burning taper. Therefore, go with vs.

Fane. Euen when and whither you will ; and would
to God,

The King as soone could rid my soule of sin,

As he may strip my body of these rags!

2. Ap. That would be soon enough: but come
away.

And mistrifs *Blage*, youle hardly answer it,

When it is known we found her in your houfe.

1. Ap. It seemes you do not feare to harbour her.

Mrs. Bla. I harbour her? out on her, strumpet
queane

She prest upon me, where I would or no.

Ile see her hangd ere I will harbour her.

So now, her iewels and her gold is mine,

And I am made at least foure thousand pound,
 Wealthier by this match then I was before :
 And what can be objected for the same
 That once I lou'd her : well, perhaps I did ;
 And women all are governd by the moon,
 But now I am of another humour ;
 Which is, you know a planet that will change.

Cat. Now, M. Sheriffe of London ! do your
 office.

Attach this rebel to his maiesty,
 And, hauing stript her to her petticoate,
 Turne her out a doores, with this condition,
 That no man harbour her that durst presume
 To harbour that lewde curtizan, *Shores* wife,
 Against the strait commandement of the King.

Bla. I beseech you, sir.

Cat. Away with her, I say.

The while Ile seaze vpon her house and goods,
 Which wholly are confiscate to the King. *Exit.*

Shore. Oh, what haue I beheld, were I as young,
 As when I came to *London* to be prentice,
 This pageant were sufficient to instruct
 And teach me euer after to be wise.
 First haue I seen desert of wantonneffe
 And breach of wedlocke ; then of flattery ;
 Next of dissembling loue ; and last of all,
 The ruine of base catching auarice.
 But poore *Jane Shore* in that I lou'd thee once,
 And was thy husband, I must pity thee.
 The sparks of old affection long agoe,
 Rakte vp in ashes of displeasure kindle ;
 And in this furnace of aduersity
 The world shall see a husbands loyalty. *Exit.*

*Enter D. Shaw, pensively reading on his booke, after
 him follows the ghost of Frier Anselme, with a
 lighted torch.*

Shaw. *Spuria vitulamina non agent radices altas.*

Bastardly slips haue always slender growth.
Ah, *Shaw* this was the cursed theme
That, at *Pauls* croffe, thou madst thy fermon of,
To proue the lawful issue of thy King,
Got out of wedlock, illegitimate.
Ah, Duke of *Gloster* this didst thou procure.
Did *Richard* (villain) No, it was thy fault,
Thou wouldst be won to such a damned deed,
Which now to think on makes my soul to bleed.
Ah, frier *Anselme* sleepe among the blest ;
Thy prophêsie thus falsely did I wrest.

Enter Anselme.

An. Thou didst and be thou damnd therefore,
Nere come thy soul where blessedness abides,
Didst thou not know the letter *G.* was *Gloster* ?

Shaw. *Anselme*, I did.

An. Why, then, didst thou affirm
That it was meant by *George* the Duke of *Clarence* ?
That honorable harmlesse gentleman,
Whose thoughts all innocent as any child,
Yet came through thee to such a lucklesse death.

Shaw. I was enforced by the Duke of *Gloster*.

An. Enforst, saist thou ? wouldst thou then be
enforst,

Being a man of thy profession,
To sin so vilely, and with thine owne mouth
To damne thy soule ? No ; thou wast not enforst ;
But gaine and hope of high promotion
Hired thee thereto. Say, was it so, or no ?

Shaw. It did, it did.

An. Why then record in thy black hellish
thoughts
How many mischiefes haue ensued hereon ?
First, wronged *Clarence* drowned in the *Tower* ;
Next *Edwards* children murder'd in the *Tower* ;
This day at *Pomfret* noble gentlemen

Three, the Queens kinred, lose their harmlesse heads.

Thinkst thou that here this flood of mischief stays
 No, villain, many are markt to the block,
 And they the nearest, think them furthest off.
 Euen *Buckingham*, creator of that king,
 Shall he to woe and wretched ending bring.
 All this (accursed man) hath come by thee,
 And thy false wresting of my prophecy,
 For *Englands* good, disclosed to thy trust ;
 And so it had beene, hadst thou proued iust.
 But thou and euery one that had a hand
 In that most wofull murder of the princes,
 To fatall ends you are appointed all.
 Here in thy study shalt thou sterue thyself,
 And from this houre not taste one bit of food,
 The rest shall after follow, on a row,
 To all their deaths ; vengeance will not be slow.

Enter a Messenger to Shaw.

Mef. Where is M. Doctor *Shaw* ?

Shaw. Here friend ; what is thy will with me ?

Mef. King *Richard* prays ye to come to him
 strait,

For he would be confest.

Shaw. I cannot come. I pray thee, take that
 Frier ;

For he can do it better farre than I.

Mef. A frier, M. Doctor. I see none.

Shaw. Doeft thou not ? No : thy untainted
 soul

Cannot discern the horrors that I doe.

An. *Shaw*, go with him ; and tell that tyrant
Richard,

He hath but three years limited for life ;
 And then a shamefull death takes hold on him.
 That done, returne ; and in thy study end

Thy loathed life, that didst us all offend.

Shaw. With all my heart. Would it were ended now!

So it were done, I care not where nor how. *Exeunt.*

Enter the two Parators, with Mistris Shore in a white sheet barefooted with her hair about her eares, and in her hand a waxe taper.

1. *Par.* Now, mistris *Shore*, here our commiffion ends.

Put off your robe of shame: for this is *Algate*,
Whither it was appointed we should bring you.

Fane. My robe of shame? Oh, that so foule a name

Should be applied vnto so faire a garment!

Which is no more to be condemned of shame

Then snow of putrefaction is deserued,

To couer an infectious heap of dung.

My robe of shame, but not my shame, put off;

For that fits branded on my forehead still,

And therefore in derision was I wrapt,

In this white sheete; and in derision bore

This burning taper to expresse my folly,

That hauing light of reason to direct me,

Delighted yet in by-ways of darke error.

2. *Par.* Well, mistris *Shore* I hope you grudge not us.

We showed you all the fauour poor men could.

Fane. Oh, God forbid! I know the King's edict
Set you a work, and not your own desires.

1. *Par.* I, truly, mistris; and for our parts
We could be well content twere otherwise,
But that the laws seure. And so we leaue you.

Exit.

Fane. Farewell unto you both! and *London* too!
Farewell to thee, where first I was enticde
That scandalizde thy dignity with shame;
But now thou hast returnd me treble blame;

My tongue, that gaue consent, enjoined to beg ;
 Mine eies adiudged to hourelly laments ;
 Mine arms, for their embracings, catch the aire ;
 And these quicke, nimble feet, that were so ready
 To step into a Kings forbidden bed,
London! thy flints haue punished for their pride,
 And thou hast drunke their blood for thy reuenge.
 What now avails to think what I haue beene ?
 Then welcome nakednes and pouerty !
 Welcome, contempt, welcome, you barren fields !
 Welcome the lacke of meat and lacke of friends !
 And wretched *Fane*, according to thy state,
 Sit here, sit here, and lower if might be ?
 All things that breath, in their extremity,
 Haue some recourse of succour. Thou hast none.
 The child offended flies vnto the mother.
 The fouldier strucke retires vnto his Captain.
 The fish, distressed, slides into the riuier,
 Birds of the aire do fly vnto their dams,
 And vnderneath their wings are quickly shrouded,
 Nay, beat the spaniell and his master moans him.
 But I haue neither where to shroud myself,
 Nor any one to make my moan vnto.
 Come, patience, then ; and though my body pine,
 Make then a banquet to refresh my foule.
 Let hearts deepe throbbing sighs be all my bread ;
 My drink salt teares ; my guests repentant thoughts
 That who so knew me, and doth see me now,
 May shun by me the breach of wedlocks vow.

Enter Brackenbury, with a prayer-book, and some relief in a cloath for mistress Shoare.

Bra. Oh, God how full of dangers growes these
 times,
 And no assurance, seene in any state,
 No man can say that he is master now
 Of any thing is his, such is the tide
 Of short disturbance running through the land !

I haue giuen ouer my office in the *Tower*,
Because I cannot brooke their vile complots,
Nor smother such outrageous villainies.
But mistres *Shore* to be so basely wrongd
And vilely vsd, that hath so well deserued.
It doth afflict me in the very soul !
She saud my kinsman, *Harry Stranguidge*, life ;
Therefore, in duty am I bound to her
To do what good I may, though law forbid.
See where she sits ! God comfort thee, good soule !
First, take that to relieue thy body with ;
And next receiue this book, wherein is food,
Manna of heauen to refresh thy soul.
These holy meditations, mistris *Shore*
Will yield much comfort in this misery,
Whereon contemplate still, and neuer linne,
That God may be vnmindfull of thy sinne.

Fane. Master Lieutenant ! in my heart I thank ye
For this kind comfort to a wretched soul.
Welcome, sweet prayer-book, food of my life,
The soueraign balm for my sick conscience.
Thou shalt be my souls pleasure and delight,
'To wipe my sins out of *Fehovaes* sight.

Bra. Do so good Mistris *Shore*. Now I must
leauē ye,
Because some other busnes calls me hence ;
And God, I pray, regard your penitence ! *Exit.*

Fane. Farewell, sir *Robert* ! and for this good to
me,
The God of heauen be mindful still of thee !

*As she sits weeping and parying, Enters at one doore
young M. Aire, and M. Rufford at another.*

Aire. This way she went, and cannot be far
off ;
For but euen now I met the officers,
That were attendant on her in her penance.

Yonder she sits! now then *Aire* show thyself
 Thankful to her, that sometime saued thy life,
 When law had made thee subiect to base death.
 Giue her thy purse; for here comes somebody.
 Stand by awhile, for fear thou be discouerd.

Ruf. What, mistrefs *Shore*? King *Edward's* concubine

Set on a molehill? oh, disparagement
 A throne were fitter for your ladyship.
 Fie, will you flubber these fair cheekes with teares?
 Or sit so solitary? wheres all your seruants?
 Where is your gowne of filke, your periwigs,
 Your fine rebatoes, and your costly iewels?
 What, not so much as a shoe vpon your foote?
 Nay, then, I see the world goes hard with whores.

Aire. The villain slaue gibes at her misery.

Ruf. Now, whether is it better to be in Court,
 And there to beg a licence of the King,
 For transportation of commodities,
 Than here to sit forsaken as thou dost?
 I think vpon condition *Edward* liued,
 And thou were still in fauour as before,
 Thou wouldst not say that *Rufford* had deserued
 To haue his eares rent for a worser suite
 Then licence to ship ouer corn and lead.
 What, not a word, faith wench Ile tell thee what;
 If thou dost think thy old trade out of date,
 Go learne to play the bawde another while.

Aire. Inhuman wretch why dost thou scorne
 her so?

And vex her griued soul with bitter taunts?

Ruf. Because I will. She is a curtizan,
 And one abhorred of the world for lust.

Aire. If all thy faults were in thy forehead
 writ,

Perhaps thou wouldst thyself appeare no lesse,
 But much more horrible then she doth now.

Ruf. You are no iudge of mine sir.

Aire. Why nor thou of her.

Ruf. The world hath iudged and found her
guilty,
And tis the Kings command she be held odious.

Aire. The King of heauen commandeth other-
wife ;
And if thou be not willing to relieve her,
Let it suffize thou seeft her miserable,
And study not to amplify her grief.

*Enter M. Blage verie poorly a begging, with her basket
and clap-dish.*

What other woful spectacle comes here ?

*When Rufford looks away, Aire throws his purse
to Mistrifs Shore.*

Mistrifs, take that and spend it for my sake.

Bla. Oh I am pincht with more then common
want.

Where shall I find relief ? Good gentleman,
Pity a wretched woman, like to starue,
And I wil pray for ye. One halfpennie,
For Christs sake, to comfort me withall.

Ruf. What, Mistrifs Blage ! ist you ? no maruaile,
sure,

But you should be relieued : a halfpenny, quotha ?
I, marry, sir ; and so be hanged myself !
Not I : this gentleman may, if he please.
Get you to your companion, mistrifs *Shore*,
And then there is a paire of queanes well met.
Now I bethink me, Ile go to the King,
And tell him that some will relieue *Shores* wife,
Except some officer there be appointed
That carefully regards it be not so.
Thereof myself will I make offer to him,
Which questionless he cannot but accept,
So shall I still pursue *Shores* wife with hate,
That scorned me in her high whores estate.

Exit.

Bla. Good gentleman, bestow your charity,

One single halfpenny to helpe my neede.

Aire. Not one, were I the master of a mint.
What? succour thee that didst betray thy friend?
See where she sits! whom thou didst scorne indeed,
And therefore rightly art thou scornd again.
Thou thoughtst to be enriched by her goods,
But thou hast now lost both thy own and hers;
And for my part, knew I twould saue thy life,
Thou shouldst not get so much as a crumb of bread.
Packe counterfeit packe away dissembing drab.

Bla. Oh, misery, but shall I stay to looke
Her in the face whom I so much haue wronged?

Fane. Yes, mistresse *Blage* I freely pardon you.
You haue done me no wrong. Come, sit by me.
Twas so in wealth; why not in pouerty?

Bla. Oh, willingly, if you can brooke her presence,
Whom you haue greater reason to despise.

Fane. Why woman, *Richard*, that hath banisht
me

And seekes my ruine (causeless though it be)
Do I in heart pray for, and will do still.
Come thou, and share with me what God hath sent:
A stranger gaue it me; and part thereof
I do as freely now bestow on you.

Bla. I thank you, mistresse *Shore*, this courtesy
Renewes the grief of my inconstancy.

Enter master Shore, with relief for his wife.

Shore. Yonder she sits how like a witherd tree,
That is in winter leauelesse and bereft
Of liuely sap, sits the poor abiect soul,
How much vnlike the woman is she now,
She was but yesterday: so short and brittle
Is this worlds happines: But who is that,
Falsse mistresse *Blage*? how canst thou brook her

Fane?

I thou wast always mild and pitifull!
Oh hadst thou been as chaste, we had beene blest!

But now no more of that : she shall not starue,
So long as this, and such as this may serue.
Here, mistres *Shore* feed on these homely cates,
And there is wine to drink them downe withal.

Fane. Good sir, your name ? that pities poor *Fane*
Shore,

That in my praiers I may remember you.

Shore. No matter for my name ; I am a friend
That loues you well. So farewell, mistris *Shore,*
When that is spent, I vow to bring you more.

Fane. Gods blessing be your guide where ere you
go !

Thus, mistris *Blage,* you see, amidst our woe,
For all the world can do, God sends reliefe,
And will not yet we perish in our grief.
Come, let us step into some secret place,
Where undisturbd we may partake this grace.

Bla. Tis not amisse, if you be so content,
For here the fields too open and frequent. *Exeunt.*

Master Shore enters againe.

Shore. What, is she gone so soone ? alacke poore

Fane,

How I compassionate thy woful case !
Whereas we liued together man and wife,
Oft on an humble stool by the fire-side
Sate she contented, when as my high heat
Would chide her for it ; but what would she say ?
Husband, we both must lower sit one day.
When I dare swear she neuer dreamd of this :
But see, good God, what prophesying is.

*Enter Rufford and Fogge with the counterfeit
letter-patents. Shore stands aside.*

Ruf. This is King *Richards* hand ; I know it
well ;
And this of thine is iustly counterfeit,

As he himself would swear it were his own.

Shore. The Kings hand counterfeit? list more of that.

Ruf. Why, euery letter, eeuery little dash
In all respects alike! Now may I vse
My transportation of my corn and hides,
Without the danger of forbidding lawe;
And so I would haue done in *Edwards* days,
But that good mistrijs *Shore* did please to crosse me;
But mark how now I will requite her for it!
I mould my suit, and plainly told the King
Some would relieue her, if no man had charge
To see severely to the contrary.
Forthwith his Grace appointed me the man,
And gaue me officers to waite vpon me,
Which will so countenance thy cunning work,
As I shall no way be suspected in it.
How saist thou *Fogge*?

Fogg. It will do well indeed.
But good sir haue a care in any case,
For else you know what harme may come thereon.

Ruf. A care, saiest thou? Why, man, I will not
trust
My house, my strongest locks, nor any place
But mine owne bosom. There will I keepe it still.
If I miscarry, so doth it with me.

Shore. Are ye so cunning sir? I say no more.
Fane Shore or I may quittance you for this. *Exit.*

Ruf. Well, *Fogge*, I haue contented thee.
Thou maist be gone: I must about my charge,
To see that none releue *Shores* wife with ought.
Exit Fogge.

Enter the Officers with bills.

Come on, good fellows! you that must attend
King *Richards* seruice, vnder my command,
Your charge is to be very vigilant
Ouer that strumpet whom they call *Shores* wife.
If any traitor giue her but a mite,

A draught of water, or a crust of bread,
Or any other food, whatere it be,
Lay hold on him ; for it is present death
By good King *Richards* proclamation.
This is her haunt : here stand I Sentinell,
Keepe you vnseene, and aid me when I call.

*Enter Jockie and Jeffrey, with a bottle of ale, cheefe,
and halfepenny loaves, to play at bowles. Mistris
Shore enters and sits where she was wont.*

Jockie. Now must I under colour of playing at
bowles, help till relieue my gude maistres, maistres
Shore. Come, *Jeffrey*, we will play fiue vp, for this
bottle of ale, and yonder gude puir woman shall keep
the stakes, and this cheefe shall be the maister.

*They play still towards her, and Jockie often breakes
bread and cheefe, & gives her, till Jeffrey being called
away, he then giues her all, and is apprehended.*

Ruf. Here is a villain that will not relieue her,
But yet hele lose ; he bowls that way to help her.
Apprehend him, fellows, when I bid ye.
Although his mate be gone, he shall pay for it.
Take him, and let the beadles whip him well.

Jockie. Hear ye, sir ! shall they be whipt and
hanged that giue to the puir ? then they shall be
damned that take fro' the puir. *They lead him away.*

Enter young Aire againe, and Shore stands aloof off.

Aire. Oh yonder sits the sweet forsaken soule,
To whom for euer I stand deeply bound.
She saved my life : then, *Aire*, help to saue hers.

Ruf. Whither go ye, sir ?
You come to give this strumpet some reliefe.

Ayre. She did more good then euer thou canst do,
And if thou wilt not pity her thyself,
Give others leaue, by duty bound thereto.

Here, mistress *Shore*, take this ; and would to God
It were so much as my poor heart could wish.

He gives his purse.

Shore. Who is it that thus pities my poor wife ?
'Tis Master *Aire* ; God's blessing on him for it.

Ruf. Darest thou do so, *Aire* ?

Ayre. *Rufford*, I dare do more.

Here is my ring : it waies an ounce of gold ;
And take my cloake to keepe ye from the cold.

Ruf. Thou art a traitor, *Aire*.

Ayre. *Rufford*, thou art a villaine so to call me.

Ruf. Lay hold on him. Attach him, officers.

Ayre. *Rufford* ile answer thine arrest with this.

He draws his rapier, but he is apprehended.

Ruf. All this contending, sir, will not auaille,
This treason will be rated at thy life.

Ayre. Life is too little for her sake that faued it.

Shore. Is he a traitor, sir, for doing good ?

God faue the King, a true heart means no ill.
I trust he hath reclaimd his sharpe edict,
And will not that his poorest subject perish ;
And so perswaded, I myself will doe
That which both loue and nature binds me to.
I cannot giue her as she well deserues ;
For she hath lost a greater benefit.
Poor woman, take that purse.

Ruf. Ile take't away.

Shore. You shall not, sir ; for I will answer it
Before the King, if you inforce it so.

Ruf. It must be so. You shall vnto the King.

Shore. You will be he will first repent the thing.
Come, master *Aire*, ile bear ye company,
Which wise men say doth ease calamity. *Exeunt.*

Fane. If grief to speech free passage could afford,
Or for each woe I had a fitting word,
I might complain, or if my floods of tears
Could moue remorse of minds, or pierse dull ears,
Or wash away my cares, or cleanse my crime,
With words and tears I would bewail the time.

But it is bootles ; why liue I to see
All those despised that do pity me ?
Despised ? alas, destroyed and led to death,
That gaue me almes here to prolong my breath.
Fair dames, behold ! let my example proue,
There is no loue like to a husbands loue.

Exit.

*Enter King Richard, Louell, Catesby, Rufford, Shore
and Aire pinioned and led betwixt two Officers.*

Glos. Now, tell us, *Rufford*, which of these it is,
That, in the heat of his vpheaued spleene,
Contemnes our crowne, disdaines our dignity,
And armes himselfe against authority.

Ruf. Both haue offended my dread soueraigne,
Though not alike, yet both faults capital.
These lines declare what, when, and where it was.

Glos. Which is that *Aire* ?

Ruf. This young man, my liege.

Glos. I thought it was some hot distempered
blood,
That fired his giddy braine with businesse.
Is thy name *Aire* ?

Ayre. It is.

Glos. This paper says so.

Ayre. Perish may he that made that paper speak.

Glos. Ha ? dost thou wish confusion vnto us ?

This paper is the organe of our power,
And shall pronounce thy condemnation.
We make it speake thy treason to thy face,
And thy malicious tong speakes treason still.
Relievest thou *Shores* wife, in contempt of vs ?

Ayre. No ; but her iust desert.

She saued my life, which I had forfeited,
Whereby my goods and life she merited.

Glos. And thou shalt pay it, in the selfesame
place

Where thou this man our officer didst outface,
And scorndst us saying if we stood by,

Thou wouldst relieue her.

Ayre. I do it not deny

For want of food her breath was neere expird :

I gaue her meanes to buy it undefirde,

And rather chuse to die for charity,

Then liue condemned of ingratitude.

Glos. Your good deuotion brings you to the gal-
lows :

He hath his sentence. *Rufford*, see him hanged.

They lead out Aire.

Now, fir, your name ?

Shore. Is it not written there ?

Glos. Heres *Matthew Flood*.

Ruf. That is his name, my lord.

Glos. Is thy name *Flood* ?

Shore. So master *Rufford* saies.

Glos. *Flood* and *Aire* the elements conspire,

In aire and water, to confound our power.

Didst thou relieue that hateful wretch, *Shores* wife ?

Shore. I did relieue that woful wretch, *Shores*
wife.

Glos. Thou seemst a man well staid and tempe-
rate :

Durst thou infringe our proclamation ?

Shore. I did not breake it.

Ruf. Yes and added more,

That you would answere it before the King.

Shore. And added more, you would repent the
thing.

Ruf. Who ? I ? his highnes knows my innocence,
And ready seruice with my goods and life :

Answer thy treasons to his maiestie.

Glos. What canst thou say, *Flood*, why thou shouldst
not die ?

Shore. Nothing for I am mortal and must die,
When my time comes ; but that I thinks not yet,
Although (God knows) each houre I wish it were,
So full of dolor is my wearie life.

Now say I this, that I do know the man

Which doth abet that traitorous libeller,
Who did compose and spread that slanderous rime,
Which scandals you and doth abuse the time.

Glos. What libeller? another *Collingborne*?
That wrote: *The Cat, the Rat, and Louell our dog,*
Do rule all England vnder a hog.
Canst thou repeat it, *Flood*?

Shore. I think I can, if you command me so.

Glos. We do command thee.

Shore. In this sort it goes:

*The crook-bakt Boare the way hath found
To root our Rosés from the ground.*

*Both flower and bud will he confound,
Till King of beasts the swine be crownde:
And then the Dog, the Cat, and Rat,
Shall in his trough feed and be fat.*

Finis, quoth master *Fogge*, chief secretary and counsellor
to master *Rufford*.

Glos. How sayst thou *Flood*, doth *Rufford* foster
this?

Shore. He is a traitour, if he do, my lord.

Ruf. I foster it? dread lord, I aske no grace,
If I be guilty of this libelling.
Vouchsafe me iustice, as you are my prince,
Against this traitor that accuseth me.

Shore. What iustice craust thou? I will combat
thee.

In sign whereof, I do unbutton me,
And in my shirt my challenge will maintain.
Thou calst me traitor: I will proue thee one.
Open thy bosom like me, if thou darest.

Ruf. I will not be so rude, before his grace.

Shore. Thou wilt not ope the pack of thy disgrace.

Because thy doublets stufft with traitorous libels.

Glos. *Catesby*, tear off the buttons from his breast.
What findest thou there?

Cat. Your highnes hand and seal,
For transportation of hides, come, and lead.

Glos. Traitor, did I sign that commission?

Ruf. O pardon me, most royall King!

Glos. Pardon? to counterfeit my hand and seal?

Haue I bestowd such loue, such countenance,
Such trust on thee, and such authority,
To haue my hand and signet counterfet?
To carry corn, the food of all the land,
And lead, which after might annoy the land,
And hides, whose leather most relieue the land,
To strangers, enemies vnto the land,
Didst thou so nearly counterfeit my hand?

Ruf. Not I, my liege! but *Fogge*, the attorney.

Glos. Away with him, *Louell* and *Catesby*, go,
Command the Sheriffs of *London* presently,
To see him drawne, and hangd, and quartered.
Let them not drinke before they see him dead.
Hast you again.

Louell and Catesby lead out Rufford.

Ruf. Well, *Flood*, thou art my death.

I might haue liud to haue seene thee lose thy head.

Shore. Thou hast but iustice for thy cruelty
Against the guiltlesse souls in misery.
I aske no fauour, if I merit death.

Glos. Craust thou no fauour? then I tell thee,
Flood,

Thou art a traitor, breaking our edict,
By succouring that traitrous quean, *Shores* wife,
And thou shalt die.

Shore. If I haue broke the law.

Glos. If, traitor? didst thou not giue her thy
purse?

And dost thou not maintaine the deede?

Enter Louell and Catesby againe.

Shore. I do,

If it be death to the relenting heart
Of a kind husband, wronged by a king,
To pity his poore weake seduced wife,

Whome all the world must suffer by command,
To pine and perish for the want of food :
If it be treason for her husband then,
In the deare bowels of his former loue
To bury his owne wrong and her misdeed,
And giue her meat whom he was wont to feed,
Then *Shore* must die ; for *Flood* is not my name,
Though once I tooke it to conceale my shame.
Pity permits not injurd *Shore* pass by,
And see his once-loued wife with famine die.

Glos. *Louell* and *Catesby* ! this is *Shore*, indeed.
Shore, we confesse that thou hast priuiledge,
And art excepted in our proclamation,
Because thou art her husband, whom it concerns ;
And thou maist lawfully relieue thy wife,
Vpon condition thou forgiue her fault,
Take her againe, and vse her as before ;
Hazard new hornes ; how faiest thou, wilt thou,
Shore ?

Shore. If any but your Grace should so vpbraid,
Such rude reproach should roughly be repaid.
Suppose for treason that she lay condemned,
Might I not feed her till her hour of death,
And yet myself no traitor for it ?

Glos. Thou mightest.

Shore. And why not now, (O pardon me, dread
lord !)
When she hath had both punishment and shame
Sufficient, since a king did cause her blame,
May I not giue her food to saue her life,
Yet neuer take and vse her as my wife ?

Glos. Except thou take her home againe to
thee,
Thou art a stranger, and it shall not be,
For if thou do, expect what doth belong.

Shore. I neuer can forget so great a wrong.

Glos. Then neuer feede her whom thou canst not
loue.

Shore. My charity doth that compassion moue.

Glof. Moue vs no more. *Louell*, let *Aire* be hangd,

Just in the place where he relieued *Shores* wife.

Shore hath his pardon for this first offence :

The name of husband pleads his innocence.

Away with them : *Catesby*, come you with vs.

Exeunt.

Jockie is led to whipping ouer the stage, speaking some words, but of no importance. Then is young *Aire* brought forth to execution by the Sheriff and Officers, *Mistris Shore* weeping, and master *Shore* standing by.

Aire. Good mistrifs *Shore* grieue me not with your teares ;

But let me go in quiet to my end.

Fane. Alas poore soule !

Was neuer innocent thus put to death !

Aire. The mores my ioy that I am innocent.

My death is the lesse grieuous, I am so.

Fane. Ah master *Aire* ! the time hath been ere now,

When I haue kneeld to *Edward* on my knees,
And beggd for him that now doth make me beg,

I haue giuen him when he hath begd of me,

Though he forbids to giue me when I beg.

I haue ere now relieued him and his,

Though he and his deny relief to me.

Had I been enuious then, as *Richard* now,

I had not starud, nor *Edwards* sons been murderd,

Nor *Richard* liued to put you now to death.

Aire. The more, *Fane*, is thy vertue and his fin.

Sheriff. Come fir dispatch !

Aire. Dispatch, say you ? dispatch you may it call :

He cannot stay when death dispatcheth all.

Jane. Lord, is my fin so horrible and grieuous,
That I should now become a murderer ?

I haue faude the life of many a man condemnd,
But neuer was the death of man before.
That any man thus for my sake should die,
Afflicts me more then all my misery.

Aire. *Fane,* be content !

I am as much indebted vnto thee,
As vnto nature : I owed thee a life
When it was forfeit vnto death by law.
Thou begdst it of the king and gau'ft it me.
This house of flesh, wherein this soul doth dwell,
Is thine, and thou art landladie of it,
And this poor life a Tenant but at pleasure,
It neuer came to pay the rent till now,
But hath run in arerage all this while,
And now for very shame comes to discharge it,
When death distrains for what is but thy due.
I had not ought thee so much as I doe,
But by thy only mercy to preferue it,
Vntil I lose it for my charity.
Thou giust me more than euer I can pay.
Then do thy pleasure executioner
And now, farewell, kind, vertuous, mistrijs *Shore* !
In heauen weele meet again : in earth no more.

Here he is executed.

Fane. Farewell, farewell ! thou for thy alms dost
die,

And I must end here starued in misery !
In life my friend, in death Ile not forsake thee.
Thou goest to heauen ; I hope to ouertake thee.

Shore. O world, what art thou ? man, euen from
his birth,
Finds nothing else but misery on earth,
Thou neuer (world) scorndst me so much before ;
But I vaine world doe hate thee ten times more.
I am glad I see approaching death so nie
World thou hatest me : I thee, vain world desie.
I pray ye yet good master officers !
Do but this kindness to poore wretched souls,
As let vs haue the burial of our friend :

It is but so much labour sau'd for you.

She. There, take his body! bury it where you will;

So it be quickly done out of the way.

Exit Sheriff and Officers.

Jane. Whats he that begs the burial of my friend?

And hath so oftentimes relieued me?

Ah, gentle fir to comfort my sad woe,

Let me that good kind man of mercy know.

Shore. Ah, *Jane* now there is none but thou and I,

Look on me well. Knowst thou thy *Matthew Shore*?

Jane. My husband! then breake my heart, and liue no more!

She swoonds, and he supports her in his armes.

Shore. Ah my deare *Jane* comfort thy heauy soule,

Go not away so soone; a little stay,

A little, little while, that thou and I,

Like man and wife may here together die.

Jane. How can I looke vpon my husbands face, That shamd myself, and wrought his deep disgrace?

Shore. *Jane*, be content. Our woes are now alike.

With one self rod thou seest God doth vs strike.

If for thy sin, ile pray to heauen for thee,

And if for mine, do thou as much for me.

Jane. Ah, *Shore* ist possible thou canst forgiue me?

Shore. Yes, *Jane*, I do.

Jane. I cannot hope thou wilt.

My faults so great, that I cannot expect it.

Shore. Ifaith, I do, as freely from my soule, As at Gods hands I hope to be forgiuen.

Jane. Then God reward thee, for we now must part:

I feel cold death doth feize vpon my heart.

Shore. And he is come to me. Lo! here he lies;
I feele him ready to close vp mine eyes.
Lerd me thy hand to burie this our friend,
Anc then we both will hasten to our end.

*Here they put the body of yong Aire into a Coffin,
and then he sits down on the one side of it, and
she on the other.*

Jane, fit thou there! Here I my place will haue,
Giue me thy hand; thus we embrace our graue,
Ah, *Fane!* he that the depth of woe will see,
Lethim but now behold our misery!
But be content! this is the best of all,
Lover than now we are, we cannot fall!

Jane. Ah, I am faint! how happy *Aire*, art thou,
Not feeling that which doth afflict us now!

Sore. Oh, happy graue! to us this comfort
giuing!

Here lies two liuing dead! here one dead liuing!
Here for his sake, lo! this we do for thee!
Thou lookst for one, and art posselt of three.

Jane. Oh, dying marriage! oh, sweet married
death

Thou graue, which only shouldst part faithful friends,
Brin'st vs together, and dost joine our hands.
Oh, iuing death! euen in this dying life,
Yet ere I go, once, *Matthew* kifs thy wife.

He kisseth her, and she dies.

Shore. Ah, my sweet *Fane* farewell, farewell, poor
soul!

Now, tyrant! *Richard* do the worst thou canst.
She doth defie thee. Oh, vnconstant world,
Here lies a true anatomie of thee,
A king had all my ioy, that her enioyed,
And by a king again she was destroyed.
Al ages of my kingly woes shall tell.
Once more, inconstant world farewell, farewell.

He dyes.

Enter Sir Robert Brackenburie with two or three of his Seruants.

Bra. Sirs if the King, or else the Duke of *Buckingham,*

Do fend for me, I will attend them straight.

But what are these, here openly lie dead ?

Oh, God! the one is mistress *Shore*; and this is
Flood,

That was my man. The third is master *Aire,*
Who suffered death for his relieuing her.

They shall not thus lie in the open way.

Lend me your hands and heauie hearts withall
At mine own charge, Ile giue them buriall.

They bear them thence.

Enter King Richard, crowned, Buckingham, Arme of Warwicke, Louell, Catesby, Fogg, and Attendants.

Rich, Most noble Lords since it hath pleased you,
Beyond our expectation on your bounties,
T'empale my temples with the *Diademe,*
How far my quiet thoughts haue euer beene
From this so great maiestike fouerainty,
Heauen best can witness. Now I am your king,
Long may I be so, to deserue your loue,
But I will be a seruant to you all,
Pray God my broken sleeps may giue you rest.
But onely that my blood doth challenge it,
Being your lawfull Prince by true succeffion,
I could haue wisht with all my heart I could,
This maiesty had fitten on the brow
Of any other!

So much do I affect a priuate life,
To spend my dayes in contemplation.
But since that Heauen and you will haue it so,
I take crown as meekly at your hands,
As free and pure from an ambitious thought,

As any new born babe ! Thus must thou *Richard*,
aside.

Seeme as a faint to men in outward shew,
Being a very diuill in thy heart.
Thus must thou couer all thy villanies,
And keepe them close from ouerlookers eyes.

Buck. My soueraign by the general consent
Of all the Lords and commons of the land,
I tender to your royal maiestie
This princely lady, the Lady *Anne* of *Warwick*,
Judged the only worthiest of your loue,
To be your highnesse bride, faire Englands Queen.

Rich. My royall princely cofin, *Buckingham*
I see you striue to blesse me more and more.
Your bounty is so large and ample to me,
You ouerflow my spirits with your great loue.
I willingly accept this vertuous princefs,
And crowne her angel-beauty with my loue.

Lov. Then, at the hand of your high parliament,
I giue her here vnto your maiesty,

Rich. Lord *Louell* ! I as heartily receiue her.
Welcome, fair Queen !

Cat. And from the lords and commons of your
land,

I giue the free and voluntary oath
Of their allegeance to your maiesty,
As to their soueraign and liege lord and lady,
Richard the third and beauteous *Anne*, his queen,
The true and lawful king and queen of *England*.

Rich. I do accept it *Catesby*, and returne
Exchange of mutual and party loue.
Now, *Fogge* too, that in your traiterous libels,
Besides the counterfeiting of our hand and seal
For *Rufford*, though so great a fault deserud
To suffer death, as he already hath,
Going about to slubber our renoune,
And wound vs with reproach and infamy,
Yet, *Fogge*, that thou thyself maist plainly see
How far I am from seeking sharp reuenge,

Fogge, I forgiue thee. And withall we do
 Repeal our heauy fentence gainst *Shores* wife,
 Restoring all her goods ; for we intend
 With all the world now to be perfect friends.

Cat. Why, my good lord, you know shes dead
 already.

Rich. True, *Catesby*, else I, ne'er had spoke such
 words *aside.*

Alas I see, our kindnesse comes too late,
 For *Catesby* tells me she is dead already.

Cat. I, my good lord, so is her husband too.

Rich. Would they had liude, to see our friendly
 change,

But, *Catesby*, say, where died *Shore* and his wife ?

Cat. Where *Aire* was hang'd for giuing her re-
 lief,

There both of them, round circkling his cold
 graue,

And arme in arme, departed from this life.

The people, for the love they bear to her

And her kind husband, pitying his wrongs,

For euer after meane to call the ditch

Shores Ditch, as in the memory of them.

Their bodies, in the Friers minorities,

Are in one graue entered all together.

But mistrefs *Blage*, for her ingratitude

To mistrefs *Shore*, lies dead vnburied,

And no one will afford her burial.

Rich. But mistrefs *Blage*, she shall haue burial
 too,

What now ? we must be friends ; indeed we must.

And now, my lords, I giue you all to know,

In memory of our eternal loue,

I doe ordain an Order of the bath,

Twelue knights in number of that royall fort,

Which Order, with all princely ceremonies,

Shall be obserued in all royall pompe,

As *Edwards*, our forefather, of the garter,

Which feast our selfe and our beloued Queene

Will presently solemnize in our person.

Buc. Now am I bold to put your grace in mind
Of my long suit, and partly your own promise,
The Earle of *Herefords* land.

Rich. Cousin, weele better think of that here-
after.

Buc. My pains my lord hath not deserud delay.

Rich. Will you appoint our time, then you shall
stay.

For this hote hastines fir you shall stay.

Moue vs no more, you were best.

Buc. I *Richard*, is it come to this ?
In my first suite of all, dost thou deny me,
Breake thine own word, and turn me off so sleightly ?
Richard, thou hadst as good haue damnd thy soul,
As basely thus to deal with *Buckingham*.

Richard, ile fit vpon thy crumped shoulder,
I faith, I will, if heaven will giue me leauē ;
And, *Harry Richmond*, this hand alone
Shall fetch thee home, and feat thee in his throne.

Exit.

Rich. What is he gone in heat, why, farewell he,
He is displeasēd : let him be pleasēd again,
We haue no time to think on angry men.
Come, my sweet Queen, let vs go solemnize
Our Knighthoods Order in most royall wise. *Exeunt.*



IF YOU KNOW NOT ME,

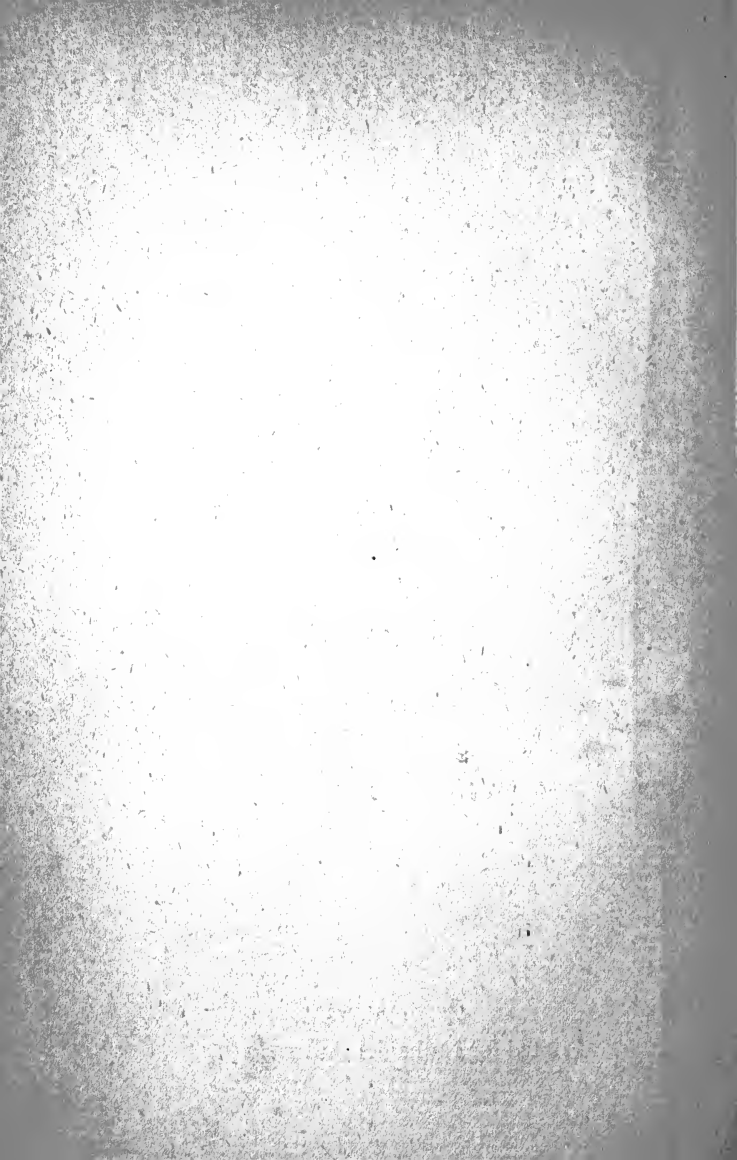
YOU KNOW NO BODIE;

OR,

The troubles of Queene ELIZABETH.



AT LONDON,
Printed for Nathaniel Butter. 1605.





*A Prologue to the Play of Queene Elizabeth,
as it was last revived at the Cock-pit,
in which the Author taxeth the most
corrupted copy now imprinted, which
was published without his consent.*

Prologue.

Plays have a fate in their conception lent,
Some so short liv'd, no sooner shew'd, than spent ;
But borne to day, to morrow buried, and
Though taught to speake, neither to goe nor stand.
This : (by what fate I know not) sure no merit,
That it disclaims, may for the age inherit,
Writing 'bove one and twenty ; but ill nurst,
And yet receiv'd, as well perform'd at first,
Grac't and frequented, for the cradle age,
Did throng the Seates, the Boxes, and the Stage
So much ; that some by Stenography drew
The plot : put it in print : (scarce one word trew :)
And in that lameness it hath limp't so long,
The Author now to vindicate that wrong
Hath tooke the paines, upright upon its feete
To teach it walke, so please you fit, and see't.





IF YOU KNOW NOT ME,
YOU KNOW NOBODY;
OR,
The Troubles of Queen Elizabeth.

Enter Suffex and Lord Chamberlaine.

Suff.



Good morrow, my good Lord Chamberlaine.

L. Cham. Many good morrowes to my good Lord of *Suffex*.

Suff. Who's with the Queen, my Lord ?

L. Cham. The Cardinal of *Winchester*, the Lord of *Tame*, the good Lord *Shandoyse* ; and, besides, Lord *Howard*, Sir *Henry Beningsfield*, and divers others.

Suff. A word my lord in private.

Enter Tame and Shandoyse.

Shand. Touching the Queene, my lord, who now fits high,

What thinks the realm of *Philip*, th' Emperours
sonne,

A marriage by the Councill treated of?

Tame. Pray God 't prove well.

Suff. Good morrow lords.

Tame. Good morrow, my good Lord of *Suffex*.

Shand. I cry your Honours mercy.

Cham. Good morrow to the Lords of *Tame* and
Shandoyse.

Tame. The like to you, my Lords. As you were
speaking

Enter Lord Howard and Sir Henry Beningfield.

Bening. Concerning *Wiat* and the Kentish rebels,
Their overthrow is past: the rebell Dukes,
That fought by all meanes to proclaim Queen

Fane,

Chiefly *Northumberland*, for *Guilfords* sake
He forc'd his brother Duke vnto that war;
But each one had his merit.

How. Oh my lord,

The Law proceeded gainst their great offence,
And tis not well, since they have suffered judg-
ment,

That we should raise their scandall, being dead:
Tis impious, not by true judgment bred.

Suff. Good morrow my Lord; Good morrow,
good Sir *Henry*.

Bening. Pardon my lord I saw you not till
now.

Cham. Good morrow, good lord *Howard*.

How. Your Honors. The like to you, my lords.

Tame. With all my hart, Lord *Howard*.

Cham. Forward I pray.

Suff. The Suffolke men my Lord, were to the
Queen

The very stayres by which she did ascend:
Shees greatly bound unto them for their loues.

Enter Cardinall of Winchester.

Winch. Good morrow, Lords. Attend the Queene into the prefence.

Suff. Your duties, Lords. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Tame bearing the purfe, Shandoyfe the mace, Howard the fcepter, Suffex the crowne: then, the Queene; after her the Cardinall, Sentlow, Gage, and attendants.

Queen. By Gods affiftance, and the power of heaven,

We are inflated in our Brothers throne,
And all thofe powers that warred againft our right,
By help of heauen and your friendly aide,
Disperfed and fled, here we may fit fecure.
Our heart is joyfull, lords, our peace is pure.

Enter Dodds.

Dodds. I do befeech your Maiefty perufe
This poor petition.

Queen. O Mafter *Dodds*,
We are indebted to you for your loue.
You flood vs in great ftead, euen in our ebb
Of fortune, when our hopes were neare declined,
And when our ftate did beare the loweft faile,
Which we haue reason to requite, we know:
Read his petition, my good Lord Cardinall.

Dodds. Oh, gracious foueraign, let my lord, the
duke,
Haue the perufing of it,
Or any other that is near your Grace,
He will be to our fuite an oppofite.

Winch. And reason, fellow. Madam, here is a large
recital and vpbraiding of your highnefs foueraignty:
the Suffolke men, that lifted you to the throne, and

here posselt you, claim your promise you made to them about Religion.

Dodds. True, gracious Soueraign ;
But that we do vpbraid your maiesty,
Or make recitall of our deeds forepast.
Other then conscience, honesty, and zeale,
By loue, by faith, and by our duty bound
To you, the true and next succeffiue heir,
If you contrary this, I needs must say,
Your skilleffe tongue doth make our well-tuned words
Jarre in the Princeste ears ; and of our text
You make a wrong construction. Gracious Queene,
Your humble subiects prostrate in my mouth
A general suit : when we first flockt to you,
And made first head with you at *Fromagham*,
Twas thus concluded, that we, your liegemen,
Should still enioy our consciences, and vse
That faith which in King *Edwards* dayes was held
canonicall.

Winch. May't please your highnes note the Com-
mons insolence :
They tie you to conditions and fet limits to your
liking.

Queen. They shall know,
To whom their faithfull duties they doe owe :
Since they, the limbs, the head would seeke to sway,
Before they gouerne, they shall learne t' obey.
See it feuerely ordered, *Winchester*.

Winch. Away with him, it shall be throughly
fcand ;
And you vpon the pillory three dayes stand.

Exit Dodds.

Bening. Has not your sifter, gracious Queene, a
hand
In these petitions ? Well your highnes knowes,
She is a fauourite of these heretiques.

Winch. And well remembred. Is't not probable
That she in *Wiats* expedition,
And other infurrections lately queld,

Was a confederate? If your highness will
Your own estate preferue, you must foresee
Fore danger, and cut off all such as would
Your safety preiudice.

Bening. Such is your sister, a mere opposite
To vs in our opinion; and, besides,
Shes next successeive, should your maiesty
Die issuless, which heauen defend.

Omnes. Which heauen defend.

Bening. The state of our Religion would decline.

Queen. My lords of *Tame* and *Chandoyse*,
You two shall haue a firm commission sealed
To fetch our sister, young *Elizabeth*,
From *Ashbridge*, where she lies, and with a band
Of armed souldiers to conduct her vp to *London*,
Where we will heare her.

Sent. Gracious Queen,
She only craues but to behold your face,
That she might cleare herselfe
Of all supposed treasons, still protesting
She is as true a subiect to your Grace,
As liues this day.

Winch. Doe you not heare with what a faucy im-
pudence
This *Sentlow* here presumes?

Queen. Away with him, Ile teach him know his
place;
To frown when we frown, smile on whom we grace.

Winch. 'Twill be a means to keep the rest in
awe,
Making their Soueraigns brow, to them a law.

Queen. All those that seeke our sisters cause to
fauour,
Let them be lodged.

Winch. Young *Courtney*, Earle of *Deuonshire*,
seems chiefly
To affect her faction.

Queen. Commit him to the *Tower*,

Till time affords vs and our Councell breathing space.

A horne within.

Whence is that Poste ?

Const. My foueraign, it is from *Southampton*.

Queen. Our secretaire, vnfeale them,
And return vs present answer of the contents.
Whats the maine businesse.

She speakes to the L. Constable.

Const. That *Philip*, Prince of *Spaine*,
Son to the Emperour, is safely arriu'd,
And landed at *Southampton*.

Queen. Prepare to meet him, Lords, with all our
Pompe.

How. Prepare you, lords, with our faire Queene
to ride ;
And his high princely state let no man hide.

Queen. Set forward, lords : this sudder newes is
sweet ;

Two royall louers on the mid way meet. *Ex omnes.*

Enter Master Gage, and a Gentlewoman.

Gage. Good morrow, mistresse. Came you from
the Princeffe ?

Wom. Master *Gage*, I did.

Gage. How fares her grace ?

Wom. O wondrous crazy, gentle Master *Gage*.
Her sleeper are all vnquiet, and her head
Beats, and grows giddy with continuall grieffe.

Gage. God grant her comfort, and release her
paine,
So good a lady few on earth remaine.

Enter the Clowne.

Clown. Oh, arme, arme, arme.

Gage. How now, whats the matter?

Clown. Oh Lord the house is beset: souldiers are as hot as fire, are ready to enter euery hole about the house; for as I was a'th top of the stacke, the found of the drum hot me such a box a'th eare, that I came tumbling down the stack, with a thousand billets a'th top on me. Look about, and helpe, for God sake.

Gage. Heauen guard the Princeffe! grant that all be well!

This drum, I feare will proue her passing-bell.

*Enter Tame and Shandoyfe, with Souldiers,
drum, &c.*

Tame. Wheres the Princeffe?

Gage. Oh my honoured lords,
May I with reuerence presume to aske
What meanes these armes? Why do you thus
begirt

A poor weake lady, neare at point of death?

Shand. Resolue the Princeffe we must speake with
her.

Gentlew. My lords,
Know there is no admittance to her presence
Without the leaue first granted from herself.

Tame. Goe tell her we must, and will.

Gentlew. Ile certify so much. *Exit Woman.*

Gage. My lords, as you are honorably borne,
As you did loue her Father, or her Brother,
As you doe owe alleageance to the Queene,
In pity of her weaknesse and low state,
With best of fauour her commiserate.

Enter Woman.

Woman. Her Grace intreats you but to stay till
morne,

And then your message shall be heard at full.

Shand. 'Tis from the Queene, and we will speake with her.

Wom. Ile certify so much.

Tame. It shall not need—Pesse after her my Lord.

Enter Elizabeth, in her bed. Doctor Owine, and Doctor Wendith.

Eliz. We are not pleased with your intrusion, lords,

Is your haste such, or your affaires so vrgent,
That suddenly, and at this time of night,
You presse on me, and will not stay till morne ?

Tame. Sorry we are, sweet lady, to behold you
In this sad plight.

Eliz. And I, my lords, not glad.
My heart, oh, how it beates.

Shand. Madam,
Our message, and our duty from our Queene,
We come to tender to you. It is her pleasure
That you the 7. day of this moneth, appeare
At Westminster.

Eliz. At Westminster? My lords, no foule more
glad then I
To doe my duty to her Majesty ;
But I am sorry at the heart.—My heart !
Oh good doctor raise me. Oh, my heart !—I hope
my lords,

Considering my extremity and weakness,
You will dispense a little with your haste.

Tame Doctor *Owine* and Doctor *Wendith*,
You are the Queenes physitians, truly sworn
On your allegiance :
As before her highness you will answer it,
Speak, may the Princess be remou'd with life ?

D. Ow. Not without danger, lords, yet without death.

Her feuer is not mortall ; yet you fee
Into what danger it hath brought the Princeffe.

Shand. Is your opinion so ?

D. Wend. My iudgement is, not deadly but yet dangerous.

No fooner shall she come to take the aire
But she will faint ; and, if not well prepared
And attended, her life is in much danger.

Tame. Madam, we take no pleasure to deliuer
So strict a message.

Eliz. Nor I my lords to heare a message deliuered
with such strictness.

Well, must I go ?

Shand. So fayer the Queene.

Eliz. Why, then, it must be so.

Tame. To-morrow earely then you must prepare.

Eliz. Tis many a morrow since my feeble legs
Felt this my bodies waight—O I shall faint,
And if I taste the rawnesse of the aire,
I am but dead ; indeed, I am but dead.

'Tis late ; conduct these lords vnto their chambers,
And cheere them well, for they haue iournied hard,
Whilst we prepare vs for our morrows iourney.

Shand. Madam, the Queen hath sent her letter for
you.

Eliz. The Queen is kinde, and we will striue with
death

To tender her our life.

We are her subiect, and obey her heft.

Good night : we wish you what we want—good rest.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Queen Mary, Philip, and all the Nobles but
Tame and Shandoyse.*

Queen. Thus in the face of Heauen, and broad
eye

Of all the multitude,
 We giue a welcome to the Spanifh Prince.—
 Thofe plaufiue fhouts, which giue you entertaine,
 Eccho as much to the Almightyes eares,
 And there they found with pleasure, that excels
 The clamorous trumpets and loud ringing bells.

Phil. Thrice excellent and euer gracious Princeffe,
 Doubly famous for vertue and for beauty,
 We embrace your large-ftretched honours with the
 arms of loue.

Our royal marriage, treated firft in heauen,
 To be folemnized here, both by Gods voice
 And by our loues confent, we thus embrace.
 Now *Spain* and *England*, two populous kingdomes
 That haue a long time been oppofd
 In hostile emulation, fhall be at one.
 This fhall be *Spanifh-England*, ours *English-Spaine*.

Florifh.

Queen. Hark the redoubling ecchoes of the
 people,
 How it proclaimes their loues, and welcome to this
 union.

Phil. Then here before the pillars of the land,
 We do embrace and make a publike contract.
 Our fouls are ioyfull: then, bright heauens fmile,
 Whilft we proclaim our new-vnited file.

Queen. Reade *Suffex*.

Suff. (reads). Philip and Mary, by the grace of God,
 King and Queene of England, Spaine, France, and Ire-
 land; King and Queen of Naples, Cicilia, Leon, and
 Aragon; Arch-Duke and Ducheffe of Austria, Bur-
 gony, of Brabant, Zealand, and Holland: Prince
 and Princeffe of Sweaue; Count and Counteffe of Haf-
 burge, Maiorca, Sardinia, of the firme land and maine
 ocean-fea; Palatines of Hierufalem and of Henolt;
 Lord and Lady of Friefland, and of the Ifles; and
 Gouvernor and Gouverneffe of all Africa and Afia.

Omnes. Long liue the King and Queene.

Florifh.

King and Qu. We thanke you all.

L. Const. When please your highness to solemnize this your nuptials?

Queen. The twenty-fifth day of this month, July.

Phil. It likes vs well. But, royall Queen, we want

One lady at this high solemnity;

We haue a sifter called *Elizabeth*.

Whose virtues, and endowments of the mind,

Haue filld the eares of *Spaine*.

Winch. Great are the causes, now too long to say,

Why shee my soueraign, should be kept away.

Const. The Lords of *Tame* and *Shandoyse* are return'd.

Enter Tame and Shandoyse, and Gage.

Queen. How fares our sifter? Is she come along?

Tame. We found the Princeesse sicke and in great danger;

Yet did we vrge our strict commission:

She much entreated that she might be spar'd

Vntill her health and strength might be restor'd.

Shand. Two of your highness doctors we then call'd,

And charged them, as they would answer it,

To tell the truth, if that our iourneys toile

Might be no preiudice vnto her life,

Or if we might with safety bring her thence.

They answered that we might. We did so.

Here she is, to doe her duty to your maiesty.

Queen. Let her attend: we will find time to heare her.

Phil. But, royall Queen, yet, for her vertues sake, Deeme her offences, if she haue offended,

With all the lenity a sifter can.

Queen. My Lord of *Winchester*, my Lord of *Suffex*,

Lord *Howard, Tame, and Shandoyse,*
 Take you commiffion to examine her
 Of all fupposed crimes.—So to our nuptials.

Phil. What feftiuall more royall hath been feen,
 Then twixt *Spains* Prince, and *Englands* royall
 Queen ? *Exeunt.*

*Enter Elizabeth, her Gentlewoman, and three houſhold
 Seruants.*

Eliz. Is not my gentleman-usher yet returned ?

Gentlew. Madam, not yet.

Eliz. O, God ! my fear hath been
 Good phyſicke ; but the Queens diſpleaſure, that
 Hath cured my bodies imperfection,
 Hath made me heart ſick, brain ſick, and ſick euen
 to death.

What are you ?

Seru. Your houſhold officers and humble ſer-
 uants,

Who, now your houſe, fair Princeſs, is diſſolued,
 And quite broke vp, come to attend your Grace.

Eliz. We thanke you, and are more indebted for
 your loues

Then we haue power or vertue to requite.

Alas ! I am all the Queens, yet nothing of myſelfe ;

But God and innocence,

Be you my patrons, and defend my cauſe.

Why weepe you, gentlemen ?

Cook. Not for ourſelues : men are not made to
 weep

At their owne fortunes. Our eyes are made of fire ;

And to extract water from fire is hard.

Nothing but ſuch a Princeſſe grieſe as yours,

So good a lady, and ſo beautiful, ſo abſolute a
 miſtriſs,

And perfect, as you euer haue been,

Haue power to doe't : your ſorrow makes vs ſad.

Eliz. My innocence yet makes my heart as light

As my front's heavy. All that Heauen sends is welcome.

Gentlemen, diuide these few crownes amongst you :

I am now a prifoner, and shall want nothing.

I haue some friends about her Maiefty

That are prouiding for me all things, all things ;

I, euen my graue ; and being poffest of that,

I shall need nothing. Weepe not, I pray ;

Rather, you should reioice. If I miscarry

In this enterprife, and you aske why,

A Virgin and a Martyr both I die.

Enter Gage.

Gage. He that first gaue you life, protect that life
From those that wish your death.

Eliz. Whats my offence ? who be my accusers ?

Gage. Madam, that the Queene and *Winchester*
best know.

Eliz. What says the Queen vnto my late petition ?

Gage. You are denide that grace :

Her maiefty will not admit you conference.

Sir *William Sentlow*, vrging that motion,

Was first committed, since sent to the *Tower*.

Madam, in brief, your foes are the Queens friends,

Your friends her foes.

Six of the Councel are this day appointed

To examine you of certain articles.

Eliz. They shall be welcome. My God, in whom
in whom I trust,

Will help, deliver, faue, defend the iust.

*Enter Winchester, Suffex, Howard, Tame, Shandoyse,
and Constable.*

Sufs. All forbear this place, vnlesse the Princefs.

Winch. Madam,

We from the Queen are joind in full commiffion.

They sit : she kneeles.

Sufs. By your fauour, good my lord,
Ere you proceed.—Madam, although this place
Doth tye you to this reuerence, it becomes not,
You being a Princefs, to deiect your knee.—
A chair there !

Eliz. My duty with my fortunes doe agree,
And to the Queene in you I bend my knee.

Sufs. You fhall not kneele where *Suffex* fits in
place.—

The chamber-keeper, a chaire there, for her Grace !

Winch. Madam, perhaps you censure hardly
That was enforced in this commiffion.

Eliz. Know you your own guilt, my good Lord
Chancellor,

That you accufe yourfelfe ? I thinke not fo :
I am of this mind—no man is my foe.

Winch. Madam,

I would you would submit vnto her highnes.

Eliz. Submit, my Lord of *Wincheſter* ! Tis fit
That none but baſe offenders ſhould ſubmit.
No, no, my lord : I eaſily ſpie your drift :
Hauing nothing whereon you can accuſe me,
Do ſeek to haue myſelfe myſelfe betray ;
So by myſelfe mine owne blood ſhould be ſpilt.
Confefſe ſubmiſſion, I confefſe a guilt.

Tame. What anſwer you to *Wyats* late rebellion ?
Madam, tis thought that you did ſet them on.

Eliz. Who iſt will ſay ſo ? Men may much ſuſ-
pect,
But yet, my lord, none can my life detect.
I a confederate with thoſe Kentiſh rebels !
If I ere ſaw, or ſent to them, let the Queen take my
head.

Hath not proud *Wiat* ſuffered for his offence ?

And in the purging both of ſoul and body for
Heauen,

Did *Wiat* then accuſe *Elizabeth* ?

Sufs. Madam, he did not.

Eliz. My reuerent lord, I know it.

How. Madam he would not.

Eliz. Oh my good lord he could not.

Sufs. The same day

Frogmorton was arraigned in the Guildhall,
It was imposd on him, whether this Princess
Had a hand with him, or no : he did deny it
Cleared her fore his death, yet accused others.

Eliz. My God be praised !

This is newes but of a minute old.

Shand. What answer you to Sir *Peter Carew*, in
the West—

The Western rebels ?

Eliz. Aske the vnborn infant : see what that will
answer ;

For that and I are both alike in guilt.

Let not by rigor innocent blood be spilt.

Winch. Come, madam ; answer briefly to these
treasons.

Eliz. Treason, Lords ! If it be treason

To be the daughter to th' eight *Henry*,
Sister to *Edward*, and the next of blood
Vnto my gracious Soueraign, the now Queene,

I am a traitor : if not, I spit at treason.

In *Henries* reign, this law could not haue stood.

Oh, God that we should suffer for our blood.

Const. Madam,

The Queene must heare you sing another song,

Before you part with vs.

Eliz. My God doth know,

I can no note but truth ; that with heauens King

One day in quires of angels I shall sing.

Winch. Then, madam, you will not submit ?

Eliz. My life I will, but not as guilty.

My lords, let pale offenders pardon craue :

If we offend, laws rigor let vs haue.

Winch. You are stubborne.—Come, lets certify the

Queene.

Tame. Roome for the lords, there !

Exeunt Council.

Eliz. Thou Power Eternal, Innocents iust guide,
That sway'ft the scepter of all monarchies,
Protect the guiltlesse from these rauening jawes,
That hydeous death present by tyrants laws :
And as my heart is knowne to thee most pure,
Grant me release, or patience to endure.

Enter Gage and Seruants.

Gage. Madam, we, your poor humble seruants,
Made bold to pres into your Graces prefence,
To know how your cause goes.

Eliz. Well, well ; I thank my God, well.
How can a cause go ill with innocents ?
For they to whom wrongs in this world are done,
Shall be rewarded in the world to come.

Enter the six Councillors.

Winch. It is the pleasure of her maiesty,
That you be straight committed to the *Tower*.

Eliz. The *Tower* ! for what ?

Winch. Moreover, all your household seruants
We haue discharged, except this gentleman, your
vs her,
And this gentlewoman : thus did the Queen com-
mand.
And for your guard, an hundred Northern white-
cotes
Are appointed to conduct you thither.
To-night, vnto your chamber : to-morrow earely
Prepare you for the *Tower*.
Your barge stands ready to conduct you thither.

She kneeles.

Eliz. Oh, God, my heart ! A prisoner in the
Tower ?

Speak to the Queene, my lords, that some other place
May lodge her sifter ; thats too vile too base.

Sufs. Come, my lords, lets all ioin in one petition
to the Queen,

That she may not be lodged within the *Tower*.

Winch. My lord, you know it is in vain ;
For the Queens sentence is definitiue,
And we must see't performed.

Eliz. Then, to our chamber, comfortlesse and
sad :

To-morrow to the *Tower*—that fatall place,
Where I shall nere behold the sunnes bright face.

Sufs. Now, God forbid ! a better hap Heauen
send.

Thus men may mourn for what they cannot mend.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter three white-cote Souldiers, with a jacke of beere.

1. Come, my masters, you know your charge.
Tis now about eleuen : here we must watch till
morning, and then carry the Princesse to the
Tower.

2. How shall we spend the time till morning ?

3. Mafs, wele drink, and talke of our friends.

2. I but, my friend, do not talk of State matters.

1. Not I : Ile not meddle with the State. I hope
this a man may say, without offence—prethee drink
to me.

3. With all my heart, ifaith : this a man might
lawfully speak. But now, faith, what wast about to
say ?

1. Mass, I say this—that the Lady *Elizabeth* is
both a lady and *Elizabeth* ; and if I should say she
were a vertuous princefs, were there any harm in
that ?

2. No, by my troth, theres no harm in that. But
beware of talking of the Princefs. Lets meddle with
our kindred ; there we may be bold.

1. Well, sirs, I haue two sisters, and the one loues
the other, and would not send her to prison for a mil-

lion. Is there any harm in this? Ile keepe myselfe within compasse, I warrant you; for I do not talke of the Queene; I talk of my sisters. Ile keepe myselfe within my compafs, I warrant you.

3. I but fir; that word sister goes hardly down.

1. Why, fir, I hope a man may be hold with his own. I learned that of the Queen. Ile keepe myselfe within compasse, I warrant you.

2. I but fir, why is the Princess committed?

1. It may be, she doth not know herself. It may be, the Queene knowes not the cause. It may be, my Lord of *Winchester* doth not know. It may be so: nothing is impossible. It may be, theres knauery in monkery: theres nothing unpossible. Is there any harm in that?

2. Shoemaker, you goe a little beyond your last.

1. Why? In saying nothing's unpossible? Ile stand to it. For saying a truth's a truth? Ile proue it. For saying there may be knauery in munkery? Ile iustify it. I do not say there is, but may be. I know what I know: he knowes what he knowes. Marry, we know not what euery man knowes.

2. My masters, we haue talkd so long, that I thinke tis day.

1. I think so too.—Is there any harme in all this?

2. None ith world.

3. And I thinke by this time the Princeffe is ready to take her barge.

1. Come, then, lets go. Would all were well. Is there any harme in all this? but, alas! Wisshes and teares haue both one property; They shew their loue that want the remedy.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Winchester and Beningfield.

Winch. Did you not mark what a piteous eye she cast

To the Queens window, as she pass'd along ?
Fain she would haue staid, but that I caus'd
The bargemen to make haste and row away.

Bening. The bargemen were too desperate, my
lord,

In staying till the water was so low ;
For then, you know, being vnderneath the Bridge,
The barges sterne did strike vpon the ground,
And was in danger to haue drown'd vs all.

Winch. Well, she hath scap'd that danger.
Would she but conform herself in her opinion,
She onely might rely vpon my loue,
To win her to the fauour of the Queene.

Bening. But that will neuer be : this is my cen-
sure ;

It she be guilty in the least degree,
May all her wrongs suruiue and light on her :
If other ways, that she be cleared. Thus, both ways
I wish her downe, or else her state to raise.

Enter Suffex, Tame, Howard, Shandoyse, and Gage.

Sufs. Why doth the Princesse keepe her barge so
long ?

Why lands she not ? Some one go see the cause.

Gage. That shall be my charge, my lord.

Exit Gage.

Sufs. Oh, me my lords, her state is wondrous
hard.

I haue seene the day my hand Ide not haue lent
To bring my soueraigns sister to the *Tower*.
Good my lords, stretch your commission
To do this Princesse but some little fauour.

Shand. My lord, my lord,
Let not the loue we bear the Princesse
Incur the Queens displeasure : tis no dallying with
matters of State. Who dares gainsay the Queene ?

Sufs. Marry a God, not I ; no, no, not I :
Yet who shall hinder these mine eyes to sorrow

For her sorrow? By Gods marry dear,
 That the Queene could not, though herself were here.
 My lords, my lords, if it were held foule treason
 To grieue for her hard vsage, by my soule,
 Mine eyes would hardly proue me a true subiect.
 Tis thè Queens pleasure, and we must obey ;
 But I shall mourn, should King and Queen say nay.

Enter Gage.

Gage. My griued mistres humbly thus intreats,
 For to remoue back to the common staires,
 And not to land where traytors put to shore.
 Some difference she entreats your honours make
 Twixt Crytal fountains and foul, muddy springs ;
 Twixt those that are condemned by the law,
 And those whom treasons staine did neuer blemish.
 Thus she attends your answer ; and sits still,
 Whilst her wet eyes full many a tear doth spill.

Sufs. Marry a God, tis true, and tis no reason.
 Lanch bargeman !—

Good lady land where traitors vse to land,
 And fore her guilt be proued ? Gods marry, no,
 And the Queen wills it, that it should be so.

Chand. My lord, you must looke into our commif-
 sion.

No fauor's granted, she of force must land :
 Tis a decree which we cannot withstand.

So tell her, Master *Gage.* *Exit Gage.*

Sufs. As good a lady as ere England bred.
 Would he that caused this woe had lost his head !

*Enter Gage, Elizabeth, and Clarentia, her Gentle-
 woman.*

Gage. Madam, you haue slept too short into the
 water.

Eliz. No matter where I tread.
 Would where I fet my foot there lay my head.

Land traitor like ! My foots wet in the flood ;
So shall my heart ere long be drencht in blood.

Enter Constable.

Winch. Here comes the Constable of the *Tower*.
This is your charge.

Const. And I receiue my prifoner.—Come, will
you go ?

Eliz. Whither, my lord ? vnto a grate of iron,
Where grieffe and care my poore heart shall en-
uiron ?

I am not well.

Sufs. A chair for the Princeffe !

Const. Heres no chair for prifoners.
Come, will you see your chamber ?

Eliz. Then, on this stone, this cold stone, I will
fit.

I needs must say, you hardly me entreat,
When for a chair this hard stone is my feat.

Sufs. My lord, you deal too cruelly with the
Princes.

You knew her father ; shes no stranger to you.

Tame. Madam, it raines.

Sufs. Good lady, take my cloake.

Eliz. No ; let it alone. See, gentlemen,
The piteous heauens weepe teares into my bosom.
On this cold stone I fit, raine in my face ;
But better here then in a worfer place,
Where this bad man will lead me.

Clarentia, reach my booke.

Now, lead me where you please, from sight of day,
Or in a dungeon I shall see to pray.

Exeunt Elizabeth, Gage, Clarentia, and Constable.

Sufs. Nay, nay, you need not bolt and lock so
fast ;

She is no starter.—Honorable lords,
Speake to the Queene she may haue some release.

Enter Constable.

Const. So, fo. Let me alone, let me alone to
coope her.

Ile vse her fo, the Queen shall much commend
My diligent care.

How. Where haue you left the Princeesse ?

Const. Where she is safe enough, I warrant you.
I haue not granted her the priuilege
Of any walke or garden, or to ope
Her windowes casements to receiue the air.

Sufs. My lord, my lord, you deal without re-
spect,
And worfe then your commiffion can maintain.

Const. My lord, I hope I know my office
well,
And better then yourself within this place :
Then teach not me my duty. She shall be vsed fo
still ;
The Queene commands, and Ile obey her will.

Sufs. But if this time should alter, marke me
well,
Could this be answer'd ? Could it fellow peers ?
I think not fo.

Const. Tush, tush ! the Queen is young, likely to
beare
Of her own body a more royall heir.

Enter Gage.

Gage. My lords, the Princeesse humbly entreats,
That her owne seruants may beare vp her diet.
A company of base, vntutord slaues,
Whose hands did neuer serue a princefs board,
Do take that priuiledge.

Const. Twas my appointment, and it shall be so.

Sufs. Gods marry, deare, but it shall not be.
Lord *Howard*, ioine with me : we'll to the King.

you know no body.

215

Enter Souldiers, with dishes.

Gage. Stay, good my lords : for instance, see, they come.

If this be seemly, let your honours iudge.

Sufs. Come, come, my lords : why doe you stay so long ?

The Queens high fauour shall amend this wrong.

Exeunt omnes, præter Gage & Constab.

Const. Now sir, what haue you got by your complaining, you common find-fault. What is your Mistris stomacke so queasie ? our honest Souldiers must not touch her meat, then let her fast ; I know her stomacke will come downe at last.

Enter Souldiers with more dishes. Gage takes one from them.

Gage. Untutord flaue, Ile ease thee of this burthen.

Her highnesse scorns

To touch the dish her seruants bring not vp.

Const. Presume to touch a dish, Ile lodge thee there,

Where thou shalt see no fun, in one whole yeare.

Exeunt Constable and Soldiers.

Gage. I would to God you would in any. place Where I might liue from thought of her disgrace !

Oh ! thou all-seeing heauens, with piteous eye

Look on the oppreffions of their cruelty.

Let not thy truth by falshood be opprest,

But let her vertues shine, and giue her rest.

Confound the flights and practise of those men,

Whose pride doe kick against the feat of Heauen.

Oh ! draw the curtains from their filthy sin,

And make them loathe the hell which they liue in.

Prosper the Princesse, and her life defend ;

A glorious comfort to her troubles send.

If euer thou hadst pity, hear my prayer,

And giue releasment to a Princes care.

Exit Gage.

A DUMB SHOW.

Enter six with torches. Tame and Chandos, bare-headed; Philip and Mary after them; then Winchester, Beningsfield, and Attendants. At the other door, Suffex and Howard. Suffex deliueres a petition to the King, the King receiues it, shows it to the Queen; she shows it to Winchester and to Beningsfield; they storm: the King whispers to Suffex, and raises him and Howard; giues them the petition: they take their leaues and depart. The King whispers a little to the Queen. Exeunt.

Enter Constable and Gage.

Gage. The Princess thus entreats you honord lord;

She may but walke in the Lieutenants garden,
Or else repose herselfe in the Queens lodgings.
My honourd lord, grant this, as you did loue
The famous *Henry*, her deceased father.

Const. Come, talke not to me, for I am re-
folu'd

Nor lodging, garden, nor Lieutenants walkes,
Shall here be granted: shes a prisoner.

Gage. My Lord, they shall.

Const. How shall they, knaue?

Gage. If the Queen please, they shall.

A noble and right reuerend councillor
Promisd to beg it of her Maiesty;
And if she say the word, my lord, she shall.

Const. I; if she say the word, it shall be so.
My Lord of *Winchester* speakes the contrary;
So doe the clergy: they are honest men.

Gage. My honoured lord, why should you take de-
light
To torture a poor lady innocent?

The Queene I know, when she shall heare of this,
Will greatly discommend your cruelty.

You seru'd her father, and he lou'd you well :
You seru'd her brother, and he held you deare ;
And can you hate the sifter he best loued ?

You serue her sifter ; she esteemes you high,
And you may liue to serue her, ere you die.

And, therefore, good my lord, let this preuail :

Only the casements of her windowes ope,
Whereby she may receiue fresh gladfome air.

Const. Oh ! you preach well to deaf men : no,
not I.

So letters may fly in ; Ile none of that.

She is my prisoner ; and if I durst,

But that my warrant is not yet so strict,

Ide lay her in a dungeon where her eyes

Should not haue light to read her prayer-booke.

So would I danger both her soul and body,

Cause she an alien is to vs Catholikes :

Her bed should be all snakes, her rest despaire ;

Torture should make her curse her faithlesse prayer.

Enter Suffex, Howard, and Seruants.

Suff. My lord, it is the pleasure of the Queene,
The prisoner Princessse should haue all the vse
Of the Lieutenants garden, the Queens lodgings,
And all the liberty this place affords.

Const. What meanes her Grace by that ?

Suff. You may goe aske her, and you will, my
lord.

Moreouer, tis her highness further pleasure,
That her sworne seruants shall attend on her :
Two gentlemen of her ewry, two of her pantry,
Two of her kitchin, and two of her wardrobe,
Besides this gentleman here Master *Gage*.

Const. The next will be her freedom. Oh this
mads me.

How. Which way lies the Princessse ?

Const. This way, my lord.

How. This will be glad tidings. Come, lets tell her Grace.

Exeunt omnes, præter Constable & Gage.

Gage. Wilt please your honour let my lady walke

In the Lieutenants garden,
Or may but see the lodgings of the Queen,
Or ope the casements to receiue fresh air?
Shall she, my lord? Shall she this freedom vse?
She shall; for you can neither will nor chuse.
Or shall she haue some seruants of her own,
To attend on her? I pray, let it be so;
And let your looke no more poore prifoners
daunt,
I pray, deny not what you needs must grant.

Exit Gage.

Const. This base groome flouts me. Oh this frets my heart:

These knaues will iet vpon their priuiledge.
But yet Ile vex her: I haue found the means.
Ile haue my cookes to dresse my meate with hers,
And euery officer my men shall match.
Oh! that I could but drain her hearts deare
blood.
Oh! it would feede me, do my foule much good.

Enter the Clown beating a Souldier.

Exeunt.

Enter Cooke beating another Souldier.

Const. How now! what meanes the fellow?

Cook. Audacious flauie, presuming in my place!

Const. Sir twas my pleasure, and I did command it.

Cook. The proudest he that keeps within the
Tower

Shall haue not eye into my priuate office.

Const. No, fir? Why, say tis I.

Cook. Be it yourself, or any other here,
Ile make him sup the hottest broth I haue.

Const. You will not.

Cook. Zounds? I will:

I haue been true to her, and will be still.

Exit Cooke.

Const. Well; Ile haue this amended, ere't be long,
And venge myself on her for all their wrong.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter a Boy with a nosegay.

Boy. I haue got another nosegay for my young
lady.

My lord said I should be foundly whipt,

If I were seen to bring her any more;

But yet Ile venture once again, she's so good.

Oh! here's her chamber: Ile call and see if she be
stirring.

Where are you, lady?

Eliz. Welcome, sweet boy: what hast thou brought
me there?

Boy. Madam, I haue brought you another nose-
gay.

But you must not let it be seene; for, if it be,

I shall be foundly whipt: indeed, la, indeed, I
shall.

Eliz. God a mercy, boy! Heres to requite thy
loue.

Exit: Eliz.

Enter Constable, Suffex, Howard, and Attendants.

Const. Stay him, stay him!—Oh haue I caught you,
fir?

Where haue you been?

Boy. To carry my young lady some more
flowers.

If you know not me,

How. Alas, my lord ! a child, Pray, let him go.

Const. A crafty knaue, my lords.—Search him for letters.

Suff. Letters, my lord ! It is impossible.

Const. Come, tell me what letters thou carryedst her ?

Ile giue thee figs and fugar-plums.

Boy. Will you, indeed ? Well, Ile take your word,

For you looke like an honest man.

Const. Now, tell me what letters thou deliueredst ?

Boy. Faith, gaffer, I know no letters but great A, B, and C : I am not come to K yet.

Now, gaffer, will you giue me my fugar-plums ?

Const. Yes, marry will I,—Take him away : Let him be foundly whipt, I charge you, firrah.

Enter Elizabeth, Gage, and Clarentia.

Eliz. They keep euen infants from vs : they do well.

My fight they haue too long barred, and now my smell.

This *Tower* hath made me fall to hufwifry :

I spend my labours to relieue the poor.

Go, *Gage* ; distribute these to those that need.

Enter Winchester, Beningfield, and Tame.

Winch. Madam, the Queene, out of her royal bounty,

Hath freed you from the thraldom of the *Tower*,

And now this gentleman must be your guardian.

Eliz. I thank her she hath rid me of a tyrant.

Is he appointed now to be my keeper ?

What is he, lords ?

Tame. A gentleman in fauor with the Queene.

Eliz. It seems so, by his charge.—But tell me,
Gage,

Is yet the scaffold standing on *Tower Hill*,
Whereon young *Guilford* and the Lady *Fane*
Did suffer death?

Gage. Upon my life it stands not.

Eliz. Lord *Howard*, what is he?

How. A gentleman, though of a sterner aspect;
Yet milde enough, I hope your Grace will finde.

Eliz. Hath he not, think you, a stretcht con-
science;
And if my secret murder should be put into his
hands,

Hath he not heart, think you, to execute?

How. Defend it, Heaven; and Gods almighty
hand

Betwixt your Grace and such intendments stand.

Bening. Come, madam; will you go?

Eliz. With all my heart.—Farewell, farewell:
I am freed from limbo, to be sent to hell.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Cook and Pantler.

Cook. What storme comes next? this hath disperst
vs quite,

And shatterd vs to nothing.

Though we be denied the presence of our mistress,
Yet we will walke aloofe, and none controle vs.

Pant. Here will shee crosse the riuer; stand in her
eye,

That she may take some notice of our neglected
duties.

Enter three poor men.

1. Come: this way, they say, the sweet Princess
comes. Let vs present her with such tokens of good
will as we haue.

2. They say she's such a vertuous Princess, that she'll accept of a cup of cold water; and I haue euen a nosegay for her Grace. Here shee comes.

Enter Elizabeth, Beningfield, Gage, *and* Tame.

Omnes. The Lord preferue thy sweet Grace.

Eliz. What are these?

Gage. The townesmen of the country, gather'd here

To greet your Grace, hearing you past this way.

Eliz. Giue them this gold, and thanke them for their loues.

Bening. What traitor knaues are gather'd here, to make a tumult?

Omnes. Now, the Lord blefs thy sweet Grace!

Bening. If they persist, I charge you, soldiers, stop their mouths.

Eliz. It shall not need.

The poor are louing, but the rich despise;
And though you curb their tongues, spare them their eyes.

Your loue my smart allayes not, but prolongs:
Pray for me in your hearts, not with your tongues.
See, see, my lord: looke, I haue filld them all.
Not one amongst them but debates my fall.

Tame. Alas, Sir *Harry*, these are honest countrymen,

That much reioice to see the Princess well.

Bening. My lord, my lord, my charge is great.

Tame. And mine as great as yours. *Bells.*

Bening. Hark, hark, my lord, what bells are these?

Gage. The townsmen of this village,
Hearing her highness pass this way,
Salutes her coming with this peal of bells.

Bening. Traitors and knaues! Ring bells,
When the Queens enemy passeth through the town?
Go, set the knaues by the heels: make their pates

Ring noon, I charge thee, *Barwicke.* *Exit Barwicke.*

Eliz. Alas, poor men! help them, thou God
about!

Thus men are forc'd to suffer for my loue.

What said my seruants—those that stood aloof?

Gage. They deeply coniur'd me, out of their loues,
To know how your case goes, which these poor people
second.

Eliz. Say to them, *tanquam Ovis.*

Bening. Come, come away. This lingering will
benight vs.

Tame. Madam, this night your lodging's at my
house:

No prisoner are you, madam, for this night.

Bening. How? no prisoner?

Tame. No; no prisoner. What I intend to do,
Ile answer.—Madam, will't please you go?

Exit Eliz., Beningfield, and Tame.

Cook. Now, gentle master vs her, what sayes my
lady?

Gage. This did she bid me say—*tanquam Ovis.*

Farewell, I must away. *Exit Gage.*

1. *Tanqus ouris?* Pray, what's *tanqus ouris*,
neighbour?

2. If the priest were here, he'd smell it out
straight.

Cook. Myself haue been a scholar, and I under-
stand what *tanquam Ovis* meanes.

We sent to know how her Grace did fare:

She *tanquam ovis* said: even like a sheep

That's to the slaughter led.

1. *Tanquam ovrus*: that I should liue to see *tan-
quam ovrus.*

2. I shall ne'er loue *tanquam ovrus* again, for this
tricke. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Beningfield and Barwick, his man.

Bening. *Barwick*, is this the chair of state?

Barw. I, fir; this is it.

Bening. Take it downe, and pull off my boots.

Barw. Come on, Sir.

Enter Clowne.

Clown. O monstrous, what a sawcy companion's this? to pull off his boots in the chair of state. Ile fit you a pennyworth for it.

Bening. Well said, *Barwicke.* Pull, knaue.

Barw. Ah, ha, fir!

Bening. Well said: now it comes.

The Clowne pulls the chair from vnder him.

Clown. Gods pity, I thinke you are downe. Cry you mercy.

Bening. What faucy arrant knaue art thou?
How?

Clown. Not so faucy an arrant knaue as your worship takes me to be.

Bening. Villain! thou hast broke my crooper.

Clown. I am forry tis no worse for your worship.

Bening. Knaue! dost flout me?

Exeunt. He beats him out.

Enter the Englishman and Spaniard.

Spa. The wall, the wall.

Eng. Sblood. Spaniard, you get no wall here, vnless you would haue your head and the wall knockt together.

Spa. Signor Cavalero *Danglatero*, I must haue the wall.

Eng. I doe protest, hadst thou not enforst it, I had not regarded it; but, since you will needs haue the wall, Ile take the pains to thrust you into the kennel.

Sp. Oh, base *Cavalero*, my sword and poynard, well-tryed in *Toledo*, shall giue thee the *imbrocado*.

Eng. Marry, and welcome, fir. Come on.

They fight: he hurts the Spaniard.

Spa. Holo, holo! thou hast giuen me the *can-*
vissado.

Eng. Come, fir; will you any more?

Spa. Signor *Cavalero*, look behind thee. A blade
of Toledo is drawne against thee.

He lookes backe: he kills him.

Enter Philip, Howard, Suffex, Constable and
Gresham.

Phil. Hang that ignoble groome!—Had we
not
Beheld thy cowardice, we should haue sworn
Such baseness had not followed vs.

Spa. *Oh, vostro mandado, grand Emperato.*

How. Pardon i n, my lord.

Phil. Are you respectless of our honor, lords,
That you would haue vs bosom cowardise?
I do protest, the great Turkes empire
Shall not redeeme thee from a felons death.
What place is this, my lords?

Suff. *Charing Crofs*, my liege.

Phil. Then, by this crofs, where thou hast done
this murder,
Thou shalt be hang'd.—So, lords, away with him.

Exit Spaniard.

Suff. Your grace may purchase glory from aboue,
And entire loue from all your peoples hearts,
To make atonement 'twixt the woful Princefle
And our dread foueraign, your most virtuous Queene.

How. It were a deed worthy of memory.

Const. My lord, shes factious: rather could I
wish

She were married to some priuate gentleman,
And with her dower conuaid out of the land,
Then here to stay, and be a mutiner.
So may your highnesse state be more secure;

For whilst she liues, warres and commotions,
Foul infurrections, will be set abroch.

I thinke twere not amisse to take her head :
This land would be in quiet, were she dead.

Sufs. O, my lord, you speake not charitably.

Phil. Nor will we, lords, embrace his heedlesse
counsell.

I do protest, as I am King of *Spain*,
My utmost power Ile stretch to make them friends.
Come, lords, lets in : my loue and wit Ile try,
To end this jarre ; the Queene shall not deny.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Elizabeth, Beningsfield, Clarentia, Tame, Gage,
and Barwicke.*

Eliz. What fearful terror doth affaile my heart ?
Good *Gage*, come hither, and resolue me true
In thy opinion, shall I outliue this night ?
I preethee, speake.

Gage. Outliue this night ! I pray Madam, why ?

Eliz. Then, to be plaine, this night I looke to
die.

Gage. O, madam, you were borne to better for-
tunes,

That God that made you will protect you still
From all your enemies that wish you ill.

Eliz. My heart is fearful.

Gage. Oh, my honord lord,
As euer you were noble in your thoughts,
Speake, shall my lady outliue this night, or no ?

Tame. You much amaze me, fir : else heauen fore-
fend.

Gage. For if we should imagine any plot
Pretending to the hurt of our deare mistrifs,
I and my fellowes, though farre vnable are
To stand against your power, will die together.

Tame. And I with you would spend my dearest
blood

To doe that virtuous lady any good.

Sir *Harry*, now my charge I must resigne :

The lady's wholly in your custody ;

Yet vse her kindly, as she well deserues,

And so I take my leaue.—Madam adieu. *Exit Tame.*

Eliz. My honord lord, farewell : vnwilling I
With grieffe and woe must continue.

Help me to some inke and paper, good Sir *Harry*.

Bening. What to doe, madam ?

Eliz. To write a letter to the Queene, my sister.

Bening. I find not that in my Commission.

Eliz. Good iailor, vrge not thy Commission.

Bening. No iailor, but your guardian, madam.

Eliz. Then, reach me pen and inke.

Bening. Madam, I dare not : my Commission
ferues not.

Eliz. Thus haue you driuen me off, from time to
time,

Still vrging me with your Commission.

Good iailor, be not so feure.

Bening. Good madam, I entreat you, lose that
name of iailor ; twill be a by-word to me and my pos-
terity.

Eliz. As often as you name your Commission,
So often will I call you iailor.

Bening. Say I should reach you pen, ink, and
paper,

Who ist dare beare a letter sent from you ?

Eliz. I do not keepe a seruant so dishonest
That would deny me that.

Bening. Whoeuer dares, none shall.

Gage. Madam, impose the letter to my trust.

Vere I to beare it through a field of pikes,
And in my way ten thousand arm'd men ambusht,
He make my passage through the midst of them,
And perforce beare it to the Queene your sister.

Bening. Body of me, what a bold knaue's this.

Eliz. *Gage*, leaue me to myselfe.—
ca
the
ou euer liuing Power, that guid'ft all hearts,

228 *If you know not me,*

Giue to my pen a true perswasive style,
That it may moue my impatient sisters eares,
And vrge her to compassionate my woe. *she writes.*

Beningfield takes a book, and looks into it.

Bening. What has she written here?
Much suspected by me, nothing proued can be,
he reads.

Finis, quoth *Elizabeth*, the prisoner.
Pray God it proue so. Soft what booke's this?
Marry a God! whats here an English Bible?
Santa Maria, pardon this prophanation of my heart!
Water, *Barwicke*! water! Ile meddle with't no more.

Eliz. My heart is heauy, and my eye doth close.
I am weary of writing—sleepy on the fudden.
Clarentia, leaue me, and command some music
In the withdrawing chamber. *she sleeps.*

Bening. Your letter shall be forthcoming, lady.
I will peruse it, ere it scape me now.

Exit Beningfield.

A DUMB SHOW.

Enter Winchester, Constable, Barwick, and Fryers: At the other door, two Angels. The Fryers step to her, offering to kill her: the Angels driue them back. Exeunt. The Angel opens the Bible, and puts it in her hand as she sleeps. Exeunt Angels. She wakes.

Eliz. O, God how pleasant was this sleepe to me!
Clarentia, sawst thou nothing?

Clar. Madam, not I.

I ne'er slept foundlier for the time.

Eliz. Nor heardst thou nothing?

Clar. Neither, madam.

Eliz. Didst thou not put this booke into
hand?

Clar. Madam not I.

Eliz. Then, twas by inspiration.—Heauen, I

With his eternal hand, will guide the iust.
What chapter's this? *Whofo putteth his trust in the
Lord, shall not be confounded.*
My Sauour, thanks; on thee my hope I build:
Thou lou'st poor innocents, and art their shield.

Enter Beningfield and Gage.

Bening. Here haue you writ a long excuse, it
feemes,
But no submission to the Queene, your sifter.

Eliz. Should they submit that neuer wrought of-
fence?

The law will alwayes quit wrong'd innocence.—
Gage, take my letter: to the lords commend
My humble duty.

Gage. Madam, I fly
To giue this letter to her Maiesty.
Hoping, when I return,
To giue you comfort that now sadly mourn.

Exeunt omnes, præter Bening.

Bening. I, do, write and fend. Ile crosse you still.
She shall not speake to any man aliue,
But Ile orehear her: no letter, nor no token
Shall euer haue acesse vnto her hands,
But first I see it.
So, like a subiect to my Soueraigns state,
I will pursue her with my deadly hate.

Enter Clown.

Clown. O, Sir *Harry!* you looke well to your
office:
Yonders one in the garden with the Princeffe.
Bening. How, knaue! with the Princeffe? she
parted euen now.
Clown. I fir, that's all one; but shee no sooner
came into the Garden, but he leapt ore the wall; and
there they are together busy in talke fir.

Bening. Here's for thy paines : thou art an honest fellow.

Go, take a guard, and apprehend them straight.

Ex. Clown.

Bring them before me.—O this was well found out.

Now will the Queene commend my diligent care,
And praise me for my seruice to her Grace.

Ha ! traitors swarm so neare about my house ?

Tis time to look into't.—Oh, well said, *Barwicke.*

Where's the prisoner ?

*Enter Clown, Barwick, and Soldiers, leading a goat :
his sword drawne.*

Clown. Here he is, in a string, my lord.

Bening. Lord blefs vs ! Knaue, what hast thou there ?

Clown. This is he I told you was busy in talk with the Princeffe. What a did there, you must get out of him by examination.

Bening. Why, knaue, this is a beast.

Clown. So may your worship be, for any thing that I know.

Bening. What art thou, knaue ?

Clown. If your worship does not remember me, I hope your worships crooper doth. But if you haue any thing to say to this honest fellow, who for his gray head and reuerent beard is so like, he may be akinne to you.

Bening. Akin to me ? Knaue, I'll haue thee whipt.

Clown. Then, your worship will cry quittance with my posteriors, for misusing of yours.

Bening. Nay, but dost thou flout me still ?

He beats him. Exeunt.

*Enter Winchester, Gresham with paper ; Constable
with a Purseuant.*

Gresh. I pray your honour to regard my haste.

Winch. I know your bufineffe, and your hafte
shall ftay.

As you were fpeaking, my Lord *Constable*.

Const. When as the King fhall come to feale thefe
writs.

Grefh. My lord, you know his Highnes treasure
ftays,

And cannot be transported thefe three moneths,
Vnleffe that now your honour feal my warrant.

Winch. Fellow, what then?—This warrant, that
concernes

The Princefs death, fhuffle amongft the reft :
He'll ne'er perufe't.

Grefh. How! the Princefs death? Thankes,
Heauen, by whom

I am made a willing instrument her life to faue,
That may liue crownd when thou art in thy graue.

Exit Grefham.

Winch. Stand ready, Purfevant, that when tis
fignd,

Thou maift be gone, and gallop with the winde.

Enter Philip, Suffex, and Gage.

Phil. Our Chancellor, lords. This is our fealing
day :

This our States bufinefs.—Is our fignet there ?

Enter Howard and Grefham, as he is fealing.

How. Stay your imperial hand ! Let not your feal
Imprint deaths impreff in your fifters heart.

Phil. Our fifters heart ! Lord *Howard*, what
meanes this ?

How. The Chancelor, and that inuirious lord
Can well expound the meaning.

Winch. Oh, chance accurft ! how came he by this
notice ?

Her life is guarded by the hand of heauen,

And we in vain pursue it.

Phil. Lord Chancellor, your dealing is not faire.
See, lords, what writs offer themselves
To the impresse of our seale.

Suff. See, my lord, a warrant
For the Princeesse death, before she be convicted.
What juggling call you this? See, see, for Gods sake.

Gage. And a pursueant, ready to post,
Away with it, to see it done with speed.
What flinty breast could brooke to see her bleed?

Phil. Lord Chancellor, out of our prerogative
We will make bold to enterline your warrant.

Suff. Whose plot was this?

How. The Chancellors, and my Lord Constables.

Suff. How was 't revealed?

How. By this gentleman, Master *Gresham*, the
Kings Agent, here.

Suff. He hath shew'd his love to the King &
Queens maiesty,
His service to his Country, and care of the Princeesse.

Gresh. My duty to them all.

Phil. Instead of charging of the Sherifes with
her,

We here discharge her keeper, *Beningfield*;
And where we should have brought her to the block,
We now will have her brought to *Hampton Court*,
There to attend the pleasure of the Queene.
The Pursuant, that should have posted downe
With tidings of her death, beare her the message
Of her reprieved life.—You, Master *Gage*,
Assist his speed.—A good days work we ha made,
To rescue innocence so neare betray'd.

Enter Clown and Clarentia.

Clown. Whither go you so fast, Mistris *Clarentia*?

Clar. A milking.

Clown. A milking! that's a poore office for a
madame.

Clar. Better be a milkmaide free, then a madam
in bondage.

Oh hadst thou heard the Princeffe yesternight,
Sitting within an arbor, all alone,
To heare a milkmaid sing,
It would haue moou'd a flinty heart to melt,
Weeping and wishing, wishing and weeping,
A thousand times she with herself debates
With the poore milkmaid to exchange estates.
She was a Sempster in the *Tower*, being a Princeffe,
And shall I, her poor Gentlewoman, disdaine
To be a milkmaid in the country ?

Clown. Troth you say true : euery one to his fortune,
as men go to hanging. The time hath been
when I would a scorn'd to carry coals, but now, the
case is alter'd ; euery man as far as his talent will
stretch.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gentle. Where's Mistrefs *Clarentia* ? To horse, to
horse ! The Princeffe is sent for to the Court. She's
gone already. Come, let's after.

Clar. The Princefs gone, and I left here be-
hinde ?

Come, come : our horses shall outstrip the winde.

Clown. And Ile not be long after you ; for I am
sure my curtall will carry me as fast as your double
Gelding. *Exeunt.*

Enter Elizabeth and Gage.

Eliz. I wonder, *Gage* that we
Haue staid so long so near the Court, and yet
Haue heard no newes from our displeas'd sifter.
This more affrights me than my former troubles.
I fear this *Hampton-court* will be my graue.

Gage. Good madam, blot such thoughts out of your minde.

The lords, I know, are still about your sute,
And make no doubt but they will so preuaile,
Both with the King and Queen, that you shall see
Their heynous anger will be turn'd to loue.

Enter Howard.

How. Where is the Princeesse?

Eliz. Welcome, my good Lord *Howard*.

What sayes the Queene? Will she admit my fight?

How. Madam, she will: this night she hath appointed,

That she herselfe in person means to heare you.

Protract no time: then, come; let's haft away.

Exeunt.

Enter four torches. Philip, Winchester, Howard,
Shandoyse, Beningfield, *and attendants.*

Queen. Where is the Princeesse?

How. She waits your pleasure at the common staires.

Queen. Usher her in by torch-light.

How. Gentlemen Vshers and gentlemen Pensioners,

Lights for the Princefs: Attendance, gentlemen.

Phil. For her supposed virtues, royall Queene,

Looke on your sister with a smiling brow,

And if her fault merit not too much hate,

Let her be censur'd with all lenity.

Let your deepe hatred end where it begunne:

She hath been too long banisht from the sun.

Queen. Our fauour shall be farre boue her desert;

And she that hath been banish'd from the light,

Shall once againe behold our cheerfull sight.

You my lord shall step behinde the arras,

And heare our conference. Wele show her grace,
For there shines too much mercy in your face.

Phil. We bear this mind: we errors would not
feed,
Nor cherish wrongs, nor yet see innocents bleed.

Queen. Call the Princets!

Exeunt for the Princets. Philip *behind the arras.*

Enter all with Elizabeth.

All forbear this place, except our sifter, now.

Exeunt omnes.

Eliz. That God that rais'd you, slay you, and
protect
You from your foes, and cleare me from suspect.

Queen. Wherefore doe you cry?
To see yourself so low, or vs so hie?

Eliz. Neither, dread Queen: mine is a womanish
teare,
In part compell'd by joy, and part by fear.
Joy of your sight these brinish tears haue bred,
And feare of my Queens frowne to strike me dead.

Queen. Sister, I rather think they're tears of
spleene.

Eliz. You were my sifter, now you are my
Queene.

Queen. I, that's your grief.

Eliz. Madam, he was my foe,
And not your friend, that hath possesst you so.
I am as true a subiect to your grace,
As any liues this day. Did you but see
My heart, it bends farre lower then my knee.

Queen. We know you can speake well. Will you
submit?

Eliz. My life, madam, I will; but not as guilty:
Should I confess
Fault done by her that neuer did transgresse?
I ioy to haue a sifter Queene so royall;
I would it as much pleas'd your Maiesty,
That you enjoy a sifter thats so true.

If I were guilty of the least offence,
 Madam, 'twould taint the blood euen in your face.
 The treasons of the father being noble,
 Vnnobles all his children : Let your grace,
 Exact all torture and imprifonment,
 Whatere my greateft enemies can deuife,
 And when they haue all done their worft, yet I
 Will your true fubject, and true fifter die.

Phil. (behind the arras). Mirror of vertue and bright
 Natures pride !

Pity it had beene fuch beauty should haue dide.

Queen. Youle not submit, then, but end as you
 begin.

Eliz. Madam, to death I will, but not to fin.

Queen. You are not guilty, then ?

Eliz. I thinke I am not.

Queen. I am not of your minde.

Eliz. I would your highnefs were.

Queen. How meane you that ?

Eliz. To thinke as I thinke, that my foul is
 clear.

Queen. You haue been wrong imprifoned, then ?

Eliz. Ile not fay fo.

Queen. Whatere you think, arife and kiffe our
 hand.

Say, God hath raifd you friends.

Eliz. Then God hath kept his promife.

Queen. Promife, why ?

Eliz. To raife them friends that on his word rely.

Enter Philip.

Phil. And may the heauens applaud this vnity :
 Accurst be they that firft procurd this wrong.
 Now, by my crown, you ha been kept downe too
 long.

Queen. Sifter this night yourfelfe fhall feaft with
 me ;

To-morrow for the country : you are free.—

Lights for the Princeffe, conduct her to her chamber.

Exit Elizabeth.

Phil. My soul is ioyfull that this peace is made ;
A peace that pleaseth heauen and earth and all,
Redeeming captiue thoughts from captiue thrall.
Faire Queene, the serious busines of my father
Is now at hand to be accomplished :
Of your fair fight needs must I take my leau :
Returne I shall, though parting cause vs grieue.

Queen. Why should two hearts be forc'd to sepa-
rate ?

I know your businesse, but belieue me, sweet,
My soul diuines we neuer more shall meet.

Phil. Yet faire Queene, hope the best : I shall re-
turne,

Who met with ioy, though now sadly mourn.

Exeunt Philip & Qu.

Bening. What, droops your honour ?

Winch. Oh, I am sick.

Const. Where lies your grief ?

Winch. Where yours and all good subiects else
should lie,

Neare at the heart.

This confirmation I do greatly dread ;

For now our true religion will decay.

I doe diuine, whoeuer liues seuen yeare

Shall see no Religion here but heresy.

Bening. Come, come, my lords, this is but for a
show.

Our Queene I warrant, wishes in her heart

Her sister Princeffe were without her head.

Winch. No, no, my lords : this peace is natu-
rall ;

This combination is without deceit ;

But I will once more write to incense the Queene.

The plot is laid : thus it shall be performed.

Sir *Harry*, you shall go attach her seruant,

Vpon suspition of some treachery,

Wherein the Princeſſe ſhall be acceſſary.
 If this doe faile, my policy is downe.
 But I grow faint : the feuer ſteals on me ;
 Death, like a vultur tyres vpon my heart,
 Ile leaue you two to profecute the drift :
 My bones to earth I giue, to heauen my foul I liſt.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gage and Clarentia.

Gage. Madam *Clarentia*, is my lady ſtirring ?

Clar. Yes, Maſter *Gage*, but heauy at the heart,
 For ſhee was frighted with a dreame this night.
 She ſaid ſhe dream'd her ſiſter was new married,
 And fate vpon an high imperial throne :
 That ſhe herſelf was caſt into a dungeon,
 Where enemies enuironed her about,
 Offering their weapons to her naked breſt ;
 Nay, they would ſcarcely giue her leaue to pray,
 They made ſuch haſte to hurry her away.

Gage. Heauen ſhield my miſtriſs, and make her
 friends increaſe ;
 Conuert her foes ; eſtate her in true peace.

Clar. Then did I dreame of weddings and of
 flowers.

Methought I was within the fineſt garden
 That euer mortall eye did yet behold :
 Then ſtraight me thought ſome of the chiefe were
 pickt

To dreſſe the bride. O twas the rareſt ſhow
 To ſee the bride goe ſmiling longſt the ſtreets,
 As if ſhe went to happineſs eternal.

Gage. O moſt vnhappy dreame, my feare is
 now

As great as yours : before it was but ſmall.
 Come, lets goe comfort her that ioys us all.

Exeunt.

ENTER A DUMBE SHOW : SIXE TORCHES.

Suffex bearing the crowne, Howard bearing the Scepter, the Constable the Mace, Tame the purse, Shandoyse the sword : Philip and Mary ; after them the Cardinal Poole, Beningfield, and attendants. Philip and Mary conferre : he takes leaue, and exit. Nobles bring him to the door and returne ; she falls in a swoound ; they comfort her.

A dead march. Enter four with the herse of Winchester, with the scepter and purse lying on it ; the Queen takes the scepter and purse, and giues it to Cardinal Poole. A Sennet, & exeunt omnes, præter Suffex.

Suff. Winchester dead ! Oh God ! euen at his death

He shew'd his malice to the sweet young Princess.
God pardon him, his foul must answer all.
Shee's still preferued, and still her foes do fall.
The Queen is much befotted on these Prelates,
For there's another raised, more base then he,
Poole that Arch, for truth and honesty.

Enter Beningfield.

Bening. My lord of *Suffex*, I can tell ill news.
The Cardinal *Poole*, that now was firmly well,
Is suddenly falln sick, and like to dye.

Suff. Let him go. Why, then, theres a fall of Prelates.

This realme will neuer stand in perfect state,
Till all their faction be cleare ruinate.

Enter Constable.

Const. Sir *Harry*, do you heare the whispering in the Court ?

They say the Queene is crasie, very ill.

Suff. How heard you that ?

Const. Tis common through the house.

Enter Howard.

How. Tis a sad Court, my lord.

Suff. Whats the matter ? say, how fares the Queen ?

How. Whether in sorrow for the Kings departure,

Or else for grief at *Winchesters* decease,

Or else that Cardinal *Poole* is sodainly dead,

I cannot tell ; but she's exceeding sick.

Suff. The State begins to alter.

How. Nay, more, my lord : I came now from the presence ;

I heard the doctors whisper it in secret,

There is no way but one.

Suff. God's will be done. Who's with the Queene, my lord ?

How. The Duke of *Norfolke*, and the Earle of *Oxford*,

The Earle of *Arundell*, and diuers others :

They are withdrawne into the inward chamber,

There to take counsel, and intreat your presence.

Suff. Wele wait vpon their Honours. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter Elizabeth, Gage, and Clarentia aboue.

Eliz. O God ! my last nights dreame I greatly feare ;

It doth presage my death.—Good Master *Gage*,
Looke to the pathway that doth come from
Court ;

I looke each minute for deaths messenger.

Would he were here now, so my soule were pure,
That I with patience might the stroke endure.

Gage. Madam, I see from farre a horseman
coming ;

This way he bends his speed. He comes so fast,
That he is couerd in a cloud of dust ;
And now I haue lost his fight. He appeares
again,

Making his way ouer hill, hedge, ditch, and
plaine ;

One after him : they two striue,
As on the race they had wagerd both their liues ;
Another after him.

Eliz. O God ! what meanes this haste ?
Pray for my soule : my life cannot long last.

Gage. Strange and miraculous, the first being at
the gate,
His horse hath broke his necke, and cast his
rider.

Eliz. This fame is but as prologue to my death,
My heart is guiltlesse, though they take my breath.

Enter Sir Henry Kereu.

Kereu. God saue the Queene, God saue *Eli-*
zabeth.

Eliz. God saue the Queene ; so all good subiects
say :

I am her subiect, and for her still pray.

Kereu: My horse did you allegeance at the
gate,

For there he broke his necke and there he lies,
For I myself had much adoe to rise.

The fall hath brui'd me, yet I liue to cry,
God blefs your Grace, God blefs your Maiesty !

Gage. Long liue the Queen, long liue your
majesty !

Eliz. This newes is sweete : my heart was fore
afraid,
Rise thou, first Baron that we euer made.

Karew. Thankes to your Maiefty. Happy be my tongue,
That first breath'd right to one that had such wrong.

Enter Sir John Brocket.

Brock. Am I preuented in my haste. O chance
accurst !
My hopes did footh me that I was the first ;
Let not my duty be ore-sway'd by spleen ;
Long liue my Soueraign, and God faue the
Queen !

Eliz. Thanks, good Sir *John* : we will deserue
your loue.

Enter Howard.

How. Though third in order, yet the first in
loue,
I tender my allegeance to your grace.
Liue long, faire Queene ; thrice happy be your
raigne,
He that inflates you, your high state maintaine.

Eliz. Lord *Howard*, thankes ; you euer were our
friend :

I fee your loue continues to the end.
But chiefly thanks to you, my Lord of *Hunfdon*.

How. Meaning this gentleman ?

Eliz. The very fame :
His tongue was first proclaimer of our name.
And trusty *Gage*, in token of our grace,
We giue to you a Captaine Pentioners place.

How. Madam, the Counsell are here hard at
hand.

Eliz. We will descend and meet them.

Carew. Let's guard our Soueraign, praising that
power,
That can throw downe and raise within an hour.

Ex. omnes.

Enter the Clowne and one more with faggots.

Clown. Come, neighbour ; come away : euery man his faggot and his double pot, for ioy of the old Queens death.

Let bells ring, and children sing,
For we may haue caufe to remember
The feunteenth day of Nouember.

Enter Lord of Tame.

Tame. How now, my masters, what's here to do ?

Clown. Faith, making bone-fires, for ioy of the new Queene. Come, fir, your penny : and you be a true subiect, you'll battle with vs your faggot. We'll be merry, i'faith.

Tame. And you do well. And yet, methinke, twere fit

To spend some funerall teares vpon her hearfe,
Who, while she liu'd was deare vnto you all.

Clown. I, but do you not know the old prouerb ?
We must liue by the quicke, and not by the dead.

Tame. Did you not loue her father, when he liu'd,

As dearly as you ere did loue any,
And yet reioiced at his funeral ?

Likewise her brother, you esteem'd him dear,
Yet once departed, joyfully you fung:

Run to make bonefires, to proclaime your loue
Vnto the new, forgetting still the old :

Now she is gone, how you mone for her !
Wete it not fit a while to mone her hearfe,

And dutifully then reioice for th' other ?

Had you the wifest and the louing'ft prince

That euer swayd a sceptor in the world,

This is the loue he shall haue after life.

Let princes while they liue haue loue, or fear, tis fit,
For after death there's none continues it.

Clown. By my faith, my masters, he speakes wisely.

Come, wele to the end of the lane, and there wele make a bonefire and be merry.

i. Faith agreed Ile spend my halfe penny towards another faggot, rather than the new Queene shall want a bonefire. *Exeunt. Manet Tame.*

Tame. I blame you not, nor doe I you commend,

For you will still the strongest side defend. *Exit.*

A SENNET.

Enter foure Trumpeters: after them Sergeant Trumpeter, with a mace; after him Purse-bearer. Suffex, with the Crowne; Howard the Scepter; Constable, with the Cap of Maintenance; Shandoyse, with the Sword; Tame, with the Collar and a George. Foure Gentlemen bearing the Canopy ouer the Queene; two Gentlewomen, bearing vp her traine: sixe Gentlemen Pensioners. The Queene takes state.

Omnes. Long liue, long reigne our Soueraigne.

Eliz. We thanke you all.

Suff. The imperiall crowne I here present your Grace:

With it my staffe of office, and my place.

Eliz. Whilst we this Crowne, so long your place enioy.

How. Th' imperiall scepter here I offer vp.

Eliz. Keep it, my lord; and with it be you hie Admiral.

Const. This Cap of Maintenance I present, My staffe of office, and my vtmost seruice.

Eliz. Your loue we know,

Const. Pardon me, gracious madam: twas not spleen,

But that allegiance that I ow'd my Queen.

Madam, I seru'd her truly at that day,
And I as truly will your Grace obey.

Eliz. We doe as freely pardon, as you truly
serue;

Onely your staffe of office wele displace :
Instead of that, wele owe you greater grace.

Enter Beningfield.

Bening. Long liue the Queen ! long liue your
maiesty !

I haue rid hard to be the first reporter
Of these glad tidings first, and all these here.

Suff. You are in your loue as free as in your
care :

You're come euen iust a day after the faire.

Eliz. What's he ? My iailor ?

Bening. God preferue your Grace.

Eliz. Be not ashamed, man : look me in the
face.

Who haue you now to patronize your strictness on ?

For your kindness this we will bestow :

When we haue one we would haue hardly vs'd,

And cruelly dealt with, you shall be the man.

This is a day for peace, not vengeance fit,

All your good deeds we'll quit, all wrongs remit.—

Where we left off, proceed.

Shand. The sword of Iustice on my bended
knee

I to your grace present. Heauen blefs your raign.

Eliz. This sword is ours ; this staffe is yours
again.

Tame. This Garter, with the order of the George,
Two ornaments vnto the crowne of *England*,
I here present.

Eliz. Possesse them still, my lord.—What offices
beare you ?

Gage. I Captain of your Highnes Pentioners.

Brock. I of your Guard.

Sergeant. I Sergeant Trumpetor present my
Mace.

Eliz. Some we intend to raise, none to dis-
place.

Lord *Hunfdon*, we will one day finde a staffe
To poysse your hand : you are our coufin, and
Deferue to be employd nearer our person.

But now to you, from whom we take this staff,
Since Cardinal *Pole* is now deceast and dead,
To show all malice from our breast is worne,
Before you let that Purse and Mace be borne.
And now to *London*, lords, lead on the way,
Praising that King that all kings else obey.

*Sennet about the Stage in order. The Maior of London
meets them.*

Maior. I from this citie *London* doe present
This purse and Bible to your Maiesty.

A thousand of your faithfull citizens,
In veluet Coats and chaines, well mounted, stay
To greet their Royall Soueraigne on the way.

Eliz. We thanke you all ; but first this Book I
kisse :

Thou art the way to honor ; thou to blisse.
An English Bible ! Thankes, my good Lord Mayor,
You of our body and our foule haue care,
This is the iewel that we still loue best ;
This was our solace when we were distrest.
This book, that hath so long conceald itself,
So long shut vp, so long hid, now, lords, see,
We here unclasp : for euer it is free.
Who lookes for ioy, let him this booke adore ;
This is true food for rich men and for poore.
Who drinks of this is certain ne'er to perish :
This will the foule with heauenly vertue cherish.
Lay hand vpon this Anchor euery foule,
Your names shall be in an eternall scroll ;

Who builds on this, dwels in a happy state :
This is the fountaine, cleare, immaculate.
That happy issue that shall us succeed,
And in our populous kingdome this booke reade,
For them, as for our selues, we humbly pray,
They may liue long, and blest. So, lead the way.

FINIS.



If you know not me,
you know no body.

THE SECOND PART.

With the building of the Royall Exchange.

AND

The famous Victory of Queen *Elizabeth* : Anno 1588.



LONDON

Printed for NATHANAEL BVTTER. 1632.

[Carefully collated with the, earlier editions of
1606—1623.]

If you know not me,
you know nobody.

THE SECOND PART.

With the Building of the Exchange.



Actus primus, Scæna prima.

Enter one of Greshams Factors, and a Barbary Merchant.

Fact. My master, sir, requests your company,
About confirming certaine couenants
Touching your last nights conference.

Mer. The Sugars.
Belieue me, to his credit be it spoke,
He is a man of heedful prouidence,
And one that by innatiue courtesie
Winnes loue from strangers. Be it without offence,
How are his present fortunes reckoned ?

Fact. Neither to flatter, nor detract from him,
He is a Merchant of good estimate :
Care how to get, and forecast to encrease,
(If so they be accounted) be his faults.

Mer. They are especiall vertues, being clear
From auarice and base extortion.

Enter Gresham.

But here he comes.

Good day to M. *Gresham*.

You keepe your word.

Gresh. Else should I ill deserue
The title that I weare, a merchants tongue
Should not strike false.

Mer. What thinke you of my proffer
Touching the Sugar ?

Gresh. I bethought myselfe
Both of the gaine and losses incident,
And this, I take 't was the whole circumstance,
It was my motion, and I thinke your promise,
To get a me feal'd Patent from your king,
For all your Barbary Sugars at a price,
During the kings life ; and for his princely loue,
I am to fend him threescore thousand pounds.

Mer. Twas so condition'd, and to that effect
His highness promise is already past ;
And if you dare giue credit to my trust,
Send but your priuate Letters to your Factor,
That deales for your affaires in Barbary,
His maiesty shall either feal your Patent,
Or Ile return the money to your Factor.

Gresh. As much as I desire. Pray, fir, draw
neare
And taste a cup of wine whilst I consider
And throughly scan such accidental doubts,
As may concerne a matter of such moment.

Mer. At your best leysure.

Exit.

Gresh. Ile resolue you straight.
Bethinke thee, *Gresham*, threescore thousand pounds,
A good round sum : let not the hope of gaine
Draw thee to losse. I am to haue a patent
For all the Barbary Sugars at a rate,
The gaine cleares halfe in halfe, but then the hazard :
My terme continues during the king's life :
The king may die before my first return ;

Then where's my cash? Why, so the king may
liue

These 40 years; then where is *Greshams* gaine?

It stands in this, as in all ventures else,

Doubtful. No more; Ile through, what ere it cost,

So much cleare gaine, or so much coine cleare lost.—

Within there ho.

Enter John Gresham. 2. or 3. Factors.

Fact. At hand, sir: did you call?

Gresh. How thriues our cash? What, is it well
encreast?

I speake like one that must be forc't to borrow.

1. *Fact.* Your worship's merry.

Gresh. Merry? Tell me, knaue,

Dost thou not thinke that threescore thousand pounds

Would make an honest merchant try his friends?

Fact. Yes, by my faith, sir; but you haue a
friend

Would not see you stand out for twice the summe.

Gresh. Praife God for all. But what's the common
rumour

Touching my bargain with the King of Barbary?

1. *Fact.* Tis held your credit and your countries
honor,

That being but a Merchant of the City,

And taken in a manner vnprovided,

You should vpon a meere presumption

And naked promise, part with so much Cash,

Which the best merchants both in Spaine and
France

Denied to venture on.

Gresh. Good; but withall,

What doe they thinke in generall of the bargaine?

1. *Fact.* That if the king confirme and seale your
patent,

London will yeeld you partners enow.

Greth. I think no less.—Goe fit you for the sea,
I meane to fend you into Barbary,
You vnto Venice, you to Portingall,
Prouide you presently. Where much is spent,
Some must be got, thrift should be prouident.
Come hither, Cofin : all the rest depart.

Exeunt Factors.

John. I had as good depart too ; for hee'll ring a
peale in mine eare, 'twill found worfe than a passing-
bell.

Greth. I haue tane note of your bad hus-
bandry,
Carelesse respect, and prodigal expence,
And out of my experience counsell you.

John. And I hope good Vncle you think I am as
ready to take good counsell as you to giue it ; and I
doubt not but to cleare myselfe of all objections that
foule-mouthed enuy shall intimate against me.

Greth. How can you satisfie the great com-
plaint
Preferr'd against you by old Mistrifs *Blunt*,
A woman of approued honesty.

John. That's true ; her honesty hath been proued
oftner then once or twice. But do you know her, Vn-
cle ? are you inward with her course of life ? Shes a
common midwife for trade-falne virginity : there are
more maidenheads charged and discharged in her
house in a yeare, then peeces at the Artillery yard.^a

Greth. She brings in further prooffe that you miscall'd
her.

John. I neuer call'd her out of her name, by this
hand Vncle, to my remembrance.

Greth. No ? she says you call'd her bawde.

John. True : and I haue knowne her answer to't a
thousand times. Tut, vncle ; tis her name, and I
know who gaue it her, too : by the same token, her
godfather gaue her a bow'd angel, standing at the
doore, which she hath kept time out a mind.

Gresh. Antonio reports you loue his wife.

Fohn. Loue? why, alas, vncke, I hold it parcell of my duty to loue my neighbours; and should I hate his wife no man would hold me a fit member for a commonwealth.

Gresh. He hates you for't.

Fohn. Why, alas, Vncke, that's not my fault; Ile loue him neretheles. You know we are commanded to loue our enemies; and, though he would see me hang'd, yet will I loue his wife.

Gresh. He told me you bestow'd a gowne of a strumpet.

Fohn. Why alas Vncke, the poore whore went naked, and you know the text commands vs to cloath the naked; and deeds of mercy be imputed vnto vs for faults, God helpe the elect.

Gresh. Well, if your prodigall expences be aim'd

At any vertuous and religious end,
Tis the more tolerable; and I am proud
You can so probably excuse yourself.

Fohn. Well Vncke to approue my words, as, indeed, good words without deeds, are like your greene fig-tree without fruit: I haue sworne myselfe to a more conformable and strict course of life.

Gresh. Well, cousin, hoping you'll proue a new man.

Fohn. A new man, what else Vncke? Ile be a new man from the top to the toe, or Ile want of my will. In stead of tennis-court, my morning exercise shall be at Saint *Antlins*: Ile leaue ordinaries; and to the end I may forswear dicing and drabbing, keepe me more short vncke, onely allow mee good appa-
rell; good rags, Ile stand to't, are better then feuen yeares prentiship, for theyle make a man free of any, nay, of all companies, without indenture, fathers copy, or any helpe whatsoever. But I see my error; wilde youth must be bridled. Keepe me short, good vncke.

Gresh. On these presumptions Ile apparell thee ;
And to confirme this resolution,
I will preferre you vnto Master *Hobson*,
A man of a well knowne discretion.

John. Any thing, good vncl. I haue seru'd my
prentifhip already, but binde me againe, and I shall be
content ; and tis but reason, neither. Send me to the
conduit with the water-tankard : Ile beat linnen-buckes,
or any thing, to redeeme my negligence.

Gresh. Your education challenges more respect.
The factor dealt for him in France is dead.

John. And you intend to send me in his
room.

Gresh. I do indeed.

John. It is well done Vncl and twill not be
amisse in policy to do so. The only way to curbe a
diffolute youth as I am, is to send him from his ac-
quaintance ; and therefore send me far enough, good
Vncl : send mee into France, and spare not ; and if
that reclaime me not, giue me ore as past all good-
nesse.

Gresh. Now afore God my thoughts were much
against him,
And my intent was to haue chid him roundly ;
But his submissiue recantation
Hath made me friends with him. Come follow
me :

Ile doe thee good, and that immediately. *Exit.*

John. Thanke you, good vncl. You'll send me
into France ; all *Forboon* ; and I do not show you the
right trick of a cofin afore I leaue England, Ile giue
you leaue to call me Cut, and cozen me of my patri-
mony, as you haue done. *Exit.*

Enter Hobsons Prentises, and a boy.

i. Pren. Prethee fellow *Goodman* set forth the
ware, and looke to the shop a little. Ile but drinke a

cup of wine with a customer at the *Rose and Crowne* in the *Poultry*, and come againe presently.

2. *Pren.* Foot I cannot, I must needs step to the *Dagger*, in *Cheape*, to send a letter into the country vnto my father. Stand by; you are the youngest prentise, looke you to the shop.

Enter Hobson.

Hob. Where be these varlets? Bones a me, at Tauern?

Knaues, villains, spend goods, foot my customers
Must either serue themselues, or packe vnserued.
Now they peepe like Italian pantelowns,
Behind an arras; but Ile start you, knaues.
I haue a shooing-horn to draw on your liquor:
What say you to a peece of a salt-eele?
Come forth, you hang-dogs, Bones a me, the knaues
Fleere in my face, they know me too well.
I talke and prate, and lay't not on their jacks,
And the proud Jacks care not a fig for me;
But bones a me, Ile turne another leafe.
Where haue you beene fir?

1. *Pren.* An honest customer
Requested me to drinke a pint of wine.

Hob. Bones a me, must your crimson throat
Be scourd with wine? your master's glad of beere:
But you'll die banquerouts, knaues and banquerouts
all.—

And where haue you been?

3. *Pren.* At breakfast with a *Dagger-pie*, fir.

Hob. A *Dagger-pie*? uds, daggers death, these
knaues

Sit cocke-a-hope, but *Hobson* pays for all.
But bones a me, knaues, either mend you manners,
Leaue ale-houfes, tauerns, and the tipling mates,
Your punks and cockatrices, or Ile clap ye
Close up in *Bridewell*: bones a me, Ile do 't.

2. *Pren.* Befeech you, fir, pardon this first offence.

Hob. First, bones a me, why, tis your common course.

And you must needs be gussling, goe by turnes,
One to the ale-houfe, and two keepe the shop.

Enter Pedler, with tawnie coate.

2 Pren. It shall be done, fir.—How much ware would you haue ?

Taw. Five pounds worth in such commodities
As I bespoke last night.

1 Pren. They are ready sorted.

Taw. God bless you, Master *Hobson*.

Hob. Bones a me, knaue, thou'rt welcome. What's the newes

At bawdy Barnewell, and at Sturbridge Faire ?
What, haue your London wenches any trading ?

Taw. After the old sort, fir : they visit the Toule-booth, and the Bulring still.

Hob. Good girles they do their kind. What, your packs empty ?

Good newes, a signe you bring your purses full,
And bones a me, full purses must be welcome :
Sort out their wares.—Welcome's your due ;
Pay the old debt, and pen and inke for new.

Taw. We have for you, fir, as white as Bears teeth.

Hob. Bones a me knaues—You are welcome ; but what newes ?

What newes i'th' country ? what commodities
Are most respected with your Country Girles ?

Taw. Faith, fir, our Country Girles are akinne to your London Courtiers ; euey month sicke of a new fashion. The horning-busk and filken bridelaces are in good request with the parsons wife : your huge poking-sticke, and French periwig, with chambermaids and waiting gentlewomen. Now, your Puritans poker is not so huge, but somewhat longer ; a long slender poking-sticke is the all in all with your

Suffolke Puritane. Your filk-band, half farthingales, and changeable fore-parts are common ; not a wench of thirteene but weares a changeable fore-part.

Hob. An ancient wearing: there's some changeable stuff

Has been a weare with women time out of mind.

Taw. Besides fir, many of our young married men, haue tane an order to weare yellow garters, points, and shootyings; and tis thought yellow will grow a custome.

Hob. 'Tas been vs'de long at London.

Taw. And tis thought 'twill come in request in the Country, too: for a fashion that three or four young wenches have promised mee their husbands shall weare, or theyle misse of their markes. Then your maske, silke-lace, washt gloues, carnation girdles, and busk-point futable, as common as coales from Newcastle: you shall not haue a kitchin-maid scrape trenchers without her washt gloues; a darie-wench will not ride to market, to sell her butter-milke, without her maske and her buske.

Hob. Still a good hearing. Let the country pay Well for their pride; tis *gratis* here at London, And that's the cause 'tis grown so generall. But feed their humours, and doe not spare; Bring country money for our London ware.

Enter Gresham and John Gresham.

Gresh. Where's M. *Hobson*?—Cry you mercy, fir.

Hob. No harme good M. *Gresham*; pray draw neare,

Ile but dispatch a few old customers,
And bend a present eare to your discourse.

Gresh. At your best leysure.

Hob. Nay my task is done.

O M. *Gresham*, 'twas a golden world,
When we were boyes: an honest country-yeoman,

Such as our fathers were, God rest their souls,
Would wear white karfie.—Bones a me, you knaues !
Stooles for these gentlemen.—Your worship's wel-
come.

Gresh. You know my bufineffe.

Hob. About your kinsman :

He shall be welcome. Befeech you, gentleman,
Lesse of your courtesy. When shall we see the
youth ?

Gresh. Why, this is he.

Hob. Which, bones a me, which ?

Gresh. Why, this.

Hob. Which ? where ? What, this young gentle-
man ?

Bones a me man, he's not for *Hobsons* turne,
He looks more like my master then my seruant.

Gresh. I must confesse he is a gentleman,
And my neare kinsman : were he mine owne
childe,

His service should be yours.

Hob. I thanke you for't ;

And for your sake Ile giue him entertainment.

But gentleman, if you become my man,
You must become more ciuill : bones a me,
What a curld pate is here ? I must ha't off.

You see my liuery : *Hobsons* men are knowne
By their freeze coats. And you will dwell with me,
You must be plaine, and leaue off brauery.

John. I hope, sir, to put on such ciuill confor-
mity, as you shall not repent my entertainment.

Hob. Pray God it proue so.

Gresh. If he doe respect

An vnckles loue, let him be diligent.

Hob. Well, M. *Gresham*, partly for your loue,
And chiefly to supply my present want,
Because you say your kinsman is well seene
Both in languages and factorship,
I doe intend to fend him into France,
In trust both with my Merchandizes and my Cash.

John. And if I take not order to cashier that and myselfe too, a pox of all French farthingales.

Gresh. How stand you minded to your masters motion ?

John. Somewhat vnwilling to leaue my acquaintance ; but good vncke, I know you send me out of loue, and I hope 'twill be a meanes to call me home the sooner.

Gresh. Pray God it may.

John. Ile want of my will else. Ile play a merchants part with you, Ile take vp French commodities, veluet kirtles, and taffety fore parts. Ile ha that I go for, or Ile make halfe the hot-houses in *Deepe* smoke for this tricke.

Hob. What, are your bookes made euen with your accompts ?

1 *Pren.* I haue compar'd our wares with our receipt,

And find fir, ten pounds difference.

Hob. Bones a me knaue,
Ten pounds in a morning ? here's the fruit

Of Dagger-pyes and ale-house gullings.

Make euen your recknings, or bones a me knaues,
You shall all smart for't.

2 *Pren.* Hark you, fellow *Goodman* :

Who tooke the ten pounds of the country chapman,
That told my master-the new fashions ?

1 *Pren.* Fore God not I.

3 *Pren.* Nor I.

Hob. Bones a me, knaues,

I haue pay'd foundly for my country newes.

What was his name ?

1 *Pren.* Now afore God, I know not.

2 *Pren.* I neuer saw him in the shop till now.

Hob. Now, bones a me, what carelesse knaues
keepe I,

Giue me the booke, What habit did he weare ?

1 *Pren.* As I remember me, a tawny coat.

Hob. Art fure ? then, fet him downe *John Tawny-coat.*

1 *Pren.* Ten pound in trust vnto *John Tawny-coat.*

Hob. Bones a me man, these knaues will begger me.

Gresh. Birlady, fir, ten pounds is too much to lose ;

But ten times ten pound cannot shake your credit.

Hob. Thanke God for all : when I came first to towne,

It would haue shooke me shrewdly. But *M. Gresham*, How stands your difference with Sir *Thomas Ramsey* ?

Are you made friends yet ?

Gresh. He is so obstinate,
That neither Iuries nor commiffions,
Nor the intreaties of his nearest friends,
Can stoope him vnto composition.

Hob. Tis passing strange. Were *Hobson* in your coat,
Ere I'de consume a penny amongst lawyers,
I'd giu't poore people ; bones a me I would.

Gresh. A good resolue ; but Sir *Thomas Ramsfes* mind
Is of another temper, and ere *Gresham*
Will giue away a tittle of his right,
The Law shall begger me.

Hob. Bones a me, man, 'twill doe that quickly.

Gresh. To preuent which course,
The Lady *Ramsfey* hath by earnest suit
Procur'd the reuerend preacher, Doctor *Nowell*,
A man well reckon'd for his grave respect,
To comprimise and end our difference,
The place, the Lumbard ; ten of clocke the
hour

Appointed for the hearing of our cause.
Shall I request your friendly company ?

Hob. With all my heart, both company and purse :

Bones a me, knaues, looke better to my shop :
Men of our trade must wear good husbands eyes ;
Mongst many chapmen, there are few that buyes.
My leysure now your businesse attends ;
Time's won, not lost, that's spent to make men
friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter Doctor Nowell and my Lady Ramfie.

Lady. Good Master Doctor *Nowell*, let your loue
Now shew it selfe vnto me. Such as they,
Men of the chiefest note within this city,
To be at such a jarre, doth make me blush,
Whom it doth scarce concern : you are a good man ;
Take you the course in hand, and make them friends :
'Twill be a good dayes work, if so it ends.

D. Now. My Lady *Ramsy*, I haue heard ere this,
Of their contentions, their long suit in law ;
How by good friends they haue been perswaded
both,

Yet both but deafe to faire perswasion.
What good will my word doe with headstrong men ?
Breath, blowne against the wind, returnes againe.

Lady. Although to gentlemen and citizens,
They haue beene so rash, yet to so graue a man,
Of whom none speake, but speake with reuerence,
Whose words are gather'd in by euery eare,
As flowers receiue the dew that comfort them,
They will be more attentiu. Pray, take it in hand :
Tis a good deed ; 'twill with your vertue stand.

D. Now. To be a make-peace doth become me
well,

The charitable motion good in you ;
And in good sooth, 'twill make me wet mine eyes
To see them euen, haue beene so long at odds,
And by my meanes. Ile doe the best I can,
But God must bleffe my words, for man's but man.

Enter Sir Thomas Ramfie.

Lady. I thank you heartily, and by the houre I know,

They will be presently here on the Lumbard,
Whither I drew you for this intent :

And see, Sir *Thomas* is come ; pray breake with him.

D. Now. Good day to Sir *Thomas Ramfie.*

Ram. M. Deane of Pauls, as much to you.

'Tis strange to see you here in *Lumber Street*,
This place of traffique, whereon merchants meet.

D. Now. 'Tis not my custom : but Sir *Thomas*

Enter M. Gresham and old Hobson.

Hob. Come, come.

Now, body a me, I sweare not euey day,
You are too-too much to blame : two citizens
Such as yourfelfe and Sir *Thomas Ramfie* are,
To beate yourfelues in law fixe or feuen yeare,
Make lawyers, Turneyes clerks, and knaues to spend
Your money in a brabling controuersy,
Euen like two fooles. See where the other is,
With our Deane of Pauls.—Ne'er better met ;
We two as umpiers will conclude a strife
Before the clock strike twelue, that now is eleuen,
Lawyers this full feuen yeare haue brabled in,
And with a cup or two of merry-go-downe,
Make them shake hands. Is't not well said, M.
Dean ?

D. Now. And I could wish it as well done, M.
Hobson.

Gresh. Ile haue you both know, though you are
my friends,

I scorne my cause should stoope or yeeld to him,
Although he be reputed *Ramfie the rich.*

Ram. And *Gresham* shall perceiue that *Ramfies*
purse
Shall make him spend the wealth of *Osterley*,

But he shall know.

Gresh. Know, what shall I know?

Ram. That *Ramsie* is as good a man as *Gresham*.

Gresh. And *Gresham* is as good a man as *Ramsie*.

Ram. Tut, tut, tut.

Gresh. Tut in thy teeth, although thou art a knight.

Hob. Bones-a-me, you are both to blame.

We two like friends come to conclude your strife,
And you like fish-wiues fall a scolding here.

D. Now. How stands the difference twixt you my good friends?

Lady. The impatience both of the one and other
Will not permit to heare each other speake:
Ile tell the cause for both; and thus it is.

There is a lordship called *Osterley*,
That M. *Gresham* hath both bought and built upon.

Gresh. And tis a goodly manour, M. Deane.

Lady. Which *Osterley*, before he dealt therein,
Sir *Thomas*, my husband here, did thinke to buy,
And had giuen earnest for it.

Ram. Then *Gresham* here, deales with the land-
feller,
And buyes my bargain most dishonestly.

Gresh. God for his mercy, touch mine honesty,
Away with comprimise, with taking vp;
The law shall try my cause and honesty.

Ram. Twill proue no better then it should,
Gresham.

Gresh. Twill proue as good as *Ramsies*, *Ramsie*.

Ram. Doe not I know thy rising?

Gresh. I, and I know thine.

Ram. Why, mine was honestly.

Gresh. And so was mine.

Hob. Heyday, bones a me,
Was't euer seene two men to scold before?
Here's, I know thy rising, and I know thine,
When as Gods blessing that hath rais'd them both.
Am I worfe because in *Edwards* days,

When Popery went downe, I did ingrosse
 Most of the beads that were within the kingdome,
 That when Queen *Mary* had renew'd that Church,
 They that would pray on beads were forc'd to me ?
 I made them stretch their purse-strings, grew rich
 thereby ;

Beads were to me a good commodity.

Gresh. No matter for your beads, my right's my
 right.

Ram. Yet *Gresham* shall well know he hath done
 me wrong.

Gresh. There's law enough to right you : take your
 course.

D. Now. Reason being made mans guide, why is't
 that force

And violent passions do sweepe the fowl
 Into such headlong mischiefs ? 'tis onely this ;
 Reason would rule, Nature a rebell is.
 You know the fire of your contention,
 Hath onely cherishing and is maintain'd
 From vile affections, whose strength's but thus,
 As foultry heat doth make vs shun the fire,
 An extreame cold doth alter that desire,
 All things that haue beginnings haue their ends :
 Your hate must haue conclusion ; then be friends.

Hob. Friends.—M. Doctor *Nowell*, look you here,
 Here's M. *Greshams* hand.

Lady. Ile bring the other.

Hob. This feuen yeare they haue beene in law
 together.

How much such men as they in feuen yeares spend,
 Lawyers may laugh at, but let wise men judge.

Gresh. Friend *Hobson*.

Ram. Wife, lady.

Hob. Bones a me, Ile hold you fast :
 I will not haue a couple of such men
 Make cackling lawyers rich, and themselues fooles,
 And for a trifling cause, as I am old *Hobson*.

Gresh. Sir *Thomas Ramse*.

Ram. Master *Gresham*.

Hob. Body of me, both shall be school'd. M. D.

Nowell,

You know the cause, that this contention
Is onely that he bought a peece of land,
This had giuen earnest for : all *Adams* earth,
And *Adams* earth is free for *Adams* fons,
And tis a shame men should contend for it.
Whatare you speake shall for a sentence stand,
And being spoke, they shall shake hand in hand.

D. Now. If I must then decide the difference,
Thus it shall be : because that Sir *Thomas Ramsie*
Had earnest giuen before you bought the land,
Though you were not acquainted with so much,
I do award he haue an hundred pounds
Towards his charges ; and for that you
Haue both paid for the land and built vpon it,
It shall continue yours. The money you haue spent,
Eyth'er account it lost, or badly lent.

Gresh. Gods precious ! I haue spent fiew hundred
pound.

Ram. And so haue I.

Hob. No matter,

The judgement stands, onely this verdit too :
Had you before the law foreseen the losse,
You had not now come home by weeping-crosse.
Strifes may as well haue end 'twixt honest men ;
Lawyers fet fooles to law, then laugh at them.

Gresh. Fore God, tis true ; and now I thinke
vpon it,

We might at first haue ended it by friends,
And made ourselues merry with the money.
But being done, tis done ; then Sir *Thomas Ramsie*,
Lets leaue both losers : tis but a thousand pound ;
And if you be as well content as I,
Here wele shake hands and let our anger die.

Hob. Shake hands ; by the marry-god, Sir *Thomas*,
what else ?

Ram. You show yourselues our friends, to make vs friends ;

Then in good footh Ile not be obstinate.

Lady. Nay, M. Doctōr *Nowell*, join their hands.
I know the reuerent regard of you
Hath temperd both their hearts.

Gresh. Madam, tis true.
I think to any but so good a man
We should haue both been headstrong ; but come.

D. Now. With all my heart. Long may you liue together,
As friend should be to friend, brother to brother.

Gresh. Amen, amen, Sir *Thomas*.

Ram. Amen, amen. Master *Gresham*.

Hob. Amen, amen, to you both.
And is not this better then euery terme
To trot after lawyers ?

Gresh. Good footh, tis true, if we could thinke it so ;
But tis mans nature, he desires his woe. *A storme.*
Now, passion-a-me, Sir *Thomas*, a cruel storm ;
And we stay long, we shall be wet to th' skin.
I do not lik 't : nay it angers me,
That such a famous city as this is,
Wherein so many gallant merchants are,
Haue not a place to meet in, but in this,
Where euery showre of raine must trouble them.
I cannot tell, but if I liue : lets step into the Popes-head ;

We shall be dropping dry if we stay here.
Ile haue a rooffe built, and such a rooffe,
That merchants and their wiues, friend, and their friends,
Shall walk vnderneath it, as now in Powles.
What day of the month is this ?

Hob. Day, M. *Gresham* ? let me see ;
I tooke a fellowes word for twenty pound :
The tenth of March, the tenth of March.

Gresh. The tenth of March ; well, if I liue,
He raise a worke shall make our merchants say,
Twas a good showre that fell vpon that day.
How now *Iacke*?

Enter John Gresham.

John. Sir, my M. here hauing preferred me to be
his factor into France, I am come to take my leaue of
you.

Gresh. I thank him for his care of thee.—M.
Hobson,

My kinsman's come to take his leaue of me ;
He tells me you are sending him for France.

Hob. Bones a me, knaue, art there yet ?
I thought thou hadst beene halfe way there by this.

John. I did but stay fir, to take my leaue of
my vncl.

Gresh. O M. *Hobson*, he comes in a very good
time.

I was bethinking me whom I should send
To fetch this hundred pound I am set to pay
To Sir *Thomas Ramsie*. Nay, as we are friends,
We'll haue all couenants kept before we part.

John. God grant that I may see it.

Gresh. Here *John*, take this seal'd ring :
Bid *Timothy* presently send me a hundred pound.

John. I fir.

Gresh. I am sure he hath it ready told for thee,
Wele stay here on the Lumbard till thou comst.

John. Yes, fir.

D. Now. Nay, stay, good *John*: thou knowst my
dwelling, *John*?

John. In Powles Churchyard, fir.

D. Now. The hundred pound thou art sent for,
bring it thither.

John. Yes marry will I fir.

Exit.

D. Now. And my good friends since that so long a
strife

Hath end by my perswasion, Ile entreat
 My house may entertaine you for this time ;
 Where with such necessaries we'll pass the time,
 As God shall best be pleased, and you contented.
 I keepe no riot, nor you looke for none,
 Onely my table is for euery one.

Gresh. A cup of sack, and welcome, M. Deane :
 Nature is best contented with a meane. *Exeunt.*

Enter Timothy and John Gresham.

John. As I told you *Timothy*,
 You must send my vnckle straight a hundred pound :
 He dines at Doctor *Nowels*, and gaue me in charge
 To haste with the money after him.

Tim. You come to me *John* for a hundred pound :
 I thank my spirituall maker, I haue the charge of many
 hundreds of his now *John*. I hope *John*, you feare
 God.

John. Feare God ? sfoot, what else : I fear God
 and the devill too.

Tim. I must tell you *John*, and I know it, you
 haue not fed of the spirituall food, but edified by faith,
 and suffered the tares of the wild affections to be
 burnt.

John. Foot thou wouldst not haue me make my-
 self a French martyr, to be burnt at these yeares,
 wouldst thou ?

Tim. I haue known them *John*, of our Church,
 haue been burnt for other sinnes before thy yeares.

John. I by my faith *Timothy* it may be you haue ;
 for as close as you carry your teeth together, with
 indeed good brother, I doe not thinke but once in a
 yeare a man might find you quartered betwixt the
 mouth at Bishopsgate, and the preaching place in the
 Spittle.

Tim. Now you talk of the Spittle, I must say, in
 very deed, I haue beene in the Spittle.

John. It is more like *Timothy* you haue beene acquainted with the pox, then.

Tim. But if you should thinke *John* that I would be there to commit, deale, or to speake more prophanely, to venture in the way of all flesh, you do wrong me being a brother of the faith.

John. Come right yourfelfe and your master, then, and send him this one hundred pound. Here's his seal'd ring; I hope a warrant sufficient.

Tim. Vpon so good security, *John*, Ile fit me to deliver it. *Exit.*

John. Spend it! God send me but once to finger it, and if I doe not make a Flanders reckoning on't—and that is, as I haue heard mad waggess say, receiue it here, and reuell it away in another place—let me be spit out of the roome of good fellowship, and neuer haue so much fauor as to touch the skirt of a taffata petticoat.

Tut, I am young and mine Vncle's an old chuffe;
And Ile not want, yfaith, since he hath enough.
I must not let this same wainscot face, yea and nay,
hear me, though.

Enter Timothy.

Tim. Here *John*; accept my duty to my master. I must tell you *John*, I would not haue trusted you, *John*, without so sufficient a discharge.

John. I am the lesse beholding vnto you. But now I haue it, because you preacht to me vpon my demand of it, Ile be so bold to lecture vnto you vpon your delivery. *Timothy*, you know the prouerb, good *Timothy*, *That the still sowe eates all the drasse*; and no question the most smother-tongued fellow, the more arrant knaue: God forbid I should call you so, *Timothy*, yet will I leaue this for your further remembrance.

*Vnder the yea and nay, men often buy
Much cozenage, finde many a lie:*

*He that with yea and nay makes all his sayings,
Yet proues a Judas in his dealings,
Shall haue this written ore his graue,
Thy life seemed pure, yet died a knaue.*

Tim. Do you hear *Fohn*; you know the chapmans word in London, *Ile trust you, but no further then I see you.* You haue the hundred pound, *Fohn*, but, for that you haue wronged vs that loue to be edified, I will goe with you to my master, and see the money deliuered.

Fohn. Why, a trusted me to come with it.

Tim. I care not, by yea and nay: Ile go; by yea and nay, I will.

Fohn. Let me but aske thee this question; whether dost thou go in any loue to thy master, or to me?

Tim. Though my master be my master, yet you haue stirr'd my stomacke.

Fohn. I thought there was the fruit of your puritane patience. Come, let's along, and I do not show your religion a trick shall scarce be digested with pepins or cheefe, let me be called Cut. Come along. *Exit.*

Enter Honesty, the Sergeant, and Quicke.

Hon. Fellow *Quicke*, pray thee haue a care: if thou canst see *Fohn* the vpholster, I must needs arrest him.

Quicke. How much is the debt?

Hon. Some fifty pound.

Quicke. Dost thou think he is able to put in bail to the action?

Hon. I think scarce enough.

Quicke. Why, then, wele arrest him to the Popes-head, call for the best cheere in the house, first feed vpon him, and then, if hee will not come off, carry him to the Compter. But if he will stretch some 4. or 5. pound, being the sum is so great, he shall passe.

Weele make him sweare he shall not tell he was arrested, and wele sweare to the creditor we cannot meet with him.

Hon. Fore God thou sayest well.

Quick. I haue serued Sent the Perfumer, Tallow the Currier, Quarrell the Glasier, and some three or four more of our poore smelts so this morning.

Enter John.

John. Hart I haue courst through two or three lanes, yet the miching slaue followes me so close, I cannot giue him the slip for this hundred pound : as God saue me, now tis in my hand, Ide rather be hang'd then part from it. Foot, 'twill make a man merry half a yeare together in France, command wenches or anything. Part from it, quoth you ; that were a iest, indeed : shall a young man as I am, and, though I say it, indifferent proper, goe into a strange country, and not show himselfe what metall he is made of, when a comes there ? I protest a very good hundred pound : a hundred pound will goe farre in France, and when a man hath it not of his owne, who should he make bold withal for it, if he may not with his vncler ? But see, if that thin-faced rogue be not come againe. I must haue a trick for him.

Enter Tim.

Tim. For all your fore-long too and fro, by yea and nay, Ile follow you.

John. Will you ? There should be sergeants hereabouts. Will you ? Lord, if it be thy will send me to hit of one, and if I doe not show you a trick.—Thou shouldst be a sergeant by thy peering so.

Hon. Why, M. *John*, so I am.

John. Thou art happily met ; I am looking for one.

What's thy name ?

Hon. My name, *M. Fohn*, I haue beene merry at your vncles many a time : my name's *Honesty*.

Fohn. Ifaith.

Quick. Nay, Ile assure you his name is *Honesty*, and I am *Quick*, his yeoman.

Fohn. *Honesty* ! who, the pox, gaue thee that name ?

But thou must doe an office for mine vncl.—

Here, *Quick*, run thou before and enter the action ;

There's money : an action of an hundred pound
Against *Timothy Thin-beard*, *M. Greshams* factor.

I hope I shall teach you to dog me.

Quick. An action against *Thin-beard* : I goe. *Exit.*

Fohn. Here, *Honesty*, here's money for thy arrest,

Be sure to take good bail, or clap him fast.

I hope I shall shew you a tricke.

Hon. Mum for that.

Fohn. See where he is : God prosper it.

Fasten upon him like a hungry dog vpon a piece of
meat ;

And if this be not a tricke to catch a foole,

A more knaue learne me, and Ile goe to schoole.

Hon. I arrest you, fir.

Tim. Arrest me, thou seruant to Satan, at whose
suit ?

Hon. At your masters, *M. Greshams*.

Tim. O God, for thy mercy, *M. Fohn*, *M.*

Fohn.

Fohn. Nay, nay, this 100. pound hath other worke
in hand for me ;

You are in the deuils hands, and so agree. *Exit.*

Tim. My good friend, now what must become of
me ?

Hon. Vnlesse we shall to the tauerne, and drinke
till you can fend for baile, you must to the Compter.

Tim. Is there no difference made betwixt the
faithfull and the vnfaithfull ?

Hon. Faith very little in paying of debts ; but if

you be so holy, I marvel how you ran so far behind-hand with your master.

Tim. I must confesse I owe my master 500. pound. How I came so, it is not fit to lay the sins of our flesh open to euery eye; and you know the saying, *Tis bad to do euil, but worst to boast of it*; yet he aboute knows, that sometimes as soon as I haue come from Bow Church, I haue gone to a bawdy-house.

Hon. Nay it appeares so, that now your master hath smelt out your knauery.

Tim. Not to commit in very deed good friend, but onely to see fashions; or to recreate and stir vp our drowfie appetites.

Ent. Qu.

Hon. Well, here comes my fellow *Quicke*, and, vnlesse you will content vs for staying, you must along to the Compter.

Tim. I hope you thinke *The labourer is worthy of his hire*. We will stay here at the tauern; and, *Quicke*, I will content thee, to carry a Letter to my master, wherein I will make him a restitution of his 500. pound by repentance, and show him the way that my fraile nature hath run into.

Hon. Well, we'le be paid by the houre.

Tim. It will not be amisse if you buy an houre
glafs. *Exeunt.*

*Enter D. Nowell, Gresham, Sir Thomas Ramfie,
Hobson, Lady Ramfie.*

Gresh. Come, M. D. *Nowell*, now we haue done Our worst to your good cheere, we'd faine be gone; Only we stay my kinsman's long returne,
To pay this hundred pound to Sir *Thomas Ramfie*.

D. Now. Then assure you he will be here presently:

In the meane time I haue drawne you to this walke,

A gallery, wherein I keepe the pictures
 Of many charitable citizens,
 That having fully satisfied your bodies,
 You may by them learne to refresh your soules.

Gresh. Are all these pictures of good citizens?

D. Now. They are; and Ile describe to you some
 of their births,

How they bestow'd their liues, and did so liue,
 The fruits of this life might a better giue.

Gresh. You shall gaine more in shewing this to vs,
 Then you haue showne.

Lady. Good M. Deane, I pray you shew it vs.

D. Now. This was the picture of Sir *John Filpot*,
 sometimes Mayor.

This man at one time, at his owne charge,
 Leuied ten thousand souldiers, guarded the realme
 From the incurfions of our enemies,
 And in the yeare a thousand three hundred and
 eighty,

When *Thomas of Woodstocke*, *Thomas Percy*, with
 other noblemen,

Were sent to aide the Duke of *Brittany*,

This said *John Filpot* furnish'd out foure ships

At his own charges, and did release the armor

That the poore soldiers had for victuals pawn'd.

This man did liue when *Walworth* was Lord Maior,

That prouident, valiant, and learned citizen,

That both attach'd and kild that traytor *Tyler*;

For which good seruice, *Walworth* the Lord Mayor,

This *Filpot*, and four other Aldermen,

Were knighted in the field.

Thus did he liue; and yet, before he dy'd,

Affur'd reliefe for thirteene poore for euer.

Gresh. By the marry god, a worthy citizen,
 On good my Dean.

D. Now. This Sir *Richard Whittington*, three
 times Mayor,

Sonne to a knight, and prentise to a mercer,

Began the Library of Gray-Friars in London,

And his executors after him did build
Whittington Colledge, thirteene Alms-houfes for poor
men,

Repair'd *S. Bartholomewes*, in Smithfield,
Glafed the Guildhall, and built Newgate.

Hob. Bones of me, then I haue heard lies ;
For I haue heard he was a scullion,
And rais'd himself by venture of a Cat.

D. Now. They did the more wrong to the gentle-
man.

This Sir *John Allen*, mercer and Mayor of London,
A man so graue of life, that he was made
A Priuy Councillor. to King *Henry* the Eight.

He gaue this city a rich collar of gold,
That by the Mayor succeeding should be worne ;
Of which Sir *William Laxton* was the first,
And is continued euen vnto this yeare.

A number more there are, of whose good deeds
This city florisht.

Gresh. And we may be ashamed,
For in their deeds we see our owne disgrace.
We that are citizens, are rich as they were,
Behold their charity in euery street,
Churches for prayer, almes-houfes for the poore,
Conduits which bring vs water ; all which good
We doe see, and are relieu'd withal,
And yet we liue like beasts, spend time and dye,
Leauing no good to be remember'd by.

Lady. Among the stories of these blessed men,
So many that inrich your gallery,
There are two womens pictures : what were they ?

D. Now. They are two that haue deseru'd a
memory

Worthy the note of our posterity.

This *Agnes Foster*, wife to Sir *A. Foster*,
That freed a begger at the grate of Lud-gate,
Was after Mayor of this most famous city,
And builded the south side of Lud-gate vp,
Vpon which wall these verses I haue read :

*Deuout foules, that passe this way,
For M. Foster late Mayor honestly pray,
And Agnes his wife to God consecrate,
That, of pity this house made for Londoners in Lud-
gate;*

*So that for lodging and water here nothing they pay,
As their keepers shall answer at dreadfull Doomesday.*

Lady. O, what a charitable deed was this!

D. Now. This *Aue Gibson*, who in her husbands
life,

Being a grocer, and a Sheriffe of London,
Founded a Free School at Ratcliffe,
There to instruct threescore poore children;
Built fourteene almes-houfes for fourteene poore,
Leauing for Tutors 50. pound a yeare,
And quarterly for euery one a noble.

Lady. Why should not I liue so, that being dead,
My name might haue a register with theirs.

Gresh. Why should not all of vs being wealthy
men,

And by Gods blessing onely raifd, but
Cast in our minds how we might them exceed
In godly workes, helping of them that need.

Hob. Bones a me, 'tis true: why should we liue
To haue the poor to curse vs, being dead?
Heauen grant that I may liue, that, when I die,
Although my children laugh, the poor may cry.

Now. If you will follow the religious path
That these haue beat before you, you shall win
Heauen.

Euen in the mid-day walkes you shall not walk the
street,

But widows orifons, lazars prayers, orphans thankes,
Will fly into your eares, and with a joyfull blush
Make you thanke God that you haue done for them;
When, otherwise, they'le fill your eares with curses,
Crying, we feed on woe, you are our nurfes.

O is't not better that young couples say,
You rais'd vs vp, then, you were our decay?

And mothers tongues teach their first borne to sing
Of your good deeds, then by your bad to wring?

Hob. No more, M. D. *Nowell*, no more.

I thinke these words should make a man of flint
To mend his life : how say you, M. *Gresham* ?

Gresh. Fore god, they haue started teares into my
eies ;

And, M. D. *Nowell*, you shall see

The words that you haue spoke haue wrought effect
in me.

Lady. And from these women I will take a way
To guide my life for a more blessed stay.

Now. Begin then whilst you liue lest being dead,
The good you giue in charge be neuer done.

Make your owne hands your executors, your eyes
ouerfeers,

And haue this saying euer in your mind :—

Women be forgetful, children be unkind,

Executors be couetous, and take what they can finde.

Hob. In my time I haue seen many of them.

Gresh. Ile learn then to preuent them whilst I
liue.

The good I mean to do, these hands shall giue.

Enter Quick.

Quick. The matter you wot of first is done.

Gresh. Done, knaue ! what's done ?

Quick. He is in hucksters handling, first ; and here
he commends him vnto you.

Gresh. Marry-god knaue, dost tell me riddles?
what's all this ?

Quick. A thing will speak his owne mind to you,
If you please but to open the lip.

Enter Clown.

Clown. By your leaue, gentlemen, I am come to

smell out my master here.—Your kinsman *John*, fir,
your kinsman *John*.

Gresh. O he has brought the hundred pound.
Where is he?

Quick. It appears by this, the matter is of less
waight.

Gresh. What, more papers?
Fellow, what hast thou brought me here? a recanta-
tion?

Clown. It may be so, for he appears in a white
sheet.

Quick. Indeed, he seems sorry for his bad life.

Gresh. Bad life! bad life, knaue! what meanes all
this?

M. D. Nowell, pray reade it for me,
And Ile reade that my kinsman *John* hath sent.
Where is he knaue?

Clown. Your worship is no wiser then you should
be, to keepe any of that coat.

Gresh. Knaue thou meanest.

Clown. Knaue I meane, fir, but your kinsman
John,

That by this time's well forward on his way.

Gresh. Heyday! what haue we here? knauery as
quicke as eels:

We'le more of this.

Clown. You were best let me helpe you hold
it fir.

Gresh. Why knaue, dost thinke I cannot hold a
paper?

Clown. Helpe will do no hurt; for if the knauery
be as quicke as an eele, it may chance to deceiue
you.

Gresh. (*reads.*)

I am a merchant made by chance,

And lacking coine to venture,

Your hundred pouna's gone toward France;

Your Factor's in the Compter.

Quick. No, fir; he is yet but in the tauern at Compter-gate; but he shall soon be in, if you please.

Gresh. Away, knaue, let me read on:

My father gaue me a portion,

You keepe away my due;

I haue paid myselfe a part to spend:

Here's a discharge for you.

Precious cole here's a knaue round with me.

D. Now. Your factor *Timothy Thinbeard*, writes to you,

Who, as it seems, is arrested at your sute.

Gresh. How! at my sute?

D. Now. And here confesseth by using bad company

He is run behind hand five hundred pound.

And doth intreat you would be good to him.

Gresh. How! run behind hand five hundred pound, And by bad company! *M. Dean of Powles*,

He is a fellow seems so pure of life,

I durst haue trusted him with all I had.

D. Now. Here is so much vnder his owne hand.

Gresh. Ha, let me see.—Who set you to arrest him?

Quick. Why, your kinsman *John*; your kinsman

John.

Gresh. Ha, ha, ifaith, I smell the knauery, then.

This knaue belike mistrusting of my kinsman,

Would come along to see the money giuen me:

Mad *Fack*, hauing no tricke to put him off,

Arrests him with a sergeant, at my sute.

There went my hundred pound away: this *Thinbeard*, then,

Knowing himselfe to haue play'd the knaue with me,

And thinking I had arrested him indeed,

Confesseth all his trickes with yea and nay.

So, here's five hundred pound come, one run away.

Hob. Bones a me, M. *Gresham*, is my man *John* gone away with your hundred pound ?

Clown. Faith it appeares so, by the acquittance that I brought.

Gresh. No matter, M. *Hobson* : the charge you trust him with

Ile see he shall discharge. I know he is wilde,
Yet, I must tell you, Ile not see him funke ;
And, afore-god, it hath done my heart more good,
The knaue had wit to do so mad a tricke,
Then if he had profited me twice so much.

Ram. He euer had the name of mad *Jack Gresham*.

Gresh. He's the more like his vncl. Sir *Thomas Ramsfey*,

When I was young, I doe remember well,
I was as very a knaue as he is now.

Sirrah, bring *Thin-beard* hither to me ; and Sir *Thomas Ramsfey*,

Your hundred pound Ile see you paid myselfe.

Ha, ha ! mad *Jack*, gramercy for this flight :

This hundred pounds makes me thy vncl right.

Exeunt.

Enter John Tawnie-coat.

Taw. I, fure, 'tis in this lane : I turned on the right hand, coming from the Stockes. Nay, though there was master carelesse, man carelesse, and all carelesse, Ile still be honest *John*, and scorne to take any mans ware but Ile pay them for it. I warrant they thinke me an arrant knaue, for going away and not paying ; and in my conscience the master cudgeld the men, and the men the master, and all about me ; when, as (I sweare) I did it innocently. But, fure, this is the lane : theres the Windmill ; theres the Dogs head in the pot ; and heres the Fryer whipping the Nunnes arse. Tis hereabout fure.

Enter in the shop two of Hobsons folkes, and opening the shop.

1. Come fellow *Crack*, haue you forted vp those wares ?

Markt them with 54 ? They must be packt up.

2. I haue done't an houre ago. Haue you feald up

My masters letter to his factor, *John Gresham* ?

It is at Deepe, in France, to fend him matches,

For he must vse them at *Bristow* fair.

1. I, and the post receiued it two houres since.

Taw. Sure, it is hereabout : the kennell was on my right hand ; and I thinke, in my conscience, I shall neuer haue the grace of God and good lucke, if I do not pay it. S'foot, look here, look here, I know this is the shop, by that fame stretch-halter. O my masters, by your leaue, good fellows.

1. You are welcome, fir ; you are welcome.

Taw. Indeed thats the common saying about London, if men bring money with them.

1. O, fir, money customers to vs are best welcome.

Taw. You say well ; so they should be. Come, turn o're your books : I am come to pay this fame ten pound.

1. And we are ready to receiue money. What might we call your name ?

Taw. Why, my name is *John Goodfellow*. I hope I am not ashamed of my name.

1. Your kinne are the more beholding vnto you. Fellow *Crack*, turn o'er the kalender, and looke for *John Goodfellow*.

2. What comes it to ?

Taw. Ten pound.

1. You will haue no more wares with you, will you fir ?

Taw. Nay, prethee, not too fast : let's pay for the old, before we talke of any new.

2. *John Goodfellow*?—Fellow *Nimblechaps*, here's no such name in all our booke.

1. I think thou art mop-eyed this morning: giue me the booke, Letter I, letter I, letter I.—When had you your ware?

Taw. I had it some ten dayes ago.

1. Your name's *John Goodfellow*, you say.—Letter I, letter I, letter I.—You do not come to mocke vs, do you?—Letter I, letter I, letter I.—By this hand, if I thought you did, I would knock you about the ears, afore we parted.—Fellow *Crack*, get me a cudgel ready. Letter I, letter I, letter I.—Sfoot! here's no such name in all our booke. Do you heare, fellow? Are you drunke, this morning, to make vs looke for moonshine in the water?

Taw. Fut! art not thou drunk, this morning? Canst not receiue the money that's due to thee? I tell thee, I had ten pounds worth of ware here.

1. And I tell thee, *John Goodfellow*, here's no such name in our booke, nor no such ware deliuered.

Taw. Gods precious! theres a jest, indeed: so a man may be sworne out of himself. Had I not ten pounds worth of ware here?

2. No, goodman goose that you had not.

Taw. Heyda! here's excellent fellows, are able to make their masters haire grow through his hood in a moneth! They can not only carelessly deliuer away his ware, but also they will not take money for it when it comes.

1. Do you hear, hoyden? and my master were not in the next roome, Ide knocke you about th' eares for playing the knaue with vs, ere you parted.

Taw. I thinke your master had more need (if he lookt well about him) to knock you for playing the *Fackes* with him. Theres your ten pounds; tell it out with a wanion, and take it for your pains.

1. Fut! heres a mad slaue, indeed, will giue vs ten pound, in spite of our teeths.

2. Fellow *Nimblechaps*, alas! let the poore fellow alone: it appears he is besides him.

Taw. Masse, I thinke you will fooner make your master starke mad, if you play thus with euerybody.

Enter old Hobson.

Hol. Heyda, bones-a-me, here's lazy knaues!
Past eight a clock, and neither ware forted,
Nor shop swept.

Taw. Good morrow to you, fir: haue you any more stomacke to receiue money then your men haue this morning?

Hob. Money is welcome chaffer: welcome, good friend, welcome, good friend.

Taw. Here's Monfieur *Malapart* your man scornes to receiue it.

Hob. How, knaues! thinke scorne to receiue my money?

Bones-a-me, growne proud, proud knaues, proud?

1. I hope we know, fir, you do not vse to bring vp your seruants to receiue money vnlesse it be due vnto you.

Hob. No, bones-a-me, knaues, not for a million.
Friend, come to pay me money? for what, for what?

For what come you to pay me money?

Taw. Why, fir, for ware I had some moneth ago,

Being pins, points, and laces,

Poting-sticks for young wiues, for young wenches
glaffes,

Ware of all forts, which I bore at my back,
To sell where I come, with what do you lacke?
What do you lacke? what do you lacke?

Hob. Bones-a-me, a merry knaue. What's thy name?

Taw. My name, fir, is *John Goodfellow*,

An honest poore pedler of Kent.

Hob. And had ten pound in ware of me a moneth ago ?

Bones giue me the booke. *John Goodfellow*, of Kent.

Taw. Oh, fir, *nomine & natura*, by name and nature,

I am as well known for a good fellow in Kent,

As your city *Sumner's* known for a knaue.

Come, fir, will you be telling ?

Hob. Tell me no tellings : bones-a-me here's no fuch matter.

Away, knaue, away, thou oweft me none. Out of my doors.

Taw. How owe you none, fay you ! This is but a trick to try my honesty now.

Hob. There's a groat : goe drink a pint of sack ;

Comfort thyself ; thou art not well in thy wits.

God forbid, pay me ten pound not due to me.

Taw. Gods dickens, heres a jest, indeed ! master mad, men mad, and all mad : here's a mad household. Do you hear, M. *Hobson*, I do not greatly care to take your groat, and I care as little to spend it ; yet you shall know I am *John*, honest *John*, and will not be outfac't of my honesty. Here I had ten pounds worth of ware, and I will pay for it.

Hob. *Nimblechaps !* call for help *Nimblechaps*.
Bones of me, the man begins to raue.

2. Master I have found out one *John Tawny-coat*,

Had ten pounds' worth of ware a moneth ago.

Taw. Why, that's I, that's I ! I was *John Tawny-coat* then,

Though I am *John Gray-coat* now.

Hob. *John Tawny-coat !* Welcome, *John Tawny-coat*,

Taw. 'Foot ! do you think I'll be outfac'd of my honesty ?

Hob. A stool for *John Tawny-coat*, welcome
John Tawny-coat;

Honest *John Tawny-coat*, welcome *John Tawny-coat*.

Taw. Nay, Ile assure you, we were honest, all the generation of us.

There tis, to a doit, I warrant you : you need not tell it after me.

Foot ! do you think Ile be outfac't of mine honesty ?

Hob. Thou art honest *John*, honest *John Tawny-coat*.

Having so honestly paid for this,

Sort up his pack straight worth twentie pound.

Ile trust thee, honest *John* ; *Hobson* will trust thee ;

And any time the ware that thou dost lack,

Money, or money not, Ile stuffe thy packe.

Taw. I thanke you, Master *Hobson* ; and this is the fruit of honestie.

Enter a Purseuant.

Purf. By your leaue M. *Hobson*, I bring this fauour to you.

My royal mistresse, Queene *Elizabeth*,

Hath sent to borrow a hundred pound of you.

Hob. How ! bones a me, Queen know *Hobson*,
Queene know *Hobson* ?

And send but for one hundred pound ? Friend come in ;

Come in, friend ; shall haue two ; Queen shall haue two.

If Queene know *Hobson* once, her *Hobsons* purse

Must be free for her ; shee is *Englands* nurse.

Come in, good friend. Ha ! Queene know *Hobson* ?

Nay, come in, *John* ; we'll dine together too.

Taw. Make vp my packe, and Ile along from you,

Singing merrily on the way,

Points, pins, gloues, and purses,

Poting-flicks, and black jeat-rings,
 Cambricks, lawns, and pretty things.
 Come, maids, and buy, my backe dôth cracke,
 I haue all that you want ; what do you lack ?
 What do you lacke ?

Enter Gresham and Sword-bearer.

Gresh. Our cities fword-bearer, and my very good friend,

What, haue our honorable Court of Aldermen
 Determin'd yet? shall *Gresham* haue a place
 To erect this worthy building to his name,
 May make the city speake of him for euer ?

Sword. They are in earnest counsell fir about it.

Gresh. Be you my agent to and fro to them :
 I know your place, and will be thankfull to you.
 Tell them, I wait here in the Mayors Court ;
 Beneath in the Sheriffs Court my workmen waite,
 In number full an hundred : my frame is ready ;
 All onely stay their pleasure ; then out of hand
 Vp goes my work, a credit to the land.

Sword. I shall be dutiful in your request. *Exit.*

Gresh. Do, good M. Sword-bearer.—Now when
 this worke is rais'd

It shall be in the pleasure of my life
 To come and meet our merchants at their houre,
 And see them, in the greatest storme that is,
 Walke dry, and in a worke I rais'd for them ;
 Or fetch a turne within my vpper walke,
 Within which square I have orderd shops shall be
 Of neat, but necessariefst trades in London :
 And in the richest fort being garnisht out,
 Twill do me good to see shops, with faire wiues
 Sit to attend the profit of their husbands ;
 Young maids brought vp, young men as prentifes.
 Some shall proue masters, and speake in *Greshams*
 praise,
 In *Greshams* worke we did our fortunes raife.

For I dare say, both country and the Court
For wares shall be beholding to this worke.

Enter Sword-bearer, Lord Maior, and Sheriffs.

Sword. Master *Gresham*,
Thus sends the Lord Maior and the Court of Aldermen.

Ram. Or rather come to bring the newes ourselfe.

We haue determin'd of a place for you
In Cornhill, the delightful of this city,
Where you shall raise your frame. The city at their charge

Hath bought the houfes and the ground,
And paid for both three thousand five hundred three
and twenty pound.

Order is giuen the houfes shall be sold
To any man will buy them and remoue them.

Sher. Which is already done, being fourscore households,
Were sold at four hundred threescore and eightene pounds.

The plot is also plained at the cities charges,
And we, in name of the whole citizens,
Do come to giue you full possession
Of this our purchase whereon to build a Burse,
A place for merchants to assemble in,
At your owne charges.

Gresh. Master Sheriff, Ile do't; and what I spend therein,
I scorne to lose day; neglect is a sin.—
Where be my workmen?

Enter Workmen.

Work. Here, here, with trowel and tools ready at hand.

Enter D. Nowell and Hobson.

Gresh. Come, fellows, come :
 We haue a frame made, and we haue roome
 To raise it. But M. D. *Nowell* and Master *Hobson*,
 We haue your prefence in a happy time ;
 This feuenth of June, we the first stone will lay
 Of our new Burfe. Giue vs some brickettes.
 Here's a brick, here's a fair foueraign.
 Thus I begin ; be it hereafter told,
 I laid the first stone with a piece of gold.
 He that loues *Gresham* follow him in this :
 The gold we lay due to the workmen is.

Work. Oh, God blefs M. *Gresham* ! God blefs
 M. *Gresham* !

Ram. The Maior of *London*, M. *Gresham*, follows
 you.

Vnto your first this second I doe fit,
 And lay this piece of gold a-top of it.

Sher. So do the Sheriffs of *London* after you.

Hob. And, bones-a-me, old *Hobson* will be one.
 Here, fellows, there's my gold ; giue me a stone.

Work. God forbid, a man of your credit should
 want stones.

D. Now. Is this the plot, fir, of your work in
 hand ?

Gresh. The whole plot, both of form and fashion.

D. Now. In footh, it will be a goodly edifice ;
 Much art appears in it : in all my time,
 I haue not seen a work of this neat form.
 What is this vaultage for, is fashion'd here ?

Gresh. Stowage for merchants ware, and strangers
 goods,
 As either by exchange or other ways are vendible.

D. Now. Here is a middle round, and a faire
 space,
 The round is grated, and the space
 Seems open : your conceit for that ?

Gresh. The grates giue light vnto the cellerage,

Vpon the which Ile haue my friends to walk,
When Heauen giues comfortable rain vnto the
earth,

For that I will haue couered.

D. Now. So it appears.

Gresh. This space, that hides not heauen from vs,
Shall be so still ; my reason is,
There's summers heat as well as winters cold ;
And I allow, and here's my reason for't,
Tis better to be bleakt by winters breath,
Then to be stifled vp with summers heat.
In cold weather, walk dry, and thick together,
And euery honest man warm one another :
In summer, then, when too much heat offends,
Take air, a Gods name, merchants or my friends.

D. Now. And what of this part that is ouer
head ?

Gresh. M. Deane, in this
There is more ware there then in all the rest.
Here, like a parish for good citizens
And their faire wiues to dwell in, Ile haue shops,
Where euery day they shall become themselues
In neat attire ; that when our courtiers
Shall come in trains to trace old *Greshams* Burse,
They shall haue such a girdle of chaste eyes,
And such a globe of beauty round about,
Ladies shall blush to turn their vizards off,
And courtiers sweare they ly'd when they did
scoffe.

D. Now. Kind M. *Gresham*, this fame worke of
yours

Will be a tombe for you, after your death ;
A benefit to tradefmen, and a place
Where merchants meet, their traffique to maintain,
Where neither cold shall hurt them, heat, nor rain.

Gresh. O, Master *Nowell*, I did not forget
The troublesome storme we had in Lumber-Street,
That time Sir *Thomas* and I were aduerfaries,
And you and Master *Hobson* made vs friends.

I then did say, and now Ile keep my word.
 I saw a want, and I would help afford :
 Nor is my promise giuen you when you shew'd
 That ranke of charitable men to vs,
 That I would follow their good actions,
 Forgot with me ; but that before I die
 The world shall see Ile leaue like memory.

A blazing star.

Hob. Fore-god, my lord, haue you beheld the
 like ?

Look how it streaks ! what do you think of it ?

Sher. Tis a strange comet. *M. Hobson,*
 My time, to my remembrance, hath not seene
 A sight so wonderful.—Master Doctor *Nowell,*
 To iudge of these things your experience
 Exceedeth ours ; what do you hold of it ?
 For I haue heard that meteors in the air,
 Of lesser form, lesse wonderfull than these,
 Rather foretell of dangers imminent,
 Then flatter vs with future happinefs.

D. Now. Art may discourse of these things ; none
 can iudge

Directly of the will of Heauen in this :
 And by discourse thus far I hold of it.
 That this strange star appearing in the North,
 And in the constellation of *Cassiopey,*
 Which, with three fixed stars commixt to it,
 Doth make a figure geometricall,
 Lozenge-wise, called of the learned *Rombus,*
 Conducted with the hourelly moon of Heauen,
 And neuer altered from the fixed sphere,
 Foretels such alteration, that, my friends,
 Heauen grant with this first sight our sorrow ends.

Hob. Gods will be done. Master *Dean,* hap what
 hap will,

Death doth not fear the good man but the ill.

Gresh. Well said, *M. Hobson :*
 Let's liue to-day, that if death come to-morrow,
 He's rather messenger of joy then sorrow.

Enter a Factor.

Now, fir, what news from *Barbary*?

Fact. Vnwelcome news, fir. The King of *Barbary* is slain.

Gresh. Ha! slain by treason, or by war?

Fact. By war, in that renowned battell
Swift fame desires to carry through the world,
The battle of *Alcafur*, wherein two kings,
Besides the King of *Barbary*, were slain,
Kings of *Morocco* and of *Portugal*,
With *Stewkeley*, that renowned Englishman,
That had a spirit equal with a king,
Made fellow with these kings in warlike strife,
Honord his country, and concluded life.

Gresh. Cold news, birlady.—The venture, Gentle-
men,
Of threescore thousand pound with that dead king,
Lies in a hazard to be wonne or lost.
In what estate consists the kingdom now?

Fact. In peace; and the succeeding happy heire
Was crown'd then king, when I took ship from
thence.

Gresh. To that king, then, be messenger from vs,
And by the sound of trumpet summon him.
Say that thy master, and a *London* merchant,
Craues due performance of such couenants,
Confirmed by the late King vnto ourself,
That for the sum of threescore thousand pound,
The trafficke of his fugars should be mine.
If he refuse the former bargain made,
Then, freely claim the money that we lent:
Say that our coin did stead the former king;
If he be kinde, we haue as much for him.

Hob. By the marry-god, it was a dangerous
day:
Three kings, beside young *Stewkeley*, slaine:

He tell you, my Lord Maior, what I haue seen.
When sword and bucklers were in question,
I haue seen that *Stewkeley* beat a freet before
him.

He was so familiar growne in euery mouth,
That if it hapned any fighting were,
The question straight was, was not *Stewkeley* there?
Bones-a-me, he would hew it!—Now, what news with
you?

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Heres a letter sent you from *John Grefham*.

Hob. O, an answer of a letter that I sent,
To send me matches against *Bristow* fair,
If then any were come.

Boy. I cannot tell sir well what to call it;
but instead of matches of ware, when you read your
letter, I belieue you will find your factor hath matcht
you.

Hob. What's here? what's here? *Reade the letter.*

*As neare as I could ghesse at your meaning, I haue
laboured to furnish you, and haue sent you two thousand
pounds worth of match.*

How? bones, knaue, two thousand pounds worth of
match!

Boy. Faith, master, neuer chafe at it; for if you
cannot put it away for match, it may be the hangman
will buy some of it for halters.

Hob. Bones a me, I sent for matches of ware, fel-
lows of ware.

Boy. And match being a kind of ware, I thinke
your factor hath matcht you.

Hob. The blasfing star did not appeare for no-
thing.

I sent to be forted with matches of ware,
And he hath sent me nought but a commodity of
Match,

And in a time when there's no vent for it.
What do you think on't, gentlemen?
I little thought *Jack* would haue serued me so.

Gresh. Nay, Master *Hobson*, grieue not at *Jacks*
croffe;

My doubt is more, and yet I laugh at losse.

Exeunt.

Enter 2. Lords,

1. *Lord.* You haue trauel'd, fir: how do you like
this building?

Trust me, it is the goodliest thing that I haue seen:
England affords none such.

2. *Lord.* Nor Christendom;

I might say, all the world has not his fellow.
I haue been in Turkeys great Constantinople;
The merchants there meet in a goodly temple,
But haue no common Burse: in Rome, but Rome's
Built after the manner of *Frankford* and *Embsden*:
There, where the greatest marts and meeting places
Of merchants are, haue streets and pent-houses,
And, as I might compare them to themselues,
Like Lumber Street before this Burse was built.

Enter Sir Thomas Ramsfey.

1. *Lord.* I haue seen the like in *Bristow*.

Ram. Good morrow to your honors.

2. *Lord.* Thanks to my good Lord Maior.

We are gazing here on M. *Greshams* work.

Ram. I think you haue not seene a goodlier
frame.

2. *Lord.* Not in my life; yet I haue beene in
Venice,

In the *Realto* there, called S. *Marks*;

Tis but a bable, if compar'd to this.

The nearest that which most resembles this,

Is the great Burfe in *Antwerp*, yet not comparable
 Either in height or wideneſs, the fair cellerage,
 Or goodly ſhops aboue. Oh, my Lord Maior,
 This *Greſham* hath much graced your city, *London* :
 His fame will long outliue him.

1. *Lord*. It is reported
 You, Sir *Thomas Ramſey*, are as rich as he :
 This ſhould incite you to ſuch noble works,
 To eternize you.

Ram. Your lordſhip pleaſes to be pleaſant with
 me :

I am the meaneſt of a many men
 In this faire city. Maſter *Greſhams* fame
 Drawes me as a ſpectator amongſt others,
 To ſee his coſt, but not compare with it.

1. *Lord*. And it is coſt indeed.

2. *Lord*. But when, to fit theſe empty roomes
 about here,

The pictures grauen of all the *English* kings
 Shall be fet ouer, and in order placd,
 How glorious will it then be ?

1. *Lord*. Admirable.

Ram. Theſe very pictures will furmout my
 wealth.

1. *Lord*. But how will Maſter *Greſham* name this
 place ?

2. *Lord*. I heard my Lord of *Leceſter* to the
 Queene

Highly commend this worke, and ſhe then promiſt
 To come in perſon, and here chriſten it :
 It cannot haue a better godmother.

This *Greſham* is a royall citizen.

Ram. He feaſts this day the *Ruſſian* Ambaſſa-
 dor :

I am a bidden gueſt ; where, if it pleaſe you

1. *Lord*. Good Sir *Thomas*,
 We know what you would ſay. We are his gueſts,
 Inuited to ; yet in our way we tooke

This wonder, worth our paines : it is our way
 To *Bishopsgate*, to Master *Greshams* house ;
 Thither so please you, wele affociate you. *Exeunt.*

*Enter M. Gresham, leading in the Ambaffador. Musicke,
 and a banquet serued in : the Ambaffador's fet.*

*Enter Sir Thomas Ramfie, the 2. Lords, my Lady
 Ramfie, the Waits in Sergeants gowns, with one In-
 terpreter.*

Gresh. Lords all at once, welcome ; welcome at
 once.

You come to my new buildings vp-fitting :
 It hath been long in labour, now deliuerd,
 And vp ; anon, wele haue a health to it.
 This *Ruffian* Prince, the Emperours Ambaffador,
 Doth not our language vnderstand. Interpreter,
 Say that we bid him welcome.

Inter. The Prince speaks *Latin*,
 And in that language wele interpret for him.
*Salutem tibi optat, et aduentum tuum grauiffime
 Isle Londinensis.*

Amb. *Istum libens audio, ages illi meo nomine
 Ex animo gratias : funde quod bibamus.*

Inter. He gladly thanks you for his royall wel-
 come,
 And drinckes to you.

Gresh. We vnderstand that signe.
 Come, let our full-crown'd cups oreflow with wine,
 Welcome againe, fair lords.

2. Lord. Thanks, M. *Gresham* :
 We haue been viewing of your works.

Gresh. My Burfe : how do you like it, lords ?
 It is a pretty bable.

2. Lord. Tis a faire worke :
 Her Maiefty intends to name the place.

Gresh. She doth her seruant *Gresham* too much
 grace.

It will be pretty when my pictures come
To fill those empty rooms ; if that hold,
That ships rich fraught is worth her waight in gold.

1. *Lord.* It will be rare and famous.

Gresh. What was it that the *Russian* whispered ?

Inter. He askt me what interpreter the Queene
Would in his embassy employ.

Gresh. None : tell him none :

For, though a woman, she is a rare linguist.
Where other princes vse interpreters,
She, *propria voce*, I haue some *Latin* too ;
She of herselfe answers them without interpreter,
Both *Spanish*, *Latine*, *French*, and *Greek*,
Dutch, and *Italian* : so let him know.

My Lord of *Lecester* sent me word, last night,
(And I am prouder on't then on my building)
The Queene to grace me and my workes the more,
The feveral Ambassadors there will heare,
And them in person answer.

2. *Lord.* Tis most true.

Enter a gentleman, whispering to Sir Thomas Ramfie.

Gresh. The *Russian* with the *French*.
What would that gentléman, Sir *Thomas* ?

Ram. He is a merchant, and a jeweller :
Mongst other stones, he saith he hath a pearle,
Orient and round, weighing so many carets,
That it can scarce be valued : the French King
And many other Dukes haue for the riches
And price refused to buy it ; now he comes
To offer it to this Ambassador.

Gresh. Show him the pearle, interpreter,
The Lord Ambassador.

Inter. *Mercator quidam et aurifex spectandum tibi
profert Gemmam domine serenissime.*

Amb. *Et pulchra, et principe digna: interroga
quanti iudicat ?*

Inter. He commends it to be both rich and faire,
And desires to know how you value it.

Mer. My price, fir, is fifteene hundred pound.

Amb. *Quanti valet?*

Inter. *Mille quingentis minis.*

Amb. *Non, non; nimis peccara est ista Gemma.*

Iner. He saith it is too dear; he will not buy it.

Gresh. I will peruse your pearle. Is that the
price?

Mer. I cannot bate one crowne, and gaine by it.

Enter a Mariner.

Gresh. We'le not be accessary to your los; ;
And yet considering all things some may thinke vs
To be but bare of treasure at this time,
Having disburst so much about our workes;
Yet, if our ships and trade in Barbary
Hold currant, we are well.—What newes from sea?
How stands my ships?

Mar. Your ships, in which all the kings pictures
were,
From *Brute* vnto our Queene *Elizabeth*,
Drawne in white marble, by a storme at sea
Is wrack't and lost.

Gresh. The losse, I weigh not this;
Onely it grieues me that my famous building
Shall want so rich and faire an ornament.

Lady R. It touches all the city; for those
pictures
Had doubly grac'd this royall edifice.

Ram. Methinkes the ships losse most should trouble
you.

Gresh. My ship's but wealth: why, we haue
wealth.
The pictures were the grace of my new Burse:
So I might them in their true forme behold,
I car'd not to haue lost their waights in gold.

Enter a Factor.

1. *Lord.* A noble citizen !

Gresh. Our factor ! What good news from Barbary ?

What sayes the king ? Speak : didst thou summon him ?

Or hast thou brought my threescore thousand pound ?

Or shall I haue the sugars at that rate ?

If so, new marble pictures we'le haue wrought,

And in a new ship from beyond sea brought.

Fact. The king, that in the regall chaire succeeds

The king late dead, I summon'd, and demanded

Either your money tender'd, or the sugars

After the rate propos'd. He denied both ;

Alleaging, though he was successiue heir,

He was not, therefore, either tide to pay

The late kings debts, nor yet to stand vnto

Vnnecessary bargaines : notwithstanding,

To gratifie your love, the king hath sent you

As presents, not as satisfaction,

A costly dagger and a paire of slippers ;

And there's all for your threescore thousand pound.

Gresh. Birlady, a dear bargain.

1. *Lord.* I feare me this will plague him. A strange croffe :

How will he take this newes ? losse vpon losse.

2. *Lord.* Nay, will it not vndoe him ? doth he not with

His buildings in his purse ?

Gresh. A dagger, that's well :

A paire of slippers—Come, vndoe my shoes.

What, 60. thousand pound in sterling money,

And paid me all in slippers ? Then hoboyes, play !

On slippers Ile dance all my care away.

Fit, fit, he had the iust length of my foot.—

You may report, lords, when you come to Court,

You *Gresham* saw a paire of slippers weare,

Cost thirty thousand pound.

1. *Lord.* Somewhat too deare.

Gresh. Nor yet, for all this treasure we haue lost,
Repents it vs one penny of our cost.

2. *Lord.* As royall in his vertues as his build-
ings.

Ram. These losses would haue killd me.

Gresh. Jeweller,

Lets see thy pearl.—Go pound it in a mortar ;

Beat it to powder, then return it me :

What Dukes and Lords, and these Ambassadors

Haue, euen before our face, refusd to purchase,

As of too high a price to venture on,

Gresham, a *London* merchant, here will buy.—

What, is it broken small ? Fill us some wine :

Fuller, yet fuller, till the brim oreflows.

Here fiteene hundred pound at one clap goes.

Instead of fugar *Gresham* drinks this pearle

Vnto his Queene and mistresse : pledge it, lords.

Who euer saw a merchant brauelier fraught,

In dearer slippers, or a richer draught ?

Ram. You are an honour to all *English* mer-
chants ;

As bountiful as rich, as charitable

As rich, as renowned as any of all.

Gresh. I doe not this as prodigall of my wealth ;

Rather to show how I esteem that losse

Which cannot be regain'd. A *London* merchant

Thus treads on a kings present. Jeweller,

My factor shall deliuer you the money.

And, lords, so please you but to see my schoole

Of the seuen learned liberal sciences,

Which I haue founded here neare *Bishopsgate*,

I will conduct you. I will make it, Lords,

An Vniversity within itselfe,

And giue't from my reuenues maintenance.

W are not like those that are not liberal

Till they be dying ; what we meane to giue,

We will bestow and see done whilst we liue.

Attendance ! come, th' Ambassador, guests, all,
Your welcome's great, albeit your cheere's but small.

Exeunt.

Enter Tawny-coat with a spade.

Taw. Hard world, when men dig liuing out of
stones,
As wretched miserable I am enforst.
And yet there liues more pity in the earth,
Then in the flinty bosomes of her children ;
For shee's content to haue her aged brest
Mangled with mattockes, rent and torne with spades,
To giue her children and their children bread ;
When man more flinty then her stony ribs
That was their mother, neither by intrreats,
Tears, nor complaints, will yeeld them sustenance.
But tis our ages fault ; the mightier
Tear liuing out of vs, we out of her.

Enter Hobson, in his gowne and slippers.

Hob. Mother a me, what a thick mist is here ?
I walked abroad to take the mornings aire,
And I am out of knowledge. Bones a me,
What meads, and what inclosures haue we here ?
How now, old *Hobson* ! doat in thine old age ?
A foole at three score ? Whither wilt thou, wit ?
I crost the water in my gown and slippers,
To see my rents and buildings of the *Bankside*,
And I am slipt clean out of ken, fore-god,
A wool-gathering.

Taw. Either mine eare's deceiued,
Or I should know that tongue. Tis so, indeed,
Each word he speakes makes my torn heart to
bleed.

Hob. Ha, ha ! I smile at my owne foolery.
Now I remember mine old grandmother
Would talk of fairies and hobgoblins,

That would lead milkmaids ouer hedge and ditch,
Make them milk their neighbours kine ;
And ten to one this *Robin Goodfellow*

Tawny-coat digs.

Hath led me vp and down the madmans maze.
I heare some company ; for shame all whist,
Sit thee downe, *Hobson*, a right man in the mist.

Taw. Tis he. Alas ! when the rough hand of
want

Hath cast vs downe, it loads vs with mishaps.
I broke my day with him. O had that fatal
houre

Broken my heart : and, villain that I was,
Neuer so much as write in my excufe :
And he for that default hath sued my bill,
And with an execution is come downe,
To feaze my household stuff, imprifon me,
And turne my wife and children out of doores.
What, shall I fly him ? No ; he 's pitiful :
Then, with my teares I will importune him.
God faue you M. *Hobson*.

Hob. *Hobson*, bones a me,
What voice is that ?—Art thou a man, or friend ?
Tell me if thou beest that Will of the Wifp,
That leadst me this wild morice ? I coniure thee
To leaue me to myselfe.

Taw. O Master *Hobson* !

As euer you haue beene a poore mans friend,
Continue still so : insult not o'er my fortunes.

Hob. I am in the mist. What art thou ? speake.

Taw. A debter of your worships.

Hob. A debter of mine ! mother of me, thou
lieft.

I know thee not, nor doe I know this place.
If thou owest me any thing, pay me with thy
loue :

And if thou beest acquainted in these woods,
Conduct me to some towne, or direct road
That leads to *London*, and Ile here discharge thee

Of debts and duties, and beside impart
Somewhat to cherish thee.

Taw. What should I thinke ?

He knowes me ; and, for feare I should scape him,
He would intice me to the officers.

O Master *Hobson* ! though not for mine owne,
Yet for my wife and my poore childrens fakes,
If your intent be to imprifon me,

Vpon my knees I do intreat you spare me.

The goods you trusted me withal, I haue not
wasted

In riot and excess, but my kinde heart,
Seeing my helpleffe neighbours in distresse,
By reason of the long and extreame dearth,
Some I relieued, some trusted with my goods,
Whose pouertie's not able to repay.

Then beare with me a little ; your rich store
Hath fau'd my life, and fed an hundred more.

Hob. Now, bones-a-me, another *Tawny-coat*.

What's thy name, knaue ?

Taw. *John Rowland*, fir.

Hob. Bones-a-me,

I thought as much. Art not thou *Tawney-coat* ?

Taw. I am the man whom you call'd *Tawny-coat*.

Hob. And I the *Hobson* that will pittie thee.

Now bones-a-me, what mak'st thou with a spade ?

Taw. This spade alas, tis all the wealth I haue,
When my poor wife and children cry for bread,
They still must cry till these haue purchast it ;
They must go naked till these harden'd hands,
When the cold breath of winter strikes on them,
Till these haue earned it.

Hob. Now, alas, good soul !

It melts my heart to heare him, and mine eyes
Could weepe for company.—What earn'st a day ?

Taw. Little God knows.

Though I be stirring earlier then the lark,
And at my labour later then the lambe,
Towards my wife and childrens maintenance

I scarcely earne me threepence by the day.

Hob. Alas, the while, poor soules I pittie them ;
And in thy words, as in a looking-glass,
I see the toil and travell of the country,
And quiet gaine of cities blessednesse.
Heauens will for all, and should not we respect it,
We are vnworthy life. But, bones-a-me,
Dost think to pay me twenty pound
And keep thy charge earning a groat a day ?

Taw. And God blefs my labours, I hope I shall.
I haue this quarter by exceeding thrift,
Bare clothing, and spare dyet, scrap'd together
Fiue shillings in a purse, which I lay vp
Towards your worships debt.

Hob. Giue it me ; somewhat hath some fauour.
And yet shall I spend that which the poor labourer
got ?

No, God forbid : old *Hobson* ne'er will eat,
Rather then surfet vpon poore mens sweat.
Take it againe, and buy thy children bread.
But soft, the mist doth break : what town is this ?

Taw. *Detford*, an't like your worship.

Enter Timothy.

Hob. Bones-a-me, to *Detford* came I to do charity.
I see 'twas Gods appointment.—

But who comes here ? Bones a me, honest *Tim* !—
'Twas said in *London* you were bound for *France*,
And I determin'd to haue writ by you.

Tim. By yea and nay, M. *Hobson*, 'tis no vntruth.
I was bound for *France*, landed in *France*, dispatcht
some secret businesse for a sister in *France*, and from
her haue French tokens to deliuer to the sisterhood
whom I shall first encounter in *England*.

Hob. Bones-a-me, *Tim*, so speedy in your iour-
ney !
It seemes your busines was of much import.

Tim. Verely it was, and it stood chiefly between two women; and, as you know, women loue to haue their businesse dispatcht.

Hob. Mother-a-me, *Tim*, I am glad of it.

But how does my factor, *John Gresham*, in *France*?

Tim. Your grauitie may better consider of that then I can discourfe; but withal I pray you think he is a wilde youth. There are tauerns in *France*, yet I do not think *John Gresham* is giuen to frequent them; and yet I must remember you he is a youth, and youth may be drawne to expences. *England's* on this side, *France* on that; the sea's betwixt him and his master; but I do not think him guilty, yet I could say.

Hob. Mother a me, leaue off these parables, And tell me plainly, is he not a wencher?

Tim. By yea and by nay, fir, without parable, I am no tell-tale. I haue seen him in company with Madona such a one, or such a one: it becomes not flesh and blood to reueale. Your worship knowes he is in *France*, the sea betwixt him and you, and what a young youth in that case is prone vnto: your grauity is wise. Ile not say so much as I saw him drinking with a French lady or lasse in a tauerne, because your grauity is wise; but if I had, it had beene lesse then perhaps you imagine on such a wild youth as he no question does deferue.

Hob. Mother-a-me, 'tis so. In a French tauerne, Kissing the lady, and the sea betwixt vs.

I am for you, M. *John*; thus in my gowne and slippers,

And nightcap and gowne, Ile step ouer to *France*.

Here, *Tawny-coat*, receiue thou my seal'd ring:

Beare it to my factor; bid him by that token

Sort thee out forty pounds worth of such wares

As thou shalt thinke most beneficial.

Thou art a free man; vp with thy trade agen:

Ile raise thee, *Rowland*, if God say, Amen.

Taw. I know not how.

Hob. Tut, bones-a-me, man, peace! *Hobson* will do't: thou owest me but twenty pound, Ile venture forty more. *Timothy* here shall be thy witness to my factor in this business.

To all our friends in *London* say I am gone
Over to *France*.—I am for you, M. *John.* *Exeunt.*

Enter John and Curtezan.

Cur. Sweet youth, thou art too young, and yet
scarce ripe

To tast the sweetness of my mellowed loue.

John. That's the reason I set thy teeth on edge
thus; but thou know'st I promise to haue a bout with
thee at our last parley, and I am come to performe
my word: name the weapon.

Cur. Nothing but kisses and enticing looks.

John. Then ward your lips well, or you'le ha' the
first venney.

Cur. I haue no ward but this: my tender sex
Haue not the manly skill to breake a thrust.
O how I dote on thee! I haue tride ere now
'The sweaty Spaniard and the carowing Dane,
The foggy Dutchman, and the fiery French,
The briske Italian, and indeed what not;
And yet of all and all, the Englishman
Shall goe for me: I, y'are the truest louers,
The ablest, last night, and the truest men
That breathe beneath the sun.

John. Why then the Englishman for thy money:
God-a-mercy little rogue, there's no loue lost, Ile
assure thee. I am my masters factor, and thou hast a
commodity that I must needs take vp, and not enter't
into his cash-book neither. Little thinks my master in
England what ware I deale withal here in *France*; but
since 'tis offer'd me at the best hand, Ile venture on't,
though I be a loser by the bargain.

Cur. I would be priate, lest the tell-tale aire
Whisper our loue. I prethee, let vs in

To the inner chamber ; I am jealous
 Of all eyes but mine owne to looke vpon thee :
 I would haue none to see thee but myself,
 In amorous arms to fold thee but myself,
 To associate, talke, discourse, or dally with thee,
 Clip, graspe hands, or kisse thee, but myself.

Fohn. Who would not be a merchant venturer,
 and lay out for such a faire returne? I shall ven-
 ture the doubling of my yeares presently. I thinke I
 haue met with a better commodity then matches, and
 my master cannot say but he hath met with his
 match. This 'tis to haue the land and the sea be-
 twixt me and my master: here can I keep my
 French reuels, and none say so much as black is
 mine eye.—Prithee, little pinckany, bestow this iewel
 a me.

Cur. This iewel's a loue: aske my life, 'tis thine ;
 But this an English factor whom you know,
 Gaue me at his departure out of *Rhoane*,
 And I haue vow'd to keepe it for his sake.
 Any thing but this iewel.

Fohn. But if I could get his iewel cleanly, and
 carry it him ouer at my return for a token, 'twere a
 iest worth laughing at.—But and thou wilt not giue
 me this iewel, prethee giue me this same chaine to
 weare for thy sake.

Cur. This was another countrymans of yours :
 He made me swear to keep't till his returne.
 Ask me ought else, 'tis thine.

Fohn. Why, then, this ring.

Cur. That you, of all the fauours that I wear,
 Could find out nothing but this ring? this ring,
 A toy not worth the giuing; yet I sooner
 Would part with life then this. A dying friend
 Bequeath'd it at his death. But, honey loue,
 What shouldst thou talke of giuing? 'tis a word
 Worne out of use; it sounds not well in French :
 A man should still say take, take, to his wench.

Fohn. Then, I say take: take this and this; still

take heed of me, lest I shew you a slippery tricke for this. Tis the kindest wench in Christendom, but she'le part with nothing.—Shall we haue another wooing room?

Cur. What room thou pleasest, deare heart, I agree:

Where're I go, there shall be roome for thee.

John. Any? then I may chance to make you wish rather my roome then my company, and you looke not the better to't. *They withdraw.*

Enter at the other end of the stage Hobson in his gowne and slippers.

Hob. I haue slipt ore into *France*; and in my slippers,
Giuen all my friends the slip, to see this gallant,
My man, he that hath matcht me. Bones-a-me,
The knaue's a prophet, else it could not be.
He's not at his lodging, yet by an English factor,
A fellow knowes not me, I was directed
Vnto this house. Ile know what bufinesse
The knaue hath here. *Pulsat.*

Intrat Puella.

Wench. Who's there? who's at the doore?

Hob. Damfel, good day: is there not a fellow here, an Englishman?

Wench. Here's an Englishman, but none of your fellow, neither. I hope, sir, we are not all fellowes at foot-ball.

Hob. Nay, bones-a-me, girle, there's no reason wee should bee fellowes. But prithee, my wench, is there not one *Jack Gresham* here?

Wench. No, goodman looke like a goose; but there's one Master *John Gresham*, an English gentleman here. And you know no manners, you should be taught some.

Hob. Bones-a-me, goodman master, master servant!

Old goodman *Hobson* keeps gentlemen to his men.

Facke turn'd to M. *John*; marry, fir reuerence!

The French maid taught me manners. Well, I hope
We shall haue a fight of the gentleman.

Wench. As you vse yourself, you may, and you may not.
Exeunt ambo.

Faël. Curtiz.

John. Thou seeft this iewel well becomes mine eare,

This ring my finger, and this chaine mine arm.

Cour. Ile be thy iewel: at thy lips Ile hang,
And, as this ring thy finger compasseth,
So shall these armes thy waste. These are but
toyes;
Let me displace them.

Intrat puella.

Wench. M. *John*, here's a fellow below would speake with you.

John. With me: what is he?

Wench. A simple coxcombe; Ile call him vp to you.

John. Do, my sweete Buffamacke. Some carrier, or base knaue, that hangs of my liberality.—I hope 'tis not pure *Tim* come for the second part of my beneuolence.

Admit him in, that he may praise our fate,
And see us in our choifest pomp and state.

Wench. Here's the fellow I told you of, fir.

Intrat Hobson.

John. Zoones! my master.

Hob. *Sante amen!* Man *John*, a wenchart

knaue, racke and manger knaue? Bones-a-me, cannot a snatch and away ferue your turn, but you must lie at racke and manger? Is this the ware you deale with, feruant *John*?

John. Chapmans ware, fir.

Hob. Sirra, sirra, the dealing with such ware belongs not to our trade. Bones-a-me, knaue, a prentise must not occupy for himself, but for his master, to any purpose.

John. And he cannot occupy for his master, without the consent of his mistress.

Hob. Come, y'are a knaue.

John. Of your owne bringing vp, fir.

Hob. Besides, thou canst not keepe open shop here, because thou art a forraigner, by the laws of the realm.

John. Not within the liberty; but I hope the suburbs tolerates any man or woman to occupy for themselves: they may do't in the city, too, and they be naturalized once.

Hob. I but sirra, Ile haue none of my English prentises frenchified. Bones-a-me, knaue, Ile haue thee deal with no such broken commodities.

John. Your worship must haue such as the country yeelds, or none at all. But, I pray, fir, what's our trade?

Hob. What saist thou, knaue?

John. That your worship is a haberdasher of all wares.

Hob. Bones-a-me! a haberdasher of small wares.

John. And that the worst trade in all Christendom, and especially for French women: if they know a man to be a haberdasher of small ware, they'll haue no dealing with him; and therefore, and you will haue any good commodities here, you must change your copy. You neuer were a traeller, and therefore you know not what belongs to't. But you doe clean mistake this gentlewoman, and you take her for a light wench: weigh her in equal balance, and

you shall find her no such woman, no such woman, Ile assure you.

Hob. No! what is she, then, *John*?

John. Fore-god, sir, I would not haue you wrong the gentlewomans repute for a world. This *metressa* deals for herself, and hath many sorts of ware at command: I was now bargaining with her about a certain Country commodity, and had not your coming marr'd the match, we had gone through for't. And further, should you wrong the ladies reputation here in *France*, Ile assure you they haue the law of their sides. But, to confirme your good opinion of her, this is she of whom I tooke vp your commodity of matches: be sorry for your offence, and excuse you to her for shame master.

Hob. Bones-a-me knaue, I cannot speake a word of French.

John. Nor she of English. But all's one: vpon her master, and what

You cannot do in words, perform in dumb signs.
What, in your slippers come to take me napping?
Ile giue you what you come for instantly,
And, on the sodaine make you so agast,
You will be glad to pardon what is past.

Exit.

Hob. Madam, I cry you mercy for this wrong
Done to your ladiship: I did suspect you
For a bad liuer, but I see you cleare;
For which mistake I doe remaine your seruant.

Cour. *Gramercy, mounsier.*

Hob. How! would you my gray mare see?
An't like your ladyship, I came by water,
And neither on mares back, nor horse backe.

Cour. *No, no point parla Francoi?*

Hob. No, indeed, lady, my name is not *Francis*;
your seruant, and *John Hobson*.

Cour. *No point?*

Hob. No points? yes, indeed, lady; I haue points
at my hose, though I go vntrust.

Cour. *No point parla.*

Hob. I haue no points in my parlour, indeed ; but I haue a hundred pounds worth in my shop.

Intrat Joh. cum aliis Fact.

John. Tush ! fear not lads ; for he knowes none of you.

Doe but buffe out a little broken French,
And he'le neuer take you to be Englishmen.

Omn. Fact. We'le second the other, but manage it.

John. Be patient, I beseech you, gentlemen.
Though you be officers, appointed here
To search suspected places, as this is
A most notorious filthy bawdy-house,
And carry all old rusty fornicators,
Aboue the age of fifty vnto prison,
Yet know, this is an honest gentleman.

Hob. A search, and this a bawdy-house?—Why,

John !

Bones-a-me, knaue, how comes this to pass ?

1 Fact. Measar. man a moy.

Hob. How ! must you haue money of me ? Ile know wherefore first, by your leaues.

John. Nay, master, I would it were but a money matter ;

A cage, or whipping post, or so : 'tis worse.

What ! an old man to chide his prentice hence,

As if he had some priuate business,

And then himself get close vnto his wench ?

Nay, whipping's all too good. Had you found me so,

There had been work enough ; there had been newes

For *England*, and a whole twelue months chiding

Of my good vncle.

2 Fact. Je vou stre sau amil't.

Hob. How ! must I go to prison for doing amiss ?

John. To prison ! nay to, whipping, I am sorry ;

And, to my power, I will intreat for you.

Fie, master, fie !

Hob. Bones-a-me, *John*, is not this a lady ?

John. No, by my troth, master ; such as be in the garden-alleys.

Joan's as good as this French lady.

Hob. Is not this gentlewoman a dealer ?
And hath she not a good commodity ?

John. Yes by my faith sir, I confesse both.

Hob. Hath she not ware ?

John. She hath, and at a reasonable reckning.

Hob. And may not then a chapman deal with her ?

John. Marry may you, sir : and Ile send news to your wife of your dealing.

The cause of your coming to *France* shall be knowne,

And what second hand commodities you tooke vp
Since your comming : my mistris in *England* shall know

What vtterance you haue for your small wares in *France*.

Pen and inke !—Ile set it down in blacke and white.

Hob. Bones a me, *John* ! what, *John* ! why honest *John* ?

John. Harty commendations—vnderstand—reuerend Master *Hobson* found with a whore in *Roane*—place, a common bawdy-house—must be whipt.

Hob. No more, good *John* !

John. You haue had none yet—whipt about the town.

Hob. Sweet, honest *John* ! why bones-a-me, knaue *John* !

John. In witnes whereof, all these honest gentlemen eye-witneses haue set to their hands. Nay, my my mistresse shall know't, that's flat. Are there not wenches enow in *England*, but you must walke ouer sea in your slippers, and venture (being not shod) to

come into *France* awenching? what an old man, too! She shall know what a slippery tricke you would haue ferued her in your slippers in *France*.

Hob. Nay, bones-a-me, *John*: friends, sweet *John*, all friends;

I doe confes t'haft ouer-reacht thy master.

Ca me, ca thee: conceale this from my wife,
And Ile keep all thy knauery from thine vncle.

John. Well fir, in hope of amendment, I am content, and yet

Hob. Nay, bones-a-me, Ile take you at your word,

Befides, I hope these honest gentlemen
Will faue my credit.

John. Ile entreat for you.

Hob. Tis logicke to me, fir; I vnderstand you not.

John. Marry fir they say if you will walke with them to their lodgings, for my sake they inuite you to dinner.

Hob. God-a-mercy, gentlemen; God-a-mercy

John.

But, bones-a-me knaue, where are their lodgings?

John. Hard by; for why doe you ask?

Hob. I hope theyle bring me to no more bawdy-houfes;

I would not be taken napping againe for two and one.

But, gentlemen, Ile accept of your curtesie, and then,

John,

You shall with me to *England*: wele show *France*

Our backs. And you will needs deale for yourfelfe

Afore your time, you shall do't in *England*.

Will you walk, gentlemen?

Cur. Adieu, monsieur: and *Gresham*, farewell too.

No more of *French* loue, no more *French* losse shall do.

Exeunt.

*Enter Sir Thomas Ramfie being Mayor, Sheriff,
Sword-bearer, &c.*

Sir Tho. Well faid my maisters. See all things be ready

To giue her Majesty such entertainment
As may grace *London*, and become the state
Her highness brings along. Where's the Queen
now ?

Sword. She comes along the *Strand* from *Somerset House*,
Through *Temple Barre*, down *Fleet Stecet*, and the
Cheap,
The North side of the Burse to *Bishopsgate*,
And dines at Master *Greshams*, and appoints
To returne on the south side, through *Corne-hill* :
And there when she hath view'd the roomes
about

And walkes below, shele giue name to the Burse.

Sher. The streets are fit, and all the companies
Plac'd in their liueries gainst her returne.
But, my Lord Mayor, shall these Ambassadors
This day haue audience ?

Sir Tho. Admittance if not audience was
granted :
See therefore trumpets and all kinds of musicke
Be plac'd against her royal interview,
The steps with arras spread where she ascends ;
Besides, giue charge vnto the shopkeepers
To make their best shoues in the vpper roomes,
Because the Queen intends to compasse it.

Sher. Tis done my lord. *Trumpets afar off.*

Sir Tho. The Queene hath din'd : the trumpets
found already,
And giue note of her comming.—Bid the waits
And Hoboyes to be ready at an instant.

Enter, at one doore, the Queen, Lecester, Suffex, Lords, Gresham: at the other, Cassimer, the French and Florentine Ambassadors, Sir Thomas Ramfie, &c.

Queen. *Lester* and *Suffex*, are those the Ambassadors?

Lest. They are dread soueraign: he that formost stands,
The Emperour's; the second is the *French*;
The last is the *Florentine*.

Queen. We will receiue them.

Here the Queene entertaines the Ambassadors, and in their feveral languages confers with them.

Suffex and *Lester* place the Ambassadors,
We at our Court of *Greenwich* will dilate
Further of these designes. Where's *Gresham*?

Gresh. Your humble subiect and seruant.

Queen. Our leasure now serues to suruey your
Burse.

A goodly frame, a rare proportion,
This city our great chamber cannot shew vs,
To adde vnto our fame a monument
Of greater beauty. *Lecester*, what sayst thou?

Leic. That I my soueraign haue not seene the
like.

Queen. *Suffex*, nor you?

Suff. Madam, not I. This *Greshams* work of
stone

Will liue to him when I am dead and gone.

Enter Hobson.

Hob. God blefs thy grace, *Queen Bessie*.

Queen. Friend, what art you?

Hob. Knowest thou not me, *Queene*? then thou
knowest nobody.

Bones-a-me, *Queene*, I am *Hobson*; and old *Hobson*,
By the Socks, I am sure you know me.

Queen. What is he *Lecester*? dost thou know this fellow?—

Gresham, or you?

Gresh. May it please your Maiesty,
He is a rich substantial citizen.

Hob. Bones-a-me, woman, send to borrow money
Of one you doe not know! there's a new tricke.
Your grace sent to me by a purfeuant
And by a priuy seal, to lend your highnesse
An hundred pound: I, hearing that my Queene
Had need of money, and thinking you had knowne
me,

Would needs vpon the bearer force two hundred.
The Queene should haue had three rather then
faile;

I, by this hand. Queene *Besse*, I am old *Hobson*,
A haberdasher, and dwelling by the stocks.
When thou seeft money with thy grace is scant,
For twice five hundred pound thou shalt not want.

Queen. Vpon my bond.

Hob. No, no, my foueraign;
Ile take thine own word, without scrip or scrowle.

Queen. Thanks honest *Hobson*: as I am true
maid,

Ile see myself the money back repaid.
Thou without grudging lendst, thy purse is free;
Honest as plain.

Suff. A true well meaning man, I warrant him.

Gresh. Your Maiesty promist to giue the name
To my new Burse.

Queen. *Gresham*, we will.—A herauld, and a trumpet!

Lec. A herauld and a trumpet!

Queen. Proclaime through euery high street of this
city,

This place to be no longer call'd a Burse,
But, since the building's stately, fair, and strange,
Be it for euer call'd, the *Royal Exchange*.

A flourish here.

And whilst this voice flies through the City forth-
right,

Arise Sir *Thomas Gresham* now a knight.—

Be our Ambassadors conducted all

Vnto their feuerall lodgings.—This 23. of January,

A thousand, five hundred, and seuenty, *Elizabeth*

Christens this famous worke. Now to our Court

Of *Greenwich*.—*Gresham*, thanks for our good cheere.

We to our people, they to vs are deare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nowell and Lady Ramfie.

Lady R. What think you of my husband, Master
Deane?

Now. As of all men : we are mortal, made of
clay,

Now healthful, now crazie, now sick, now well,

Now liue, now dead ; and then to heauen or hell.

Lady R. It cheeres my heart, now, in his deepe of
sickness,

He is so charitable, and so well addicted

Vnto the poores relief.

Now. It ioyes me too.

Great is the number of the rich in shew

About the city, but of the charitable

There are but few.

La. R. Amongst these, I hold old *Hobson* well
deserues

To be ranckt equal with the bountifullest.

He hath rais'd many falling, but especially

One Master *Rowland*, once call'd *Tawny-coat*,

But now an able citizen, late chofen

A master of the Hospital.

Now. I know him well ;

A good, sufficient man ; and since he purchast

His freedom in the city, God hath blest

His trauaile with increase.

La. R. I haue knowne old *Hobson*

Sit with his neighbour *Gunter*, a good man,

In Christs Church, morn by morn, to watch poore couples

That come there to be married, and to be
Their common fathers, and giue them in the Church,
And some few angels for a dower to boot.

Befides, they two are call'd the common goffips,
To witness at the Fount for poore mens children.
None they refuse that on their helpe do call ;
And to speake truth they're bountifull to all.

Enter Hobson.

Hob. Good morrow, Master *Doct̃or*, my good lady !

Bones-a-me, woman, thou look'st fad to-day ;
Thou hast not drunk a cup of sack this morning.

La. R. We haue beene dealing of our charity
This morning to poor soldiery, such as want.

Hob. Gods blessing of your heart : need must be fed.

Let vs that haue it giue the hungry bread.

Enter Rowland, alias Tawny-coat.

Taw. Where's Master *Hobson* ?

Hob. My new elected master of the Hospital,
What hasty newes with you ?

Taw. Oh, fir, the loue I beare you makes me chary

Of your good name ; your credit's deare to me.
You neuer were condemn'd for any thing,
Since I had first acquaintance with your name,
As now you are. You haue done a deed this day,
That hath from you tane all good thoughts away.

Hob. Where? bones-a-me ! Why? speak, why ?

Taw. This day you haue pursued the law feuerely
Against one *Timothy*, that stole from you
A hundred pound ; and he's condemn'd for it,
And this day he must dye.

Hob. Bones, man ! 'tis not so.

Taw. He is by this half way to *Tyburne* gone.
The fuit was follow'd in *John Greshams* name ;
How can you then avow you know it not ?

Hob. A horse, a horse, cart horse, malt-horse,
any thing
To faue the knaue's life ! I protest, I sweare,
This was the first time that I heard the knaue
Hath been in any trouble. Bones-a-me,
'Twas done without my knowledge.

Taw. Young *Gresham* in his name purfu'd his
life.

Hob. They are knaues both.—A horse !
A hundred thousand pound cannot make a man ;
A hundred shall not hang one by my meanes :
Men are more worth then money, *M. Rowland*.
Come help me to a horse. The next I meet,
To faue the knaues life, gallops through the street.

Exeunt Hobson and Tawney-coat.

Now. Men are more worth then money, he says
true ;

'Tis said by many, but maintain'd by few.

Lady. He is plain and honest : how many great
professors
Liue in this populous city, that make shew
Of greater zeal, yet will not pay so deare
For a transgressors life. But few are found
To faue a man would lose a hundred pound.

Enter Tawney-coat.

Now. So suddenly returned ?

Taw. He rid too fast for me. He hath beene at
buffets
With a poor collier, and vpon his horse
Is, without faddle, bridle, boots, or spurs,
Galloppt towards *S. Giles*.

Now. They will take him for a madman.

Taw. All's one to him : he does not stand on
brauery,

So he may doe men good. Good deeds excel ;
And, though but homely done, may be done well.

Lady R. Heauen prosper his intent. — Now, M.
Doctör,

And M. *Rowland*, let me craue your companies
To see my crazy husband, who hath made you
One of his executors, and would vse your paines.
In these extreames of sickness.

Now. I am pleas'd ;
Ile giue him phyficke for a soule diseas'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter three Lords.

1. You are an early rifer, my good lord.

2. The blood of youth that trafficks in the Court
Must not be sluggish ; your kind remembrance.

3. My very good lord,
We, that are stars that waite vpon the traine
Of such a *Cynthia* vnder which we liue,
Must not be tardie.

1. You haue said true : we are starters in one
houre,

And our attendance is to waite on such a Queene,
Whose vertue all the world : but to leaue that,
Which euery tongue is glad to commune with,
Since *Monsiërs* first arriual in the Land,
The time that he was here, and the time since,
What royalty hath beene in *Englands* Court,
Both princely reuelling and warlike sport !

2. Such sports do fitly fit our nation,
That forraine eyes beholding what we are,
May rather seek our peace then wish our war.

3. Heauen blefs our soueraign from her foes in-
tent,
The peace we haue is by her government.

Enter Doct. Parry.

1. M. Doctör *Parry*.

2. Good morrow, M. Doctor.

3. You are an early riser, sir.

Dr. My lord, my lord, my very good lord.

1. This summer morning makes vs couetous
To take the profit of the pleafant aire.

D. 'Tis healthful to be stirring in a morning.

2. It hath pleas'd the Queene, to shew him many
fauours.

3. You say but right ; and since his last disgrace,
The cause so great it had surely touch'd his life,
Had not the Queen been gracious, he seems at Court
A man more gracious in our foueraign's eye,
Then greater subiects.

2. She hath giuen him much preferment,
In greatest place grac't him with conference,
Ask't for him in his absence ; and, indeed,
Made knowne to vs he is one in her regard.

3. But did you neuer heare the cause of his dis-
grace ?

2. He did intend the murder of a gentleman
One, M. *Hare*, here, of the Inner Temple,
And so farre brought his purpose to effect,
That M. *Hare* being priuate in his chamber,
He watching, as he thought fit time, broke in vpon
him ;

But he, assaulted so, behau'd himself,
That he did guard himself, and attach't him.
From whence he was committed vnto *Newgate*,
And at the Sessions, by twelue honest men,
Found guilty of burglary, and condemn'd to die :
And had died, had her grace not pardon'd him.

3. She is a gracious princeffe vnto all.
Many she raiseth, wisheth none should fall.

1. Fie, M. Doctor,

Your face beares not the habit it was wont,
And your discourse is alter'd : what's the matter ?

Dr. And if my brow be sad, or my face pale,
They do belye my heart, for I am merry.

1. Men being, as you are, so great in grace

With such a royal princeffe, haue no reason.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Room for my Lord high Steward.

*Enter the Earl of Lecester ; all the Lords flocke
after him, and exeunt. Manet Parry.*

Dr. The discontented desire to be alone :
My wishes are made vp, for they are gone.
Here are no blabs but this, and this one clocke
Ile keep from going with a double locke.
Yet it will strike : this day it must be done.
What must be done ? what must this engine do ?
A deed of treason hath prepar'd me to.
These two, these two ; why they had life by her,
And shall these two kill their deliuerer,
The life that makes me rife ? these once my sin
Had forfeited ; her mercy pardon'd me.
I had beene eaten vp with worms ere this,
Had not her mercy giuen a life to this ;
And yet these hands, if I performe my oath,
Must kill that life that gaue a life to both.
I haue tane the Sacrament to do't, conferr'd
With Cardinal *Como* about it, and receiu'd
Full absolution from his Holinesse :
Been satisfied by many holy fathers,
During my trauels both in *France* and *Italy*,
The deed is iust and meritorious.
And yet I am troubled when I do remember
The excellency of her Maiesty ;
And I would faine desist, but that I know
How many vowes of mine are gone to heauen,
My letters and my promises on earth,
To holy fathers and graue Catholikes,
That I would do't for good of Catholikes,
Then, in the garden where this day she walkes,

Her graces I will cast behind mine eyes,
And by a subiects hand a Soueraign dies.

Enter Gent.

Gent. Clear the way, gentlemen, for the Queen !
Master Doctor Parry. *Exit Gent.*

Dr. O let me see a difference in this man.
Before this Queen (that I am come to kill)
Shew'd me the gracious eye of her respect,
And gaue me countenance 'mongst greatest earls,
This man was forwarder to thrust me forth,
Then now he is humble to accept me in.
If, then, her grace hath honor'd me so much,
How can this hand giue her a treacherous touch ?
The trumpets speak ; Heauen ! what shall I do ?
Euen what hell and my damn'd heart shall thrust me
to.

Enter Queen, Lester, and Lords.

Queen. Fair day, my lords. You are all larkes,
this morning ;
Vp with the sun : you are stirring earely.

Lecef. We are all subiects to your soueraignes light.

Queen. That you call duty, we accept as loue,
And we do thanke you ; nay, we thanke you all :
Tis not to one, but 'tis in general.

Left. The Queen would walke apart : forbear, my
lords.

Dr. Now, what makes me shake ?
Doe angels guard her, or doth Heauen pertake
Her refuge ?

Queen. In such a garden may a soueraigne
Be taught her louing subiects to maintaine.
Each plant, vnto his nature and his worth,
Hauing full cherishing, it springeth forth.
Weedes must be weeded out, yet weeded so,
Till they doe hurt, let them a Gods name grow.

Dr. Now *Queene.* *He offers to shoot.*

Queen. Who's there? my kind friend, M. Doctor
Parry?

Dr. My most dread soveraign.

Queen. Why do you tremble, M. Doctor? Haue
you any fute to vs?

Shake not at vs; we doe our subiects loue.
Or does thy face show signes of discontent
Through any heauie want oppreffeth thee?

*As she turnes back, he offers to shoote, but
returning he withdrawes his hand.*

Though at our Court of Greenwich thou wer't croft,
In suing to be Master of St. Katherines,
To do thee good seeke out a better place:
She'le giue thee that, the which hath giuen thee
grace.

Dr. I know your loue dread Queene—Now.

Queen. Master Doctor about the talke we had
together

Of English Fugitiues that seeke my life:
You told me of them I am beholding to you.

Dr. I did no more then duty.—O, happy time!

Queen. And will they still perfist? doe they desire
my blood,

That wake, when I should sleepe, to doe them good?

Dr. Madam!

Queen. Oh, my Maker!—*Parry*, villain, traitor,
What doost thou with that dagge?

Dr. Pardon, dread soveraign.

Queen. Pardon, thou villain, shewes thou art a
traitor.

Treason, my lords, treason.

Enter the Lords.

Left. Ha! by the blest place of Heauen, treason,
and we so neare?

A traitour with a dagge! Gods holy mother!—
Lords, guard the Queene.—Are you not frightened,
madam?

Ile play the fergeant to arrest the wretch.

Queen. Be not so rash, good *Lecester* : he's dead already ;

Struck with remorse of that he was to doe.

Pray let me speak with him.—Say, M. Doctor,

Wherein haue I deseru'd an ill of you,

Vnlesf it were an ill in pardoning you.

What haue I done toward you to seeke my life,

Vnlesf it were in taking you to grace ?

Dr. Mercy, dread Queene !

Queen. I thank my God I haue mercy to remit
A greater sin, if you repent for it. Arise.

Leic. My lords, what do you mean? take hence
that villain.

Let her alone, she'le pardon him againe.

Good Queen, we know you are too mercifull

To deale with traitours of this monstrous kinde.

Away with him to the *Tower*, then to death.—

A traitours death shall such a traitour haue,

That seeks his soueraignes life that did him saue.

Queen. Good *Lecester*.

Lec. Good Queen, you must be rul'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iacke Gresham.

Fohn. Nay, 'sfoot, *Fack*, hold on thy resolution. They say that may happen in one hour that happens not againe in 7. yeare: and I should chance to take her in the right vaine, and she kindly bestow herselfe vpon me, why then there's a man made from nothing ; for, before God, I haue spent all, and am not worth anything. And, indeed, unlesse this same good old Lady *Ramsfey* take some pitie vpon me, and take me for better for worse, God knowes in which of the two Counters I shall keepe my next Christmas in ! But, by this hand, if shee will accept of mee in this miserable estate that I am in now—for, before God, I haue neither money nor credit, as I am an honest man—and that's more, I am as fear'd then any man will beleeuue of me—ile forswear all women but her,

and will not kisse any of my neighbours wiues for a kingdome.—Here's the house : Ile knock at the door. —What, shall I doot in the caualier humour, with, Whose within, there ho ! or in the Puritan humour, with, By your leaue, good brother. Faith, in neither ; for in the one I shall be taken for a swaggering knaue, and in the other, to be an hypocritical fool ; but honest *Jack*, in thine owne honest humour. Plain dealing's a iewell, and I haue vs'd it so long, I am next door to a begger.

Enter 2. Creditors.

But, Gods precious, what a plague make these here ? These two are two of my creditors : I must stop their mouths, fleet them from hence, or all the fat's in the fire.

1. M. *Gresham*, you are well met.

John. I hope, gentlemen, you will say so anon. But you are alone, are you not ?

2. Alone M. *Gresham*, why doe you aske ?

John. A man hath reason to aske, being as I am, that neuer seeth his creditors but is asfeard of the catch-pole. But you are kind, my friends ; and, I thanke you, you will beare with me.

1. I but M. *Gresham*, a man may beare till his backe breake.

John. I, porters may ; but you that are substantial honest citizens, there is no feare to be made of your breaking. You know there's no man so low, but God can raise him ; and though I am now out at heeles, or so as you thinke, I am in the way of preferment, and hope to be able to pay euery man within this hour.

1. We should be glad to see it.

2. But how, pray, sir ?

John. How ? why, very easily, if I can compasse it. The truth is, though you would little think it, I am suitor for my L. *Ramsfey*.

2. But I dare sweare she is no suiter to you.

Enter Lady Ramsfey and D. Nowell.

John. Why, that's true, too; for if she were a futer to me, we should be man and wife straight, and you should haue your money within this halfe houre. But looke; looke where she comes: as you are good men, mum; patience, and pray for my proceedings. If I doe speed, as I am partly perswaded, you shall haue your own, with the aduantage: If I should be crost, you know the worst; forbearance is no acquittance. But mum! if it proue a match, and any of you should chance to be in the Counter, you know, my marriage being spread, my word will be currant, then mum.

Now. Madam, you are welcome into *Lumber-street.*

Lady. I thanke your curtesie, good M. Dean.

John. See how fortunatly all things chance. If it happen as I hope it will, she taking a liking to me, here is a priest to marry us presently.—
Madam.

Lady. Would you any businesse with me, sir?

John. Faith, lady, necessary busines; and not to go far about the bush, I am come to be a futer vnto you. And you know the fashion of young men, when they come awooing to ancient widowes, the way to speed is to begin thus.

Lady. You are very forward sir.

John. You would say so, lady, if you knew how forward I would be. But, madam, you are rich, and by my troth, I am very poore, and I haue beene, as a man should say, stark naught; but he goes far that neuer turns; and if now I haue a desire to mend, and being in so good a way, you know how vncharitable it were in you to put me out of it. You may make an honest man of me, if it please you; and when thou hast made me one, by my troth *Mall Ile* keep myself, for I am a gentleman both by the fathers side and mothers side; and, though I haue not the mucke of

the world, I haue a great deale of good loue, and I prethee accept of it.

Lady. M. Dean,

Do you know this gentlemans bufiness to me ?

Now. Not I, beleeeue me, madam.

John. I shall haue her sure.—Why, ile tell you, fir. My lady here is a comely, ancient, rich widow, and I am an honest, proper, poore young man, remembering still I am a gentlemen : now, what good her riches may do to my pouertie, your grauitie may gheffe ; faue a foule, perhaps, M. Dean. Look you, fir : it is but giuing my hand into hers, and hers into mine. M. Deane, I protest before God shee hath my heart already ; and with some three or four words, which I know you haue by rote, make vs two, my Lady and I, one, till death vs depart.

Lady R. This gentleman thinks that to be a matter of nothing.—But doe you loue me as you doe protest ?

John. Loue you, madam ? loue you, by this hand.—I shall haue her, sure.—Friends, you see how the bufinesse goes forward ; bring me your bills to-morrow morning ; or, vpon the hope that I haue, you may leaue them with me : I shall be able to discharge.—Ha ! ha ! *Facke.*

Lady. How will you maintain me, fir, if I should marry you ?

John. Maintaine ! what needst thou aske that question ? Foot thou hast maintenance ynough for thee and I too. If I should marry you !—Friends, you see how it goes now : to-morrow, within an houre after I am married, I must take the vpper hand of my vncler ; and the next Sunday, I, that was scarce worthy to sit in the belferie, the churchwardens fetch me, and feat me in the Chauncel.

Lady. M. Deane, I protest, neuer since I was widow

Neuer did man make so much loue to me.

Sir, for your loue, I am much beholding to you.

Fohn. Do *Mall*, prithee do not think it fo.—Be chosen one of the Common Counsell, or one of the Masters of the Hospital, so perhaps I shall neuer become it. Marry, if I should be chosen one of the Masters of Bridewell, for some of my old acquaintance, foot, I would take it vpon me : vice must be corrected, vice must be corrected.

Lady. Fill me a large cup full of hippocras,
And bring me hither 20. ll. in gold.

Fohn. And one of your husbands liuery gownes. So now you trouble yourself so much : that gold is to contract vs withal.—A simple morning ; friends, you cannot beat me downe with your bills.—*M. Deane of Powles*, I pray you stay and dine with me ; you shall not say me nay : the oftner you come, the more welcome.

Now. You are merry, sir.

Fohn. I thank God, and all the world may see, I haue no other cause,
That I am likely to be so well bestowed.

Lady. Sir, you shall not say the loue you shew'd to me.

Was entertain'd but with kind curtesy :
This for your loue vnto your health I drinke.
Pledge me.

Fohn. I by my troth, *Mall* will I, were it as deepe as a well.

Lady. Now, for your paines, there is twenty pound in gold.

Nay, take the cup too sir. Thanks for your loue ;
And were my thoughts bent vnto marriage,
I rather would with you, that seeme thus wild,
Then one that hath worse thoughts, and seemes more mild.

Fohn. Foot, will you not haue me, then ?

Lady R. Yes, when I mean to marry any one ;
And that not whilst I liue.

Fohn. See how a man may be deceiued ! I thought

I should haue beene sure, by this time.—Well, though I shall not haue you, I shall haue this with a good will.

Lady. With all my heart ; and for the loue you haue shown,

Wish it to thriue with you, euen as mine own.

1. To-morrow shall we attend your worship ?

2. Sir, heres my bill ; it comes to twenty pound.

Fohn. Friend, *Ploydens* prouerb, *the case is altered* : and, by my troth, I haue learn'd you a lesson ; *forbearance is no acquittance.*

Lady. What men are these ?

Fohn. Faith, madam, men that haue my hand, though not for my honesty, yet for the money that I owe them.

Lady. What doth he owe you ?

1. Fiftie pound, madam.

Lady. What you ?

2. A hundred marks.

Lady. Ile pay you both.—And, fir, to do you good,

To all your creditors Ile do the like.

Fohn. Thats said like a kind wench ;
And though we neuer meet again,

We will haue one buffe more at parting.—

And now, i'faith, I haue all my wild oats sown,

And if I can grow rich by the helpe of this,

Ile say I rose by Lady *Ramsseys* kiſs.

Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

From fifty eight, the first yeare of her raigne,
We come to eighty-eight, and of her raigne
The thirtieth yeare. This Queen inaugurated,
And strongly planted in her peoples heart,
Was in her youth folicited in marriage
By many princely heires of Christendom,

Especially by *Philip*, King of *Spain*,
 Her sisters husband ; who to achieve his ends,
 Had got a dispensation from the Pope :
 But, after many treats and embassies,
 Finding his hopes in her quite frustrated,
 Aims all his stratagems, plots, and designs,
 Both to the vtter ruine of our land,
 And our religion. But th' vndaunted Queene,
 Fearing no threats, but willing to strike first,
 Sets forth a fleete of one-and-twenty saile
 To the *West Indies*, vnder the conduct
 Of *Francis Drake* and *Christopher Carlisle* ;
 Who set on *Cap de Verd*, then *Hispaniola*,
 Setting on fire the towns of *S. Anthony*
 And *S. Dominick*. The proud *Spaniard*,
 Enraged at this affront, sends forth a fleet,
 Three whole yeares in preparing, to subuert,
 Ruine, and quite depopulate this land.
 Imagine you now see them vnder sail,
 Swell'd vp with many a proud, vaine glorious boast,
 And newly enter'd in our *English* coast. *Exit.*

Enter the Duke of Medina, Don Pedro, John Martinus Ricaldus, and other Spaniards.

Med. We are where we long wisht to be at last ;
 And now this elephants burden, our Armado,
 Three years an embrion, is at length produc'd,
 And brought into the world to liue at sea.
Non sufficit orbis, our proud *Spanish* motto
 By th' *English* mockt, and found at *Carthagen*,
 Shall it not now take force ?
 Can *England* satisfie our auarice,
 That worlds cannot suffize ? What thinks *Don*
Pedro ?

Ped. *Alphonsus Perez Guifman*,
 Duke of *Medina* and *Sidonia*,
 And royal general of our great Armado,
 I think we come too strong. What's our designe

Against a petty island governd by a woman ?
 I thinke, instead of military men,
 Garnish'd with armes and martiall discipline,
 She, with a feminine traine
 Of her bright ladies, beautifull'ft and best,
 Will meet vs in their smocks, willing to pay
 Their maidenheads for ransome.

Med. Think'ft thou so, *Don Pedro* ?

Ped. I therein am confident ;
 And partly sorry that our King of *Spaine*
 Hath been at charge of such a magazine,
 When halfe our men and ammunition
 Might haue beene spar'd.

Med. Thou put'ft me now in minde
 Of the Grand Signior, who, (some few yeares since)
 When as the great Ambassadour of *Spaine*
 Importun'd him for aid against the land
 Styl'd by the title of the *Maiden Isle*,
 Calls for a mapp: now, when the Ambassadour
 Had show'd him th' *Indies*, all *America*,
 Some parts of *Asia*, and *Europa* too,
 Climes that took vp the greatest part o' th' card,
 And finding *England* but a spot of earth,
 Or a few acres, if at all, compar'd
 To our so large and spacious prouinces,
 Denies him aid, as much against his honour
 To fight with such a centuple of oddes ;
 But gaue him this aduice : Were I (said he)
 As your great King of *Spaine*, out of my king-
 domes

Ide presse or hire so many pioneers,
 As with their spades and mattocks should digge vp
 This wart of Earth, and cast it in the Sea.
 And well methought he spake.

Ped. We haue showne ourselues,
 But are as yet vnfought with.

Med. All their hearts
 Are dead within 'em ; wee, I feare, shall finde
 Their seas vnguarded, and their shoares vnmann'd,

And conquer without battaile.

Rical. All their honours
And offices we haue dispos'd already.
There's not a noble family in *Spaine*,
In *Naples*, *Portugal*, nay *Italy*,
That hath not in our flete some eminent perfon
To share in this rich booty.

Med. *John Martinus Ricaldus*, you our prime nau-
gator,
Since fam'd *Columbus* or great *Mageline*,
Giue vs a briefe relation of the strength
And potency of this our great Armado,
Christend, by th' Pope, the Nauy Inuincible.

Rical. Twelue mighty gallions of *Portugale* ;
Fourteene great ships of *Biskey*, of *Castile* ;
Eleuen tall ships of *Andelofia* ;
Sixteen gallions, fourteen of *Guipuscoa* ;
Ten sail that run by th' name o' th' Eastern fleet ;
The ships of *Urcas*, *Zaibras*, *Naples* ; gallies,
Great galliaffes, fly-boats, pinnaces,
Amounting to the number of an hundred
And thirty tight, tall saile ; the most of them
Seeming like castles built vpon the sea.

Med. And what can all their barges, cockboats,
oares,
Small vessels (better to be said to creepe
Then sail vpon the ocean) doe 'gainst these ?
They are o'ercome already.

Rical. All their burdens,
Fifty-seuen thousand eight hundred sixty-eight Tunne ;
In them nineteene thousand two hundred ninety-five
souldiers,
Two thousand eight hundred and eighty gally slaues,
Eight thousand six hundred and fifty mariners,
Two thousand six hundred and thirty peece of ord-
'nance,
Culuerin, and cannon.

Med. Half these would suffice ;

Nor haue we need of fuch furplufage,
 Againft their petty fly-boats.

Enter a Spaniard.

Span. We haue difcouer'd,
 Riding along the coasts of *France* and *Dunkerke*,
 An English nauy.

Med. Of what ftrengh, what force ?

Span. Their number fmall, yet daring, as it
 feemes :

Their fhips are but low built, yet fwift of faile,
 Whether their purpofe be to fight, I know not ;
 They beare vp brauely with vs.

Ped. Caft our fleet

Into a wide and femi-circled moone ;
 And, if we can but once incomaffe them,
 We'll make the fea their graues, and themfelues food
 For the fea worme call'd *haddock*.

Med. Let's faile on

Towards the *Thames* mouth, and there difburden vs
 Of our land fouldiers ;
 And if the Prince of *Parma* keepe his appointment,
 Who (with a thoufand able men-at-arms,
 Old fouldiers, and of moft approued difcipline)
 Lies garrifond at *Dunkerke*, we at once
 Will fwallow vp their nation, and our word
 Be from henceforth *Victoria*.

Omnes. *Victoria, Victoria.*

Exeunt.

Med. Had we no other forces in our fleete,
 Nor men, nor arms, nor ammuniion,
 Powder, nor ord'nance, but our empty bottomes,
 Ballaft with the *Pope's* bleffing, and our nauy
 Chriften'd by him the *Nauy Inuincible*,
 We had enough : what's more's vnneceffary.
 Nor thinke we threaten *England* all in vaine ;
 'Tis ours, and we heere chriften it *New Spaine*.

Omnes. *Victoria, Victoria.*

Drum and colours. Enter the Earle of Lecester, the Earle of Hunsdon, bearing the standard, Queene Elizabeth, compleatly armed, and Souldiers.

Queen. A stand!—From *London* thus far haue we marched ;

Here pitch our tents. How doe you call this place ?

Leic. The town you see, to whom these downes belong,

Giues them to name the plains of *Tilbery*.

Queen. Be this, then, stil'd our camp at *Tilbery* ;

And the first place we haue been seene in arms,

Or thus accoutred, here we fixe our foot,

Not to stirr backe, were we sure here t' incounter

With all the Spanish vengeance threaten'd vs,

Came it in fire and thunder. Know, my subiects,

Your Queene hath now put on a masculine spirit,

To tell the bold and daring what they are,

Or what they ought to be ; and such as faint,

Teach them, by my example, fortitude.

Nor let the best proou'd foldier here disdaine

A woman shou'd conduct an host of men,

To their disgrace or want of president.

Haue you not read of braue *Zenobia*,

An Easterne queene, who fac'd the Romaine legions,

Euen in their pride and height of potency,

And in the field incounter'd personally

Aurelianus Cæsar ? Think in me

Her spirit suruiues, Queen of this western isle,

To make the scorn'd name of *Elizabeth*

As frightful and as terrible to *Spaine*

As was *Zenobias* to the State of *Rome*.

Oh I could wish them landed, and in view,

To bid them instant battaile ere march farther,

Into my land. This is my vow, my rest ;

I'le paue their way with this my virgin brest.

Lest. But (madam) ere that day come,

There will be many a bloody nose, I, and crack'd crown :

We shall make work for furgeons.

Queen. I hope so, *Lester*.—For you, Sir *Anthony Browne*,

Though your religion and recusancy
Might, in these dangerous and suspicious times,
Haue drawne your loyalty into suspect,
Yet haue you herein amply clear'd yourself,
By bringing vs five hundred men, well arm'd,
And your owne selfe in person.

Sir Antho. Not only those, but all that I enioy,
Are at your highnes service.

Queen. Now, Lord *Hunsdon*,
The Lord-Lieutenant of our force by land
Vnder our general, *Lester*, what thinkest thou
Of their Armado, christen'd by the *Pope*
The *Navy Inuincible*?

Huns. That there's a power about both them and
vs,

That can their proud and haughty menaces
Conuert to their owne ruins.

Queen. Thinkest thou so, *Hunsdon*?
No doubt it will.—Let me better furuay my campe.
Some wine, there!—A health to all my souldiers.

Flourish trumpets.

Methinks I do not see, 'mongst all my troops,
One with a courtiers face, but all look foldier-like.

A peal of shot within.

Whence came this found of shot?

Leic. It seems, the nauy
Styl'd by the *Pope* the *Navy Inuincible*,
Riding along the coast of *France* and *Dunkerck*,
Discouer'd first by Captaine *Thomas Fleming*,
Is met and fought with by your admiral.

Queen. Heauen prosper their defence!
Oh had God made vs man-like like our mind,
We'd not be here fenc'd in a mure of armes,
But ha' been present at these sea alarmes.

Horn.

Enter 1. Post.

Make way, there!—What's the news?

1. Heauen bleſſe your Maieſty!
Your royal fleet bids battaile to the Spaniard,
Whoſe number with aduantage of the wind,
Gains them great odds; but the vndaunted worth
And well knowne valour of your admiral,
Sir *Francis Drake*, and *Martin Furbifher*,
Fohn Hawkins, and your other Engliſh captains,
Takes not away all hope of victory.

Queen. Canſt thou deſcribe the manner of the
fight?

And where the royal nauies firſt incounter'd?

Poſt. From *Douer* cliff we might diſcern them
join

'Twiſt that and *Calice*; there the fight begun.
Sir *Francis Drake*, Vice-Admiral, was firſt
Gaued an onſet to this great Armado of *Spaine*;
The manner thus. With twenty-five ſail,
Thoſe ſhips of no great burden, yet well mann'd,
For in that dreadful conflict few or none
Of your ſhips royal came within the fight,
This *Drake*, I ſay, (whoſe memory ſhall liue
While this great world, he compaſt firſt, ſhall laſt)
Gaued order that his ſquadrons, one by one,
Should follow him ſome diſtance, ſteers his courſe,
But none to ſhoote till he himſelf gaued fire.
Forward he ſteer'd, as far before the reſt
As a good muſket can well beare at twice,
And as a ſpy comes to ſuruay their fleet,
Which ſeem'd like a huge city built on the ſea.
They ſhot, and ſhot, and emptied their broadſides
At his poor ſingle veſſel: he failes on,
Yet all this while no fire was ſeene from him.
The reſt behind, longing for action,
Thought he had beene turn'd coward, that had done
All this for their more ſafety. He now finding
Moſt of their preſent fury ſpent at him,

Fires a whole tyre at once, and hauing emptied
 A full broadside, the rest came vp to him,
 And did the like, vndaunted. Scarce the last
 Had past by them, but *Drake* had clear'd the sea ;
 For, ere th' vnweildly vessels could be stirr'd,
 Or their late emptied ord'nance charg'd agen,
 He takes aduantage both of winde and tide,
 And the same course he took in his progresse,
 Doth in his backe returne keepe the same order,
 Scouring along, as if he would besiege them
 With a new wall of fire, in all his squadrons
 Leauing no charge that was not brauely mann'd :
 Infomuch, that blood as visibly was seene
 To pour out of their portholes, in such manner
 As after showres i' th' city, spouts spill raine.
 And thus *Drake* bad them welcome : what after
 happen'd,
 Such a huge cloud of smoke inviron'd vs,
 We could not well discouer.

Queen. There's for thy speed ;
 And *England* ne'er want such a *Drake* at neede.

Enter the Second Post.

Th' art welcome : what canst thou relate,
 Touching this naval conflict ?

2. Post. Since *Drake's* first onset, and our fleete
 retir'd,
 The Spanish nauy, being linckt and chain'd
 Like a half moon, or to a full bent bow,
 Attend aduantage ; where, amongst the rest,
 Sir *Martin Furbisher*, blinded with smoake,
 By chance is fallen into the midst of them,
 Still fighting 'gainst extremity of odds,
 Where he, with all his gallant followers,
 Are folded in deaths arms.

Queen. If he suruiue, he shall be nobly ranfom'd :
 If he be dead,
 Yet he shall liue in immortality.

How fares our Admiral ?

2. *Post.* Brauely he directs,
And with much judgment. *England* neuer bred
Men that a sea-fight better managed.

Queen. It cheers my blood ; and if so Heaven be
pleas'd,

For some neglected duty in ourself,
To punish vs with losse of these braue spirits,
His will be done ; yet will we pray for them.

What says valiant *Lester* ?

Thou wilt not leaue vs, wilt thou ? lookst thou pale ?

What says old *Hunfdon* ? nay, Ile speake thy part :

Thy hand, old lord, I'm fure I haue thy heart.

Huns. Both hand and heart.

Enter the Third Post.

Queen. Before thou speak'st, take that : if he be
dead,

Our selfe will see his funerall honoured.

3. *Post.* I then proceed thus ; when the great
gallianes

And galliaffes had inviron'd them,
The vndaunted *Furbisher*, though round beset,
Cheer'd vp his soldiers, and well mann'd his fights,
And standing barehead brauely on the decke,
When murdering shot, as thick as *April's* hail,
Swoong by his ears, he waued his warlike sword,
Firing at once his tyres on either side

With such a fury that he brake their chaines,
Shatter'd their decks, and made their stoutest ships
Like drunkards reel, and tumble side to side.

Thus in war's spight and all the Spaniards scoff,
He brought both ship and fouldiers brauely off.

Queen. War's spight, indeed ; and we, to do him
right,

Will call the ship he fought in *The Warres-spight*.
Now, countrymen, shall our spirits here on land
Come short of theirs so much admir'd at sea ?

If there be any here that harbour feare,
 We giue them liberty to leaue the campe,
 And thank them for their abfence.

A march, lead on ! we'le meet the worft can fall :

A march within.

A maiden Queene is now your generall.

As they march about the ftage, Sir Francis Drake and Sir Martin Furbifher meet them with Spanifh enfigns in their hands, and drum and colours before them.

Queen. What meanes thofe Spanifh enfignes in the hands
 Of Englifh fubiefts ?

Drake. Gracious Queene,
 They fhew that Spaniards' liues are in the hands
 Of *England's* foueraign.

Queen. *Englana's* God be praifed !
 But, prethee, *Drake* (for well I know thy name,
 Nor will I be vnmindful of thy worth)
 Briefly rehearfe the danger of the battle ;
 Till *Furbifher* was refcued we haue heard.

Drake. We then retir'd ; and after counfell call'd,
 We ftuff eight empty hoys with pitch and oil,
 And all the ingredients apteft to take fire,
 And fent them where their proud Armado lay.
 The *Spaniard*, now at anchor, thought we had come
 For parley, and fo rode fecure ; but when
 They beheld them flame like to fo many bright bon-
 fires,

Making their fleete an Etna like themfelues,
 They cut their cables, let their anchors fink,
 Burying at once more wealth within the fea,
 Then th' *Indies* can in many years reftore.
 Now their high built and large capacious bottomes
 Being by this means vnaccommodated,
 Like to fo many rough, vnbridled fleeds,
 Command themfelues, or rather are commanded,

And hurried where th' inconstant windes shall please.
 Some fell on quickfands, others brake on shelues :
Medina, their great Grand and General,
 We left vnto the mercy of the sea ;
Don Pedro, their high admirall, we tooke,
 With many knights and noblemen of *Spaine*,
 Who are by this time landed at *St. Margrets*,
 From whence your admirall brings them vp by land,
 And at *St. James's* means to greet your grace.

Queen. Next vnder Heauen your valours haue the
 praise !

But prethee, *Drake*,
 Giue vs a brief relation of those ships,
 That in this expedition were employ'd
 Against the Spanish forces ?

Drake. The *Elizabeth Fonas*, *Triumph*, the *White
 Beare*,
 The *Mer Honora*, and the *Victory* ;
Arch Raleigh, *Du Repulse*, *Garland*, *Warres-spight*,
 The *Mary Rose*, the *Bonaventure*, *Hope*,
 The *Lion*, *Rainbow*, *Vantguard*, *Nonpareil*,
Dreadnought, *Defiance*, *Swiftsure*, *Antilach*,
 The *Whale*, the *Scout*, *Achates*, the *Reuenge*.

Queen. *Drake*, no more.—
 Where'er this nauy shall hereafter faile,
 O may it with no lefs successe preuail :
 Dismiss our campe, and tread a royal march
 Toward *St. James's*, where in martial order
 We'le meete and parley our Lord Admiral.
 As for those ensigns, let them be safely kept,
 And giue commandment to the Deane of *Paul's*
 He not forget, in his next learned sermon,
 To celebrate this conquest at *Paul's* cros ;
 And to the audience in our name declare
 Our thanks to Heauen, in vniuersal prayer.
 For though our enemies be ouerthrown,
 'Tis by the hand of Heauen, and not our own.
 One found a call.—Now louing countrymen,
 And fellow foldiers, merited thanks to all.

Call.

We here difmiffe you, and diffolue our campe.

Omnes. Long liue, long raign our Queene
Elizabeth!

Queen. Thankes, general thanks :
Towards *London* march wee to a peaceful throne :
We wifh no warres, yet we muft guard our owne.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.



APPENDIX.

[The following is the conclusion of the *Second part* of "If You know not Me, You know Nobody," as it stands in the editions of 1606, 1609, and 1629.]

A peale of Chambers.

*Enter Queen, Hunfdon, Lecester, Drum, Colours,
and Souldiers.*

Queen. A stand, there, lords! Whence comes this
found of shot?

Lei. Please it your maiesty, tis thought the Fleete
Lately discovered by your subiect *Fleming*,
Riding along the coasts of *France* and *Dunkerke*,
Is met and fought with by your Admirall.

Queen. Heauen prosper his proceedings! Harke,
my lords;
Still it increaseth. Oh, had God and nature
Giuen vs proportion man-like to our mind,
Wede not stand here, fenc't in a wall of arms,
But haue been present in these sea alarms.

Hunf. Your royal resolution hath created
New spirits in our souldiers brests, and made
Of one man three.

Enter a Post.

Queen. Make way, there!—What's the newes?

Post. Your royal fleet bids battell to the *Spaniards*,

Whose number with the aduantage of the winde,
Giues them great odds; but the vndaunted worth
And well knowne valour of your Admirall,
Sir *Francis Drake*, and *Martin Furbisher*,
Giues vs assured hope of victory.

Queen. Where did the royal nauies first encounter?

Post. From *Douer* cliffs we might discerne them
joine,

But such a cloud of smoake enuironed them,
We could discouer nought of their proceedings;
For the great *Spanish* fleet had winde and tide.
God and good hearts stand on your Graces side.

Queen. There's for thy newes.—He that first lent
me breath,

Stand in the right of wrong'd *Elizabeth*

Omnes. God and his angels, for *Elizabeth*.

Enter another Post.

Queen. Welcome, a God's name! What's the
newes, my friend?

Alas, good man, his looks speake for his tongue.
How stands the sea-fight?

Post. Most contrarious.

The *Spanish* fleet, cast in a warlike ranke,
Like a half moon, or to a full bent bow,
Wait for aduantage: when, amongst the rest,
Sir *Martin Furbisher*, blinded with smoake,
And fir'd in heart with emulating honour,
Gaued the proud *Spaniard* a broadside of shot:
But being within the compasse of their danger,
The distant corners of their gripled fleet
Circled him round. This valiant *Furbisher*,

With all his braue and gallant followers,
Are folded in deaths armes.

Queen. If he suruiue,
He shall be nobly ransom'd : if he die,
He liues an honour to his nation.
How fares our Admiral ?

Post. Brauely he fights :
Directs with judgement and with heedfull care
Offends the foe. *England* nere bred
Men that a sea fight better managed.

Queen. It cheers my blood : and if my God be
pleased,
For some neglected duty in ourselfe,
To punish vs with losse of them at sea,
His will be done : yet will we pray for them.
If they returne, ourselfe will be the first
Will bid them welcome.—What says valiant *Lecester* ?
Thou wilt not leaue me, wilt thou ? Dost thou looke
pale ?
What says old *Hunfdon* ?—Nay ; Ile speak thy
part.

Thy hand, old Lord ; I am sure I haue thy heart.

Hunf. Both hand and heart.

A noise within, crying A Furbisher.

Enter a Captain.

Queen. Then let both heart and hand
Be brauely vsed, in honour of our land.
Before thou speakest, take that : if he dead,
A Queen will see his funeral honoured.

Cap. When the foes ships
Had graspt his ships within a steely girdle,
The valiant Captain, ouercharg'd with her,
Hauing no roome for cowardize or fear,
Gaued all his Ordinance a gallant charge,
Cheer'd vp his souldiers, man'd vp his fights,
And standing barehead brauely on the decke,
When dangerous shot, as thick as April haile,

Dropt by his eares, he wau'd his warlike sword,
 And, with a bold defiance to the foe,
 The watchword given, his ordnance let fly
 With such a fury, that it broke their ranks,
 Shatterd their sides, and made their warlike ships
 Like drunkards reele, and tumble side to side :
 But to conclude, such was the will of heauen,
 And the true spirit of that gentleman,
 That, being thought hopelesse to be preferued,
 Yet, in wars spight, and all the *Spaniards* scoff,
 He brought his ship and souldiers brauely off.

Queen. Wars spight, indeed ! and we, to do him
 right,

The ship he faild in, fought in, call Wars spight.—
 Now, noble souldiers, rouze your hearts, like men
 To noble resolution : if any here
 There be that loues vs not, or harbour feare,
 We giue him liberty to leaue our campe
 Without displeasure.

Our armies royall, so be equal our hearts ;
 For with the meanest here Ile spend my blood,
 And so to lose it count my onely good.—
 A march, lead on, weele meet the worst can fall :
 A maiden-Queen will be your General.

*They march one way out. At the other doore, enter Sir
 Francis Drake, with colours and ensignes taken
 from the Spaniards.*

What mean these *Spanish* ensignes in the hands
 Of *English* subiects ?

Drake. Honorable Queen,
 They shew that *Spaniards* liues are in the hands
 Of *Englands* soueraign.

Queen. *Englands* God be praids !
 But prethee *Drake*, for well I know thy name,
 And Ile not be unmindful of thy worth,
 Briefly rehearse the danger of the battell,
 Till *Furbisher* was rescued we haue heard.

Drake. The danger after that was worfe than then.

Valour on both fides froue to rife with honor,
 As is a pair of balance, once made euen,
 So flood the day, inclin'd to neyther fide.
 Sometimes we yeelded ; but like a ramme
 That makes returnment to redouble ftrength,
 Then forc'd them yeeld ; when our Lord Admirall
 Following the chafe, *Pedro* their Admirall,
 With many knights and captaines of acconnt,
 Were by his noble deeds tane prifoners,
 And vnder his conduct are fafely kept,
 And are by this time landed at S. *Margrets* :
 From whence they meane to march along by land,
 And at S. *James* heele greeete your Maiefty.
 Thefe *Spanifh* enfigns, tokens of our conquest,
 Our captaines tooke from off their batter'd fhips :
 Such as flood out, we funke ; fuch as fubmitted,
 Tafted our *Englifh* mercy, and furuive,
 Vaffals and prifoners to your foueraigntie.

Queen. Next vnder God your valors haue the
 praife :

Dismiss our campe, and tread a royall march
 Towards S. *James*, where, in martiall order,
 Weele meet and parley our Lord Admirall,
 And fet a ranfome of his prifoners.
 As for thofe enfignes, fee them fafely kept ;
 And giue commandment to the Deane of *Powles*
 He not forget, in his next learned fermon,
 To celebrate this conquest at *Powles Croffe* ;
 And to the audience in our name declare
 Our thanks to heauen in vniuerfal prayer :
 For though our enemies be ouerthrown,
 Tis by the hand of heauen, and not our own.
 On ! found a call !—Now louing countrymen,
 Subiects, and fellow fouldiers, that haue left
 Your weeping wiues, your goods, and children,
 And laid your liues vpon the edge of death,
 For good of *England* and *Elizabeth*,

We thanke you all. Those that for vs would
bleed,

Shall finde vs kinde to them, and to their feed.

We here difmisse you, and difmisse our campe.

Againe we thanke you : pleaseth God we liue,

A greater recompence then thanks wee le giue.

All. Our liues and liuings for *Elizabeth.*

Queen. Thankes ; general thankes.—

Towards *London* march we to a peacefull throne :

We wish no wars, yet we must guard our owne.

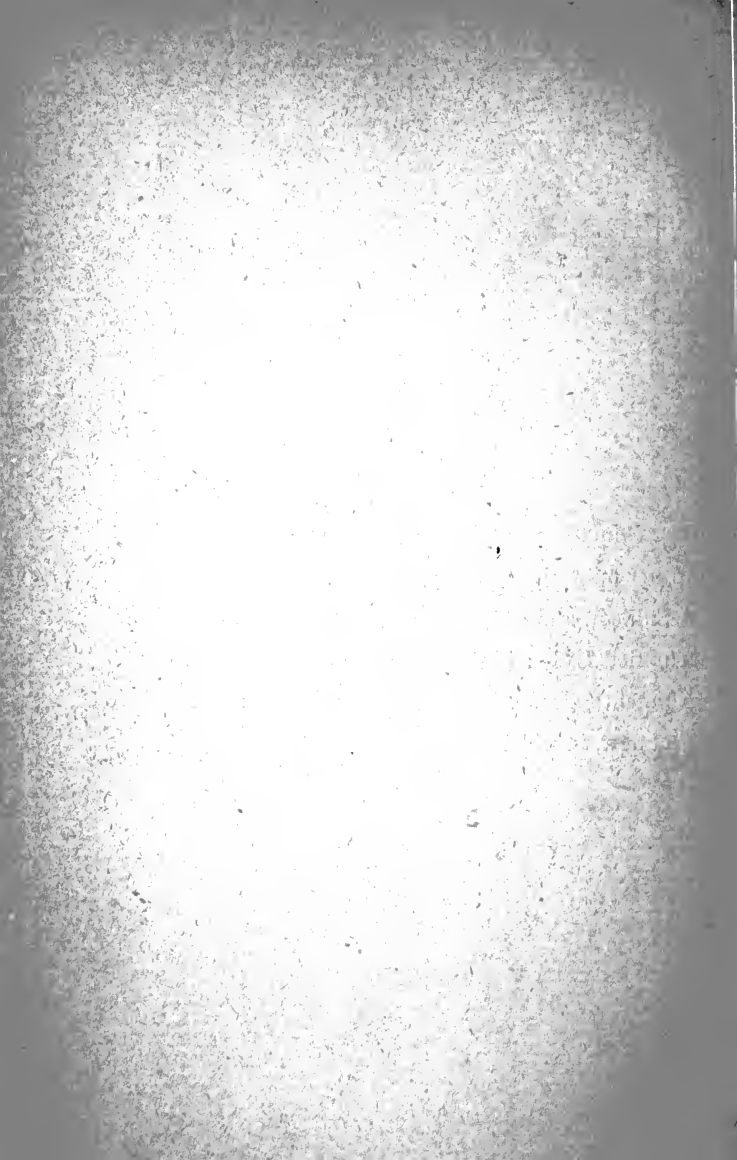
Exeunt.

FINIS.



Epilogue.

The Princeſſe young *Elizabeth* y'have ſeene
In her minority, and ſince a Queene,
A Subject, and a Sovereigne : in th' one
A pittied Lady : in the royall Throne
A potent Queene. It now in you doth reſt
To know, in which ſhe hath demaend her beſt.



NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 1.

The First and Second parts of King Edward the Fourth.

Reprinted for the Shakespeare Society in 1842, "from the unique black letter first Edition of 1600, collated with one other in black letter, and with those of 1619 and 1626, with an Introduction and Notes by Barron Field." These notes we have laid extensively under contribution in the ensuing pages.

In the black letter edition of 1605, the word "God" is frequently changed into "Cock" in evasion of the statute of 3 Jac. 1, then newly passed. It is almost needless to say that the original word has been invariably restored in the present reprint.

PAGE 6.

A fit of mirth.

As opposed to a continuance. The phrase occurs in Puttenham's *Art of English Poesie*, 1589, where the author speaks of "blind harpers, or such like tavern-minstrels, that give a fit of mirth for a groat." Thy word *fit* refers to the portions or pauses in a ballad or romance.

PAGE 7.

Falconbridge.

"The person here meant was Thomas Nevil, bastard son to Lord Falconbridge; 'a man (says Hall) of no less courage then

audacity, that a more meter could not be chosen to fet all the worlde in a broyle, and to put the estate of the realme on an yl hazard.' He once brought his ships up the Thames, and with a considerable body of the men of Kent and Effex, made a spirited assault on the City, with a view to plunder and pillage, which was not repelled but after a sharp conflict and the los of many lives; and had it happened at a more critical period, might have been attended with fatal consequences to Edward. After roving on the sea some little time longer, he ventured to land at Southampton, where he was taken and beheaded."—*Rifson*. It appears from both the Camden Society's publications, hereafter quoted, that he was taken at Sandwich.

PAGE 10.

At Leadenhall, we'll sell pearles by the pecke.

Leadenhall was a public granary.

PAGE 11.

Birchin lane shall suite vs.

i.e. shall furnish us with suits of clothes. Birchin Lane was the Monmouth Street of the city. It was not inhabited by the mercers and woollen-drapers, as stated by Mr. Rimbault in his notes to *Follie's Anatomie*, but by "the fripperers or upholders, that fold old apparel and household stuff." The mercers, as appears both from Stow and from this play, lived in Cheapside. See *The Royall King and the Loyall Subject*, vol. vi., p. 13.

PAGE 15.

Clapperdudgin.

A cant term for a beggar, ingeniously derived by Mr. Collier from knocking the clapdish (which beggars carried) with a knife or dudgeon.

PAGE 19.

And cutting of throats be cried havock.

See *Coriolanus*, var. ed., act iii. scene 1. Crying *havock* by the conqueror was the converse of crying *quarter* by the conquered.

Ib.

Sallet.

A helmet. See the commentators on 2 *Henry VI.*, act iv. scene 10.

PAGE 19.

*A true finger.**i.e.* the finger of a true, or honest man.

PAGE 21.

The Mouth of Bishopsgate.

Some inn at the gate, where liquors were sold.

*Ib.**Mazer.*

Mazard, the face.

*Ib.**As tall a man.**i.e.* as brave a man.

PAGE 33.

*Arise Sir John Crofobie, Lord Maior of London and Knight.**Arise Sir Ralfe Joffeline Knight.*

It appears from Stow that Sir John Crosby was Sheriff, not mayor, in this year, and that Sir Ralph Joceline was mayor, and knighted, in 1464. Crosby never was mayor. The following is Stow's annal of the year 1470 :—

“1470. The 10th. [Edw. IV.] Sir John Crosbie, John Ward, [Sheriffs]; mayor, Sir John Stockton, mercer.

“Thomas the bastard Fauconbridge, with a riotous company, set upon this city at Aldgate, Bishopsgate, the Bridge, &c., and twelve aldermen, with the recorder, were knighted in the field by Edward IV., to wit, John Stockton, mayor, Raph Verney, late mayor, John Yong, late mayor, William Tayler, late mayor, Richard Lee, late mayor, Matthew Phillips, late mayor, George Ireland, William Stoker, William Hampton, sence mayor, Thomas Stolbroke, John Crosbie, and Bártlemew James, sence mayor, with Thomas Urswike, recorder.”—*Stow's Survey of London by Thoms*, p. 193. See also Mr. Bruce's Notes to the Camden Society's *Historie of the Arrival of Edward IV.*, and the same Society's *Warkworth's Chronicle*, p. 21.

PAGE 37.

*Miller thy duty is a thousand markes.**i.e.* that which is due to thee.

PAGE 38.

Farewell pink and pinnace, flibote and caruel, Turnbull and Spittal.

The four names of *craft* are used for the ladies of Spicing's acquaintance. For turnbull, see Collier's *Shakespeare*, vol. iv. p. 407. A spittal is an hospital, or pest-house.

PAGE 39.

Dicker.

A dicker of leather is ten hides.

PAGE 40.

Sawest thou not the deere imboft.

"When a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *imboft*."—*Warton on Taming of the Shrew*, act i. scene 1.

Ib.

that makes ye prate to me so fondly.

Hobs does not understand "deer imboft," and takes it for foolish love-talk.

Ib.

meg-holly.

Probably a contraction or corruption for the Virgin Mary.

PAGE 41.

by the mouse-foot.

"I know a man that will never swear but by *cock and pye*, or *mouse-foot*. I hope you will not say these be oaths."—*The Plaine Man's Pathway to Heaven*. By Arthur Dent. 1601.

Ib.

these courtnols.

This word occurs in the old ballad of the *King and the Miller of Mansfield*, and is a contemptuous word for *courtier*—*court-noodle*. So *grout-noll* means *grosse-teste*. See *Sherwood*.

PAGE 42.

His Maiesty?

Although Mr. Douce has shown that the word *majesty* was oc-

casionally applied to kings, long before the reign of James I., a few years previous to which this play was written, yet Warburton is probably right in saying that this king was the first in England that assumed the words *sacred majesty* as a settled style, to the exclusion of *highness* and *grace*, which were previously employed, at the option of the speaker. Thus, indiscriminately, Shakespeare uses all these words, making his historical characters speak the language of his, and not of their own, time; and it is therefore perfectly natural that the Tanner of Heywood's days should not know what "his majesty" means, and, like Falstaff, should quibble at the word *grace*.

PAGE 42.

Dost thou not know me? Then thou knowest nobody.

The same words are spoken by Hobson to the Queen in Heywood's *Elizabeth*, to which they form the second title. *Vide supra*, p. 317.

PAGE 43.

Gods blue budkin.

This may be called the oathkin of *Odsbodikins*, or by *God's body*. The epithet *blue* is analogous to the French *ventre bleu*, or *mor-bleu*.

PAGE 44.

my mare knowes ha and ree.

Ar and *ré* are the words one hears from the mule-drivers all day long in Spain, where the verb *to drive* is *arréar*.

PAGE 45.

Nay thats counsel.

i.e., that's a secret.

Ib.

Yorke, Yorke, for my mony.

See this old song in Ritson's *Northern Garlands*.

PAGE 47.

kiss the post.

This was a by-word for being shut out. See Haughton and

Chettle's *Patient Griffil, Every Man in his Humour*, act iii.
scene 3. *A Woman Kill'd with Kindness*, Heywood, vol. ii.

PAGE 51.

condition she had all.

It was not uncommon, in familiar language, to omit the word *upon*. See Gifford's *Massinger*, vol. iv. p. 488.

PAGE 52.

gramercies.

Grande merci, French, many thanks.

PAGE 64.

If any gallant striue to haue the wall.

In Heywood's days, and long afterwards, a contest for the wall-side, in walking the streets, was an uncivil characteristic of the metropolis.

PAGE 65.

He were too fond, &c.

i.e., foolish.

PAGE 69.

Our kind beneuolence

"This tax (called beneuolence) was devised by Edward the Fourth, for which he sustained much enuie."—*Bacon's Historie of the Raigne of King Henry the Seventh.*

PAGE 71.

Heres old polling, subsidy, fifteen soldiers and to the poor!

Old is equivalent to what we should now call *everlasting*. Polling was a poll-tax; a subsidy was the fifth part of a man's land and goods, according to a low valuation; and for fifteens, see Collier's *Shakespeare*, vol. v. p. 197.

Ib.

By my halidome.

"This Mr. Ritson explains, *by my holy doom*, or sentence at the resurrection, from the Saxon *haligdom*; but the word does not appear to have had such a meaning. It rather signifies *holiness*, or *honesty*. It likewise denoted a sacrament, a sanctuary, relics of saints, or any thing holy. It seems in later times to

have been corrupted into *holidame*, as if it expressed the holy Virgin. Thus we have *So help me God and hollidame!* See Bullein's *Book of the use of sicke men*, 1579, fo. 2."—Douce.

Mr. Crabb Robinfon also rejects *doom*, or *judgment*, and considers *dom* as a mere suffix, corresponding with the German *thum*, in which language *heiligthum* is the ordinary word for *sanctuary*, or holy place or thing. *Thum*, in German, answers to our *dom* in *Christendom*, *kingdom*, *freedom*, *wisdom*. *By my halidom*, therefore, means *by my goodness*, *by my holiness!* The English dictionaries attribute the suffix *dom* to the Saxon word for *dominion*, or *doom*; but this is doubtful.

PAGE 72.

Dybell here in Caperdochy.

This is some cant term for a prison, and is not met with elsewhere.

Ib.

Outstep the king be miserable.

Unless the King be compassionate.

PAGE 80.

That honest, merry hangman, how doth he?

Hangman was a term of endearment, and this explains the following passage in *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iii. scene 2.

"He hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot."

So in *Love's Labour Lost*, act v. scene 2.

"Cupid a boy,

Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too."

PAGE 90.

tan-fat.

Tan-vat, or tan-pit.

PAGE 92.

Nuse.

Neufs?

PAGE 106.

crownes of the sunne.

Mr. Douce says these were gold, originally coined by Louis XI, and that their name was derived from the mint-mark of a fun. They were current in this kingdom by weight, as certain

English coins were in France. See also Gifford's *Maffinger*, vol. i. p. 131.

PAGE 107.

Somewhat, it giues me, you will bring from thence.
i. e., my mind gives me, or misgives me.

PAGE 109.

a couple of capons, too, euery year beside.

This is a common reservation in old leafes, besides the rent.

PAGE 111.

Played John.

Contemporary plays are full of *playing Jack* and *playing the flouting Jack*. The allusion here is to the song so named: "Shee euerie day sings *John for the King*."—*Sharpman's Fleire*, fig. F. ed. 1610.

PAGE 117.

Hypocrite.

The black letter edition of 1613, and the roman of 1626, read *heretic*. The other various readings are so numerous and so trivial, that we have not noted them.

PAGE 162.

Spuria vitulamina, &c.

This text is from the Vulgate version of the *Wisdom of Solomon*, iii. 4.

PAGE 186.

Shore's Ditch.

The old ballad of *Jane Shore* has the same idea; but the place was so called hundreds of years before. See Stow's *Survey of London*, Thoms' ed., p. 158, and Fuller's *Worthies, Middlesex*. A ditch, or *sewer*, is vulgarly called a *shore*. Heywood has taken his facts from the old ballad, and not from history. Jane Shore was living thirty years after the death of Edward IV., when Sir Thomas More wrote his *History of Richard III*. It appears, from a letter of King Richard's in the Harleian MSS. (Percy's *Reliques*, ii. 405), that, while she was imprisoned, the solicitor-general wished to marry her, and that the king would have released her for that purpose, if the learned gentleman could not be dissuaded from the match. Shore is in that letter called *William*; but Heywood has strictly followed the names and tragedy of the old ballad.

PAGE 189.

If you know not me, you know no bodie.

The two historical Plays on the Life and Reign of Queen Elizabeth, with an Introduction and Notes by Mr. J. Payne Collier, were printed for the Shakespeare Society in 1851.

PAGE 191.

A Prologue to the Play of Queene Elizabeth.

From Heywood's *Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas*, 1637, p. 248.

PAGE 196.

And made first head with you at Fromaghham.

Queen Mary sought shelter in Framlingham Castle, while the Duke of Northumberland was endeavouring to enforce the claim of Lady Jane Grey. "When the Lady Mary received the news of her brother's death, having long before been acquainted with the Duke of Northumberland's secret practices, she judged it unsafe to remain near London, where her enemies were in full power; and, therefore, pretending a fear of the plague, by reason of the sudden death of one of her domestics, she withdrew from St. Edmund's Bury, (her abode at that time) and in one day came to Framlingham Castle, in the county of Suffolk, about four score miles from London, and not far from the sea; by which, if the extremity of her fears required it, she might have an easy passage to France. . . . At the same time, news was brought that the people of Norfolk and Suffolk had taken their oaths to her."—*Bishop Godwin*, in *Kennett*, ii., 329. Stow says—"By this time word was brought to the Tower that the Lady Mary was fled to Framlingham Castle, in Suffolk, where the people of the country almost wholly resorted to her."—*Annales*, 1615, p. 1032. In the old copies of this play, the name of the place is printed "Fromaghham," according to the rustic and local pronunciation.

Ib.

Wiats expedition.

This allusion to the quelling of Wyatt and his adherents is a little premature: he was not subdued and taken until February, 1554; and these incidents formed the subject of a play by Dekker and Webster, which was printed very imperfectly in 1607.

PAGE 197.

Young Courtney, Earle of Devonshire.

Edward Courtenay had been created Earl of Devon, (not Devonshire) according to Stow (*Annales*, 1041), on 3rd September, 1553.

PAGE 198.

Enter Master Gage, and a Gentlewoman.

Of course, the scene here changes to Ashridge, where Elizabeth, as we have been already told, was residing.

PAGE 199.

Souldiers are as hot as fire.

“Are” seems surplusage, but is not necessarily so, and the later copies here follow the reading of the earliest.

Ib.

Enter Tame and Shandoyse, with Souldiers, drum, &c.

Tame. Where's the Princeesse?

Gage. Oh my honoured lords,

May I with reuerence presume to aske

What meanes these armes? Why do you thus begirt

A poore weake lady, neare at point of death?

In his *England's Elizabeth*, Heywood thus speaks of this scene:—“This which at the first was in the Queene but meere suspition, by Bishop Gardiner's aggravation grew after into her high indignation, in so much that a strict Commission was sent down to Ashridge, where shee then sojourned, to have her with all speede removed from thence, and brought up to London, there to answer all such criminal articles as could be objected against her. The charge was committed to Sir John Williams, Lord of Tame, Sir Edward Hastings, and Sir Thomas Cornwallis, all three Councillors of State, and for the better accomplishment of the service, a guard of 250 horsemen were attendant on them. The Princess was at the same time dangerously sicke, and even almost to death: the day was quite spent, and the evening come on, newes being brought unto her by her servants (much affrighted) that so great a strength had begirt her house, and in such a time when her innocence could not so much as dreame of any thing dangerous that might be suggested against her, it bred

in her, howsoever, no small amazement ; but ere shee could well recollect herselfe, a great rapping was heard at the gate. Shee sending to demand the cause thereof, instead of returning an answer, the Lords stept into the house, without demanding so much as leave of the porter, and coming into the hall, where they met mistres Ashley, a gentlewoman that attended her, they willed her to inform her Lady that they had a message to deliver from the Queene. The Gentlewoman went up and told her what they had said, who sent them word back by her againe, that it being then an unseasonable time of the night, she in her bed and dangerously sicke, to intreate them, if not in courtesie, yet for modesties sake, to defer the delivery of their message till morning ; but they, without further reply, as shee was returning to the Princeesses chamber, followed her up stairs and pressed in after her, presenting themselves at her bedside. At which sight she was suddenly moved, and told them that she was not well pleased with their uncivill intrusion. They, by her low and faint speech perceiving her debilitie and weaknes of body, desired her grace's pardon, (the Lord Tame speaking in excuse of all the rest) and told her they were sorry to find such infirmitie upon her, especially since it was the Queenes expresse pleasure that the seventh of that present moneth shee must appeare before her Majesty, at her Court neere Westminster. To whom she answered that the Queen had not a subject in the whole kingdom more ready or willing to tender their service and loyalty to her Highnesse than herselfe ; yet hoped, withall, in regard of her present disability, they who were eye-witnesses of her weake estate might in their own charity and goodnesse dispense with their extremity of hast ; but the hast was such and the extremitie so great, that their Commission was to bring her either alive or dead. A fore Commission it is, said shee. Hereupon they consulted with her Physitians, charging them on their allegiance to resolve them whether she might be removed thence without imminent perill of her life. Upon conference together they returned answer that she might undergo that journey without death, though not without great danger, her infirmity being hazardfull, but not mortall. Their opinions thus delivered, they told her grace that shee must of necessity prepare herselfe for the morrow's journey."—

Page 96, &c.

It will be seen, by the above quotation, that Heywood uses

some of the very same expressions he had employed in his play, and such will be found to be the case hereafter.

PAGE 200.

Enter Elizabeth in her bed.

Meaning, no doubt, that the Princess, ill in her bed, was thrust out upon the stage, and the scene immediately supposed to be a bed-room. So, in *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, we have "Enter Mrs. Frankford in her bed."

PAGE 201.

Enter Queen Mary, Philip, &c.

The scene is here transferred to Winchester, whither Mary had gone to meet Philip, and where they were married.

PAGE 202.

Philip and Mary, by the grace of God, &c.

Stow gives their "style" as follows—"Philip and Mary, by the grace of God, King and Queen of England, France, Naples, Hierusalem, and Ireland, Defenders of the Faith, Princes of Spain and Sicily, Archdukes of Auftrich, Dukes of Milan, Burgundy and Brebant, Counties of Aspurge, Flanders, and Tyroll."—*Annales*, 1057. Bishop Godwin adds that the style was proclaimed in Latin, French, and English.

PAGE 203.

The twenty-fifth day of this month, July.

St. James's day: Heywood is very particular and accurate in this date.

PAGE 204.

What festivall, &c.

These two lines, in edit. 1632, are made part of the Queen's speech.

Ib.

And perfect, as you ever have been.

This line, like many others, is incurably defective. Edit. 1605 reads, "And perfect as you ever have *delivered* been." Ed. 1623 "as you have ever *beene*."

PAGE 205.

In this enterprife, and you aske why.

“And ask you why”—edit. 1605. The defective metre might be set right by inserting “my” before *enterprife*.

PAGE 205—206.

*Enter Winchester, Suffex, Howard, Tame, Shandoyse,
and Constable.*

Sufs. All forbear this place, vnlesse the Princefs.

Winch. Madam.

We from the Queen are join'd in full commiffion.

They sit : she kneeles.

Sufs. By your fauour, good my lord,
Ere you proceed.—Madam, although this place
Doth tye you to this reuerence, it becomes not,
You being a Princefs, to deiect your knee.

“Upon the Friday before Palme Sunday, the Bish. of Winchester, with nine more of the Council, conuented her : being come before them, and offering to kneele, the Earl of Suffex would by no means suffer her, but commanded a chayre to bee brought in for her to sit on. Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and then Lord Chancellor, taking upon him to be the mouth of the rest, began very sharply to reprove her (as if she had beene already convicted) for having a hand in Wiat's rebellion ; to whom she mildly answered, with a modest protestation, that shee had never had the least knowledge of his practice and proceedings : for prooffe whereof, said shee, ‘when Wyat at his death was by some malicious enemies of mine demanded whether I was any way knowing or accessary to his infurrection, even at the parting of life and body, having prepared his soule for heaven, when no dissimulation can be so much as suspected, even then he pronounced me guiltlesse. Besides the like question being demanded of Nicholas Throckmorton and James Crofts, at their Arraignment, I was likewise cleared by them : and being acquitted by all others, (my lords) would you have me to accuse my selfe?’ After this she was questioned about a stirring in the West, rais'd by Sir Peter Carew, but answered to every particular so distinctly, that they could not take hold of the least circumstance, whereby they might any way strengthen their accusation : which Gardiner per-

ceiving, told her that it would be her safest course to submit herself to the Queene, and crave pardon of her gracious Majestie. Whereunto she answered that submission confessed a crime, and pardon belonged to a delinquent, either of which being proved by her, she would then, and not till then, make use of his Grace's counsell."—*England's Elizabeth*, page 108,

PAGE 206.

*Madam, perhaps you censure hardly,
That were enforced in this commission.*

The meaning would seem to be, "Madam, perhaps, you censure, or think, hardly of us, that *were* enforced in this commission:" it only wants a slight alteration, to complete the verse and the sense: thus—

"Madam, perhaps, *of us* you censure hardly,
That *were* enforc'd in this commission."

PAGE 207.

*The same day
Frogmorton was arraigned in the Guildhall.*

Stowe says, "The 17th of April, were led to the Guildhall in London, to be arraign'd, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton and Sir James Croft, Robert Winter and Cuthbert Vaughan being also had thither to witness against them; where that day no more was arraigned but Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who tarrying from seven o'clock in the morning until almost five at night, was by the verdict of the jury acquit: he pleaded not guilty, and that he was consenting to nothing, &c. But the jury which quit him was commanded to appear before the Council at an hour's warning, and the loss of £500 the piece."—*Annales*, 1055. We are to understand, from the text, that Wyatt, not Throckmorton, cleared Elizabeth before his death.

Ib.

What answer you to Sir Peter Carew, in the West.

"Within six days after [the trial of Robert Dudley], there was word brought to the Court, how that Sir Peter Carow, Sir Gawine Carow, Sir Thomas Deny, with divers other, were up in Devonshire, in the resisting of the King of Spain's coming

hither, and that they had taken the city of Exeter, and castle there, into their custody."—*Stow's Annales*, p. 1044.

PAGE 208.

Enter the six Councillors.

"*Winch.* It is the pleasure of her maiesty
That you be straight committed to the *Tower*," &c.

"In the midst of these conceptions, Gardiner and the rest entered the chamber, and told her that it was her Maiesties pleasure shee must instantly be conveyed to the Tower; that her household was dissolved, and all her servants discharged, except the Gentleman Usher, three Gentlewomen, and two Groomes, and that for her guard 200 northern white coates were appointed that night to watch about her lodging, and early the next morning to see her safely delivered into the custody of the Lieftenant of the Tower. The very name of Tower struck deepe horror into her, insomuch that the cheerful blood forsaking her fresh cheeks left nothing but ashy paleness in her visage: shee spake these words — 'Alasse my Lords, how comes it that I have so incensed my sifter and Sovereigne? If it be held to be either criminal or capitall to be daughter to King Henry, sifter to King Edward, of sacred memory, or to bee the next in blood to the Queene, I may then perhaps incurre as well the severity of censure as the rigour of sentence: but otherwise I here protest, before Heaven and you, I never, either in act or thought, have as yet trespassed against her Majesty; whose pleasure, if it be so that I must be confined, and my liberty restrained, my humble suite is unto you to be Petitioners on my behalfe unto her Majesty, that I may be sent unto some other place less notorious, that being a prison for Traytors and Malefactors in the highest degree.' The Earl of Suffex presently replied that her request was both just and reasonable, desiring the rest of the Lords to joine with him in her behalfe; whereupon the Bishop of Winchester cut him off, and told him that it was the Queenes absolute command, and her pleasure was unalterable."—*England's Elizabeth*, page 112.

Elizabeth was committed to the Tower, according to Stow, on the 18th of March, being Palm Sunday. She was conducted thither by the Lord Treasurer and the Earl of Suffex, who took her by water from Westminster.—*Annales*, p. 1054.

PAGE 209.

With all my heart i'faith.

Edit. 1605 has "With all my hearty faith," and later impressions, "With all my heart, faith." It is a trifle, but no doubt our text is the true reading.

PAGE 210.

Nothing unpossible.

Edit. 1605 adds "to God," but those words were afterwards omitted—no doubt in consequence of the statute against the use of oaths, and of the name of the Creator, on the stage, 3 Jac. I., c. 21.

Ib.

My masters, we have talkd so long, that I thinke tis day.

This may seem rather a large demand upon the imagination of the audience, considering that there had been no intervening scene, and that the talke of the "white-coated soldiers" had commenced on the previous page, "about eleven" at night. The fact is, that at this period of our stage, spectators were accustomed to allow such claims.

PAGE 212.

"Enter Gage, Elizabeth, Clarentia, her Gentlewoman.

"Gage. Madam, you have stepp'd too short, into the water, &c.

"She went ashore, and stepp'd short, into the water."—England's Elizabeth, page 122.

"She was then delivered to the charge of the Constable of the Tower, who received her as his prisoner, and told her that he would show her to her lodgings; but she, being faint, began to complain. The good Earle of Suffex, seeing her colour begin to faile, and she ready to sinke under his armes, called for a chayre; but the Constable would not suffer it to be brought. Then she sat down upon a faire stone, at which time there fell a great shower of raine: the heavens themselves did seeme to weepe at such inhumane usage. Suffex offered to cast his cloake about her, but she by no means would admit it. Then the Lieutenant, M. Bridges, intreated her to withdraw herselfe from the violence of the storm into some shelter, to whom she answered,

‘I had better to sit here then in a worfer place ; for God knoweth, not I, whither you intend to lead me.’—*England’s Elizabeth*, page 123.

PAGE 214.

“Enter Gage.

Gage. *My Lords, the Princesse humbly entreats
That her owne servants may beare up her diet, &c.*

“She was still kept close prisoner : the Constable of the Tower, then Lord Chamberlaine, would not suffer her own servants to carry up her dyet, but put it into the hands of rude and unmannerly soldiery, of which she complaining to her Gentleman Usher to have that abuse better ordered, the Lieutenant not only denied to see it remedied, but threatened him with imprisonment, if he againe did but urge such a motion : neither would he suffer her own cooks to dress her dyet, but mingled his own servants with hers.”—*England’s Elizabeth*, page 114.

PAGE 216.

Gives them the petition.

Gives them a petition, edit. 1605.

PAGE 218.

These knaves will iet upon their priviledge.

The word “jet” hardly requires explanation. It is from *jetter*, French, and signifies to swagger, or throw oneself about, assuming false consequence. It is of constant occurrence in almost every old author,

PAGE 220.

Enter Winchester, Benningfield, and Tame.

*Madam, the Queene, out of her royal bounty,
Hath freed you from the thralldom of the Tower, &c.*

Stow tells us, “On the 19th May, Lady Elizabeth was conveyed from the Tower of London, by water, to Richmond ; from thence to Windfor ; and so, by the Lord Williams, to Ricote, in Oxfordshire ; and from thence to Woodstock.”—*Annales*, 1056.

“From thence (the Tower) [they] conveyed her to Woodstock, under the conduct and charge of Sr Henry Benningfield, with

whom was joynd in Commiffion Sr John Williams, the Lord of Tame, and a hundred Northern Blew-Coates to attend them. Thefe prefenting themfelves before her, ſhe inſtantly apprehended them to be her new guardians; but at the fight of Sr Henry, whom ſhe had never till that time ſeene, ſhe ſodainly ſtarted backe, and called to one of the lords, privately demanding of him, whether the ſcaffold were yet ſtanding whereon the innocent Lady Jane had not long before ſuffered? He reſolved her that upon his honour it was quite taken downe, and that no memorial thereof was now remaining. Then ſhee beckoned another noble-man unto her, and asked of him what Sr Henry was? if he knew him? or if a private murther was committed to his charge, whether he had not the conſcience to performe it? Answer was made that he was a man whom the Queene reſpected, and the Chancellour much favoured.”—*England's Elizabeth*, page 146.

PAGE 221.

*Is yet the ſcaffold ſtanding on Tower Hill,
Whereon young Guilford and the Lady Jane
Did ſuffer death?*

Heywood here miſrepresents the fact, for Lady Jane Grey was not executed on Tower Hill, but within the Tower, on the 12th February, 1554—5.

PAGE 222.

Enter Elizabeth, Benningfield, Gage, and Tame.

Omnes. *The Lord preſerve thy ſweet Grace!*

Eliz. *What are theſe?*

Gage. *The townſmen of the country, &c.*

“The next morning, the country people, underſtanding which way ſhe was to take her journey, had aſſembled themſelves in divers places, ſome praying for her preſervation and liberty; others preſented her with noſegayes, and ſuch expreſſion of their loves as the countrey afforded. The inhabitants of neighbour villages commanded the Bels to be rung; ſo that, with the loud acclamations of People, and the ſound of Bels, the very ayre did echo with the preſervation of Elizabeth. Which being perceived by Sr Henry Benningfield, he called them rebels and traytors, beating them back with his truncheon. As for the ringers, he made their pates ring noone before they were releaſed out of the ſtocks.

The Princeſſe intreated him in their behalfe, and deſired that he would deſiſt from the rigour uſed to the people.

At every word he ſpoke he ſtill had up his Commiſſion, which the Princeſs, taking notice of, told him he was no better than her Goaler. The very name of Goaler moved his patience; but knowing not how to mend himſelfe, he humbly intreated her grace not to uſe that name, it being a name of diſhonour, a ſcandall to his gentry.—‘It is no matter,’ (ſaid ſhe) ‘Sir Henry; methinks that name and your nature agree well together. Let me not heare of that word Commiſſion: as oft as you but nominate your Commiſſion, ſo oft will I call you Gaoler.’ As ſhe paſſed along towards Windſor, divers of her ſervants, ſeeing her paſſe ſo ſadly by the way, being ſuch as had been formerly diſcharged at the diſſolution of her houſehold, requeſted her Grace that ſhe would vouchſafe to reſolve them whither ſhe was carryed? to whom ſhe ſent back an anſwer in theſe two narrow words, *Tanquam Ovis*.—*England’s Elizabeth*, page 155.

PAGE 223.

Enter Beningfield, &c.

We muſt ſuppoſe that the ſcene here changes to the houſe of Lord Tame.

PAGE 224.

Enter Beningfield and Barwick, his man..

BENING. *Barwick, is this the chaire of ſtate? &c.*

“Sir Henry being thus oppoſed, went up into a chamber, [at the houſe of Lord Tame] where was prepared a chayre, two cuſhions, and a rich carpet for her grace to ſit in; but he, impatient to ſee ſuch princely furniture for her entertainment, rather than hee ſhould not bee taken notice of, like Heroſtratus, that ſet the Temple of Diana on fire onely to get him a name, hee preſumptuouſly fate in the chayre, and called one Barwicke, his man, to pull off his bootes: which being known all over the houſe, he was well derided for his uncivill behaviour.”—*England’s Elizabeth*, page 160.

Ib.

Well ſaid, Barwick.

“Well ſaid” was, of old, often uſed for well done. See Shakeſpeare, edit. Collier, iii., 39; iv. 330; vi., 337, &c.

PAGE 224.

Enter the Englishman and Spaniard.

The scene is here transferred to London—to Charing Cross—where this rencontre is said to have occurred.

PAGE 225.

Oh vofstro mandado, grand Emperato.

Sic in orig.; but perhaps we ought to read, *Al vuestro mandato, grande Emperador*. Heywood possibly thought that what he wrote would pass with his audience for sufficiently good Spanish; or, more probably, it was misprinted by the old typographer.

Ib.

Your grace may purchase glory from above.

Edit. 1632 substitutes *honour* for “glory.”

Ib.

Then here to stay, and be a mutiner.

Mutiner is the old word, in the same way as *Enginer* in *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 4.—

“For ’tis the sport, to have the *enginer*
Hoist with his own petar.”

Gabriel Harvey, in *Pierce’s Supererogation*, 1593, calls Nash “the dreadful enginer of phrases.” Modern editors have substituted “engineer,” in the passage in *Hamlet*, without reflecting what was the language of the time when Shakespeare wrote.

PAGE 226.

Enter Elizabeth, Beningsfield, Clarentia, Tame, Gage, and Barwicke.

ELIZ. *What fearful terror doth assaile my heart? &c.*

“He [her Gentleman Usher] found Sr Henry Benningfield and the Lord of Tame walking together, and having singled out the L. of Tame, told him that the cause of his coming was to be resolved, whether there were any secret plot intended against her grace that night or no? and if there were, that he and his fellows might know it, for they should account themselves happy to lose their lives in her rescue. The Lord of Tame nobly replied that all such fears were needlesse, for if any such thing were attempted,

he and all his followers would spend their bloods in her defence.”
—*England's Elizabeth*, page 153.

PAGE 228.

Beningfield takes a book and looks into it.

The probable meaning of this old stage direction is, that after Beningfield has taken up the book (which turns out to be a Bible in English) he overlooks and repeats what Elizabeth has written. This couplet is imputed to Elizabeth in Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*, and from thence Heywood may have derived it.

Ib.

BENING. *What has she written here?*

“Before her departure from Woodstocke, having private notice that one M. Edmond Tremain and M. Smithweeke were on the racke, and strictly urged to have accused her innocence, at her remove from thence she wrote these two verses with her diamond in a glasse window :

‘ Much suspected by me,
Nothing proved can be,

‘ Quoth Elizabeth, Prisoner.’

Immediately after, order came down to bring her up to Court.
England's Elizabeth, page 188.

PAGE 230.

His sword drawne.

Probably Barwick had drawn his sword, but it is not easy to ascertain to whom the pronoun “his” applies here.

PAGE 231.

Our Chancellor, lords.

Gardiner had been appointed Lord Chancellor on 23rd August, 1553. See Lord Campbell's *Lives*, ii., 54. Stow gives the same date. “The 23 of August, the Queen delivered the Great Seal to Doctor Gardener, Bishop of Winchester, and made him Lord Chancellor.”—*Annales*, 1041.

Ib.

WINCH. *Fellow, what then?—This warrant, that concernes
The Princess death shuffle amongst the rest;
He'll ne're peruse t.*

“In the interim, a warrant came downe, under seale, for her

execution. Gardiner was the onely Dædalus and inventor of the engine ; but Master Bridges had the honour of her delivery ; for he no sooner received the warrant, but, mistrusting false play, presently made haft to the Queen. Shee was no sooner informed, but renounced the least knowledge thereof, called Gardiner and others whom she suspected before her, blamed them for their inhumane usage of her, and took advice for her better security ; and thus was Achitophel's bloody device prevented."—*England's Elizabeth*, page 146.

PAGE 232.

To rescue innocence so neare betray'd.

Edit. 1605 reads "too soone betray'd."

Ib.

Enter Clown and Clarentia.

Of course, in the country, where Beningfield had the custody of Elizabeth.

PAGE 233.

When I would a scorn'd to carry coals.

This phrase often occurs in our old writers, to indicate submission to injury, indignity, or unworthy office.

Ib.

I am sure my curtall will carry me as fast as your double Gelding.

A "curtall" was a docked, or short-tailed horse : the Clown means to pun upon "double gelding" and double gilding.

PAGE 234.

Enter four torches.

The scene changes to Hampton Court, in the neighbourhood of which Elizabeth had arrived in the preceding scene. Among the *dramatis personæ* present, the important character of "the Queen" is omitted. This interview is supposed to occur at night.

PAGE 235.

QUEEN. *Call the Princess!*

Exeunt for the Princess. Philip behind the arras.

"At last, after many letters written, long fuite, and great

friends made, she was admitted to the presence of the Queene, whose face in two years and more she had not seene. King Philip having before mediated for her, and placed himselfe, unknowne to the Queene, behind the hangings of Arras, on purpose to heare the discourse, her grace, about ten of the clocke at night, was sent for into the presence King Philip, having privately overheard the conference, was now fully settled in a good opinion of her loyalty."—*England's Elizabeth*, page 197.

PAGE 235.

And feare of my Queens frowne.

Our reading here is that of the later copies: edit. 1605 has, "For fear of my Queen's frown," which does not express what Elizabeth means, viz., that her tears were compelled in part by joy, and in part by fear.

PAGE 236.

Unnobles all his children.

All *your* children, edit. 1605.

Ib.

And when they have all done their worst.

The sense seems to require that we should read, "And when they have all done their worst," though the word italicized is wanting in the original. The addition also improves the measure, which, however, is generally so irregular as to be a very unsure guide.

PAGE 237.

Returne I shall, &c.

Philip went to Flanders on 4th September, 1555, and returned to England 23rd March, 1557.

PAGE 238.

My bones to earth I give, &c.

Bishop Gardiner died on 12th November, after the departure of Philip to Flanders.

Ib.

Heaven shield my mistress.

Heaven *blefs* my mistress, edit. 1632.

PAGE 238.

O 'twas the rarest show.

Bravest show, edit. 1632.

PAGE 240.

Or else that Cardinal Poole is sodainly dead.

Cardinal Pole did not, in fact, die until some hours after Queen Mary : however, Heywood, like other play-wrights of his day, did not profess to treat matters historically, but dramatically. Stow (*Annales*, p. 1073) tells us that Pole died on the same day as Queen Mary.

Ib.

Enter Elizabeth, Gage, and Clarentia, above.

That is, we may presume, in the balcony at the back of the old stage. Elizabeth was at Hatfield at the time of the death of her sister. The three bearers of the news of the accession of Elizabeth must have stood on the boards, and from thence addressed the Queen in the balcony above.

PAGE 241.

Rise thou, first Baron that we ever made.

Henry Carew (or Carey) son and heir of William Carew, by Mary, daughter of the Earl of Wiltshire, and sister of Anne Boleyn, mother of Elizabeth, consequently first cousin to the new Queen, was not, in fact, created Baron Hunsdon until 13th January, 1559.

PAGE 243.

Enter the Clowne and one more with faggots.

"One more" was the smallest number that would answer the purpose, and perhaps the largest number the company could spare.

Ib.

And yet, methinke, twere fit.

"But yet, methink, 'twere fit"—edit. 1632.

PAGE 244.

Nor doe I you commend.

"Nor do you much commend"—edit. 1632.

PAGE 244.

A Sennet.

i. e., a *sounding* of trumpets—sometimes, perhaps more properly, printed, a *sonnet*. Act iii. sc. 1 of *Henry VI.*, Part II., opens with “A Sennet.” See also *Henry VIII.* act ii. sc. 4, which begins, “Trumpets Sennet, and Cornets.”

PAGE 246.

Before you let that Purse and Mace be borne.

It seems doubtful to whom the Queen addresses this and the three preceding lines. Sir Nicholas Bacon was not made Keeper of the Great Seal till December 22, 1558: on the second day of her reign (November 18, 1558) Elizabeth had taken it from Archbishop Heath, having thus early determined that he should not continue in office, although he was made one of her Privy Council. “The Purse and Mace” spoken of in the line we have quoted, might be the insignia of the Lord Chamberlain, but Lord Hunsdon was not appointed to that office until afterwards: Lord Howard of Effingham first filled that post, according to Camden’s *Elizabeth*.—*Kennett*, ii., 369.

Ib.

Sennet about the Stage in order. The Maior of London meets them.

MAIOR. *I from this citie, London, doe present
This purse and Bible to your Maiefty, &c.*

“But being come to the Little Conduit in Cheape, shee perceived an offer of Love, and demanded what it might signify? One told her Grace that there was placed Time. ‘Time, Time! (said shee) ‘and Time, I praise my God, hath brought me hither. But what is that other with the Booke?’ She was resolved that it was Truth, the daughter of Time, presenting the Bible in English, whereunto she answered, ‘I thanke the Citie for this guift above all the rest: it is a Booke which I will often and often read over.’ Then she commanded Sir John Perrot, one of the Knights that held up the Canopie, to go and receive the Bible; but being informed that it was to be let downe unto her by a silken string, shee commanded him to stay. In the interim, a Purse of gold was presented by the Recorder, in the behalfe of the City, which shee received with her owne hand.”—*England’s Elizabeth*, page 234.

PAGE 251.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

This is the only mark of an act or scene in the whole play, but the divisions are usually pretty evident, from the course of the incidents, or from the progress of the dialogue. In our notes, wherever it seemed at all necessary, we have pointed out the changes of scenes; but, of course, the separation of the different acts could only be a matter of conjecture, which, as heretofore, is left to the reader. We must suppose this first scene to occur in Gresham's warehouse.

PAGE 253.

London will yeeld you partners enow.

In this line, "partners" is to be read as a trifyllable; and such was formerly the case with various words now used as diffyllables.

PAGE 254.

You to Portingall.

The common name of Portugal at that date.

PAGE 255.

My morning exercise shall be at Saint Antlins.

"A new morning prayer and lecture, the bells for which began to ring at five in the morning, was established at St. Antholin's, in Budge Row, 'after Geneva fashion,' in September, 1559:" Cunningham's *Handbook of London*, 2nd edit., p. 15: where see also other information as to the puritanical character of the preachings at St. Antolin's, or St. Anthony's.

PAGE 256.

Ile beat linnen-buckles.

Linen was of old carried to the wash in buck-baskets, and here by "linen-bucks" John Gresham seems to intend the linen that was contained in the bucks, and which was to be beaten in the water to make it clean. "This 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii. sc. 5.

Ib.

Now, afore God.

"Now, as I live"—edit. 1632.

PAGE 257.

The Dagger in Cheap.

The Dagger Tavern was in Cheapside ; and hence, as appears afterwards, Dagger-pies, often mentioned by our old writers. In vol. ii. of *Extracts from the Stationers' Registers*, p. 171, is mentioned the publication of " A fancie on the fall of the Dagger in Cheap," which may mean either that the house, or the sign which it bore, fell down : probably the latter, although the Editor, in his note on the entry, supposed the word "fall" applied to the house. There was also a Dagger Tavern in Holborn : see Cunningham's *Handbook of London*, 2nd edit., p. 152.

*Ib.**Your punkes and cockatrices.*

A cockatrice was the old cant name for a prostitute.

PAGE 258.

As white as Bears teeth.

Possibly, these words apply to the white money the Pedlar puts down, " to pay the old debt," before he contracts a new one.

PAGE 259.

and tis thought yellow will grow a custome.

It did so ; and, in fact, it was so when Heywood wrote, as he informs us, though the " custom " afterwards became almost universal.

PAGE 261.

The hot-houfes in Deepe.

A " hot-house " was then a very common name for a brothel.

PAGE 267.

Fore God, tis true.

" *Indeed*'tistrue"—edit. 1632. We have not thought it necessary always to note variations of this kind, occasioned by the greater strictness of the law subsequent to the publication of the edition of 1606.

PAGE 270.

I hope, John, you feare God.

" I hope, John, you fear *what you ought to fear*"—edit. 1632.

PAGE 272.

Let me be called Cut.

A term of contempt or abuse which has occurred before, and is used by Shakespeare. See *Twelfth Night*, act ii., sc. 3, (edit. Collier, iii., 359) where it is sufficiently explained, and its antiquity established.

Ib.

Enter Honesty the Sergeant, and Quicke.

The scene here changes to a street, as is obvious from the course of the dialogue.

PAGE 273.

The miching slave.

"Miching" means *stealing*. See Shakespeare, edit. Collier, vii., 271, where it is also stated that "mallecho," in *Hamlet*, is probably meant for the Spanish word *malhecho*.

PAGE 277.

That freed a begger at the grate of Lud-gate.

"That freed from begging at the grate at Ludgate"—edit. 1632, which, from the story, seems to be the true reading. Stow, in his *Survey of London*, 1599, p. 33, gives the name Stephen Forfter.

PAGE 278.

Although my children laugh, the poor may cry.

Edit. 1632 gives the line thus:—

"The poor may laugh, although my children cry;" which is a reading clearly not attributable to the poet himself.

PAGE 282.

Enter John Tawny-coat.

The scene changes to a street into which Hobson's shop opens. The Pedlar is still called John Tawny-coat, but he now wears a grey coat.

Ib.

Coming from the Stocks.

The Stocks, as it was called, stood on the ground now occupied by the Mansion House. (Cunningham's *Handbook of London*, p. 473, 2nd edit.) The signs of the houses mentioned by Tawny-coat form a curious note of locality: they were, no doubt, the very signs existing there in Heywood's time.

PAGE 283.

*At Bristow fair.*Bristol was then usually written and printed *Bristow*.

PAGE 284.

Their masters haire grow through his hood.“Through his *head*”—edit. 1606.*Ib.**Do you hear, hoyden?*

Gifford (Jonson's Works, vi., 171) says that hoiden is “confined to designate some romping *girl* ;” but, in fact, it was applied to both sexes, and here we have it addressed to the Pedlar.

*Ib.**Tell it out with a wanion.*

i. e., with a *vengeance*, of which one may possibly be a corruption of the other : the etymology of “wanion” is very doubtful.

PAGE 285.

It appears he is besides him.

“It appears the poor fellow is besides himself”—edit. 1632.

PAGE 289.

To any man will buy them and remove them.

Stow (*Annales*, 1615, p. 1117) speaks as follows of this undertaking and its completion :—“Certain houses in Cornhill being first purchased by the citizens of London, at their charges, for certain thousands of pounds, were in the month of February cried by the Bellman, and afterwards sold to such persons as should take them down and carry them from thence ; which was done in the months of April and May next following. And then, the ground being made plain, at the charges also of the city (having cost them, one way and other, more than five thousand pound) possession thereof was by certain Aldermen, in the name of the whole citizens, given to the right worshipful Sir Thomas Gresham, knight, agent to the Queen's highness, there to build a place for merchants to assemble in, at his own proper charges ; who on the seventh of June laid the first stone of the foundation (being brick) and forthwith the workmen followed upon the

ame with such diligence, that by the month of November, in the year of our Lord 1567, the same was covered with slate. And on the 22 day of December, in the year of our Lord, 1568, the merchants of London left their meetings in Lombard Street, at such times as they had accustomed there to meet, and this day came into the new Burse, builded by Sir Thomas Gresham, as is afore showed."

PAGE 290.

The round is grated.

The old copies have *greater*, but we have ventured to alter it to *grated*, in conformity with what follows, where Sir T. Gresham explains the use of the "grates." *Greater* hardly makes sense of the passage.

PAGE 291.

Here, like a parish for good Citizens.

Perhaps we ought to read *parvis* for "parish;" but the old copies are uniform.

PAGE 292.

A blazing star.

This blazing star, mentioned in the margin, may have easily been rendered visible to the audience by artificial means.

PAGE 293.

The battle of Alcazar.

The incidents relating to this battle had been brought upon the stage by George Peele (at least the play has in modern times been plausibly imputed to him) in a drama entitled *The Battle of Alcazar, fought in Barbary, between Sebastian, King of Portugal and Abdelmelec, King of Morocco. With the death of Captain Stukeley,* &c., 4to, 1594. See Peele's Works, edit. Dyce, ii., 82. A play in which Stukeley figured was performed by Henlowe's company in 1596: see *Henlowe's Diary*, p. 77. Whetstone, in his *English Myrror*, 1586, p. 84, gives a narrative of the battle, but does not mention Stukeley.

PAGE 294.

It may be the hang-man will buy some of it for halters.

Hobson had sent for matches of goods, or pieces of similar pattern and fabric; and John Gresham had bought for him two thousand pounds' worth of such *match* as was of old used by fol-

diers for setting fire to gunpowder and other combustibles : it was made of tow, like rope.

PAGE 295.

My doubt is more.

Possibly, "doubt" is a misprint for *debt*; but "doubt" is intelligible, and all the old copies concur in that word.

PAGE 296.

The pictures graven of all the English kings.

By "pictures" was sometimes, of old, meant *statues*—perhaps because statues were formerly often painted. This should be borne in mind in reading the last scene of *The Winter's Tale*. The word "rooms," in the preceding line, means merely *places*, or niches.

Ib.

Admirable.

So edits. 1606—1623; that of 1632 has, "Very admirable, and worthy praise."

PAGE 297.

The waits in Sergeants gowns.

The *waits* were the city musicians, and they were perhaps dressed "in Sergeants' gowns," for greater state. They are again mentioned in a later scene.

PAGE 298.

That ships rich fraught.

Edit. 1606 omits "fraught," and edit. 1623 omits "rich."

Ib.

The severall Ambassadors there will heare.

"Then will hear"—edit. 1606.

PAGE 301.

Thus treads on a kings present.

"Meaning the flippers," are explanatory words inserted in the margin of the earlier editions.

PAGE 302.

Enter Tawny-coat, with a spade.

Tawny-coat is the Pedlar, John Goodfellow, called, as we

have seen, Tawny-coat from the drefs he wears early in the play. He has been reduced to extreme poverty, and the scene here muft be understood to represent the neighbourhood of Deptford, not very far from the Bankfide. We muft bear in mind that even the immediate vicinity of the Bankfide, efppecially towards Newington Butts, was then all open fields and marfhy grounds, much covered with wood, and not, as now, confifting merely of ftreets and houfes.

PAGE 302.

Whither wilt thou wit?

A proverbial exclamation of frequent occurrence, and ufed by Shakefpeare in *As You Like It*.

PAGE 304.

John Rowland fir.

By an error of the tranfcriber or printer, or by the forgetfulnefs of the poet, John Goodfellow, as Tawny-coat has been hitherto called, is here, and henceforth to the end of the play, named John Rowland. Robin *Goodfellow*, the fprite, has been mentioned on the preceding page, and poffibly the confufion has been occafioned by this circumftance.

PAGE 306.

but I doe not think him guilty, yet I could fay.

So the firft edition (1606) : the edition of 1623 has dropped out all the words after “doe not,” leaving the fpeech incomplete. The edition of 1632 adds, “But I do not fpeak what I think, and yet I think more at this time than I mean to fpeak.”

Ib.

As he no queftion does deferve.

“Does deferve *something*,” edit. 1632. Other minor variations occur in this part of the fcene.

PAGE 307.

Enter John and Curtezan.

The fcene here fhifts to France ; the licence allowed to our old dramatifts, and the loud calls they made upon the imaginations of their auditors, are fhown by the incident that Hobfon

first wanders to Deptford, and then proceeds to France in his nightcap, gown, and slippers, in order to detect John Gresham in his pranks.

PAGE 307.

you'le ha' the first venney.

Veney, or *venie*, was a fencing term, from the French, and signified the touch or blow with the foil: "the first veney" is the first *hit*.

Ib.

Why then the Englishman for thy money.

This expression was proverbial, and a play was written by William Haughton, and printed in 1616, under the title of *Englishmen for my Money, or a Woman will have her Will*.

PAGE 309.

Enter at the other end of the stage Hobson.

John and the Courtesan withdraw from one room into another, and, immediately, the stage is supposed to represent the outside of a house. Hobson knocks at a door, and is answered by *Puella*, (as she is called in the stage direction) probably from the balcony which then was to be taken for a window.

PAGE 310.

Do, my sweete Buffamacke.

Buffalmaco is the name of a hero in Boccaccio, (Day viii., nov. 3) and he was brought upon the English stage by Marston; but why that name, or any corruption of it, should have been applied to this wench, we cannot determine.

PAGE 311.

A haberdasher of small wares.

John says "of *all* wares," for the sake of his pretended excuse, and Hobson corrects him; but edit. 1632 has *all* in both places, by which the joke, such as it is, is sacrificed.

PAGE 313.

Measar man a moy.

This, and some of the gibberish that follows, could hardly be intended by Heywood for French, but merely for something that sounded like it. We print it as it stands in the original.

PAGE 315.

No more of French loue, no more French losse shall do.

This is not very clear, and edit. 1632 substitutes "No more of French, no more French craft shall do." To omit "of" in the line as it stands in the text, would improve both sense and metre.

PAGE 316.

Enter Sir Thomas Ramsie, &c.

After the preceding highly comic and well managed, though not very probable, scene, the stage now again represents part of the city of London. The first words of Sir Thomas Ramsie's speech afford another out of innumerable instances where "well said" is to be taken for well done.

PAGE 319.

And whilst this voice flies through the City forth-right.

Ed. 1632 reads "streets" for *City*.

Ib.

Enter Nowell and Lady Ramsie.

The precise interval supposed to occur between this scene and the last is not known, as no authority that we have been able to consult gives the date of the last illness and death of Sir Thomas Ramsie. The stage now represents his house.

Ib.

A master of the Hospitall.

i.e., Christ's Hospital.

PAGE 322.

Whose vertue all the world—

A sentence, we may suppose, purposely left incomplete; but in some of the later editions the blank is filled up by, "Whose virtue is *unmatch'd*."

Ib.

Enter Doct. Parry.

It is curious to compare Heywood's treatment of this subject, *i.e.*, the attempted assassination of Queen Elizabeth by Doctor Parry, with that of Dekker in his *Whore of Babylon*, published a year later (1607).

PAGE 326.

As she turns back, &c.

This stage-direction was added in the edition of 1632.

*Ib.**Pardon, thou villain, shewes thou art a traitor.*

Edit. 1632 gives the line, "Pardon, thou villain, *that* shows thou art a traitor."

PAGE 327.

Arise.

We doubt if this word were not meant for a stage-direction. We may conclude that Parry fell upon his knees, and that the Queen's speech ended with the close of the couplet.

PAGE 330.

till death us depart.

This is the old and true word in the marriage ceremony: in modern times, when the meaning of *to depart*, as to *separate*, was forgotten, *do part* has been substituted for *depart*.

PAGE 332.

Enter Chorus.

The editions of this play, in 1606—1623, have no part of this Chorus, which is first found in edit. 1632. From that impression we have reprinted all the rest of this play, since it varies importantly from the earlier copies.

PAGE 334.

Climes that took up the greatest part o' th' card.

"Card" was then the ordinary term for *map*: hence, "to steer by the card;" and, figuratively, "to talk by the card," in reference to exactness and safety of discourse.

PAGE 337.

Drum and colours. Enter the Earle of Lecester, &c.

The scene now becomes the famous camp near Tilbury; but we may be said to have no means of deciding how far the stage itself and its appurtenances accorded with these changes. Perhaps little more was done than what was effected by the appear-

ance of the persons and their accoutrements, and the mention, very early in the dialogue, of the supposed place of action. "Drum and colours" may show that one drum and one pair of colours answered the purpose.

PAGE 351.

Epilogue.

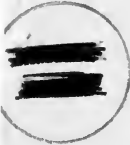
Printed in Heywood's *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramma's* (Lond. 1637), p. 249.

END OF FIRST VOLUME.

PR
2570
1874
v.1
cop.2

Heywood, Thomas
The dramatic works of
Thomas Heywood

L-184



1 of 3

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

NOT WANTED IN PROG

