

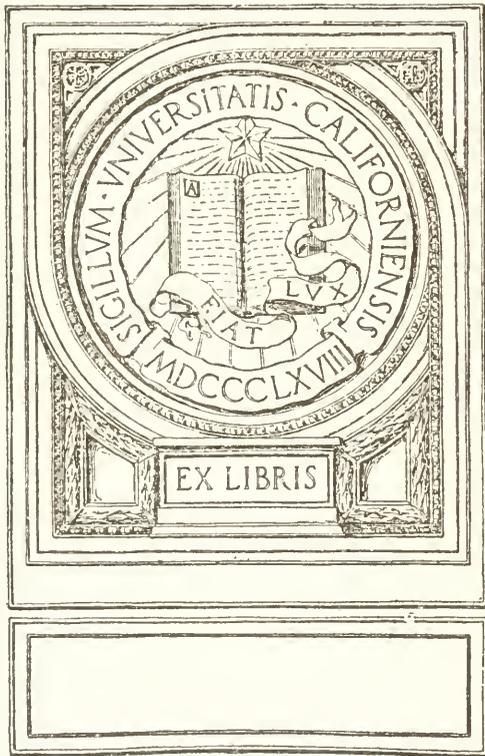
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PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY
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ENGLISHMEN FOR
MY MONEY
1616

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1912

This reprint of *Englishmen for my Money* has been prepared under the direction of the General Editor.

Feb. 1913.

W. W. Greg.

PF
2549
H292e
1912

In the Register of the Stationers' Company is the following entry :

3 Augusti [1601] . . .

Entred for his copie vnder the hand of master Seton A comedy of A woman Will haue her Will vj^d William white

[Arber's Transcript, III. 190.]

No edition, however, is known earlier than the quarto printed by White in 1616. Of this there are perfect copies in the British Museum and the Bodleian Library, both of which have been used in the preparation of the present reprint. Variants occur at ll. 454, 1325, 1347, 1437, 1587, 2592, 2623, showing that the British Museum copy has an uncorrected outer forme in sheet B, and the Bodleian copy an uncorrected outer forme in sheet F and an uncorrected inner forme and outer forme in sheet K. The quarto is printed in roman type of a size approximating to modern pica (20 ll. = 82 mm.). No transfer of the rights in the play is recorded in the Stationers' Register, but an edition appeared in 1626 printed by I. N., i. e. John Norton the younger, and to be sold by Hugh Perry, and another in 1631 printed by A. M., i. e. Augustine Matthews, and to be sold by Richard Thrale, both in quarto, copies of the former being preserved in the British Museum and the Bodleian, of the latter in these libraries as well as in those of Cambridge University and Eton College, in the Dyce collection,

17794

and elsewhere. In the edition of 1626 the woodcut has disappeared from the title-page, but there have been added the words ‘As it hath beene diuers times Acted with great applause’. The type is the same as that of the former edition. The edition of 1631 retains on the title-page the statement as to the play having been acted, but omits the first title, though this is usually retained in the headline. The type is again the same and the same ornament appears at the head of the text as in the edition of 1626. The conditions under which these later editions were published is at present obscure, for though Augustine Matthews is known to have had dealings with John White, the son and heir of William, in 1620-4, and with John Norton in 1624-6, no direct connexion is known between either John or William White and John Norton (see McKerrow, *Dictionary of Printers* 1557-1640, pp. 188, 288, and Plomer, *Dictionary of Printers* 1641-1667, p. 138).

All three editions are anonymous, but the claim of William Haughton to be considered the author of the play is happily established on first-class evidence, by the following entries made in Henslowe’s Diary in the spring of 1598 :

lent vnto Robarte shawe the 18 of february 159[7/]8 to paye vnto harton for a comodey called a woman will have her wille the some of xx^s
[fol. 44^v]

Lente vnto dowton to paye vnto horton in pte of paymente of his
boocke called a womon will haue her wille xx^s
[fol. 45^v]

The second entry is undated but appears between others of 2 and 6 May 1598.

The incident of the suspended lover is found in the twenty-eighth story of Pietro Fortini's *Novelle de' Novizi*. It must have been a common tale for there was no opportunity of borrowing, the Sienese novelist's works having remained in manuscript till late in the eighteenth century.

It has been suggested, not unreasonably, that the mention of 'the Kings English' at l. 319 points to a revision after the accession of James I. Since, however, the manuscript was presumably in White's hands as early as 1601 there is no reason to suppose that the alterations amounted to more than what a compositor might feel impelled to make in his copy.

LIST OF DOUBTFUL READINGS, &C.

N.B.—The following is primarily a list of those passages in which the reading of the original is open to question, and of those in which different copies of the original have been found to vary. It also includes a number of readings which are evident typographical blunders of the original, this being necessary as a defence of the accuracy of the reprint. It makes, however, no pretence of supplying a complete list of errors and corruptions, still less of offering any criticism or emendation. For the sake of greater clearness the readings are quoted in a slightly different manner from that adopted in the earlier Malone reprints. The mere repetition of a reading out of the text is equivalent to ‘sic’.

Dram. Pers. l. 4 Daughters.] <i>really turned u</i> 42 digestes. 48 feahers 64 c.w. <i>Laur</i> 89 distinct : 105 young.] <i>this word belongs</i> <i>at the end of l. 107</i> 106 <i>Philosophy?</i> 116 were't 130 villanie, 131 conuerfions : 172 c.w. (Langua-)ges, 173 fpeake] <i>possibly fpe ake</i> 189 (<i>Dutch-</i>) <i>man :</i>] original <i>uan</i> 208 <i>Hutbo.</i> 254 it, 340 <i>Phrisco</i> 350 <i>Frisco,</i> 374 <i>Coarfe,</i> 401 you 445 Poaft ?] <i>original Poaft ?</i> 452 counterfeite, 454 <i>Heighan.] so Bodl. :</i> <i>Heighun. B.M.</i>	517 <i>Pifa</i> 519 vponthefe 524 <i>Tower</i> 552 littlemony 564 finde 588 <i>not indented</i> 598 <i>Walgr,</i> 652 fi,] <i>possibly fi</i> 666 beleuee 694 againe.] <i>original againe.</i> 698 <i>Extt</i> 710 <i>Matt, your]</i> <i>original Matt' your</i> 805 <i>Haru,</i> 833 y our 852 me (M. 865 enough 866 perhaps 867 batter 899 <i>Euter</i> 911 a the 940 fot 942 <i>Frfc.</i> 984 ofnames 985 of 1024 fake,
--	---

1025 fellow,
 1028 mouth,
 1036 *too much indented*
 1037 *tresbien*
 1052 Bu tas
 1059 *Fraunce.*
 1061 come.] *possibly co me.*
 1077 *Frisc.] original Frisc'*
 1078 fell
 1084 then
 1093 Withall
 1116 three,
 1138 talke?] *original talke ;*
 1148 for] *possibly for*
 1167 *Enter] possibly Entcr*
 1179 c.w. *Pifa*
 1226 Daughrer
 1263 and
 1271 itmade
 1286 Well if] *possibly Well. it*
 but the mark is more
 probably accidental
 1289 striften.
 1321 *Exeunt.] but neither the*
 girls nor Anthony appear
 to leave the stage
 1325 obscure,] *buscure, Bodl.*
 only
 1347 you?] *yo? Bodl. only*
 1351 wife?
 1352 for] *possibly for*
 1354 withall
 1363 *Mowcke] possibly Moweke*
 1369 *Pifa,*
 1384 stranger,
 1393 them,
 1402 not,
 1403 hue.
 1437 thou] *possibly tho u in*
 B.M.: thost Bodl. only
 1455 *Fraunce*
 1476 *Heigh.*
 1505 substance

1506 substance's
 1520 dit] *i doubtful*
 1529-30 *the period has dropped*
 from one line to the other
 1535 *Fredinand,*
 1536 *Enter*
 1542 foft,
 1543 house,
 1554 horde,
 1556-7 mis-ftres
 1557 fweete
 1572 *Heigh.*
 1587 was I] *I turned in Bodl.*
 only
 1596 from] *possibly from*
 1636 *Frisc.] the period is more*
 like a hyphen, perhaps
 an accidental mark
 1662 *Delo.*
 1664 spirt
 1671 *Delia.] original Delia.*
 1680 *Pifaro,*
 1739 *M Higham,*
 1743 *Vand.] original Vand.*
 1759 *Laur*
 1763 *Mari*
 1774 *moc que*
 1787 *ye?] original ye ;*
 1808 *Supples*
 1831 *Rouge*
 1834 *alone.] possibly error for*
 aboue.
 1871 *Alua.*
 1896 *not*
 1918 *they Embrace.*
 1930 *Har u*
 1931 *Pifa,*
 1958 *fpeake*
 1966 *lucke,*
 1971 *Anthony] original Anthony*
 2032 *&his*
 2111 *your] possibly yout*
 2117 *from] possibly from*

2157	feest		2472	worthy
2162	fo,] possibly fo.		2592	fiing] fiing <i>Bodl. only</i>
2210	out		2623	before] defore <i>Bodl. only</i>
2262	it,		2628	foorrh
2311	but		2671	Loues,
2407	<i>Pefa.</i>		On G 3 ^v , G 4 ^v , and I 1 ^v ,	in the
2426	<i>Laurentia in] possibly</i>		R.T. <i>money</i> : is mis-	
	<i>Laurentian</i>		printed <i>monoy</i> :	

The list of characters given on the back of the title-page in the original is complete and follows in general in the order of appearance except that Frisco should follow Anthony.

ENGLISH-MEN
For my Money:
OR,
A pleasant Comedy,
called,
A Woman will have her Will.



Imprinted at London by W. White,
dwelling in Cow-lane, 1616.



Enter PISARO.

Pisaro.

How smugge this gray-eyde Morning seemes to bee,
A pleasant sight; but yet more pleasure haue I
To thinke vpon this moystning Southwest Winde,
That driues my laden Shippes from fertile *Spaine*;
But come what will, no Winde can come amisse,
For two and thirty Windes that rules the Seas,
And blowes about this ayerie Region;
Thirtie two Shippes haue I to equall them:
Whose wealthy fraughts doe make *Pisaro* rich:
Thus euery Soyle to mee is naturall:
Indeed by birth, I am a *Portingale*,
Whodriuen by Westerne winds on *English* shore,
Heere liking of the *Soyle*, I married,
And haue Three Daughters: But impartiall Death
Long since, depriude mee of her dearest life:
Since whose discease, in *London* I haue dwelt:
And by the sweete loude trade of *Usurie*,
Letting for Interest, and on Morgages,
Doe I waxe rich, though many Gentlemen
By my extortion comes to miserie:
Amongst the rest, three *English* Gentlemen,
Haue pawnde to mee their Liuiings and their Lands:
Each seuerall hoping, though their hopes are vaine,
By mariage of my Daughters, to possesse
Their Pattimonies and their Landes againe:
But Gold is sweete, and they deceiue them-selues;
For though I guild my Temples with a smile,
It is but *Iudas*-like, to worke their endes.

A 2

Bua

ENGLISH-MEN

For my Money :

OR

A pleasant Comedy

Called,

A VVoman will haue her VVill.

As it hath bene diuers times Acted
with great applause.



LONDON,

Printed by *I. N.* and are to be sold by *Hugh Perry* at his
Shop in Brittaines Butte at the signe of the Harrow. 1626.

8d

A
Pleasant
COMEDIE
CALLED,

A Woman will haue her Will.

As it hath beene diuers times Acted
with great applause.

anon.



L O N D O N,
Printed by *A. M.* and are to be sold by *Richard
Thrale*, at the Crosse-Keys in *Paules-Church-
yard*, nere *Cheape-side*. 1631.

ENGLISH-MEN
For my Money:
OR,
A pleafant Comedy,
called,
A Woman will haue her Will.



Imprinted at London by W. White,
dwelling in Cow-lane. 1616.

The Actors names.

Pisaro, a Portingale.

Laurentia, }
Marina, } *Pisaros* Daughters.
Mathea, }

Anthony, a Schoolemaister to them.

Haruie, }
Ferdinand, or *Heigham*, } Suters to *Pisaros* Daughters.
Ned, or *Walgraue*, }

Delion, a Frenchman, }
Alvaro, an Italian, } Suters also to the 3. daughters.
Vandalle, a Dutchman, }

Frisco a Clowne, *Pisaros* man.

M. Moore.

Towerson a Marchant.

Balsaro.

Browne a Clothier

A Post.

A Belman.



Enter PISARO.

Sc. i

Pisaro.

How smugge this gray-eyde Morning seemes to bee,
A pleafant fight; but yet more pleafure haue I
To thinke vpon this moyftning Southweft Winde,
That driues my laden Shippes from fertile *Spaine*:

But come what will, no Winde can come amiffe,
For two and thirty Windes that rules the Seas,
And blowes about this ayerie Region;

Thirtie two Shippes haue I to equall them:
Whofe wealthy fraughts doe make *Pisaro* rich:

10

Thus euery Soyle to mee is naturall:
Indeed by birth, I am a *Portingale*,
Who driuen by Westerne winds on *Engliſh* ſhore,
Heere liking of the foyle, I married,

And haue Three Daughters: But impartiall Death
Long ſince, depriude mee of her deareſt life:
Since whoſe diſceafe, in *London* I haue dwelt:

And by the ſweete loude trade of *Uſurie*,
Letting for Intereſt, and on Morgages,

20

Doe I waxe rich, though many Gentlemen
By my extortion comes to miſerie:
Amongſt the reſt, three *Engliſh* Gentlemen,
Haue pawnde to mee their Liuiings and their Lands:
Each ſeueral hoping, though their hopes are vaine,
By marriage of my Daughters, to poſſeſſe
Their Patrimonies and their Landes againe:

But Gold is ſweete, and they deceiue them-ſelues;
For though I guild my Temples with a ſmile,
It is but *Judas*-like, to worke their endes.

30

Engliſh-men for my money: or,
But ſoft, What noyſe of footing doe I heare?

Enter Laurentia, Marina, Mathea, and Anthony.

Laur. Now Maiſter, what intend you to read to vs?

Anth. *Piſaro* your Father would haue me read morall *Phi-*

Mari. What's that? (*loſophy.*)

Anth. Firſt tell mee how you like it?

Math. Firſt tell vs what it is.

Piſa. They be my Daughters and their Schoole-maiſter,
Piſaro, not a word, but liſt their talke.

Anth. Gentlewomen, to paint *Philosophy*, 40
Is to preſent youth with ſo ſowre a diſh,
As their abhorring ſtomackes nill digeſtes.
When firſt my mother *Oxford* (*Englands* pride)
Foſtred mee puple-like, with her rich ſtore,
My ſtudy was to read *Philosophy*:
But ſince, my head-ſtrong youths vnbridled will,
Scorning the leaden fetters of reſtraint,
Hath prunde my feathers to a higher pitch.
Gentlewomen, Morall *Philosophy* is a kind of art,
The moſt contrary to your tender ſexes; 50
It teacheth to be graue: and on that brow,
Where Beawtie in her rareſt glory ſhines,
Plants the ſad ſemblance of decayed age:
Thoſe Weedes that with their riches ſhould adorne,
And grace faire Natures curious workmanſhip,
Muſt be conuerted to a blacke fac'd vayle,
Griefes liuerie, and Sorrowes ſemblance:
Your food muſt be your hearts abundant fiſhes,
Steep'd in the briniſh licquor of your teares:
Day-light as darke-night, darke-night ſpent in prayer: 60
Thoughts your companions, and repentant mindes,
The recreation of your tired ſpirits:
Gentlewomen, if you can like this modeſtie,
Then will I read to you *Philosophy.*

Laur

A Woman will haue her will.

Laur. Not I.

Mari. Fie vpon it.

Math. Hang vp *Philosophy*, Ile none of it.

Pifar. A Tutor said I; a Tutor for the Diuell.

Anth. No Gentlewomen, *Anthony* hath learn'd
To read a Lector of more pleasing worth. 70

Marina, read these lines, young *Haruie* sent them,
There euery line repugnes *Philosophy*:

Then loue him, for he hates the thing thou hates.

Laurentia, this is thine from *Ferdinande*:

Thinke euery golden circle that thou see'st,

The rich vnualue'd circle of his worthe.

Mathea, with these Gloues thy *Ned* salutes thee;

As often as these, hide these from the Sunne,

And Wanton steales a kisse from thy faire hand,

Presents his seruiceable true harts zeale, 80

Which waites vpon the censure of thy doome:

What though their Lands be morgag'd to your Father;

Yet may your Dowries redeeme that debt:

Thinke they are Gentlemen, and thinke they loue;

And be that thought, their true loues aduocate.

Say you should wed for Wealth; for to that scope

Your Fathers greedy disposition tendes,

The world would say, that you were had for Wealth,

And so faire Beauties honour quite distinct:

A masse of Wealth being powr'd vpon another, 90

Little augments the shew, although the summe;

But being lightly scattred by it selfe,

It doubles what it seem'd, although but one:

Euen so your selues, for wedded to the Rich,

His stile was as it was, a Rich man still:

But wedding these, to wed true Loue, is dutie:

You make them rich in Wealth, but more in Beautie:

I need not plead that smile, that smile shewes hearts con-

That kisse shew'd loue, that on that gift was lent: (sent;

And last thine Eyes, that teares of true ioy sendes, 100

English-men for my money: or,

As comfortable tidings for my friends. (procure,

Mari. Haue done, haue done; what need'tt thou more
When long ere this I stoop'd to that faire lure :

Thy euer louing *Haruie* I delight it :

Marina euer louing shall requite it young.

Teach vs *Philosphy*? Ile be no *Nunne*;

Age scornes Delight, I loue it being :

There's not a word of this, not a words part,

But shall be stamp'd, seal'd, printed on my heart;

On this Ile read, on this my senses ply :

110

All Arts being vaine, but this *Philosphy*.

Laur. Why was I made a Mayde, but for a Man?

And why *Laurentia*, but for *Ferdinand*?

The chastest Soule these Angels could intice?

Much more himselfe, an Angell of more price :

were't thy selfe present, as my heart could wish,

Such vsage thou shouldst haue, as I giue this.

Anth. Then you would kisse him?

Laur. If I did, how then?

Anth. Nay I say nothing to it, but *Amen*.

120

Pisa. The Clarke must haue his fees, Ile pay you them.

Math. Good God, how abiect is this single life,

Ile not abide it; Father, Friends, nor Kin,

Shall once diffwade me from affecting :

A man's a man; and *Ned* is more then one :

Yfayth Ile haue thee *Ned*, or Ile haue none;

Doe what they can, chafe, chide, or storme their fill,

Mathea is resolu'd to haue her will.

Pisa. I can no longer hold my patience.

Impudent villanie, and laciuious Girles,

130

I haue ore-heard your vild conuersions:

You scorne *Philosphy*: You'le be no *Nunne*,

You must needs kisse the Purffe, because he sent it.

And you forsooth, you flurgill, minion,

A brat scant folded in the dozens at most,

Youle haue your will forsooth; What will you haue?

Math.

A Woman will haue her will.

Math. But twelue yeare old? nay Father that's not so,
Our Sexton told mee I was three yeares mo.

Pisa. I say but twelue: you'r best tell mee I lye.

What sirra *Anthony.*

Anth. Heere fir.

140

Pisa. Come here fir, & you light hufwiues get you in:
Stare not vpon me, moue me not to ire: *Exeunt sisters.*

Nay sirra stay you here, Ile talke with you:

Did I retaine thee (villaine) in my houle,

Gaue thee a stipend twenty Markes by yeare,

And hast thou thus infected my three Girles,

Vrging the loue of those, I most abhord;

Vnthrifts, Beggars; what is worse,

And all becaufe they are your Country-men?

Anth. Why fir, I taught them not to keepe a Marchants 150
Booke, or cast accompt: yet to a word much like that
word Accounte.

Pisa. A Knaue past grace, is past recouerie.

Why sirra *Frisco*, Villaine, Loggerhead, where art thou?

Enter Frisco, the Clowne.

Frisco. Heere's a calling indeed; [a man were better to
liue a Lords life and doe nothing, then a Seruing creature,
and neuer be idle.] Oh Maister, what a messe of Brewesse
standes now vpon the poynt of spoyling by your hasti-
nesse; why they were able to haue got a good Stomacke 160
with child euen with the sight of them; and for a Vapour,
oh precious Vapour, let but a Wench come neere them
with a Painted face, and you should see the Paint drop and
curdle on her Cheekes, like a peece of dry Effex Cheese
toasted at the fire.

Pisa. Well sirra, leaue this thought, & minde my words,
Giue diligence, inquire about

For one that is expert in Languages,

A good Musitian, and a *French-man* borne;

And bring him hither to instruct my Daughters,

Ile nere trust more a smooth-fac'd *English-man.*

170

Frisco. What, must I bring one that can speake Language,
ges,

English-men for my money: or,

ges? what an old Assè is my Maister; why he may speake *flaunte taunte* as well as *French*, for I cannot vnderstand him.

Pisa. If he speake *French*, thus he will say, *Awee awee*:
What, canst thou remember it?

Frisco. Oh, I haue it now, for I remember my great Grandfathers Grandmothers sisters coosen told mee, that Piggess and *French-men*, speake one Language, *awee awee*; I am Dogg at this: But what must he speake else? 180

Pisa. Dutch. *Frisco.* Let's heare it?

Pisa. Haunce butterkin slowpin.

Frisco. Oh this is nothing, for I can speake perfect *Dutch* when I list.

Pisa. Can you, I pray let's heare some?

Frisco. Nay I must haue my mouth full of Meate first, and then you shall heare me grumble it foorth full mouth, as *Haunce Butterkin slowpin frokin*: No, I am a simple *Dutch-man*: Well, Ile about it.

Pisa. Stay sirra, you are too hastie; for hee must speake 190 one Language more.

Frisco. More Languages? I trust he shall haue Tongues enough for one mouth: But what is the third?

Pisa. Italian.

Frisco. Why that is the easiest of all, for I can tell whether he haue any *Italian* in him euen by looking on him.

Pisa. Can you so, as how?

Frisco. Marry by these three poynts; a Wanton Eye, Pride in his Apparell, and the Diuell in his Countenance. Well, God keepe me from the Diuel in seeking this *French-* 200 *man*: But doe you heare mee Maister, what shall my fellow *Anthony* doe, it seemes he shall serue for nothing but to put *Lattin* into my young Mistresses. *Exit Frisco.*

Pisa. Hence assè, hence loggerhead, begon I say.
And now to you that reads *Philosophy*,
Packe from my house, I doe discharge thy seruice,
And come not neere my dores; for if thou dost,
Ile make thee a publike example to the world.

A Woman will haue her will.

Antho. Well crafty Fox, you that worke by wit,
It may be, I may liue to fit you yet. *Exit Antho.* 210

Pifa. Ah firra, this tricke was fpipe in time,
For if but two fuch Lectures more they'd heard,
For euer had their honeft names been marde:
Ile in and rate them: yet that's not beft,
The Girles are wilfull, and feueritie
May make them careleffe, mad, or desperate.
What fhall I doe? Oh! I haue found it now,
There are three wealthy Marchants in the Towne,
All Strangers, and my very fpeciall friendes,
The one of them is an *Italian*: 220
A *French-man*, and a *Dutch-man*, be the other:
Thefe three intyrelly doe affect my Daughters,
And therefore meane I, they fhall haue the tongues,
That they may anfwere in their feuerall Language:
But what helpes that? they muft not ftay fo long,
For whiles they are a learning Languages,
My Englifh Youths, both wed, and bed them too:
Which to preuent, Ile feeke the Strangers out,
Let's looke: tis pafte aleauen, Exchange time full,
There fhall I meete them, and conferre with them, 230
This worke craues haft, my Daughters muft be Wedde,
For one Months ftay, fayth farrewell Maiden head.

Exit.

*Enter Haruie, Heigham,
and Walgraue.* Sc. ii

Heigh. Come Gentlemen, w'are almoft at the houfe,
I promife you this walke ore Tower-hill,
Of all the places London can afforde,
Hath fweeteft Ayre, and fitting our defires.

Haru. Good reafon, fo it leades to Croched-Fryers 240
Where old *Pifaro*, and his Daughters dwell,
Looke to your feete, the broad way leades to Hell:
They fay Hell ftandes below, downe in the deepe,

B.

Ile

English-men for my money: or,

Ile downe that Hill, where such good Wenches keepe,
But firra *Ned*, what sayes *Mathea* to thee?

Wilt fadge? wilt fadge? What, will it be a match?

Walg. A match say you? a mischiefe twill as soone:
Sould I can scarce begin to speake to her,
But I am interrupted by her father.

Ha, what say you? and then put ore his snoute, 250
Able to shaddow *Powles*, it is so great.

Well, tis no matter, firrs, this is his Houfe,
Knocke for the Churle bid him bring out his Daughter;
Ile, sbloud I will, though I be hanged for it,

Heigh. Hoyda, hoyda, nothing with you but vp & ride,
Youle be within, ere you can reach the Dore,
And haue the Wench, before you compasse her:
You are too hastie, *Pisaro* is a man,
Not to be fedde with Words, but wonne with Gold.
But who comes heere? 260

Enter Anthony.

Walg. Whom, *Anthony* our friend?

Say man, how fares our Loues? How doth *Mathea*?
Can she loue *Ned*? how doth she like my sute?

Will old *Pisaro* take me for his Sonne;
For I thanke God, he kindly takes our Landes,
Swearing, Good Gentlemen you shall not want,
Whilst old *Pisaro*, and his credite holds:
He will be damn'd the Roage, before he do't?

Haru. Prethy talke milder: let but thee alone, 270
And thou in one bare hower will aske him more,
Then heele remember in a hundred yeares:
Come from him *Anthony*, and say what newes?

Antho. The newes for me is badd; and this it is:
Pisaro hath discharg'd me of his seruice.

Heigh. Discharg'd thee of his seruice; for what cause?

Anth. Nothing, but that his Daughters learne *Philosophy*.

Haru. Maydes should reade, that it teacheth modestie.

Antho.

A Woman will haue her will.

Antbo. I, but I left out mediocritie,
And with effectuall reasons, vrgd your loues. 280

Walg. The fault was small, we three will to thy Maister
And begge thy pardon.

Antbo. Oh, that cannot be,
Hee hates you farre worser, then he hates me ;
For all the loue he shewes, is for your Lands,
Which he hopes fure will fall into his hands :
Yet Gentlemen, this comfort take of me,
His Daughters to your loues affected be :
Their father is abroad, they three at home,
Goe chearely in, and cease that is your owne : 290
And for my selfe, but grace what I intend,
Ile ouerreach the Churle, and helpe my Friend.

Heigh. Build on our helpes, and but deuise the meanes.

Antbo. *Pisaro* did commaund *Frisco* his man,
(A simple sotte, kept onely but for myrth)
To inquire about in *London* for a man,
That were a *French-man* and Musitian,
To be (as I suppose) his Daughters Tutor :
Him if you meete, as like enough you shall,
He will inquire of you of his affayres ; 300
Then make him answere, you three came from *Paules*,
And in the middle walke, one you espide,
Fit for his purpose ; then discribe this Cloake,
This Beard and Hatte : for in this borrowed shape,
Must I beguile and ouer-reach the Foole :
The Maydes must be acquainted with this drift.
The Doore doth ope, I dare not stay reply,
Least beeing discride : Gentlemen adue,
And helpe him now, that oft hath helped you. *Exit.*

Enter Frisco the Clowne. 310

Wal. How now sirra, whither are you going ?

Fris. Whither am I going, how shall I tell you, when I
doe not know my selfe, nor vnderstand my selfe ?

English-men for my money: or,

Heigh. What dost thou meane by that?

Frisco. Marry sir, I am seeking a Needle in a Bottle of Hay, a Monster in the liknesse of a Man: one that in stead of good morrow, asketh what Porrage you haue to Dinner, *Parley vous signiour?* one that neuer washes his fingers, but lickes them cleane with kisses; a clipper of the Kings English: and to conclude, an eternall enemy to all good 320
Language.

Haru. What's this? what's this?

Fris. Doe not you smell me? Well, I perceiue that witte doth not always dwel in a Satten-dublet: why, tis a *French-man*, *Bassimon cue*, how doe you?

Haru. I thanke you sir, but tell me what wouldest thou doe with a *French-man*?

Fris. Nay sayth, I would doe nothing with him, vnlesse I fet him to teach Parrets to speake: marry the old Assē my Maister, would haue him to teach his Daughters, 330
though I trust the whole world sees, that there be such in his house that can serue his Daughters turne, as well as the proudest *French-man*: but if you be good laddes, tell me where I may finde such a man?

Heigh. We will, goe hie thee straight to *Paules*,
There shalt thou find one fitting thy desire;
Thou soone mayst know him, for his Beard is blacke,
Such is his rayment, if thou runn'st appace,
Thou canst not misse him *Frisco*.

Fris. Lord, Lord, how shall poore *Pbrisco* rewarde 340
your rich tydings Gentlemen: I am yours till Shrouetewesday, for then change I my Coppy, & looke like nothing but Red-Herring Cobbes, and Stock-Fish; yet Ile doe somewhat for you in the meane time: my Maister is abroad, and my young Mistresses at home: if you can doe any good on them before the *French-man* come, why so? Ah Gentlemen, doe not suffer a litter of Languages to spring vp amongst vs: I must to the Walke in *Paules*, you

A Woman will haue her will.

to the Veftrie. Gentlemen, as to my felfe, and fo fourth.

Exit Friſco, 350

Haru. Fooles tell the truth men fay, and fo may he :

Wenches we come now, Loue our conduct be.

Ned, knocke at the doore: but foft forbear; :

Enter Lawrentia, Marina, and Mathea.

The Cloude breakes vp, and our three Sunnes appeare.

To this I fly, shine bright my liues ſole ſtay,

And make griefes night a gloryous ſummers day.

Mari. Gentlemen, how welcome you are here,

Gueſſe by our lookes, for other meanes by feare

Preuented is: our fathers quicke returne

360

Forbids the welcome, elſe we would haue done.

Walg. Mathea, How theſe faythfull thoughts obey.

Mat. No more ſweet loue, I know what thou would'ſt

You fay you loue me, ſo I wiſh you ſtill, (fay :

Loue hath loues hier, being ballancſt with good will :

But fay ; come you to vs, or come you rather

To pawne more Lands for mony to our father ?

I know tis ſo, a Gods name ſpend at large :

What man ? our mariage day will all diſcharge ;

Our father (by his leaue) muſt pardon vs,

370

Age faue of age, of nothing can diſcuſſe :

But in our loues, the prouerbe weeel fulfill :

Women and Maydes, muſt alwayes haue their will.

Heigh. Say thou as much, and adde life to this Coarſe,

Law. Your ſelfe & your good news doth more enforce :

How theſe haue ſet forth loue by all their witte,

I ſweare in heart, I more then double it.

Sifters be glad, for he hath made it playne,

The meanes to get our Schoole-maiſter againe :

But Gentlemen, for this time ceaſe our loues,

380

This open ſtreete perhaps ſuſpition moues,

Fayne we would ſtay, bid you walke in more rather,

B 3.

But

English-men for my money: or,

But that we feare the comming of our father :
Goe to th'Exchange, craue Gold as you intend,
Pisaro scrapes for vs; for vs you spend :
We say farewell, more fadlier be bold,
Then would my greedy father to his Gold :
Wee here, you there, aske Gold; and Gold you shall :
Weele pay the intrest, and the principall. *Exeunt Sisters*
Walg. That's my good Girles, and Ile pay you for all. 390
Haru. Come to th'Exchange, and when I feele decay,
Send me such Wenches, Heauens I still shall pray. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pisaro, Delion the Frenchman, Vandalle the Dutchman, Sc. iii
Aluaro the Italian, and other Marchants, at severall doores.

Pisa. Good morrow, M. Strangers.

Strang. Good morrow sir.

Pisaro. This (louing friends) hath thus emboldned me,
For knowing the affection and the loue
Maister *Vandalle*, that you beare my Daughter :
Likwise, and that with ioy considering too, 400
you *Mounfier Delion*, would faine dispatch :
I promise you, mee thinkes the time did fit,
And does bir-Lady too, in mine aduice,
This day to clap a full conclusion vp :
And therefore made I bold to call on you,
Meaning (our bufineffe done here at the *Burse*)
That you at mine intreaty should walke home,
And take in worth such Viands as I haue :
And then we would, and so I hope we shall,
Loosely tye vp the knot that you desire, 410
But for a day or two; and then Church rites
Shall sure conforme, confirme, and make all fast.

Vand. Seker Mester *Pisaro*, mee do so groterly dancke
you, dat you macke mee so sure of de Wench, datt ic can
neit dancke you enough.

Delio. Monsieur *Pisaro*, mon pere, mon Vadere, Oh de
grande

A Woman will haue her will.

grande ioye you giue me (econte) mee fal go home to your Houfe, fal eat your Bakon, fal eat your Beeffe, and fhall tacke de Wench, de fine Damoyfella.

Pifa. You fhall, and welcome; welcome as my foule: 420
But were my third Sonne sweete *Aluaro* heere,
Wee would not ftay at the Exchange to day,
But hye vs home and there end our affayres.

Enter Moore, and Towerfon.

Moore. Good day maifter *Pifaro*.

Pifa. Maifter *Moore*, marry with all my heart good morrow fir; What newes? What newes?

Moore. This Marchant heere my friend, would fpeake with you.

Tower. Sir, this iolly South-weft wind with gentle blaft, 430
Hath driuen home our long expected Shippes,
All laden with the wealth of ample *Spaine*,
And but a day is paft fince they ariude
Safely at *Plimmouth*, where they yet abide.

Pifa. Thankes is too fmall a guerdon for fuch newes.
How like you this Newes friends? Maifter *Vandalle*,
Heer's fomewhat towards for my Daughters Dowrie:
Heer's fomewhat more then we did yet expect.

Tower. But heere you fir, my bufineffe is not done;
From thefe fame Shippes I did receiue thefe lines, 440
And there inclofde this fame Bill of exchange,
To pay at fight; if fo you pleafe accept it.

Pifa. Accept it, why? What fir fhould I accept,
Haue you receiued Letters, and not I?
Where is this lazie villaine, this flow Poaft?
What, brings he euery man his Letters home,
And makes mee no bodie; does hee, does hee?
I would not haue you bring me counterfeit;
And if you doe, affure you I fhall fmell it:
I know my Factors writing well enough. 450

Tower. You doe fir; then fee your Factors writing:

English-men for my money: or,

I scorne as much as you, to counterfeite,
Pisa. Tis well you doe fir.

Enter Haruic, Walgraue, and Heighan.

What Maister *Walgraue*, and my other frindes:
You are growne strangers to *Pisaros* house,
I pray make bold with me.

Walg. I, with your Daughters
You may be sworne, wee be as bold as may be.

Pisa. Would you haue ought with me, I pray now speake. 460

Heigh. Sir, I thinke you vnderstand our sute,
By the repaying we haue had to you:
Gentlemen you know, must want no Coyne,
Nor are they slaues vnto it, when they haue:
You may perceiue our minds; What say you to't?

Pisa. Gentlemen all, I loue you all:
Which more to manifest, this after noone
Betweene the howers of two and three repaire to mee;
And were it halfe the substance that I haue,
Whilst it is mine, tis yours to commaunde. 470

But Gentlemen, as I haue regard to you,
So doe I wish you'll haue respect to mee:
You know that all of vs are mortall men,
Subiect to change and mutabilitie;
You may, or I may, soone pitch ore the Pearch,
Or so, or so, haue contrary crosses:
Wherefore I deeme but meere equitie,
That some thing may betwixt vs be to shew.

Heigh. M. *Pisaro*, within this two months without faile,
We will repay. 480

Enter Browne.

Browne. God saue you Gentlemen.

Gentlemen. Good morrow fir.

Pisa. What M. *Browne*, the onely man I wisht for,
Does your price fall? what shall I haue these Cloathes?

For

A Woman will haue her will.

For I would ship them straight away for *Stoade*:
I doe wish you my Mony fore another.

Brow. Fayth you know my price sir, if you haue them.

Pisa. You are to deare in sadnesse, maister *Heigham*:
You were about to say somewhat, pray proceede. 490

Heighb. Then this it was: those Landes that are not
morgag'd

Enter Post.

Post. God blesse your worship.

Pisaro. I must craue pardon; Oh sirra, are you come?

Walg. Hoyda, hoyda; Whats the matter now;
Sure, yonder fellow will be torne in peeces. (about:

Haru. Whats hee, sweete youths; that so they flocke
What old *Pisaro* tainted with this madnesse?

Heighb. Vpon my life, tis some body brings newes; 500
The Courte breakes vp, and wee shall know their Coun-
Looke, looke, how busely they fall to reading. (fell:

Pisa. I am the last, you should haue kept it still:
Well, we shall see what newes you bring with you;
Our duty premised, and we haue sent vnto your worship
Sacke, suill Oyles, Pepper, Barbery sugar, and such other
commodities as we thought most requisite, we wanted
mony therefore we are fayne to take vp 200. l. of Maister
Towersons man, which by a bill of Exchange sent to him,
we would request your worship pay accordingly. 510

You shall commaund sir, you shall commaunde sir,
The newes here is, that the English shipes, the Fortune,
your shipe, the aduventure and good lucke of London coa-
sting along by *Italy* Towards *Turky*, were set vpon by to
Spanisb-galleis, what became of them we know not, but
doubt much by reason of the weathers calmnesse.

Pisa How ist fix to one the weather calme,
Now afore God who would not doubt their safety,
A plague vpon these *Spanisb-galli* Pirattes,

C.

, Roring

English-men for my money: or,

Roaring *Caribdis*, or deuowring *Scilla*, 520
Were halfe such terrour to the anticke world,
As these same anticke Villaines now of late,
Haue made the *Straights* twixt *Spaine* and *Barbary*.

Tower Now sir, what doth your Factors letters say?

Pisa. Marrie he saith, these witleffe luckleffe doults,
Haue met, and are beset with *Spanisb* Gallies,
As they did faile along by *Italy*:
What a bots made the dolts neere *Italy*,
Could they not keepe the coast of *Barbary*,
Or hauing past it, gone for *Tripoly*, 530
Beeing on the other side of *Sicily*,

As neere, as where they were vnto the *Straights*:
For by the Gloabe, both *Tripoly* and it,
Lie from the *Straights* some twentie fiue degrees;
And each degree makes three-score english miles?

Tower. Very true sir: But it makes nothing to my Bill
of exchange: this dealing fits not one of your account.

Pisa. And what fits yours? a prating wrangling tounge,
A womans ceaselesse and incessant babling,
That sees the world turnd topsie turuie with me; 540
Yet hath not so much witte to stay a while,
Till I bemone my late excefsiue losse.

Walg. S'wounds tis dinner time, Ile stay no longer:
Harke you a word sir.

Pisa. I tell you sir, it would haue made you whine
Worse then if shooles of luckleffe croking Rauens,
Had ceasd on you to feed their famisht paunches:
Had you heard newes of such a rauenous rout,
Ready to cease on halfe the wealth you haue.

Wal. Sbloud you might haue kept at home & be hangd, 550
What a pox care I. *Enter a Post*.

Post. God saue your worship, a littlemony and so forth.

Pisa. But men are fencelesse now of others woe,
This stony age is growne so stony harted,
That none respects their neighbours miseries,

A Woman will haue her will.

I wish (as Poets doe) that Saturnes times
The long out worne world weare in vse againe,
That men might sayle without impediment.

Post. I marry sir that were a merry world indeede, I
would hope to gette more mony of your worship in one 560
quarter of a yeare, then I can doe now in a whole twelue-
moneth.

Enter Balsaro.

Balsa. Maister *Pisaro* how I haue runne about,
How I haue toylt to day to finde you out,
At home, abroade, at this mans house, at that,
Why I was here an hower agoe and more,
Where I was tould you were, but could not finde you.

Pisa. Fayth sir I was here but was driuen home,
Heres such a common hant of Crack-rope boyes,
That what for feare to haue m'apparell spoyld, 570
Or my Ruffes durted, or Eyes strucke out:
I dare not walke where people doe expect mee:
Well, things (I thinke) might be better lookt vnto,
And such Coyne to, which is bestowde on Knaues,
Which should, but doe not see things be reformd,
Might be imployde to many better vses:
But what of beardlesse Boyes, or such like trash;
The *Spanisb* Gallies: Oh, a vengeance on them.

Post. Masse, this man hath the lucke on't, I thinke I can
scarce euer come to him for money, but this a vengeance 580
on, and that a vengeance on't, doth so trouble him, that I
can get no Coyne: Well, a vengeance on't for my part; for
he shall fetch the next Letters him selfe.

Browne. I prethee, when thinkst thou the Ships will be
come about from *Plimmouth*? *Post.* Next weeke, sir.

Heigh. Came you sir from *Spaine* lately?

Post. I sir; Why aske you that?

Ha. Marry sir, thou seemes to haue bin in the hot countries,
thy face looks so like a peece of rusty Bacon: had thy Host
at *Plimmoth* meat enough in the house, whẽ thou wert there? 590

Post. What though he had not sir? but he had, how then?

English-men for my money: or,

Haru. Marry thanke God for it; for otherwise, he would doubtles haue Cut thee out in Rasfers to haue eaten thee; thou look'ft as thou weart through broyld already.

Post. You haue sayd fir; but I am no meate for his mowing, nor yours neither: If I had you in place where, you should find me tough enough in digestion, I warrant you.

Walgr. What will you fwagger firra, will yee fwagger?

Brow. I beseech you Sir, hold your hand; Gette home yee patch, cannot you suffer Gentlemen Iest with you? 600

Post. Ide teach him a Gentle tricke and I had him of the burse; but Ile watch him a good turne I warrant him.

Moor. Assure yee maister *Towersson*, I cannot blame him, I warrant you it is no easie losse;

How thinke you maister *Stranger*? by my fayth fir, Ther's twentie Marchants will be sorry for it, That shall be partners with him in his losse.

Str. Why fir, whats the matter.

Moor. The Spanish-gallies haue besette our shippes, That lately were bound out for *Siria*. 610

March. What not? I promise you I am sorry for it.

Walgr. What an old Assè is this to keepe vs here: Maister *Pisaro*, pray dispatch vs hence.

Pisa. Maister *Vandalle* I confesse I wronge you; But Ile but talke a word or two with him, and straight turne to you.

Ah fir, and how then yfayth?

Heigh. Turne to vs, turne to the Gallowes if you will,

Haru. Tis Midfomer-Moone with him: let him alone, He call's *Ned Walgraue*, Maister *Vandalle*. (*Pisaro.* 620

Walgr. Let it be shrouetide, Ile not stay an ynche maister

Pisa. What should you feare: ende as I haue vow'd be- So now againe; my Daughters shalbe yours: (fore,

And therefore I beseech you and your friendes,

Deferre your businesse till Dinner time;

And what youd say, keepe it for table talke.

Haru.

A Woman will haue her will.

Haru. Marrie and shall; a right good motion:
Sirrs, old *Pisaro* is growne kind of late,
And in pure loue, hath bid vs home to dinner.

Heigh. Good newes in truth: But wherfore art thou sad? 630

Walg. For feare the slaue ere it be dinner time,
Remembring what he did, recall his word:
For by his idle speeches, you may sweare,
His heart was not confederat with his tongue.

Haru. Tut neuer doubt, keepe stomacks till anone,
And then we shall haue cates to feede vpon.

Pisa. Well sir, since things doe fall so crosely out,
I must dispose my selfe to patience:
But for your businesse, doe you assure your selfe,
At my repaying home from the Exchange, 640
Ile set a helping hand vnto the same.

Enter Aluaro the Italian.

Alua. *Bon iurno* signeour Padre, why be de malancollie so
much, and graue in you a: wat Newes make you looke
so naught?

Pisa. Naught is too good an epithite by much,
For to distinguish such contrarioufnesse:
Hath not swift Fame told you our slow failde Shippes
Haue been ore-taken by the swift faile Gallies,
And all my cared-for goods within the lurch 650
Of that same Catterpillar brood of *Spaine*.

Alua. Signor si, how de Spaniola haue almost tacke de
Ship dat go for Turkie: my Pader, harke you me on word,
I haue receiue vn lettre from my Factor de *Vennise*, dat after
vn piculo battalion, for vn halfe howre de come a Winde
fra de North, & de Sea go tumble here, & tumble dare, dat
make de Gallies run away for feare be almost drownde.

Pisa. How sir; did the Winde rise at North, and Seas
waxe rough: and were the Gallies therefore glad to fly?

Alu. Signior si, & de Ship go drite on de Iscola de *Candy*. 660

English-men for my money: or,

Pifa. Wert thou not my *Aluaro* my beloved,
One whom I know does dearely count of mee,
Much should I doubt me that some scoffing Iacke,
Had sent thee in the middest of all my griefes,
To tell a feigned tale of happy lucke.

Alua. Wil you no beleue me? see dare dan, see de lettre.

Pifa. What is this world? or what this state of man,
How in a moment curst, in a trice blest?
But euen now my happie state gan fade,
And now againe, my state is happie made, 670
My Goods all safe, my Ships all scapt away,
And none to bring me newes of such good lucke,
But whom the Heauens haue markt to be my Sonne:
Were I a Lord as great as *Alexander*,
None should more willingly be made mine Heyre
Then thee thou golden tongue, thou good-newes teller
Ioy stops my mouth. *The Exchange Bell rings.*

Balsa. M. *Pisaro*, the day is late, the Bell doth ring:
Wilt please you hasten to performe this businesse?

Pifa. What businesse sir? Gods mee, I cry you mercie: 680
Doe it, yes sir, you shall commaund me more.

Tower. But sir, What doe you meane, doe you intend
To pay this Bill, or else to palter with mee?

Pifa. Marry God sheild, that I should palter with you:
I doe accept it, and come when you please;
You shall haue money, you shall haue your money due.

Post. I beseech your worship to consider mee.

Pifa. Oh, you cannot cogge: Goe to, take that,
Pray for my life: pray that I haue good lucke,
And thou shalt see, I will not be thy worst maister. 690

Post. Marry God blesse your Worship; I came in happy
time: What, a French crowne? sure hee knowes not what
he does: Well, Ile begon, least he remember himselfe, and
take it from me againe.

Exit Post.

Pifa. Come on my lads, M. *Vandalle*, sweet sonne *Aluaro*:
Come

A Woman will haue her will.

Come don *Balsaro*, lets be iogging home
Bir laken firs, I thinke tis one a clocke.

Extt Pisaro, Balsaro, Aluaro, Delion, and Vandalle.

Brow. Come M. *Moore*, th'Exchange is waxen thin,
I thinke it best we get vs home to dinner. 700

Moor. I know that I am lookt for long ere this:
Come maister *Towerfon*, let's walke along.

Exit Moore, Brovune, Towverfon, Strangers, & Marchant.

Heigh. And if you be so hot vpon your dinner,
Your best way is, to haste *Pisaro* on,
For he is cold enough, and slow enough;
He hath so late digested such cold newes.

Walg. Mary and shall: Heare you maister *Pisaro*.

Haru. Many *Pisaros* heere: Why how now *Ned*;
Where is your *Matt*, your welcome, and good cheare? 710

Walg. Swounds, lets follow him; why stay we heere?

Heigh. Nay prethee *Ned Walg.* lets bethinke our felues,
There's no such haste, we may come time enough:
At first *Pisaro* bade vs come to him

Twixt two or three a clocke at after noone?

Then was he old *Pisaro*: but since then,
What with his grieffe for losse, and ioy for finding,
Hee quite forgot himselfe, when he did bid vs,
And afterward forgot, that he had bade vs.

Walg. I care not, I remember't well enough: 720
Hee bade vs home; and I will goe, that's flat,
To teach him better witte another time.

Haru. Heer'le be a gallant iest, when we come there,
To see how maz'd the greedie chuffe will looke
Vpon the nations, sects, and factions,
That now haue borne him company to dinner:
But harke you, lets not goe to vexe the man;
Prethee sweet *Ned* lets tarry, doe not goe.

Walg. Not goe? indeed you may doe what you please;
Ile goe, that's flat: nay, I am gon alreadie, 730

Stay

English-men for my money: or,

Stay you two, and consider further of it.

Heigh. Nay all will goe, if one: I prethee stay;
Thou'rt such a rash and giddie headed youth,
Each Stone's a Thorne: Hoyda, he skips for haste;
Young *Haruie* did but iest; I know heele goe.

Walg. Nay, he may chuse for mee: But if he will,
Why does he not? why stands he prating still?
If youle goe, come: if not, fare-well?

Haru. Hier a Poast-horse for him (gentle *Francke*)
Heer's haste, and more haste then a hastie Pudding: 740
You mad-man, mad-cap, wild-oates; we are for you,
It bootes not stay, when you intend to goe.

Walg. Come away then. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pifaro, Aluaro, Delion, and Vandalle. *Sc. iv*

Pifa. A thousand welcomes friendes: Monsieur *Delion*,
Ten thousand Ben-venues vnto your selfe.

Signior *Aluaro*, Maister *Vandalle*;
Proude am I, that my rooffe containes such Friends.
Why *Mall*, *Larentia*, *Matth*; Where be these Girles?

Enter the three Sisters. 750

Liuely my Girles, and bid these Strangers welcome;
They are my friends, your friends, and our wel-willers:
You cannot tell what good you may haue on them.
Gods mee, Why stirre you not? Harke in your eare,
These be the men the choyse of many millions,
That I your carefull Father haue prouided
To be your Husbands: therefore bid them welcome.

Matth. Nay by my troth, tis not the guse of maydes,
To giue a flauering Salute to men: *(aside,*
If these sweete youths haue not the witte to doe it, 760
Wee haue the honestie to let them stand.

Vanda. Gods sekerlin, dats vn-fra meskin, Monsieur
Delion dare de Grote freister, dare wode ic zene, tis vn-fra
Daughter, dare heb ic so long loude, dare Heb my desire
so long gewest.

Aluar.

A Woman will haue her will.

Alua. Ah *Venice, Roma, Italia, Frauncia, Anglitora*, nor all dis orbe can shew so much *belliza, veremante de secunda, Madona de granda bewtie.*

Delio. Certes me dincke de mine depeteta de little Angloise, de me Matresse *Pisaro* is vn nette, vn becues, vn fra, 770 et vn tendra Damofella.

Pisa. What Stocks, what stons, what fenceles Truncks be these?

When as I bid you speake, you hold your tongue :
When I bid peace, then can you prate, and chat,
And gossip: But goe too, speake and bid welcome ;
Or (as I liue) you were as good you did.

Mari. I cannot tell what Language I should speake :
Yf I speake *Englisch* (as I can none other)
They cannot vnderstand mee, nor my welcome. 780

Alua. *Bella Madona*, dare is no language so *dulce*; *dulce*, dat is sweete, as de language, dat you shall speake, and de vell come dat you sal say, sal be well know perfaytmente.

Mari. Pray sir, What is all this in *Englisch*?

Alua. De vsa sal vell teash you vat dat is ; and if you sal please, I will teash you to parler *Italiano*.

Pisa. And that mee thinks sir, not without need :
And with *Italian*, to a Childes obedience,
With such desire to seeke to please their Parents,
As others farre more vertuous then them selues, 790
Doe dayly strue to doe : But tis no matter,
Ile shortly pull your haughtie stomacks downe :
Ile teach you vrge your Father; make you runne,
When I bid runne : and speake, when I bid speake :
What greater crosse can carefull parents haue (*knock within*
Then carelesse Children. Stirre and see who knocks?

Enter Haruie, Walgrauie, and Heigham.

Walgr. Good morrow to my good Mistris *Mathea*.

Mathe. As good a morrow, to the morrow giuer.

Pisa. A murren, what make these? What do they heere? 800

English-men for my money : or,

Heigh. You see maister *Pisaro*, we are bold guesstes,
You could haue bid no surer men then wee.

Pifa. Harke you Gentlemen ; I did expect you
At after noone, not before two a clocke.

Haru, Why sir, if you please, you shall haue vs heere at
two a clocke, at three a clocke, at foure a clock ; nay till to
morrow this time : yet I assure you sir, wee came not to
your house without inuiting.

Pifa. Why Gentlemen, I pray who bade you now ?
Who euer did it, sure hath done you wrong :
For scarcely could you come to worfer cheare.

810

Heigh. It was your owne selfe bade vs to your cheare,
When you were busie with *Balsaro* talking ;
You bade vs cease our suites till dinner time,
And then to vse it for our table talke :
And wee I warrant you, are as sure as Steele.

Pifa. A murren on your selues, and surenes too :
How am I crost : Gods mee, what shall I doe,
This was that ill newes of the *Spanish* Pirats,
That so disturb'd mee : well, I must dissemble,
And bid them welcome ; but for my Daughters
Ile fend them hence, they shall not stand and prate.
Well my Maisters, Gentlemen, and Friends,
Though vnexpected, yet most heartily welcome ;
(Welcome with a vengeance) but for your cheare,
That will be small : yet too too much for you.

820

Mall, in and get things readie.

Laurentia, bid *Maudlin* lay the Cloth, take vp the Meate :

Looke how she stirres ; you fullen Elfe, you Callet,
Is this the haste you make ? *Exeunt Marina & Laurentia.* 830

Alua. Signor *Pisaro*, ne soiat so malcontento de Gentle-
woman your filigola did parler but a litella to, de gentle
homa y our graunde *amico*.

Pifa. But that graunde *amico*, is your graunde *inimico* :
One, if they be suffred to parlar,

Will

A Woman will haue her will.

Will poll you, I and pill you of your Wife :
They loue together : and the other two,
Loues her two Sisters : but tis onely you
Shall crop the flower, that they esteeme so much.

Alua. Do dey fo ; vell let me lone, fal see me giue dem 840
de fuch graund mocke, fal be shame of dem felues.

Pifa. Doe fir, I pray you doe ; set lustily vpon them,
And Ile be ready still to second you.

Walg. But *Matt*, art thou so mad as to turne *French*?

Matb. Yes marry when two Sundayes come together ;
Thinke you Ile learne to speake this gibberidge,
Or the Pigges language ? Why, if I fall sicke,
Theyle say, the *French (et-cetera)* infected mee.

Pifa. Why how now Minion ; what, is this your seruice ?
Your other Sisters busie are imployde, 850
And you stande idle : get you in, or. *Exit Mathea.*

Walg. Yf you chide her, chide me (*M. Pifaro* :
For but for mee, she had gon in long since.

Pifa. I thinke she had : for we are sprights to scare her ;
But er't be long, Ile driue that humor from her.

Alua. Signor, me thincks you foud no macke de wenshe
so hardee, so difobedient to de padre as ditt madona *Matt*.

Walg. Signor, me thinkes you should learne to speake,
before you should be so foole-hardy, as to woe such a
Mayden as that *Madona Matt* ? 860

Delio. Warrent you Monsieur, he fal parle wen you fal
stande out the doure.

Haru. Harke you Monsieur, you would wish your selfe
halfe hang'd, you were as sure to be let in as hee.

Van. Macke no doubt de signor *Alua.* fal do vel enough

Heigh. perhaps so : but me thinks your best way were to
ship your selfe for *Stoad*, and there to batter your selfe for a
commodity ; for I can tell you, you are here out of liking.

Pifa. The worst perhappes dislike him, but the best
esteeme him best. 870

English-men for my money: or,

Haru. But by your patience fir, mee thinks none should know better who's Lord, then the Lady.

Alua. Den de Lady, vat Lady?

Haru. Marry fir, the Lady let her alone: one that meanes to let you alone for feare of trouble.

Pifa. Euery man as he may: yet sometimes the blinde may katch a Hare.

Heigh. I fir, but he will first eate many a Fly: You know it must be a wonder, if a Crab catch a Fowle.

Vand. *Maer hort ens*; if he & ic & monsier *Delion* be de 880 Crab, we sal kash de Fowle wel enough, I warrent you.

Walg. I, and the Foole well enough I warrant you; And much good may it doe yee.

Alua. Mee dincke such a piculo man as you be, sal haue no de such grande lucke madere.

Delio. Non da Monsieur, and he be so granda amorous op de Damofella, he sal haue *Mawdlyn* de witt Wenshe in de Kichine by maiter *Pisaros* leaue.

Walg. By M. *Pisaros* leaue, *Monsieur* Ile mumble you, except you learne to know, whom you speake to: I tell thee 890 *Francois*, Ile haue (maugre thy teeth) her that shall make thee gnash thy teeth to want.

Pifa. Yet a man may want of his will, and bate an Ace of his wifh: But Gentlemen, euery man as his lucke ferues, and so agree wee; I would not haue you fall out in my houle: Come, come, all this was in iest, now lets too't in earnest; I meane with our teeth, and try who's the best Trencher-man.

Exeunt.

Euter Frisco.

Sc. v

Frisco. Ah firra, now I know, what manner of thing *Powles* is; I did so marle afore what it was out of all count: For my maister would say, Would I had *Powles* full of 902 Gold. My young Mistresses, and *Grimkin* our Taylor, would wifh they had *Powles* full of Needles: I, one askt my maister halfe a yard of Freeze to make me a Coate and hee

A Woman will haue her will.

hee cride whoope holly-day, it was big enough to make *Powles* a Night-gowne. I haue been told, that Duke *Hum-frie* dwelles here, and that he keeps open house, and that a braue sort of Cammileres dine with him euery day; now if I could see any vision in the world towards dinner, I 910 would set in a foote: But the best is, a the auncient English romaine Orator saith, *So-lame-men*, *Misers*, *Howsewines*, and so forth: the best is, that I haue great store of companie that doe nothing but goe vp and downe, and goe vp and downe, and make a grumbling together, that the meate is so long making readie: Well, if I could meete this scurvie *Frenchman*, they should stay mee, for I would be gone home.

Enter Anthony.

Antho. I beseech you *Monsieur*, giue mee audience. 920

Frisc. What would you haue? What should I giue you?

Antho. Pardon, sir mine vnciuill and presumptuous intrusion, who indeauour nothing lesse, then to prouoke or exasperat you against mee.

Frisc. They say, a word to the Wife is enough: so by this litle *French* that he speakes, I see hee is the very man I seeke for: Sir, I pray what is your name?

Antho. I am nominated *Monsieur Le Mouche*, and rest at your *bon seruice*.

Frisc. I vnderstand him partly; yea, and partly nay: 930 Can you speake French? *Content pore vous monsieur Madomo.*

Antho. If I could not sir, I should ill vnderstand you: you speake the best French that euer trode vpon Shoe of Leather.

Frisc. Nay, I can speake more Languages then that: This is *Italian*, is it not? *Nella slurde Curtezana.*

Antho. Yes sir, and you speake it like a very Naturall.

Frisc. I beleeeue you well: now for *Dutch*:

Ducky de doe watt heb yee ge brought.

English-men for my money: or,

Antho. I pray stop your mouth, for I neuer heard such 940
Dutch before brocht.

Fris. Nay I thinke you haue not met with no pezant:
Heare you M. *Mouse*, (so your name is I take it) I haue
considered of your learning in these aforefaid Languages,
and find you reasonable: So, so, now this is the matter;
Can you take the ease to teach these Tongues to two or
three Gentlewomen of mine acquaintance, and I will see
you paide for your labour.

Antho. Yes sir, and that most willingly.

Fris. Why then M. *Mouse*, to their vse, I entertaine yee, 950
which had not been but for the troubles of the world, that
I my selfe haue no leasure to shew my skill: Well sir, if
youle please to walke with me, Ile bring you to them.

Exeunt.

Enter Laurentia, Marina, and Mathea.

Sc. vi

Lauren. Sit till dinners done; not I, I sweare:
Shall I stay? till he belch into mine eares
Those rusticke Phrases, and those Dutch French tearmes,
Stammering halfe Sentences dogbolt Elloquence:
And when he hath no loue for-sooth, why then 960
Hee tels me Cloth is deare at *Anwerpe*, and the men
Of *Amsterdam* haue lately made a law,
That none but *Dutch* as hee, may trafficke there:
Then standes he still and studies what to say;
And after some halfe houre, because the Ass
Hopes (as he thinkes), I shall not contradict him,
Hee tels me that my Father brought him to me,
And that I must performe my Fathers will.
Well good-man Goose-cap, when thou woest againe,
Thou shalt haue simple ease, for thy Loues paine. 970

Mathe. Alas poore Wench, I sorrow for thy hap,
To see how thou art clog'd with such a Dunce:
Forsooth my Sire hath fitted me farre better,
My *Frenchman* comes vpon me with the *Sa, sa, sa;*

Sweete

A Woman will haue her will.

Sweete *Madam* pardone moye I pra :

And then out goes his Hand, downe goes his Head,
Swallows his Spittle, frisksles his Beard; and then to mee :

Pardone moy mistresse Mathea,

If I be bold, to macke so bold met you,

Thinke it go will dat spurres me dus up yow.

980

Dan cast neit off so good ande true Louer,

Madama celestura de la, (I know not what)

Doe oft pray to God dat me woud loue her :

And then hee reckons a catalogue ofnames
of such as loue him, and yet cannot get him.

Mari. Nay, but your *Monsieur's* but a Mousse in cheefe,
Compar'd with my *Signor*; hee can tell

Of Lady *Venus*, and her Sonne blind *Cupid* :

Of the faire *Scilla* that was lou'd of *Glaucus*,

And yet scornd *Glaucus*, and yet lou'd King *Minos* ;

990

Yet *Minos* hated her, and yet she holp'd him ;

And yet he scorn'd her, yet she kild her Father

To doe her good ; yet he could not abide her :

Nay, hele be bawdy too in his discourse ;

And when he is so, he will take my Hand,

And tickle the Palme, wincke with his one Eye,

Gape with his Mouth, and

Laur. And, hold thy tongue I prethee : here's my father.

Enter Pisaro, Alvaro, Vandalle, Delion, Haruie,

Walgraue, and Heigham.

1000

Pisa. Vnmannerly, vntaught, vnnurtred Girles,

Doe I bring Gentlemen, my very friends

To feast with mee, to reuell at my Houfe,

That their good likings, may be fet on you,

And you like misbehau'd and fullen Girles,

Turne taylor to such, as may aduance your states :

I shall remembert, when you thinke I doe not.

I am forrie Gentlemen, your cheare's no better ;

But

English-men for my money: or,

But what did want at Board, excuse me for,
And you shall haue amendes be made in Bed. 1010
To them friends, to them; they are none but yours:
For you I bred them, for you brought them vp:
For you I kept them, and you shall haue them:
I hate all others that resort to them:
Then rouse your bloods, be bold with what's your owne:
For I and mine (my friends) be yours, or none.

Enter Frisco and Anthonie.

Frisco. God-gee god-morrow fir, I haue brought you
M. *Mouse* here to teach my young Mistresses: I assure you
(for-sooth) he is a braue *Frenchman*. 1020

Pisa. Welcome friend, welcome: my man (I thinke)
Hath at the full, resolu'd thee of my will.

Monfieur *Delion*, I pray question him:
I tell you fir, tis onely for your sake,
That I doe meane to entertaine this fellow,

Antho. A bots of all ill lucke, how came these heere?
Now am I posde except the Wenches helpe mee:
I haue no *French* to flap them in the mouth,

Haru. To see the lucke of a good fellow, poore *Anthony*
Could nere haue fortod out a worfer time: 1030

Now will the packe of all our fly deuises
Be quite layde ope, as one vndoes an Oyster:
Francke, Heigham, and mad *Ned*, fall to your muses,
To helpe poore *Anthony* now at a pinch,
Or all our market will be spoyld and marde.

Walg. Tut man, let vs alone, I warrant you. (*vous.*)

Delio. Monfieur, *Vous estes tresbien venu, de quell pais estes*

Anth. *Vous*, thats you: sure he faies, how do men call you
Monfieur *le Mouche*?

Mari. Sister, helpe sister; that's honest *Anthonie*, 1040
And he answers, your woer *cuius contrarium*.

Delio. Monfieur, *Vous n'entens pas, Je ne demaunde puit,*
voftre

A Woman will haue her will.

vostre nom?

Math. Monsieur *Delion*, he that made your Shooes, made them not in fashion: they should haue been cut square at the toe.

Delio. *Madame*, my Sho met de square toe, vat be dat?

Pifa. Why sauce-box; how now you vnreuerent mincks Why? in whose Stable hast thou been brought vp, To interrupt a man in midst of speach? 1050
Monfieur Delion, disquiet not your selfe,
Bu tas you haue begun, I pray proceed
To question with this Countriman of yours.

Delio. Dat me sal doe tres beien, but de bella Madona de iune Gentlewoman do monstre some singe of amour to speake lot me, epurce monfieur, mee sal say but two tree fowre fiue word to dis francois: or fus *Monfieur Le mouche en quelle partie de Fraunce esties vous ne?*

Haru. *Fraunce.*

Heigb. *Ned.*

1060

Walg. Sbloud, let mee come.

Maister *Pisaro*, we haue occasion of affaires,
Which calles vs hence with speed; wherefore I pray
Deferre this businesse till some fitter time,
And to performe what at the Exchange we spoke of.

Antho. A blefsing on that tongue, saith *Anthony.*

Pifa. Yes marry Gentlemen, I will, I will.

Aluaro to your taske, fall to your taske,
Ile beare away those three, who being heere,
Would set my Daughters on a merry pin: 1070
Then chearely try your luckes; but speake, and speed,
For you alone (say I) shall doe the deed.

Exeunt Pisaro, Haruy, Walgraue, and Higham.

Frisc. Heare you M. *Moufe*, did you dine to day at *Paules* with the rest of the Gentlemen there?

Antho. No sir, I am yet vndined.

Frisc. Mee thinkes you should haue a reasonable good
E. stomacke

English-men for my money: or,

stomacke then by this time, as for me I can sell nothinge within me from my mouth to my Cod-peece but all Emptie, wherefore I thinke a peece of wisdome to goe in and see what Maudelin hath prouided for our Dinner maister Mousse will you goe in? 1080

Antho. With as good a stomacke and desire as your

Frisco. Lett's passe in then (selfe.

Exeunt Frisco, and Anthonie.

Vanda. Han seg you Dochter, vor vat cause, voer why bede also much grooterlie strange, Ic seg you wat, if datt ghy speake to me, is datt ghy loue me.

Lauren. Ist that I care not for you, ist that your breath stinckes, if that your breath stinckes not, you must learne sweeter English or I shall neuer vnderstand your suite. 1090

Delion. Pardone moy Madame.

Math. Withall my heart so you offend no more.

Delio. Is dat an offence to be amorous di one belle Gentlewoman.

Math. I sir see your Belle Gentle-woman cannot be amorous of you.

Mar. Then if I were as that belle Gentlewomans louer, I would trouble her no further, nor be amorous any longer.

Aluar. Madona yet de Belleza of de face beutie deforme of all de Corpo may be such datt no perriculo, nor all de mal shaunce, can make him leaue hir dulce visage. 1100

Laur. But signor *Alvaro* if the periculo or mal shaunce were such, that she should loue and liue with an other, then the dulce visage must be leste in spite of the louers teeth, whilst he may whine at his owne ill fortune.

Vanda. Datts waer matresse, for it is vntrue saying, dey wint he taught dey verleift lie scrat sin gatt.

Math. And I thinke to are like to scrat there but neuer to claw any of my Sisters loue away. 1110

Vand. Dan sal your sistree do gainst her vaders will, for

A Woman will haue her will.

for your vader segt dat ick sal heb har vor mine wife.

Laur. I thinke not so fir, for I neuer heard him say so, but Ile goe in and aske him if his meaning be so.

Mari. Harke sifter signor *Aluaro* sayth, that I am the fayrest of all vs three,

Laur. Beleeue him not for heele tell any lie.
If so he thinks thou mayst be pleafd thereby,
Come goe with me and neere stand pratinge here,
I haue a iest to tell thee in thine care,
Shall make you laugh: come let your signor stand,
I know there's not a Wench in all this Towne,
Scoffes at him more, or loues him lesse then thou.
Maister *Vandalle*, as much I say for you;
If needes you marry with an *English* Lasse,
Woe her in *English*, or sheele call you Affe.

1120

Mathe. Tut that's a *French* cogge; sure I thinke,
There's nere a Wench in *Fraunce* not halfe so fond,
To woe and sue so for your Mounfership.

Delio. Par may foy Madame, she does tincke dare is
no Wenche so dure as you: for de Fillee was cree dulce,
tendre, and amarous for me to loue hir; now me tincke dat
I being such a fine man, you should loua me.

Mathe. So thinke not I, fir.

Delio. But so tincke esth oder Damofellas.

Mathe. Nay Ile lay my loue to your commaunde,
That my Sisters thinke not so: How say you sifter *Mall*?
Why how now Gentlemen, is this your talke?
What beaten in plaine field: where be your Maydes?
Nay then I see their louing humor fades,
And they resigne their intrest vp to mee;
And yet I cannot serue for all you three:
But least two should be madd, that I loue one,
You shall be all alike, and Ile loue none:
The world is scant, when so many Iacke Dawes,

1140

English-men for my money: or,

Houer about one Coarse with greedy pawes:
Yf needes youle haue me stay till I am dead,
Carrion for Crowes, *Mathea* for her *Ned*:
And so farewell, wee Sisters doe agree,
To haue our willes, but nere to haue you three. *Exeunt.* 1150

Delio. *Madama attendez, Madama:* is she alle? doe she
mockque de nows in such sort?

Vand. Oh de pestilence, noe if dat ick can neite dese En-
glese spreake vel, it shal hir Fader seg how dit is to passe
gecomen.

Enter Pisaro.

Aluar. Ne parlate, see here signors de Fader.

Pisa. Now Friends, now Gentlemen, how speedes your
worke; haue you not found them shrewd vnhappy girls?

Vand. Mester *Pisaro*, de Dochter maistris *Laurentia* calle 1160
me de Dyel, den Assé, for that ic can neit englesh sprekén.

Alua. Ande dat we sal no parler, dat we sal no hauer
den for de wiue.

Pisa. Are they so lusty? Dare they be so proude?
Well, I shall find a time to meete with them:
In the meane season, pray frequent my house.

Enter Frisco running.

Ho now firra, whither are you running?

Frisç. About a little tiny businesse.

Pisa. What businesse, Assé? 1170

Frisç. Indeed I was not sent to you: and yet I was sent
after the three Gen-men that din'd here, to bid them come
to our house at ten a clocke at night, when you were abed.

Pisa. Ha, what is this? Can this be true?
What, art thou sure the Wenches bade them come?

Frisç. So they said, vnlesse their mindes be changed
since: for a Woman is like a Weather-cocke they say, & I
am sure of no more then I am certaine of: but Ile go in and
bid them send you word, whether they shall come or no.

Pisa

A Woman will haue her will.

Pifa. No firra, stay you heere ; but one word more : 1180
Did they appoint thẽ come one by one, or else al together ?

Frisc. Altogether : Lord that such a young man as you
should haue no more witt : why if they should come toge-
ther, one could not make rome for them ; but comming one
by one, theyle stand there if there were twenty of them.

Pifa. How this newes glads me, and reuiues my soule :
How say you firs, what will you haue a iest worth the
telling ; nay worth the acting : I haue it Gentlemen,
I haue it Friends.

Alua. Signor *Pisaro*, I prey de gratia watte maneire sal 1190
we haue ? wat will the parler ? wat bon doe you know
Signor *Pisaro*, dicheti noi signor *Pisaro*.

Pifa. Oh that youth so sweete, so soone should turne
to age ; were I as you, why this were sport alone for me to
doe.

Harke yee, harke yee ; heere my man,
Saith, that the Girles haue sent for Maister *Heigham*
And his two friends ; I know they loue them dear,
And therefore with them late at night be heere
To reuell with them : Will you haue a iest, 1200
To worke my will, and giue your longings rest :
Why then M. *Vandalle*, and you two,
Shall soone at midnight come, as they should doe,
And court the Wenches ; and to be vnknowne,
And taken for the men, whom they alone
So much affect ; each one shall change his name :
Maister *Vandalle*, you shall take *Heigham*, and you
Younge *Haruie*, and monsieur *Delion Ned*,
And vnder shadows be of substance sped :
How like you this deuce ? how thinke you of it ? 1210

Delio. *Ob de braue de galliarde deuise* : me sal come by de
nite and contier faire de Anglois Gentlehomes dicte nous
ainfi monsieur *Pisaro*.

Pifa. You are in the right fir.

English-men for my money: or,

Alua. And I fall name me de signor *Haruy*, ende mon-
sieur *Delion* fall be de piculo signor *Ned*, ende when mado-
na *Laurentia* fall say, who be dare? mister *Vandalle* fall say,
Oh my fout Laide, hier be your loue Mestro *Heigham*: Is
no dis de brauifsime, maister *Vandalle*?

Vanda. Slaet vp den tromele, van ick fall come 1220
Vp to de camerken, wan my new Wineken
Slaet vp den tromele, van ick fall come.

Pisa. Ha, ha, ha, maister *Vandalle*,
I trow you will be merrie soone at night,
When you shall doe in deed, what now you hope of.

Vanda. I fall v seg vader, Ick fall tesh your Daughrer
sich a ting, make her laugh too.

Pisa. Well my Sonnes all, (for so I count you shall)
What we haue heere deuis'd, prouide me for:
But aboue all, doe not (I pray) forget 1230
To come but one by one, as they did wish.

Vanda. Mar hort ens vader, ick veite neite de wecke to
your houis, hort ens fall maister *Frisco* your manneken
come to calle de me, and bring me to v houfe.

Pisa. Yes marry shall hee: see that you be ready,
And at the hower of eleuen sone at night:
Hie you to *Bucklersburie* to his Chamber,
And so direct him straight vnto my house:
My Sonne *Aluaro*, and monsieur *Delion*,
I know, doth know the way exceeding well: 1240
Well, weele to the Rose in *Barken* for an hower:
And firra *Frisco*, see you proue no blabbe.

Exeunt Pizaro, Aluaro, Delion, and Vandalle.

Frisco. Oh monstrous, who would thinke my Maister
had so much witte in his old rotten budget: and yet
yfaith he is not much troubled with it neither. Why what
wife man in a kingdome would fende me for the *Dutch-*
man? Does hee thinke Ile not coufen him: Oh fine, Ile
haue

A Woman will haue her will.

haue the braueſt ſport: Oh braue, Ile haue the gallenteſt ſport: Oh come; now if I can hold behinde, while I may 1250
laugh a while, I care not: Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Anthonie. (tily?)

Antho. Why how now *Friſco*, why laughteſt thou ſo har-

Friſc. Laugh M. *Mouſe*: Laugh, ha, ha, ha. (merry?)

Antho. Laugh, why ſhould I laugh? or why art thou ſo

Friſc. Oh maiſter *Mouſe*, maiſter *Mouſe*, it would make any *Mouſe*, *Ratte*, *Catte*, or *Dogge*, laugh to thinke, what ſport we ſhall haue at our houſe ſone at night: Ile tell you, all, my young *Miſtreſſes* ſent me after M. *Heigham* and his friendes, to pray them come to our houſe after my old 1260
Maiſter was a bed: Now I went, and I went; and I runne, and I went: and whom ſhould I meete, but my Maiſter and M. *Piſaro* and the Strangers; ſo my Maiſter very worſhipfully (I muſt needs ſay) examined me whither I went now? I durſt not tell him an vnruth, for feare of lying, but told him plainely and honeſtly mine arrande: Now who would thinke my Maiſter had ſuch a monſtrous plaguie wite, hee was as glad as could be; out of all ſcotch and notch glad, out of all count glad? and ſo firra he bid the three *Vplandiſh-men* come in their ſteades and woe my 1270
young *Miſtreſſes*: Now it made mee ſo laugh to thinke how they will be couſend, that I could not follow my Maiſter: But Ile follow him, I know he is gone to the *Tauerne* in his merry humor: Now if you will keepe this as ſecret as I haue done hitherto, wee ſhall haue the braueſt ſport ſoone, as can be. I muſt be gone, ſay nothing.

Antho. Well, it is ſo:

And we will haue good ſport, or it ſhall go hard;
This muſt the *Wenches* know, or all is marde.

Enter the three Siſters.

1280

Harke you *M^{is}. Moll*, *M^{is}. Laurentia*, *M^{is}. Matt*,
I haue ſuch newes (my *Girls*) will make you ſmile.

Marin.

English-men for my money : or,

Mari. What be they Maister, how I long to heare it ?

Antho. A Woman right, still longing, and with child,
For euery thing they heare, or light vpon :
Well. if you be mad Wenches, heare it now,
Now may your knaueries giue the deadliest blow
To night-walkers, caufe-droppers, or outlandish loue,
That ere was striften.

Math. Anthony Mowche,

1290

Moue but the matter ; tell vs but the iest,
And if you find vs slacke to execute,
Neuer giue credence, or beleue vs more. (loues,

Antho. Then know : The Strangers your Outlandish
Appoynted by your Father, comes this night
In itead of *Haruie*, *Heigham*, and young *Ned*,
Vnder their shaddowes to get to your bed :
For *Frisco* simply told him why he went :
I need not to instruct, you can conceiue,
You are not Stockes nor Stones, but haue some store
Of witte and knauerie too.

1300

Mathe. Anthony, thankes

Is too too small a guerdon for this newes ;
You must be English : Well sir signor fowfe,
Ile teach you trickes for comming to our house.

Laur. Are you so craftie, oh that night were come,
That I might heare my *Dutchman* how hee'd sweare
In his owne mother Language, that he loues me :
Well, if I quit him not, I here pray God,
I may lead Apes in Hell, and die a Mayde ;
And that were worfer to me then a hanging

1310

Antho. Well said old honest huddles ; here's a heape
Of merrie Lasses : Well, for my selfe,
Ile hie mee to your Louers, bid them maske
With vs at night, and in some corner stay
Neere to our house, where they may make some play
Vpon your riuals, and when they are gon,

Come

A Woman will haue her will.

Come to your windowes.

Mari. Doe fo good Maifter.

Antho. Peace, begon; for this our sport,
Some body foone will moorne.

1320
Exeunt.

Enter Pifaro.

Pifa. How fauourable Heauen and Earth is feene,
To grace the mirthfull complot that is laide,
Nights Candles burne obfcure, and the pale Moone
Fauouring our drift, lyes buried in a Cloude:

I can but fmile to fee the fimple Girles,
Hoping to haue their sweete-hearts here to night,
Tickled with extreame ioy, laugh in my face:
But when they finde, the Strangers in their fteades,

1330

Theyle change their note, and fing an other fong.
Where be thefe Girles heere? what, to bed, to bed:

Mawdlin make faft the Dores, rake vp the Fire;
Gods me, tis nine a clocke, harke *Bow-bell* rings: *Knocke.*
Some looke downe below, and fee who knockes:

And harke you Girles, fettle your hearts at reft,
And full refolue you, that to morrow morne,
You muft be wedd to fuch as I preferre;

I meane *Aluaro* and his other friendes:
Let me no more be troubled with your nayes.
You fhall doe what Ile haue, and fo refolue.

1340

Enter Moore.

Welcome M. *Moore*, welcome,
What winde a-gods name driues you foorth fo late?

Moore. Fayth fir, I am come to trouble you,
My wife this prefent night is brought to bed.

Pifa. To bed, and what hath God fent you?

Moore. A iolly Girle, fir.

Pifa. And God bleffe her: But what's your will fir,

Moore. Fayth fir, my houfe being full of Friends,
Such as (I thanke them) came to fee my wife?

1350

English-men for my money: or,

I would request you, that for this one night,
My daughter Susan might be lodged here.

Pisa. Lodge in my house, welcome withall my heart,
Matt harke you, she shall lye with you,
Trust me she could not come in fitter time.
For heere you sir, to morrow in the morning,
All my three Daughters must be married,
Good maister *Moore* lets haue your company,
What say you sir; Welcome honest friend.

1360

Enter a Seruant.

Moor. How now firra whats the newes with you?

Pisa. *Mowche* heare you, stirre betimes to morrow,
For then I meane your Schollers shall be wed:
What newes, what newes man that you looke so sad,

Moor. Hee brings me word my wife is new falne sicke,
And that my daughter cannot come to night:
Or if she does, it will be very late.

Pisa. Beleeue me I am then more sorry for it.
But for your daughter come she soone or late,
Some of vs will be vp to let her in,
For heere be three meanes not to sleepe to night:
Well you must be gone? commende me to your wife,
Take heede how you goe downe, the staires are bad,
Bring here a light.

1370

Moor. Tis well I thanke you sir. *Exit.*

Pisa. Good night maister *Moore* farwell honest friend,
Come, come to bed, to bed tis nine and past,
Doe not stand prating here to make me fetch you,
But gette you to your Chambers. *Exit Pifaro.*

1380

Antho. Birlady heres short worke, harke you Girles,
Will you to morrow marry with the strangers.

Mall. Yfayth sir no Ile first leape out at window,
Before *Marina* marry with a stranger,

Antho. Yes but your father sweares, you shall haue one.

Ma. Yes but his daughters, sweares they shall haue none,
These

A Woman will haue her will.

These horefon Canniballs, these *Philistines*,
These tango mongoes shall not rule Ore me,
Ile haue my will and *Ned*, or Ile haue none.

Antbo. How will you get him? how will you get him? 1390
I know no other way except it be this,
That when your fathers in his foundest sleepe,
You ope the Dore and runne away with them,

All sisters. So wee will rather then misse of them.

Antbo. Tis well resolude yfayth and like your felues,
But heare you? to your Chambers presently,
Least that your father doe discry our drift, *Exeunt Sisters.*
Mistres *Susan* should come but she cannot,
Nor perhaps shall not, yet perhaps she shall,
Might not a man conceipt a prettie iest? 1400
And make as mad a Riddle as this is,
If all thinges fadge not, as all thinges should doe,
Wee shall be sped y'fayth, *Matt* shall haue hue.

Enter Vandalle and Frisco.

Sc. vii

Vand. Wear be you mester *Frisco*.

Frisco. Here sir, here sir, now if I could coufen him, take
heede sir hers a post.

Vand. Ick be so groterly hot, datt ick fwette, Oh wen
fal we come dare.

Frisco. Be you so hotte sir, let me carry your Cloake, I 1410
assure you it will ease you much.

Vand. Dare here, dare, tis so Darke ey can neit see.

Frisco. I, so so: now you may trauell in your Hofe and
Doublet: now looke I as like the *Dutchman*, as if I were
spit out of his mouth: Ile straight home, & speake groote
and broode, and toot and gibriish; and in the darke Ile
haue a sling at the Wenches. Well, I say no more; farewell
M. *Mendall*, I must goe seeke my fortune. *Exit Frisco.*

Vanda. Mester *Frisco*, mester *Frisco*, wat fal you no speak;
make you de Foole? Why mester *Frisco*; Oh de skellum, 1420

English-men for my money: or,

he be ga met de Cloake, me sal seg his mester, han mester
Frisco, waer sidy mester *Frisco*. *Exit Vandal.*

Enter Haruie, Heigham, and Walgrau.

Sc. viii

Haru. Goes the case so well signor bottle-nose?

It may be we shall ouerreach your drift;

This is the time the Wenches sent vs word

Our bumbast *Dutchman* and his mates will come.

Well neat *Italian*, you must don my shape:

Play your part well, or I may haps pay you.

What, speechlesse *Ned*? fayth whereon mukest thou? 1430

Tis on your *French* coriuall, for my life:

Hee come *ete vostre*, and so foorth,

Till he hath foysted in a Brat or two?

How then, how then?

Walg. Swounds Ile geld him first,

Ere that infestious loszell reuell there.

Well *Matt*, I thinke thou knowst what *Ned* can doe;

Shouldst thou change *Ned* for Noddy, mee for him,

Thou didst not know thy losse, yfayth thou didst not.

Heigh. Come leaue this idle chatte, and lets prouide 1440

Which of vs shall be scar-crow to these Fooles,

And set them out the way?

Walg. Why that will I.

Haru. Then put a Sword into a mad-mans hand:

Thou art so hasty, that but crosse thy humor,

And thou't be ready crosse them ore the pates:

Therefore for this time, Ile supply the rome.

Heigh. And so we shall be sure of chatt enough;

Youle hold them with your floutes and gullles so long,

That all the night will scarcely be enough 1450

To put in practife, what we haue deuifde:

Come, come, Ile be the man shall doe the deed.

Haru. Well, I am content to faue your longing.

But soft, where are we? Ha, heere's the house,

Come,

A Woman will haue her will.

Come, let vs take our stands: *Fraunce* stand you there,
And *Ned* and I will crosse t'other side.

Heigh. Doe so: But hush, I heare one passing hither.

Enter Aluaro.

Aluar. Oh de fauorable aspect of de heauen, tis so obscure, so darke, so blacke dat no mortalle creature can know de me: I pray a Dio I sal haue de reight Wench: Ah si I be recht, here be de huis of signor *Pisaro*, I fall haue de madona *Marina*, and daruor I fall knocke to de dore.

He knockes.

Heigh. What a pox are you mad or druncke;
What, doe you meane to breake my Glasse?

Alua. Wat be dat Glasse? Wat druncke, wat mad?

Heigh. What Glasse sir; why my Glasse: and if you be so crancke, Ile call the Constable; you will not enter into a mans house (I hope) in spight of him? 1470

Haru. Nor durst you be so bold as to stond there,
Yf once the Maister of the House did know it.

Alua. Is dit your Hous? be you de Signor of dis Cassa?

Heigh. Signor me no signors, nor cassa me no cassas:
but get you hence, or you are like to taste of the Bastinado.

Heigh. Do, do, good *Ferdinand*, pummell the logerhead.

Alua. Is this neit the Hous of mester *Pisaro*?

Heigh. Yes marry when? can you tell: how doe you?
I thanke you heartily, my finger in your mouth.

Alua. Wat be dat? 1480

Heigh. Marry that you are an Assè and a Logerhead,
To seeke maister *Pisaros* house heere.

Alua. I prey de gratia, wat be dis plashe?
Wat doe ye call dit strete?

Heigh. What sir; why *Leaden-ball*, could you not see the foure Spoutes as you came along?

Alua. Certenemento *Leden ball*, I hit my hed by de way,
dare may be de voer Spouts: I prey de gratia, wish be de wey to *Crochefriers*?

English-men for my money: or,

Heigh. How, to *Croched-friers*? Marry you must goe 1490
along till you come to the Pumpe, and then turne on your
right hand.

Alua. Signor, adio.

Exit Aluaro.

Haru. Farewell and be hang'd Signor:
Now for your fellow, if the Assé would come.

Enter Delio.

Delio. By my trot me doe so mush tincke of dit Gentle-
woman de fine Wenshe, dat me tincke esh houer ten day,
and esh day ten yeare, till I come to her: Here be de huise
of sin vader, fall alle and knocke. *He knocks.* 1500

Heigh. What a bots ayle you, are you madd?
Will you runne ouer me and breake my Glaffes?

Delio. Glaffes, wat Glaffes? Prey is monsieur *Pisaro* to
de mayson?

Haru. Harke *Ned*, there's thy substauce

Walg. Nay by the Masse, the substannce's heere,
The shaddow's but an Assé.

Heigh. What Maister *Pisaro*?

Logerhead, heere's none of your *Pisaros*?

Delio. Yes but dit is the houis of mester *Pisaro.*

1510

Walg. Will not this monsieur *Motley* take his answer?
Ile goe and knocke the asse about the pate.

Har. Nay by your leaué fir, but Ile hold your worship.
This sturre we should haue had, had you stood there.

Walg. Why, would it not vexé one to heare the asse,
Stand prating here of dit and dan, and den and dog?

Haru. One of thy mettle *Ned*, would surely doe it:
But peace, and harke to the rest.

Delio. Doe no de fine Gentlewoman matresse *Mathea*
dwell in dit Plashe?

1520

Heigh. No fir, here dwels none of your fine Gantle-woman.
Twere a good deed firra, to see who you are;
You come hither to steale my Glaffes.
And then counterfeite you are going to your Queanes.

Delio.

A Woman will haue her will.

Delio. I be deceu dis darke neight; here be no Wenſhe, I be no in de right plashe: I prey Monsieur, wat be name dis Streete, and wilhe be de way to *Croſhe-friers*?

Heigh. Marry this is *Fanchurch-streete*,
And the best way to *Crotched-friers*, is to follow your noſe

Delio. *Vansbe, streete*, how ſhaunce me come to *Vansbe*. 1530
streete? vell monsieur, me muſt alle to *Croche-friers*.

Exit Delion.

Walg. Farewell fortipence, goe ſeeke your Signor,
I hope youle finde your ſelues two Dolts anone:
Hull *Fredinand*, I heare the laſt come ſtamping hither.

Enter Friſco.

Friſc. Ha firra, I haue left my fatte *Dutchman*, and runne my ſelfe almoſt out of breath too: now to my young miſtreſſes goe I, ſome body caſt an old ſhoe after me: but foſt, how ſhall I doe to counterſeite the *Dutchman*, be cauſe 1540
I ſpeake *Engliſh* ſo like a naturall; Tuſh, take you no thought for that, let me alone for *Squintum Squantum*: foſt, her's my Maifters houſe,

High. Whoſe there.

Friſc. Whoſe there, why fir here is: Nay thats too good *Engliſh*; Why here be de growtte *Dutchman*.

Heigh. Then theres not onely a growtte head, but an Aſſe alſo.

Friſc. What be yoo, yoo be an *Engliſh* Oxe to call a gentle moan Aſſe. 1550

Haru. Harke *Ned* yonders good greeting.

Friſc. But yoo, and yoo be Maifter *Mouſe* that dwell here, tell your matreſſa *Laurentia* datt her ſweete harte Maifter *Vandall* would ſpeake with horde,

Heigh. Maifter *Mendall*, gette you gon, leaſt you get a broken Pate and ſo marre all: heres no entrance for miſtrefſes *Laurentios* ſweete heart.

Friſc. Gods ſacaren watt is the luck now.

Shall

English-men for my money: or,

Shall not I come to my friend maister *Pisar* Hoofe?

Heigh. Yes and to maister *Pisaros* Shoes too, if hee or 1560
they were here.

Frisco. Why my groute friend, M. *Pisaro* doth dwel here.

Heigh. Sirra, you lye, heere dwells no body but I, that
haue dwelt here this one & forty yeares, and sold Glasses.

Walg. Lye farder, one and fifty at the least.

Fris. Hoo, hoo, hoo; do you giue the Gentleman the ly?

Haru. I sir, and will giue you a licke of my Cudgell, if
yee stay long and trouble the whole streete with your
bawling: hence dolt, and goe seeke M. *Pisaros* House.

Frisco. Goe seeke M. *Pisaros* House;

1570

Where shall I goe seeke it?

Heigh. Why, you shall goe seeke it where it is.

Frisco. That is here in *Croched-friers*.

Heigh. How Loger-head, is *Croched-friers* heere?

I thought you were some such drunken Ass,

That come to seeke *Croched-friers* in *Tower-streete*:

But get you along on your left hand, and be hang'd;

You haue kept me out of my Bedd with your banging,

A good while longer then I would haue been.

Frisco. Ah, ah, How is this? Is not this *Croched-friers*?

1580

Tell mee, Ile hold a Crowne they gaue me so much Wine
at the *Tauerne*, that I am druncke, and know not ont.

Haru. My *Dutchman's* out his *Compasse* & his *Card*;
Hee's reckning what *Winde* hath droue him hither:
Ile sweare hee thinkes neuer to see *Pisaros*.

Frisco. Nay tis so, I am sure druncke: Soft let mee see,
what was I about? Oh now I haue it, I must goe to my
Maisters house and counterfeite the *Dutchman*, and get
my young *Mistresse*: well, and I must turne on my left
hand, for I haue forgot the way quite and cleane:

1590

Fare de well good friend, I am a simple *Dutchman* I.

Exit Frisco.

Heigh. Faire weather after you. And now my *Laddes*,
Haue

A Woman will haue her will.

Haue I not plide my part as I should doe ?

Haru. Twas well, twas well: But now let's cast about,
To fet these Woodcocks farder from the Houfe,
And afterwards returne vnto our Girls.

Walg. Content, content; come, come make haste. *Exeunt.*

Enter Alua.

Alua. I goe and turne, and dan I come to dis plashe, I 1600
can no tell waer, and fall doe I can no tell watt, turne by
the Pumpe; I pumpe it faire.

Enter Delio.

Delio. Me alle, ende alle & can no come to *Croche-friers.*

Enter Frisco.

Frisc. Oh miserabie Blacke-pudding, if I can tell which
is the way to my Maisters houfe, I am a Red-herring, and
no honest Gentleman.

Alua. Who parlato daer ?

Delio. Who be der ? who alle der ?

1610

Frisc. How's this ? For my life here are the Strangers:
Oh that I had the *Dutchmans* Hofe, that I might creepe
into the Pockets; they'le all three fall vpon me & beat me.

Alua. Who doe der ander ?

Delio. Amis ?

Frisc. Oh braue; it's no body but M. *Pharoo* and the
Frenchman going to our Houfe, on my life: well, Ile haue
some sport with them, if the Watch hinder me not.

Who goes there ?

Delio. Who parle der, in wat plashe, in wat streat be you? 1620

Frisc. Why fir, I can tell where I am; I am in *Tower-
streete*: Where a Diuell be you ?

Delio. Io be here in *Lede-ball.*

Frisc. In *Leaden-ball*? I trow I shall meete with you a-
none: in *Leaden-ball*? What a simple Assè is this *Frenchman.*
Some more of this: Where are you fir ?

Alua. Moy I be here in *Vansbe-streete.*

G.

Frisc.

Engliſh-men for my money : or,

Friſc. This is excellent ynſayth, as fit as a Fiddle: I in *Tower-ſtreete*, you in *Leaden-ball*, and the third in *Fanchurch-ſtreete*; and yet all three heare one another, and all three 1630 ſpeake togeather: either wee muſt be all three in *Leaden-ball*, or all three in *Tower-ſtreete*, or all three in *Fanchurch-ſtreete*; or all three Fooles.

Alua. Monsieur Gentle-home, can you well teſh de wey to *Croſſe-frier*?

Friſc. How to *Croched-friers*? I, I fir, paſſing well if you will follow mee. (tanks.

Delio. I dat me ſal monſier Gentle-home, and giue you

Friſc. And monſiur *Pharo*, I ſhall lead you ſuch a iaunt, that you ſhall ſcarce giue me thankes for. Come firrs 1640 follow mee: now for a durtie Puddle, the piſſing Condit, or a great Poſt, that might turne theſe two from Aſſes to Oxen by knocking their Hornes to their Fore-heads.

Alua. Whaer be de now ſignor?

Friſc. Euen where you will ſignor, for I know not: Soft I ſmell: Oh pure Noſe.

Delio. VVat do you ſmell?

Friſc. I haue the ſcent of *London-ſtone* as full in my noſe, as *Abchurch-lane* of mother *Walles* Paſties: Sirrs feele about, I ſmell *London-ſtone*. 1650

Alua. Wat be dis?

Friſc. Soft let me ſee; feele I ſhould ſay, for I cannot ſee: Oh lads pray for my life, for we are almoſt at *Croched-friers*.

Delio. Dats good: but watt be dis Poſt?

Friſc. This Poſt; why tis the May-pole on *Iuie-bridge* going to *Westmiuſter*.

Delio. Ho *Weſmiſtere*, how come we tol *Weſmiſtere*?

Friſc. Why on your Legges fooles, how ſhould you goe? Soft, heere's an other: Oh now I know in deede where I am; wee are now at the fardeſt end of *Shoredich*, 1660 for this is the May-pole.

Delo. *Sordiche*; O dio, dere be ſome nautie tinge, ſome Spirit

A Woman will haue her will.

Spirite do leade vs.

Frisco. You say true sir, for I am afeard your *French* spirit is vp so far alredy, that you brought me this way, because you would finde a Charme for it at the Blew Bore in the *Spittle*: But soft, who comes heere?

Enter a Belman.

Bel. Maydes in your Smocks, looke wel to your Locks, Your Fier and your Light; and God giue you good night. 1670

Delia. Monsieur Gentle-home, I prey parle one, too, tree, fore, words vore vs to dis oull man.

Frisco. Yes marry shall I sir. I pray honest Fellow, in what Streete be wee?

Bel. Ho *Frisco*, whither friske you at this time of night?

Delio. What, *Monsieur Frisco*?

Alua. Signor *Frisco*?

Frisco. The same, the same: Harke yee honesty, mee thinks you might doe well to haue an M. vnder your Girdle, considering how Signor *Pifaro*, and this other 1680 Monsieur doe hold of mee.

Bell. Oh sir, I cry you mercie; pardon this fault, and Ile doe as much for you the next time.

Frisco. Well, pasing ouer superfluicall talke, I pray what Street is this; for it is so darke, I know not where I am?

Bell. Why art thou druncke, Dost thou not know *Fanchurch-streete*?

Frisco. I sir, a good Fellow may sometimes be ouerseene among Friends; I was drinking with my Maister and these Gentlemen, and therefore no maruaile though I be 1690 none of the wisest at this present: But I pray thee Good-man *Buttericke*, bring mee to my Maisters House.

Bel. Why I will, I will, push that you are so strange now adayes: but it is an old said saw, Honors change Manners.

Frisco. Good-man *Buttericke* will you walke afore: Come honest Friends, will yec goe to our House?

English-men for my money: or,

Delio. Ouy monsieur *Frisco*.

Alua. *Si signor Frisco.*

Enter Vandalle.

Sc. ix

Vand. Oh de skellam *Frisco*, ic weit neit waer dat ic be,
ic goe and hit my nose op dit post, and ic goe and hit my
nose op danden post; Oh de villaine: Well, waer ben ic 1702
now? Haw laet fyen is dut neit croshe vrier, ya seker so ist
and dit M. *Pisaros* huis: Oh de good shaunce, well ic fall
now haue de Wenshe *Laurentia*, mestris *Laurentia*.

Enter Laurentia, Marina, Mathea, aboue.

Mari. Who's there, Maister *Haruie*?

Math. Maister *Walgrau*?

Laur. Maister *Heigham*?

Vand. Ya my Loue, here be mester *Heigham* your 1710
groot frinde.

Mari. How, Maister *Heigham* my grot vrinde?
Out alas, here's one of the Strangers.

Lauren. Peace you Mammet, let's see which it is; wee
may chaunce teach him a strange tricke for his learning:
M. *Heigham*, what wind driues you to our house so late?

Vand. Oh my leif Mesken, de loue tol v be so groot, dat
het bring me out my bed voor you.

Math. Ha, ha, we know the Assé by his eares; it is the
Dutchman: what shall we doe with him? 1720

Laure. Peace, let him not know, that you are heere: M.
Heigham, if you will stay awhile that I may see, if my Father
be a sleepe, and Ile make meanes we may come together

Vand. Dat sal ick my Loue. Is dit no well counterfett
I speake so like mester *Heigham* as tis possible.

Laure. Well, what shall we doe with this Lubber?
(Louer I should say.)

Math. What shall wee doe with him?
Why crowne him with a ——

Mari. Fie Slutt: No, wele vse him clenlier; you know 1730
we haue neuer a Signe at the dore, would not the iest proue
currant,

A Woman will haue her will.

currant, to make the *Dutchman* supply that want.

Laure. Nay, the foole wil cry out, & fo wake my father.

Mat. Why, then wele cut the Rope & cast him downe.

Laur. And so iest out a hanging; let's rather draw him vp in the Basket, and so starue him to death this frosty night.

Mari. In sadnesse, well aduifde: Sifter, doe you holde him in talke, and weele prouide it whilst.

Laur. Goe to then. M. *Heigham*, oh sweete M *Higham*, doth my Father thinke that his vnkindnes can part you & 1740
poore *Laurentia*? No, no, I haue found a drift to bring you to my Chamber, if you haue but the heart to venter it.

Vand. Ventre, fal ick goe to de see, and be de see, and ore de see, and in de see voer my sweete Loue.

Laur. Then you dare goe into a Basket; for I know no other meanes to inioy your companie, then so: for my Father hath the Keyes of the Dore.

Vand. Sal ick climb vp tot you? fal ick fly vp tot you? fal ick, wat segdy?

Math. Bid him doe it Sifter, wee shall see his cunning. 1750

Laur. Oh no, so you may catch a fal. There M. *Heigham*, Put your selfe into that Basket, and I will draw you vp: But no words I pray you, for feare my Sifter heare you.

Vand. No, no, no word: Oh de seete Wenshe, Ick come, Ick come.

Laur. Are you ready maister *Heigham*?

Vand. Ia ick my fout Lady.

Mari. Merily then my Wenches.

Laur. How heauie the Affe is: Maister *Heigham*, is there any in the Basket but your selfe? 1760

Vand. Neit, neit, dare be no man.

Laur. Are you vp fir?

Vand. Neit, neit.

Mari. Nor neuer are you like to climbe more higher: Sifters, the Woodcock's caught, the Foole is cag'd.

Vand. My fout Lady I be nuc neit vp, pul me tot v.

Math. When can you tell; what maister *Vandalle*,

English-men for my monoy: or,

A wether beaten foldier an old wench,
Thus to be ouer reach'd by three young Girles:
Ah firra now weele bragge with Miftres Moore,
To haue as fine a Parret as she hath,
Looke sisters what a pretty foole it is:
What a greene greasie shyning Coate he hath,
An Almonde for Parret, a Rope for Parret.

1770

Vand. Doe you moc que me feger feger,
I fal feg your vader.

Laur. Doe and you dare, you see here is your fortune,
Disquiet not my father; if you doe,
Ile send you with a vengeance to the ground,
Well we must confesse we trouble you,
And ouer watching makes a wiseman madde,
Much more a foole, theres a Cushon for you.

1780

Mar. To bore you through the nose.

Laur. To lay your head on.

Couch in your Kennell sleape and fall to rest,
And so good night for London maydes skorne still,
A *Dutch-man* should be seene to curbe their will.

Vand. Hort ye Daughter, hort ye? gods se ker kin? will
ye no let me come tot you? ick bid you let me come tot you
watt fal ick don, ick woud neit vor vn hundred pounce
Aluaro & Delion, should see me ope dit maner, well wat fal
ick don, ick mout neit cal: vor de Wenshes wil cut de rope
and breake my necke; ick fal here bleauen til de morning,
& dan ick fal cal to mester *Pisaro*, & make him shafe & shite
his dauctors: Oh de skellum *Frisco*, Oh des cruell Hores.

1790

Enter Pisaro.

Pisa. Ile put the Light out, least I be espied,
For closely I haue stolne me forth a doares,
That I might know, how my three Sonnes haue sped.
Now (afore God) my heart is pafsing light,
That I haue ouerreach'd the *Englishmen*:

1800

Ha,

A Woman will haue her will.

Ha, ha, Maister *Vandalle*, many such nights
Will swage your bigg swolne bulke, and make it lancke :
When I was young; yet though my Haires be gray,
I haue a Young mans spirit to the death,
And can as nimbly trip it with a Girle,
As those which fold the spring-tide in their Beards :
Lord how the verie thought of former times,
Supples these neere dried limbes with actiueneffe :
Well, thoughts are shaddowes, sooner lost then feene,
Now to my Daughters, and their merrie night, 1810
I hope *Aluaro* and his companie,
Haue read to them morrall *Philosophie*,
And they are full with it: Heere Ile stay,
And tarry till my gallant youths come forth.

Enter Haruie, Walgraue, and Heigham. (thou?

Heigh. You mad-man, wild-oats, mad-cap, where art
Walg. Heere afore.

Haru. Oh ware what loue is? *Ned* hath found the scent ;
And if the Connie chaunce to misse her Burrough,
Shee's ouer-borne yfayth, she cannot stand it. 1820

Pifa. I know that voyce, or I am much deceiued.

Heigh. Come, why loyter wee? this is the Dore:
But soft, heere's one asleepe.

Walg. Come, let mee feele :

Oh tis some Rogue or other; spurne him, spurne him.

Haru. Be not so wilfull, prethee let him lie. (house,

Heigh. Come backe, come backe, for wee are past the
Yonder's *Matheas* Chamber with the light.

Pifa. Well fare a head, or I had been discride.
Gods mee, what make the Youngsters heere so late? 1830
I am a Rouge, and spurne him: well Iacke fauce,
The Rogue is waking yet, to marre your sport.

Walg. *Matt*, *Mistris Mathea*; where be these Girles?

Enter

English-men for my monoy: or,

Enter Mathea alone.

Math. VVho's there below?

Walg. Thy *Ned*, kind *Ned*, thine honest trusty *Ned*.

Math. No, no, it is the *Frenchman* in his stead,
That Mounfieur motlicoate that can difsemble:
Heare you *Frenchman*, packe to your Whores in *Fraunce*;
Though I am *Portingale* by the Fathers side,
And therefore should be lustfull, wanton, light;
Yet goodman Goofecap, I will let you know,
That I haue so much *English* by the Mother,
That no bace flauering *French* shall make me stoope:
And so, sir *Dan-delion* fare you well.

1840

Walg. What speachless, not a word: why how now *Ned*?

Har. The Wench hath tane him downe,
He hangs his head.

Walg. You Dan-de-lion, you that talke so well:
Harke you a word or two good Mistris *Matt*,
Did you appoynt your Friends to meete you heere,
And being come, tell vs of Whores in *Fraunce*,
A *Spanish* Iennet, and an *English* Mare,
A Mongrill, halfe a Dogge and halfe a Bitch;
VVith *Tran-dido*, *Dil-dido*, and I know not what?
Heare you, if you'le run away with *Ned*,
And be content to take me as you find me,
VVhy so law, I am yours: if otherwise,
Youle change your *Ned*, to be a *Frenchmans* Trull?
VVhy then, *Madame Delion*, *Ie vous laissera a Dio, et la* 1860
bon fortune.

1850

Math. That voyce assures mee, that it is my Loue:
Say truly, Art thou my *Ned*? art thou my Loue?

Walg. Swounds who should I be but *Ned*?
You make me sweare.

Enter aboute Marina.

Mari. Who speake you to? *Mathea* who's below?

Haru. *Marina.*

Mari.

A Woman will haue her will.

Mari. Young maister *Haruy*? for that voyce faith so.

Enter Laurentia.

1870

Alua. Speake sifter *Matt*, is not my true Loue there?

Math. *Ned* is.

Laur. Not maister *Heigham*?

Heigh. *Laurentia*, heere.

Laur. Yfayth thou'rt welcome.

Heigh. Better cannot Fall.

Math. Sweete, so art thou.

Mari. As much to mine.

Laur. Nay Gentles, welcome all.

Pisa. Here's cunning harlotries, they feed these off

1880

With welcome, and kind words, whilst other Lads

Reuell in that delight they should possesse:

Good Girls, I promise you I like you well.

Mari. Say maister *Haruy*, saw you, as you came,

That Leacher, which my Sire appoynts my man;

I meane that wanton base *Italian*,

That *Spannish*-leather spruce companion:

That anticke Ape trickt vp in fashion?

Had the Assé come, I'de learne him, difference been

Betwixt an *Englisch* Gentleman and him.

1890

Heigh. How would you vse him (sweete)

If he should come?

Mari. Nay nothing (sweet) but only wash his crowne:

Why the Assé woos in such an amorous key,

That he perfumes no Wench should say him nay:

Hee flauers not his Fingers, wipes his Bill,

And sweares infayth you shall, infayth I will;

That I am almost madd to bide his wocing.

Heigh. Looke what he said in word, Ile act in doing.

Walg. Leaué thought of him, for day steales on apace, 1900

And to our Loues: Will you performe your words;

All things are ready, and the Parson stands,

H.

To

English-men for my money: or,

To ioyne as hearts in hearts, our hands in hands;
Night fauours vs, the thing is quickly done,
Then truffle vp bagg and Bagages, and be gone:
And ere the morninge, to augment your ioyes,
Weele make you mothers of fixe goodly Boyes.

Heigh. Promise them three good *Ned*, and say no more.

Walg. But Ile get three, and if I gette not foure.

Pisa. Theres a found Carde at Maw, a lustie lad, 1910
Your father thought him well, when one he had,

Heigh. What say you sweetes, will you performe your
wordes?

Matt. Loue to true loue, no lesser meede affordes?
Wee say we loue you, and that loues fayre breath
Shall lead vs with you round about the Earth:
And that our loues, voves, wordes, may all proue true,
Prepare your Armes, for thus we flie to you. *they Embrace.*

Walg. This workes like waxe, now ere to morrow day,
If you two ply it but as well as I, 1920
Weele worke our landes out of *Pisaros* Daughters:
And canfell all our bondes in their great Bellies,
When the slaue knowes it, how the Roge will curse.

Matt. Sweete hart.

Walg. *Matt.*

Mathe. Where art thou.

Pisa. Here.

Mathe. Oh Iesus heres our father.

Walg. The Diuell he is.

Har u Maister *Pisaro*, twenty times Good morrow. 1930

Pisa, Good morrow? now I tell you Gentlemen,
You wrong and moue my patience ouermuch,
What will you Rob me, Kill me, Cutte my Throte:
And fet mine owne bloud here against me too,
You hufwifes? Baggages? or what is worse,
Wilfull, stoubborne, difobedient:
Vse it not Gentlemen, abuse me not,

A Woman will haue her will.

Newgate hath rome, theres law enough in England,

Heigh. Be not so testie, heare what we can say.

Pisa. Will you be wiu'de? first learne to keepe a wife, 1940
Learne to be thriftie, learne to keepe your Lands,
And learne to pay your debts to, I aduise, else.

Walg. What else, what Lands, what Debts, what will
you doe?

Haue you not Land in Morgage for your mony,

Nay since tis so, we owe you not a Penny,

Frette not, Fume not, neuer bende the Browe:

You take Tenn in the hundred more then Law,

We can complayne, extortion, simony,

Newgate hath Rome, thers Law enough in England. 1950

Heigh. Prethe haue done.

Walg. Prethy me no Prethies.

Here is my wife, Sbloud touch her, if thou darst,

Hearst thou, Ile lie with her before thy face,

Against the Crosse in Cheape, here, any where,

What you old craftie Fox you.

Heigh. *Ned,* stop there.

Pisa. Nay, nay speake out, beare witneffe Gentlemen,

Whers *Mowche*, charge my Musket, bring me my Bill,

For here are some that meane to Rob thy maister. 1960

Enter Anthony.

I am a Fox with you, well Iack sawce,

Beware leaft for a Goose, I pray on you.

Exeunt Pizaro and Daughters.

In baggages, *Mowche* make fast the doore.

Walg. A vengeance on ill lucke,

Antho. What neuer storme,

But bridle anger with wife gouernment.

Heigh. Whom? *Anthony* our friend, Ah now our hopes,

H 2.

Are

English-men for my money: or,

Are found too light to ballance our ill happes.

1970

Antho. Tut nere say so, for *Anthony*

Is not deuoyde of meanes to helpe his Friends.

Walg. Swounds, what a diuell made he foorth so late?

Ile lay my life twas hee that fainde to sleepe,

And we all vnuspitious, tearmde a Roage:

Oh God, had I but knowne him; if I had,

I would haue writt such Letters with my Sword

Vpon the bald skin of his parching pate,

That he should nere haue liude to croffe vs more.

Antho. These menaces are vaine, and helpeth naught: 1980

But I haue in the deapth of my conceit

Found out a more materiall stratagem:

Harke Maister *Walgrau*e, yours craues quicke dispatch,

About it straight, stay not to say farewell. *Exit Walgrau*e.

You Maister *Heigham*, hie you to your Chamber,

And stirre not foorth, my shaddow, or my selfe,

Will in the morning earely visit you;

Build on my promise fir, and good night. *Exit Heigham*.

Last, yet as great in loue, as to the first:

Yf you remember, once I told a iest,

1990

How feigning to be sicke, a Friend of mine

Possess the happy issue of his Loue:

That counterfeited humor must you play;

I need not to instruct, you can conceiue,

Vse maister *Browne* your Host, as chiefe in this:

But first, to make the matter seeme more true,

Sickly and sadly bid the churle good night;

I heare him at the Window, there he is.

Enter Pifaro aboue.

Now for a tricke to ouerreach the Diuell.

2000

I tell you fir, you wrong my maister much,

And then to make amends, you giue hard words:

H'ath been a friend to you; nay more, a Father:

I promise you, tis most vnghently done.

Pifa.

A Woman will haue her will.

Pifa. I, well said *Mouche*, now I see thy loue,
And thou shalt see mine, one day if I liue.
None but my Daughters fir, hanges for your tooth :
I'de rather see them hang'd first, ere you get them.

Haru. Maister *Pisaro*, heare a dead man speake,
Who sings the wofull accents of his end. 2010
I doe confesse I loue ; then let not loue
Proue the sad engine of my liues remooue :

Marinaes rich Possession was my blisse ?
Then in her losse, all ioy eclipsed is :
As euery Plant takes vertue of the Sunne ;
So from her Eyes, this life and beeing sprung :
But now debar'd of those cleare shyning Rayes,
Death for Earth gapes, and Earth to Death obeyes :
Each word thou spokst, (oh speake not so againe)
Bore Deaths true image on the Word ingrauen ; 2020
Which as it flue mixt with Heauens ayerie breath,
Summond the dreadful Sefsions of my death :
I leaue thee to thy wish, and may th'euent
Prooue equall to thy hope and hearts content.

Marina to that hap, that happiest is ;
My Body to the Graue, my Soule to blisse.
Haue I done well ?

Exit Haruie.

Antho. Excellent well in troth.

Pisar. I, goe ; I, goe : your words moue me as much,
As doth a Stone being cast against the ayre. 2030
But soft, What Light is that ? What Folkes be those ? Oh tis
Aluaro & his other Friends, Ile downe & let them in. *Exit.*

Enter Belman, Frisco, Vandalle, Delion, & Aluaro.

Frisco. Where are we now gaffer *Buttericke* ? (wits ?

Bell. Why know you not *Croched-friers*, where be your

Aluar. Wat be tis *Crosb-viers* ? vidite padre dare ; tacke
you dat, me sal trouble you no farre.

Bell. I thanke you Gentlemen, good night :

Good night *Frisco.*

Exit Belman.

English-men for my money: or,

Frisco. Farewell *Buttericke*, what a Clowne it is :
Come on my maisters merrily, Ile knocke at the dore.

2040

Antbo. Who's there, our three wife Woers,
Blockhead our man? had he not been,
They might haue hanged them-selues,
For any Wenches they had hit vpon :
Good morrow, or good den, I know not whether.

Delio. Monsieur *de Mowche*, wat macke you out de
Houis so late?

Enter Pifaro below.

Pifa. What, what, young men & sluggards? fy for shame 2050
You trifle time at home about vaine toyes,

Whilst others in the meane time, steale your Brides :

I tell you sir, the *English* Gentlemen

Had wel-ny mated you, and mee, and all ;

The Dores were open, and the Girles abroad,

Their Sweet-hearts ready to receiue them to :

And gone forsooth they had been, had not I

(I thinke by reuelation) stopt their flight :

But I haue coopt them vp, and so will keepe them.

But sirra *Frisco*, where's the man I sent for ?

2060

VVhose Cloake haue you got there ?

How now, where's *Vandalle*?

Frisco. For-sooth he is not heere :

Maister *Mendall* you meane, doe you not ?

Pifar. VVhy logerhead, him I sent for, where is he ?

VVhere hast thou been? How hast thou spent thy time ?

Did I not send thee to my Sonne *Vandalle*?

Frisco. I M. *Mendall*; why forsooth I was at his Cham-
ber, and wee were comming hitherward, and he was very
hot, and bade me carry his Cloake ; and I no sooner had it, 2070
but he (being very light) firkes me downe on the left hand,
and I turnd downe on the left hand, and so lost him.

Pifa. VVhy then you turnd together, Affe.

Frisco. No sir, we neuer saw one another since.

Pifa.

A Woman will haue her will.

Pifa. VVhy, turnd you not both on the left hand?

Frisc. No for-footh we turnd both on the left hand.

Pifa. Hoyda, why yet you went both together.

Frisc. Ah no, we went cleane contrary one from another.

Pifa. VVhy Dolt, why Patch, why Affe,
On which hand turnd yee?

2080

Frisc. Alas, alas, I cannot tell for-footh, it was so darke
I could not see, on which hand we turnd: But I am sure we
turnd one way.

Pifa. VVas euer creature plagud with such a Dolt?
My Sonne *Vandalle* now hath lost himselfe,
And shall all night goe straying bout the Towne;
Or meete with some strange Watch that knowes him not;
And all by such an arrant Affe as this.

Anth. No, no, you may soone smel the *Dutchmans* lodg-
Now for a Figure: Out alas, what's yonder? (ing: 2090)

Pifa. VVhere?

Frisc. Hoyda, hoyda, a Basket: it turnes, hoe.

Pifa. Peace ye Villaine, and let's see who's there?
Goe looke about the House; where are our weapons?
VVhat might this meane?

Frisc. Looke, looke, looke; there's one in it, he peeps out:
Is there nere a Stone here to hurle at his Nose.

Pifa. VVhat, wouldst thou breake my VVindowes
with a Stone? How now, who's there, who are you fir?

Frisc. Looke, he peepes out againe: Oh it's M. *Mend-* 2100
all, it's M. *Mendall*: how got he vp thither?

Pifa. What, my Sonne *Vandalle*, how comes this to passe?

Alua. Signor *Vandalle*, wat do yo goe to de wenshe in de
Basket?

Vand. Oh Vadere, Vadere, here be fush cruell Dochter-
kens, ick ben also wery, also wery, also cold; for be in dit
little Basket: Ic prey helpe dene.

Frisc. He looks like the signe of the Mouth without
Bishops gate, gaping, and a great Face, and a great Head,
and

English-men for my money: or,

and no Body.

2110

Pisa. Why how now Sonne, what haue your Adamants
Drawne you vp so farre, and there left you hanging
Twixt Heauen and Earth like *Mahomets* Sepulchre?

Antho. They did vnkindly, who so ere they were,
That plagu'd him here, like *Tantalus* in Hell,
To touch his Lippes like the desired Fruite,
And then to snatch it from his gaping Chappes.

Alua. A little farder signor *Vandalle*, and dan you may
put v hed into de windo and cash de Wensh.

Vand. Ick prey Vader dat you helpe de mee, Ick prey
Goddie Vader. 2120

Pisa. Helpe you, but how?

Frisc. Cut the Rope.

Antho. Sir, Ile goe in and see,
And if I can, Ile let him downe to you. *Exit Anthony.*

Pisa. Doe gentle *Mouche*: Why but here's a iest;
They say, high climers haue the greatest falles:
If you should fall; as how youle doe I know not,
Birlady I should doubt me of my Sonne:
Pray to the Rope to hold: Art thou there *Mouche*? 2130

Enter Anthony aboue.

Antho. Yes sir, now you may chuse, whether youle stay
till I let him downe, or whether I shall cut him downe?

Frisc. Cut him downe maister *Mowse*, cut him downe
And let's see, how hele tumble.

Pisa. Why fauce, who ask'd your counsaile?
Let him downe.

What, with a Cushion too? why you prouided
To lead your life as did *Diogines*;
And for a Tubb, to creepe into a Basket. 2140

Vanda. Ick fall feg v Vader, Ick quame here to your
Huife and spreake tol de Dochterken.

Frisc. M. *Mendall*, you are welcome out of the Basket:
I smell a Ratt, it was not for nothing, that you lost me.

Vand.

A Woman will haue her will.

Vand. Oh skellum, you run away from me.

Pifa. I thought so firra, you gaue him the slip.

Frisfc. Faw, no for-footh; Ile tell you how it was: when we come from Bucklers-Burie into Corn-Wale, and I had taken the Cloake, then you should haue turnd downe on your left hand and so haue gone right forward, and so 2150 turnd vp againe, and so haue crost the streete; and you like an Assè.

Pifa. Why how now Rascall; is your manners such? You assè, you Dolt, why led you him through Corn-hill, You yard had been to come through Canning streete.

Frisfc. Why so I did fir.

Pifa. Why thou seeft yee were in Corn-Hill.

Frisfc. Indeed fir there was three faults, the Night was darke, Maister *Mendall* drunke, and I sleepey, that we could not tell very well, which way we went. 2160

Pifa. Sirra I owe for this a Cudgelling:
But Gentlemen, sith things haue faulne out so,
And for I see *Vandalle* quakes for cold,
This night accept your Lodginges in my house,
And in the morning forward with your marriage,
Come on my sonnes, firra fetch vp more wood.

Exeunt.

Enter the three Sisters.

Sc. x

Laur. Nay neuer weepe *Marina* for the matter,
Teares are but signes of sorrow, helping not.

2170

Mari. Would it not madde one to be crost as I,
Being in the very hight of my desire?
The strangers frustrate all: our true loue's come,
Nay more, euen at the doore, and *Haruies* armes
Spred as a Rayne-bow ready to receiue me,
And then my Father meete vs: Oh God, oh God.

Math. Weepe who that list for me, y'fayth not I,
Though I am youngest yet my stomack's great:
Nor tis not father, friends, nor any one,
Shall make me wed the man I cannot loue:

2180

English-men for my monoy : or,

Ile haue my will ynfayth, y'fayth I will.

Laur. Let vs determine Sisters what to doe,
My father meanes to wed vs in the morning,
And therefore something must be thought vpon.

Mari. Weele to our father and so know his minde,
I and his reason too, we are no fooles,
Or Babes neither, to be fedde with words.

Laur. Agreeede, agreeede: but who shall speake for all?

Math. I will.

Mari. No I.

2190

Laur. Thou wilt not speake for crying.

Mari. Yes, yes I warrant you, that humors left,
Bee I but mou'de a little, I shall speake,
And anger him I feare, ere I haue done.

Enter Anthony.

All. Whom *Anthony* our friend, our Schoole-maister?
Now helpe vs Gentle *Anthony*, or neuer.

Antho. What is your hastie running chang'd to prayer,
Say, where were you going?

Laur. Euen to our father,

2200

To know what he intendes to doe with vs.

Antho. Tis bootlesse trust mee, for he is resolu'd
To marry you to.

Mari. The Strangers.

Antho. Yfayth he is.

Math. Yfayth he shall not.

Frenchman, be sure weele plucke a Crow together,
Before you force mee giue my hand at Church.

Mari. Come to our Father speach this comfort finds,
That we may scould out grieffe and ease our mindes.

2210

Anth. Stay, Stay *Marina*, and aduise you better,
It is not Force, but Pollicie must serue:
The Dores are lockt, your Father keepes the Keye,
Wherefore vnpossible to scape away:
Yet haue I plotted, and deuil'd a drift,

To

A Woman will haue her will.

To frustrate your intended mariages,
And giue you full possession of your ioyes :

Laurentia, ere the mornings light appeare,
You must play *Anthony* in my disguise.

Math. } *Anthony*, what of vs ? What shall we weare ? 2220
Mari. }

Anth. Soft, soft, you are too forward Girles, I sweare,
For you some other drift deuisd must bee ?

One shaddow for a substance : this is shee.

Nay weepe not sweetes, repose vpon my care,

For all alike, or good or bad shall share :

You will haue *Haruie*, you *Heigham*, and you *Ned* ;

You shall haue all your wish, or be I dead :

For sooner may one day the Sea lie still,

Then once restraine a Woman of her will.

All. Sweete *Anthony*, how shall we quit thy hire ? 2230

Anth. Not gifts, but your contentments I desire :

To helpe my Countrimen I cast about,

For Strangers loues blase fresh, but soone burne out :

Sweete rest dwell heere, and frightfull feare obiure,

These eyes shall wake to make your rest secure :

For ere againe dull night the dull eyes charmes,

Each one shall fould her Husband in her armes :

Which if it chaunce, we may auouch it still,

Women & Maydes will alwayes haue their will. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pisaro and Frisco.

Sc. xi

Pisa. Are Wood & Coales brought vp to make a fire ?

Is the Meate spitted ready to lie downe :

2242

For Bakemeates Ile haue none, the world's too hard :

There's Geese too, now I remember mee ;

Bid *Mawdlin* lay the Giblets in Past,

Here's nothing thought vpon, but what I doe.

Stay *Frisco*, see who rings : looke to the Dore,

Let none come in I charge, were he my Father,

Ile keepe them whilst I haue them : *Frisco*, who is it ?

Frisco. She is come ynfaith.

2250

English-men for my money: or,

Pisa. Who is come?

Frisc. Mistris *Susbaunce*, Mistris *Moore*s daughter.

Pisa. Mistris *Susan*, Affe? Oh she must come in.

Frisc. Hang him, if he keepe out a Wench:
Yf the Wench keepe not out him, so it is.

Enter Walgraue in Womans attire.

Pisa. Welcome Mistris *Susan*, welcome;
I little thought you would haue come to night;
But welcome (trust me) are you to my house:
What, doth your Mother mende? doth she recouer? 1260
I promise you I am sorry for her sicknesse.

Walg. She's better then she was, I thanke God for it,

Pisa. Now afore God she is a sweete smugge Girle,
One might doe good on her; the flesh is frayle,
Man hath infirmitie, and such a Bride,
Were able to change Age to hot desire:
Harke you Sweet-heart,
To morrow are my Daughters to be wedde,
I pray you take the paines to goe with them.

Walg. If fir youle giue me leaue, Ile waight on them. 2270

Pisa. Yes marry shall you, and a thousand thanks,
Such company as you my Daughters want,
Maydes must grace Maydes, when they are married:
Ist not a merry life (thinks thou) to wed,
For to imbrace, and be imbrac'd abed.

Walg. I know not what you meane fir.
Heere's an old Ferret Pol-cat.

Pisa. You may doc, if youle follow mine aduice;
I tell thee Mouse, I knew a Wench as nice:
Well, shee's at rest poore soule, I meane my Wife, 2280
That thought (alas good heart) Loue was a toy,
Vntill (well, that time is gon and past away)
But why speake I of this: Harke yee Sweeting,
There's more in Wedlocke, then the name can shew;

And

A Woman will haue her will.

And now (birlady) you are ripe in yeares :
And yet take heed Wench, there lyes a Pad in Straw ;

Walg. Old Fornicator, had I my Dagger,
Ide breake his Costard.

Pifa. Young men are slippery, fickle, wauering ;
Constant abiding graceth none but Age : 2290
Then Maydes should now waxe wife, and doe so,
As to chuse constant men, let fickle goe,
Youth's vnregarded, and vnhonoured :
An auncient Man doth make a Mayde a Matron :
And is not that an Honour, how say you ? how say you ?

Walg. Yes forfooth.
(Oh old lust will you neuer let me goe.)

Pifa. You say right well, and doe but thinke thereon,
How Husbands, honored yeares, long card-for wealth,
Wife stayednesse, Experient gouernment, 2300
Doth grace the Mayde, that thus is made a Wife,
And you will wish your selfe such, on my life.

Walg. I thinke I must turne womankind altogether,
And scratch out his eyes :
For as long as he can see me, hele nere let me goe.

Pifa. But goe (sweet-heart) to bed, I doe thee wrong,
The latenesse now, makes all our talke seeme long.

Enter Anthony.

How now *Mowche*, be the Girles abed ?

Anth. Mathea (and it like you) faire would sleepe, 2310
but onely tarrieth for her bed-fellow.

Pifa. Ha, you say well : come, light her to her Chamber,
Good rest with I to thee ; with so to mee,
Then *Susan* and *Pifaro* shall agree :
Thinke but what ioy is neere your bed-fellow,
Such may be yours ; take counsaile of your Pillow :
To morrow weele talke more ; and so good night,
Thinke what is sayd, may bee, if all hit right.

English-men for my money: or,

Walg. What, haue I past the Pikes: knowes he not *Ned*?
I thinke I haue deseru'd his Daughters bed. 2320

Anth. Tis well, tis well: but this let me request,
You keepe vnknowne, till you be laide to rest:
And then a good hand speed you.

Walg. Tut, nere feare mee,
We two abed shall neuer disagree. *Exeunt Antho. & Walg.*

Frisc. I haue stood still all this while, and could not
speake for laughing: Lord what a Dialogue hath there bin
betweene Age and Youth. You do good on her? euen as
much as my *Dutchman* will doe on my young Mistris:
Maister, follow my counsaile; then send for M. *Heigham* 2330
to helpe him, for Ile lay my Cappe to two Pence, that hee
will be asleepe to morrow at night, when he should goe to
bed to her: Marry for the *Italian*, he is of an other humor,
for there'le be no dealings with him, till midnight; for hee
must flauer all the Wenches in the house at parting, or he is
no body: hee hath been but a litle while at our House, yet
in that small time, hee hath lickt more Grease from our
Mawdlins lippes, then would haue seru'd *London* Kitchin-
stufte this tweluemonth. Yet for my money, well fare the
Frenchman, Oh hee is a forward Lad, for heele no sooner 2340
come from the Church, but heele fly to the Chamber; why
heele read his Lesson so often in the day time, that at night
like an apt Scholler, heele be ready to sell his old Booke to
buye him a new. Oh the generation of Languages that
our House will bring forth: why euery Bedd will haue a
propper speech to himfelfe, and haue the Founders name
written vpon it in faire Cappitall letters, *Heere lay*, and so
forth.

Pisa. Youle be a villaine still: Looke who's at dore?

Frisc. Nay by the Masse, you are M. Porter, for Ile be 2350
hang'd if you loose that office, hauing so pretty a morsell
vnder your keeping: I goe (old huddle) for the best Nose
at smelling out a Pin-fold, that I know: well, take heede,
you may happes picke vp Wormes so long, that at length
some

A Woman will haue her will.

some of them get into your Nose, and neuer out after: But what an Affe am I to thinke so, considering all the Lodginges are taken vp already, and there's not a Dog-kennell empty for a strange Worme to breed in.

Enter Anthony.

Sc. xii

Antho. The day is broke; *Mathea* and young *Ned*,
By this time, are so surely linckt together,
That none in *London* can forbid the Banes.

2361

Laurentia she is neere prouided for:
So that if *Haruies* pollicie but hold,
Elce-where the Strangers may goe seeke them Wiues:
But heere they come.

Enter Pisaro and Browne.

Pisa. Six a clocke say you; trust mee, forward dayes:
Harke you *Moweche*, hie you to Church,
Bid M. *Bewford* be in readinesse:
Where goe you, that way?

2370

Anth. For my Cloake, sir.

Pisa. Oh tis well: and M. *Browne*,
Trust mee, your earely stirring makes me muse,
Is it to mee your businesse?

Brown. Euen to your selfe:

I come (I thinke) to bring you welcome newes,

Pisa. And welcome newes,

More welcome makes the bringer:

Speake, speake, good M. *Browne*, I long to hear them.

2380

Brow. Then this it is. Young *Haruie* late last night,
Full weake and sickly came vnto his lodging,
From whence this suddaine mallady proceedes:
Tis all vncertaine, the Doctors and his Friends
Affirme his health is vnreouerable:
Young *Heigham* and *Ned Walgraue* lately left him,
And I came hither to informe you of it.

Pisa. Young M. *Haruie* sicke; now afore God
The newes bites neere the Bone: for should he die,
His Liuing morgaged would be redeemed,

2390

For

English-men for my money: or,

For not these three months doth the Bond beare date :
Die now, marry God in heauen defend it ;
Oh my sweete Lands, loofe thee, nay loofe my life :
And which is worst, I dare not aske mine owne,
For I take two and twenty in the hundred,
When the Law giues but ten : But should he liue,
Hee carelesse would haue left the debt vnpaide,
Then had the Lands been mine *Pisaros* owne,
Mine, mine owne Land, mine owne Possession.

Brow. Nay heare mee out.

2400

Pisa. You'r out too much already,
Vnlesse you giue him life, and mee his Land.

Brow. Whether tis loue to you, or to your Daughter,
I know not certaine; but the Gentleman
Hath made a deed of gift of all his Lands,
Vnto your beautious Daughter faire *Marina*.

Pesa. Ha, say that word againe, say it againe,
A good thing cannot be too often spoken :

Marina say you, are you sure twas shee,
Or *Mary*, *Margery*; or some other Mayde?

2410

Brow. To none but your Daughter faire *Marina*;
And for the gift might be more forcible,
Your neighbour maister *Moore* aduised vs,
(Who is a witnesse of young *Haruies* Will)
Sicke as hee is, to bring him to your house :
I know they are not farre, but doe attende,
That they may know, what welcome they shall haue.

Pisa. What welcome sir; as welcome as new life
Giuen to the poore condemned Prisoner :

Returne (good maister *Browne*) assure their welcome,
Say it, nay sweare it; for they'r welcome truly :

2420

For welcome are they to mee which bring Gold.
See downe who knockes; it may be there they are :
Frisco, call downe my Sonnes, bid the Girles rise :
Where's *Mowche*; what, is he gon or no ?

Enter

A Woman will haue her will.

Enter Laurentia in Anthonies attire.

Oh heare you firra, bring along with you
Maister *Balsaro* the Spanissh Marchant.

Laur. Many *Balsaros* I; Ile to my Loue:
And thanks to *Anthony* for this escape. 2430

Pisa. Stay, take vs with you. Harke, they knocke againe,
Come my foules comfort, thou good newes bringer,
I must needes hugge thee euen for pure affection.

*Enter Haruie brought in a Chaire, Moore, Browne,
Aluaro, Vandalle, Delion, and Frisco.*

Pisa. Lift softly (good my friends) for hurting him.
Looke chearely fir, you'r welcome to my house.

Harke M. *Vandalle*, and my other Sonnes,
Seeme to be sad as grieuing for his sicknesse,
But inwardly reioyce. Maister *Vandalle*, 2440

Signor *Aluaro*, Monsieur *Delion*,
Bid my Friend welcome, pray bid him welcome:
Take a good heart; I doubt not (by Gods leaue)
You shall recouer and doe well enough:
(Yf I should thinke so, I should hange my selfe.)

Frisco, goe bid *Marina* come to mee. *Exit Frisco.*

You are a Witnesse fir, of this mans Will:

What thinke you M. *Moore*, what say you to't?

Moor. Maister *Pisaro*, follow mine aduice: 2450

You see the Gentleman cannot escape,
Then let him straight be wedded to your Daughter;
So during life time, she shall hold his Land,
When now (beeing nor kith nor kin to him)
For all the deed of Gift, that he hath feald,
His younger Brother will inioy the Land.

Pisa. Marry my Daughter: no birlady.
Heare you *Aluaro*, my Friend counsaile mee,
Seeing young M. *Haruie* is so ficke,

K.

To

English-men for my money : or,

To marry him incontinent to my Daughter.
Or else the gift he hath bestowde, is vaine : 2460
Marry and hee recouer ; no my Sonne,
I will not loose thy loue, for all his Land.

Alua. Here you padre, do no lose his Lands, his hundred pont *per anno*, tis wort to hauer ; let him haue de matresse *Marina* in de mariage, tis but vor me to attendre vne day more : if he will no die, I sal giue him fush a Drinke, fush a Potion sal mak him giue de *Bonos noches* to all de world.

Pisa. *Aluaro*, here's my Keyes, take all I haue,
My Money, Plate, Wealth, Jewels, Daughter too : 2470
Now God be thanked, that I haue a Daughter,
worthy to be *Aluaroes* bedfellow :
Oh how I doe admire and prayse thy wit,
Ile straight about it : Heare you Maister *Moore*.

Enter Marina and Frisco.

Frisco. Nay fayth hee's sicke, therefore though hee be come, yet he can doe you no good ; there's no remedy but euen to put your selfe into the hands of the *Italian*, that by that time that he hath past his grouch, young *Haruie* will be in case to come vpon it with a life of fresh force. 2480

Mari. Is my Loue come, & sicke ? I, now thou louest me,
How my heart ioyes : Oh God, get I my will,
Ile driue away that Sicknesse with a kisse :
I need not faine, for I could weepe for ioy.

Pisa. It shall be so ; come hither Daughter.
Maister *Haruie*, that you may see my loue
Comes from a single heart vnfaynedly,
See heere my Daughter, her I make thine owne :
Nay looke not strange, before these Gentlemen,
I freely yeeld *Marina* for thy Wife. 2490

Haru. Stay, stay good sir, forbear this idle worke,
My foule, is labouring for a higher place,

Then

A Woman will haue her will.

Then this vaine tranſitorie world can yeeld:
What, would you wed your Daughter to a Graue?
For this is but Deaths modell in mans ſhape:
You and *Aluaro* happie lue together:
Happy were I, to ſee you lue together.

Pifa. Come ſir, I truſt you ſhall doe well againe:
Heere, heere, it muſt be ſo; God giue you ioy,
And bleſſe you (not a day to lue together.) 2500

Vand. Hort ye broder, will ye let den ander heb your
Wiue? nempt haer, nempt haer your ſelue?

Alua. No, no; tuſh you be de foole, here be dat ſal ſpoyle
de mariage of hem: you haue deceue me of de fine Wenſh
ſignor *Haruey*, but I ſal deceue you of de muſh Land.

Haru. Are all things ſure Father, is all diſpatch'd?

Pifa. What intreſt we haue, we yeeld it you:
Are you now fatiſfied, or reſtes there ought?

Haru. Nay Father, nothing doth remaine, but thankes:
Thankes to your ſelfe firſt, that diſdayning mee, 2510
Yet loude my Lands, and for them gaue a Wife.

But next, vnto *Aluaro* let me turne,
To courtious gentle louing kind *Aluaro*,
That rather then to ſee me die for loue,
For very loue, would looſe his beawtious Loue.

Vand. Ha, ha, ha.

Deli. Signor *Aluaro*, giue him de ting quickly ſal make
hem dy, autremant you ſal loſe de fine Wenſh.

Alua. *Oyime che haueſſe allhora appreſſata la mano al mio
core, ô ſuen curato ate, I che longo ſei tu arriuato, ô cieli, ô terra.* 2520

Pifa. Am I awake? or doe deluding Dreames
Make that ſeeme true, which moſt my ſoule did feare?

Haru. Nay fayth Father, it's very certaine true,
I am as well as any man on earth:

Am I ficke firres? Looke here, is *Haruie* ficke?

Pifa. What ſhall I doe? What ſhall I ſay?
Did not you counſaile mee to wed my Childe?

English-men for my money: or,

What Potion? Where's your helpe, your remedy.

Haru. I hope more happy Starres will reigne to day,
And *don Aluaro* haue more company.

2530

Enter Anthonie.

Antho. Now *Anthony*, this cottens as it should,
And euery thing forts to his wish'd effect:
Haruie ioyes *Moll*: my *Dutchman* and the *French*,
Thinking all sure, laughs at *Aluaro*s hap;
But quickly I shall marre that merrie vaine,
And make your Fortunes equall with your Friends.

Pisa. Sirra *Mowche*, what answere brought you backe?
Will maister *Balsaro* come, as I requested?

Anth. Maister *Balsaro*; I know not who you meane. 2540

Pisa. Know you not *Affe*, did I not fend thee for him?
Did not I bid thee bring him, with the Parson?
What answere made hee, will hee come or no?

Anth. Sent me for him: why sir, you sent not mee,
I neither went for him, nor for the Parson:
I am glad to see your Worship is so merrie. *Knocke.*

Pisa. Hence you forgetfull dolt:
Looke downe who knockes? *Exit Antho.*

Enter Frisco.

Frisco. Oh Maister, hange your selfe: nay neuer stay for 2550
a Sefsions: Maister *Vandalle* confesse your selfe, desire the
people to pray for you; for your Bride shee is gone: *Laurentia*
is run away.

Vanda. Oh de Diabolo, de mal-fortune: is matresse
Laurentia gaen awech?

Pisa. First tell mee that I am a liuelesse coarfe;
Tell mee of Doomes-day, tell mee what you will,
Before you say *Laurentia* is gone.

Mari. Maister *Vandalle*, how doe you feele your selfe?
What, hang the head? fie man for shame I say, 2560
Looke not so heauie on your marriage day.

Haru.

A Woman will haue her will.

Haru. Oh blame him not, his grieffe is quickly spide,
That is a Bridegroom, and yet wants his Bride.

Enter Heigham, Laurentia, Balsaro, & Anthony.

Balf. Maister *Pisaro*, and Gentlemen, good day to all :
According sir, as you requested mee,
This morne I made repaire vnto the Tower,
Where as *Laurentia* now was married :
And sir, I did expect your comming thither ;
Yet in your absence, wee perform'd the rites : 2570
Therefore I pray sir, bid God giue them ioy.

Heigh. He tels you true, *Laurentia* is my Wife ;
Who knowing that her Sisters must be wed ;
Presuming also, that you'le bid her welcome,
Are come to beare them company to Church.

Haru. You come too late, the Mariage rites are done :
Yet welcome twenty-fold vnto the Feast.
How say you sirs, did not I tell you true,
These Wenches would haue vs, and none of you.

Laur. I cannot say for these ; but on my life, 2580
This loues a Cushion better then a Wife.

Mall. And reason too, that Cushion fell out right,
Else hard had been his lodging all last night.

Balf. Maister *Pisaro*, why stand you speechlesse thus ?

Pisa. Anger, and extreame grieffe enforceth mee.
Pray sir, who bade you meete mee at the Tower ?

Balf. Who sir ; your man sir, *Mowche* ; here he is.

Anth. Who I sir, meane you mee ? you are a iesting man.

Pisa. Thou art a Villaine, a dissembling Wretch,
Worser then *Anthony* whom I kept last : 2590
Fetch me an Officer, Ile hamper you,
And make you sing at *Bride-well* for this tricke :
For well he hath deserude it, that would sweare
He went not forth a dores at my appoyntment.

Anth. So sweare I still, I went not forth to day.

English-men for my money: or,

Bals. Why arrant lyer, wert thou not with mee?

Pisa. How say you maister *Browne*, went he not forth?

Brow. Hee, or his likenesse did, I know not whether.

Pisa. What likenesse can there be besides himselfe?

Laur. My selfe (forsooth) that tooke his shape vpon me, 2600
I was that *Mowche* that you sent from home:

And that same *Mowche* that deceiued you,

Effectted to possesse this Gentleman:

Which to attaine, I thus be guil'd you all.

Frisc. This is excellent, this is as fine as a Fiddle: you
M. *Heigham* got the Wench in *Mowches* apparell; now let
Mowche put on her apparell, and be married to the *Dutch-*
man: How thinke you, is it not a good vize?

Moor. Maister *Pisaro*, shake off melancholy,
When things are helpelesse, patience must be vs'd. 2610

Pisa. Talke of Patience? Ile not beare these wronges:
Goe call downe *Matt*, and mistris *Susan Moore*,
Tis well that of all three, wee haue one sure.

Moor. Mistris *Susan Moore*, who doe you meane sir?

Pisa. Whom should I meane sir, but your Daughter?

Moor. You'r very pleasant sir: but tell me this,
When did you see her, that you speake of her?

Pisa. I, late yester-night, when she came heere to bed.

Moor. You are deceiu'd, my Daughter lay not heere,
But watch'd with her sicke mother all last night. 2620

Pisa. I am glad you are so pleasant M. *Moore*,
You'r loth that *Susan* should be held a sluggard:
What man, t'was late before she went to bed,
And therefore time enough to rise againe.

Moor. Maister *Pisaro*, doe you floute your friends;
I well perceiue if I had troubled you,
I should haue had it in my dish ere now:
Susan lie heere? 'am sure when I came foorth,
I left her fast asleepe in bed at home;
Tis more then neighbour-hood to vse me thus. 2630

Pisa.

A Woman will haue her will.

Pifa. Abed at your house? tell me I am madd,
Did not I let her in adores my selfe,
Spoke to her, talk'd with her, and canuast with her;
And yet she lay not heere? What say you firra?

Antbo. She did, she did; I brought her to her Chamber.

Moor. I say he lyes (that sayth so) in his throat.

Antbo. Masse now I remember me, I lye indeed.

Pifa. Oh how this frets mee: *Frisco*, what say you?

Frisco. What say I? Marry I say, if shee lay not heere,
there was a familiar in her likeneffe; for I am sure my Mai- 2640
ster and she were so familiar together, that he had almost
shot the Gout out of his Toes endes, to make the Wench
beleue he had one trick of youth in him. Yet now I re-
member mee shee did not lye heere; and the reason is, be-
cause shee doth lye heere, and is now abed with mistris
Mathea; witnesse whereof, I haue set to my Hand & Seale,
and meane presently to fetch her. *Exit Frisco.*

Pifa. Doe so *Frisco*. Gentlemen and Friends,
Now shall you see how I am wrong'd by him.
Lay shee not heere? I thinke the world's growne wise, 2650
Plaine folkes (as I) shall not know how to liue.

Enter Frisco.

Frisco. Shee comes, shee comes: a Hall, a Hall.

Enter Mathea, and Walgraue in Womans attire.

Walg. Nay blush not wench, feare not, looke chearfully.
Good morrow Father; Good morrow Gentlemen:
Nay stare not, looke you heere, no monster I,
But euen plaine *Ned*: and heere stands *Matt* my Wife.
Know you her *Frenchman*? But she knowes me better.
Father, pray Father, let mee haue your blessing, 2660
For I haue blest you with a goodly Sonne;
Tis breeding heere yfayth, a iolly Boy.

Pifa. I am vndone, a reprobate, a slaue;
A scorne, a laughter, and a iesting stocke:
Giue mee my Child, giue mee my Daughter from you.

Moore.

Engliſh-men for my money : or,

Moor. Maifter *Pifaro*, tis in vaine to fret,
And fume, and ſtorme, it little now auayles :
Theſe Gentlemen haue with your Daughters helpe,
Outtript you in your ſubtile enterpriſes :
And therefore, ſeeing they are well deſcended,
Turne hate to loue, and let them haue their Loues,

2670

Pifa. Is it euen ſo ; why then I ſee that ſtill,
Doe what we can, Women will haue their Will.
Gentlemen, you haue outreacht mee now,
Which nere before you, any yet could doe :
You, that I thought ſhould be my Sonnes indeed,
Muſt be content, ſince there's no hope to ſpeed :
Others haue got, what you did thinke to gaine ;
And yet beleecue mee, they haue tooke ſome paine.
Well, take them, there ; and with them, God giue ioy.
And Gentlemen, I doe intreat to morrow,
That you will Feaſte with mee, for all this forrow :
Though you are wedded, yet the Feaſt's not made :
Come let vs in, for all the ſtormes are paſt,
And heapes of ioy will follow on as faſt.

2680

FINIS.





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