

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 00103941 1

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Jack Drum's Entertainment

1601

Date of the earliest known edition, 1601

(B.M. C. 34, b. 18.)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 54]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Jack Drum's Entertainment

1601

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXII

121437
26 | 3 | 11

PR
2411
J2
1601a

Jack Drum's Entertainment

1601

This facsimile is from a copy of the earliest known edition of 1601, now in the British Museum. The play was reissued in 1616 and again in 1618.

Mr. Simpson thought it to be in the main written by Marston, and that it was one of a series of plays relating to the quarrel between Jonson and Marston and Dekker. Planet is by some supposed to be meant for Shakespeare.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile reprint with the original copy, again reports that the reproduction is of the same high quality that is characteristic of these facsimiles.

JOHN S. FARMER.

Iacke Drums Enter=
tainment :

OR

THE COMEDIE

Of Pasquill and Katherine.

*As it hath bene sundry times plaide by the
Children of Powles.*



AT LONDON

Printed for Richard Oliue, dwelling in Long
Lane. 1601.



IOHN DRUMS
Entertainment, or the
Comedie of Pasquill and
Katherine.

The Introduction.

Enter the Tyer-man.

IN good faith Gentlemen, I thinke we shall be forced to giue you right Iohn Drums entertainment, for hee that compose the Booke, we should present, hath done vs very vehement wrong, he hath snatched it from vs, upon the very instance of entrance, and with violence keeps the boyes from coming on the Stage. So God helpe me, if we wrong your delights, tis infinitely against our endeouours, vnles we should make a tumult in the Tying-house.

Exit Tyer-man.

Enter one of the Children.

You much mistake his Action Tyer-man,
His violence proceeds not from a minde
That grudgeth pleasure to this generous presence,
But doth protest all due respect and loue
Vnto this choise selected influence.
He vowes, if he could draw the musick frō the Spheares

A pleasant Comodie

To entertaine this presence with delight,
Or could distill the quintessence of heauen
In rare composed Sceanes, and sprinkle them
Among your eares, his industry should sweate
To sweeten your delights: but he was loth,
Wanting a Prologue, & our selues not perfect,
To rush vpon your eyes without respect:
Yet if youle pardon his defects and ours,
Heele giue vs passage, & you pleasing sceanes,
And vowes not to torment your listning eares
With mouldy fopperies of stale Poetry,
Vnpossible drie mustie Fictions:
And for our parts to gratifie your fauour,
Weele studie till our cheekes looke wan with care,
That you our pleasures, we your loues may share.

Exit.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

*Enter Iacke Drum, and Timothy Twedle, with a
Taber. and a Pipe.*

Drum. Come *Timothy Twedle*, tickle thy Pipe on
the greene, as I haue tipleed the Pot in the Seller, and the
hey for the honor of High-gate, you old Troian.

Twedle. And a heigh for the honor of Hygate, Hem,
by my holydam, tho I say it; that shuld not say it, I think
I am as perfect in my Pipe, as Officers in poling,
Courtiers in flattery, or wenches in falling: Why looke
you *Iacke Drum*, tis euen as naturall to me, as brawdry to
a Somner, knauery to a Promoter, or damnation to an
Vsurer. But is *Holloway* Morice prancing vp the hill?

Drum. I, I, and Sir *Edward*, and the yeallow toothd,
sunek-cyde, gowtie shankt *Vsurer Maman*, my young
Mistresses

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Mistresses and all are comming to the greene, lay Cushions, lay the Cushions, ha the wenches!

Twed. The wenches, ha, when I was a yong man and could tickle the Minikin, and made them crie thanks sweete *Timothy*, I had the best stroke, the sweetest touch, but now (I may sigh to say it) I am faine from the Fiddle and betooke me to thee. *He plaies on his Pipe.*

Enter Sir Edward Fortune, M. Mamon, Camelia, Katherine, and Winifride, Camelias maide.

Sir Ed. Sir *M. Mamon*, ha heeres a goodly day nigh.

Mam. I thank you *Sir*, and faith what newes at court?

Sir Ed. What newes at court? ha, ha, now Iesu God,

Fetch me some *Burdeaux* wine, what newes at court?
Reprobate fashion, when each ragged clowt,
Each Coblers spawne, and yeastie bowzing bench,
Reekes in the face of sacred maiestie
His stinking breath of censure, Out-vpont, *He drinks.*
Why by this *Burdeaux* iuice, tis now become
The shewing-horne of Bezelers discourse,
The common foode of prate: what newes at court?
But in these stiffe nekt times when euery Iade
Huffes his vpreared crest, the zealous bent
Of Councillors solide cares is trampled on
By euery hacknies heeles: Oh I could burst
At the coniectures feares, preuentions,
And restles tumbling of our tossed braines:
Ye shall haue me an emptie cask that s furd
With nought but barmy froath, that nere traueled
Beyond the confines of his Mistresse lippes,
Discourse as confident of peace with *Spaine*,
As if the *Genius* of quick *Machiauel*

not number
of the
young
Mamons

A pleasant Comedie

Vlsterd his speech.

Mam. Oh forbear, you are too sharpe with me.

S. Ed. Nay *M. Mamon*, misinterpret not,
I onely burne the bauen heath of youth,
That cannot court the presence of faire time
With ought but with, what newes at Court sweete sir?
I had rather that *Kemps* Morice were their chat,
For of foolish actions, may be theyle talke wisely, but of
Wife intendments, most part talke like fooles.
The summe is this, beare onely this good thought,
The Counsell-chamber is the Phænix nest,
Who wastes it selfe, to giue vs peace and rest.

The Taber and Pipe strike up a Morrice.

A shoute within.

A Lord, a Lord, a Lord, who!

Ed. Oh a Morice is come, obserue our country sport,
Tis Whitson-tyde, and we must frolick it.

Enter the Morrice.

The Song.

*Skip it, & trip it, nimble, nimble, tickle it, tickle it, lustily,
Strike up the Taber, for the wenches fauor, tickle it, tickle
it, lustily:*

*Let vs be seene, on Hygate Greene, to daunce for the ho-
nour of Holloway.*

*Since we are come hither, lets spare for no leather,
To daunce for the honour of Holloway.*

Ed. Wel said my boyes, I must haue my Lords liuory,
what ist, a May-pole? troth twere a good body for a
courtiers imprezza, if it had but this life, *Frustra flore scis.*
Hold Couzen hold. *He giues the Foole money.*

Foole.

of Pasquil and Katherine.

Foole. Thankes Couzen, when the Lord my Fathers
Audit comes, weel repay you again. Your beneuolence
too sir.

Mam. What a Lords sonne become a begger?

Foole. Why not, when beggers are become Lordes
sonnes, come tis but a small trifle.

Mam. Oh sir, many a small make a great.

Foole. No sir, a fewe great make a many small, come
my Lords, poore and need hath no lawe.

S.Ed. Nor necessitie no right, *Drum* downe with
them into the Celler, rest content, rest cōtent, one bout
more and then away.

Foole. Speake like a true heart, I kisse thy foote sweet

The Morice sing and daunce, and Exeunt. (knight.)

Ma. Sir *Edward Fortune* you keep too great a house,
I am your friend, in hope your sonne in lawe,
And from my loue I speake, you keep too great a house,
Go too you do, yon same dry throated huskes
Will suck you vp, and you are ignorant
What frostie fortunes may benumme your age,
Pouertie, the Princes frowne, a ciuile warre, or.

S.Ed. Or what? tush, tush, your life hath lost his taste,
Oh madnes still to sweate in hotte pursuite
Of cold abhorred sluttish nigardise,
To exile ones fortunes from their natiue vse,
To entertaine a present pouertie,
A willing want, for Infidell mistrust
Of gracious prouidence: Oh Lunacie,
I haue two thousand pound a yeare, and but two Girles,
I owe nothing, liue in all mens loue,
Why should I now go make my selfe a slaue
Vnto the god of fooles; put worst: then heer's my rest.
I had rather liue rich to die poore, then liue poore to die rich.

Mam.

A pleasant Comedie

Mam. Oh but so great a masse of coyne might mount
from wholsome thrift, that after your decease your issue
might swell out your name with pompe.

S. Ed. Ha, I was not borne to be my Cradles drudge,
To choake and stiffe vp my pleasures breath,
To poyson with the venomd cares of thrift
My priuate sweet of life: onely to scrape
A heap of muck, to fatten and manure
The barren vertues of my progeny,
And make them sprowt, spight of their want of worth:
No, I do loue my Girles should wish me liue,
Which fewe do wish that haue a greedy Syre:
But still expect and gape with hungry lip,
When hecle giue vp his gowtief stewardship.

Mam. You touch the quick of sence, but the I wonder
You not aspire vnto the eminence
And height of pleasing life: to Court, to Court,
There burnish, there spread, there stick in pompe
Like a bright Diamond in a Ladies browe,
There plant your fortunes in the flowing spring,
And get the sunne before you of respect:
There trench your selfe within the peoples loue,
And glitter in the eye of glorious grace,
What's wealth without respect and mounted place?

S. Ed. Worse and worse, I am not yet distraught,
I long not to be squeas'd with mine owne waight:
Nor hoise vp all my sailes to catch the winde
Of the drunke reeling Commons: I labor not
To haue an awfull presence, nor be feard
(Since who is feard, still feares to be so feard)
I care not to be like the *Horeb* Calfe,
One day ador'd, and next pasht all in peeces:
Nor do I enuy *Poliphemia* puffes,

Swizer

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Swizars slopt greatnes : I adore the Sunne,
Yet loue to liue within a temperate zone,
Let who will climbe ambitious glibbery rowndes,
And leane vpon the vulgars rotten loue,
I'll not coriuall him : The Sunne will giue
As great a shadow to my trunck as his :
And after death like Chessmen hauing stood
In' play for Bishops, some for Knights, and Pawnes,
We all together shall be tumbled vp, into one bagge,
Let hush'd calme quiet, rock my life a sleepe:
And being dead, my owne ground presse my bones,
Whilest some old Beldame hobling ore my graue,
May mumble thus : *Here lies a knight whose money
Was his slaue.* Now *Iack* what newes?

Enter Iack Drum.

Drum. And please your Wor. the Morice haue tane
their liquor.

Sir Ed. Hath not the liquor tane them?

Drum. Tript vp their heeles or so : one of them hath
vndertaken to daunce the Morice from *Higate* to *Hollo-*
way on his heeles, with his hands vpwards.

S. Ed. Thats nothing hard.

Drum. Yes sir, tis easier for him to daunce on his head
than his heeles, for indeed his heeles are turnde rancke
rebels, they will not obey, but they are tumbling downe
the hill a pace.

Ma. And I must after then, farwel my soules delight,
Sweete *Katherine* adieu. *Camelia* goodnight.

S. Ed. Nay not to *London* Sir to night, Ifaith at least
stay supper.

Drum. Harke you sir, theres but two Lambes, a dozen
Capons, halfe a score couple of Rabbots, three Tartes,
and foure Tanfics, for supper, and therefore I beseech you

B

giue

Ed. F. 10
quintessence of
fantasie

A pleasant Comodie

giue him *Iacke Drums* entertainment: Let the *Iebusite* depart in peace.

Sir Ed. Why *Iacke*, is not that sufficient?

Drum. I for any Christian, but for a yawning vsurer tis but a bit, a morsell, if you table him, hee deuoure your whole Lordship, hee is a quicksand, a Goodwin, a Gulfe, as hungry as the Iawes of a Iayle, hee will waffe more substance then *Ireland* souldiers: A Die, a Drabbe, and a paunch-swolne Vsurer, deuoure whole Monarchies: Let him passe sweete knight, let him passe.

Sir Ed. Peace knaue peace.

Daughter, lay your expresse commaundement vpon the stay of maister *Mamon*, what tis womens yeere,

Dian doth rule, and you must domineere.

Mam. No sheele not with my stay, oh I am curst
With her inexorable swiftnes, by her loue
Which dotes me more then new coynd glowing gold,
The vtmost bent of my affection
Shootes all my fortunes to obtaine her loue,
And yet I cannot praise, but stil am loathde.
My presence hated, therefore *Mamon* downe,
Farewell sir *Edward*, farewell beauties Crowne.

Sir Ed. Faith as it please you for going, and her for I will enforce neither.

Kath. With your pardon sir, I shall sooner hate my
Then loue him.

Sir Ed. Nay be free my daughters in election,
Oh, how my soule abhorres inforced yokes,
Chiefly in loue, where the affections bent
Should wholly sway the Fathers kind consent.
For e god when I was batcheler, had a friend,
Nay had my Father wisht me to a wife,
That might haue lik'd mee, yet their very wish

of Pasquil and Katherine.

Made me mistrust my Loue had not true course,
But had some sway from dutie which might hold
For some slight space : but ô when time shall search
The strength of loue, then vertue, and your eye,
Must knit his sinewes : I chusde my selfe a wife
Poore, but of good dissent, and we did liue
Till death diuorc'd vs; as a man would wish :
I made a woman, now wenches make a man:
Chuse one either of valour, wit, honestie, or wealth,
So he be gentle, and you haue my heart,
Ifaith you haue : What, I haue land for you both,
You haue loue for your selues. Heeres M. Mamon now.

Drum. A club-fisted Vsurer.

Sir. Ed. A wealthie, carefull, thriuing Citizen.

Mam. Carefull, I, I, let nothing without good blacke
and white, I warrant you.

Drum. Yes sir.

Mam. No sir.

Drum. A litle backe winde, saying your wor. sir.

Mam. I am scoft at, wheres my man there ho?

Came. Sir you need not take the pepper in the nose,
Your nose is fire enough.

Mam. What *Flawne*, what *Christopher*, Hart wheres
the knaue become? Hold sirrah carry my cloake.

Enter Flawne.

Kathe. It seemes he can scarce carry himselfe.

Drum. Hee's ouer the shooes, yet heele hold out wa-
ter, for I haue liquor'd him soundly.

Mam. Why cannot you come where headie liquore
is, but you must needs bouze?

What a man may leade a horse to the water, but heele
chuse to drinke.

Flawne. True, but I am no horse, for I cannot chuse but
drinke.

Mam.

A pleasant Comedie

Mam. A pale weake stripling, yet contend with Ale.

Flawnc. Why the weakest go to the Porfill. (day.

Mam. That lest shall saue him. Sir *Edward* now good

Exit.

Sir Ed. Nay fir, wecke bring you a litle of the way.

Drum. Rely on me *Christopher*, I will be thy staffe,

And thy Masters nose shall be thy lanthorn & candlelight]

Exeunt all. Manent Camelia and Winifride.

Wini. Mistresse *Camelia*, me thinkes your eye
Sparkles not spirit as twas wont to doo.

Came. My mind is dull, and yet my thoughts are fixt
Vpon a pleasing object, *Brabant* loue.

Wini. Indeed yong *Brabant* is a propper man,
And yet his legges are somewhat of the least :
And faith a chitty, well complexioned face,
And yet it wants a beard : A good sweet youth,
And yet some say he hath a valiant breath,
Of a good haire, but oh, his eies, his eies.

Came. Last day thy praise extold him to the skies.

[*Wi.* Indeed he wares good cloaths, & throws his cloak
With good discretion vnder his left arme,
He curles his boote with iudgement, and takes a whiffe
With gracefull fashion, swears a valorous oath,
But o the diuel, hath a hatefull fault, he is a yonger bro-]

Came. A yonger brother? o intollerable. (ther.]

Wini. No Mistresse, no : but theres *M. Iohn*,
M. Iohn Ellis, theres a Lad Ifaish,
Ha for a vertuous honest good youth !

Came. Tut he is good, because he knows not how to
Nor wherefore he is good. (be bad,

Wini. I know not, mee thinkes not to be bad, is
good enough in these daies.

Came. Nay he is a foole, a perfect Idiot.

Wini. Why all the better. And I'le tell you this, The

Brabant
fair

of Pasquill and Katherine.

The greatest Lady in the Land affects him,
Nay doates vpon him, I, and lies with him.

Ca. What Lady, good sweet *Winifride*, what Lady say:
Faith there be some good parts about the foole, which I
perceiue not, yet an other may: what Lady, good sweet
Winifride? say quick good wench.

Winif. The Lady *Fortune*.

Camel. Why my name's *Fortune* too.

Winif. Then you must needs fauour him,
For *Fortune* fauours fooles.

Camel. Oh but to hugge a foole is odious.

Winif. Foule water quenbeth fire well inough,
And with more liuely pallat, you shall taste
The Iuyce of pleasures fount at priuate times:
Pish, by my maiden-head, were I to match,
I would elect a wealthy foole foreall,
Then may one hurry in her Chariot,
Shine in rich purpled Tissue, haue hundred loues,
Rule all, pay all, take all, without checke or snib.
When being married to a wise man (O the Lord)
You are made a foole, a Ward, curbd and controlld, and
(O) out vpon't.

Camel. Belecue me wench, thy words haue fired me,
I'll lay me downe vpon a banke of Pinkes,
And dreame vppont; Sweete foole, I tis most cleare,
A foolish bed-mate, why he hath no peere.

Exit Camelia.

Winif. Ha, ha, her loue is as vncertaine as an Alma-
nacke, as vnconstant as the fashion, Iust like a whiffe
of Tabacco, no sooner in at the mouth, but out at the
nose: I thinke in my heart I could make her enamoured
on *Timothy Twedle*: wel he that sees me best, speeds best.
For as it pleas'd my bribed lippes to blowe,

A pleasant Comedie

So turnes her feathry fancie too and fro. *Exit.*

*Enter Brabant Junior at one doore, Ned Planet
at the other.*

Bra. Good speed thee my good sweet *Planet*,
How doest thou Chuck?

Pla. How now *Brabant*, where haue you liu'd these
three or foure dayes?

Bra. Ho at the glittering Court my *Pytheas*.

Pla. Plague on ye *Pytheas*, what haue you done there?

Bra. Why lane in my Ladies lap, eate, drink, & sleep.

Pla. So hath thy Ladies Dog done, what art in loue
With yon *Hygate* Maimmet still?

Bra. Still, I still, and still, I in eternitie.

Plan. It shall bee Cronicled next after the death of
Bankes his Horse, I wonder why thou lou'st her?

Bra. Loue hath no reason.

Pla. Then is loue a beast.

Bra. O my *Camelia* is loue it selfe.

Pla. The diuel she is: Hart her lips looke like a dride
Neats-tongue: her face as richly yeallow, as the skin of
a cold Ginstard, and her mind as fetled as the feet of bald
pated time.

Bra. Plague on your hatefull humor, out vppon,
Why should your stomacke be so queasie now,
As to bespawle the pleasures of the world?

Why should you run an Idle counter course
Thwart to the path of fashion? Come your reason?

O you are buried in Philosophie,
And there intomb'd in supernaturalls;

You are dead to natiue pleasures life.

Pla. Let me busse thy cheeke sweete *Pugge*,

Now

*ants
yep*

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Now I am perfect hate, I lou'd but three things in the world, Philosophy, Thrift, and my self. Thou hast made me hate Philosophy. A Vsurers greasie Codpeece made me loath Thrift: but if all the Brewers Iades in the town can drage me from loue of my selfe, they shall doo more then e're the seuen wise men of Greece could: [Come, come, now I'll be as sociable as *Timon of Athens*.]

Bra. Along with me then, you droming *Sagbut*, I'll bring thee to a Crewe.

Pla. Of Fooles wilt not?

Bra. Faith if you haue any waight of iudgement, you may easily sound what depth of witts they drawe, theres first my elder brother.

Pla. Oh the Prince of Fooles, vnequall Ideot, He that makes costly suppers to trie wits: And will not stick to spend some 20. pound To grope a gull: that same perpetuall grin That leades his Corkie Iests to make them sinke Into the cares of his Deryders with his owne applause.

Bra. Indeed his Iests are like *Indian* beefe, they will not last, and yet he powders them soundly with his own laughter.

Then theres the *Gorish* French-man, *Monsieur Iohn fo de King*, knowste thou him?

Pla. Oh, I to a haire, for I knew him when he had neuer a haire on his head.

Bra. He is a faithfull pure Rogue.

Pla. I, I, as pure as the gold that hath bene seuen times tryed in the fire.

Bra. Then theres *Iohn Ellis*, and profound tounge Maister *Puffe*, he that hath a perpetuic of complement, he whose phrascs are as neatly deckt as my Lord Maiors Henimen.

A pleasant Comedie

Hensmen, he whose throat squeakes like a treble Organ, and speakes as small and shrill, as the Irish-men crie Pip, fine Pip.

And when his period comes not roundly off, takes tole of the tenth haire of his *Bourbon* locke : as thus. Sweete Sir, repure me as a (*Puffe*) selected spirit borne to be the admirer, of your neuer inough admired (*Puffe*).

Pla. Oh we shall be ouerwhelmd with an invndation of laughter. Come, where are they?

Bra. Here at this Tauerne.

Pla. In, in, in, in, I long to burst my sides and tyer my spleene with laughter. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two Pages, the one laughing,
the other crying.*

Page. 1. Why do'st thou crie?

2. Why do'st thou laugh?

1. I laugh to see thee crie.

2. And I crie to see thee laugh.

Peace be to vs. Heres our Maisters.

*Enter Brabant Signior, Planes, Brabant Iunior,
John Ellis, M. Puffe, and Mounsicur
John so de King.*

Bra. Sig. You shall see his humour, I pray you bee familiar with this Gentleman maister *Puffe*, he is a man of a well growne spirit, richly worth your I assure you, ha, ha, ha.

Puff. Sir I enrowle you in the Legend of my (*Puffe*) intimates, I shall be infinitely proud if you will daigne to value me worthy the embracement of your (*Puffe*) better affection.

Pla.

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Pla. Speake you from your thought sir?

Puffe. I, or would my filke stocke should loofe his
glosse else, I shall triumph as much in the purchase of
your (*Puffe*) loue, as if I had obtained the great *Elixar*:
Let vs incorporate our affections I pray you: let me be
forward in your fauour.

Pla. Sir, I pray you let me beg you for a Foole.

Puff. I affect no rudenes gentlemē, the heauens stand
Propitious to your faire designs:
As soone as next the sun shall gin to shine,
I will salute the eies of *Katherine*.

Bra. Sig. Of *Katherine*, *M. Planet* obserue the next,
M. Iohn, what makes you so melancholy?

Ellis. I do not vse to answeere questions.

Bra. Iu. What are you thinking on now?

El. I do not vse to thinke.

Bra. Sig. He lookes as demurely as if he were asking
his Father blessing.

El. I do not vse to aske my Father blessing.

Bra. Iu. Hart, how chauce he is out of his similies?

Pla. I haue followed Ordinaries this twelue month,
onely to finde a Foole that had landes, or a fellow that
would talke treason, that I might beg him. *Iohn*, be my
Ward *Iohn*, faith Ile giue thee two coates a yeare and be
my Foole.

Bra. Sig. He shall be your Foole, and you shall be his
Coxe-come. Ha, ha, I haue a simple wit, ha, ha.

Pla. I shall crowe o're him then.

Enter Winifride.

Wini. Is there not one *M. Iohn Ellis* here?

Page. There sits the thing so calde.

Winifride and Ellis talke.

Br. Sig. Now to the last course: *Monsieur Iohn so de King*,
C I will

A pleasant Comodie

I will helpe you to a wench *Mounſieur*.

Moun. No point, a burne childe feere de fire.

Ellis. As a hungry dogge waiteth for a mutton bone,
or as a tatterd foote-boy for a cast ſute; euen ſo will I at-
tend on my Miſtris.

Enter Winifride.

Moun. O my *Winifride*, pree you awc, by gor, me ang
de for hor.

Bra. Sig. Nay ſtay, ſtay, I will helpe you to a delicate
plump-lipt wench.

Moun. Toh, phi, phi, your proffer ware ſtink: ſtay *Vini-
fride*, or by gor die, me die, me die by gor, me ang ſo de-
ſirous adiew good Sir.

Bra. Sig. Oh ſtay *Mounſieur*, how do you pronounce
Demurra? Ha, ha, Ile plague him.

Moun. Grand Sot, my vench is gone, & me brule, and
me brule, like one mad bule, me go into de vater to coole
my reine, ang my back made de vater hize againe, dus ſo
brule, me burſt vor a vench, and yet grand poc on you
all, pree you adiew.

Ellis. As the ligge is cald for when the Play is done,
euen ſo let *Mounſieur* goe.

Moun. Hec, me teach you much French vor dis, I
goe to *Hygate*, adiew grand Sots. *Exit Mounſieur.*

Ellis. As fore eyes cannot endure the Sun, nor feald
hands abide ſalt water, ſo muſt I leaue all, and ſee my mi-
ſtreſſe, and as faire Ladies do vſe foule foyles, euen ſo do
I bid you farewell.

Exit Ellis.

Bra. Sig. Why this is ſport imperiall, by my Gentry, I
would ſpend fortie Crowns, for ſuch an other feaſt of
fooles. Ha, ha.

Bra. Ju. I wonder who would be the fooler then?

Bra. Sig.

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Bra. Sig. Why tis the recreation of my Intellect, I thinke I speake as significant, ha, ha, these are my zanyes, I fill their paunches, they feed my pleasures, I vse them as my fooles faith, ha, ha.

Pla. Tis a generous honour.

Bra. Sig. Troath I thinke you haue a good wit, ha? pray you sup with me, I loue good wits, because mine owne is not vnfortunate: pray you sup with me.

Pla. Ile giue God thanks sir, that hath sent a foole to feed me.

Bra. Sig. Come along then, ye shall haue a Capon, a Tansey, and some kick-shooves of my wits, ha, ha, some toyes of my spirit.

Exit Bra. Sig. and Bra. Iunior.

Pla. I will eate his meate, and spend's money, thats all the spight I can do him: but if I can get a Patten for concealed Sots, that Dawe shall troupe among my Ideots.

Exit.

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

Enter M. Puffe with his Page.

Puffe. Boy whats a Clocke?

Page. Past three, and a faire morning.

Puffe. Burnes not that light within the sacred shrine?
I meane the chamber of bright Katherine.

Page. I should appeare by these presence, that it doth.

Puffe. I wonder that the light is vp so soone.

Page. O Mistresse Sauffe was weary with sleeping in the Socket, and therefore hath newly put on her stamell petticoat, & rake her pewter state to giue light to things are in darknesse.

A pleasant Comedie

Puff. And I know that women of grauitie and sweetnes are soone vp.

Page. I see that women of leuitie and lightnesse, are soone downe.

Puff. Boy cleare thy throate, and mount thy sweetest Vpon the bosom of this sleeke cheekt aire : (notes
That it may gently breathe them in the care
Of my adored Mistresse : Come begin.

The Song.

*Delicious beautie that doth lie
Wrapt in a skin of luorie,
Lie stil, lie stil vpon thy backe,
And Fancy let no sweete dreames lacke
To tickle her, to tickle her with pleasing thoughts.
But if thy eyes are open full,
Then daine to view an honest gull,
That stands, that stands, expecting still
When that thy Casement open will
And blesse his eyes, & blesse his eyes, with one kind glance.*

The Casement opens, and Katherine appears.

Puf. All happinesse and vnconceiu'd delight,
Waite on the loue of sweet fac de Katherine.

Kathe. Good youth Amen : I do returne your will
With ample interest of beatitude.

Puf. I do profest, with ceremonious (puffe) lippes
The purest blood of my affection,
Is euen fatally predestinate

To consecrate it selfe vnto your (puffe) loue.

Ka. Vnto my loue? Oh sir you binde me to you :

Faire

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Faire Gentleman I haue a thankfull heart,
Tho not a glorious speech to sweet my thanks.

Puf. Reward my loue then with your kinder loue.

Ka. With my loue sir, I relish not your speech.

Puf. I with your loue, in pleasing marriage.

Ka. Alas sir, cannot be my Loues a man,

Who hardly can requite the deare protests

Of kind affection, which you seeme to vowe

Vnto his fortunes: kind youth, you did wish

All happinesse to wayt vpon my loue:

Well he shall know it when we next do meeete;

And thanke you kindly: now good morrow sweete.

Puf. You take my, my, my meaning (puffe.) (out.

Page. Nay if he be puffing once, the fire of his wit is

Puf. Why she is gone. Hart did I rise for this?

Pa. She cannot endure puffing. O you pufft her away

Puf. Lets slink along vnseen, tis yet scarce day.

Exeunt.

*Enter Mamon with Flawne, bearing a light
before Mamon.*

Flawne. Now me thinks I hold the candle to the diuel.

Mam. Pur out the light, the day begins to breake.

Flawne. Would the day and thy neck were broke to-
gether.

Mam. Oh how the gout and loue do tyre me.

Flawne. Why sir, loue is nothing but the very gout.

Mam. As how Flawne? as how?

Flawne. Thus sir: Gout and loue, both come with
Idlenesse; both incurable; both humorous; onely this
difference: the Gout causeth a great tumor in a mans
legges, and loue a great swelling in a womans belly.

Mam. Why then ô Loue, ô Gout, ô goutie Loue,
how thou torments olde Mamón: good morrow to the

hu
com

mo
the
v-

A pleasant Comedie

sweet lip *Katherine*, eternall spring vnto thy beauties
loue.

Ka. Alas good aged Sir, what make you vp?
In faith I pittie you, good soule to bed,
Troth soone youle crie, Oh God my head, my head.

Mam. No *Katherine*, the wrinckling print of time
Err'd, when it seald my forehead vp with age:
I haue as warme an arme to entertaine
And huggeth thy presence in a nuptiall bed,
As those that haue a check more liuely red,
And tho my voice be rude, yet *Flawne* can sing
Peas of beautie, and of *Katherine*,
Lift to the Musicke that corrupts the Goddess,
Subuertes euen *Desteny*, and thus it throgges.

The Song

Chunck, chunck, chunck, chunck, his bagges doring

A merry note with chuncks to sing

Those that are farre, more noue and wittie,

Are wide from singing such a Dittie

As Chunck, chunck, chunck,

Theres Chunck that makes the Lawler praye,

Theres Chunck that make a foole of *Fassalig*

Theres Chunck, that if you will be his,

Shall make you liue in all hearts blis

With Chunck, chunck, chunck.

Ka. Tis wel sung good old man, hence with your gold,
Leaue the green fields tis deawy, youle take cold.

Mam. The Calements shut, wel here Ile lurke & stay,
To see who beares the glorie of the day.
Hence, hence, to London, *Flawne* let me alone.

Enter

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Flewinne. I can hardly leaue him alone, for the Diuell
and double Duckats, still associate him, but I am gone.

Exit.

Enter Pasquill.

Pasquill. The glooming mornē with shining Armes
The siluer Ensign of the grim cheekt night, (hath chaffe
And for'd the sacred troupes of sparkling flares
Into their priuate Tents, yet caline hush sleep
Strikes dumbe the snoring world: yet frolick youth
Thats lately matcht vnto a well shapte Lasse,
Clippes his sweet Mistresse, with a pleasing arme,
Whilst the great power of Imperious Loue
Sommons my dutie to salute the shine

Of my Loues beauties: Vhequall Katherine
I bring no Musick to prepare thy thoughts
To entertaine nu anorous discourse:
More Musick's in thy name, and sweet dispose,
Then in *Apollos* Lyre, or *Orpheus* close,
I'll chaunt thy name, and so inchaunt each eare,
That *Katherinas* happie name shall heare.
My Katherine, my life, thy Katherine

Kathe. My Ned, my Pasquill, sweet I come, I come,
Euen with like swiftnes, tho not with like heart:
As the fierce Fawcon troupes to ryling fowls
I hurrey to thee: Ho not goe away,

The place is priuate, and tis yet scarce day mornē
Pas. Oh thefe kinde words, I'mparadize my thoughts.

Ma. Ha, ha, young Pasquill, haue I found you out?
If you must be my mose, I'll bore your heart
Why this same boy was bare as naked Tertulian
A howe he'd gallant, yet hee do match with him
He match him, if his skin be poyard proofe
He

A Pleasant Comedie

Escape the force of gold and murder, if not,
As you returne sir, I will pepper you. Exit.

Enter Katherine to Pasquill.

And art thou come deare hart, first see be this,
This kinde imbrace, and next this modest kis.

Pas. This is no kisse, but an Ambrosian bowle,
The Nectar dew of thy delicious soule:
Let me sucke one kisse more, and with a nimble lip,
Nibble vpon those Rosie bankes, more soft and cleare
Then is the Jeweld tip of Venus eare.
Oh how a kisse inflames a Louers thought,
With such a fewell let me burne and die,
And like to Hercules so mount the skie.

Ka. Come you grow wanton. Oh you bite my lip.

Pas. In faith you lest, I did but softly lip
The Roseall Iuice of your reuiuing breath:
Let clumisie iudgements, chilblaind gowtic wits
Bung vp their chiefe content within the whoopes
Of a stufte dry Fatt: and repose their hopes
Of happinesse, and hearts tranquillitie,
Vpon increase of durt: but let me liue
Clipt in the cincture of a faithfull arme,
Luld in contented ioy, being made diuine,
With the most precious loue of Katherine.

Ka. Let the vn sanctified spirit of ambition
Entice the choysse of muddy minded Dames
To yoke themselves to swine, and for vaine hope
Of gay rich trappings, be still spur'd and prickt
With pining discontent for nuptiall sweetes.

But let me line lou'd in my husbands eies,
Whose thoughts with mine, may sweetly sympathize.

Pas. The heauens shall melt, the sun shall cease to shine,
Before I leaue the loue of Katherine.

Kathe.

Handwritten notes in red ink on the left margin: "The Nectar dew of thy delicious soule" is underlined and has a line pointing to the text. Other notes include "also mount", "goutic wits", "Metaphorical", and "Hercules".

Handwritten notes in red ink on the left margin: "New" is written above "specimen of" and "interpose" and "assumed".

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Kathe. Nay when heavens melted, & the sun strooke.
Euen then my loue shall not be vanquished. (dead, 1

Pas. When I turne fickle, vertue shall be vice.

Ka. When I proue false, Hell shall be Paradiſe.

Pas. My life shall be maintaind by thy kind breath.

Ka. Thy loue shall be my life, thy hate my death.

Pas. Oh, when I die let me embrace thy waſte.

Ka. In death let me be counted thine and chaste.

Pas. Heavens graunt, being dead my ſoule may liue.

Ka. One kiſſe ſhal giue thee mine eternally. (nic thee)

Pas. In faire exchange vouchſafe my hart to take.

Ka. With all my mind, weare this *Ned* for my ſake.

But now no more, bright day malings our ſoules, nor like

Farewell, yet ſtay, but tis no matter too, ſit of venomous

My Father knowes I thinke, what muſt enſue. bold ſtuff

Adieu, yet harken, nay faith, adieu, adieu, now I ſhall

Pas. Peace to thy paſſions, till next enteruiſe.

Exit Pasquill.

Enter Mamon, and Mounſier Iohn ſo de King. M. H. 1

Mam. Now Mounſieur be but confident, and hold

There is the price of blood, this way he comes, ſit and ſit

Strike home bold arme, and thou ſhalt want no crowns.

Moun. Feare you noting, when he is die, me bring you

Exit Mamon. (word.)

Hee, by gor braue crowne, braue monney, ſit. 1

Me haue here a patent to take vp, one, two, treeſcore

Vench: fine Crowne, fine vench, vnreaſonably fine,

Dis monney is my baude: Me ſend a French crowne

To fetch a fine vench, de French crowne fetch de

Fine vench, de fine vench take de French crowne,

And giue me de French poe: Hee excellent, you ſee

Mee kill a man, you ſee mee hang like de *Burgullian*,

Hee no poine: Hee by Gor, mee haue much vitt,

Exit Mamon. D Ang

A pleasant Comodie

Ang me much bald, and me ang much bald wit.
Here come de Gentleman metre *Pasquill*.

Enter Pasquill.

Pasquill. Ist possible that sisters should so thwart
In native humours? one's as kind and fayre,
As constant, vertuous, and as debonayre,
As is the heart of goodnesse: the other, proud,
Inconstant, fantasticke, and as vaine in loues,
As trauellers in lies: blest *Katherine*,
Camelia's not thy sister, if she bee;
Shees basterd to the sweetes that shine in thee.

Mourne. *Bonjour* Meire *Pasquill*, since I see, me am hired to
kill you, *Monsieur Mamon*, *Messier*: Iounek, Iounek, giue
me money to stab you, but me know there is a God that
hate blood, derfore, me no kil, me know dere is a vench,
that loue Crowne, derfore me keepe de money.

Pas. Vnballowed villaine, that with gold and blood,
Thinks that almighty loue can be withstood.
Hold *Monsieur*, there are more Crownes, onely do this,
returne to *Mamon*, tell him the deed is done, and bring
him hither, that he may vainely triumph in my blood, I
haue some painting which I found by chaunce in loose
Camelias chamber, with that Ile staine my breast, go and
returne wth speed.

Mourne. Hee, by gor I sinell a rat, me flie, me flie, by gor.
Exit Monsieur.

Pas. Leaud miscreant, that through the throat of hel,
Wouldst mount to heauen; and enioy loue,
Invaluably pretious: no rancke churle,
Thou wast nor made to flauer her faire lips,
With thy dead & wmy chbps, nor clip her waste,
With thy shrunke bloodlesse arme, I heare him come.
Now *Pasquill* faigne, o thou eterna^l light;

gnd.

G

Mourne.

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Mourne that thy creatures should in bloud delight.

He lies downe, and faints himselfe dead.

Enter Mamon and Mounſieur.

Mam. Now smug fac'd boy, now nibble on her lips:
Now sippe the deawe of her delitious breath.
Stinke, rot, damne, bake in thy cluttered bloud,
Snakes, Toads, and Earwigs, make thy skull their neast,
Ingendring deaw-wormes, cling orethwart thy breast.

Moun. Hush, hush, leaue praying for dead, tis no good
Caluianisme, puritanisme. Dissemble, here are company.

Exit Moun.

Enter Bra. Sig. and Planet.

Bra. Sig. Good morrow Sir, who lies there murdred?

Mam. Oh Gentlemen, the kindest vertuous youth
That e're adorned London: Damned theeues
To spoile such hopes: the last words that he spake,
Sticks still within the hollow of mine eare.

Katherine quoth he, hold M. *Mamon* deare,
I know not what he meant, but so he said:
If that you passe to *Hygate*, tell the Knight,
Pasquill is funke into eternall night.

Pla. Faith twas a good youth, come *Brabant*, come a
away. *Exeunt Brabant and Planet.*

Mam. Dead *Kate*, dead *Kate*, dead is the boy,
That kept rich *Mamon* from his ioy.

Mamon sings. *Lantara, &c. Pasquill* riseth, and striketh him.

Mam. Oh the diuell, the ghost of *Pasquill*, I am dead,
if you haue any curtesie in you, belecue it. I belecu'd you
when you faign'd, belecue me now, for I am almost
dead, numbd vp with feare, giue faith sweete gentle
youth.

Pas. Old wretch, amend thy thoughts, purge, purge,
He hide thy yker, be but penitent. *Exit.*

Mam.

A pleasant Comedie

Mam. Ha, I think it was but his ghost that swept along.

Enter Mounſieur ſinging.

Grand ſot Mamō; Pho, phy, phy, phy, a ſoutra pour vos chück; chunck: Iohn fo de King, teach you a ding, Iohn fo de King graund ſot, ſot, ſot. *Exit Mounſieur.*

Ma. Death, plague, and hell, how is curſt *Mamō* vext:
Scourge'd with the whip of ſharpe deriſion:
He home, and ſtarve, this croſſe, this peeuiſh hap,
Strikes dead my ſpirits like a thunderclap.

Exit Mamon.

Enter Brabant Iunior, and Planet.

Bra. Gods pretious, I forgot to bring my Page,
To breathe ſome Dittie in my Miſtris eare.

Pla. Wouldſt haue a Ballet to ſalute her with?

Bra. No, but a Song. How wouldſt thou court thy
Miſtreſſe?

Pla. Why with the world, the fleſh & the diuel.

Bra. Right dog, well thoult ſweare, that I am bleſt
Beyond infinite of happineſſe,
When thou beholdeſt admird *Camelia*.

Pla. And God wold bleſſe me with 3 ſuch miſtreſſes,
I wold giue two of them to the diuel, that hee wold
take the third.

Bra. Oh when ſhe clips, and clings about my necke,
And ſuckes my ſoule forth with a melting kiſſe.

Pla. Doth ſhe uſe thee ſo kindly then, ha?

Bra. O I, and calls me deare, deare *Brabant*, and (ō Ie-
I cannot expreſſe her ſweets of entertaine, (ſu God)
Shee'l ſo inſinuate with chaſte amorous ſpeech,
And play the wanton with ſuch pretie grace,
And yowes loue to me: Oh I'l make thee madde
To ſee how gracious *Brabant's* in her eye.

Here is her window, marke but when I call,
How ſwift ſhe comes, and with what kind ſalutes She

of Pasquill and Katherine.

She welcomes me. What ho *Camelia*?

Faith youle be tane vp, what in bed so late?

Winifride lookes from above. (downe.

Pla. And you take her vp *Brabant*, sheele take you

Bra. Hart they heare not: My *Camelia* wake?

Wini. What harsh vnciuil tongue keeps such a coile?

Bra. *Winifride* tis I. Tell my sweet *Duck* I am here,
Now marke *Ned Planet*, now obserue her well.

Wini. Shee wonders at your rudenesse that intrudes
Vpon the quiet of her mornings rest,
And shee's amaz'de, that with such impudence
You dare presume to intimate some loue to her,
As if she knew you more then for a youth,
A yonger brother, and a stipendary.

Enter *John Ellis*.

Pla. Now mark *Ned Planet*, now obserue her kindnes.
Good morrow M. *John*.

Ellis. As the Countrey mayd crieth to her Cowe to
milke her, or as the Trauailer knocketh with his Hostes
for a reckning, euen so do I call to thee o *Mistris*.

Enter *Camelia* from her window.

Came. Sweet *John* my Loue, heer's thy *Camelia*:
Hold weare this fauour, with this kisse vppont.

Bra. Flesh and blood cannot beare such disgrace.

Brabant beates *Ellis*.

El. Helpe, helpe, helpe, helpe, he boxes mee that hee
doth. Helpe, helpe.

Enter *Sir Edward*, *Katherine*, *Drum*, and *Twedle*.

Sir Ed. What outrage haue we here so early vp?
Sir you do wrong the quiet of my house.

Enter *Camelia*.

Ifaithy ou do, and tis but rudely done,
Go too tis not. Is this a place to brawle?

lan
sunt
B

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Pla. I, and I thinke the Vsurer made a Tent
Euen of his nose it was so red and neere:

Sir Ed. God for his mercy, what mischance is heere?
A good youth, a vertuous modest youth,
Ifaith he was. And I can tell your sir,
My daughter *Katherine*, where is she now?
Whithers she gone? *Drum* call her hither strait.

Drum. Your *Drum* wil found a call sir presently.

Exit Drum.

Sir Ed. And as I told you sir, my daughter *Katherine*
Affected him right dearly: by my peace of soule,
If he had liu'd, I could haue hartily wisht
He had bene my sonne in lawe, Ifaith I could:
But see the will of God. How now *Drum*;
Where's my daughter?

Drum. Sir, she is either inuisible, or deafe, for I can
neither see her, nor she heare mee.

Sir Ed. Boddie of mee, my heart misgiues me now,
Looke, call, search, run all about:
My daughter gone? Go all and search her out:
Heer's *Pasquill* ha? Is this the man thats dead?

Enter Pasquill.

Pas. Let me intreat this fauour, do not search
Or be inquisitiue why I fain'de:
Repute me worthe your better censure: and thus think
My cause was vrgent, the rest lie buried.

Sir Ed. Well, I would you had not fain'de.

Pas. Why would you haue had me dead indeed?

Sir Ed. Oh no, but I haue lost my child I feare,
By your strange faining, she no sooner heard
The tydings of your death, but gone she was,
And God knowes whither: Ha what newes now?

Enter Drum.

Drum.

A Pleasant Comedie

Drum. Tis easier to finde wit in ballating, honestie
in Brokers, Virginie in *Shordich*, then to heare of my
Mistresse.

Sir Ed. Broach me a fresh Butt of *Canary Sacke*,
Lets sing, drink, sleep, for thats the best reliefe:
To drowne all care, and ouerwhelme all grieffe.
Powre Wine, sound Musick, let our bloods not freeze,
Drinke Duch like gallants, lets drinke vpsley freeze.

Exeunt Sir Edward, Planet, Brabant, Drum & Twedle.

Came. Seruant youle go in too, and stay dinner?

El. I in truthe, for as the Itch is augmented
By scratching, so is my loueby seeing my mistresse.

Exeunt Camelia and Ellis.

Paſ. How's this, how's this, My *Katherin* gone hence?
Sences awake, and thou amazed soule
Vnwinde thy selfe from out the Labyrinth
Of gaping wonder, and astonishment.
My *Katherin* departed? how? which way?
Foole, foole, stand not debating, but pursue
Haste to her comfort, for from thee doth spring
(Wretch that thou art) her cause of forrowing. *Exit.*

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Enter a Page solus.

Page. Ha, ha, ha, tipsie, tipsie, tipsie, all turnd whirle-
gig, *John so de king*, *Drum*, and *Timothy Twedle*, are rare
fine, ha for the heauens, I faith: *Drums* Lyon drunk, and
he dings the pottes about, crackes the glasses, swaggers
with his owne shadow. Honest *Timothy* is *Mawdelin*
drunke, and he weepes for kindnesse, and kisses the hilts
of *Iacke Drums* Dagger. *Mounſieurs* Goat drunke, and he
shrugges,

Handwritten notes:
Ed. Fortune
Ed. Fortune

Handwritten note:
Taryway

of Pasquill and Katherine.

shrugges, and skrubbes, and hies it for a wench. Heere they come reeling, I must packe, or we shall swagger, for they hauing a cracke in their heades, and I a fault in my hands, we shall nere agree. *Exit.*

Enter Drum, Mounſieur, and Tweddle.

Drum. A Seruingman quoth you? Hart, and if I serue any thats flesh and blood, would I might ne're taste my liquore more: stand bare whilest hee makes water, out vppont, Ile to *Ireland*, and there Ile Tan, ran, ty, ry, dan, Sa, sa, sa, sa: Nay tis the onely life.

Twe. Nay good Thewte hart, good kind *Iack*, stay, if you would loue mee, as I loue you, we would liue & die together: and please God, would I were dead, and you are gone. And heeres *M. John so de king*, a verie honest man too.

Drum. I, I, hee's a verie good honest man: for theres not a haire betwixt him and heauen.

Twe. Heele liue with vs now & teach vs French.

Moun. I by my trot, ang you helpe mee to a Vench now, mee teach you French. s. towſand, towſand yere, o your Secke is hote, and make mee brule, and brule, and burne, for a (*hee*) by gor your Seck is hote.

Enter Winifride.

Drum. Welcome *Basilisco*, thou wilt carry leuell, and knock ones braines out with thy pricking wit. Kisse me sweet wench, kisse mee.

Moun. Hee my *Vinifride*, by gor you are come, in te very nick to pleasure mee, pree you kisse mee, clip mee, loue mee, or by gor mee ang die certaine.

Drum. Out you French Dogge, touch my Loue, and Ile---

Moun. Touch her, by gor mee touch her, and touch her, and touch her.

E

Drum.

A pleasant Comodie

Drum. Ile touch you, Ile slash you, Ile vench ye.

Wini. Put vp, put vp, for the passion of God put vp, or if youle needs too it, sheath both your weapons in mee first.

Drum. Hart touch my loue, touch my *Wini*fride?

Wini. Hark you *Iacke*, come to my chamber an houre hence, and you shall haue what you will aske, and I can graunt.

Drum. Why then my chollers down. *John so de King.*
Fontra for you. *Exit Drum.*

Moun. Fontra for me, futtra, futtra, futtra, siue tow-land futtra's for you.

Twe. Stay friend *Iacke*, Ile reele along with you, if youle not swagger.

Exit Tweedle.

Wini. Sweete, sweete *Moun*seur, hang youn slaues, I loue you infinitely.

Moun. By gor me teach you French foure towland yeare dan.

Wini. Well *Moun*seur, I'lle giue you pleasure.

Moun. But will you presently? quickly, for by gor me am a hot shot.

Wini. I so they say, I heard you were vnder the *Tor- red zone* last day.

Moun. Pish tis no matter, me am like a Tabacco Pipe, de more me am burne, de cleancer me am.

Wini. Well then, two houres hence come to my chamber, and *Timothy Tweedle* shall giue you mee in a sacke.

Moun. In a sacke? Ha very well.

Wini. And you shall carrie me to my Maisters house at *Holloway*, for in the house we cannot be priuate without suspect. Till then, farewell.

*Exit Wini*fride.

Moun.

Wini's boy

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Moun. By my trot vnreasonable good, I carrie de
vench on my backe, and de vench carie me on her (hee)
fine backe, fine vench, fine *Mounsieur*, fine, fine, fine
Knight, all fine, vnreasonable fine, me sing vor ioy, by
gor me sing la, liro, liro la, lilo. *Exit.*

Enter Brabant Signior, Brabant Iunior, and Planet.

Bra Sig. Gentlemen, as e're you lou'd wench, obserue
M. *Puffe* and me.

Bra. Iu. What shall we obserue you for?

Bra. Sig. Oh for our complement.

Pla. Complement, whats that?

Bra. Sig. Complement, is as much as (what call you
it) tis deriued of the Greeke word, a pox ont.

Pla. Complement, is as much as what call you it, tis
deriued of the Greeke word, a pox ont.

Enter Puffe.

Bra. Sig. You shall see M. *Puffe* and me tosse it, Ifaith
marke with what grace I encounter him.

Pla. Hart thy brother's like the Instrument the Mer-
chants sent ouer to the great Turke: you need not play
vpon him, heele make musicke of himselfe, and hee bee
once set going.

Bra. Sig. M. *Puffe*, I long to do faire seruice to your
loue.

Puffe. Most accomplisht wit, exquisitly accounted,
(*Puffe*) Iudgement, I could wish my abilitie worthie
your seruice, and my seruice worthie your abilitie.

Pla. By the Lord fustian, now I vnderstand it: com-
plement is as mch as fustian.

Bra. Sig. I protest your abilities are infinite, your per-
fections matchlesse, your matchlesse perfection infinite
in abilitie, and your infinite abilitie, matchlesse in per-
fection.

A pleasant Comedie

Pla. Good againe; reioyce *Brabant*, thy brother will not liue long, he talkes Idly already.

Puff. Delicious spirit, disparage not your courtesie, stand not bare to him that was borne to honor you.

Bra. Sig. Let vs presse our haire then, with an vni-forme consent.

Puff. The pressure of my haire, or the puncture of my heart, standes at the seruice of your sollide perfections: my life is bound to your loue, your loue being my life; tho my life bec not worthie your loue, your perfection is the center to which all the paralels of my affection are drawne: your loue my life, your perfection, my affection, being

Pla. Your Assè, my Foole.

Puff. Being chainde by the mightie coplet of ineuitable destenie, who seeth the sunne; but hee must adore it: who seeth beautie, but he must honour it: who vieweth gold, but he must couet it: then, (O then) who can behold your sun-like beauteous golden beauties, but he must more then adore, much more then honour, and most infinitely loue to be out, out, out.

Bra. In. Out he is indeed.

Pla. Hee's at a stand, like a restie Iade, or a Fidler, whē he hath crackt his Minikin.

Puff. Outragiously addicted to the worthe pursuite of such matchlesse worth.

Bra. Sig. Sir, I can rest but truly thankfull, for your more then good conceit of my no lesse then litle worth. And now sir for the consequent houres of the day, how stands your intencion for employment?

Puff. I ha tane my leaue of Sir *Edward*, bid adiew to loue, my Mistresse is gone, my humour is spent, my ioyes are at an end, and therefore Gentlemen, I leaue you,

page
s
proudly
with drunken

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Ioue, and fall to the (*puffe*) Lawe, I will interre my selfe
in *Ploydens* Coffin, and take an eternall *Conge* of the
world. And so sweete gallants farewell. *Exit.*

Bra. Sig. Nay Ile follow you to your graue. Gentle-
men youle not accompany the coarſe? *Exit.*

Pla. No, no, looke *Ned Brabant*, yons a pleasing ob-
iect for thy eyes.

Enter Camelia, Ellis, and Winifride.

Bra. In. My Miſtrefſe is turnde *Bucephalus*, no bodie
muſt ride her but *Alexander*: no bodie kiſſe her but *Iohn*
Ellis. Now ſtand and liſt good *Planet*.

Ca. Come ſweeteſt Loue, lets giue time pleaſing wing,
What ſhall we make ſome purpoſes or ſing?

El. I will ſing, ſo you will beare my burthen.

Ca. Come laie thy head then in my virgin lappe,
And with a ſoft ſleeke hand Il'e clappe thy cheeke,
And wring thy fingers with an ardent gripe:
Ile breathe amours, and euen inſtraunce thy ſpirit,
And ſweetly in the ſhade lie dallying.

The Song.

Now dally ſport and play, This merry month of May,
This is the merry, merry month, Sweet time for dallying:

The Birds ſit chirping, chirping, The Doves ſit billing, billing,

Phillip is treading, is treading, is treading, is treading, is treading,

All are to pleaſures willing. (ding,

You that are faire and witty, Obſerue this eaſie Dittie,
And leaue not Natures Natures bliſſe, Do not reſuſe to kiſſe.

The Birds ſit chirping, chirping, The Doves ſit billing, billing,

Phillip is treading, is treading, &c.

Bra. In. Death I can holder: Life of loue

Man
my

A pleasant Comedie

Amazing bewtie, let not me seeme rude,
Tho thus I seeme to square with modestie'

El. Pray you let me go, for heele begin to square,
And euen as some doo weare Muffes for warmth, some
for wantonnesse, some for pride, some for neither, but to
hide gowtie fingers, so will I get your Fathers consent,
and marry you. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Came. Sir it were good you got a benefice,
Some Evenuch'd Vicaridge, or some Fellowship,
To prop vp your weake yonger brothership.
Match with your equalls, dare not to aspier
My seate of loue, I wis Sir, I looke higher.

Bra. Ju. Astonishment of Nature, be not proud
Of *Forunes* bounties: *Brabant* is a man,
Tho not so clogd with durt as others are :
I do confesse my yonger brothership,
Yet therein laie no such disparagement
As your high scorne imputes vnto my worth.
Coach Iades and Dogges, are coupled still together,
Only for outward likenes, growth and strength,
But the bright models of eternitie,
Are ioind together for affection,
Which in the soule is form'de. Oh let this moue,
Loue should make mariage, and not mariage Loue. (proud,

Pla. Wooe her no more *Brabant*, thou'lt make her
You Duch Ancient why should you looke higher ?
His births as good as yours, and so's his face :
Put off your Iengle, Iangles, and be not as faire,
He shall renounce it, fore this Audience,
Put off your cloathes, and you are like a *Banbery* cheefe,
Nothing but paring : why should you be proud,
And looke on none but Weathercocks forfooth ?
O you shall haue a thousand pound a yeare !

Bar

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Bar Ladie thats a bumming found. But harken,
Wilt therefore be a slaue, vnto a slaue,
One thats a bound Rogue vnto Ignorance?
Well thou'lt serue to make him gellide broaths,
And scratch his head, and may be now and then
Heele flauer thee a kisse. Plague on such mariages.

Came. Rude vnciuile Clowne.

Pla. Tut raile not at me, turn your eie vpo the leprosie of
your own iudgement, loath it, hate it, scorn it, and loue
this yong Gentleman, who is a Foole in nothing but in
louing thee: madde in nothing but affecting thee: and
curst in eternitie if he marry thee.

Ca. Sir you ha spoke exceeding pleasingly,
For which I loue you, as I loue a dull dead eye.

Brabant I do coniure thee Court not mee,
Do not presume to loue or fancie mee.

Bra. Ju. How not presume to loue or fancie you?
Hart, I will loue you, by this light I will
Whether you will or no, I'le loue you still.
Spight of your teeth I will your loue pursue,
I will by heauen, and so sweet soule adieu.

Exit Bra. Iunior.

Ca. Farewell, and neuer view my face againe.

Exit Camelia.

Pla. Harke you faire *Winifride*, sweet gentlemaide,
I haue but fained with you all this while,
I doate vpon the sweet *Camelia*,
And if your fauour will but second me,
I vowe when I shall wed *Camelia*,
To indowe you with a hundred pound a yeare,
And what I haue shall stand at your commaund.

Win. Sir I wil vndertake to forward your faire loue,
So you'le remember what you here do vowe.

Pla.

A Pleasant Comedie

Pla. If I forget it, heauen forget mee:
Do you but praise me, let no her once know
I loue, or do affect her for the world. (Sir.

Wini. Well feare no rubbes, farwell faire bounteous
Exit Wini.

Pla. It workes, it workes, magnificent delight,
Laughter, triumph, for ere the Sunne go downe,
Thy forehead shall be wreath'd, with pleasures crowne.

Exit Planet.

Enter Pasquil at one doore, and his Page at the other.

Pas. Now my kinde Page, canst thou nor heare, nor
Which way my *Katherine* hath bent her steppes? (See,
Page. Sir I can.

Pas. What canst thou my sweet Page?
What canst thou Boy?

Oh how my soule doth burne in longing hope,
And hangs vpon thy lippes for pleasing newes.

Page. Sir I can tell ye. (feare.

Pas. What? o how my hart doth quake & throb with

Page. Sir I can tell you nothing of her in good faith.

Pas. Oh thou hast tortur'd me with lingring hope,
Go haste away, flie from the pestilence

Of my contagious gricfe, it will infect thee boy,
Murder thy youth, and poison thy lifes ioy.

Run search out *Katherine*, in her eies dwell
Heauens of ioy: but in *Pasquil* hell.

Oh thou omnipotent, infinitie,
Crack not the sinewes of my patience

With racking torment: Insiſt not thus to scourge
My tender youth with sharpe affliction,

If I do loue that glorie of thy hand,
That rich *Idea* of perfection,

With any lustfull or prophane intent,

Croft

Handwritten:
Katherine
Pasquil

of *Pasquill* and *Katherine*.

Croft be my loue, murdred be all my hopes:
But if with chaste and vertuous arme I clip
The rareft modell of thy workemanship,
Be then propitious: ô eternall light,
And bleffe my fortunes, maugre hellifh fpiht.

Enter Katherine in a petticoate.

Ka. Black sorrow, nurse of plaints, of teares, & grones,
Evaporate my spirit with a sigh,
That it may hurrey after his sweete breath,
Who made thee doate on life, now hunt for death.

Paf. What soule is that, that with her teare-full eies
Seemes to lament with me in miseries?

Ka. Here seemes to be the pressure of his truncke,
Deare earth confirme my doubt, was this the place
Which the faire bodie of my *Pasquil* prest,
When he laie murdred? See the drooping grasse
Hangs downe his mourning head, and seemes to say
This was the fatall place, where *Pasquil* lay.
Oh thou sweet print, stampd by the fairest limbes,
The richest Coffin of the purest soule
That euer prest the bosome of the earth,
First drinke my teares, and next sucke vp my blood.
Now thou immortall spirit of my Loue,
Thou pretious soule of *Pasquil* view this knife
Which once thou gauest me, and prepare thy arme
To clip the spirit of thy constant Loue.
Deare *Ned* I come, by death I will be thine,
Since life denies it to poore *Katherine*.

She offers to stabbe her selfe.

Paf. Hold, hold, thou miracle of confancie,
First let heauen perish, and the crazde world runne
Into first *Chaos* of confusion,
Before such cruell violence be done

*subtle sun
entire
was
Ph*

A pleasant Comodie

To her faire breast, whose fame by vertue wonne,
Shall honour women whilst she shines a sunne.

Kathe. Thrice sacred spirit, why dost thou forsake
Elizeum pleasures, to withhold the arme
Of wretched *Katherine*? Oh let me die,
Retire sweete Ghost, do not pollute thy hand
With touch of mortalls.

Pas. Amazement of thy Sex, *Pasquill* doth liue,
And liues to loue thee in eternitie.

Be not agast, recouer spirit, (Sweete)
Tis *Pasquill* speakes, tis *Pasquill* clips thy waste,
Tis *Pasquill* prints a kisse on thy faire hand.

Ka. What do I dreame? or haue I drawne the sluice
Of life vp? and through streames of bloud
Vnfelt, haue set my prisoned soule at large?
Am I in heauen? or in *Pasquills* Armes?
I am in heauen, for my *Neds* embrace
Is *Katherines* long wish'd celestiall place.

Pas. Diuinitie of sweetnesse, I protest,
If these inferiour Orbs were rowled vp,
And the imperiall heauen bar'd to my view,
Twere not so gracious, nor so much desir'd,
As my deare *Katherine* is to *Pasquills* sight.

Ka. Heauen of Content, *Paphos* of my delight.

Pas. Mirrour of Constancie, life-bloud of loue.

Ka. Center to whom all my affections moue.

Pas. Renown of Virgins, whose fame shal ne're fleet.

Ka. Oh I am maz'd with ioy, I pree thee sweete,
Vnfold to me, what sad mischaunce it was,
Forc'd thy deaths rumour, and such woes disperc'd:
Sad sorrow past, delights to be rehearsed.

Pas. It will be tedious, but in breefe thinke thus,
Old *Mamons* malice was the venombd foame,

That

of *Pasquill* and *Katherine*.

That poisoned all the sweets of our content.

Kathe. Alas deare heart, that loue should be so croft.
Now good *Ned* fetch my gowne, tis at yon house,
I would be loth to turne to *Higate* thus. (uice.

Pasf. I am oblig'de with infinit respect, to do you ser-
Oh power diuine, was euer such a loue as *Katherine*?

Ent. Ma. Looke *Mamon*, search *Mamon*, this way shee
Put on thy spectacles, this way she went: (went,
Blest, blest, blest, be thy natiuitie,
Yonder she sits, Ile either haue her now,
Or none shall e're enioy her with content.

Ka. How loues impatient, when will *Ned* returne?

Ma. Tut, tis no matter when, looke where thy *Mamō* is!

Ka. Good diuel, for Gods sake do not vexe my fight:
Didst not thou plot the death of my deare Loue?

Ma. Yes, yes, and wold complot ten thousand deaths,
Euen damne my soule, for beauteous *Katherine*.

My ship shall kemb the Oceans curled backe
To furnish thee with braue Abiliaments,
Rucks of rich Pearle, and sparkling Diamonds
Shall fringe thy garments with Imbroadry:
Thy head shall blaze as bright with Orient stone,
As did the world being burnt by *Phaeton*.

Ka. You make me death, for pitties sake forbear:
Oh when will *Pasquill* come? Good Sir depart.
When wilt returne? I pray you Sir goe hence,
And troth, I will not hate you: nay I'll speake
Against my heart, and say I loath you not.
You vexe my patience, gentle sir forbear,
I begge it on my knee, and with a teare.

Mam. Tut will you loue me, and detest yon boy?

Ka. Heauen detest me first, and loathe my soule.

Mam. Is it your finall resolution?

Vill
M

A pleasant Comedie

Ka. God knowes it is. So good Sir rest content.

Mam. I, I will rest, and thou shalt rest thus blur'd,
Thus poysond; venomde with this oyle of Toades:
If *Mamon* cannot get thee, none shall ioy
Which he could not enioy. I feare no lawe,
Gold in the firmeſt conscience makes a flawe.
Rot like to *Helen*: *Spittle* hence, adiew,
Let *Pasquil* boast in your next interview.

Ka. Be pittifull and kill me gentle Sir.
Heauen my heart is crackt with miserie:
Where shall I hide me? which way shall I cleanse
The eating poyson of this venomde oyle?
Poore wretch (alas) see where thy *Pasquil* comes.

Pas. Here Loue put on your gown. How now? good
Heauē giue me patiēce: who hath vs'd thee thus? (God,

Ka. The diuel in the ſhape of *Mamon*. Sweet
Touch me not. *Pasquil* I coniure thee now
By all the power of affection,
By that strickt bond of loue that lincks our hearts,
Leaue and abandon me eternally.
I merit now no loue, yet prethee sweet,
Vouchsafe to giue me leaue to loue thee still:
But I do binde thee by thy sacred vowe
Of our once happie, and thrice blessed loue,
Follow not *Katherine*: good *Ned*, doo not greue,
In time iust heauen may our woēs releue.

Exit Katherine.

Pas. furens. *O dira fata, ſæua, miſeranda, horida.*
Quis hic Locus? qua Regio? qua Mundi plaga?
Vbi ſum? Katherine, Katherine, Eheu Katherine.

Enter Mamon.

Mam. My Spectacles will betraie mee, looke
Mamon, ſearch *Mamon*, hereabouts they fell.

Pas.

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Paf. Welcome *Erra Pater*, you that make Prognostications for euer. Where's you Almanacke?

Pulles his Indentures out of Mamons bosome.

Ma. Lorde blesse my Obligations, Lorde blesse my bonds, Lord blesse my Obligations. Alas, alas, alas.

Paf. Let me see fir now, when will true valour be at the full? Oh theres an opposition tis eclipsed, *Venus*, I *Venus* is mounted. Wheres the Goat now? Kembd, fine kemd. Oh heere are Dog daies, out vpont Dog dayes, Dog dayes, Dog dayes, out vpont.

He teares the Papers.

Mam. Alas my Obligations, my Bonds, my Obligations, my Bonds. Alas, alas, alas.

Paf. *Katherina, Katherina, Ebew Katherina.*

Exit Pasquil.

Mam. Obligations, Obligations: Alas my Obligations, I am vndone, vndone, vndone.

Enter Flawne.

Flawne. Sir, Sir, Sir.

Mam. What fir you for, you Dog, you Hounde, you Cruft, whats best newes with you now? Out-alas my Obligations, my Bonds, I am vndon, vndon.

Flawne. Sir, the best newes is, your ship (the *Hope-well*) hath chapt ill, returning from *Barbary*. Tis but sunk, or so, not a scran of goods sau'de.

Mam. Villaines, Rogues, Iewes, Turkes, Infidels, my nose will rot off with griefe. O the Gowt, the Gowt, the Gowt, I shall run mad, run mad, run mad.

Flawne. Amen, amen, amen. But theres other newes to comfort you withall fir.

Mam. Lets heare them good *Flawne*. My shippe, my bonds, my bondes, my ship, I shall run mad vnlesse thy good newes reclaime mee. Lets heare thy newes.

F. 3.

Flawne.

g
n

11 Austr
mar

A pleasant Comedie

Flawne. Your house with all the furniture is burnt, not a ragge left, the people stand warming their hands at the fire, and laugh at your miserie.

Mam. I defie heauen, earth and hell, renounce my nose, plague, pestilence, confusion, famine, sworde and fire, deuoure all, deuoure me, deuoure *Flawne*, deuoure all: bondes, house, and ship, ship, house, and bondes, Dispaire, Damnation, Hell, I come, I come, so roome for *Mamon*, roome for Vsury, roome for thirtie in the hundred. I come, I come, I come.

Exit Mamon.

Flawne. Why me thinks this is right now, Ile euen laie him vp in *Bedlame*, commit him to the mercie of the whip, the entertainment of bread and water, and the sting of a Vsurers Conscience for euer.

Exit Flawne.

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter Drum and Winifride.

Drum. Truly Mistresse *Winifride*, as I would be willing to be thankfull, and thankfull to finde you willing to prostrate your faire partes to my pleasure, so I hope you will remember your promise, and promise what you now remember, if you haue forgot, I would be glad to put you in minde of it.

Wini. Truly friend *John*, as I would be loth to breake my promise, so I would be vnwilling to keepe my word to the dishonesting of my virginitie. Marry for a nights lodging or so, I wil not be strait lac'd to my friend. Therefore thus it must be. To night I must lie at the Farme at *Holloway*, thither shall you be conueyed in this Sacke, & laid in my chamber, from whence you shall haue free accesse to the pleasures of my priuate bed. *Drum.*

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Drum. Well then bee constant *Winifride*, and you shall finde me faithfull *Iacke Drum*: and so taking leaue of your lippes, I betake me to the tuition of the Sacke.

Enter Twedle.

Exit Drum.

Twe. *Winifride* my Mistresse *Camelia* staies for you to attend her to the Greene, I must go and clap my Tabers cheekes there, for the heauens I faith.

Wini. Stay a little heere, and if *Iohn fo de king* come, giue him that Sack. Oh I could crack my Whalebones, breake my Buske, to think what laughter may arise from this.

Exit Winifride.

Enter Mounseur.

Moun. By my trot, dis loue is a most cleanly Ientleman, he is very full of shifte, de sine Vench, can inuent ten towfand, towfand trick to kisse a men (*hee*) see by gor she ha keepe her word, she is in de seck already, hee, braue by gor, my blood das sparkle in my veine for ioy. Metre *Timothy* you must giue me dat seck dere.

Timo. Owy da *Mounseur*, that is well pronounced is it not?

Moun. Ritt, ritt, ritt, excellan: excellan: adew *Timothy*, me am almost burst for ioy.

Exit Mounseur.

Twe. Well, I know what the Wenches on the green are saying now, as well as if I were in their bellies, when will *Timothy* come, when wil honest *Timothy* approach, when will good *Timothy* drawe neare? Well Wenches now reioyce, for *Timothy Twedle* doth come:

Exit Twedle.

Enter Pla. Bra. Sig. and Bra. Iunior.

Bra. Iu. Brother how like you of our moderne witts? How like you the new Poet *Mellidus*?

Bra. Sig. A slight bubling spirit, a Corke, a Huske.

Pla.

A pleasant Comedie

Pla. How like you *Mufus* fashion in his carriage?

Bra.Sig. O filthily, he is as blunt as *Pawles*.

Bra.Iu. What thinke you of the Lines of *Decius*?

Writes he not a good cordiall fappie stile?

Bra.Sig. A surreinde Iaded wit, but a rubbes on.

Pla. *Brabant* thou art like a paire of Ballance,
Thou wayest all sauing thy selfe.

Br.Sig. Good faith, troth is, they are all Apes & gulls,
Vile imitating spirits, dry heathy Turffes. (erres.

Bra.Iu. Nay brother, now I thinke your iudgement

Pla. Erre, he cannot erre man, for children & fooles
speake truthe alwaies.

Enter Mounseieur with a Sacke, and Iack Drum in it.

Bra.Sig. See who comes yonder sweating with a pack.

Pla. *Mounseieur*, what do you beare there ha?

Moun. Pree you away, you breake my glasses der, Ie-
shu, now mee know not what to doe, Zot dat I was to
come dis way widd dem.

Pla. Glasses you salt rheume, come what ha you there?

Moun. Trike no more for Ieshu sake, by gor mee haue
brittle vare, if you knock it, it will break presant, pre you

Br.Iu. We must know whats in the bag I faith. (adiou.

Moun. By my trot, mee tell you true, will you no trike
me den?

Bra.Iu. No faith, but see you tell vs true, or else.

Moun. Or els, or els by gor, do wat you please wid me:
Sweet *Vinifride*, my verie art dus vurst, he by gor, me did
not dink to vrong yow dus: come out sweet *Vinifrid*, me
much discredit yow.

He Iack Drum. Iesu vat made you dere?

Drum. Gentlemen my M. desires you to come sup
with him, I was sent to inuite you, and this itching goat,
would needs ease my legges & carry me: I hope you'le
come,

of Pasquill and Katherine.

come, and so I take my leaue. I, I am guld, but if I quit her not, well.

Exit Drum.

Bra. Sig. Come, there's some knot of knauery in this

Pla. His culler is not currant, wel, let passe. (tricke.

Bra. Sig. Come *Mounseur*, come, Ile helpe you to a Go downe the hill before, Ile follow you. Wench,

Moun. Me dank you: Mor deu, he mon a mee, me ame trooke dead wit greife, de cock of my humore is downe, and me may hang my selfe vor a Vench.

Exit Moun.

Bra. Sig. Gentlemen will you laugh hartily now?

Pla. I, and if thou wilt play the foole kindly now.

Bra. Sig. I wil strait frame the strongest eternall Iest That e're was builded by Inuention:

My wife lies verie priuate in the Towne,

Ile bring the French man to her presently,

As to a loose lasciuious Curtezan:

Nor he, nor you, nor she, shall know the rest;

But it shall be immortal for a Iest.

Exit Bra. Sig.

Bra. lu. Farwel brother, we shal meet at *Hygate* soone.

Pla. The wicked Iest be turnde on his owne head,
Pray God he may be kindly Cuckoled.

Excunt both.

Enter Camelia and Winifride.

Came. Carry this fauour to my *Ellis* straight,
I long to see him, preethe bid him come.

Wini. I would be loth to nourish your defame,
And therefore Mistresse pray you pardon me.

Came. What is thy iudgement of my *Ellis* changde?

Wini. No that is firme: but your estate is changde.
You know your sifter's straungely vanished,
And now the hope and reueneue of all,

G

Calls

A pleasant Comodie

Calls you his sole, and faire apparant heire :
Now therefore would I haue you change your loue.
Indeed I yeeld tis moderne policie,
To kisse euen durt that plaisters vp our wants;
Ile not denie, tis worthy wits applause,
For women on whom lowring Fortune squints,
And casts but halfe an eye of due respect;
To pinne some amorous Idiot to their eyes,
And vse him as they vse their Looking-glasse;
See how to adorne their beauties by his wealth,
And then case vp the foole and lay him by.

But for such Ladies as your selfe is now,
Whose fortunes are sustaind by all the proppes
That gracious Fortune can aduance you with,
For such a one to yoake her free sweet youth
Vnto a Lowne, a Dane-like barbarous Sot,
A gilden Trunchion, sic, tis slavish vile.
Oh what is richer then content in loue?
And will you now hauing so huge a Ruck
Of heap'd vp fortunes, goe and chaine your selfe
To a dull post, whose verie eies will blaze
His base bred spirit, where so e're he comes,
And shame you with the verie name of wife.
No Mistris, no, I haue found out a man
That merits you, if man can merit you.

Came. Lord what a tide of hate comes creeping on
Vpon my former iudgement? Come, the man?

Wini. The man? (oh God) the man is such a man,
That he is matchlesse : oh, I shall prophane
His name, with vnrespected vterance.

Ca. Oh thou tormentst me, deare *Winifride* the man?

Wi. By the sweet pleasures of an amorous bed,
I thinke you will be deified by him.

© God

Wife's Man

of Pasquill and Katherine.

O God the most accomplish'd man that breathes,
And *Planet* is the man.

Came. Out on the diuell, theres a man indeed.

Wini. Nay looke you now, you'le straight oreshoot
You'le say hee's sowre and vnsociable: (your selfe,
Tush you know him not, that humor's forc'd:
But in his natiue spirit hee's as kinde
As is the life of loue. And then the clearest skinne,
The whitest hand, the cleaneft wel shap'd legge:
The quickeft eye: Fie, fie, I shall but blurre
And sulley his bright worth with my rude speech.

Came. Well, if he court me, Ile not be much coy.

Wi. Court you? nay you must court him for ought I
You must not think forsoothe, that I am feed (know:
To vrge you thus. I solemnly protest,
I motion this out of my pure vowed loue,
Which wisheth all aduancement and content
To attend the glory of your beautilous youth.

Ca. O I am *Planet* stricken *Winifride*,
How shall I intimate my loue to him?

Wi. I sawe him comming vp the hill euen now,
Send him a fauour, and Ile beare it to him,
And tell him you desire to speake with him.

Exit Winifride.

Ca. Do, do, deare *Winifride*, sweet wench make haste.

Enter Sir Edward Fortune, and Iohn Ellis,
with a Paper in his hand.

Ellis. Sir, I haue her good will, and please you now to
giue me your consent, and looke you Sir, here I haue I-
tem'd forth what I am worth.

Sir Ed. Tush shewe me no Iteims, and shee loue you,
a Gods name: Ile not bee curst by my daughter for
forcing

A pleasant Comedie

forcing her to clip a loath'd, abhorred match : and see how fortunate we are ; Looke where shee stands.

Came. Sweet *Planet*, thou onely governst mee.

Sir Ed. Daughter giue mee your hand, with your consent, I giue you to this Gentleman.

Ca. Marry phoh, wil you match me to a foole ?

Sir Ed. God pardon me, not I : why *M. Ellis* ha ? Had you her consent, speake freely man ?

El. Indeed law now, I thought so : by my troth. You sed you lou'de me, that you did indeed.

[*Ca.* I as my foole, my Idiot to make sport.

Sir Ed. Fie daughter, you are too plaine with him. Alas my sonne *Similie* is out of countenance.]

El. Truly as a Mill-horse, is not a horse Mill, and as a Cart Iade, is not a Iade Cart, euen so will I go hang my selfe.

Sir Ed. Mary godforbid, what frolick, frolick man, weele haue a Cup of Sack and Sugar soone, shall quite expell these mustie humours of stale melancholy.

Enter Pasquil and a Country Wench, with a Basket of Egges.

Pas. Is this the Egge where *Castor* and *Pollux* bred ? He crack the Bastard in the verie shell.

Coun. Mayd. Alas my markets, my markets are cleane spoilde. *Exit Wench.*

[*Pas.* *Vbi Hellena, vbi Troia*, ist not true my *Ganimede*, When shall old *Saturne* mount his Throane againe ? See, see, alas how bleake *Religion* stands.

Katherina, Katherina, you damned *Titanoies*, Why prick you heauen's ribbes with blasphemie ?

Python yet breathes, old gray hayr'd pietie.]

Sir Ed. Alas kind youth, how came he thus distraught ?

Page.

Ellis
attempts to my selfe
Pygmalion
satyrizing the country boy

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Page. I left him in pursuite of *Katherine*,
And found him in this straunge distemperature.

Pas. O Sir, ist you that stampe on literature?
You are inspired you with Prophecie.

El. Not I, as I shall be sau'd, I am M. *John Ellis* I.

Sir Ed. Come, come, lets intice him by some good
He labour to reclaime him to his witts. (meanes,
O now my daughter *Katherine* remembers me,
Where art thou girle? heauen giue me patience.

Pas. Poore, poore *Astrea*, who blurs thy orient shine?
Come yons the Capitoll of *Iupiter*,
Letts whip the Senate, els they will not leaue
To haue their Iustice blasted with abuse
Of flattering *Sycophants*. Come lets mount the Starres,
Reuerend antiquitie go you in first----
Dotage will follow. Then comes pale fac'de Lust----
Next *Sodome*, then *Gomorha*, next poore I,
By heauen my heart is burst with miserie. *Exit Pas.*

Enter Brabant Signior, Mounsicur and the Page.

Moun. I ha tell yow de very trote of the lagg Iest, by
gor your England Damofells are so feere, so vittic, so
kitt, by my trote shee tosser me with vey shee please der:
but pre yow were is de Vench? Is dis de house? Ha is
dis de house, pre yow tell me ha?

Bra.Sig. It is, it is, and shee is in the Inner Chamber:
Boy call her foorth. *Exit Page.*

Moun.Sings. By gor den me must needs now sing,
Ding, ding, a ding, Dinga, dinga, ding,
For me am now at pleasures spring.
Dinga, ding, ding, dinga, dinga, dinga, ding,
And a hee da vench, da vench, da vench,
Which must my bruling humor quenchi. Coma, coma, coma.

A pleasant Comedie

Enter Mistresse Brabant.

(night.

Mist. Bra. Now sweet, you kept your promise wel last

Moun. By gor she giue him much kind word already.

[*Bra. Sig.* Well to make thee amends, boy fetch vs a quart of *Canary* Sack. Prythee *Mall* entertain this French Gentleman.

Mist. Bra. Sir you are verie welcome to my Lodging.

Moun. Me danck you, and first mee kisse your finge, next mee busse your lip, and last mee clip your waste, and now foutra for de *Vinifride*.

Page. Sir *Edwards* Caterer passed by sir, you wild me to remember Lemmons.

Bra. Sig. Gods pretious tis true: Boy goe with me to Billings-gate. *Mall.* Ile returne straight.

Exit Bra. Sig. and his Page.

Moun. Will yow no Vin sir, hee, he is gone purposely, by my trote most kind Gentleman. Faire Madame pree yow pittie mee, by Gor mee languish for your loue, me am a pouera French Gentleman, pree you shew me your bed-Chambre.

Mist. Bra. What mean you sir, by this strange passion?

Moun. Nay noting, by Gor damofell, you be so faer, so admirably fecer, flesh and bloud cannot endure your countenance, mee brule, ang mee brule, ang yow ha no compassion, by gor me ang quite languish. Last night me goe to bedd, ang me put de candle behinde me, and by my trote me see cleane thorough me. Me ang so drye, me put a cold plattre at my backe, and my back melt de plattre quite, do so burne. Pree you shew mee your bed-Chambre, mee will be secrete constant: I loue you vnreasonably vell, vnreasonably vell by gor.

Mist. Bra. In faith you make me blush, what should I say?

Moun.

me

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Moun. Say no, ang take it: Or arke you one ting, Say
nederyea nor no, but take it, ang say noting.

Mist. Bra. You will be close and secrete:

Moun. Secred, by gor as secred as your fowle, me wil
tell noting possible.

Mist. Bra. Well Sir, if it please you to see my Cham-
ber, tis at your seruice. *Exit Mist. Brabant.*

Moun. Hee now me ang braue *Mounseieur*, by gorang
me had know dis, mee woode haue eate some Potatos,
or Ringoe: but vell: hee. Me will tanck *Metre Brabant*
vor dis, by gor me am caught in heauen bliffc.

Exit Mounseieur.

*Enter Camelia and Winifride, hanging
on Planets armes.*

Ca. Oh too vnkind, why doest thou scorne my loue:
Shee that with all the vehemence of spech
Hath bene pursued, and kneeled too for loue,
Prostrates her selfe, and all her choycest hopes,
As lowe as to thy feete, disdain me not,
To scorne a Virgin, is mans odious blot.

Pla. To scorne a man, is Virgins odious blot,
Wert thou as rich as is the Ocean's wombe,
As beautious as the glorious frame of heauen,
Yet would I loath thee worse then varnishit skulles,
Whose ryuels are dawbd up with plaistering painte.

Came. O. Rockie spirit.

Pla. Breathe not in vaine, I hate thy flattering,
Detest thy purest elegance of spech,
Worse then I do the Croaking of a Toade.

Wini. Sweete Gentleman.

Pla. Peace you Rebato pinner, Poting-sticke,
You bribe corrupters of affection:

I hate.

Delos
Lancet

Con
du
Pl
sa
Con
str

A pleasant Comedie

I hate you both, by heauen I hate her more
Then I do loue my selfe. Hence packe, away,
Ile sooner doate vpon a bleare-eide Witch,
A saplesse Beldame, then Ile flatter thee.

Came. Be not too cruell sweet *Planet*, deare relent,
Compassionate my amorous languishment.

Pla. Ha, ha, I pree thee kneele, beg, blubber, Cry,
Whilste I behold thee with a loathing eye:
And laugh to see thee weepe.

Came. Looke, on my knees I creepe,
Be not impenetrable beautious youth,
But smile vpon me, and Ile make the aire
Court thy choyce care with soft delicious sounds.
Bring forth the Violls, each one play his part,
Musick's the quiuer of young *Cupids* dart.

The Song with the Violls.

(*Pye,*

Pla. Out *Syren*, peace scritch-owle, hence chattering
The blackt beakt night Crow, or the howling Dog,
Shall be more gracious then thy squeaking voice:
Go sing to *M. Iohn*. I shall be blunt
If thou depart not, hence, go mourne and die,
I am the scourge of light inconstancie.

Exit Camelia and Winifride.

Thus my deare *Brabant*, am I thy reuenge,
And whip her for the peeuish scorne she bare
To thy weake yonger birth: δ that the soules of men
Were temperate like mine, then *Natures* painte
Should not triumph o're our infirmities.
I do adore with infinit respect,
Weomen whose merit issues from their worth
Of inward graces, but these rotten poasts
That are but guilt with outward garnishment,

O how

of *Palquill* and *Katherine*.

O how my soule abhorres them. Yons my friend,

Enter Brabant Inuior.

I will conceale what I for him haue wrought,

Nice Iealousie mistakes a friendly part :

Now *Brabant* wheres thy elder brother ha ?

What hath he built the left with *Monsieur* yet ?

Bra. In. Faith I know not, but I heard he left the
French-man with his wife.

Pla. Knew she thy brothers meaning ?

Bra. In. Not a whit, shee's a meere straunger to this
merriment.

Pla. Hit and be luckie, & that twere lawfull now

To pray to God that he were Cuckoled.

Deare *Brabant* I do hate these bumbaste wits,

That are puffed vp with arrogant conceit

Of their owne worth, as if *Omnipotence*

Had hoysed them to such ynequall height,

That they suruaide our spirits with an eye

Only create to censure from above,

When good soules they do nothing but reprove.

See where a Shallop comes. How now, what newes ?

Enter Winifride, and whispers with Planet.

Bra. In. What might this meane, that *Winifrid* salutes

The blunt tongu'd *Planet*, with such priuate speech ?

See with what vehemence she seemes to vrge

Some priuate matter. *Planet* is my friend,

And yet the strongest linke of friendship's strainde,

When female loue puts to her mightie strength.

Marke, Marke, she offers him *Camelias* scarfe :

Now on my life tis so : *Planet* supplants my Loue.

Pla. Friend I must leaue thee, preethee pardon mee,

Weele meete at supper soone with the good knight.

Exeunt Pla. and Winifride.

H

Bra. In.

A pleasant Comodie

Bra. Iu. I, I, content: ô hell to my delight,
My friend will murder me, thin Cobweb Lawne
Burst with each litle breath of tempting sweets:

Winifride speaks from within:

She intreats you *M. Planet*, to meete
Her at the Crosse stile.

Bra. Iu. Ha, at the crosse stile, well I'll meet him there.
He thats perfidious to me in my loue,
Confusion take him, and his bloud be spilt
Without confusion to the murderer.

Exit Brabant.

ACTVS QVINTVS.

*Enter Bra. Iu. and his Page, charging
a Pistoll.*

Bra. Iu. So loade it foundly, murders great with me,
Goe Boy, discharge it, euen in *Planets* brest,
Shoot him quite through, & through, thou canst not sin
To murder him, that murdered his deare friend
With damned breach of friendship, when he is slaine.
Bring me his Cloake and Hat, here I will stay
To be imbrac'de in steed of *Planet*: goe, away. *Exit Boy.*
I had rather die with blood vpon my head,
Shame and reproach clogging my heauie houre,
Then t'haue my friend still wounding of my soule
With reprobate Apostacisme in loue.
O this Sophisticate friendship, that dissolues
With euery heate of Fancie, let it melt
Euen in Hells Forge. Harke, the Pistoll is discharge'de,
The Act of gory murder is perform'de.
Haue mercie heauen: ô my soule is rent

Enter

meat-would be dead
down

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Enter the Page.
With Planets wound. Come Boy the Hat and Cloake,
Go poste to Scotland, there are crownes for thee,
Leaue *Brabant* vnto death, and obloquie.

Exit Page.

Why now the vlcerous swelling of my hate
Is broken forth: Oh that these womens beauties,
This Natures witchcraft, should inchaunt our soules
So infinitely vnrecoverable,
That Hell, death, shame, eternall infamy,
Cannot reclaime our desperate resoules,
But we will on spight of damnation.

Enter Camelia and Winifride.

Come ye poore garments of my murdered friend,
Mourne that you are compeld to hide his limbes
That slew you, Maister. See *Camelia* comes,
I'll stand thus muffled and deceiue her sight,
When loue makes head, friendship is put to flight.

Came. Persist not still, o thou relentlesse youth
To scorne my loue: what tho I scorn'd thy friend,
Do not vpbrayd me still with hating him,
Do not still view me with a loathing eye.
For *Brabants* sake, do you but loue me sweet,
And Ile not scorne him. Why shouldst be so nice
In keeping lawes of friendship? didst thou e're heare
Of any soule that held a friend more deare,
Then a faire woman?

Bra. lu. O the sting of death, how hath *Brabant* cur'd?
Hence thou vile wombe of my damnation,
Oh thou wrong'd spirit of my murdered friend,
Thou guiltlesse, spotlesse, pure Immaculate,

lysoygen

M
S
in
l

A pleasant Comedie

Behold this arme thrusting swift vengeance
Into the Trunck of a curst damnde wretch.

He drawes his Rapier.

Wini. Hee'll spoile himselfe, lets run & call for helpe.

Exit Camel. and Wini.

Bra. Iu. Now haue I roome for murder, this vaste
Hush'd silence, and dumb sollitude, are fit (place,
To be obseruers of my Tragedie.

Planet accept the smoake of reeking bloud
To expiate thy murder. Friend I come,
Wee'll troope together to *Eliazum*.

*Enter Sir Edward, Camelia, Winifride, Ellis, Brabant
Sig. Twedle, Drum, and others.*

Sir Ed. Hold hairbrainde youth, what mischief
maddes thy thoughts?

Bra. Iu. Forbear good knight, you neuer sinn'd so
deepe,

As in detaining this iust vengeance
To light vpon me, but know I will die,
I haue infring'de the lawes of God and Man,
In sheading of my *Planets* guiltles blood,
Who I supposde corryuald me in loue
Of that *Camelia*, but iniuriously:

And therefore gentle knight, let mine owne hand
Be mine owne hangman.

Bra. Sig. Brother I'll get you pardon, feare it not.

Bra. Iu. You'll get my pardon, brother pardon mee,
You shall not, for Ile die in spight of thee.

Sir Ed. I am turnde wilde in wonder of this act.

Enter

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Enter Planet and the Page.

Pla. Come *Brabant* come, giue me my Cloak & Hat,
The euening rawe and danke, I shall take cold.
How now? turnd mad, why star' st thou on me thus?
Giue me my Cloake. Hat is the youth distraught?

Bra. In. Ha, doest thou breathe, lets see where is thy
wound?

Pla. Doest breathe, my wounde, what doest thou
meane by this?

Page. Gentlemen I can dire& you forth
This Laborinth of intricate misdoubts,
My M. will'd me kill that Gentleman,
Now I thought he was mad in putting me
To such an enterprise, and therefore sooth'd him vp,
With I sir, yes sir, and so sir, at each word,
Whilste he would show me how to hold the Dagge,
To drawe the Cock, to charge, and set the flint,
Meane time I had the wit to thinke him madde,
And therefore went, and as he will'd me shot,
Which he God knows, thought pear'd his deer friends
Then went & borrowed that same Hat & cloake (Hart,
Of M. Planet, brought them to my Maister,
And so.

Pla. No more, no more, knight I wil make thee smile
When I discourse how much my friend hath err'd.

Sir Ed. I will dissolue and melt my soule to night,
In influent laughter. Come^e my Iocund spirit
Prefageth some vnhopte for happinesse:
Wee'l crowne this euening with triumphant ioy,
Ile sup vpon this Greene, heer's roomè enough
To drawe a liberall breath, and laugh aloud.

A pleasant Comedie

Drum fetch the Table : Twedle scoure your Pipe,
For my old bones will haue a Rownd to night.

Now by my troth and I had thought ont too,

I would haue had a play : Ifaith I would.

I sawe the Children of *Powles* last night,

And troth they please mee prettie, prettie well,

The Apes in time will do it hansomely.

Pla. Ifaith I like the Audience that frequenteth there
With much applaife : A man shall not be choakte

With the stench of Garlicke, nor be pasted

To the barmy Iacket of a Beer brewer.

Bra. Ju. Tis a good gentle Audience, and I hope they
Will come one day into the Court of requests. (Boyes

Bra. Sig. I and they had good Playes, but they pro-

Such mustie fopperies of antiquitie,

And do not sute the humorous ages backs

With cloathes in fashion

Pla. Well *Brabant* well, you will be censuring still,

There lyes a Iest in steep will whip you fort.

Sir Ed. Gallants I haue no iudgement, in these things,

But will it please you sit? *Camelia*

Call these same Gentlemen vnto thee wench :

O there with thee my *Katherine* was wont

To sit with gracefull presence, well let't passe :

Fetch me a Cup of Sacke, Come Gallants sit,

M. Brabant, M. Plancy, I pray you sit

Young *M. Brabant*, and Gods pretious *M. Iohn,*

Sit all, and consecrate this night to mirth.

Heere is old *Neds* place, Come, sound Musicke there,

What Gallants haue you nere a Page can entertaine

This pleasing time with some French bravle or Song?

What shall we haue a Galliard? troth tis well.

A Gal.

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Good Boy I faith, I would thou hadst more croome,
Enter Katherine

Ka. Once more the gracious heavens haue renewd
My wasted hopes, once more a blessed chauce
Hath fetcht againe my spirit from the fownd
And languishing dispaire of happinesse
A skilfull Beladame with the Iuice of hearbes
Hath curde my face, and kild the venoms power,
And now if *Pasquill* liue and loue me still,
Heauen is bounteous to poore *Katherine*.

Yon suppes my Father, but my *Ned* is a quier
I feare, and yet I know not what I feare.

Sir Ed. Gallants I drinke this to *Ned Pasquills* health.

Pla. I faith Ile pledga him, would he had his wits

Sir Ed. And in my daughters: Fill me the Cup more
No grieffe so potent, but neat sparkling wine
Can conquere him: Oh this is Inice diuine

Ka. Would he had his wits. Oh what a numbing
Strikes a cold palsey through my trembling blood

Enter *Pasquill* madd

Pas. Vertues shall burst ope the Iron gates of Hell,
Ile not be roop'd vp, to come for *Phaeton*

Lame pollicy how want thou goe, bright
O Lust, staine not sweet Loue. Fie be not lost

Vpon the surge of vulgar humours. You Idiot
Riuet my Armor, and Caparison,

A mightie Centaure, for Ile run at Tibb
And tumble downe vpon Giants in the dust

Sit gentle Iudges of great *Adamant*,
Lern not *Proserpine* nurse the. Oh fete's dead

Now thou art right *Equus*, I appraile to see,
Haw pittie on a wretches miserie

Sir Ed.

A pleasant Comedie

Sir Ed. I am quite sunck with griefe, what shall we do
To get recovery of his wittes againe?

Bra. In. Let Musicke sound, for I haue often heard
It hath such sweet agreement with our soules,
That it corrects vaine humours, and recalls
His stragling fancies to faire vnion.

Pla. Why the soule of man is nought but simphonies,
A sound of disagreeing parts, yet faire vnite
By heauens hand, diuine by reasons light.

Sir Ed. Sound Musicke, then pray God it take effect.

*The Musikes soundes, and Pasquils Eye is fixt
vpon Katherine.*

Bra. In. Mark with what passion he sucks vp the sweets
Of this same delicate harmonious breath.

Pla. Obserue him well, me thinkes his eye is fixt
Vpon some obiect that seemes to attract
His verie soule forth with astonishment.

Marke with what vehemence his thoughts do speake
Euen in his eies, some creature stands farre off,
That hath intranc'te him with a pleasing sight.

Pas. Amazement, wonder, stiffe astonishment,
Stare and stand gazing on this miracle,
Perfection, of what e're a humane thought
Can reach with his discourses faculties,
Thou whose sweet presence purifies my sence,
And doest create a second soule in me,
Deare *Katherine*, the life of *Pasquils* hopes.

Ka. Deare *Pasquil*, the life of *Katherines* hopes.

Pas. Once more let me imbrace the constant's one
That e're was tearmde her Sexe perfection.

Kathe.

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Kathe. Once more let me be valued worth his loue,
In decking of whose soule, the graces stroue.

Pas. Spight hath outspent it selfe, and thus at last,

Both speake.

We clip with ioyful arme each others wast.

Sir Ed. O pardon me thou dread omnipotence,
I thought thou couldst not thus haue blessed me.

O thou hast deaw'd my gray haire with thy loue,
And made my old heart sprout with fertill ioy.

Kathe. Forget deare father, that my aet hath wrongd
The quiet of your age.

Sir Ed. No more, no more, I know what thou wold'st
Daughter, there's nothing but saluation, (say
Could come vnto my heart more gracious
Then is the sight of my deare *Katherine.*

Sonne *Pasquill* now, for thou shalt be my sonne,
What frolicke gentle youth.

Pas. Is *Mamon* heere?

Drum. Oh Sir, *Mamon* is in a Citie of *Iurye*, called
Bethlem, Alias plaine *Bedlame*: the price of whips is migh-
tily risen since his braine was pitifully ouer-
cumbled, they are so fast spent vpon his shoulders.

Pas. Oh sacred heauens, how iust is thy reuenge?

Sir Ed. Why? did he cast you in the laborinth
Of these straunge crosses?

Pas. Yes honor'd knight, which in more priuate place
And fitter time, I will disclose at large.

Came. Faith Sister, as I am your elder borne,
So will I match before or with you sure,
Young *M. Brabani*?

Bra. By this light not I.

Came. Honest *M. Ellis*?

A pleasant Comodie

Ellis. No indeed law, not I, I do not vse to marrie;
For euen as blacke patches are worne,
Some for pride, some to stay the R Hewme, and
Some to hide the scab, euen so *John Ellis*
Scorne her, that hath scorned him.

Came. Vertuous Maister *Planet*:

Pla. Errant wandring starre we shall nere agree.

Ca. M. *Brabant*, M. *Planet*, M. *Ellis*, faith Ile haue any.

Sir Ed. But no bodie will haue thee, this is the plague
of light inconstancie.

Go *Twedle*, bid the Butler broach fresh wine,
Set vp waxe lights, and furnish new the boords,
Knocke downe a score of Beefes,
Inuite my neighbors straight,
And make my Dressers grone with waight of meate.
M. Ellis, pray you let vs heare your high Dutch Song,
You are admired for it: Good lets heare it.

El. I do not vse to sing, and yet euen as when the skie
falls we shall haue Larkes, euen so when my voice riseth,
you shall haue a Song.

He singeth, holding a Bowle of drinke in his hand.

The Song.

Give vs once a drinke, for an the blacke Bowle,

Sing gentle Butler balley moy,

For an the blacke bowle. Sing gentle Butler balley moy.

Give vs once some drinke, for an the pinte Potte,

Sing gentle Butler balley moy, the pinte poste,

For an the blacke bowle. Sing gentle Butler balley moy.

Give vs once a drinke, for an the quart Potte,

Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the quart, the pinte Pot,

For an the blacke bowle. Sing gentle Butler bally moy.

Give vs once some drinke, for an the pottle Potte,

Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the pottle, the quart, the pint pot,

For an the blacke bowle. Sing gentle Butler bally moy.

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Give us once a drinke for an the gallan Potte,
Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the gallan, the pottle, the quart,
the pinte potte, For an the blacke bowle.

Sing gentle Butler bally moy.

Give us once a drinke for an the Firkin,

Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the Firkin, the gallan, the pottle,
the quart, the pinte potte, For an the blacke bowle.

Sing gentle Butler bally moy.

Give us once a drinke for an the Kilderkin,

Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the Kilderkin, the Firkin, the
gallan, the pottle, the quart, the pinte potte,
For and the blacke bowle. Sing gentle Butler bally moy.

Give us once some drinke for an the Barrell,

Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the Barrel, the Kilderkin, the
Firkin, the gallan, the pottle, the quart, the pinte potte,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing gentle Butler bally moy.

Give us once some drinke for an the Hoggeshead,

Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the Hoggeshead, the Barrell, the
Kilkerkin, the Firkin, the gallan, the pottle, the quart, the pinte
pot, For an the blacke bowle. Sing gentle Butler bally moy.

Give us once a drinke for an the But,

Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the But, the Hoggeshead, the Bar-
rel, the Kilderkin, the Firkin, the gallan, the pottle, the quart,
the pinte potte, For an the blacke bowle.

Sing gentle Butler bally moy.

Give us once some drink for an the Pipe,

Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the Pipe, the But, the Hoggeshead,
the Barrel, the Kilderkin, the Firkin, the gallan, the pottle, the
quart, the pinte pot, For an the blacke bowle.

Sing gentle Butler bally moy.

Give us once some drinke for an the Tunne,

Sing gentle Butler bally moy, the Tunne, the Pipe, the But, the
the Hoggeshead, the Barrell, the Kilderkin, the Firkin, the gal-
lan, the pottle, the quart, the pint pot, For an the black bowle.

Sing gentle Butler bally moy.

A pleasant Comedie

Sir. Ed. Well done, Ifaith twas chaunted merrily:
What my Gallants, nere a tickeling Iest
To make vs sowne with mirth ere we goe in?

Bra. Sig. Faith Gent. I ha brewed such a strong headed:
Will make you drunk, and reele with laughter: (Iest
You know *Mounseur Iohn fo de king?*

Sir. Ed. Very well, he read French to my daughters,

Bra. Sig. I to gull the Foole, haue brought him to my
wife, as to a loose lasciuious Cürtezan, she being a meer
straunger to the Iest, and there some three houres ago
Iest him: but I am sure shee hath so cudgeld him with
quicke sharpe Iests, and so batterd him with a volley of
her wit, as indeed she is exceeding wittie, and admirable
chaste, that in my conscience heele neuer dare to court
women more. Would to God he were returnd.

Enter Mounseur.

Sir Ed. See euen on your wish hee's come.

Moun. Iesu preferue you sweet Metre *Brabant*, by gor
de most delicat plumpe vench dat euer mee tuche: mee
am your slaue, your peasaunt; by gor a votre seruice
whil'ste I liue vor dis.

Bra. Sig. He would perswade you now that he toucht
her, with an immodest hand. Ha, ha, ha.

Moun. Tuch her, by Gor mee tuch her, and tuch her,
and mee tuch her, mee nere tuch such a venche, de finea
foote, de cleaneft legge, de sleekest skin: and mee tell
e sure token, shee hath de finest little varte you knowe
veare: hee by Gor mee nere tuch such a vench.

Sir Ed. Pray God hee haue not brew'd a headie Iest
indeed.

Bra. Sig. Why faith Gentlemen I am Cuckolde, by
this light I am.

Moun.

of Pasquill and Katherine.

Moun. By gor mee no knowe, you tell a mee twas a
Curtézar, prey you pardon mee, by my trote, me teche
you French to t'end of de vorlde. (ronet

Pla. Come heer's thly Cap of Maintenance, the Co-
Of Cuckolds. Nay you shall weare it, or weare it
My Rapiere in your gutts by heaven.

Why doest thou not well deserue to be thus vsde?

Why should'st thou take felicitie to gull

Good honest soules, and in thy arrogance

And glorious ostentation of thy wit,

Thinke God infused all perfection

Into thy soule alone, and made the rest

For thee to laugh at? Now you Censurer

Be the ridiculous subiect of our mirth.

Why Foole, the power of Creation

Is still Omnipotent, and there's no man that breathes

So valiant, learned, wittie, or so wise,

But it can equall him out of the same mould

Wherein the first was form'd. Then leaue proud scorne,

And honest selfe made Cuckold, weare the horne.

Bra. Sig. Weare the horne? I, spite of all your teethe
Ile weare this Crowne, and triumph in this horne.

Sir Ed. Why faith tis valorously spoke faire Sir,
Weel solemnise your Coronation

With royall pompe. Now Gentlemen prepare

A liberall spirit to entertaine a least,

VVhere freelight Iocund mirth shall be enthroand

VVith sumptuous state. Now Musicke beat the aire,

Intrance our thoughts with your harmonious sounds,

Our Fortune laughes, and all content abounds.

Exeunt omnes.

F I N I S.

The names of all the men and Women, that
Act this Play.

The Men.

1. *Sir Edward Fortune.*
2. *Brabant Signior, and his Page.*
3. *Brabant Iunior, and his Page.*
4. *Planet.*
5. *Puffe, and his Page.*
6. *Iohn Ellis.*
7. *Mamon the Vsurer, with a great nose.*
8. *Flawne his Page.*
9. *Timothy Twedle.*
10. *Iacke Drum.*
11. *Pasquil.*
12. *Mounsieur.*

The Women.

1. *Katherine.*
2. *Camelia.*
3. *Wipifride.*
4. *Market Woman.*





**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET**

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

