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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Northward Hoe

Written by THOS. DEKKER and JOHN WEBSTER

*Date of the first known edition* . . . . . 1607

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Vol. 232

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

Northward Ho

Written by THOMAS DEKKER and JOHN WEBSTER

1607

*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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# Northward Hoe

Written by THOMAS DEKKER and JOHN WEBSTER

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*This facsimile is from the original in the British Museum. Other examples are at Bodley and in the Dyce Collection.*

*Webster was also associated with Dekker in "Westward Hoe." Both plays are of a somewhat rollicking domestic order.*

*Bullen regards "Northward Hoe" as "an allegorical play of little value" (D. N. B. s. v. Dekker). Although Dekker's name appears first on the title-pages of this play and "Westward Hoe," it seems probable that Webster had by far the larger share in its composition. An allusion to an incident occurring in 1597 seems to point to 1601 as the date of writing.*

*The reproduction in facsimile has been well and satisfactorily done.*

JOHN S. FARMER.



# NORTH-VVARD

9

## H O E.

*Sundry times Acted by the Children  
of Paules.*

By Thomas Decker, and  
John Webster.



Imprinted at London by G. E. l. d.

1607.








# NORTH-WARD HOE.

## ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter Luke Greene-shield with Fesherstone  *Enter.*

*Fesh.* **A**Rsure old *Maybery* Innes here to night,  
*Grec.* Tis certaine the honest knaue *Chambetleine* that  
 hath bin my Informer, my baud, euer since I knew  
*Warc* assures me of it, and more being a *Londner*  
 though altogether vnacquainted, I haue requested his company  
 at supper.

*Fesh.* Excellent occasion: how wee shall carry our selues in  
 this busines is onely to be thought vpon.

*Grec.* Be that my vndertaking: if I do not take a full reuenge  
 of his wines puritanicall coynesse.

*Fesh.* Suppose it she should be chaste,

*Grec.* O hang her: this art of seeming honest makes many of  
 our young tonnes and heires in the City, looke so like our  
 prentises,---Chamberlaine,

*Cha.* Heare Sir. *Enter Chamberlaine.*

*Grec.* This honest knaue is call'd *Innocence*, ist not a good  
 name for a Chamberlaine? he dwelt at *Dunstable* not long since,  
 and hath brought me and the two *Butchers* Daughters there  
 to intenuew twenty times & not so little I protest: how chance  
 you left *dunstable* Sirra?

*Cha.* Faith Sir the towne droopt euer since the peace in *Ira-*  
*land*, your captaines were wont to take their leaues of their *Lon-*  
*don* Polecats, (their wenches I meane Sir) at *Dunstable*: the next  
 morning when they had broke their fast together the wenches  
 brought them to Hockly 'ith hole, & so the one for *London* the  
 other for *Westchester*, your onely rode now Sir is *Torke Torke* Sir.

*Grec.* True, but yet it comes scant of the Prophecy; *Lincolne*  
 was, *London* is, and *Torke* shall-be.

*Cha.* Yes Sir, tis fullfild, *Torke* shalbe, that is, it shalbe *Torke*  
 still, surely it was the meaning of the prophet: will you haue  
 some Cray-fish, and a Spitchcocke.

*Enter Maybery with Bellamont.*

*Fesh.* And a fat Trout,

NORTH-WARD HOE.

*Chan.* You shall Sir; the Londoners you wot of:

*Green.* Most kindly welcome--I beseech you hold our bould-  
ness excused Sir.

*Bella.* Sir it is the health of Trauailers, to inioy good company:  
will you walke. *Ferb.* Whether Trauaille you I beseech you.

*May.* To London Sir we came from *Sturbridge*.

*Bel.* I tel you Gentlemen I haue obseru'd very much with be-  
ing at *sturbridge*; it hath afforded me mirth beyond the length  
of five lattin Comedies; here should you meete a Nor-folk yco-  
man ful-but; with his head able to ouer-turne you; and his pret-  
ty wife that followed him, ready to excuse the ignorant hard-  
nesse of her hus bands forehead, in the goose markt number of  
freshmen; stuck here and there, with a graduate like cloues with  
great heads in a gammon of bacon: here two gentlemen mak-  
ing a mariage betweene their heires ouer a wool-pack; there  
a Ministers wife that could speake false lattine very lispngly;  
here two in one corner of a shop: Londoners selling their wares,  
& other Gentlemen courting their wiues; where they take vp  
petticoates you shold finde schollers & townf-mens wiues crou-  
ding together while their hus bands weare in another market  
busie amongst the Oxen; was like a campe for in other Coutries  
so many Punks do not follow an army. I could make an excellent  
discription of it in a Comedy: but whether are you trauailng  
Gentlemen?

*Ferb.* Faith Sir we purposed a dangerous voiage, but vpo better  
consideration we altered our course.

*May.* May we without offence pertake the ground of it.

*Green.* Tis altogether triuial in-sooth: but to passe away: he time-  
till supper, he deliuer it to you, with protestation before hand, I  
seeke not to publish every gentle-womans dishonour, only by the  
passage of my discourse to haue you censure the state of our  
quarrel.

*Bel.* Forth Sir,

*Green.* Frequenting the company of many marchants wiues in  
the City, my heart by chance leapt into mine eye to affect the  
fairest but with al the falsest creature that euer affectio stoopto.

*May.* Of what ranck was she I beseech you.

*Ferb.* Vpon your promise of seeresie.

*Bel.* You shall close it vp like treasure of your owne, and your  
selfe shall keepe the key of it.







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*Green.* She was and by report still is wise to a most graue and well reputed Cittizen. *May.* And entertaind your loue.

*Green.* As Meddowes do Aprill: the violence as it seemed of her affection—but alas it proued her dissembling, would at my coming and departing be-dew her eyes with loue dropps; O she could the art of woman most feelingly.

*Bel.* Most feelingly.

*May.* I should not haue lik'd that feelingly had shee beene my wife, giue vs some sack heare and in faith— we are all friends; & in priuate— what was her hus bands name. — He giue you a carouse by and by.

*Green.* O you shall pardon mee his name, it seemes you are a Cittizen, it would bee discourse inough for you vpon the exchange this fort-night should I tell his name.

*Bel.* Your modesty in this wiues commendation; on sir.

*Green.* In the passage of our loues, (amongst other fauours of greater vauel) she bestowed vpon me this ringe which she protested was her hus bands gift.

*May.* The poesie, the poesie— O my heart, that ring good in faith:

*Green.* Not many nights coming to her and being familiar with her. *May.* Kissing and so forth. *Green.* I Sir,

*Ma.* And talking to her feelingly *Gre.* Pox on't, I lay with her.

*May.* Good in faith you are of a good complexion.

*Green.* Lying with her as I say: and rising some-what early fro her in the morning, I lost this ring in her bed.

*May.* In my wiues bed. *Fesh.* How do you Sir,

*May.* Nothing: lettes haue a fire chamberlaine; I thinke my bootes haue taken water I haue such a shudering: ith' bed you say;

*Green.* Right Sir, in Mistris Maiberries sheetes.

*May.* Was her name *Mayberry.*

*Green.* Beshrew my tongue for blabbing, I presume vpon your secreesy. *May.* O God Sir, but where did you find your loosing;

*Green.* Where I found her falsnesse: with this Gentleman; who by his owne confession pertaking the like inioyment; found this ring the same morning on her pillowe, and sham'd not in my sight to weare it.

*May.* What did shee talke feelingly to him too; I warrant her hus band was forth a Towne all this while;

and

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and he poore man trauild with hard Egges in's pocket, to saue the charge of a baite, whilst she was at home with her Plovers, Turkey, Chickens; do you know that *Masbery*.

*Fesh*. No more then by name.

*May*. Hee's a wondrous honest man; lets be merry; will not your mistrisse? gentlemen, you are tenants in common I take it.

*Fesh* *Greene*. Yes.

*May*. Will not your Mistresse make much of her husband when he comes home, as if no such legerdemaine had bin acted.

*Greene*. Yes she hath reason for't, for in some countries, where men and women haue good trauailing stomackes, they begin with porridge; then they fall to Capon or so-forth: but if Capon come short of filling their bellies, to their porridge againe, tis their onely course, so for our women in *England*.

*May*. This wit taking of long Iourneys: kindred that comes in ore the hatch, and sailing to Westminster makes a number of Cuckolds.

*Bell*. Fie what an idle quarrell is this, was this her ring?

*Greene*. Her ring Sir.

*May*. A pretty idle toy, would you would take mony for't,

*Fesh* *Greene*. Mony sir.

*May*. The more I looke on't, the more I like it.

*Bell*. Troth 'tis of no great valew, and considering the losse, and finding of this ring made breach into your friendship, Gentlemen, with this trifle purchase his loue, I can tell you he keeps a good Table.

*Greene*. What my Mistris gift?

*Fesh*. Faich you are a merry old Gentleman; He giue you my part in't.

*Greene*. Troth and mine, with your promise to conceale it from her husband.

*May*. Doth he know of it yet?

*Greene*. No Sir.

*May*. He shall neuer then I protest: looke you this ring doth fitte me passing well.

*Fesh*. I am glad we haue fitted you.

*May*. This walking is wholefome, I was a cold euen now, now I sweat for't.

*Fesh*.





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*Fesh.* Shalls walke into the Garden *Luke.* Gentlemen weele downe and hasten supper.

*May.* Looke you, we must be better acquainted that's all.

*Exeunt Green, and Fesh.*

*Green.* Most willingly; Excellent, hee's heat to the prooffe, lets with-draw, and giue him leaue to raue a little.

*May.* Chamberlaine, giue vs a cleane Towell.

*Enter Chamberlaine.*

*Bell.* How now man?

*May.* I am foolish old *Maybery*, and yet I can be wise *Maybery* too; Ile to London presently, begon Sir.

*Bell.* How, how?

*May.* Nay, nay, Gods pretious you doe mistake mee *Maister Bellamont*; I am not distempered, for to know a mans wife is a whore, is to be resolu'd of it, and to be resolued of it, is to make no question of it, and when a case is out of question; what was I saying?

*Bell.* Why looke you, what a distraction are you falne into?

*May.* If a man be deuorft, doe you see, deuorft *forma Iuris*, whether may he haue an action or no, gainst those that make hornes at him?

*Bell.* O madnesse! that the frailty of a woman should make a wise man thus idle! yet I protest to my vnderstanding, this re port seemes as farre from truth, as you from patience.

*May.* Then am I a foole, yet I can bee wise and I list too: what sayes my wedding ring?

*Bell.* Indeed that breeds some suspition: for the rest most grosse and open, for two men, both to loue your wife, both to inioy her bed, and to meete you as if by miracle, and not knowing you, vpon no occasion in the world, to thrust vpon you a discourse of a quarrell, with circumstance so dishonest, that not any Gentleman but of the countrie blushing, would haue published, I and to name you: doe you know them?

*May.* Faith now I remember, I haue seene them walke musshed by my shop.

*Bell.* Like enough; pray God they doe not borrow mony of vs twixt *Ware* and *London*: come strue to blow ouer these cloudes.

*May.*

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*May.* Not a clowd, you shall haue cleane Moone-shine, they haue good smooth lookes the fellowes.

*Bell.* As Iet, they will take vp I warrant you, where they may bee trusted; will you be merry?

*May.* Wonderous merry; lets haue some Sack to drowne this Cuckold, downe with him: wonderous merry: one word & no more; I am but a foolish tradesman, and yet Ile be a wise tradesman.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Doll lead betweene Leuer-pooles, and Chartley, after them Philip arrested.*

*Phil.* Arrest me? at whose sute? *Tom Chartley, Dick Leuer-pooles, stay, Ime arrested.* *Omnes.* Arrested?

*1. Ser.* Gentlemen breake not the head of the peace; its to no purpose, for hee's in the lawes clutches, you see hee's fangd.

*Doll.* Vds life, doe you stand with your naked weapons in your hand, and doe nothing with em? put one of em into my fingers, Ile tickle the pimple-nosed varlets.

*Phil.* Hold *Doll*, thrust not a weapon vpon a mad woman, Officers step back into the Tauerne, you might ha tane mee ith streete, and not ith' Tauerne entrie, you Cannibals.

*Ser.* Wee did it for your credit Sir.

*Chart.* How much is the debt? *Drawer,* some wine.

*Enter Drawer.*

*1. Ser.* Foure score pound: can you send for Baile Sir? or what will you doe? wee cannot stay.

*Doll.* You cannot, you pasty-footed Rascalls, you will stay one day in hell.

*Phil.* Foure score pounds drawes deepe; farewell *Doll*, come Serieants, Ile step to mine Vncle not farre off, here-by in Puding lane, and he shall baile mee: if not, *Chartly* you shall finde me playing at Span-counter, and so farewell. Send mee some Tobacco.

*1. Ser.* Haue an eye to his hands.

*2. Ser.* Haue an eye to his legges. *Exeunt.*

*Doll.* Ime as melancholy now?

*Chart.* Villanous spitefull luck, Ile hold my life some of these sawsie Drawers betrayd him.

*Draw.* Wee sir! no by Gad Sir, wee come to haue a *Tudas* in our company.

*Leuer-*







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*Lener.* No, no, hee was dogd in, this is the end of all dycing.

*Doll.* This is the end of all whores, to fall into the hands of knaues. *Drawer,* tye my shoe pry thee: the new knot as thou feelt this: *Philip* is a good honest Gentleman, I loue him because heele spend, but when I saw him on his Fathers Hobby, and a brace of Punks following him in a coach, I told him hee would run out, hast done boy?

*Draw.* Yes forsooth: by my troth you haue a dainty legge.

*Doll.* How now good-man rogue.

*Draw.* Nay sweete Mistresse *Doll,*

*Doll, Doll!* you reprobate! out you Bawd for seauen yeares by the custome of the City.

*Draw.* Good Mistris *Dorothy;* the pox take mee, if I toucht your legge but to a good intent.

*Doll.* Prate you the rotten toothd rascall, will for sixe pence fetch any whore to his maisters customers: and is euery one that swims in a l' affatie gowne Lettis for your lippes? vds life, this is rare, that Gentlewomen and Drawers, mult suck at one Spiggots: Doe you laugh you vnseasonable puck-fitt? doe you grin?

*Chart.* Away *Drawer:* hold pry thee good togue, holde my sweete *Doll,* a pox a this swaggering.

*Doll.* Pox a your gutts, your kidney; mew: hang yee, rooke: I me as melancholy now as Fleet-streete in a long vacation.

*Lener.* Melancholy? come weele ha some muld Sack.

*Doll.* When begins the terme?

*Chart.* Why? hast any suites to be tryed at Westminster?

*Doll.* My Sutes you base ruffian haue beene tryed at Westminster already: so soone as euer the terme begins, Ile change my lodging, it stands out a the way; Ile lye about Charing-crosse, for if there be any stirrings, there we shall haue 'em: or if some Dutch-man would come from the States! oh! these *Flemmings* pay soundly for what they take.

*Lener.* If thou' haue a lodging West-ward *Doll,* Ile fitte thee.

*Doll.* At Tyburne will you not? a lodging of your prouiding? to bee cald a Lieutenants, or a Captaines wench! oh! I scorne to bee one of your Low-country commodities, I; is this body made to bee maintained with Prouant and dead

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pay? no: the Mercer must bee paid, and Sattin gowns must bee tane vp.

*Char.* And gallon pots must be tumbled downe.

*Doll.* Stay: I haue had a plot a breeding in my braines—  
Are all the Quest-houses broken vp?

*Leuer.* Yes, long since: what then?

*Doll.* What then? may then is the wind come about and for those poore wenches that before Christinasse fled West-ward with bag and baggag, come now sailing alongst the lee shore with a Northerly wande, and we that had warrants to lie without the liberties, come now dropping into the freedome by Owle-light sneakingly.

*Char.* But *Doll*, whats the plot thou spakst off?

*Doll.* Mary this: Gentlemen, and Tobacco-stinckers, and such like are still buzzing where sweete meates are (like Flies) but they make any flesh stinke that they blow vpon: I will leaue those fellows therefore in the hands of their Landresses: Siluer is the Kings stampe, man Gods stampe, and a woman is mans stampe, wee are not currant till wee passe from one man to another. *Bish:* Very good.

*Doll* I will therefore take a faire house in the City: no matter tho it be a Tauerne that has blowne vp his Maister: it shall be in trade still, for I know diuerse Tauernes ith Towne, that haue but a Wall betweene them and a hotte-house. It shall then bee giuen out, that I'me a Gentlewoman of such a birth, such a wealth, haue had such a breeding, and so forth, and of such a carriage, and such qualities, and so forth: to set it off the better, old *Jack Hornet* shall take vpon him to bee my Father.

*Leuer.* Excellent, with a chaine about his neck and so forth.

*Doll.* For that, Saint *Martins* and wee will talke: I know vve shall haue *Gudgions* bite presently: if they doe boyes, you shall liue like Knights fellows: as occasion serues, you shall vveare liversies and vvaite, but vwhen Gulls are my winde-falls, you shall be Gentlemen, and keepe them company: seeke out *Jack Hornet* incontinently.

*Leuer.* Wee will: come *Charely*, vveele playe our partes I warrant.

*Doll.*





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*Doll, Doe* so:---

The world's a stage, from which strange shapes we borrow:  
To day we are honest, and ranke knaues to morrow. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Maybery, Bellamont, and a Prentice.*

*May.* Where is your Mistris, villaine? when went she abroad?

*Prent.* Abroad Sir, why assoone as she was vp Sir.

*May.* Vp Sir, downe Sir, so fir: Maister *Bellamont*, I will tell you a strange secret in Nature, this boy is my wifes bawd.

*Bell.* O he fit, fie, the boy he doe's not looke like a Bawde, he has no double chin.

*Prent.* No fir, nor my breath does not stinke, I smell not of Garlick or *Aqua-vita*: I vse not to bee drunke with Sack and Sugar: I sweare not God dam me, if I know vvhether the party is, when 'tis a lye and I doe know: I was neuer Carted (but in hart-ueft) neuer vvhipt but at Schoole: neuer had the Grincoms: neuer sold one Maiden-head ten feuerail times, first to an *Englishman*, then to a *Welshman*, then to a *Dutchman*, then to a *pockie Frenchman*, I hope Sir I am no Bawd then.

*May.* Thou art a *Baboune*, and holdst me with trickes, vvhilst my Wife grafts, grafts, away, strudge, run, search her out by land, and by water.

*Prent.* Well Sir, the land Ile ferret, and after that Ile search her by water, for it may be shees gone to *Brainford*. *Exit.*

*Mayb.* Inquire at one of wine Aunts.

*Bell.* One of your Aunts, are you mad?

*Mayb.* Yea, as many of the twelue companies are, troubled, troubled.

*Bell.* Ie chide you: goe too, Ile chide you soundly.

*May.* Oh maister *Bellamont*!

*Bell.* Oh Maister *Maybery*! before your Seruant to daunce a Lancashire Houe-pipe: it shewes worse to mee then dancing does to a deafe man that sees not the fiddles: Sfoot you talke like a Player.

*Mayb.* If a Player talke like a mad-man, or a foole, or an Ass, and knowes not vvhether hee talke, then I me one: you are a Poet Maister *Bellamont*, I vwill bestow a piece of Plate vpon you to bring my wife vpon the Stage, wud not her humor please Gentlemen.

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*Bells.* I thinke it would : yours wud make Gentlemen as fatt as fooles : I wud giue two peeces of Plate, to haue you stand by me, when I were to write a iealous mans part : Iealous men are eyther knaues or Coxcombes, bee you neither : you weare yellow hose without cause,

*May.* With-out cause, when my Mate beares double : without cause? *Bell.* And without wit,

*May.* When two Virginall Jacks skip vp, as the key of my instrument goes downe ! *Bell.* They are two wicked elders,

*May.* When my wiues ring does snoake for't,

*Bell.* Your wiues ring may deceiue you.

*May.* O Maister *Bellamons!* had it not beene my wife had made me a Cuckold, it should neuer haue greued mee.

*Bell.* You wrong her vpon my soule,

*May.* No, she wrongs me vpon her body.

*Enter a Seruingman.*

*Bell.* Now blew-bottle ? what flutter you for Sea-pye?

*Ser.* Nor to catch fish Sir, my young Maister, your sonne maister *Philip* is taken prisoner.

*Bell.* By the *Dunkirks.*

*Ser.* Worse : by *Catch-polls*: hee's encountred,

*Bell.* Shall I neuer see that prodigall come home,

*Ser.* Yes Sir, if youle fetch him out, you may kill a Calse for him.

*Bell.* For how much lyes he ?

*Ser.* The debt is foure score pound, marry he charge me to tell you it was foure score and ten, so that he lies onely for the odde ten pound,

*Bell.* His child's part shal now be paid, this mony shalbe his last, & this vexation the last of mine : if you had such a sonne maister *Maiberie.* *May.* To such a wife, twere an excellent couple.

*Bell.* Release him, and release me of much sorrow, I will buy a Sonne no more : goe redeeme him.

*Enter Prentice and*

*Prent.* Here's the party Sir.

*Maiberie's wife,*

*May.* Hence, and lock fast the dores, now is my prize.

*Prent.* If she beate you not at your owne weapon, wud her Buckler were cleft in two peeces. *Exit.*

*Bell.* I will not haue you handle her too roughly.

*May.* No, I will like a Iustice of peace, grow to the point: are not you a whore : neuer start: thou art a Cloth-worker, and hast turnd me.

*Exit.*







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*Wife.* How Sir, into what Sir, haue I turn'd you?

*May.* Into a Ciuill Suite: into a sober beast: a Land-rat, a Cuckold: thou art a common bedfellow, art not? art not?

*Wife.* Sir this Language, to me is strange, I vnderstand it not.

*May.* O! you studie the french now.

*Wife.* Good Sir, lend me patience,

*May.* I made a fallade of that herbe: doest see these flesh-hookes, I could teare out those false eyes, those Cats eyes, that can see in the night: punk I could.

*Bel.* Heare her answer for her selfe.

*VVife.* Good Maister *Bellmons*,

Let him not do me violence: deere Sir,  
Should any but your selfe shoote out these names,  
I would put off all female modesty,  
To be reueng'd on him.

*May.* Knowst thou this ring? there has bin old running at the ring since I went.

*VVife.* Yes Sir, this ring is mine, he was a villayne,  
That stole it from my hand: he was a villayne:  
That put it into yours.

*May.* They were no villaynes,  
When they stood stoutly for me: tooke your part:  
And stead of collours fought vnder my sheetes.

*Wife.* I know not what you meane.

*May.* They lay with the: I meane plaine dealing.

*Wife.* With me! if euer I had thought vncleane,  
In detestation of your nuptiall pillow:  
Let Sulpher drop from Heauen, and naile my body  
Dead to this earth: that slaue, that damned fury  
(Whose whips are in your tongue to torture me)  
Casting an eye vnlawfull on my checke,  
Haunted your thre-shold daily, and threw forth  
All tempting baytes which lust and credulous youth,  
Apply to our fraile sex: but those being weake  
The second seige he layd was in sweete wordes.

*Mai.* And then the breach was made.

*Bel.* Nay, nay, heare all.

*Wife.* At last he takes me sitting at your dogs,

NORTHWARD HOE.

Seizes my palme, and by the charme of othes  
(Back to restore it straight) he won my hand,  
To crowne his finger with that hoope of gold.  
I did demand it, but he mad with rage  
And with desires vnbrideled, fled and vow'd,  
That ring should mee vndo: and now belike  
His spells haue wrought on you. But I beseech you,  
To dare him to my face, and in meane time  
Deny me bed-roome, driue me from your board,  
Disgrace me in the habit of your slaue,  
Lodge me in some discomfortable vault  
Where neither Sun nor Moone may touch my sight,  
Till of this slander I my soule acquite.

*Bel.* Guildeesse vpon my soule,

*My.* Troth so thinke I.

I now draw in your bow, as I before  
Suppos'd they drew in mine: my streame of iclozy,  
Ebs back againe, and I that like a horse  
Ran blind-fold in a Mill (all in one circle)  
Yet thought I had gon fore-right, now spy my error:  
Villaines you haue abus'd me, and I vow  
Sharp vengeance on your heads: drue in your teares  
I take your word ya're honest, which good men,  
Very good men will scarce do to their wiues,  
I will bring home these serpents and allow them,  
The heate of mine owne bosome: wife I charge you  
Set out your hauours towards them in such collours,  
As if you had bin their whore, Ile haue it so,  
Ile candy o're my words, and sleeke my brow,  
Intreate 'em that they would not point at me,  
Nor mock my hornes, with this Arme Ile embrace 'em  
And with this--go too.

*Wife.* Oh we shall haue murder--you kill my heart.

*May.* No: I will shed no bloud,

But I will be reueng'd they that do wrong  
Teach others way to right: Ile fetch my blow  
Faire and a far off and as Fencers vse  
Tho at the foote I strike, the head Ile bruize,

*Enter Philip  
and seruant  
Bel.*





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*Bel.* Ile ioyne with you : lets walke: oh! heres my Sonne.

Welcome a shore Sir: from whence come you pray.

*Phil.* From the house of praier and fasting---the Counter.

*Bel.* Art not, thou asham'd to bee seene come out of a prison.

*Phil.* No Gods my Iudge, but I was asham'd to goe into prison.

*Bel.* I am told sir, that you spend your credit and your coine vpon a light woman.

*Phil.* I ha seene light gold sir, passe away amongst Mercers.

*Bel.* And that you haue layd thirty or fortie pounds vpon her back in taffaty gownes, and silke petticoates.

*Phil.* None but Taylors will say so, I nere lay'd any thing vpon her backe: I confesse I tooke vp a petticoate and a raiz'd fore-part for her, but who has to do with that?

*May.* Mary that has euery body Maister *Philip.*

*Bel.* Leau her company, or leau me, for shee's a woman of an ill name.

*Phil.* Her name is *Dorothy* sir, I hope thats no il name.

*Bel.* What is she? what wilt thou do with her?

*Phil.* Sbloud sir what does he with her?

*Bel.* Doeft meane to marry her? of what birth is shee? what are her commings in what does she liue vpon?

*Phillip.* Rents sir, Rents, shee liues vpon her Rents, and I can haue her.

*Bel.* You can,

*Phil.* Nay father, if destiny dogge mee I must haue her: you haue ofien tould mee the nine Muscs are all women, and you deale with them, may not I the better bee allowed one than you so many? looke you Sir, the Northerne man loues white-m:ates, the Southery man Sallades, the Essex man a Calse, the Kentishman a Wag-taile, the Lancashire man an Egg-pie, the Welshman Leekes and Cheesc, and your Londoners rawe Mutton, so Father god-boy, I was borne in London.

*Bella.* Stay, looke you Sir, as hee that liues vpon Sallades without Mutton, feedes like an Oxe, ( for hee eates grasse

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grasse you knowe) yet rizes as hungry as an Assc, and as hee that makes a dinner of leekes will haue leane cheekes, so, thou foolish Londoner, if nothing but raw mutton can diet thee, looke to liue like a foole and a slaue, and to die like a begger and a knaue, come Maister Maiberie, farewell boy.

*Phil.* Farewell father Snoc — Sir if I haue her, Ile spend more in mustard & vineger in a yeare, then both you in beefe.

*Bosh.* More saucy knaue thou.

*Exeunt.*

Actus 3. Scena. 1.

*Enter Hornet, Doll, Leucrpoole and Charly like seruingmen.*

*Horn.* **A**M I like a fiders base viol ( new set vp, ) in a good case boies? ist neate, is it terse! am I handsome? ha!

*Omn.* Admirable, excellent,

*Dol.* An vnder sheriffe cannot couer a knaue more cunningly.

*Leuer.* Sfoot if he should come before a Church. warden, he wud make him peu-fellow with a Lords steward at least.

*Horn.* If I had but a staffe in my hand, fooles wud thinke I were one of *Simon and Iudas* gentlemen vsthers, and that my apparell were hir'd: they say three Taylors go to the making vp of a man, but Ime sure I had foure Taylors and a halfe went to the making of me thus: this Suite tho it ha bin canuast well, yet tis no law-suite, for twas dispatcht sooner than a posslet on a wedding night.

*Dol.* Why I tel thee Iack *Hornet*, if the Diuel and all the Brokers in long lane had rifled their wardrob, they wud ha beene dambd before they had fitted thee thus.

*Horn.* Punck, I shall bee a simple father for you: how does my chaine show now I walke.

*Dol.* If thou wert hung in chaines, thou couldst not show better.

*Charl.* But how fit our blew-coates on our backs.

*Dol.* As they do vpon bankrout retainers backes at Saint Georges feast in London: but at *Westminster*, It makes 'em storne the badge of their occupation: there the bragging velure-cantond hobbi-horses, prounce vp and downe as if some a the Tilters had ridden 'em.

*Horn.* Nay Sfoot, if they be bankrouts, tis like some haue ridden







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'em : and there-upon the Citizens Prouerbe rises, when hee  
saxes; he trusts to a broken staffe.

*Doll.* *Hornet*, now you play my Father, take heed you be not  
out of your part, and shame your adopted Daughter.

*Horn.* I will locke grauely *Doll*; (doe you see boyes) like the  
fore-man of a Iury : and speake wisely like a Latin Schoole-  
maister, and be surly and dogged, and proud like the Keeper of  
a prison.

*Leuer.* You must lie horribly, when you talke of your lands.

*Horn.* No shop-keeper shall out lye mee, nay, no Fencer  
when I them boyes, you shall duck : when I cough and spit gob-  
bets *Doll*.

*Doll.* The pox shall be in your lungs *Hornet*.

*Horn.* No *Doll*, these with their high shoes shall tread me out.

*Doll.* All the lesions that I ha prickt out for 'em, is when the  
Wether-cock of my body turnes towards them, to stand bare.

*Horn.* And not to be sawcie as Seruing-men are.

*Char.* Come, come, we are no such creatures as you take vs for.

*Doll.* If we haue but good draughts in my peeter-boate, fresh  
Salmon you sweete villaines shall be no meate with vs.

*Horn.* Sfoot nothing mooues my choller, but that my chaine  
is Copper : but tis no matter, better men than old *Jack Hornet*  
haue rode vp Holburne, with as bad a thing about their neckes  
as this : your right whistler indeed hangs himselfe in Saint  
*Martins*, and not in *Cheape-side*.

*Doll.* Peace, some-body rings : run both, whilst he has the  
the rope in's hand, if it be a prize, hale him, if a man a war, blow  
him vp, or hang him out at the maine yeards end.

*Horn.* But what ghost. (hold vp my fine Girle) what ghosts  
haunts thy house ?

*Doll.* Oh ! why diuise : I haue a Clothiers Factot or two : a  
Grocer that would faine Peppet me, a *Wells* Captaine that laies  
hard seege, a *Dutch* Marchat, that would spend all that he's able  
to make ith' low countries, but to take measure of my Holland  
sheetes when I lye in 'em : I heare trampling : 'tis my *Holland*  
Hoy.

*Enter* *Leuerpoole*, *Charly*, and *Hans van Reich*.

*Hans.* Day is bot you, and how you : een, woe, hoe, hier, and

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blue skilling, drinks Skellum vpsie fræse: nempt, dass v  
bzinck gelt.

*Lover.* Till our crownes crack agen Maister *Hans van Belch.*

*Hans.* How ist met you, how ist bro: bzalick?

*Doll.* Ick bare well God dante you: Nay lme, an apt schol-  
ler and can take.

*Hans.* Datt is good, datt is good: Ick can nēt stay leng:  
foz Ick heb en skip come now vpon de bater: D mine schone  
men bro, wee fall dauce lanteera, teera, and sing Ick bzincks  
to you nuin here, van: — wat man is dat bro.

*Hor.* Nay pray sir on.

*Hans.* What honds foot is dat Dorothy.

*Doll.* Tis my father.

*Hans.* Gotts Sacrament! your vader! why seyghen you niet  
so to me! mine heart tis mine all great desire, to call you  
mine vader ta foz Ick loue dis schonen bro your dochterkin.

*Hor.* Sir you are welcome in the way of honesty.

*Hans.* Ick bedanck you: Ick heb so ghe founden vader.

*Horn.* Whats your name I pray.

*Hans.* Hun nem bin Hans van Belch.

*Horn.* Hans Van Belch!

*Hans.* Van, van, tis so, tis so, de dronken man is altoet re-  
member me.

*Horn.* Doe you play the marchant, sonne *Belch.*

*Hans.* Van vader: Ick heb de skip s<sup>r</sup> in now vpon de bater  
if you endouty, goe vp in de little skip dat goe so, and bis  
puld by to Wapping, Ick sal beare you on my backe, and  
hang you about min neck into min groet skip.

*Horn.* He Sayes *Doll*, he would haue thee to Wapping and  
hang thee.

*Doll.* No Father I vnderstand him, but maister *Hans*, I would  
not be seene hanging about any mans neck, to be counted his  
Iewell, for any gold.

*Horn.* Is your father liuing Maister *Hans.*

*Hans.* Van, van, min vader heb schonen husen in Aus-  
burgh groet mine heare is mine vaders broder, mine vader  
heb land, and bin full of six, dat is beasts, cattell

*Char.* He's slowzy be-like.





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Hans. *Spin vader bin de grottest fooker in all Ausbrough,*

Dol. The greatest what?

Leuer. Fooker he saies,

Dol. Out vpon him,

Hans. *Wau wau, fooker is en groet min here hees en elderman bans Citty, gots sacrament, wat is do clocke? Ick met say.* *A watch.*

Hor. Call his watch before you, if you can,

Dol. Her's a pretty thing: do these wheelcs spin vp the houres! whats a clock.

Hans. *Acht: wau tis acht.*

Dol. We can heare neither clock, nor Iack going, wee dwell in such a place that I feare I shall neuer finde the way to Church, because the bells hang so farre; Such a watch as this, would make me go downe with the Lamb, and be vp with the Larke.

Hans. *Seghen you so, doo it to.*

Dol. O fie: I doe but iest, for in trueth I could neuer abide a watch.

Hans. *Gotts sacrament, Ick niet heb it any moze.*

*Exeunt Leuer-poole and Chartly.*

Dol. An other peale! good father lanch out this hollander.

Horn. Come Ma ster *Belch*, I will bring you to the water-side, perhaps to Wapping, and there ile leaue you.

Hans. *Ick b'wanch you vader.*

*Exit.*

Dol. They say Whores and bawdes go by clocks, but what a Manasses is this to buy twelue houres so deere, and then bee begd out of 'em so easly: heele be out at heeles shortly sure for he's out about the clockes already: O foolish young man how doest thou spend thy time?

*Enter Leuer-poole first, then Allom and Chartly.*

Leuer. Your grocer,

Dol. Nay Sfoot, then ile change my tune: I may cause such leaden-heeld rascalls; out of my sight: a knife, a knife I say: O Maister *Alloms*, if you loue a woman, draw out your knife and vndo me vndo me.

Allo. Sweete mistris *Dorothy*, what should you do with a knife, its ill medling with edge tooles, what's the matter Maisters! knife God bleffe vs.

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*Len.* Sfoot what tricks at noddy are these,

*Do.* Oh I shal burst, if I cut not my lace: I me so vext! my father hce's ridde to Court: one was about a matter of a 1000. pound weight; and one of his men like a roague as he is) is rid another way for rents, I lookt to haue had him vp yesterday, and vp to day, and yet hee showes not his head; sure he's run away, or robd & run thorough; and here was a scriuener but euen now, to put my father in minde of a bond, that wil be forfeit this night if the mony be not payd Maister *Allom.* Such crosse fortune!

*Allo.* How much is the bond?

*Char.* O rare little villaine.

*Dol.* My father could take vp, vpon the barenesse of his word five hundred pound: and five too.

*Allom.* What is the debt?

*Dol.* But hee scornes to bee-- and I scome to bee--

*Allom.* Pree thee sweete Mistris *Dorothy* vex not, how much is it?

*Dol.* Alas Maister *Allom.* tis but poore fifty pound.

*Allo.* If that bee all, you shall vpon your worde take vp so much with me: another time ile run as far in your bookes,

*Dol.* Sir, I know not how to repay this kindnesse: but when my father -----

*All.* Tush, tush, tis not worth the talking: Iust 50 pound? when is it to be payd.

*Dol.* Betweene one and two. *Len.* That's wee thre.

*Allom.* Let one of your men goe along, and Ile send your fifty pound!

*Dol.* You so bind mee sir, --- goe sirra: Maister *Allom.* I ha some quinces brought from our house i: th Country to preserue, when shall we haue any good Sugar come ouer? the warres in Barbary make Sugar at such an excessiue rate; you pay sweetely now I warrant, sir do you not.

*Al* You shal haue a whole chest of Sugar if you please.

*Dol.* Nay by my faith foure or five lounes wil-be enough, and Ile pay you at my first child Maister *Allom.*

*Allom.* Content if aist, your man shall bring all vnder one, ile borro- of you at parting.

*Enter Captaine Lynkins.*

*Dol.*







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*Dol.* You shall sir, I borrow more of you. *Ex. Alle. & Len.*

*Chart.* Saue you Captaine.

*Dol.* Welcome good captaine *Iynkins*.

*Captaine.* What is hee a Barber Surgeon, that drest your lippes so.

*Dol.* A Barber: hee's may Taylor; I bidde him measure how hee would make the standing coller of my new Taffatic Gowne before, and hee as Tailors wilbe sawcie and lickerish, laid mee ore the lippes.

*Captaine.* Vds bloud ile laie him crosse vpon his coxcomb next daie.

*Dol.* You know tis not for a Gentlewoman to stand with a knaue, for a sinall matter, and so I wud not striue with him, one lie to be rid of him.

*Capr.* If I take Maister prick-louse ramping so hee againe, by this Iron (which is none a gods Angell) ile make him know how to kisse your blind cheekes sooner: mistris *Dorothy* Horner, I wud not haue you bee a hornet, to licke at Cowsherd's, but to sting such shreds of rascallity: will you sing a Tailor shall haue mee my ioy?

*Dol.* Captaine, ile bee lead by you in any thing! a Taylor! foh.

*Capr.* Of what stature or sise haue you a stomach to haue your hus band now?

*Dol.* Of the meanest stature Captaine, not a size longer than your selfe, nor shorter.

*Capr.* By god, tis wel said: all your best Captaine in the Low-countries are as taller as I: but why of my pitch Mistris *Dol*?

*Dol.* Because your smallest Arrowes flie farthest; ah you little hard-fauord villaine, but sweete villaine, I loue thee because thou't draw a my side, hang the roague that will not fight for a woman.

*Capr.* Vds bloud, and hange him for vife than a roague that will slash and cut for an oman, if she be a whore.

*Dol.* Pree the good Captaine *Iynkins*, teach mee to speake some welch, mee thinkes a Welch: \_\_\_\_\_ tongue. \_\_\_\_\_ neatst tongue!

*Capr.* As any tongue in the vrlid, vnlesse *Crima cr.* that's vife.

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*Dol.* How do you say, I loue you with all my heart,

*Cap.* *Mi cara whee, en hellon.*

*Dol.* *Mi cara whee, en bel-bound.*

*Cap.* *Hel-hound, o mondu, my cara whee, en hellon.*

*Dol.* *O, my cara whee en hellon.*

*Cap.* Oh! and you went to wryting schoole twenty score yeare in *Wales*, by *Sefu*, you cannot haue better vttrance, for welch.

*Dol.* Come tit mee, come tat mee, come throw a kisse at me, how is that?

*Cap.* By gad I know not, what your tit mees, and tat mees are, but *mee matha* ————— Sbloud I know what kiffes be, as wel as I know a Welch hooke, if you will goe downe with Shrop-sheire cariers you shal haue Welch enough in your pellites forty weekes.

*Dol.* Say Captaine that I should follow your collours into your Country how should I fare there?

*Cap.* Fare? by *Sefu*, O there is the most abominable seere! and wider siluer pots to drinck in, and softer peds to lie vpon & do our necessary pufines, and fairer houses, and parkes, & holes for Conies, and more money, besides tosted Sees and butter-milke in *Northwales* diggon: besides, harpes & Welch Freeze, and Goates, and Cow-heeles, and *Metheglin*, ouh, it may be fet in the *Kernicles*, wil you march thither?

*Dol.* Not with your Shrop-sheire cariers, Captaine.

*Cap.* Will you go with Captaine *Ienkin* and see his Couzen *Maddoc* vpon *Ienkin* there, and ile run hedlongs by and by, & batter away money for a new Coach to iolt you in.

*Dol.* Bestow your Coach vpon me, & two young white Mares, and you shall see how Ile ride.

*Cap.* Will you? by all the leekes that are worne on Saint *Dauies* daie I will buy not only a Coach, with foure wheeles, but also a white Mare and a stone horse too, because they shal traw you, very lustily, as if the diuill were in their asses. *Exit.*

How novv, more Tailors ————— *Meetes Phillip.*

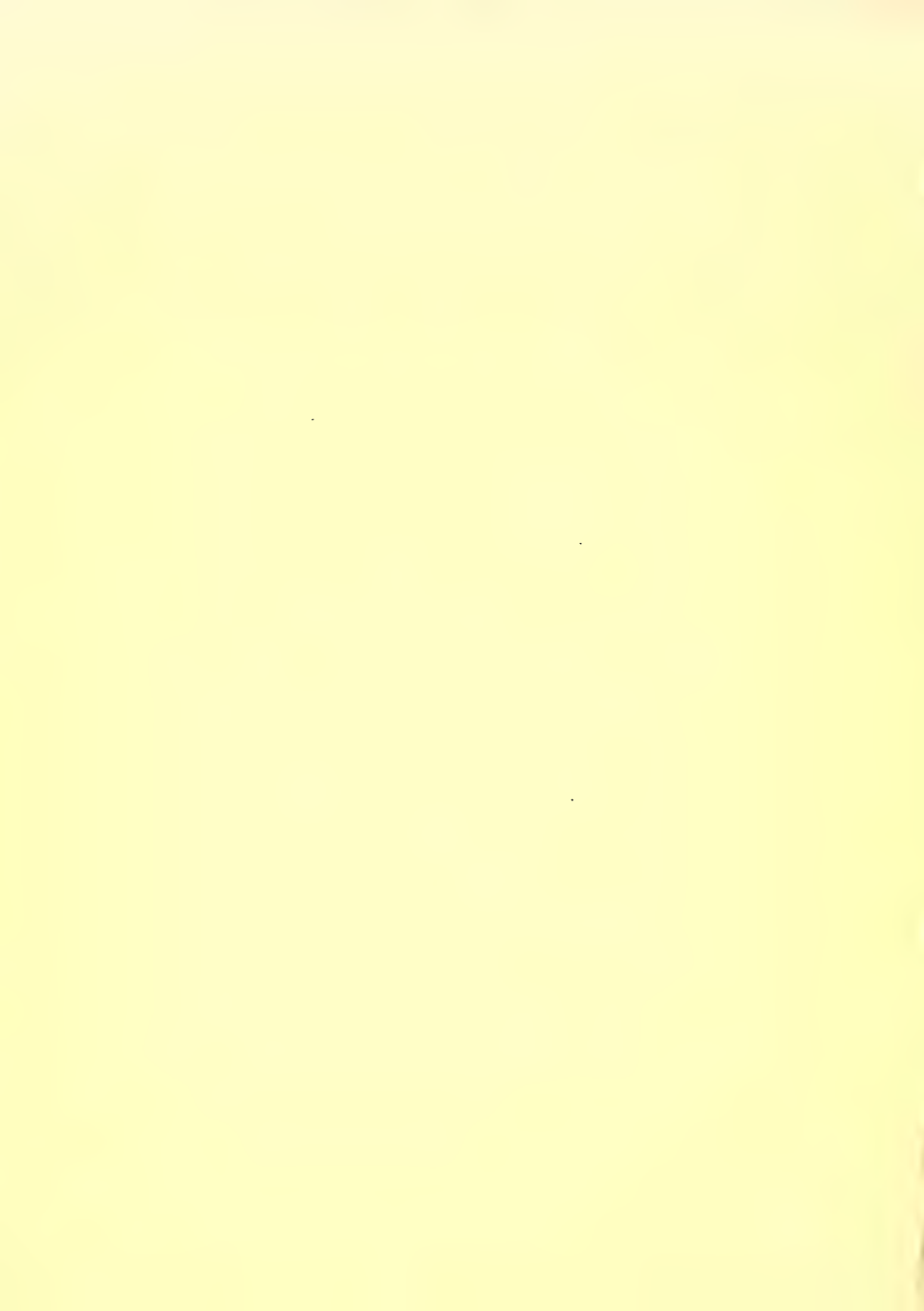
*Phi.* How fir; Taylors.

*Dol.* O good Captaine, tis my Couzen.

*Enter Leserpoole at another dore.*

*Cap.*





*Cap.* Is he, I will Couzea you then fir too, one day.

*Phil.* I hope fir then to Couzen you too.

*Cap.* By gad I hope so, fare-well *Sidanien.*

*Exit.*

*Louer.* Her's both money, and sugar.

*Dol.* O sweete villaine, set it vp. *Exit, and Enter presently.*

*Phil.* Sfoot, what tame suaggerer was this I met *Doll.*

*Dol.* A Captaine, a Captaine: but haſt ſcap't the *Dunkerks* honeſt *Philip*? *Philip* ryalls are not more welcome: did thy father pay the ſhot?

*Phil.* He pai'd that ſhot, and then ſhot piſtolets into my pockets: harke wench: chinck chink, makes the punck wanton and the *Baud* to winck.

*Capers.*

*Chart.* O rare muſick.

*Louer.* Heavenly confort, better than old *Moones.*

*Phil.* But why? why *Dol.*, goe theſe two like *Beadells* in blew?ha?

*Dol.* There a morrall in that: ſlea off your ſkins, you pretious *Caniballs*: O that the welch *Captaine* were here againe, and a drum with him, I could march now, ran, tan, ran, ta-ra, ran, tan, tan, ſirra *Philip* has thy father any plate in's houſe.

*Phil.* Enough to ſet vp a *Gold-smithes* ſhop.

*Dol.* Canſt not borrow ſome of it? wee ſhall haue gueſts to morrow or next day, and I wud ſerue the hungry rag-a-muffine in plate, tho twere none of mine owne.

*Phil.* I ſhall hardly borrow it of him but I could get one of mine *Aunts*, to beate the buſh for mee, and ſhe might get the bird.

*Dol.* Why pree the, let me bee one of thine *Aunts*, and doe it for me then. As ſine vertuous and a *Gentlewoman* ile reſtore.

*Phil.* Say no more. tis don.

*Dol.* What manner of man is thy father? Sfoot ide ſaine ſee the witty *Monky* becauſe thou ſayſt he's a *Poet*: ile tell thee, what ile do: *Louer-pool* or *Chartly*, ſhall like my *Gentleman* vſher goe to him, and ſay ſuch a *Lady* ſends for him, about a ſonnet or an epitaph for her child that died at nurſe, or for ſome deuice about a maſke or ſojif he comes you ſhall ſtand in a corner, and ſee in what *State* ile beare my ſelfe: he does not know me, nor my lodging.

*Phil.* No, no.

*Dol.*

*Doll.* Is a match Sirs? shall be merry with him and his muse.  
*Ons.* Agreed, any scaffold to execute knavery vpon.

*Doll.* Hee lead then my want-currer presently: in the meane  
time, marche after the Captaine, scoundrels, come hold me vp:  
Looke how *Sabrina* sunck itk' riuer *Seuerne*,

So will we foure be drunke ith' ship-wrack *Taurne*. *Exeunt.*  
*Enter Bellamont, Maybery, and Mistresse Maybery.*

*May.* Come Wife, our two gallants will be here presently:  
I haue promist them the best of entertainment, with protestati-  
on neuer to reueale to thee their slander: I will haue thee beare  
thy selfe, as if thou madest a feast vpon *Simon and Iudas* day, to  
country Gentlewomen, that came to see the Pageant, bid them  
extreamly welcome, though thou wish their throats cut; 'tis in  
fashion. *Wife.* O God I shall neuer indure them.

*Bell.* Indure them, you are a foole: make it your case, as it  
may be many womens of the Freedome; that you had a friend  
in priuate, whom your husband should lay to his bosome: and  
he in requitall should lay his wife to his bosome: what treads of  
the toe, salutations by winckes, discourse by bitings of the lip,  
amorous glances, sweete stolne kisses when your husbands  
backs turn d, would passe betweene them, beare your selfe to  
*Greenfield*, as if you did loue him for affecting you so intirely,  
not taking any notice of his iourney, theile put more tricks vpon  
you: you told me *Greenfield* meanes to bring his Sitter to  
your house, to haue her boord here.

*May.* Right, shee's some crackt demy-culuerin, that hath mis-  
caried in seruice: no matter though it be some charge to me for  
a time, I care not. *Wife.* Lord was there euer such a husband?

*May.* Why, wouldst thou haue me suffer their tongues to run  
at large, in Ordinaries and Cock-pits; though the Knaues doe  
lye, I tell you Maister *Bellamont*, lyes that come from sterne  
lookes, and Satin out-sides, and guilt Rapiers also, will be put vp  
and goe for currant. (mans discredit.

*Bell.* Right sir, 'tis a small sparke, giues fire to a beautifull wo-

*May.* I will therefore vse them like informing knaues, in this  
kinde, make vp their mouthes with siluer, and after bee reueng'd  
vpon them: I was in doubt I should haue growne fat of late: &  
it were not for law suites; and feare of our wiues, which men  
should







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should grow out of all compasse: they come, my worthy friends welcome: looke my wiues colour rises already.

*Green.* You haue not made her acquainted with the discouery.

*May.* O by no meanes: yee see Gentlemen the affection of an old man; I would faine make all whole agen. Wife giue entertainment to our new acquaintance, your lips wife, any woman may lend her lips without her husbands priuity tis allowable.

*Wife.* You are very welcome; I thinke it be neere dinner time Gentlemen: He will the maide to couer, and returne presently.

*Bel.* Gods precious why doth she leaue them? *Exit.*

*May.* O I know her from back: shee is but retirde into another chamber, to let use a heart with crying a little: it hath euer bin her humor, shee lath some it 5, or 6, times in a day, when Courtiers haue beene heere, if any thing hath bin out of order, and yet they returne laught and bin as merry: & how is it Gentlemen, you are well acquainted with this roome, are you not?

*Gre.* I had a delicate banquet once on that table. *(chamber)*

*May.* In good time: but you are better acquainted with my bed

*Bell.* Were the cloath of gold Cushins set forth at your entertainment?

*Feth.* Yes Sir.

*May.* And the cloath of Tissew Valance,

*Feth.* They are very rich ones. *(furniture)*

*May.* God refuse me, they are lying Rascals, I haue no such

*Green.* I protest it was the strangest, and yet with-all the happiest fortune that wee should meeete you two at *Ware*, that euer redeemed such desolate actions: I would not wrong you agen for a million of *Londons*.

*May.* No, do you want any money? or if you be in debt, I am a hundreth pound ith' Subsidie, command mee.

*Feth.* Alas good Gentleman; did you euer read of the like patience in any of your ancient *Romans*?

*Bel.* You see what a sweet face in a Veluet cap can do, your citizens wiues are like Partridges, the hens are better the the cocks,

*Feth.* I beleuee it in troth, Sir you did obserue how the Gentlewoman could not containe her selfe, when she saw vs enter.

*Bell Right.*

*Feth.* For thus much I must speake in allowance of her modestie, when I had her most priuate she would blush extremely.

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*Bell.* I, I warrant you, and aske you if you would haue such a great sinne lie vpon your conscience, as to lie with another mans wife,  
*Feth.* In troth she would,

*Bell.* And tell you there were maides inough in london, if a man were so vitiouly giuen, whose Portions would helpe them to husbands though gentlemen gaue the first onser,

*Feth.* You are a merry ould gentleman in faith Sir: much like to this was her langwage.

*Bell.* And yet clipe you with as voluntary a bosome; as if she had fallen in loue with you at some Innes a court reuels; and invited you by letter to her lodging.

*Fet.* Your knowledge Sir, is perfect without any information.

*May.* He goe see what my wife is doing gentlemen, when my wife enters shew her this ring, and twill quit all suspection. *Exit.*

*Feth.* Dost heare *Luke Greenfield* wil thy wife by here presently.

*May.* I left my boy to waight vpon her, by this light, I thinke God prouides; for if this citisfen had not out of his ouerplus of kindnes proferd her, her diet and lodging vnder the name of my sister, I could not haue told what shift to haue made; for the greatest part of my mony is reuolted; weele make more vse of him, the whoresó rich Inkeeper of *Doncaster* her father shewed himfelfe a ranke ostler: to send her vp at this time a yeare; and and by the carior to, twas but a iades trike of him.

*Feth.* But haue you instructed her to call you brother,

*Green.* Yes and shee do it, I left her at *Bosomes Inne*, shee be here, presently. *Enter Mayberry.*

*May.* Maister *Greenfield* your sister is come; my wife is entering her, by the masse I haue bin vpon her lips already, Lady you are welcome, looke you maister *Greenfield*, because your sister is newly come out of the fresh aire, and that to be pent vp in a narrow lodging here ith' cittie may offend her health the shall lodge at a garden house of mine in *More feilds* where if it please you and my worthy friend heare to beare her company your feuerall lodgings and Ioint commons (to the poore ability of a cittizen) shalbe provided. *Feth.* O God Sir,

*May.* Nay no complement your loues comand it: shall to dianer Gentlemen, come maister *Bellamont* He be the Gentleman vsner to this faire Lady.

*Gre.* Here is your ring Mistris; a thousand times, — and





would haue willingly lost my best of maintenance that I might haue found you halfe so tractable.

*Wif.* Sir I am still my selfe, I know not by what means you haue grown vpō my husband, he is much deceaued in you I take it: will you go in to dinner—O God that I might haue my wil of him & it were not for my husband ide scratch out his eyes preserly. *Ex.*

*Fet.* Welcome to Londō bonny mistris Kate, thy husband little dreams of the familiarity that hath past betwene thee & I Kate.

*Kate.* Noe matter if hee did: he ran away from me like a base slaue as he was, out of *Yerke-shire*, and pretended he would goe the lland voiage, since I neere heard of him till within this fortnight: can the world condemne me for entertayning a friend; that am vsed so like an Infidel?

*Fe.* I think not, but if your husband knew of this he'd be deuorht.

*Rat.* Hee were an asse then, no wisemen should deale by their wiuues as the sale of ordinance passeth in *Englād*, if it breake the first discharge the workman is at the losse of it, if the second the Marchant, & the workman ioyntly, if the third the Marchant, so in our case, if a woman proue false the first yeare, turne her vpon her fathers neck, if the second, turne her home to her father but allow her a portion, but if she hould pure mettaile two yeare & flie to seuerall peeces, in the third, repaire the ruines of her honesty at your charges, for the best peece of ordinance, may bee crackt in the casting, and for women to haue cracks and flaws, alas they are borne to them, now I haue held out foure yeare, doth my husband do any things about *Londō* doth he swagger?

*Fetb.* O as tame as a fray in Fleetestreete, when their are nobody to part them.

*Rat.* I euer thought so, we haue notable valiant fellows about *Doncaster*, theile giue the lie and the stab both in an instant.

*Fetb.* You like such kind of man-hood best Kate.

*Rat.* Yes in troth for I think any woman that loues her friend, had rather haue him stand by it then lie by it, but I pray thee tel me, why must I be quarterd at this Cittizens garden house, say you.

*Fe.* The discourse of that wil set thy bloud on fire to be reuegd on thy husbands forehead peece. *Ent. Bella. & Mass.* Maybe,

*Wif.* Wil you go in to dinner sir? *Rat.* Wil you lead the way *Wif.* No sweete forsothe weele follow you. (forsoth?)

NORTHWARD HOE.

*O Maister Bellmons*: as euer you tooke pity vpon the simplici-  
ty of a poore abused gentlewoman: wil you tell me one thing.

*Bell*. Any thing sweet Mistris *Mayberrie*.

*Wife*. I but will you doe it faithfully?

*Bell*. As I respect your acquaintance I shall doe it.

*Wife*. Tell me then I beseech you, doe not you thinke this  
minx is some noughty packe whome my husband hath fallen  
in loue with, and meanes to keepe vnder my nose at his garden  
house.

*Bell*. No vpon my life is she not,

*Wife*. O I cannot beleue it, I know by her eyes she is not  
honest, why should my husband proffer them such kindnes? that  
haue abused him and me; so intollerable: and will not suffer  
me to speake; theres the liellant not suffer me to speake.

*Bell*. Fie fie, he doth that like a vserer, that will vse a man  
with all kindnes, that he may be carelesse of paying his mony,  
vpon his day, and after-wards take the extremitie of the forsa-  
ture; your ieaiousie is Idle: say this were true, it lies in the bo-  
some of a sweete wife to draw her husband from any loose  
imperfection, from wenching, from ieaousie, from couituousnes,  
from crabbednes, which is the old mans common disease, by  
her poltricke yealding.

*Bell*. She maye doe it from crabbednes, for example I haue  
knowne as tough blades as any are in England broke vpon a  
fetherbed, ——— come to dinner.

*Wife*. He be ruled by you Sir, for you are very like mine vncl.

*Bell*. Suspition workes more mischief growes more strong,  
To seuer chaste beds then aparant wrongs. *Exit.*

ACTVS 3. SCENA 5.

*Enter Doll, Chartly Leuerpoole and Phillip.*

*Phil*. Come my little Punke with thy two Compositors to  
this vnlawfull painting house, thy pounders a my old poeticall  
dad wil be here presently; take vp thy State in this chayre, and  
beare thy selfe as if thou wert talking to thy potteccary after the  
receipt of a purgation: looke scuriously vpon him: sometimes be  
merrie and stand vpon thy pantoffles like a new elected  
Seauinger.

*Dol.*







*Doll.* And by and by melancholicke like a Tilter that hath broake his staues foule before his Mistresse.

*Phil.* Right, for hee takes thee to bee a woman of a great count: hark vpon my life hee's come.

*Doll.* See who knocks: thou shalt see mee make a foole of a Poet, that hath made five hundred fooles.

*Leuer.* Please your new Lady-ship hee's come.

*Doll.* Is hee? I should for the more state let him walke some two houres in an vtrer roome: if I did owe him money, 'twere not much out of fashion; but come enter him: Stay, when we are in private conference send in my Tayler.

*Enter Bellamont brought in by Leuerpoole.*

*Leuer.* Look; you my Ladie's a sleepe, sheele wake presently.

*Bell.* I come not to teach a Starling sir, God-boy-you.

*Leuer.* Nay in truth Sir, if my Lady should but dreame you had bene heare.

*Doll.* Who's that keepest such a prating?

*Leuer.* 'Tis I Madam.

*Doll.* He haue you preferd to be a Cryer: you haue an extant throte for't: pox a the Poet is he not come yet?

*Leuer.* Hee's here Madam.

*Doll.* Crie you mercy: I ha curst my Monkey for shrewd turnes a hundred times, and yet I loue it neuer the worse I protest.

*Bell.* 'Tis not in fashion deere Lady to call the breaking out of a Gentlewomans lips, scabs, but the heate of the Liuer.

*Doll.* So sir: if you haue a sweete breath, and doe not sinell of sweett linnen, you may draw neerer, neerer.

*Phil.* I am no friend to Garlick Madam.

*Doll.* You write the sweeter verse a great deale sir, I haue heard much good of your wit maister Poet: you do many deuises for Cittizens wiues: I care not greatly because I haue a City Laundresse already, if I get a City Poet too: I haue such a deuise for you, and this it is. *Enter Tayler.* O welcome Tayler: do but waite till I dispatch my Tayler, and he discouer my deuice to you.

*Bell.* He take my leaue of your Ladiship.

*Doll.* No: I pray thee stay: I must haue you swcate for my deuice Maister Poet.

*Phil.* He sweats already belecue it.

*Dol.* A cup of wine there: what fashion will make a woman haue the best bodie Taylor.

*Tay.* A short dutch waist with a round catern-wheele fardingale: a close sleeue with a cartoose collour and a pickadell.

*Dol.* And what meate will make a woman haue a fine wit Maister Poet.

*Bel.* Fowle madam is the most light, delicate, & witty feeding.

*Dol.* Fowle sayst thou: I know them that feede of it euery meale, and yet are as arrant fooles as any are in a kingdome of my credit: hast thou don Taylor? now to discouer my deuice fir: Ile drinck to you fir.

*Phil.* Gods precious, wee nere thought of her deuice before, pray god it be any thing tollerable.

*Dol.* Ile haue you make 12. poesies for a dozen of sheefe trenchers.

*Phil.* O horrible!

*Bel.* In welch madam? *Dol.* Why in welch fir.

*Bel.* Because you will haue them seru'd in with your cheefe Ladie.

*Dol.* I will bestow them indeede vpon a welch Captaine: one that loues cheefe better than venison, for if you should but get 3. or 4. Cheshire cheefes and set them a running down Higate-hill, he would make more hast after the than after the best kennell of hounds in *England*; what think you of my deuice?

*Bel.* Fore-god a very strange deuice and a cunning one.

*Phil.* Now he begins to eye the goblet.

*Bel.* You should be a kin to the *Esquiers*; you giue the same Armes madam.

*Dol.* Faith I paid sweetely for the cup, as it may be you and some other Gentleman haue don for their Armes.

*Bel.* Ha, the same waight: the same fashion: I had three gift of them giuen mee, by a Nobleman at the christing of my sonne *Philip*.

*Phil.* Your sonne is come to full age fir and hath tane possession of the gift of his God-father.

*Bel.* Ha, thou wilt not kill mee.

*Phil.* No fir, Ile kill no Poet (least his ghost write satires against me.

*Bel.*





NORTH-WARD HOE.

*Bel.* Whats she? a good common welthes woman, shee was borne. *Pbil.* For her Country, and has borne her Country.

*Bel.* Heart of vertue? what make I here?

*Pbil.* This was the party you rail'd on: I keepe no worfe company than your selfe father, you were wont to say venery is like vsery that it may be allowed tho it be not lawfull.

*Bel.* Wherefore come I hither,

*Dol.* To make a deuce for cheefe-trenchers.

*Pbil.* Ile tell you why I sent for you, for nothing but to shew you that your grauity may bec drawne in: white haire may fall into the company of drabs aswell as red beardes into the society of knaues: would not this woman deceiue a whole camp ith Low-countries, and make one Commander beleue she on-ly kept her cabbins for him, and yet quarter twenty more in't. *Dol.* Pree the Poet what doest thou think of me.

*Bel.* I thinke thou art a most admirable, braue, beautifull Whore.

*Dol.* Nay sir, I was told you would raile: but what doe you thinke of my deuce sir, nay: but you are not to depart yet Maister Poet: wut sup with me? Ile cashiere all my yong barmicles, & weele talke ouer a peice of mutton and a partridge, wisely.

*Bel.* Sup with thee that art a common vnder-taker? thou that doest promise nothing, but watch eyes, bumbast calues and false peryvigs.

*Dol.* Pree the comb thy beard with a comb of black leade, it may be I shall affect thee.

*Bel.* O thy vn-lucky starre! I must take my leaue of your wor-shippe I cannot fit your deuce at this instant: I must desire to borrow a nest of goblets of you: O villanie! I wud some honest Butcher would begge all the queanes and knaues ith Citty and cary them into some other Country they'd sell better than Beefes and Calues: what a vertuous Citty would this bee then! may I thinke there would bee a few people left in't, vds foot, guld with Cheese-trenchers and yokt in entertainment with a Taylor? good, good.

*Exit.*

*Pbil.* How doest *Dol*?

*Dol.* Scunie, very scunie.

*Enter.* Where shall suppe wench?

*Dol.* Ile suppe in my bedde: gette you home to your lodging

NORTH-WARD HOE.

edging and come whē I send for you, ô filthy rogue that I am.

*Phil.* How ! how, mistress *Dorothy*?

*Dol.* Saint Antonies fire light in your Spanish floss : vds life, ille make you know a difference, betweene my mirth and melancholy, you panderly rogue. *Om.* We obseue your Ladship.

*Phi.* The puncks in her humer—*pax.* *Exit.*

*Dol.* Ile humor you and you pox mee : vds life haue I lien with a *Spaniard* of late, that I haue learnt to mingle such water with my *Malago*, Other's some scurvie thing or other breeding: how many feuerall loues of *Plaiers* of *Vaulters*, of *Lieutenants* haue I entertain'd besides a runner a the ropes, and now to let blood when the signe is at the heart? should I send him a letter with some Jewell in't, he would requite it as lawiers do, that re-  
returne a wood-cock pie to their clients, when they send them a *Bason* and a *Eure*, I will instantly go and make my selfe drunken, till I haue lost my memory, liue a scoffing Poet? *Exit.*

*Enter* *Lep-frog* and *Squirl*.

*Frog.* Now *Squirl* wilt thou make vs acquainted with the iest thou promist to tell vs of?

*Squi.* I will discouer it, not as a *Darby*-shere woman discouers her great teeth, in laughter: but softly as a gentle mā courts a wench behind an *Arras*: and this it is, yong *Greeneshields* thy *Maister* with *Greeneshields* sister lie in my maisters garden-houſe here in *More-fields*. *Frog.* Right, what of this?

*Squir.* Mary sir if the Gentlewoman be not his wife, he commits incest, for Ime sure he lies with her euery night.

*Fro.* All this I know, but to the rest.

*Squir.* I will tell thee, the most pollitick trick of a woman, that ere made a mans face looke witherd and pale like the tree in *Cuckolds* *Hauen* in a great snow: and this it is, my mistress makes her husband belieue that shee walkes in her sleepe a nights; and to confirme this beleefe in him, sondry times shee hath rizen out of her bed, vnlockt all the doores, gon thro Chamber to Chamber, opened her chests, touz'd among her iinnen, & when he hath wakte & mist her, comming to question why she coniu'd thus at midnight, he hath found her fast a sleepe, mary it was *Cats* sleepe; for you shall heare what prey she watcht for.

*Frog.* Goodforth.

*Suir.*







NORTHWARD HOE.

*Squir.* I ouer-heard her last night talking with thy Maister, and she promist him that as soone as her husband was a sleepe, she would walke according to her custome, and come to his Chamber, marry shee would do it so puritannically, so secretly I meane, that no body should heare of it. *Frog.* Ist possible?

*Squir.* Take but that corner and stand close, and thine eyes shall witte esse it.

*Frog.* O intollerable witte, what hold can any man take of a womans honesty.

*Squi.* Hold? no more hold then of a Bull noynted with Sope, and baited with a shoale of Fidlers in Straffordshire: stand close I heare her comming. *Enter Kate.*

*Kate.* What a filthy knaue was the shoo-maker, that made my slippers, what a creaking they keepe: O Lord, if there be any power that can make a womans husband sleepe soundly at a pinch, as I haue often read in foolish Poetrie that there is, now, now, and it be thy will, let him dreame some fine dreame or other, that hee's made a Knight, or a Noble-man, or some-what whilst I go and take but two kisses, but two kisses from sweete *Fetherstone.* *Exit.*

*Squi.* Sfoot hee may well dreame hees made a Knight: for Ile be hangd if she do not dub him.

*Green.* Was there euer any walking spirit, like to my wife? what reason should there bee in nature for this; I will question some Phisition: nor heare neither: vdlife, I would laugh if she were in Maister *Fetherstones* Chamber, shee would fright him, Maister *Fetherstone*, Maister *Fetherstone*.

*Within Fether.* Ha, how now who calls?

*Green.* Did you leaue your doore open last night?

*Feth.* I know not, I thinke my boy did.

*Green.* Gods light shee's there then, will you know the iest, my wife hath her old tricks, Ile hold my life, my wife's in your chamber, rise out of your bed, and see and you can feele her.

*Squi.* He will feele her I warrant you? *Gre.* Haue you her sir?

*Feth.* Not yet sir, shee's here sir.

*Enter Fetherstone and Kate in his armes.*

*Green.* So I said euen now to my selfe before God la: take her vp in your armes, and bring her hether softly, for feare of waking her.

**NORTH-WARD HOE.**

her: I neuer knew the like of this before God is, *shee poore Kate*, looke before God; shees asleepe with her eyes open: prit-  
tie little roague, he wake her, and make her ashamd of it.

*Fesh*, O youle make her sicker then.

*Green*, I warrant you; would all women thought no more  
hurt then thou doost, now sweet villaine, *Kate, Kate*.

*Kate*, I longd for the merry thought of a pheasant.

*Green*, Shee talkes in her sleepe,

*Kate*, And the foule-gutted *Tripse-wife* had got it, & eate halfe  
of it: and my colour went and came, and my stomach wambled;  
till I was ready to found, but a Mid-wife perceiued it, and mark  
which way my eyes went; and helpe mee to it, but Lord how I  
pickt it, 'twas the sweetest meate me thought.

*Squi*, O polittick Mistresse. *Green*, Why *Kate, Kate*?

*Kate*, Ha, ha, ha, I beshrew your hart, Lord where am I?

*Green*, I pray thee be not frighted,

*Kate*, O I am sick, I am sick, I am sick, O how my flesh trembles  
oh some of the *Angelica* water, I shal haue the Mother presently,

*Green*, Hold downe her stomach good maister *Fetherstone*, while  
I fetch some *Exit*. *Fesh*, Well dissembled *Kate*,

*Kate*, Pish, I am like some of your Ladies that can be sick when  
they haue no stomach to lie with their husbands.

*Fesh*, What mischituous fortune is this: weel haue a iourney to  
*Ware Kate*, to redeeme this misfortune.

*Kate*, Well, Cheaters do not win all wayes: that woman that  
will entertaine a friend, must as well prouide a Closet or Back-  
doore for him, as a Fether-bed;

*Fesh*, Be my troth I pittie thy husband.

*Kate*, Pittie him, no man dares call him Cuckold; for he weares  
Satin: pittie him, he that will pull downe a mans signe, and set  
vp phornes, there's law for him.

*Fesh*, Be sick againe, your husband comes.

*Enter Green* *sheld with a broken sin*.

*Green*, I haue the worst luck; I thinke I get more bumps and  
shrewd turnes ith' darke, how do's she maister *Fetherstone*.

*Fesh*, Very ill sir, shees troubled with the roother extreainly,  
sheld downe her belly euen now, and I mig'at seele it rife.

*Kate*, O lay me in my bed, I beseech you.

*Green*.





NORTH-WARD HOE.

*Gre.* I will finde a remedy for this walking, if all the Doctors in towne can sell it; a thousand pound to a penny she spoile not her face, or breake her neck, or catch a cold that shee may nere claw off againe, how doost wench?

*Kate.* A little recoverd; alas I haue so troubled that Gentleman.

*Feth.* Noneith' world *Kate*, may I do you any farther seruice.

*Kate.* And I were where I would be in your bed: pray pardon me, wast you Maister *Fetherstone*, hem, I should be well then.

*Squi.* Marke how she wrings him by the fingers.

*Kate.* Good night, pray you giue the Gentleman thanks for patience. *Green.* Good night Sir.

*Feth.* You haue a shrewd blow, you were best haue it searcht.

*Green.* A scratch, a scratch. *Exit.*

*Feth.* Let me see what excuse should I frame, to get this wench forth a towne with me: Ile perswade her husband to take Phisick, and presently haue a letter framed, from his father in law, to be deliuerd that morning for his wife, to come and receiue some small parcell of money in *Enfield* chase, at a Keepers that is her Vncle, then sir he not beeing in case to trauell, will intreate me to accompany his wife, weele lye at *Ware* all night, and the next morning to *London*, Ile goe strike a Tinder, and frame a Letter presently. *Exit.*

*Squi.* And Ile take the paines to discover all this to my maister old *Maybe*; there hath gone a report a good while, my Maister hath vsed them kindly, because they haue beene ouer familiar with his wife, but I see which way *Fetherstone* looks, sfoote ther's neare a Gentleman of them all shall gull a Citizen, & thinke to go scot-free: though your commons shrinke for this be but secret, and my Maister shall intertaine thee, make thee instead of handling false Dice, singer nothing but gold and siluer wagge, an old Seruing-man turnes to a young beggar, whereas a young Prentise may turne to an old Alderman, wilt be secret?

*Leap.* O God sir, as secret as rushes in an old Ladyes Chamber. *Exit.*

ACTVS 4. SCENA 1.

Enter Bellamont in his Night-cap, with leaues in his hand,  
his man after him with lights, Standish and Paper.

NORTHWARD HOE.

*Bel.* Sirra, Ile speake with none.

*Serv.* Not a plater:

*Bel.* No tho a Sharer ball,

Ile speake with none, altho it be the mouth

Of the big company, Ile speake with none,—away.

Why should not I bee an excellent statesman? I can in the wry-  
ting of a tragedy, make *Cesar* speake better than euer his am-  
bition could: when I write of *Pompey* I haue *Pompeies* soule  
within me, and when I personate a worthy Poet, I an then truly  
my selfe, a poore vnpreferd scholler.

*Enter his Man hastily.*

*Serv.* Here's a swaggering fellow sir, that speakes not like a  
man of gods making, iweares he must speake with you and wil  
speake with you.

*Bel.* Not of gods making? what is he? a Cuckold?

*Serv.* He's a Gentleman sir, by his clothes.

*Bel.* Enter him and his clothes: clothes sometimes are bet-  
ter Gentlemen than their Maisters. *Ents she Captaine & the Ser.*  
is this he? Seeke you me sir.

*Cap.* I seeke sir, (god plesse you) for a Sentillman, that talkes  
besides to himselfe when he's alone, as if hee were in Bed-lam,  
and he's a Poet.

*Bel.* So sir, it may bee you seeke mee, for Ime sometimes out  
a my wits.

*Cap.* You are a Poet sir, are you.

*Bel.* Ime haunted with a Fury Sir.

*Cap.* Pray Maister Poet shute off this little pot-gun, and I wil  
coniute your Fury: tis well lay you sir, my desires are to haue  
some amiable and amorous sonnet or madrigall composed by  
your Fury, see you.

*Bel.* Are you a louer sir of the nine Muses.

*Cap.* Ow, by gad out a cry. *Cap.* Y'are then a scholler sir.

*Cap.* I ha pickt vp my cromes in *Selius* colledge in Oxford  
one day a gad while agoe.

*Bel.* Y'are welcome, y'are very welcome, Ile borrow your  
Iudgement looke you sir, Ime wrytyng a Tragedy, the Tragedy  
of young *Asianax*.

*Cap.* *Sryanax* Tragedy! is he liuing can you tell? was not *Sri-  
anax* a Mon-mouth man?

*Bel.* O no sir, you mistake, he was a *Trojans* great Heroe: Son.

*Cap.*







NORTH-WYRD HOE.

Cap. Heſtor was grannam to *Cadwalader*, when ſhee was great with child, god vdge me, there was one young *Stryanas* of *Mon-mouth* ſheire was a madder greeke as any is in al *Englād*.

Bel. This was not he aſſure yee: looke you fir, I will haue this Tragedy preſented in the *French* Court, by *French* Gallants.

Cap. By god your *Frenchme:s* will doe a Tragedy enterlude, pogy well.

Bel. It ſhalbe fir at the marriages of the Duke of *Orleans*, and *Chatilion* the admiral of *France*, the ſtage.

Cap. Vds bloud, does *Orleans* marry with the Admirall of *France* now.

Bel. O fir no, they are two ſeueral marriages. As I was ſaying the ſtage hung all with black veluet, and while tis acted, my ſelf wil ſtād behind the Duke of *Biron*, or ſome other cheefe minion or ſo, -- who ſhall, I they ſhall take ſome occaſion about the muſick of the fourth Act, to ſtep to the *French* King, and ſay, *Sire, voyla, il es votre tresoumblo ſeruiteur, le plu ſage, à diuine eſprit, monsieur Bellamont*, all in *French* thus poynting at me, or yon is the learned old *Engliſh* Gentleman Maſter *Bellamont*, a very worthie man, to bee one of your priuy Chamber, or Poet Lawreat.

Cap. But are you ſure Duke *Pepper-noone* wil giue you ſuch good vrdes, behind your back to your face.

Bel. Oh I, I, I man, he's the onely courtier that I know there: but what do you thinke that I may come to by this.

Cap. God vdge me, all *France* may hap die in your debt for this.

Bel. I am now wryting the deſcription of his death.

Cap. Did he die in his ped.

Bel. You ſhall heare: ſuſpition is the Mynion of great hearts; no: I will not begin there: I imagine a great man were to be executed about the 7. houre in a gloomy morning.

Cap. As it might bee *Sampſon* or ſo, or great *Goliath* that was kild by my Countreman.

Bel. Right fir, thus I expreſſe it in yong *Aſſianax*.  
Now the wilde people greedy of their griefes,  
Longing to ſee, that which their thought; abhord,  
Preuented day, and rod on their owne roofer.

NORTHWARD HOE,

*Cap.* Could the little horse that ambled on the top of Paules,  
cary all the people; els how could they ride on the roofes!

*Bel.* O fir, tis a figure in Poetry, marke how tis followed,  
Rod on their owne roofes,  
Making all Neighboring houses tilde with men; tilde with  
men 'ist not good.

*Cap.* By Scfu, and it were tilde all with naked Imen t were  
better.

*Bel.* You shall heare no more; pick your eares, they are fowle  
fir, what are you fir pray?

*Cap.* A Captaine fir, and a follower of god *Mars*.

*Bel.* *Mars*, *Bachus*, and I loue *Apollo*! a Capraine! then I par-  
don your fir, and Captaine what wud you presse me for?

*Cap.* For a witty dirty, to a Scatill-oman, that I am false  
in with all, ouer head and eares in affections, and naturall  
desires.

*Bel.* An Acrostick were good vpon her name me thinks.

*Cap.* Crosse sticks; I wud not be too crosse Maister Poet, yet  
if it bee best to bring her name in question, her name is mistris  
*Dorothy Hornet*.

*Bel.* The very consumption that wafts my Sonne, and the  
Ayme that hung lately vpon mee: doe you loue this Mistris  
*Dorothy*?

*Cap.* Loue her! there is no Captaines wife in *England*, can  
haue more loue put vpon her, and yet I me sure Captaines wiues,  
haue their pelliess full of good mens loues.

*Be.* And does she loue you? has there past any great matter be-  
twene you?

*Cap.* As great a matter, as a whole coach, and a horse and his  
wife are gon too and fro betweene vs.

*Bel.* Is shee? if ayth Captaine, bee valiant and tell truth, is  
she honest?

*Cap.* Honest? god vdge me, shee's as honest, as a Punck, that  
cannot abide fornication, and lechery.

*Bel.* Looke you Captaine, Ile shew you why I aske, I hope  
you thinke my wenching daies are past, yet Sir, here's a letter  
that her father, brought me from her and infor'd mee to take  
this very day.

*Enter a Seruant and whispers.*

*Cap.*





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Cap. Tis for some loue--song to send to me, I hold my life;

Bel. This falls out pat, my man tells mee, the party is at my dore, shall she come in Captaine?

Cap. O I, put her in, put her in I pray now, *Exit Serv.*

Bel. The letter saies here, that she's exceeding sick, and intreats me to visit her: Captaine, lie you in ambush behind the hangings, and perhaps you shall heare the peece of a Commedy: she comes, she comes, make your selfe away.

Cap. Does the Poet play *Torkin* and cast my *Lucrasius* water too in hugger muggers: if he do, *Stryanax* Tragedy was neuer fo horrible bloody-minded, as his Commedy shalbe, --- *Tawsons* Captaine *senkins*, *Enter Doll*.

Dol. Now Maister Poet, I sent for you;

Bel. And I came once at your Ladiships call;

Dol. My Ladiship and your Lordship lie both in one manner; you haue coniu'r'd vp a sweete spirit in mee haue you not Rimer?

Bel. Why *Medea*! what spirit! wud I were a young man for thy sake.

Dol. So wud I, for then thou couldst doe mee no hurt; now thou doest,

Bel. If I were a yonker, it would be no Imodeesty in me to bee seene in thy company; but to haue snow in the lap of Iune; vile! vile: yet come; garlick has a white head, and a greene stalke, then why should not I? lets bee merry: what saies the diuill to al the world, for I me sure thou art carnally posselt with him.

Dol. Thou hast a filthy foote, a very filthy carriers foote.

Bel. A filthy shooc, but a fine foote, I stand not ypon my foote I.

Cap. What stands he vpon then? with a pox god blese vs?

Dol. A legge and a Calfe! I haue had better of a butcher fortie times for carrying a body! not worth begging by a Barber-surgeon.

Bel. Very good, you draw me and quarter me, fates keepe me from hanging.

Dol. And which most turnes vp a womans stomach, thou art an old hoary man: thou hast gon ouer the bridge of many years, and now art ready to drap into a graue: what doe I see then

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in that withered face of thine?

*Bell.* Wrinkles : grauity.

*Doll.* Wretchednes; griefe : old fellow thou hast be witch me; I can neither eate for thee, nor sleepe for thee, nor lie quietly in my bed for thee.

*Cap.* Vdsblood ! I did neuer see a white flea before I will clinge you?

*Doll.* I was borne sure in the dogdayes 'me so vnlukey ; I, in whome neither a flaxen haire , yellow beard , French doublet, nor Spanish hose, youth nor personage, rich face nor mony cold euer breed a true loue to any, euer to any man , am now befotted , doate, am mad , for the carcas of a man , and as if I were a baud, no ring pleases me but a deaths head.

*Cap.* *Sesu, are I men so arsy vassy.*

*Bell.* Mad for mee ? why if the worrne of lust were wrigling within mee as it does in others, dost thinke Ide crawl vpon thee; wud I low after thee, that art a comon calfe-bearer.

*Doll.* I confesse it.

*Cap.* Doe you, are you a towne cowe and confesse you beare calues.

*Doll.* I confesse, I haue bin an Inne for any guest.

*Cap.* A pogs a your stable-roome; is your Inne a baudy house now?

*Doll.* I confesse (for I ha bin taught to hide nothing from my Surgeon and thou art he) I confesse that old stinking Surgeon like thy selfe) whom I call father , that *Hornet* neuer sweat for me, Ime none of his making.

*Cap.* You lie he makes you a punke *Hornet minor.*

*Doll.* Hees but a cheater, and I the false die hee playes with- all , I power all my poyson out before thee, becauie hereafter I will be cleane : thun me not, loath me not, mocke me not, plagues confound thee, I hate thee to the pit of hell , yet if thou goest thither, ile follow thee, run, ayde doe what thou canst , ile run and ride ouer the world after thee.

*Cap.* Cockatrice : you mistris *Salamanders* that feare no burning, let my mare and my mares horse, and my coach come running home agen, and run to an hospitall, and your Surgeons, and to knaues and panders and to the tiuell and his tame to.

*Doll.* Fiend art thou raized to torment me.

*Bell.*







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*Bel.* Shee loues you Captaine honestly.

*Cap.* Ile haue any man, oman or cilde by his eares, that faies a comunon drab can loue a Sentillman honestly, I will sell my Coach for a cart to haue you to puncks hall, Pridewell, I farge you in *Apollos* name, whom you belong to, see her forth, coming, till I come and tiggler her, by and by, Sbloud I was neuer Couzend with a more rascall peece of mutton, since I came out a the Lower Countries.

*Exit.*

*Bel.* My dores are open for thee, be gon: woman!

*Doll.* This goates—peezele of thine ———

*Bel.* Away: I loue no such implements in my house.

*Dol.* Doest not? am I but an implement? by all the maiden-heads that are lost in *London* in a yeare (& thats a great oth) for this trick, other manner of women than my selfe shall come to this house only to laugh at thee; and if thou wouldst labour thy heart out, thou shalt not do withal. *Exit.* *Enter Seruants.*

*Bel.* Is this my Poeticall fury? how now sir!

*Ser.* Maister *Maybery* and his wife fir ithnext roome.

*Bel.* What are they doing sir?

*Ser.* Nothing sir, that I see, but onely wud speake with you.

*Bel.* Enter 'em: this house wilbe to hot for mee, if this wench call me into these sweates, I must shift my selfe, for pure necessity, haunted with sprites in my old daies!

*Enter Maybery booted, his Wife wish him.*

*May.* A Commedy, a *Canterbury* tale smells not halfe so sweete as the Commedy I haue for thee old Poet: thou shalt write vpon't Poet.

*Bel.* Nay I will write vpon't iff bee a Commedie, for I haue benee at a most villanous female Tragedie: come, the plot, the plot.

*May.* Let your man giue you the bootes presently, the plot lies in *Ware* my white Poet: Wife thou and I this night, will haue mad sport in *Ware*, marke me well Wife, in *Ware*.

*Wif.* At your pleasure sir.

*May.* Nay it shalbe at your pleasure Wife: looke you fir, looke you: *Fetherstones* boy (like an honest crack-halter) layd open all to one of my prentices, (for boies you know like women loue to be doing.)

*Bel.* Very good: to the plot,

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*May.* *Fetherstone* like a crafty mutton-monger, perswades *Greensfield* to be run through the body.

*Bell.* Strange! through the body?

*May.* I mean, to take phisick; he does so, hee's put to his purgation; then sir what does me *Fetherstone*, but counterfits a letter from an Inkeeper of Doncaster, to fetch *Greensfield* (who is needy you know) to a keepers lodge in Enfeild-chace, a certaine Vncle, where *Greensfield* should receiue mony due to him in behalfe of his wife.

*Bell.* His wife! is *Greensfield* married? I haue heard him sweare he was a batchiler.

*Wife.* So haue I a hundred times.

*May.* The knaue has more wiues than the Turke, he has a wife almost in euery shire in *England*, this parcel Gentlewoman is that Inkeepers Daughter of *Doncaster*.

*Bell.* Hath she the entertainment of her fore-fathers? wil she keepe all commers company?

*May.* She help's to passe away stale Capons, fower wine, and musty prouanders: but to the purpose, this traine was layd by the baggage her selfe and *Fetherstone*, who it scemes makes her husband a vnicorne: and to giue fire to't, *Greensfield* like an Arrant wittall intreates his friend, to ride before his wife, and fetch the money, because taking bitter pills, he should proue but a loose fellow if he went, and so durst not go.

*Bell.* And so the poore Stag is to bee hunted in *Enfeild-chace*

*May.* No sir, Maister poet there you misse the plot, *Fetherstone* and my Lady *Greensfield* are rid to batter away their light commodities in *Ware*, *Enfeild-chace* is to cold for 'em,

*Bell.* In *Ware*!

*May.* In dirty *Ware*: I forget my selfe wife, ou with your ryding suite, and cry *North-ward hoe*, as the boy at *Powles* saies, let my Prentice get vp before thee, and man thee to *Ware*, lodge in the Inne I told thee, spur cut and away.

*Wife.* Well sir.

*Exit.*

*Bell.* Stay, stay, whats the bottom of this riddle? why send you her away?

*May.* For a thing my little hoary Poet: looke thee, I smelt out my noble stincker *Greensfield* in his Chamber, and as tho

my





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my heart stringes had bin crackt, I wept, and sighd, & thumpd, and thumpd, and rau'd and randed, and railed, and told him how my wife was now growne as common as baibery, and that shee had hierd her Taylor to ride with her to *Ware*, to meete a Gentleman of the Court.

*Bel.* Good; and how tooke he this drench downe,

*May.* Like Eggs and Muscadine, at a gulp: hee cries out presently, did not I tell you old man, that shee'd win my game when she came to bearing? hee railles vpon her, wills me to take her in the Act; to put her to her white sheete, to bee diuorc'd, and for all his guts are not fully scourd by his Pottecarry, hee's pulling on his bootes, & will ride along with vs; lets muster as many as wee can.

*Bel.* It wilbe excellent sport, to see him and his owne wife meete in *Ware*, wilt not? I, I, wee'le haue a whole Regiment of horse with vs.

*May.* I stand vpon thornes, tel I shake him bih hornes: come, bootes boy, we must gallop all the way, for the Sin you know is done with turning vp the white of an eye, will you ioyne your

*Bel.* Like a Hollander against a *Dunkyrke*. (forces,

*May.* March then, this curse is on all letchers throwne, They guee hornes and at last, hornes are their owne. *Exit.*

*Enter Capitaine Ienkins, and Allom.*

*Cap.* Set the best of your little diminitiuie legges before, and ride post I pray.

*Allom.* Is it possible that mistris *Doll* should bee so bad?

*Cap.* Possible! Sbloud tis more easie for an oman to be naught, than for a soldier to beg, and thats horrible easie, you know.

*Al.* I but to connicatch vs all so grossly.

*Cap.* Your *Norfolke* tumblers are but zanyes to connicatching punckes.

*Allom.* Shee gelded my purse of fifty pounds in ready money.

*Cap.* I will geld all the horses in five hundred Sheires, but I will ride ouer her, and her cheaters, and her *Hornets*; Shee made a starke Assie of my Coach-horse, and there is a putter-box, whome shee spred thicke vpon her white bread, and eate him vp, I thinke shee has sent the poore fellow to *Gelderland*, but I will marse prauely in and out, and packe

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agen vpon all the low countries in Christendom, as *Holland* and *Zeland* and *Netherland*, and *Cleveland* too, and I will be drunke and cast with maister *Hans van Belob*, but I will finell him out.

*Allom.* Doe so and weele draw all our arrowes of reuenge vp to the head but weele hit her for her villany.

*Cap.* I will traw as petter, and as vrie weapons as arrowes vp to the head, lug you, it shalbe warrants to giue her the whippe deedle.

*Allom.* But now she knowes shees discovered, sheele take her bells and fly out of our reach.

*Cap.* Fie with her pells! ownds I know a parish that sal tag downe all the pells and sell em to Capten *Ienkens*, to do him good, and if pelle will fly, weele flie too, vales, the pell-ropes hang vs: will you amble vp and downe to maister Iustice by my side, to haue this rascall *Hornet* in corum, and so, to make her hold her whoars peace.

*Allom.* Ile amble or trot with you Capten: you told me, she threatened her champions should cut for her, if so, wee may haue the peace of her.

*Cap.* *O mor du! us dguin!* follow your leader, *Ienkens* shall cut, and Slice, as worfe as they: come I scorne to haue any peace of her, or of any onam, but open warres. *Exunt.*

*Enter* Bellamont, Maybery, Greenfield, Phillip,  
Leuarpoole, Chartley: *all booted.*

*Bell.* What? will these yong Gentlemen to helpe vs to catch this fresh Salmon, ha! *Phillip!* are they thy friends.

*Phil.* Yes Sir.

*Bell.* We are beholding to you Gentlemen that youle fill our confort I ho seene your faces me thinkes before; and I cannot informe my selfe where.

*Both.* May be so Sir.

*Bell.* Shalls to horse, hears a tickler: heigh: to horse.

*May.* Come Switts and Spurres! lets mount our Cheualls: merry quoth a.

*Bell.* Gentlemen shall I shoote a fooles bolt out among you all, because weele be sure to be merry.

*Qwa.*







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*Omn.* What ist?

*Bell.* For mitch on the high way, will make vs rid ground faster then if theeues were at our tayles, what say yee to this, lets all practise iests one against another, and hee that has the best iest throwne vpon him, and is most gald, betweene our riding forth and comming in, shall beare the charge of the whole iourney. *Omn.* Content ifaith.

*Bell.* Wee shall fitte one a you with a Cox-combe at *Ware* I beleue. *May.* Peace. *Green.* Ist a bargaen.

*Omn.* And hands clapt vpon it.

*Bel.* Stay, yonders the Dolphin without Bishops-gate, where our horses are at rack and manger, and wee are going past it: come crosse ouer: and what place is this?

*May.* Bedlam ist not?

*Bel.* Where the mad-men are, I neuer was amongst them, as you loue me Gentlemen, lets see what Greekes are within.

*Green.* Wee shall stay too long.

*Bell.* Not a whit, *Ware* will stay for our comming I warrant you: come a sput and away, lets bee mad once in our dayes: this is the doore. *Enter Full-moone.*

*May.* Saue you sir, may we see some a your mad-folkes, doe you keepe em? *Full.* Yes.

*Bell.* Pray bestow your name sir vpon vs.

*Full.* My name is *Full-moone.*

*Bell.* You well deserue this office good maister *Full-moone*: and what mad-caps haue you in your house,

*Enter the Phisition.* *Ful.* Diuerse.

*May.* Gods so, see, see, whats hee walkes yonder, is he mad.

*Full.* Thats a Musition, yes hee's besides himselfe.

*Bell.* A Musition, how fell he mad for Gods sake?

*Ful.* For loue of an *Italian Dwarf*.

*Bell.* Has he beene in *Italy* then?

*Full.* Yes and speakes they say all manner of languages,

*Enter the Bawd.*

*Omn.* Gods so, looke, looke, whats shee.

*Bell.* The dancing Beare: a pritty well-fauourd little woman.

*Full.* They say, but I know not, that she was a Bawd, and was frighted out of her wittes by fire,

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*Bel.* May we talke with 'em maister *Full-moone*

*Full.* Yes and you will ; I must looke about for I haue Tenants,

*Exit.*

*Bell.* What haue you in this paper honest friend ?

*Gree.* Is this he has al manner of languages, yet speakes none

*Baud.* How doe you Sir *Andrew*, will you send for some aqua-  
uite for me, I haue had no drinke neuer since the last great raine  
that fell.

*Bel.* No thats a lye.

*Baud.* Nay by gad, then you lie, for all y'are Sir *Andrew*, I was  
a dapper rogue in Portingall voiage, not an inch broad at the  
heele, and yet thus high, I scorn'd I can tell you to be druncke  
with raine water then Sir, In those golden and siluer dayes :  
I had sweete bitts then Sir *Andrew* : how doe you good brother  
*Timothy* ?

*Bella.* You haue bin in much trouble since that voiage.

*Baud.* Neuer in bride-wel I protest, as I ne a virgin: for I could  
neuer abide that bride-wel I protest, I was once sicke, and I tooke  
my water in a basket, and cary'd it to a doctors.

*Phil.* In a basket.

*Baud.* Yes Sir: you arrant foole there was a vrinall in it.

*Phil.* I cry you mercy.

*Baud.* The Doctor told me I was with child, how many Lords  
Knights, Gentlemen, Cittizens, and others promist me to be  
god-fathers to that child: twas not Gods will: the prentises  
made a riot vpon my glasse-windowes the Shroue-tuesday fol-  
lowing and I miscaried.

*Omn.* O doe not weepe.

*Baud.* I ha cause to weepe: I trust Gintlewomen their diet  
sometimes a fortnight: lend Gentlemen holland shirts, and they  
sweat 'em out at tennis: and no restitution, and no restitution,  
but Ile take a new order, I will haue but six stewd prunes in a  
dish and some of mother Walls cakes: for my best customers  
are taylors,

*Omn.* Taylors! ha ha.

*Baud.* I Taylors: giue me your London Prentice; your coun-  
try Gentlemen are growne too polliticke.

*Bel.* But what say you to such young Gentlemen as these are.

*Baud.* Foh, they as soone as they come to their lands get vp  
to London, and like squibs that run vpon lynes, they keepe





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Spitting of fire, and cracking till they ha spent all, and when my squib is out, what sayes his punke, fo, he stinckes.

*Enter the musition.*

Me thought this other night, I saw a pretty sight,

Which pleased me much,

A comely country mayd, not squeamish nor afraid,

To let Gentlemen touch.

I sold her maiden-head once, and I sold her maiden-head twice,

And I sold it last to an Alderman of *Torke*.

And then I had sold it thrice.

*Musi.* You sing scurviely.

*Baud.* mary muste sing thou better, for Ile goe sleepe my old sleepes. *Exit.* *Bell.* What are you a doing my friend,

*Musi.* Pricking, pricking.

*Bell.* What doe you meane by pricking?

*Musi.* A Gentleman like quality.

*Bell.* This fellow is some what prouder, and fulliner then the other. *May.* Oh, so be most of your musitions.

*Musi.* Are my teeth rotten? *Omn.* No Sir.

*Musi.* Then I am no Comfit-maker, nor Vintner, I doe not get wenches in my drincke: are you a musition? *Bel.* Yes.

*Wm.* weele be sworne brothers then, looke you sweete roague.

*Gree.* Gods so, now I thinke vpon't, a leet is crept into my head, steale away, if you loue me. *Exit: musition sings.*

*Musi.* Was euer any marchants band set better I set it: walke Ime a cold, this white sattin is to thin vnles it be cur, for then the Sunne enters: can you speake Italian too, *Sape te Italiano.*

*Bell.* *Vn poco.*

*Musi.* Sblood if it be in you, Ile poake it out if you; *vn poco*, come March lie heare with me but till the fall of the leafe, and if you haue but *poco Italiano* in you, Ile fill you full of more *poco* March. *Bell.* Come on. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Maybery, Greeneshilde, Phillip, Full-moone.

Leuerpoole, and Chattely.

*Gree.* Good Maister *Mayberie*, *Philip*, if you be kind Gentlemen vphold the iest: your whole voiage is payd for.

*May.* Follow it then.

*FIN.*

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*Ful.* The old Gentleman say you, why he talkt euen now as well in his wittes as I do my selfe, and lookt as wisely.

*Gree.* No matter how he talkes, but his Pericranion's perishes.

*Ful.* Where is he pray?

*Phil.* Mary with the Musition, and is madder by this time  
*Char.* Hee's an excellent Musition himselfe, you must note that.

*May.* And hauing met one fit for his one tooth: you see hee skips from vs.

*Green.* The troth is maister *Full-moone*, diuers traines haue bin laide to bring him hither, without gaping of people, and neuer any tooke effect till now. *Ful.* How fell he mad?

*Green.* For a woman, looke you sir: here's a crowne to provide his supper: hee's a Gentleman of a very good house, you shall bee paid well if you conuert him; to morrow morning, bedding, and a gowne shall be sent in, and wood and coale.

*Ful.* Nay sir, he must ha no fire.

*Green.* No, why looke what straw you buy for him, shall returne you a whole harvest.

*Omnes.* Let his straw be fresh and sweet we beseech you sir?

*Green.* Get a couple of your sturdiest fellowes, and bind him I pray, whilst wee slip out of his sight.

*Ful.* Ile hamper him, I warrant Gentlemen. *Exit.*

*Omnes.* Excellent.

*May.* But how will my noble Poet take it at my hands, to betray him thus. *Omni.* Foh, tis but a iest, he comes.

*Enter Musition and Bellamont,*

*Bell.* *Perdonate mi, si lo dimando del vostro nome*: oh, whether shrunke you: I haue had such a mad dialogue here.

*Omni.* Wee ha bin with the other mad folkes.

*May.* And what sayes he and his prick-song?

*Bell.* Wee were vp to the eares in *Italian* ifaith.

*Omni.* In *Italian*; O good maister *Bellamont* lets heare him.

*Enter Full-moone, and two Keepers.*

*Bell.* How now, Sdeath what do you meane? are you mad?

*Ful.* Away sirra, bind him, hold fast: you want a wench sirra, doe you?

*Bell.* What wench? will you take mine armes from me, being no *Heralds*? let goe you *Dogs*.







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*Ful.* Bind him, be quiet : come, come, dogs, sic, & a gentleman,  
*Bell.* Maister *Maibery*, *Philip*, maister *Maibery*, vds foot.

*Ful.* Ile bring you a wench, are you mad for a wench.

*Bel.* I hold my life my comrads haue put this fooles cap vpon thy head : to gull me : I smell it now : why doe you heare *Full-moone*, let me loose ; for I me not mad ; I me not mad by Iesu :

*Ful.* Aske the Gentlemen that.

*Bel.* Bith Lord I'me aswell in my wits, as any man ith' house, & this is a trick put vpon thee by these gallants in pure knauery.

*Ful.* Ile trie that, answer me to this question: loose his armes a little, looke you sir, three Geese nine pence ; euery Goose three pence, whats that a Goose, roundly, roundly one with another.

*Bel.* Sfoot do you bring your Geese for me to cut vp.

*Enter all,* *Strike him soundly, and kick him.*

*Omni.* Hold, hold, bind him maister *Full-moone*.

*Ful.* Binde him you, hee has payd me all, Ile haue none of his bonds not I, vnlesse I could recouer them better.

*Gre.* Haue I giuen it you maister Poet, did the Lime-bush take,

*Ma.* It was his warrant sent thee to *Bedlam*, old *lack Bellamont*, and maister *Full-ish' moone*, our warrant discharges him ; Poet, weele all ride vpon thee to *Ware*, & back agen I feare to thy cost.

*Bel.* If you doe, I must beare you', thanke you Maister *Green-shield*, I will not dye in your debt : farewell you mad rascals, to horse come, 'tis well done ; 'twas well done, you may laugh, you shall laugh Gentlemen: if the gudgeon had bene swallowed by one of you it had bin vile, but by Gad 'tis nothing, for your best Poets indeed are made for the most part : farewell good-man *Full-moone*.

*Ful.* Pray Gentlemen if you come by call in. *Exit.*

*Bel.* Yes, yes, when they are mad, horse your selues now if you be men. *May.* Hee gallop must that after women rides,

Get our wiues out of Towne, they take long strides. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS 5. SCENA I.

*Enter old Maibery and Bellamont.*

*May.* But why haue you brought vs to the wrong Inne? and withall posselt *Greenshield* that my wife is not in towne : when my proiect was, that I would haue brought him vp into the

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chamber, where yong *Fetherstone* and his wife lay: and so all his Artillery should haue recoild into his owne bosome.

*Bel.* O it will fall out farre better, you shall see my reuenge will haue a more neate and vnespected conueyance: he hath but all vp and downe the towne, to enquire for a Londoners wife, none such is to be found: for I haue mewd your wife vp already, mary he heres of a *Torke-shire* Gentlewoman at next Inne, and thats all the commodity *Ware* affords at this instant: now sir, he very polittickly imagins, that your wife is rode to *Packeridge*, fiftie mile further, for saith he in such a towne where Hosts will be familiar, and Tapsters faucie, & Chamberlaines worse then theeues intelligencers, theile neuer put foot out of Stirrop: either at *Packeridge* or *Wades-mill* (saith he) you shall findethem: & because our horses are weary, hee's gone to take vp Post horse: my counsaile is onely this, when he comes in, faine your selfe very melancholie, swaere you will ride no farther, and this is your part of the Comedy: the sequell of the iest shall come like money borrowed of a Courtier, and paid within the day, a thing strange & ynexpected.

*Enter Greeneshield.*

*May.* Inough, this is,

*Bel.* He comes.

*Green.* Come gallants, the post horse are ready, tis but a quarter of an houres riding, weele ferrit them and fixe them in-faith.

*Bel.* Are they growne polittick? when do you see honesty couet corners, or a gentlemā thats no thiefe lie in the Inne of a carrier,

*May.* Nothing hath ydone my wife, but too much riding.

*Bel.* She was a pritty peece of a Poet indeed, & in her discourse would as many of your Gold-smiths wiuens doe, draw her simily from pretious stones, so wittily, as redder then your Ruby, harder then your Diamond, and so from stone to stone, in lesse time then a man can draw on a straight boote, as if she had beene an excellent Lapidary.

*Green.* Come will you to horse sir?

*May.* No let her go to the diuell and she will, Ile not stirre a foote further.

*Green.* Gods pretious ist come to this: perswade him as you are a Gentleman, there will be ballads made of him, & the burthen thereof will be, if you had rode out y mile forward, he had found the fatall house of *Brainesford* North-ward, O bone, bone, bone on onero.

*Bel.* You are merry sir, (a horseback,

*Green.* Like your Citizen, I neuer thinke of my debts, when I am

*Bel.* You





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*Bel.* You imagin you are riding from your creditors,

*Gree.* Good infath: wil you to horse? *May.* Ile ride no further,

*Gree.* The ile discharge the post-maister: was't not a pritty wit of mine maister Poet to haue had him rod into *Puckridge*, with a horne before him, ha wast not?

*Bel.* Good sooth excellent: I was dull in apprehending it: but come since we must stay: wele be mery, chamberlaine call in the musick, bid the Tapsters & maids come vp and dance, what weel make a night of it, harke you maisters, I haue an excellent iest to make old *Maibery* merry, Sfoote weele haue him merry.

*Gree.* Lets make him drunke then, a simple catching wit I.

*Bel.* Go thy waies, I know a Nobleman would take such a delight in thee, *Gree.* Why so he would in his foolc,

*Bel.* Before God but hee would make a difference, hee would keepe you in Sattin, but as I was a saying weel haue him merry: his wife is gon to *Puckridge*, tis a wench makes him melâcholy, tis a wench must make him mery: we must help him to a wench, when your citizen comes into his Inne, wet & cold, dropping, eithr the hostis or one of her maids, warms his bed, puls on his night-cap, cuts his cornes puts out the candle, bids him cômmand ought, if he want ought: and so after maister cittiner sleepes as quietly, as if he lay in his owne low-country of *Holland*, his owne linnen I meane sir, we must haue a wench for him.

*Gree.* But wher's this wench to be found, here are all the mouse-able peticotes of the house.

*Bel.* At the next Inne there lodged to night---

*Gree.* Gods pretious a *Yorkeshire* Gentlewoman; I ha't, Ile angle for her presently, weele haue him merry.

*Bel.* Procure some Chamberlaine to Pander for you.

*Gree.* No Ile be Pander my selfe, because weele be merry.

*Bel.* Will you, will you?

*Gree.* But how? he a Pander as I am a gentlemân that were horrible, Ile thrust my self into the out-side of a Fawlcouer in towne here: & now I thinke on't there are a company of coutry plaiers, that are come to towne here, shall furnish mee with haire and beard: if I do not bring her, ---wil be wondrous merry.

*Bel.* About it looke you sir, though she beare her far aloofe, and her body out of distance, so her mind be côming 'tis no matter.

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*Green*, Get old *Maibery* merry: that any man should take to heart thus the downe fall of a woman, I thinke when he comes home poore smale, heele not dare to peepe forth of doores least his hornes vther him. *Exit*.

*Bel* Go thy wayes, there be more in *England* weare large eares and hornes, then *Staggess* and *Asses*: excellent hee rides poste with a halter about his necke. *May*, How now wilt take *M*?

*Bel*, Beyond expectation: I haue perswaded him the onely way to make you merry, is to helpe you to a wench, and the foole is gone to pander his owne wife hether.

*May*, Why heele know her?

*Bel*, She hath beene maskt euer since she came into the Inne, for feare of discouery. *May*, Then sheele know him,

*Bel*, For that his owne vnfortunate wit helpt my lasie intention, for he hath disguisd himselfe like a *Fawkner*, in *Towne* heare, hoping in that procuring shape, to doe more good vpon her, then in the out-side of a Gentleman.

*May*, Young *Fetherstons* will know him?

*Bel*, Hee's gone into the towne, and will not retume this halfe houre. *May*, Excellent if she would come.

*Bel*, Nay vpon my life sheele come: when she enters remembre some of your young bloud, talke as some of your gallant commoners will, Dice and drinke: freely: do not call for *Sack*, least it betray the coldnesse of your man-hood, but fetch a caper now & then, to make the gold chinke in your pockets: I so.

*May*, Ha old *Poet*, lets once stand to it for the credit of *Stilke-streets*. Is my wife acquainted with this.

*Bel*, She's perfect, & will come out vpon her qu, I warrant you.

*May*, Good wenches infaith: fils some more *Sack* heare.

*Bel*, Gods pretious, do not call for *Sack* by any means.

*May*, Why then giue vs a whole Lordship for life in *Rhenish*, with the reuerfion in *Sugar*, *Bell*, Excellent.

*May*, It were not amisse if we were daucing.

*Bell*, Out vpon't, I shall neuer do it.

*Enter Greenshield disguised with mistress*

*Greenshield*,

*Green*, Out of mine nostrils tapster, thou smellst like *Guild-hall* two daies after *Simon and Iude*, of drinke most horribly, off with thy







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they make sweete sinners of the North: these masks are foiles to good faces, and to bad ones they are like new sattin out-sides to lousie linings.

*Kat.* O, by no means sir, your Merchant will not open a whole peece to his best costomer, hee that buies a woman, must take her as she saies: He vnmaske my hand heares the sample.

*Green.* Goe to then, old I'oet I haue tane her vp already as a pinnis bound for the straights, she knowes her burden yonder.

*Bel.* Lady you are welcome: yon is the old Gentleman and obserue him, he's not one of your fat City chuffes: whose great belly argues that the felicity of his life consistes in capon, sack, and sincere honesty but a leane spare bountifull gallant one that hath an old wife, and a young performance: whose reward is not the rate of a Captaine newly come out of the Low-countries: or a *Yorkshire* Atturney in good contentious practice, some angel, no the proportion of your welthy Cittizen to his wench, is, her Chamber, her diet, her phisick, her apparell, her painting, her monkey, her pandar, her euery thing. Youle say your yong Gentleman; is your onely seruice that lies before you like a Calues head, with his braines some halfe yeard from him, but I assure you, they must not onely haue variety of foolery; but also of wenches: whereas your conscionable gray-beard of *Farrington* within, will keepe himselfe, to the ruines of one cast waighing-woman an age: & perhaps, when he's past all other good workes, to wipe out false waighes, and twenty ith hundred, marry her—

*Green.* O well bould *Tom* ( ) we haue presedents, for't:

*Kat.* But I haue a husband sir.

*Bel.* You haue, if the knaue thy husband bee rich, make him poore, that he may borrow mony of this Merchant, and be layd vp in the Counter, or Ludgate, so it shall bee conscience in you old Gentleman, when he hath seized all thy goods, to take the home and maintaine thee.

*Green.* O well bould *Tom* ( ) wee haue presedents for't.

*Kat.* Well if you be not a Nobleman, you are some great valiant Gentleman, by your beards: and the fashion of your beard; and do but thus to make the Cittizen merry, because you owe him some money.

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*Bell.* O you are a wag. *May.* You are very welcome.

*Gree.* He is tane, excellent, excellent, ther's one will make him merry : is it any imputation to helpe ones friend to a wench ?

*Bel.* No more then at my Lords intreaty, to helpe my Lady to a pritty waighting woman: if he had giuen you a gelding, or the reuersion of some Monopoly, or a new sure of Sattin to haue done this, happily your Sattin would haue smelt of the Pander : but what's done freely, comes like a present to an old Lady, without any reward, and what is done without any reward, comes like wounds to a Souldier, very honourably not-withstanding. (uaile you?

*May.* This is my breeding Gentlewoman : and whether tra-  
*Kate.* To London sir, as the old tale goes, to seeke my fortune.

*May.* Shall I be ycur fortune Lady?

*Kate.* O pardon me sir, he haue some young landed heire to be my Forrune, for they fauour thee fooles more then Cittizens.

*May.* Are you married?

*Kate.* Yes, but my husband is in garnison ith' Low-countries, is his Colonels bawd, and his Captaines Iester: he sent me word ouer, that he will thriue: for though is apparell lie ith' Lumbard, he keepe his conscience ith' Muster-booke.

*May.* Hee may do his countrie good seruice Lady.

*Kate.* I as many of your Capaines do, that fight as the Geeste saued the Capitoll, onely with prating : well, well, if I were in some Noblemans hands now, may be he would not take a thousand pounds for me.

*May.* No.

*Kate.* No sir : and yet may be at yeares end, would giue me a brace of hundreth pounds, to marry me to his Bayly, or the Solicitor of his Law sutes : whose this I beseech you ?

*Enter mistresse Maybery her hairs loose,  
with the Hostice.*

*Hostice.* I pray you forsooth be patient.

*Bel.* Passion of my heart, Mistresse Maybery. *Exeunt Fiddlers.*

*Green.* Now will thee put some notable trick, vpon her Cuck-  
oldly husband.

*May.* Why how now Wife, what meanes this ? ha ?

*Mi. Ms.* Well, I am very well: ô my vnfortunate parents, would you had buried me quick, when you linkt me to this misery.

*May.* O





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*May.* O wife be patient, I haue more cause to raile wife,

*Mistress May.* You haue, proue it, proue it wheres the Courtier, you should haue tane in my bosome: Ile spit my gall in's face, that can tax me of any dishonor: haue I lost the pleasure of mine eyes, the sweetes of my youth, the wishes of my blood: and the portion of my friends, to be thus dishonord, to be reputed vile in *London*, whilst my husband prepares common diseases for me at *Ware*, O god O god,

*Be.* Prettily wel dissembled,

*Hoff.* As I am true hostice you are to blame sir, what are you maisters: Ile know what you are afore you depart maisters, dost thou leaue thy Chamber in an honest Inne, to come and inuaggle my costomers, and you had sent for me vp, and kist me and vsde me like an hostice, twold neuer haue greued mee, but to do it to a stranger,

*Kate.* Ile leaue you sir,

*May.* Stay, why how now sweete gentlewoman, cannot I come forth to breath my selfe, but I must bee haunred, raile vpon olde *Bellamont*, that he may discouer them, you remember *Ferberstone Greenfield*,

*Miss May.* I remember them, I, they are two as coging, dishonorable dambd forsworne beggerly gentlemē, as are in *London*, and ther's a reuerent old gent'eman to, your pander in my conscience,

*Bel.* Lady, I wil not as the old goddes were wont, sweare by the infernall *Stix*; but by all the mingled wine in the sciler beneath, and the smoke of Tobacco that hath fumed ouer the vessailes, I did not procure your husband this banqueting dish of suckket, looke you behold the parenthefis,

*Hoff.* Nay Ile see your face too,

*Kat.* My deare vnkind husband; I protest to thee I haue playd this knauish part only to be witty,

*Gree.* That I might bee presently turned into a matter more sodlid then horne into Marble,

(ouldier

*Bel.* Your husband gentlewoman: why hee neuer was a)

*Kat.* I but a Lady got him prickt for a Captaine, I warrant you, he wil answere to the name of Captaine, though hee bee none: like a Lady thar wil not think scorne to answere to the name of her first husband; though he weare a Sops-boyle,

*Green.* Hange of thou diuill away,

*Kat.* No, no, you fled me tother day,

When

When I was with child you ran away,  
But since I haue caught you now.

*Green.* A pox of your wit and your finging.

*Bel.* Nay looke you sir, she must sing because wee be merry,  
what though you rod not fiue mile forward, you haue found that  
fatal house at *Brainford* Northward, O hone ho no na ne ro.

*Green.* God refuse mee Gentlemen, you may laugh and bee  
merry: but I am a Cockold and I thinke you knew of it, who lay  
ith segges with you to night wild-ducke.

*Kate.* No body with me, as I shall be faued: but Maister *Fether-*  
*stone*, came to mee as far as *Roisson*.

*Green.* Fetherstone.

*May.* See the hawke that first stoopt, my phesant is kild by  
the Spaniell that first sprang all of our side wife.

*Bel.* Twas a pretty wit of you sir, to haue had him rod into  
Puckeridge with a horne before him; ha: wast not;

*Green.* Good.

*Bel.* Or where a Cittizen keepest his house, you know tis not  
as a Gentleman keepest his Chamber for debt, but as you sayd  
euen now very wisely, least his hornes should vsur him.

*Green.* Very good *Fetherstone* he comes. Enter *Fetherstone*.

*Feth.* Luke *Greenesfield* Maister *Maybery*, old Poet: *Mol* and  
*Kate*, most hapily incounterd, vds life how came you heather, by  
my life the man lookes pale.

*Green.* You are a villaine, and Ile mak't good vpon you, I  
am no seruingman, so seede vpon your reuersion.

*Feth.* Go to the ordinary then.

*Bel.* This is his ordinary sir & in this she is like a London or-  
dinary: her best getting comes by the box.

*Green.* You are a dambd villaine.

*Feth.* O by no meanes.

*Green.* No, vds life, Ile go instantly take a purse, be apprehen-  
ded and hang'd for't, better then be a Cockold.

*Feth.* Best first make your confession sirra.

*Green.* Tis this thou hast not vsed me like a Gentleman.

*Feth.* A Gentleman: thou a gentleman: thou art a Taylor.

*Bel.* Ware peaching.

*Feth.* No sirra if you will confesse ought, tell how thou hast  
wronged







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wronged that vertuous Gentlewoman : how thou laiest at her two yeare together to make her dishonest : how thou wouldest send me thether with letters, how duely thou woudst watch the cittizens wiues vacation, which is twice a day ; namely the exchange time, twelue at noone and six at night, and where she refused thy importunity, and vowed to tell her husband: thou wouldest fall downe vpon thy knees, and intreat her for the loue of Heauen, if not to ease thy violent affection, at least to concele it, to which her pittie and simple vertue consented, how thou tookest her wedding ring from her, Met these two Gentlemen at *Ware*: fained a quarell, and the rest is apparant, this onely remaines what wrong the poore Gentlewoman hath since receaued by our intollerable lye ; I am most hartely sorry for, and to thy bosome will maintaine all I haue said to be honest.

*May*. Victorie wife thou art quit by proclamation,

*Bel*. Sir you are an honest man, I haue knowne an arrant cheefe for peaching made an officer, giue me your hand Sir.

*Kate*. O filthy abhominable husband did you all this?

*May*. Certainly he is no Captaine he blushes.

*Mi. May*. Speake Sir did you euer know me answere your wishes.

*Gree*. You are honest, very vertuously honest.

*Ms. May*. I wil then no longer be a loose woman, I haue at my husbands pleasure tane vpon me this habit of ieaiousie : Ime sorry for you, vertue glories not in the spoyle but in the victory.

*Be*. How say you by that goody Sentence, looke you sir; you gal-lants visit cittizens houses, as the *Spaniard* first sailed to the *Indies*; you pretēd bying of wares or selling of lāds: but the end proues tis nothing but for discouery & cōquest of their wiues for better maintenance why looke you, was he a ware of those broken patience when you met him at *Ware*, & posselt him of the downfal of his wife: you are a Cockcold you haue pāderd your own wife to this gentleman. better men haue don it, honest *Tom* ( ), we haue presidents for't, hie you to *London*: what is more Catholick ith City then for husbands daily for to forgiue, the nightly sins of their bedfellowes : if you like not that course but to intend to be rid of her : rifle her at a *Tauerne*, where you may swallow

H.

downe.

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downe some fifty wifacres sonnes and heires to old tenements,  
and common gardens : like so many raw yeolkes with Muska-  
dine to bed-ward.

*Kat.* O filthy knaue, dost compare a woman of my cariadge  
to a horse.

*Bel.* And no disparagment; for a woman to haue a high for-  
head: a quick eare, a full eye, a wide nostrill, a sleeke skin, a  
straight back, a round hip, and so forth is most comely.

*Kat.* But is a great belly comly in a horse sir.

*Bel.* No Lady.

*Kat.* And what thinke you of it in a woman I pray you.

*Bel.* Certainly, I am put downe at my owne weapon; I there-  
fore recant the rising; no there is a new trade come vp for  
cast Gentlewomen, of peeriwip making: let your wife set vp ith  
Strand, and yet I doubt, whither she may or no, for they say, the  
womē haue got it to be a corporatiō; if you can you may make  
good vse of it, for you shall haue as good a comming in by haire  
(tho it be but a falling commodity) & by other foolish tyring,  
as any betweene Saint *Clements* and *Charing*.

*Feth.* Now you haue run your selfe out of breath, here me: I  
protest the gentlewoman is honest, and since I haue wrong'd  
her reputation in meeting her thus priuately, Ile maintaine her:  
wilt thou hang at my purse *Kate*, like a paire of barbary but-  
tons, to open when tis full, and close when tis empty?

*Kat.* Ile be diuorc'd by this Christian element, and because  
thou thinkst thou art a Cockold, least I should make thee an in-  
fidell, in causing thee to belecue an vntrueth, Ile make thee a  
Cockold.

*Bel.* Excellent wench.

*Feth.* Come, lets go sweete: the Nag I ride vpon beares dou-  
ble, weele to *London*.

*May.* Do not bite your thumbe sir.

*Kate.* Bite his thumbe!

Ile make him do a thing worse than this,

Come loue me where as I lay.

*Feth.* What *Kate*!

*Kate.* He shall father a child is none of his,

O the cleane contrary way.

*Feth.* O lusty *Race*.

*Exeunt.*

*May.*





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*May.* Me thought he sayd, euen now you were a Taylor.

*Gre.* You shall heare more of that hereafter, Ile make *Ware* and him stinck ere he goes, if I see a Taylor, the roagues naked weapon shall not fright me, Ile beate him and my wife both out ath Towne with a Taylors yard; *Exit.*

*May.* O Valiant sir *Tristrans*; roome there.

*Enter Philip Leuer, poole and Charty.*

*Phil.* Newes father, most strang newes out of the Low-countries, your good Lady and Mistris that set you to worke vpon a dozen of cheefe-trenchers is new lighted at the next Inne, and the old venerable Gentlemans father with her.

*Bel.* Let the gates of our Inne be lockt vp, closer than a Noble-mans gates at dinner time.

*Omn.* Why sir, why?

*Bella.* If shee enter here, the house wil be infected: the plague is not halfe so dangerous, as a Shee-hornet: *Philip* this is your shuffling a the cardes, to turne vp her for the bottom card at *Ware*.

*Phi.* No as I me vertuous sir, aske the two Gentlemen.

*Leuer.* No in troth sir; shee told vs, that inquiring at *London* for you or your sonne, your man chalkt out her way to *Ware*.

*Bel.* I wud *Ware* might choake 'em both, Maister *Maybery*, my horse and I will take our leaues of you? Ile to *Bedlam* agen rather than stay her.

*May.* Shall a woman make thee flie thy country? stay, stand to her tho shee were greater than Pope *Ioano*, what are thy braines conuring for, my poeticall bay-leave-eater?

*Bel.* For a sprite a the buttry, that shall make vs all drinck with mirth if I can raize it: stay, the chicken is not fully hatcht, hit I beseech thee: So; come! wil you be secret Gentlemen and assisting.

*Omn.* With browne bills, if you thinke good.

*Bel.* What wil you say, if by some trick we put this little Hornet into *Fesberstones* bosome, and mariy 'em together.

*Omn.* Fuh, tis impossible.

*Bel.* Most possible, Ile to my trencher-woman, let me alone for dealing with her: *Fesberstone* Gentlemen shalbe your patient.

*Omn.* How! how?

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*Bell.* Thus: I will close with this country Pedlar mistrisse *Dorothy* (that trauels vp and downe to exchange Pinnes for Cunny-skins) very louingly, she shall eate of nothing but sweet-meates in my company ( good words) whose taste when she likes, as I know shee will, then will I play vpon her with this Artillery, that a very proper man, and a great heyre (naming *Fetherstone*) spyed her from a window, when shee sighted at her Inne, is extreame'ly false in loue with her, voves to make her his wife, if it stand to her good liking, euen in *Ware*; but being ( as most of your young Gentlemen are ) some-what bashfull, and ashamde to venture vpon a woman,

*May.* Citty and suburbes can iustifie it: so sir,

*Bel.* Hee sends mee ( being an old friend ) to vndermine for him: Ile so whet the wenches stomach, and make her so hungry, that she shall haue an appetite to him, feare it not; *Greenebeild* shall haue a hand in it too, and to bee reuengde of his partner, will I know strike with any weapon.

*Leuer.* But is *Fetherstone* of any meanes? els you vndoe him and her,

*May.* Hee has land betweene *Foolham* and *London*, he would haue made it ouer to me: to your charge Poet, giue you the assault vpon her, and send but *Fetherstone* to mee, Ile hang him by the gills,

*Bel.* Hees not yet horsf sure, *Phillip*, go thy wayes, giue fire to him, and send him hither with a powder presently.

*Phil.* Hees blowne vp already. *Exit.*

*Bel.* Gentlemen youle stick to the deuise, & looke to your plot?

*Ommes.* Most Poetically: away to your quarter.

*Bel.* I marche, I will cast my rider gallants: I hope you see who shall pay for our voyage. *Exit.*

*Enter Phillip and Fetherstone.*

*May.* That must hee that comes here: Maister *Fetherstone*, O Maister *Fetherstone*, you may now make your fortunes weigh ten stone of Fethers more then euer they did: leape but into the Saddle now, that stands empty for you, you are made for euer.

*Leuer.* An Assfe Ile be s'worne.

*Feth.* How for Gods sake? how?

*May.* I would you had, what I could wish you, I loue you, and because







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because you shall be sure to know where my loue dwels, looke you sir, it hangs out at this signe: you shall pray for *Ware*, when *Ware* is dead and rotten: looke you sir, there is as pretty a little *Pinnas*, struck faile hereby, and come in lately; shee's my kinse-woman, my fathers youngest Sister, a warde, her portion three thousand; her hopes if her *Grannam* dye without issue, better.

*Ferb.* Very good sir,

*May.* Her *Gardian* goes about to marry her to a *Stone-cutter*, and rather than sheele be subiect to such a fellow, sheele dye a martyr, will you haue all our? shee's runne away, is here at an *Inne* ith' towne, what parts so euer you haue plaid with mee, I see good parts in you, and if you now will catch times hayre that's put into your hand, you shall clap her vp presently.

*Ferb.* Is she young? and a pretty wench?

*Lener.* Few *Cittizens* wiues are like her.

*Phil.* Yong, why I warrant sixteene hath scarce gone ouer her.

*Ferb.* Sfoot, where is she? if I like her personage, aswell as I like that which you say belongs to her personage, Ile stand thrumming of *Caps* no longer, but board your *Pynniss* whilst 'tis hotte.

*May.* Away then with these *Gentlemen* with a *French* gallop, and to her: *Phillip* here shall runne for a *Priest*, and dispatch you.

*Ferb.* Will you gallants goe along: wee may be married in a *Chamber* for feare of hew and crie after her, and some of the company shall keepe the doore.

*May.* Assure your soule shee will be followed: away therefore, Hees in the *Curtian* gulfe, and swallowed horse and man: hee will haue some body keepe the doore for him, sheele looke to that: I am yonger then I was two nights agoe, for this phisick,— how now?

Enter Captaine, Allom, Hans, and  
others booted.

*Capt.* God plesse you; is there not an arrant scurvy trab in your company, that is a *Sentill*-woman borne sir, and can tawg *Weleh*, and *Dutch*, and any tongue in your head?

*May.* How so? *Drabs* in my company: doe I looke like a *Drab-driuer*?

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*Capt.* The Trab will driue you ( if she put you before her) into a pench hole.

*Allom.* Is not a Gentleman here one Maister *Bellamont* sir of your company.

*May.* Yes, yes, come you from *London*, heele be here presently.

*Capt.* Will he? *tansone*, this oman, hunts at his taile like your litle Goates in *Wales* follow their mother, wee haue warrants here from maister Suttice of this shire, to shew no pittie nor mercie to her, her name is *Doll*.

*May.* Why sir, what has she committed? I thinke such a creature is ith' towne.

*Capt.* What has she committed: ownds shee has committed more then man-slaughters, for shee has committed her selfe God plesse vs to euerlasting prison: lug you sir, shee is a punke, she shifts her louers (as Captaines and *Wells* Gentlemen and such) as she does her Trenchers when she has well fed vpon'r, and that there is left nothing but pare bones, shee calls for a cleane one, and scrapes away the first.

*Enter Bellamont, and Hornet, with Doll betweene them  
Greenefield, Kate, Mayberies wife, Phillip,  
Leuerpoole, and Charley.*

*May.* Gods so Maister *Fetherstone*, what will you do? here's three come from *London*, to fetch away the Gentlewoman with a warrant.

*Ferb.* All the warrants in *Europe* shall not fetch her now, she's mine sure enough: what haue you to say to her? shee's my wife.

*Cap.* Ow! Sbloud doe you come so farre to fishe and catch Frogs? your wife is a Tilt-boate, any man or oman may goe in her for money; shee's a Cunny-catcher: where is my moouable goods cald a Coach, and my two wild peasts, pogs on you wud they had trawne you to the gallowes.

*Allom.* I must borrow fiftie pound of you Mistris Bride.

*Haus.* *Pa'u bro*, and you make me *de gheck*, *de groet* sole, you heb mine gelt to: wat is it?

*Doll.* Out you bafe scums, come you to disgrace mee in my wedding shoes?

*Exit. It*





NORTHWARD HOE.

*Feth.* Is this your three thousand pound ward, yee tolde mee  
fir she was your Kinswoman,

*May.* Right, one of mine Awnts,

*Bell.* Who payes for the Northren voyage now lads?

*Gree.* Why do you not ride before my Wife to *London* now?  
the Woodcocks ith' *Springe*,

*Kate.* O forgiue me deere husband! I will neuer loue a man  
that is worfe than hangd, as he is.

*May.* Now a man may haue a course in your Parke?

*Feth.* Hee may fir.

*Doll.* Neuer I protest, I will bee as true to thee, as *Ware* and  
*Wades-mill* are one to another.

*Feth.* Well, it's but my fate: Gentlemen, this is my opinion,  
it's better to shoote in a Bow that has beene shot in before, and  
will neuer start, than to draw a faire new one, that for euery Ar-  
row will bee warping: Come wench wee are ioynd, and all the  
Dogs in *France* shall not part vs: I haue some lands, those Ile  
turne into money, to pay you, and you, and any: Ile pay all that  
I can for thee, for I me sure thou hast paid me,

*Omni.* God giue you joy.

*May.* Come lets be merry, lye you with your owne Wife, to  
be sure shee shall not walke in her sleepe: a noyse of Musicians  
Chamberlaine.

*This night lets banquet freely: come weele dore,  
Our wiues to combate ish' greates bed in Ware.*

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

















































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Northward hoe

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