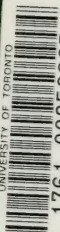


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The

Return from Parnassus

Date of the early Editions (two in same year) 1606
(From the Dyce Collection at S. Kensington)
Reproduced in Facsimile 1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Vol. 101.3

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The

Return from Parnassus

1606

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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The Return from Parnassus

1606

Two editions of this play were issued in the same year, each varying from the other, and both from a MS. copy which formerly belonged to Mr. Halliwell-Phillips. A previous part of the "Return," and an earlier play entitled "A Pilgrimage to Parnassus," were supposed lost until the Rev. W. D. Macray unearthed them from the Hearne MSS. in the Bodleian. Both these MS. plays are in preparation for this series of facsimiles.

Meanwhile, Mr. Macray's reprint of the Parnassus triad (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1886) is so thorough in its treatment that he has left little if anything for others to do. The variations in the two printed editions, and the alternative readings given by the Halliwell manuscript, are fully set out; not the least useful is the critical preface to the reprinted plays.

The chief interest, of course, centres in the early allusions to Shakespeare, showing the popularity of a kind already won by the poet.

The reproduction is judged to be "distinctly satisfactory."

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE
RETURNE FROM
PERNASSVS:

Or

The Scourge of Simony.

Publicly acted by the Students
in Saint Johns Colledge in
Cambridge.



AT LONDON
Printed by G. Eld, for John Sturges, and
are to bee sold at his shop in
Christ church Gate
1686.

The Prologue.

Boy, Stagekeeper, Mimus, Defensor.

Boy.

Spectators we will act a Comedy (*non plus*).
Stage. A pox on't this booke hath it not in it, you would be
whipt, thou rascal: thou must be sitting vp all night at
cardes, when thou should be conning thy part.

Boy. Its all long on you, I could not get my part a night or
two before that I might sleepe on it.

Stagekeeper carrieth the boy away under his arme.

Mo. It's euen well done, here is such a stirre about a scuruy
English show.

Defen. Scuruy in thy face, thou scuruy iack, if this company
were not, you paultry Crittick Gentleman, you that knowe
what it is to play at primero, or passage. You that haue beene
student at post and paire, saint and Loadam. You that haue
spent all your quarters reueneues in riding post one night in
Christmas, beare with the weake memory of a gamster.

Mo. Gentlemen you that can play at nobby, or rather play
vpon nobles: you that can set vp a iest, at primero inste ed of a
rest, laugh at the prologue that was taken away in a voy-
der.

Defen. What we present I must needs confesse is but flub-
bered inuention: if your wisdom: obscure the circumstance,
your kindnesse will pardon the substance.

Mo. What is presented here, is an old musty show, that hath
laine this twelue moneth in the bottome of a coale-house a-
mongst broomes and old shooes, an inuention that we are a-
shamed of, and therefore we haue promised the Copics to the
Chandlers to wrappe his candles in.

Defen. It's but a Christmas toy, and may it please your cur-
tities to let it passe,

The Prologue.

Alm. Is a Christmas toy indeede, as good a conceit as
a hotcockle, or blind-man ball.

Alm. Some humors you shall see ay med ar, if not well re-
solv'd.

Alm. Humors indeede: is it not a pretty humor to stand hā-
mming upon two *schollers* some whole
years. There came *Pist* and *Sardo*: have bin follow'd with a
whip, and a verie fine a Couple of Vagabonds through *Eng-
land* and *Italy*. The Pilgrimage to *Pernassus*, and the returne
from *Pernassus* haue stood the honest *Stagekeepers* in many a
Crowines expence: for huckes and vizards purchas'd a So-
phister a knock: which a chasbe hundred the butlers box, and
emptied the Colledge barrells, and now vnlesse you know the
subiect well you may returne home as wise as you came, for
this last is the least part of the returne from *Pernassus*, that is
both the first and the last time that the authors wit will turne
vpon the toe in this vaine, and at this tune the scene is not at
Pernassus, that is lookes not good inuention in the face.

Defen. If the Catastrophe please you not, impute it to the
vnpleasing fortunes of discontented schollers.

Alm. For Caraltro, the thers neuer a tale in sir *Iohn Man-
denill*, or *Benis* of *Southampton* but hath a better turning.

Stagekeeper. What you iceering asse, be gon with a pox.

Alm. You may do better to busie your selfe in providing
beere, for the thew will be pittifull dry, pittifull dry.

Exit.

No more of this, I heard the spectators aske for a blanke verse.

What we shew, is but a Christmas iest,
Conceiue of this and guesse of all the rest:
Full like a schollers haplesse fortunes pen'd,
Whose former griefes seldome haue happy end,
Frame aswell, we might with easie straine,
With far more praise, and with as little paine.
Stories of loue, where some the wondring bench,
The liping gallant might inioy his wench.

Or

The Prologue.

Or make some Sire acknowledge his lost sonne,
Found when the weary act is almost done.
Nor vnto this, nor vnto that our scene is bent,
We onely shew a schollers discontent.
In Schollers fortunes twise forlorne and dead
Twise hath our weary pen earst laboured.
Making them Pilgrims in *Pernassus* hill,
Then penning their returne with ruder quill,
Now we present vnto each pittying eye,
The schollers progresse in their misery.
Refined wits your patience is our blisse,
Too weake our scene: too great our iudgement is.
To you wee seeke to shew a schollers state,
His scorned fortunes, his vnpittied fate.
To you: for if you did not schollers blisse,
Their case (poore case) were too too pittilesse.
You shade the muses vnder fostering,
And made them leaue to sigh, and learne to sing.



The names of the Actors.

Drametis Persona.

| | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------|
| <i>Ingenioso.</i> | <i>Academico.</i> |
| <i>Iudicio.</i> | <i>Amoretto.</i> |
| <i>Danter.</i> | <i>Page.</i> |
| <i>Philomusus.</i> | <i>Signor Immerito.</i> |
| <i>Studiofo.</i> | <i>Stercutio his father.</i> |
| <i>Furor Poeticus.</i> | <i>Sir Frederick.</i> |
| <i>Phantasma.</i> | <i>Recorder.</i> |
| <i>Patient.</i> | <i>Page.</i> |
| <i>Richardetto.</i> | <i>Prodigo.</i> |
| <i>Theodore phisician.</i> | <i>Burbage.</i> |
| <i>Burgesse patient.</i> | <i>Kempe.</i> |
| <i>Jaques studiofo.</i> | <i>Fidlers.</i> |
| | <i>Patients man.</i> |

Actus 1. Scena. 1.

Ingenioso, with Iuuenall in his hand.

Ingenioso.

Difficile est, Satyram non scribere, nam quis iniqua
Tam patiens urbs, tam furens ut teneat se?
I, Iuuenall: thy ierking hand is good,
Not gently laying on, but fetching blood,
So surgean-like thou dost with cutting heale,
Where nought but lanching can the wound auaille.
O suffer me, among so many men,
To tread aright the traces of thy pen.
And light my linke at thy eternall flame,
Till with it I brand euerlasting shame.
On the worlds for head, and with thine owne spirit,
Pay home the world according to his merit,
Thy purer soule could not endure to see,
Euen smallest spots of base impurity:
Nor could small faults escape thy cleaner hands,
Then foule faced Vice was in his swadling bands,
Now like *Anteus* growne a monster is,
A match for none but mighty *Hercules*.
Now can the world practise in plainer guise,
Both sinnes of old and new borne villanies.
Stale sinnes are stole: now doth the world begin,
To take sole pleasure in a witty sinne.
Vnpleasant is the lawlesse sinne has bin,
At midnight rest, when darknesse couers sinne.
It's Clownish vnbecoming a young Knight,
Vnlesse it dare out-face the gloriing light.
Nor can it nought our gallants praises reape,
Vnlesse it be done in staring Cheape.
In a sinne. guilty Coach not closely pent,
Jogging along the harder pauement.
Did not feare check my repining spirit,
Soone should my angry ghost a story write.

The returne from Pernaſſus.

In which I would new foſtred ſinnes combine,
Not knowne eaſt by truth telling *Aretine*.

Scen. 2. Enter Iud. Ingenioſo. Iudicio.

Iud. What *Ingenioſo*, carrying a Vinegar bottle about thee,
like a great ſchole-boy giuing the world a bloody noſe?

Ing. Eaich *Iudicio*, it I carry the vinegar bottle, it's great rea-
ſon I ſhould conferre it vpon the bald pated world: & againe,
if my kitchen want the vtensilies of viands, it's great reaſon o-
ther men ſhould haue the ſauce of vinegar, and for the bloody
noſe, *Iudicio*, I may chance indeed giue the world a bloody
noſe, but it ſhall hardly giue me a crakt crowne, though it
giues other Poets French crownes.

Iud. I would wiſh thee *Ingenioſo*, to ſheath thy pen, for thou
canſt not be ſucceſſefull in the fray, conſidering thy enemies
haue the aduantage of the ground.

Ing. Or rather *Iudicio* they haue the grounds with aduantage,
and the French crownes with a pox, and I would they had
them with a plague too: but hang them ſwadds, the beſt
corner in my thoughts is too gallant a roome to lodge them
in, but ſay *Iudicio*, what newes in your preſſe, did you keepe
any late correſtions vpon any tardy pamphlets?

Iud. *Veterem iubes renouare dolorem* *Ing.* what ere befalls thee,
keepe thee from the trade of the corrector of the preſſe.

Ing. Mary ſo I will, I warran thee, if pouerty preſſe not too
much, Ile correct no preſſe but the preſſe of the people.

Iud. Would it not grieue any good ſpirits to ſit a whole
moneth nitting out a louſie beggarly Pamphlet, and like a
needy Phiſitian to ſtand whole yeares, toſſing and tumbling,
the filth that falleth from ſo many draughty inuentions as dai-
ly ſwarme in our Printing houſe?

Ing. Come: (I thinke) we ſhall haue you put finger in the eye
and cry, O friends, no friends, ſay man, what new paper hob-
by horſes, what rattle babies are come out in your late May
morrice daunce?

Iud. Flye my times, as thick as flies in the ſunne, I thinke
there

The returne from Poinesse

there be neuer an Ale-houfe in England, nor a May-pole on a country greene, but sets forth some poets pettitions or demiances to the paper wares in Paules Church-yard.

Ing. And well too may the issue of a strong be plearie to hop all ouer England, when as better wittes sit like lame coblers in their studies. Such barmy heads wil alwaies be working, when as sad vineger wittes sit souring at the bottome of a barrell: plaine Meteors, bred of the exhalation of Tobacco, and the vapors of a moyst pot, that soure vp into the open ayre, when as sounder wit keepes belowe.

Ind. Considering the turies of the times, I could better endure to see those youg Can quaffing hucklters shoot of their pellets so they would keepe them from these English *florae-poetarum*, but now the world is come to that passe, that there starts vp every day an old goose that sits hatching vp those eggs which haue ben filcht from the nest of Crowes and Kestrells: here is a booke *Ing.* why to condemne it to cleare the vsuall Tiburne of all misliuing papers, were too faire a death for so foule an of-

Ing. What's the name of it, I pray thee *Ind?* (tender.

Ind. Looke, its here *Beluedere*.

Ing. What a Bel-wether in Paules Church-yard, so cald because it keeps a bleating, or because it hath the tinkling bel of so many Poets about the neck of it, what is the rest of the title.

Ind. The garden of the Muses.

Ing. What haue we here: the Poet garish gayly bedeked like fore horses of the parish? what followes.

Ind. *Quem referent muse, vixit dum robor a tellus,*

Dum calum stellas, dum vehis annis aquas.

Who blurres faire paper, with foule bastard times,

Shall liue full many an age in latter times:

Who makes a ballet for an ale-houfe doore,

Shall liue in future times for euer more.

Then () thy muse shall liue so long,

As draffy ballats to thy praise are song.

But what's his deuise, Pernallus with the sunne and the lawrels
I wonder this Owle dares looke on the sunne, and I maruaile
this gofe flies not the laurell: his deuise might haue bene ber-

The returne from Peruassus.

ter a foole going into the market place to be seene, with this motto, *seruus indolis*, or a poore beggar gleaning of eares in the end of harvest, with this word, *suauis gloria*.

Ind. Turne ouer the leafe *Ing*: and thou shalt see the paines of this worthy gentleman, Sentences gathered out of all kinde of Poets, referred to certaine methodicall heads, profitable for the vse of these times, to rime vpon any occasion at a little warning: Read the names.

Ing. So I will, if thou wilt helpe me to censure them.

Edward Spencer.

Henry Constable.

Thomas Lodge.

Sammuel Daniell.

Thomas Watson.

Michaell Drayton.

Iohn Davis.

Iohn Marston.

Kit: Marlowe.

Good men and true; stand together: heare your censure, what's thy iudgment of *Spencer*?

Ing. A swifter Swan then euer song in Poe,
A shriller Nightingale then euer blest,
The prouder groues of selfe admiring Rome.
Bliith was each vally, and each shepheard proud,
While he did chaunt his rurall minstrel sic,
Attentiuie was full many a dainty care.
Nay hearers hong vpon his melting tong.
While sweetly of his Faiery Queene he song,
While to the waters fall he tun'd for fame,
And in each barke engrau'd *Elizaeas* name.
And yet for all this, vnrregarding foile,
Vnlac't the line of his desired life,
Denying maintenance for his deare reliefe.
Carelesse care to preuent his exequy,
Scarce deigning to shut vp his dying eye.

Ing. Pity it is that gentler wits should breed,
Where thick-skin chuffes laugh at a schollers need.
But softly may our honours ashes rest,
That lie by mery *Chaucers* noble chest.

But I pray thee proceed briefly in thy censure, that I may be proud of my selfe, as in the first, so in the last, my censure may

The returne from Pernaſſus.

may iumpe with thine. *Henry Conſtable, S. D. Thomas Lodge, Thomas Watſon.*

Ind. Sweete Conſtable doth take the wondring care,
And layes it vp in willing priſonment :
Sweete hony dropping Deſeth wage
Warre with the proudeſt big Italian,
That melts his heart in ſugred Sonnetting.
Onely let him more ſparingly make vs,
Of others wit and vſe his owne the more :
That well may ſcorne baſe imitation.
For *Lodge* and *Watſon*, men of ſome deſert,
Yet ſubiect to a Criticks margnail.
Lodge for his oare in enery paper boate,
He that turnes ouer *Galen* every day,
To ſit and ſimper *Euphres* legacie.

Ing. Michael Drayton.

Draytons ſweete muſe is like a ſanguine dye,
Able to raiſe in the raſh gazers eye.

Ing. How euer, he wants one true note of a Poet of our times,
and that is this, hee cannot ſwagger it well in a Tauerne, nor
dominere in a hot-houſe.

Ind. John Davis.

Acute John Davis, I affect thy rymes,
That ierck in hidden charmes theſe looſer times :
Thy plainer verſe, thy vnaffected vaine,
Is grac'd with a faire and a ſoothing traine.

Ing. Locke and Hudſon.

Ind. Locke and Hudſon, ſleepe you quiet ſtrauers, among the
ſhauings of the preſſe, and let your bookes lye in ſome old
nookes amongſt old bootes and ſhooes, ſo you may auoide
my cenſure.

Ing. Why then clap a lock on their feete, and turne them
to commons.

John Marſton.

Ind. What *Monſier Kinſayder*, liſting vp your legge and
giſſing againſt the world, put vp man, put vp for ſhame

Met unks he is a Ruffin in his ſtile,
Withouther bands or garters ornament,

The returne from Peruassus.

He quaffes a cup o' Frenchmans Helicon.
Then saither doyster in his oylie tearmes,
Cuts the list, and toyne at whomefoeuer he meets,
And it owes about Raimally meditations.
Tues what eates he for modest close coucht termes,
Clearly to good our looser libertines.
Gue him plaine naked words stript from their shirts
That might beseme plaine dealing *Aretine:*
I thinke is one that backes a paper steed
And manageth a penknife gailantly.
Strikes his po'mado at a buttons breadth,
Brings the great batteing ram of tearmes to townes
And at first volly of his Caunon shot,
Batters the walles of the old tustly world.

Ing. Christopher Marlowe.

Iud. Marlowe was happy in his buskine muse,

As vnhappy in his life: and end,
Pity it is, that wit so ill should dwell
Wit lent from heauen, but vices sent from hell.

Ing. Our Theater hath lost, Pluto hath got,

A Tragick penman for a diuery plot.

B I.

Iud. The wittiest fellow of a brick-layer in England.

Ing. A meere Emphyrick, one that gets what he hath by ob-
seruation, and makes only nature priuy to what he indites. So
slow an inuentor, that he were better betake himselfe to his
old trade of brick'laving, a bold whorson, as confident now in
making a booke, as he was in times past in laying of a bricke.

William Shakespeaere.

*Iud. Who Lutes Titus loue or Lucre's rape,
His sweeter verse contains hatt robbing life,
Could bat a grauer subiect him content,
Without loues foolish languishment.*

Ing. Churchyard.

Hath not *Shor's* wife although a light skirts she,
Gouen her a chaff long lasting memory?

Iud. No, all night pamphlets once I finden shall.

The returne from Pernaſſus.

A Churchyard and a graue to bury all.

Ing. Thomas N. ſp. ſo.

I, here is a fellow *Iudice* that carried the deadly ſlocke in his pen, whoſe muſe was armed with a gag tooth, and his pen poſſeſt with *Hercules* turyes.

Iudg. Let all his fau'ts ſleepe with his mournfull cheſt,
And then for euer with his aſhes reſt,
His ſtile was witty, though he had ſome gall,
Something he might haue mended, ſo may all,
Yet this I ſay, that for a mother wit,
Few men haue euer ſcene the like of it.

Ing. Reads the reſt.

Iud. A. For theſe, they haue ſome of them bin the old hedg-ſtaks of the preſſe, and ſome of them are at this inſtant the bots and glanders of the printing houſe. Fellowes that ſtande only vpon tearmes to ſerue the turne, with their b'otted papers, write as men go to ſtoole, for needes, & when they write, they write as a Beare piſles, now and then drop a pamphlet.

Ing. Durum telum neceſſitas. Good ſayth they do as I do, exchange words for money, I haue ſome trafficke this day with *Danter*, about a litle booke which I haue made, the name of it is a Catalogue of *Chambridge* Cuckolds, but this *Belvedere*, this method call alle, hath made me almoſt forget my time: Ile now to *Paul's* Churchyard, meeete me an houre hence; at the ſigne o' the *Pegasus* in cheap ſide, and ile moyſt thy temples with a cup of *Claret*, as ha'd as the world goes. *Exit. Iudice.*

ACT. I. Scen. 3.

Enter Danter the Printer.

Ing. Danter thou art deceived, wit is dearer then thou takeſt it to bee, I tell thee this libell of *Cambridge* has much fat and pepper in the noſe: it will ſell ſheerely vnderhand, when all theſe bookes of Exhortations and Catechiſmes, lie moulding on thy ſhopboard.

Dan. it's true, b. good ſayth *M. Ingenioſo*, I loſt by your laſt booke: and you knowe there is many one that paies mee largely for the printing of their inuentions, but for all this you

The returne from Pernassus.

shall haue 40. Shillings and an odde pottle of wine.

Ing. 40. Shillings? a fit reward for one of your reumaticke Poets, that beslaues all the paper he comes by, and furnishes the Chandlers with wast papers to wrap candles in: but as for me, ile be paid deare euen for the dregges of my wit: little knowes the world what belong to the keeping of a good wit in waters, dietts, drinkes, Tobacco, &c. it is a dainty & costly creature, and therefore I must be paid sweetly: furnish me with money, that I may put my selfe in a new sute of clothes, and ile sute thy shop with a new sute of reames: it's the gallantest child my invention was euer deliuered off. The title is, a Chronicle of Cambridge cuckolds: here a man may see what day of the moneth such a mans commons were inclosed, and when throwne open, and when any entailed some odde crownes, vpon the heires of their bodies vnlawfully begotten: speake quickly els I am gone.

Dan. Oh this will sell galianly: ile haue it whatsoeuer it cost, will you walk on M. *Ing.* Yes, weele sit ouer a cup of wine and agree on it.

Ing. A cup of wine is as good a Constable as can be, to take vp the quarrell betwixt vs. *Exeunt.*

Act. 1. Scen. 4.

*Philomusus in a Phisitians habite: Studi-so that is
Iaques man, And patient.*

Phil. *Tis tit tit, non pynte, non debet si:ri phlebotomie in co-
iuluna:* here is a Recēpe.

Pat. A Recēpe.

Phil. *Nos Gallia non curamus quantitatem syllabarum:* Let me heare how many stooles you doe make. Adieu Mounseir adieu good Mounseir, what *Iaques Un' a personne apres icy.*

Stud. Non.

Phil. Then let vs steale time for this borrowed shape,
Recounting our vnequall haps of fate.
Late did the Ocean graspe vs in his armes,
Late did we lue within a stranger ayre:

Late

The returne from Pernaſſus.

Late did we ſee the cinders of great Rome.
We thought that Engliſh fugitiues there eate
Gold, for reſtoratiue, if gold were meate,
Yet now we find by bought experience,
That where ſo ere we wander vp and downe,
On the round ſhoulders of this maſſy world,
Or our ill fortunes, or the worlds ill eye,
Forſpeake our good, procures our miſery.

Stud. So oft the Northen winde with frozen wings,
Hath beate the flowers that in our garden grewe:
Throwne downe the ſtalckes of our aſpiring youth,
So oft hath winter nipt our trees faire rind,
That now we ſeeme nought but two bared boughes,
Scorned by the baſeſt bird that chirps in groaue,
Nor Rome, nor Rhemes that wonted are to giue,
A Cardinall cap, to diſcontented clarkes,
That haue forſooke the home-bred thanked roofes,
Yielded vs any equall mainteance:
And, 't's as good to ſtarue mongſt Engliſh ſwine,
As in a forraine land to beg and pine:

Phil. He ſcorne the world that ſcorneth me againe.

Stud. He vex the world that workes me ſo much paine.

Phil. Fly lame reuengings power, the world well weenes,

Stud. Flyes haue their ſpleene, each ſilly ant his teenes.

Phil. We haue the words they the poſſeſſion haue.

Stud. We all are equall in our lateſt graue.

Phil. Soone then: O ſoone may we both graned be.

Stud. Who wiſhes death, doth wrong wiſe deſtiny,

Phil. It's wrong to force life, loathing men to breath.

Stud. It's ſinne for doomed day to wiſh thy death.

Phil. Too late our ſoules flit to their reſting place.

Stud. Why mans whole life is but a breathing ſpace.

Phil. A painefull minute ſeemes a tedious yeare.

Stud. A conſtant minde eternall woes will beare.

Phil. When ſhall our ſoules their wearied lodge foregor

Stud. When we haue tyred miſery and woe.

Phil. Soone may then ſates this gale deluier ſend vs.

Small

The returns from Parnassus.

Small woes vex long, great woes quickly end vs.

But lette me this capping of times *Studoſo*, and follow our late deſire. that wee may maintaine our heads in cappes our bellies in prouender, and our backs in ſadle and bridle: hetherto wee haue fought all the honeſt meanes wee could to liue, & now let vs dare, *aliquid breuibus gratis and carcere dignum*: let vs run through all the lewd formes of lime-twig purloyning villanies: let vs proue Cony-catchers, Baudes, or any thing, ſo we may rub out, and fiſt my plot for playing the French Doctor that thall hold: our lodging ſtands here filthy in ſhooe lane, for if our commings in be not the better, London may ſhortly throw an old ſhooe after vs, and with thoſe ſhreds of French, that we gathered vp in our hoſtes houſe in *Paris*, weele gull the world, that hath in eſtimation forraine Phiſitians, & if any of the hidebound bretheren of Cambridge and Oxforde, or any of thoſe Stigmatick maſters of arte, that abuſed vs in times paſt, leaue their owne Phiſitians, and become our patients, weele ſter quite the ſtile of them, for they ſhall neuer hereafter write, your Lordſhips moſt bounden: but your Lordſhips moſt laxatiue.

Stud. It ſhall be ſo, ſee what a little vermine pouerty altereth a whole milkie diſpoſition.

Phil. So then my ſelfe ſtreight with reuenge Ile Seate.

Stud. Prouoked patience growes intemperate.

ACTUS I. Scena 5:

Enter Richard ſto, Iaques, Scholler learning French.

Iaq. How now my little knaue, *quelle nouvelle nouuſſe?*

Richard. Ther's a fellow with a night cap on his head, an vrinall in his hand, would faine ſpeake with maſter *Theodore*.

Iaq. *Parle Francoys: mon petit garçon.*

Richard. *Hy a un homme auſe le bonnet de et un urinell in la mens, que vent parler.*

Iaq. *For bien.*

Theod. *Iaques a bonus. Excunt.*

La reſſe

Theodore.

ACTUS.

The returne from Pernaſſus.

Actus 1. Scen. 6.

Furor poeticus: and preſently after enters Phantaſma.

Furor poeticus rapt within contemplation.

Why how now *Pedant Phœbus*, are you ſnouching *Thalia* on her tender lips? There hoie: peſan' avant: come Pretty ſhort-noſd nimph: oh ſweet *Thalia*, I do kiſſe thy foote. What *Cleio*? O ſweet *Cleio*, nay pray thee do not weepe *Melpomene*. What *Vrania*, *Polyſſinia*, and *Calliope*, let me doe reuerence to your deities.

Phantaſma pulſ him

Fur. I am your holy ſwaine, that night and day, *by the*

Sit for your ſakes rubbing my wrinkled browe, *ſcene.*

Studying a month for one Epithere.

Nay ſiluer *Cynthia*, do not trouble me:

Straight will I thy *Endimions* ſtorie write,

To which thou haſteſt me on day and night.

You light ſkirt ſtarres, this is your wonted guiſe,

By glomy light perke out your doubtfull heads:

But when *Don Phœbus* ſhowes his ſlaſhing ſnout,

You are ſkie puppies, ſtraight your light is out.

Phan. So ho, *Furor*.

Nay prethee good *Furor* in ſober ſadneſſe.

Furor. *Odi profanum vulgus & arceo.*

Phan. Nay ſweet *Furor*, ipſe te *Tyſire* pinus,

Furor. *Ipfite fontes, ipſa hæc arbuſta vocarunt.*

Who's that runs headlong on my quills ſharpe point.

That wearied of his life and baſer breath,

Offers himſelfe to an Iambicke verſe.

Phan. *Si quoties peccant homines, ſua ſulmina miſtas*

Iupiter, exiguo tempore inermis erit.

Fur. What ſlimie bold preſumptious groome is he,

Dares with his rude audacious hardy chat,

Thus ſeuer me from ſkibbered contemplation?

Phan. *Carmina vel celo poſſunt deducere Innam.*

Furor. Oh *Phantaſma*: what my indiuidual mate?

O mihi poſt nullos Furor memorande ſodales.

Furor. Say whence commeſt thou? ſent from what deytie?

From great *Apollo*, or ſlie *Mercurie*?

C

Phan.

The returne from Ferasfus.

Phan. I come from the little Mercury, *Ingenioso. For,*
Ingenio pollet cui vim natura negavit.

Furor. Ingenioso?

He is a pretty Inuenter of slight prose:
But there's no spirit in his groaueling speech,
Hang him whose verbe cannot out-belch the wind:
That cannot beard and braue *Don Eolus,*
That when the cloud of his inuention breakes,
Cannot out-cracke the scar-crow thunderboit.

Phan. Hang him, I say, *Pendo pependi, tendo tetendi, pedo pependi.* Will it please you maister *Furor*, to walke with me. I promised to bring you to a drinking Inne in Cheapside, at the signe of the Nagges head, *For,*

Tempore lenta pati siena docentur equi.

Furor. Passe thee before, Ile come incontinent.

Phan. Nay faith maister *Furor*, lets go together, *Quoniam*
Conuenimus ambo.

Furor. Lets march on vnto the house of fame:

There quaffing bowles of *Bacchus* bloud ful nimbly,
Endite a Tiptoe, strouting poesie.

They offer the way one to the other.

Phan. *Quo me Bacche rapis tui plenum.*

Tu maior: tibi me est equum parere Menalea.

Actus 2. Scena 3.

Enter Philom. Theod. his patient the Burgesse, and his man with his staffe.

Theod. puts on his spectacles.

Monsieur here are *atomi Natantes*, which doe make shew your worship to be as leacherous as a Bull.

Burg. Truly maister Doctor we are all men.

Theod. This water is intention of heate, are you not perturbed with an ake in your face, or in your occipit. I meane your head peece, let me feele the pulse of your little finger.

Burg. He assure you *M. Theodour*, the pulse of my head beates exceedingly, and I thinke I haue disturbed my selfe by studying the penall statutes.

Theod. Tit, tit, your worship takes cares of your speech.

The returne from Perrinissus.

O, contra leues loquuntur, ingentes stonpent, it is an Aphorisme in Galen.

Burg. And what is the exposition of that?

Theod. That your worship must take a gland, *ut emittatur sanguis*: the signe is for excellent, for excellent-

Burg. Good maister Doctor vlc mee gently, for marke you Sir, there is a double consideration to be had of me: first as I am a publike magistrate: secondly as I am a priuate butcher: and but for the worshipfull credit of the place, and office wherein I now stand & liue, I would not hazard my worshipfull apparell, with a suppositor or a glister: but for the countenancing of the place, I must go ofcener to stoole, for as a great gentleman told me of good experience, that it was the chiefe note of a magistrate, not to go to the stoole without a phisitio.

Theo. *A, vous estes un gentell home vraiment, what ho Iaques, Iaques, deue vous? vnfort gentel purgator for monsier Burgesse.*

Iaq. *Voste tres humble seruiture a vostre commandement.*

Theod. *Donne vous un gentell purge a Monsier Burgesse.* I haue considered of the crasis, and syntoma of your disease, and here is *vnfort gentell purgation per euacuationem excrementorum*, as we Phisitians vse to parlee.

Burg. I hope maister Doctor you haue a care of the countries officer, I tell you I durst not haue trusted my selfe with euery phisitio, and yet I am not afraide for my selfe, but I would not deprive the towne of so carefull a magistrate.

Theod. O monsier, I haue a singular care of your valetudo, it is requisite that the French Phisitians be learned and carefull, your English veiuet capis malignant and enuious.

Burg. Here is maister Doctor toure pence your due, and eight pence my bounty, you shall heare from me good maister Doctor, farewell farewell, good maister Doctor.

Theod. Adieu good Mounsier, adieu good Sir mounsier.

Then burst with teares vnhappy graduate:

Thy fortunes still wayward and backward bin:

Nor canst thou thriue by vertue, nor by sinne.

Strid. O how it greenes my vexed soule to see,
Each painted assein chayre of dignite:

The returne from Vernassia.

And yet we growell on the ground alone,
Rising through euery trade, yet thrive by none.
More we must act in this lines Tragedy,

Phi. Sad is the plot, sad the Catastrophe.

Stud. Sighs are the Chorus in our Tragedie.

Phi. A. Id rented thoughts continuall actors be.

Stud. Where is the subiect. *Phi.* earth the loathed stage,

Whereon we act this fained personage.

Mossy barbarians the spectators be,

most like.

That sit and laugh at our calamity.

(throng,

Phi. Band be those houres when amongst the learned
By Gantaes muddy bancke we whitome song.

Stud. band be that hill which learned wits adore,

Where earst we spent our stock and little store:

Phi. Band be those musty mewes, where we haue spent,
Our youthfull dayes in paled languishment.

Stud. Band be those colening arts that wrought our woe,

Making vs wandring Pilgrimes too and fro.

Phi. And Pilgrims must wee bee without reliefe,

And where so ere we run there meetes vs griefe.

Stud. Where euer we toss vpon this crabbed stage

Griefe's our companion, patience be our page.

Phi. Ah but this patience is a page of ruth,

A tyred lackie to our wandring youth.

Act. 1. Scena. 2.

Academico solus.

Acad. Faine would I haue a liuing, if I could tell how to
come by it. *Ecco* Buy it.

Acad. Buy if fond *Ecco*: why thou dost greatly mistake it.

Ecco. Stake it.

Acad. Stake it, what shall I stake at this game of Simonye

Ecco. Money.

Ac. What is the world a game, are liuings gotten by playing?

Ecco. Paying.

Paying? but say what's the nearest way to come by a liuing?

Ecco. Giuing.

Must his worships fist be then oyled with Angells?

Ecco.

The returne from Pernaſſus.

Eccl. Angels.

Ought his gowty fiſh then fiſt with gold to be greaſed?

Eccl. Eaſed.

And ſiſt then ſuch an eaſe for his aſſes backe to carry moneye?

Eccl. I.

Will then this golden aſſe beſtowe a viccarige guilded?

Eccl. Gelded.

What ſhall I ſay to good ſir *Roderick* that have no gold here?

Eccl. Cold cheare.

He make it my lone request, that he wold be good to a ſcholler

Eccl. Choller.

Yea will he be cholericke, to heare of an art or a ſcience?

Eccl. Hence.

Hence with liberal arts, what then wil he do with his chancel?

Eccl. Sell.

Sell it? and muſt a ſimple clarke be ſaine to compound then?

Eccl. pounds then.

What if I haue no pounds, muſt then my ſute be prorogued?

Eccl. Roagued.

Yea? giuen to a Roague? ſhall an aſſe this vicaridge compaſſe?

Eccl. Aſſe.

What is the reaſon that I ſhould not be as forunate as he?

Eccl. Aſſe he.

Yet for all this, with a peniles purſe will I trudg to his worſhip

Eccl. Words cheape.

Well, if he giue me good words, its more then I haue from an

Eccl. *Eccl.* Go.

Act. 2. Scen. 3.

Amoretto with an *Ouid* in his hand. *Immerſo.*

Amor. Take it on the word of a Gentleman thou cannot
haue it a penny vnder, thinke ont, thinke ont, while I meditate
on my faire miſtreſſe.

Nunc ſequor imperium magne Cupido tuium.

What ere becom of this dull thredbare clarke,

I muſt be coſt y in my miſtreſſe eye:

C 3.

Ladyes

The returne from Periaffus.

Ladies regard not ragged companie.
I will with the reuenues of my chafred church.
First buy an ambling hobby for my faire :
Whose measured pace may teach the world to dance,
Proud of his burden when he gins to prauince:
Then must I buy a iewell for her eare,
A kirtle of some hundred crownes or more:
With these faire gifts when I accompanied goe,
Sheele giue *Iones* breakfast : *Sidney* tearmes it so,
I am her needle: she is my *Adamant*,
She is my faire rose, I her vnworthy pricke.

Acad. Is there no body heere will take the paines to gelde his mouth?

Amor. She's *Cleopatra*, I Marke *Anthony*,

Acad. No thou art a meere marke for good wits to shoote at: and in that sute thou wilt make a fine man to dashe poores crowes out of countenance.

Amor. She is my moone, I her *Endimion*,

Acad. No she is thy shoulder of mutton thou her onyons: or she may be thy *Luna*, and thou her *Lunaticke*.

Amor. I her *Aeneas*, she my *Dido* is.

Acad. She is thy *Io*, and thou her brazen asse,
Or the Dame *Phantasy* and thou her gull:
She thy *Pasiphae*, and thou her louing bull.

Act. 2. Scen. 4.

Enter Immerito, and Stercutio his father.

Ster. Sonne, is this the Gentleman that selles vs the liuing?

Im. Ey fat ter thou must not call it selling, thou must say is this the gentleman that must haue the gratuito?

Acad. What haue we here, old true-penny come to towne, to fetch away the liuing in his old greasie stops, then is none: the time hath beene when such a fellow medled with nothing but his plowshare, his spade, and his hobnailes, and so to a peece of bread and cheese, and went his way: but now these fellows are growne the onely factors for preferment.

Ster.

The returne from Peruassus.

Stor. O is this the grating Gentleman, and how many pounds must I pay?

Im. O thou must not call them pounds, but thanks, and haike thou father, thou must tell of nothing that is done: for I must seeme to come cleere to it.

Acad. Not poundes but thanks: see whether this simple fellow that hath nothing of a scholler, but that the draper hath blackt him ouer, hath not gotten the stile of the time.

Stor. By my faith sonne looke for no more portion.

Im. Well rather, I will not, vpon this condition, that when thou haue gotten me the gratuito of the liuing, thou will likewise disburse a little money to the bishops poster, for there are certaine questions I make scruple to be posed in.

Acad. He meanes any question in Latin, which he counts a scruple, oh this honest man could neuer abide this popish tongue of Latine, oh he is as true an English man as liues.

Stor. He take the Gentleman now, he is in a good vaine, for he smiles.

Amor. Sweete *Onid*, I do honour every page.

Acad. Good *Onid* that in his life time, liued with the *Getes*, and now after his death conuerseth with a Barbarian.

Stor. God be at your worke Sir: my sonne told me you were the grating gentleman, I am *Stercutio* his father Sir, simple as I stand here.

Acad. Fellow, I had rather given thee an hundred pounds then thou should haue put me out of my excellent meditation by the faith of a Gentleman I was wrapt in contemplation.

Im. Sir you must pardon my father he wants bringing vp.

Acad. Marry it seemes he hath good bringing vp, when he brings vp so much money.

Stor. Indeed sir, you must pardon me, I did not knowe you were a Gentleman of the Temple before.

Amor. Well I am content in a generous disposition to beare with country education, but tellowe whats thy name?

Stor. My name Sir, *Stercutio* Sir.

Am. Why the *Stercutio*, I wold be very willing to be the instrument to my father, that this liuing might be collected vpon your
your

The returne from Pernaſſus.

your ſonne: mary I would haue you know, that I haue bene importuned by two or three ſeuerall Lo:des, my Kinde cozins, in the behalte of ſome Cambridge man and haue almoſt engaged my word, Mary if I ſhall ſee your diſpoſition to be more thankfull then other men, I ſhalbe very ready to reſpect kind natur'd men: for as the Italian prouerbe ſpeaketh wel, *Chi ha hauea*.

Acad. why here is a gallant young drouer of liuings.

Ster. I beſeech you ſir ſpeake Engliſh, for that is naturall to me & to my ſonne, and all our kindred, to vnderſtand but one language.

Amor. Why thus in plaine engliſh: I muſt be reſpected with thanks.

Acad. This is a ſubtle tractiue, when thanks may be felt and ſcene.

Ster. And I pray you Sir, what is the loweſt thanks that you will take?

Acad. The verye ſame Method that he vſeth at the buying of an oxe.

Amor. I muſt haue ſome odd ſprinckling of an hundred pounds, if ſo, ſo, I ſhall thinke you thankfull, and commend your ſonne as a man of good giftes to my father.

Acad. A ſweete world, giue an hundred poundes, and this is but counted thankfullneſſe.

Ster. Hark you Sir, you ſhall haue 30. thanks.

Amor. I tell thee fellow, I neuer opened my mouth in this kind ſo cheape before in my life. I tel thee, few young Gentlemen are found, that would deale ſo kindly with thee as I doe.

Ster. Well Sir, becauſe I know my ſonne to be a toward thing, and one that hath taken all his learning on his owne head, without ſending to the yniuerſitye, I am content to giue you as many thanks as you aſke, ſo you will promiſe me to bring it to paſſe.

Amor. I warrant you for that: if I ſay it once, repayre you to the place, and ſtay there, for my father, he is walcked abroad to take the benefit of the ayre. He meete him as he returnes, and make way for your ſuite.

Exeunt. Ster. Im.

The returne from Pernaſſus.

ACTus 2. Scen. 5.

Enter Academico, Amoretto.

Amor. Gallant, I faith.

Acad. I ſee we ſchollers fiſh for a living in theſe ſhallow foards without a ſiluer hooke. Why, would it not gal a man to ſee a ſpruce gartered youth, of our Colledge a while ago, be a broker for a living, & an old Baude for a benefice? This ſweet Sir proffered me much kindneſſe when hee was of our Colledge, and now Ile try what winde remains in his bladder, God ſaue you Sir.

Amor. By the maſſe I feare me I ſaw this Genus and Species in Cambridge before now: Ile take no notice of him now: by the faith of a gentleman this is pretty Elegy. Of what age is the day fellow? Syrrha boy, hath the groome ſaddled my hunting hobby? can Robin Hunter tell where a Hare ſits.

Acad. See a poore old friend & yours, of S. () Colledge in Cambridge.

Am. Good faith ſir you muſt pardon me. I haue forgotten you.

Acad. My name is *Academico* Sir, one that made an oration for you once on the *Queenes* day, and a ſhow that you got ſome credit by.

Amor. It may be ſo, it may bee ſo, but I haue forgotten it: mary yet I remember there was ſuch a fellow that I was very beneficiall vnto in my time. But howſoeuer Sir, I haue the curteſie of the towne for you. I am ſory you did not take me at my fathers houſe: but now I am in exceeding great haſte, for I haue vowed the death of a Hare that we found this morning muſing on her meaze.

Acad. Sir I am imboldned, by that great acquaintance that heretofore I had with you, as likewiſe it hath pleaſed you heretofore.

Amor. Looke Syrrha, if you ſee my Hobby come hetherward as yet.

D

Acad.

The returne from Pernaſſus.

Acad. To make me ſome promiſes, I am to requeſt your good meditation to the Worſhipfull your father, in my behalfe: and I will dedicate to your felicitie in the way of thanks, thoſe daies I have to live.

Amor. O good ſir, if I had knowne your minde before, for my father hath already given the induction to a Chaplaine of his owne, to a proper man, I know not of what Vnverſitie he is.

Acad. Signior *Inmerito*, they ſay, hath bidden faireſt for it.

Amor. I know not his name, but he is a grave diſcreet man I warrant him, indeed he wants vterance in ſome meaſure.

Acad. Nay, me thinks he hath very good vterance, for his gravitie, for hee came hether very grave, but I thinke he will returne light enough, when he is ridde of the heavy element he carries about him.

Amor. Faith ſir, you muſt pardon me, it is my ordinary cuſtome to be too ſtudious, my Miſtreſſe hath tolde me of it often, and I find it to hurt my ordinary diſcourſe: but ſay ſweete ſir, do yee affect the moſt gentle-man-like game of hunting?

Acad. How ſay you to the craſty gull, hee would faine ge: mee abroad to make ſport with mee in their Hunters tearmes, which we ſchollers are not acquainted with: ſir I have loved this kinde of ſporte, but now I begin to hate it, for it hath bene my luck alwayes to beat the buſh, while another kild the Hare.

Amor. Hunters luck, Hunters luck ſir, but there was a fault in your Hounds that did ſpend well.

Acad. Sir, I have had worſe luck alwayes at hunting the Fox.

Am. What ſir, do you meane at the vnke-nelling, vntape-zing, or earthing of the Fox?

Acad. I meane earthing, if you terme it ſo, for I never found yellow earth enough to couer the old Fox your father.

Amor. Good faith ſir, there is an excellent ſkill in blowing for the terriers, it is a word that we hunters uſe when the Fox is earthed, you muſt blow one long, two ſhort, the ſecond winde, one long, two ſhort: now ſir in blowing, euery long containeth

The returns from Pernaſſus.

neth 7. quauers, one ſhort, containeth 3. quauers.

Acad. Sir might I finde any fauour in my ſuite, I would winde the horne wherein your bone deſerts ſhould bee founded with ſo many minims, ſo many quauers.

Amor. Sweet ſir, I would I could conferre this or any kindneſſe vpon you: I wonder the boy comes not away with my Hobby. Now ſir, as I was proceeding: when you blow thy death of your Fox in the field or couert, then muſt you found 3. notes, with 3. windes, and recheat: marke you ſir, vpon the ſame with 3. windes.

Acad. I pray you ſir.

Amor. Now ſir, when you come to your ſtately gate, as you founded the recheat before, ſo now you muſt found the recheat three times.

Acad. Reliefe call you it? it were good euery patron would finde the horne.

Amor. O ſir, but your reliefe is your ſweeteſt note, that is ſir, when your hounds hunt after a game vnknowne, and then you muſt found one long and ſix ſhort, the ſecond wind, two ſhort and one long, the third wind, one long and two ſhort.

Acad. True ſir, it is a very good trade now adayes to be a villaine, I am the hound that hunts after a game vnknowne, & blowes the villaine.

Amor. Sir, I will bleſſe your eares with a very pretty ſtory, my father out of his owne coſt and charges keeps an open table for all kinde of dogges.

Acad. And he keepes one more by thee.

Amor. He hath your Grey-hound, your Mungrell, your Maſtife, your Leurier, your Spaniell, your Kennets, Terriers, Butchers dogs, Bloud-hounds, Dunghill dogges, trindle tailes, prick eard curres, ſmall Ladies puppies, Caches and Baſtards.

Acad. What a bawdy knaue hath he to his father, that keepes his *Rachel*, hath his baſtards, and lets his ſonnes be piaine Ladies puppets, to beray a Ladies Chamber.

Amor. It was my pleaſure two dayes ago, to take a gallant leath of Grey-hounds, and into my fathers Parke I went, accompanied with two or three Noble men of my neere ac-

The returne from Pernaſſus.

quaintance, deſiring to ſhew them ſome of the ſport: I cauſed the Keeper to ſeuere the rascal Deere, from the Buckes of the firſt head: now ſir, a Bucke the firſt yeare is a Fawne, the ſecond yeare a Pricket, the third yeare a Sorell, the fourth yeare a Soare, the fiſt a Bucke of the firſt head, the fixt yeare a compleat Buck: as likewiſe your Hart is the firſt yeare a Calfe, the ſecond yeare a Brocher, the third yeare a Spade, the fourth yeare a Stag, the fiſt yeare a great Stag, the fixt yeare a Hart as likewiſe the Raw bucke is the firſt yeare a Kid, the ſecond yeare a Gule, the third yeare a Hemuſe: and theſe are your ſpeciall beaſts for chafe, or as we huntſmen call it, for venery.

Acad. If chaffe be taken for venery, thou art a more ſpeciall beaſt then any in thy fathers forreſt. Sir I am ſorry I haue bin ſo troubleſome to you.

Ans. I know this was the readieſt way to chafe away the ſholler, by getting him into a ſubieſt he cannot talke of, for his life. Sir I will borrowe ſo much time of you as to finiſh this my begunne ſtory. Now ſir, after much trauaile we ſingled a Buck, I roade that ſame time vpon a Roane gelding, and ſtood to intercept from the thicket: the bucke broke gallantly: my great ſwift being diſaduantaged in his ſlip was at the firſt behind, marry preſently coted and out ſtriped them, when as the Hart preſently deſcended to the riuier, and being in the water, proferd, and reproferd, and proferd againe: & at laſt hee vpſtarted at the other ſide of the water which we call ſoyle of the Hart, and there other Huntſmen met him with an adauntreley: we followed in hard chafe for the ſpace of eight hours, thruſe our hounds were at default, and then we cryed a ſlaine, ſtreight ſo ho: through good reclayming, my faulty hounds found their game againe, and ſo went through the wood with gallant notice of muſicke, reſembling ſo many Violls Degambo: at laſt the Hart laid him downe, and the Hounds ſeized vpon him, he groned and wept, and dyed. In good faith it made me weepe too, to thinke of *Aleons* fortune, which my *Ouid* ſpeakes of.

He reads Ouid.

Militat omnis amans, & habet ſua caſtra cupido.

Acad. Sir, can you put me in any hope of obtaining my ſuite.

Arzo.

The returne from Pernaſſus.

Amo. In good faith Sir, if I did not loue you as my ſoule, I would not make you acquainted with the myſteries of my art.

Acad. Nay, I will not die of a diſcourſe yet, if I can chooſe.

Amor. So ſir, when we had rewarded our Dogges with the ſmall quites and the lights, and the bloud: the Huntſmen hal- lowed, ſo ho, *Venne a coupler*, and ſo coupled the dogges, and then returned homeward: another company of houndes that lay at aduantage, had their couples caſt off and we might heare the Huntſmen cry, *horſe, decouple, Auant*, but ſtreight we heard him cry, *le Amoud*, and by that I knew that they had the hare and on foote, and by and by I might ſee ſore and re- fore prick, and re prick: what is he gone? ha ha ha ha. theſe ſchollers are the ſimpleſt creatures.

Actus-2. ſcen. 6.

Enter *Amorette* and his *Page*.

Pag. I wonder whats become of that *Ouid de arte amandi*, my maſter he that for the praife of his diſcourſe is wonte to court his hobby abroad, and at home in his chamber makes a ſet ſpeech to his greyhound, deſiring that moſt faire and amiable dog to grace his company in a ſtately galliard, and if the dog, ſeeing him praetiſe his luſty pointes, as his croſpoynt backcaper, chance to beray the ryme, he pretently doſſes his Cap moſt ſolemnly, makes a low leg to his ladyſhip, taking it for the greateſt fauour in the world, that ſhe would vouchſafe to leaue her Ciuet box, or her ſweet gloue behind her.

Amor. He opens *Ouid* and reades it.

Pag. Not a word more ſir ant pleaſe you, your Hobby will meeete you at the lanes end,

Amo. What lack, faith I cannot but vent vnto thee a moſt witty ieſt of mine.

Page. I hope my maſter will not breake wind: wilt pleaſe you ſir to bleſſe mine eares with the diſcourſe of it.

Amo. Good faith, the boy begins to haue an elegant ſwack

The returne from Pernaſſus.

of my ſtile: why then thus it was *lacke*: a ſcary; meere Cambridge ſcholler, I know not how to define him.

Page. Nay Maſter, let me define a meere ſcholler: I heard a country once define a meere ſcholler, to be *anim ill ſcabioſu*, that is, a living creature that is troubled with the itch: or a meere ſcholler is a creature that can ſtrike fire in the morning at his under-box, put on a paire of lined ſlippers, ſit re-vinging till dinner, and then goe to his meate when the Bell rings, one that hath a peculiar gift in a cough, and a licence to ſpirt: or if you will have him defined by negatives. He is one that cannot make a good legge, one that cannot eat a meſſe of broth cleanly, one that cannot ride a horſe without ſpur-galling: one that cannot ſalute a woman, & looke on her directly, one that cannot ———

Am. Inough *lacke*, I can ſtay no longer, I am ſo great in child-birth with this jeſt: Sirrha, this praedicible, this *ſa-vere* groome, becauſe when I was in Cambridge, and lay in a Trundlebed vnder my tutor, I was content in diſcreet humility, to giue him ſome place at the Table, and becauſe I inuited the hungry ſlaue ſometimes to my Chamber, to the canuaſing of a Turkey pie, or a piece of Veniſon, which my Lady Grandmother ſent me, hee thought himſelfe therefore eternally poſſeſt of my loue, and came hither to take acquaintance of me, and thought his olde familiarity did continue, and would beare him out in a matter of waight. I could not tell howe to ridde my ſelfe of the troubleſome Birre, then by getting him into the diſcourſe of hunting, and then tormenting him awhile with our words of Arte, the poore Scorpion became ſpeechleſſe, and ſuddenly raviſhed. Theſe Clearkes are ſimple fellowes, ſimple fellowes. *He reads Ouid.*

Page. Simple indeede they are, for they want your courtly compoſition of a foole and of a knaue. Good faith ſir a moſt abſolute jeſt, but me thinkes it might haue beene followed a little farther.

Am. As how my little knaue?

Page. Why thus ſir, had you inuited him to dinner at your Table, and haue put the caruing of a capon vpon him, you ſhould

The returne from Pernaſſus.

ſhould haue ſcene him handle the knife ſo fooliſhly, then run through a iury of faces, then wagging his head, and ſhewing his teeth in familiarity, venter vpon it with the ſame method that he was wont to vnrulle an apple pye, or tyranniſe an Egge & butter; then would I had applyed him all dinner time with cleane trenchers, cleane trenchers, and ſtill when he had a good bit of meate, I would haue taken it from him, by giuing him a cleane trencher, and ſo haue ſerued him in kindneſſe,

Amo. Well ſaid ſubtle *Iack*, put me in minde when I returne againe, that I may make my lady mother laugh at the Scholler, ile to my game: for you *Iacke*, I would haue you employ your time ti I my comming: in watching what houre of the day my hawke mutes. *Exit.*

Page. Is not this an excellent office to bee Apothecary to his worſhips hawke, to ſit ſcouting on the wall, how the Phiſicke workes, and is not my Maſter an abſolute villaine that loues his Hawke, his Hobby, and his Grey-hound, more then any mortall creature? do but diſpraiſe a feather of his hawes traine, and he writhes his mouth, and ſweares, for hee can doe that onely with a good grace, that you are the moſt ſhallowe braind fellow that liues: do but ſay his horſe ſtales with a good preſence, and hee's your bondſlaue: when he returnes lie tell twenty admirable lies of his hawke, and then I ſhall bee his litle roague, and his white villaine for a whole weeke after. Well let others complaine, but I thinke there is no felicity to the ſeruing of a foole.

Act. 3: Scen. 1.

Sir Rad. Record. Page. Sig. Immerito.

Sir Rad. Signior *Immerito*, you remember my caution, for the tithes, & my promiſe for farming my tithes at ſuch a rate.

Im. I, and pleaſe your worſhip Sir.

Sir Rad. You muſt put in ſecurity for the performance of it in ſuch ſort as I and maſter Recorder ſhall like of.

Im. I will an't pleaſe your worſhip.

Sir Rad. And becauſe I will be ſure that I haue conferred this kindneſſe vpon a ſufficient man, I haue deſired Maſter Recorder to take examination of you.

The returne from Pernassus.

Pag. My maister (it seemes) tak's him for a theife, but he hath small reason for it, as for learning it's plaine he neuer stole any, and for the living he knowes himselfe how he comes by it, for let him but eate a melle of surmenty this seauen yeare, and yet he shall neuer be able to recouer himselfe: alas poore Sheepe that hath fallen into the hands of such a Fox.

S. Rad. Good maister Recorder take your place by me, and make tryall of his gifts, is the clerke there to recorde his examination, oh the Page shall serue the turne.

Pag. Tryal of his gifts, neuer had any gifts a better trial, why *Immerito* his gifts haue appeared in as many colours, as the Rain-bowe, first to maister *Amoretto* in colour of the Sattine suite he weares: to my Lady in the similitude of a loose gowne: to my maister, in the likenelle of a siluer balen, and ewer: to vs Pages in the semblance of new suites and points. So maister *Amoretto* plaies the gull in a piece of a parsonage; my maister adorne his cupboord with a piece of a parsonage, my mistres vpon good dayes, puts on a piece of a parsonage, and we Pages playe at blow point for a piece of a parsonage, I thinke heer's tryall inough for one mans gifts.

Recor. For as much as nature hath done her part in making you a hanfome likely man.

Pag. He is a hanfome young man indeed, and hath a proper gelded parsonage.

Recor. In the next place, some art is requisite for the perfection of nature: for the tryall whereot, at the request of my worshipfull friend, I will in some sort propound questions fit to be resolued by one of your profession, lay what is a person that was neuer at the vniuersity?

Im. A person that was neuer in the Vniuersity, is a living creature that can eate a tithe pigge.

Rec. Very well answer'd, but you should haue added, and must be officious to his patron: write downe that answer to shew his learning in Logick.

Sir Rad: Yea boy write that do vnc. Very learnedly in good faith, I pray now let me aske you one question that I remember, whether is the Masculine gender or the feminine in new worth.

The returne from Perrassus.

Im. The Feminine sir.

Sir Rad. The right answer, the right answer: in good faith I haue bene of that mind alwayes; write boy that, to shew hee is a Gramimarian.

Pag. No maruell my maister bee against the Grammer, for he hath alwayes made false Latin in the Genders.

Rec. What Vniuersity are you off?

Im. Of none.

Sir Rad. He tells trueth, to tell trueth is an excellent vertue, Boy make two heads, one for his learning, another for his vertues, and referre this to the head of his vertues, not of his learning.

Pag. What, halfe a messe of good qualities referred to an Asses head?

Sir Rad. Now maister Recorder, if it please you I will examine him in an author, that will found him to the depth, a booke of Astronomy, otherwise called an Almanacke.

Rec. Very good, *Sir Raderike*, it were to be wished that there were no other booke of humanity, then there would not bee such busie state-prying fellowes as are now a dayes, proceed good sir.

Sir Rad. What is the Dominicall letter?

Im. C. sir, and please your worship.

Sir Rad. A very good answer, a very good answer, the very answer of the booke, write downe that, and referre it to his skill in Philosophy.

Pag. C. the Dominicall letter: it is true, craft and cunning do so dominere: yet rather C and D, are dominicall letters, that is crafty Dunfery.

S. Rad. How many dayes hath September?

Im. April, Iune and Nouember; February hath 28. alone and all the rest hath 30. and one.

S. Rad. Very learnedly in good faith, he hath also a smack in poetry, write downe that boy, to shew his learning in poetry. How many miles from Waltham to London?

Im. Twelue Sir.

S. Rad. How many from Newmarket to Grantham?

The returne from Pernaſſus.

Im. Ten Sir.

Pag. Without doubt he hath beene ſome Carriers horſe.

S.Rad. How call you him that is cunning in 1.2.3.4.5. and the Cipher?

Im. A good Arithmatician.

S.Rad. Write downe that anſwere of his, to ſhew his learning in Arithmatick.

Pag. He muſt needs be a good Arithmatician that counted money ſo lately.

S.Rad. When is the new Moone?

Im. The laſt quarter the 5. day, at 2. of the clock and 38. minuts in the morning.

S.Rad. Write him downe, how call you him, that is weather-wife?

Recor. A good Aſtronomer.

S.Rad. Sir ha boy, write him downe for a good Aſtronomer.

Pag. *As Colit aſtra.*

S.Rad. What day of the month lights the Queenes day on?

Im. The 17. of Nouember.

S.Rad. Boy, referre this to his vertues, and write him downe a good ſubiect.

Pag. Faith he were an excellent ſubiect for 2. or 3. good wits, he would make a fine Aſſe for an Ape to ride vpon.

S.Rad. And theſe ſhall ſuffice for the parts of his learning, now it remaines to try whether you bee a man of good vtterance, that is, whether you can aſke for the ſtrayed Heyfer with the white face, as alſo chide the boyes in the beſſerie, and bid the Sexton whippe out the dogges: let mee heare your voyce.

Im. If any man or woman.

S.Rad. That's too high.

Im. If any man or woman.

S.Rad. That's too lowe.

Im. If any man or woman, can tell any tidings of a Horſe with foure feete, two eares, that did ſtraye about the ſeuenth houre, three minuts in the forenoone the ſitt day.

The returne from Pernaſſus.

Page. I tooke of a horſe juſt as it were the Eccliſe of the Moone.

S. Rad. Boy write him downe for a good utterance: Maiſter Recorder, I thinke he hath bene examined ſufficiently.

Rec. I, *Sir Radericke*, tis ſo, wee haue tride him very thoroughly.

Pag. I, we haue taken an inuenty of his good parts and prized them accordingly.

S. Rad. Signior *Immerito*, forasmuch as wee haue made a double tryall of thee, the one of your learning, the other of your erudition: it is expedient alſo in the next place to giue you a ſewe exhortations, conſidering this, greateſt Clerks are not the wiſeſt men: this is therefore firſt to exhort you to abſtaine from Controuerſies. Secondly not to giard at men of worſhip, ſuch as my ſelfe, but to uſe your ſelfe diſcreetly. Thirdly not to ſpeake when any man or woman coughs: doe ſo, and in ſo doing I will perſeuer to bee your worſhipfull friend and louing patron.

Im. I thanke your worſhip, you haue bene the deficient cauſe of my preferment.

Sir Rad. Lead *immerito* in to my ſonne, and let him diſpatch him, and remember my tithes to bee reſerued, paying twelue pence a yeare. I am going to Moore-fields, to ſpeake with an vnthrift I ſhould meeete at the middle Temple about a purchaſe, when you haue done follow vs. *Exeunt Immerito and the Page.*

Actus 3. Scena 2.

Sir Raderick, and Recorder.

Sir Rad. Harke you Maiſter Recorder, I haue ſleſht my prodigall boy notably, notably in letting him deale for this lining, that hath done him much, much good I aſſure you.

Recor. You doe well *Sir Radericke*, to beſtowe your lining vpon ſuch an one as will be content to ſhare, and on Sunday to ſay nothing, whereas your proud Vniuerſitie princ Cox thinks he is a man of ſuſh merit, the world cannot ſufficiently

The returne from Pernaſſus.

Endow him with preferment, an vnthankfull Viper, an vn-
thankfull viper that will sting the man that reuiued him.

Why iſt not ſtrange to ſee a ragged clarke,
Some ſtamell weauer or ſome butchers ſonne :
That ſcrubd a late within a ſleecueleſſe gowne,
When the commencement, like a morice dance,
Hath put a bell or two about his legges,
Created him a ſweet cleane gentleman:
How then he gins to follow faſhions,
He whoſe thin ſire dwell in a ſmoky rouſe,
Muſt take Tobacco and muſt weare a locke,
His thirtiſy Dad drinks in a wooden bowle,
But his ſweete ſelfe is ſeru'd in ſiluer plate.
His hungry ſire will ſcrape you twenty legges,
For one good Chriſtmas meale on New-yeares day.
But his mawe muſt be capon crambd each day,
He muſt ere long be triple benefited,
Els with his tongue hee le thunderbolt the world,
And ſhake each peafant by his deaſe-mans care.
But had the world no wiſer men then I,
Weede pen the prating parats in a cage,
A chaire, a candle and a Tindebox,
A thacked chamber and a ragged gowne,
Should be their lands and whole poſſeſſions,
Knights, Lords, & lawyers ſhould be log'd & dwell
Within thoſe over ſtately heapes of ſtone,
Which doting ſires in old age did erect.

Well it were to be wiſhed that neuer a ſcholler in England
might haue aboute forty pound a yeare.

S. Rad. Faith miſter Recorder, if it went by wiſhing, there
ſhould neuer a one of them all haue aboute twenty a yeare :
a good ſtipend, a good ſtipend, miſter Recorder. I in the meane
time, howſoeuer I hate them all deadly, yet I am ſaine to giue
them good words. Oh they are peſilent fellowes, they ſpeake
nothing but bodkins, and piſſe vineger. Wel, do what I can in
ourward kindneſſe to them, yet they do nothing but beray my
houſe : as there was one that made a couple of knauith verſes

on

The returne from Pernaſſus.

on my country chimney now in the time of my ſojourning here at London: and it was thus.

Sir Raderick keeps no chimney Cavelere,
That takes Tobacco about once a yeare.

And another made a couple of verſes on my daughter that learns to play on the violl *de gambo*.

Her *vyöll de gambo* is her beſt content.

For twixt her legges ſhe holds her inſtrument.

Very knauith, *very* knauith, if you looke vnto it maister Recorder. Nay they haue plaide many a knauith tricke beſide with me. Well, us a ſhame indeede there ſhould bee any ſuch priuilege for proud beggars as Cambridge, and Oxford are. But let them go, and if euer they light in my hands, if I do not plague them, let me neuer returne home againe to ſee my wiſes waiting mayde.

Recor. This ſcorne of Knights is two egregious.

But how ſhould theſe young colts proue amblers,

When the old heavy galed iades do trot.

There ſhall you ſee a puny boy ſtart vp,

And make a theame againſt common lawyers :

Then the old vnweldy Camels gin to dance,

This ſidling boy paying a fit of miſth:

The gray beard ſcrub, and laugh and cry good good
To them againe, boy ſcurdge the barbarians:

But we may giue the looſers leaue to talke,

We haue the coyne, then tell them laugh for mee.

Yet knights and lawyers hope to ſee the day,

When we may ſhare here their poſſeſſions,

And make indentures of their chaffred ſkins:

Dice of their bones to throw in meriment.

Sir Rad. O good faith maister Recorder, if I could ſee that day once.

Rec. Well, remember another day what I ſay: ſchollers are pried into of late, and are found to bee buſie fellowes, diſturb-ers of the peace, ſay no more, geſſe at my meaning, I ſmell a Rat.

Sir Rad. I hope at length England will be wiſe enough, I
E 3 hope

The returne from Pernaſſus.

hope ſo, I faith, then an old knight may haue his wench in a corner with out any Satyres or Epigrams. But the day is farre ſpent. *M. Recorder*, and I feare by this time the vntirrit is arriv'd at the place appointed in Moore fields, let vs haſten to him

He lookes on his watch.

Rec. In leed this dayes ſubieſt transported vs too late, I thinke we ſhall not come much too late. *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Scen. 7.

Enter Amoreſto, his page, Immerito booted.

A. Am. Maſter Immerito deliuer this letter to the Poſer in my fathers name: ſay with all ſome ſprinkling, ſome ſprinkling, *verbum ſapientis ſat eſt, farewell maſter Immerito.*

Im. I thanke your worſhip moſt heartily.

Page. Is it not a thame to ſee this old dunce learning his induction at theſe yeares: but let him go, I looſe nothing by him for ile be ſwome but for the bootye of ſelling the perſonage I ſhould have gone in mine old cloathes this Chriſtmas. A dunce I ſee is a neighbourlike brute beaſt, a man may liue by him.

Amor. ſeemes to make verſe.

Amor. A pox on it, my muſe is not ſo witty as ſhee was wonte to be, her noſe is like, not yet, plague on theſe mathematikes, they haue ſpoyled my braine in making a verſe.

Page. Hang me if he hath any more mathematikes then wil ſerue to count the clocke, or tell the meridian houre by rubbing of his panch.

Am. Her noſe is like.

Page. A coblers ſhooring horne.

Am. Her noſe is like a beaunious maribone.

Page. Mary a ſweete ſnotty miſtres.

Amor. Faith I doe not like it yet: aſſe as I was to reade a peece of *Ar. ſtoile* in greeke yeſternight, it hath put me out of my English vaine quite.

Page. O inontrous lye, let me be a point-truſſer while I liue if he vnderſtands any tongue but English.

Amor. Sir ha boy remember me when I come in Paules Church.

The returne from Pernassus.

Churchyard to buy a *Ronzard*, & *Dubartas* in French & *Arctine* in Italian, & our hardest writers in Spanish, they will sharpen my wits gallantly. I do relish these tongues in some sort. Oh now I do remember I heare a report of a Poet newly come out in Hebrew, it is a pritty harsh tongue, & relish a Gentleman traueller, but come lets haste after my father, the fieldes are fitter to heavenly meditations. *Exeunt.*

Pag. My maisters, I could wish your presence at an admirable iest, why presently this great linguist my Maister, will march through Paules Church-yard. Come to a booke binders shop, and with a big Italian looke and Spanish face aske for these bookes in Spanish and Italian, then turning through his ignorance, the wrong ende of the booke vppward vse a cition, on this vnknowne tongue after this sort, first looke on the title and wrinkle his brow, next make as though he read the first page and bites a lip, then with his naile score the margent as though there were some notable conceit, and lastly when he thinks hee hath gulld the standers by sufficiently, throwes the booke away in a rage, swearing that he could neuer finde bookes of a true printe since he was last in *London*, enquire after the next marte, and so departs. And so must I, for by this time his contemplation is arriued at his mistres nose end, he is as glad as if he had taken *Ostend*: by this he begins to spit, and crie boy, carry my cloake. and now I goe to attend on his worship.

Act, 2. Scen. 4.

Enter Ingenioso, Furor, Phantasma.

Ing. Come laddes, this wine whets your resolution in our designe: it's a needy world with subtil spirits, and there's a gentle manlike kind of begging, that may besecme Poets in this age.

Fur. Now by the wing of nimble Mercury,
By my Thalias siluer sounding harpe:
By that celestiall fire within my braine,

That

The returne from Persuassus.

That gives a living genius to my lines :
How ere my duile intellectuall.
Capres lesle mirably then it did afore,
Yet will I play a hunt's vp to my muse :
And make her mount from outher sluggish nest,
As high as is the highest sphere in heauen :
Awake you paltry trulles of *Helicon*,
Or by this light, Ile Swagger with you streight :
You grand-fire *Phœbus* with your louely eye,
The firmaments eternall vagabond,
The heauens promotour that doth peepe and pryce,
Into the ades of mortall tennis ballis.
Inspire me streight with some rare delicies,
Or Ile dismount thee from thy radiant coach :
And make thee poore Cutchy here on earth.

Phan. Currus auriga paterni.

Ing. Nay prethee good *Furor*, do not roaue in rimes before thy time : thou hast a very terrible roaring muse, nothing but squibs & fine ierkes, quiet thy selfe a while, & heare thy charge.

Phan. Huc ades hac, animo concipe dicta tuo.

Ingeni. Let vs on to our deuise, our plot, our proiect. That old *Sir Raderick*, that new printed *compendium* of all iniquity, that hath not aired his countrey Chimney once in 3. winters : he that loues to lue in an od corner here at London, & effect an odde wench in a nookè, one that loues to lue in a narrow roome, that he may with more facilitie in the darke, light vpon his wifes waiting maide, one that loues alife a short sermon & a long play, one that goes to a play, to a whore, to his bedde in Circle, good for nothing in the world but to sweat night caps, and foule faire lawne shirts, feed a few foggie seruing men, and preferre dunces to liuings. This old *Sir Raderick* (*Furor*) it shall be thy taske to cud yell with thy thick thwart termes, and then if he will not vary his parse strings, of his liberality, sting him with termes laid in *Aquis forsis* and Gunpowder.

Furor. In noua fert animus nouatas dicere formas.

The Scruile current of my sliding verse,
Gentle shall runne into his thick skind eares :

Where

The returne from Parnassus.

Where it shall dwell like a magnifico,
Command his stiaie spright to honour me &
For my high tiptoe strouting poeie.
But if his starres hath fauour'd him so ill,
As to debarre him by his dunghil thoughts,
Lustly to esteeme my verses lowting pitch;
If his earth wroting snout shall gin to scorne,
My verse that giueth immortality:
Then, *Bella per Emathias.*

Phan. *Furor arma ministrat.*

Furor. Ile shake his heart vpon my verses point,
Rip out his guts with riuing poinard:
Quarter his credit with a bloody quill.

Phan. *Calami, Atramentum, charis, libelli,
Sunt semper studijs arma parata tuis.*

Ing. Inough *Furor*, wee know thou art a nimble swaggerer with a goose quill: now for you *Phantasma*, leaue truffling your points and listen. *Phan.* *Omne tulit punctum.*

Ing. Marke you *Amoretto* Sir *Raderick*: sonne, to him shall thy piping poetry and sugar ends of verses be directed: he is one, that will draw out his pocket glasse thrife in a walke, one that dreames in a night of nothing, but muske and ciuet, and talke of nothing all day long but his hawke, his hound, and his mistresse, one that more admires the good wrinkle of a boote, the curious crinkling of a filke stoeking, then all the wit in the world: one that loues no scholler but him whose tyred eares can endure halfe a day together his fliblow sonnettes of his mistresse, and her louing pretty creatures, her munckey and her puppet: it shall be thy taske (*Phantasma*) to cut this gullies throate with faire tearmes, and if he hold fast for all thy iugling rhetoricke, fall at defiance with him, and the poking stick he wears.

Phan. *Simul exultis ensem.*

Ing. Come braue nimphs, gather vp your spirits, and let vs march on like aduenturous knights, and discharge a hundredth poeticall spirits vpon them.

Phan. *Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimmi illo. Exeunt.*

The returne from Peruassus.

Act. 3. Scen. 5.

Enter Philomusus, Studiō.

Stud. Well Philomusus, we neuer escaped so faire a scouring :
who wonder are pursenants out for the French Doctor, and a
lozging belpoken for him and his man in Newgate. It was a
terrible feare that made vs cast our haire.

Phil. And canst thou sport at our calamities?

And countest vs happy to scape prisonment?

Why the wide world that blesteth some with waile,
Is to our chained thoughts a darkeforme gaile:

Stud. Nay prethee friend, these wonted termes forgo,
He doubles grieft that comments on a wo.

Phil. Why do foule men terme it impiery?

To send a wearisome sad grudging Ghost,
Vnto his home, his long, long, laisting home?
Or let them make our life lesse greuous be,
Or faulter vs to end our misery.

Stud. Oh no, the Sentinell his watch must keepe,
Vntill his Lord do licence him to sleepe:

Phil. It's time to sleepe within our hoilow granes,
And rest vs in the darkeforme wombe of earth:
Dead things are graued, and bodies are no lesse,
Pined and forlorne, like Ghostly carcases.

Stud. Not long this tappe of loathed life can runne,
Soone commeth death, and then our woe is done.
Meane time, good Philomusu, be content,
Lets spend our dayes in hopefull merriment.

Phil. Curst be our thoughts where ere they dreame of hope:
Band be those haps that henceforth flatter vs,
When mischiefē doggs vs still and still for aye,
From our first birth, vntill our burying day.
In our first gamesome age, our doting fires,
Carked and cared to haue vs lettered:
Sent vs to Cambridge, where our oyle is spent:
Vs our kinde Colledge from the teate did teare:
And forst vs walke before we weaned were,
From that time since waudred haue we still:

The returne from Pernaſſus.

In the wide world, vrg'd by our forced will,
Nor ever haue we happy fortune tryed:
Then why ſhould hope with our tent ſtate abide?
Nay let vs run vnto the baſefull caue,
Pight in the hollow ribbes of craggy cliffe,
Where dreary Owles do ſmike the lue-long night,
Chafing away the byrdes of cheatefull light:
Where yawning Ghoſts do howle In ghafly wife,
Where that dull hollow ey'd, that ſtaring tyte,
Yclept *Diſpaire* hath his ſad manſion.
Him let vs finde, and by his counſell we,
Will end our too much yrked miſery.

Stu. To waile thy haps, argues a daſſard minde.

Phil. To beare too long, argues an aſſes hind.

Stu. Long ſince the worſt chance of the die was caſt,

Phil. But why ſhould that word worſt ſo long time laſt?

Stu. Why doſt thou now theſe ſleepeie plaints commence?

Phil. Why ſhould I ere be dull with patience?

Stu. Wile folke do beare with, ſtrugling cannot mend.

Phil. Good ſpirits muſt with thwarting fates contend,

Stu. Some hope is left our fortunes to redreſſe,

Phil. No hope but this, ere to be comfortleſſe,

Stu. Our liues remainder gent' er hearts may finde.

Phil. The gentleſt hearts to vs will proue unkind.

Act. 4. Scen. 1.

*Sir Radericke and Prodiſo: at one corner of the Stage Recorder
and Amoretto at the other. Two Pages ſcouring
of Tobacco pipes.*

Sir Rad. M. Prodiſo, M. Recorder hath told you lawe, your
land is forfeited: and for me not to take the forfeiture, were to
breake the *Queenes law*, for marke you, its law to take the for-
feiture: therefore not to breake it is to breake the *Queenes law*,
and to breake the *Queenes law* is not to be a good ſubiect, and
I meane to bee a good ſubiect. Beſides, I am a *Juſtice of the
peace*, and being *Juſtice of the peace* I muſt do *juſtice*, that is
law,

The returne from Pernaſſus.

law, that is to take the forfeiture, eſpecially having taken notice
of it. Marry Maſter *Prodiſo*, here are a fewe ſhillings, ouer
and beſides the bargaine.

Prod. Pox on your ſhillings, ſblood a while ago, before
he had me in the lurch, who but my coozen *Prodiſo*, you are
welcome my coozen, *Prodiſo*, take my coozen *Prodiſoes*
horſe a cup of Wine for my coozen *Prodiſo*, good faith you
ſhall ſit here good coozen *Prodiſo*, a cleane trencher for my
coozen *Prodiſo*, haue a ſpeciall care of my coozen *Prodiſoes*
lodging: now maſter *Prodiſo* with a pox, and a few ſhil-
lings, for a vantage, a plague on your ſhillings, pox on your
ſhillings, if it were not for the Sergeant which dogges me at
my heeles, a plague on your ſhillings, pox on your ſhillings,
pox on your ſcite & your ſhillings, pox on your worſhip, if I
catch thee at *Oſiend*: I dare not ſtaye for the Sergeant. *Exit*

S. Rad. pag. Good faith Maſter *Prodiſo* is an excellent fellow,
he takes the *Gulas ebullitio* ſo excellently.

Amor. Page. He is a good liberal Gentleman, he hath be-
ſtowed an ounce of Tobacco vpon vs, and as long as it laſts,
come cut and long-taile, wee ſpend it as liberally for his ſake.

S. Rad. Page. Come ſill the Pipe quickly, while my maſter
is in his melancholic humour, it ſuſt the melancholy of a Col-
liers horſe

Amor. page If you cough *Lacke* after your Tobacco, for a
punishment you ſhall kiſſe the Pantoffle.

S. Rad. It's a foule ouer-ſight, that a man of worſhip can-
not keepe a wench in his houſe. but there muſt be muttering
and ſurmiſing: it was the wiſeſt ſaying that my father euer ve-
tered, that a wife was the name of neceſſitie, not of pleaſure:
for what do men marry for, but to ſtocke their ground, and to
haue one to looke to the linnen, ſit at the upper end of the ta-
ble, and carie vp a Capon: one that can weare a hood like a
Hawke, and couer her foule face with a Fanne: but there's no
pleaſure alwayes to be tyed to a piece of Mutton, ſometimes a
maſle of ſtewd broth will do well, and an vnſlac'd Rabbet is
beſt of all: well for mine owne part, I haue no great cauſe to
complane, for I am well provided of three bounding wen-
ches

The returne from Pernaſſus.

ches, that are mine owne fee-fimple: one of them I am preſently to viſit, if I can rid my ſelfe cleanly of this company. Let me ſee how the day goes: (*hee puts his Watch on.*) precious coales, the time is at hand, I muſt meditate on an excuſe to be gone.

Record. That which I ſay, is grounded on the Statute I ſpoke of before, enacted in the raigne of *Henry the 6.*

Amor. It is a plaine caſe, whereon I mooted in our Temple, and that was this: put caſe there be three bretheren, *John a Nokes*, *John a Naſh*, and *John a Stiſe*: *John a Nokes* the elder, *John a Naſh* the younger, *John a Stiſe* the youngeſt of all, *John a Naſh* the yonger a dyeth without iſſue of his body lawfully begotten: whether ſhall his lands aſcend to *John a Nokes* the elder, or diſcend to *John a Stiſe* the youngeſt of all? The answer is: The lands do colliaterally diſcend, not aſcend.

Recor. Very true, and for a prooſe hereof I will ſhew you a place in *Littleton*, which is very pregnant in this point.

Actus. 4. Scena. 2.

Enter Ingenioſo, Furor, Phantaſma.

Ing. Ile pawne my witts, that is, my revenues, my land, my money, and whatſoever I have, for I have nothing but my wit, that they are at hand: why any ſenſible ſnout may winde *M. Amoretto* and his Pomander, *M. Recorder* & his two neates feete that weare no ſockes, *Sie Raderick* by his rammish corruption. Olet *Gorgonius hyrcum*, *St. Lupus in fabula*. *Furor* fire the Touch-box of your wite: *Phantaſma*, let your invention play trickes like an Ape: begin thou *Furor*, and open like a phlaphmouthd Hound: follow thou *Phantaſma* like a Ladies Puppy: and as for me, let me alone, Ile come after like a Water-dogge that wil ſhake them off, when I have no uſe of them. My maſters, the watch-word is given. *Furor* diſcharge.

Furor to | The great projector of the thunder-bolts,
S. Rad. | He that is wont to piſſe whole clouds of raine,
Into the earth waſt gaping vrinall.
Which that one ey'd ſubſiſer of the ſkie,

The returne from Fennesus.

Don Phœbus empties by calidity :

He and his Townesmen *Planets* brings to thee,
Most fatty iumpes of earths facility.

S. Rad. Why will this fellowes English breake the *Queenes*
peace, I will not seeme to regard him.

Phan. *Micenas aranis edite regibus,*
to Am. O et presidium, et dulce decus meum,

Dij faciant votis uel a secunda uis.

Inge. God faue you good master Recorder, and good fortunes follow your deserts : I thinke I haue curst him sufficiently in few words.

S. Rad. What haue we here, three begzing Souldiers, come you from *Ostend*, or from *Ireland*.

Pag. *Cuius pecus, an Melibei?* I haue vented all the Latin one man had.

Phan. *Quid dicam amplius e domini similis or,*

Amor. pag. Let him alone I pray thee, to him againe, tickle him there.

Phan. *Quam distari domino dominaris!*

Rec. Nay thats plaine in *Listleton*, for if that fee-simple, and the fee taile be put together, it is called hotch potch now this word hotch potch in English is a pudding, for in such a pudding is not comonly one thing only, but one thing with another

Amor. I thinke I do remember this also at a meeting in our Temple: so then this hotch potch seemes a terme of similitude.

Furor to *Great Capricornus*, of the head take keepe,

S. Rad. Good *Virgo* watch, while that thy worship sleepe
And when thy swelling vents amaine,
Then *Pisces* be thy sporting Chamberlaine.

S. Rad. I thinke the diuell hath sent some of his family to torment me.

Amor. There is taile generall and taile speciall, and *Listleton* is very copious in that theame : for taile generall is, when land are giuen to a man, and his heyres of his body begotten: Taile speciall, is when lands are giuen to a man, and to his wife, & so the heyres of their two bodjes lawfully begotten, and that is called Taile speciall.

S. Rad.

The returne from Peruſſus.

S. Rad. Very well, and for his oath I will giue a distinction: there is a materiall oath, and a formall oath: the formall oath may be broken, the materiall may not be broken: for marke you sir, the law is to take place before the conscience, & therefore you may, vsing me your counsellor, cast him in the suite: these wants nothing to the full meaning of this place,

Phan. *Nihil hic nisi carmina desunt.*

Ing. An excellent obseruation in good faith, see how the old Fox teacheth the yong Cub to wary a sleepe, or rather sits him selfe like an old Goose, hatching the adle braine of maister *Amoroso*: there is no foole to the Sattin foole, the Veluet foole, the perfume foole, and therefore the witty Tailors of this age, put them vnder colour of kindnesse into a paire of cloath-bagges, where a voyder will not serue the turne: & there is no knaue to the barbourous knaue, the moulting knaue, the pleading knaue: what ho *M. Recorder* Maister *Noucrint vniuersi per presentet*, not a word he, vnlesse he feel it in his list.

Phan. *Mitto tibi metulus, caneros imitare legendo.*

S. Rad. to *Furor*: Fellow what art thou that art so bolde?

Fur. I am the ballard of great *Mercury*,

Goron *Zubia* when she was a sleepe:

My Candy Grandfire great *Apollo* high,

Borne was I heare, but that my luck was ill,

To all the land vpon the forked hill.

Phan. *O crudelis vides nil mea carmina curas?*

Nil nostri misere mori me deing, coges?

S. Rad. *Pag.* If you vse them thus, my maister is a Iustice of peace, and will send you all to the Gallowes.

Phan. *Hic mihi quod dominus non licet ire suo.*

Ing. Good maister *Recorder*, let mee retaine you til is terme for my cause, for my cause good maister *Recorder*.

Recor. I am retained already on the contrary part, I haue taken my fee, be gon, be gon.

Ing. It's his meaning I should come off: why here is the true stile of a villaine, the true faith of a Lawyer: it is vsuall with them to be bribed on the one side, and then to sake a fee
of

The returns from the Court.

of the other: to plead weakly, and to be bribed and rebribed on the one side, then to be feed and feed of the other, till at length, *per varios casus*, by putting the case so often, they make their client so lanke, that they may cate them vp in a combe case, and pack them home from the tearme, as though he had trauelled to London to sell his horte onely, and hauing lost their fleeces, liue after ward like poore shorne sheepe.

Furor. The Gods about that know great *Furors* fame,
And do adore grand poet *Furors* name:
Granted long lince at heauens high parliament,
That who so *Furor* shal inmortualize,
No yawning goblins shall frequent his graue,
Nor any bold presumptuous curr shall dare
To lift his legge against his sacred dust.
Where ere I haue my rymes, thence vermin fly
All, sauing that foule fac'd vermin pouerty,
This sucks the eggs of my inuention:
Euacuates my witts full pigeon house,
Now may it please thy generous dignity,
To take this vermin napping as he lyes,
In the true trappe of liberality:
He cause the Pleiades to giue thee thanks,
He write thy name within the sixteenth spheare:
He make the Antarticke pole to kisse thy toa,
And *Cynthia* to do homage to thy tayle.

Sir Rad. Pretious coles, thou a man of worship and Iustice too? It's euen so, he is ether a madde man or a coniuer: it were well if his words were examined, to see if they be the *Queenes*

Phan. *Nunc si nos audis ut qui es diuinus Apollo,* (or no.

Dic mihi, qui nummos non habet unde peat?

Amor. I am stil haunted with these needy Latūnist fellowes: the best counsell I can giue, is to be gone.

Phan. *Quod peto da Caie, non peto consilium.*

Am. Fellow looke to your braines: you are mad, you are mad.

Phan. *Semel insanimus eranes.*

Am. Maister Recorder, is it not a shame that a gallant cannot walke the streete quietly for needy fellowes, and that, after
there

The returne from Pernaſſus.

there is a ſtatute come out againſt begging &

He ſtrikes his breaſt.

Phant. Peſtora percuffit, peſtim: quoq; robora ſunt.

Recor. I warrant you, they are ſome needy graduates: the Vniuerſity breakes winde twiſe a yeare, and lets ſlie ſuch as theſe are.

Jug. So ho maifter Recorder, you that are one of the Diuels fellow commoners, one that ſizeth the Devils butteries, ſinnes and periuries very launthly: one that are ſo deare to *Lucifer*, that he neuer puts you out of commons for non payment: you that liue like a ſumner vpon the ſinnes of the people: you whoſe vocation ſerues to enlarge the territories of Hell, that (but for you) had beene no bigger then a paire of Stockes or a Pillorie: you that hate a ſcholler, becauſe he deſcries your Altes cares: you that are a plague ſtuffed Cloake-bagge of all iniquitie, which the grand Seruing-man of Hell will one day trulle vp behind him, and carry to his ſmokie Warde-robe.

Recor. What frantick fellow art thou, that art poſſeſt with the ſpirit of malediction?

Furor. Vile muddy clod of baſe vnhalloved clay,

Thou ſlime ſprighted vniſkinde Saracen:

When thou wert borne, dame *Nature* caſt her Call,

Forrage and time had made thee a great Oxe,

And now thy grinding iawes deuoure quite,

The fodder due to vs of heavenly ſpright.

Phant. *Nefariu te poſuit die quicumque primum et ſacrilega manu,*

Produxit arbor in nepotum perniciem ob propriumque pugi.

Ingeni. I pray you *Monſieur Ployden*, of what Vniuerſitie was the firſt Lawyer of, none ſorlooth, for your Lawe is ruled by reaſon, and not by Arte: great reaſon indeed that a Ploydeniſt ſhould bee mounted on a trapt Palfrey, with a round Veluet diſh on his head, to keepe warme the broth of his witte, and a long Gowne, that makes him looke like a *Cedant arma toga*, whieſt the poore *Ariſtoteliſians* walke in a ſhorthe cloake and a cloſe *Venetian* hoſe, hard by the

The returne from Peruassius.

Oyster-wives and the silly Poet goes muffled in his Cloake to escape the Counter. And you Maister *Amoretto*, that art the chiefe Carpenter of Sonets, a privileged Vicar for the lawlesse marriage of Inke and Paper, you that are good for nothing but to commend in a sette speech, to colour the quantitie of your Mistresses stoole, and sweare it is most sweete Couet: it's fine when that Puppet-player *Fortune*, must put such a Buchen-lane post in so good a suite, such an Aile in so good fortune.

Amor. Father shall I draw?

Sir Rqd. No sonne, keep thy peace, and hold the peace.

Arg. Nay do not draw, least you chance to bepile your
Enor. *Fletere sine iure superos, Chirona monebo.* (credit,

Fearfull *Megara* with her snakie twine,
Was curst dam vnto thy damned selfe;
And *Hircan tigers* in the desert Rockes,
Did toster vp thy loathed hatefull life,
Base *Ignorance* the wicked cradle rocke,
Vile *Barbarisme* was wont to dandle thee;
Some wicked hell-hound tutored thy youth,
And all the grisly sights of griping hell,
With mūning looke hath dogd thee since thy birth:
See how the spirits do houer ore thy head,
As thick as gnattes in summer evening tide,
Balefull *Alcibi.* pree the stay a while,
Till with my vertes I haue rackt his soule:
And when thy soule departs a Cock may be,
No blanke at all in hells great Lotterie.
Shame sits and howles vpon thy loathed graue,
And howling vomit vp in filthy guise,
The hidden itories of thy villanies.

Sir. Rqd. The Demill my maisters, the dauell in the likenesse of
a poet, away my Maisters away. *Exit.*

Phan. *Arma virumq; cano, Quem fugis ab demens?*

Amor. Base dog, it is not the custome in Italy to draw vpon
every idle cur that barkes, and did it stand with my reputatiōe
oh, well go too, thanke my father for your liues.

The returne from Pernaſſus.

Ing. Fond gull whom I would vnder take to baſtinado quick-ly, though there were a muſket planted in thy mouth, are not you the yong drouer of luings *Academico* told me of, that hants ſteple faire. Baſe worne muſt thou needes diſcharge thy craboun to barter downe the walls of learning.

Amor. I thinke I haue committed ſome great ſinne againſt my Miſtris, that I am thus tormented with notable vilianes bold peſants I ſcorne, I ſcorne them.

Furor to | Nay pray thee good ſweet diuell do not thou part,
Recor. | I like an honeſt deuill that will ſhew
Himſelfe in a true helliſh ſmokey he.v:
How like thy ſnout is to great Lucifer?
Such tallants had he, ſuch a gleering eye,
And ſuch a cunning ſlight in villany.

Recor. Oh the impudency of this age, and if I take you in my quarters.

Furor Baſe ſlaue ile hang thee on a croſſed time,
And quarter.

Ing. He is gone, *Furor*, ſtay thy fury.

S. Rad. Pag. I pray you gentlemē giue 3. groats for a ſhilling

Amo. Pag. What will you giue me for a good old ſute of apparell?

Phan. *Haſte et muſca ſplenem, et formica ſua bilis ineſt.*

Ing. Gramercy good lads: this is our ſhare in happines, to torment the happy: lets walke a long and laugh at the ielt, its no ſtaying here long, leaſt *Sir Raderscke* army of *Bay*des and clownes be ſent to apprehend vs,

Phan. *Procul hinc, procul ſte prophani.*

He laſh *Apollon* ſelfe with ierking hand,
Vnleſſe he pawne his wit to buy me lande

Act. 4. Scen. 5.

Burbage. Kempe.

Bur. Now *Will Kempe*, if we can intertaine theſe ſchollers at a low rate, it will be well, they haue oftentimes a good conceite in a part.

The returne from Pernaſſus.

Kempe Its true indeede, honeſt *Dick*, but the ſlaues are ſome-what proud, and beſides, it is a good ſport in a part, to ſee them neuer ſpeake in their walke, but at the end of the ſtage, juſt as though in walking with a fellow we ſhould neuer ſpeake but at a ſtile, a gate, or a ditch, where a man can go no further. I was once at a Comedie in Cambridge, and there I ſaw a parasite make faces and mouths of all ſorts on this faſhion.

Bur. A little teaching will mend theſe faults, and it may bee beſides they will be able to pen a part.

Kempe. Few of the vniuerſity pen plaies well, they ſmell too much of that writer *Ouid*, and that writer *M. tamarphiſis*, and talke too much of *Proſerpina* & *Iuppiter*. Why heere our fellow *Shakeſpeare* puts them all downe, I and *Fenlonſon* too. O that *Ben ionſon* is a peſtilent fellow, he brought vp *Horace* giuing the Poets a pill, but our fellow *Shakeſpeare* hath giuen him a purge that made him beray his credit.

Bur. Its a threwd fellow indeed: I wonder theſe ſchollers ſtay ſo long, they appointed to be here preſetly that we might try them: oh here they come.

Stud. Take heart, theſe lets our clouded thoughts refine,
The ſun ſhines brighteſt when it gins decline.

Bur. *M. Phil* and *M. Stud.* God ſaue you.

Kempe. *M. Phil* and *M. Otiſoſo*, well met,

Phil. The ſame to you good *M. Burbage*. What *M. Kempe* how doth the Emperour of Germany?

Stud. God ſaue you *M. Kempe*: welcome *M. Kempe* from dancing the morrice ouer the Alpes,

Kempe. Well you merry knaues you may come to the honor of it one day, is it not better to make a toole of the world as I haue done, then to be fooled of the world, as you ſchollers are? But be merry my lads, you haue happened vpon the moſt excellent vocation in the world for money: they come North and South to bring it to our playhouſe, and for honours, who of more report, then *Dick Burbage* & *Will Kempe*, he is not cou-nted a Gentleman, that knowes not *Dick Burbage* & *Will Kempe*, there's not a country wench that can dance Sellengers Round but can talke of *Dick Burbage* and *Will Kempe*.

Phil,

The returne from Perneffus.

Phil. Indeed *M. Kempe* you are very famous, but that is as well for workes in print as your part in kne.

Kempe. You are at Cambridge still with lice kne, and be lusty humorous poets, you must vntrusse, I read thus my last circuit, purposely because I would be iudge of your act ons.

Bar. M. Stud I pray you take some part in this booke and act it, that I may see what will fit you best, I thinke your voice would serue for *Hieronimo*, obserue how I act it and then imitate mee.

Stud. Who call *Hieronimo* from his naked bed?

And &c.

Bar. You will do well after a while.

Kemp. Now for you, me thinkes you should belong to my tuition, and your face me thinkes would be good for a foolish Mayre or a foolish iustice of peace: marke me. —————

Forasmuch as there be two states of a common wealth, the one of peace, the other of tranquility: two states of warre, the one of discord, the other of dissention: two states of an incorporation, the one of the Aldermen, the other of the Brethren: two states of magistrates, the one of governing, the other of bearing rule, now, as I said euen now for a good thing, thinke cannot be said too often: Vertue is the shoehorne of iustice, that is, vertue is the shoehorne of doing well that is, vertue is the shoehorne of doing iustly, it behoueth mee and is my part to commend this shoehorne vnto you. I hope this word shoehorne doth not of any of you my worshipfull brethren, for you being the worshipfull headsmen of the towne, know well what the horne meaneth, Now therefore I am determined not onely to teach but also to instruct, not onely the ignorant, but also the simple, not onely what is their duty towards their betters, but also what is their duty towards their superiours: come let me see how you can doe. sit downe in the chaire.

Phil. Forasmuch as there be &c.

Kemp. thou wilt do well in time, if thou wilt be ruled by thy betters, that is by my selfe, and such graue Aldermen of the playhouse as I am.

The returne from Peruassus.

Bar. I like your face, and the proportion of your body for
Richard the 3. I pray *M. Phil.* let me see you act a little of us.

Phil. Now is the winter of our discontent,
Made glorious summer by the foine of Yorke,

Bar. Very well I assure you, well *M. Phil.* and *M. Stud.* wee
see what ability you are of: I pray walke with vs to our fellows,
and weele agree presently.

Phil. We will follow you straight *M. Barbage.*

Tempe. Its good manners to follow vs, *Maister Phil.* and
Maister Otiso.

Phil. And must the basest trade yeeld vs reliefe?
Must we be praesid to those leaden spouts,
That nought downe vent but what they do receiue?
Some fatall fire hath scorcht our fortunes wing,
And still we fall, as we do vpward springs:
As we strine vpward to the vaulted skie,
We fall and feele our hatefull destiny.

Stud. Wonder it is sweet friend thy pleading breath,
So like the sweet blast of the southwest wind,
Melts not those rockes of yee, those mouats of woe,
Congeald in frozen hearts of men below.

Phil. Wonder as well thou maist why mongst the waues,
Mongst the tempestuous waues on raging sea,
The wayling Marchant can no pit-y or aie.
Wha' cares the wind and weather for their paines?
One strikks the sayle, another turnes the same,
He shakes the maine, an other takes the Ore,
An other laboureth and taketh paine,
To pompe the sea into the sea againe.

Still they take paines, till the loud windes do blowe
Till the ships prouder maist be layd belowe:

Stu. Fond world that nere thinkes on that aged man,
That *Ariosto*s old swift paced in in,
Whose name is Tyme, who neuer lins to run,
Loaden with bundles of decayed names,
The which in Lethes lake he doth intombe,
Saue onely those which swanlike scholiers take,

And

The returne from Perneffus.

And doe deliuer from that greedy lake.
Inglorious may they liue, inglorious die,
That suffer learning liue in misery.

Phil. What caren they, what tame their ashes haue,
When once their coopt vp in silent graue?

Stud. If for faire fame they hope not when they dye,
Yet let them leare graues stayning Infamy.

Phil. Their spend thrise heires wil those firebrands quench
Swaggering full moist'y on a tauernes bench.

Stud. No stamed fire for all his gioling here,
Must long be talkt of in the empty ayre.

Stud. Beleeue me thou that art my second selfe,
My vexed soule is not disquieted,
For that I misle, is gaudy painted state,
Whereat my fortunes fairely aimed of late.
For what am I, the meanest of many mo,
That earning profit are repaide with wo?
But this it is that dorch my soule torment,
To thinke so many actiuable wits,
That might contend with proudest birds of Fe,
Sits now immitt'd within their priuate cells,
Drinking a long lank watching candles smoke,
Spending the marrow of their flowering age,
In fruitlesse poring on some worme eate lease:
When their deterts shall frame of due to claime,
A cheretull crop of fruitfull swelling sheate,
Cockle their harueltis, and weed their graine,
Contempt their portion their possession paine.

Stud. Schollers must frame to liue as a low sayle,

Phil. Ill sayling where there blowes not happy gale.

Stud. Our ship is ruin'd, all her tackling rent,

Phil. And all her gaudy furniture is spent.

Stud. Teares be the waues whereon her ruines bide.

Phil. And sighes the windes that wastes her broken side.

Stud. Mischeife the Pilot is the ship to steare.

Phil. And Wo the pallenger this ship to steare.

Stud. Come *Philomusus*, let vs breake this chate,

Phil.

The returne from Permaffus.

Phil. And breake my heart. oh would I could breake that,

Soud. Lets learne to act that Tragick part we haue.

Phil. Would I were silent a actor in my graue.

Actus 5. Sena 1.

Phil. & Stud. become Fiddlers with their consort.

Phil. And tunc fellow Fiddlers, *Studiofo* & I are ready. *(they*
Stud. going aside sayeth. *inno*

Fayre tell good *Orpheus*, that would rather be
King of a mole hill, then a Keyfars slaue:
Better it is mo right fiddlers to be chiete,
Then at platers trencher beg reliefe.
But ill not strange this mimick apes should prize
Vnhappy Schollers at a hireling rate.
Vile world, that lúts them vp to hie degree,
And treads vs downe in groueling misery.
England affordes those glorious vagabonds,
That carried earst their fardels on their backes,
Couriers to ride on through the gazing streets,
Soozing it in their glaring Satten lutes,
And Pages to attend their maister ships:
With mouthing words that better we haue framed,
They purchase lands, and now Esquires are made.

Phil. What ere they seeme being euen as we be,
They are but sporting fortunes counterfeitts.

Stud. So merry fortune is wont from ragges to take,
Some ragged grome and tunc one god at make.

Phil. The world and fortune hath playd on vs too long.

Stud. Now to the world we fiddle in t' a long.

Phil. Our lite is a playne song without lining pend,
Whose highest pitch in lowest base doth end.
But see our fellows vnto pay are bent:
If not our mindes, erst tunc our instrument.

Stud. Lets in a priuate song our cunning try,
Before we sing to strang. r company.

Phil.

The returne from Pernaſſus.

Phil. ſings. The tune.

How can he ſing whoſe voyce is hoarſe with care?
How can he play whoſe heart ſtrings broken are?
How can he keepe his reſt that nere found reſt?
How can he keepe his time whome time nere bleſt?
Onely he can in ſorrow beare a parte,
With vntaught hand, and with vntuned hart,
Fond arts farewell, that ſwallowed haue my youth.
Adiew vayne muſes, that haue wrought my tute.
Repent fond ſyre that traynd't thy happleſſe ſonne,
In learnings loare, ſince bounteous almes are done.
Ceafe, ceafe harſh tongue, vntuned muſicke reſt
Intombe thy ſorrowes in thy hollow breſt.

Stnd. Thanks *Phil.* for thy pleaſant ſong,

Oh had this world a tuch of iuſter grieſe,
Hard rockes would weepe for want of our relieſe.

Phil. The cold of wo hath quite vntun'd my voyce,
And made it too too harſh for liſtning eare:
Time was in time of my young fortunes ſpring,
I was a gameſome boy and learned to ſing,

But ſay fellow muſicians, you know beſt whether we go, at
what dore muſt we imperiouſly beg.

Iack, ſid. Here dwells Sir *Raderick*, and his ſonne: it may be
now at this good time of Newyeare he will be liberall, let vs
ſtand nere and drawe.

Phil. Draw calleſt thou it, indeed it is the moſt desperate
kinde of ſervice that euer I aduictured on.

Act. 5. Scena. 2.

Enter the two Pages.

Sir Radpa. My maſter bids me tell you that he is but new-
ly fallen a ſleepe, and you baſe ſlaues muſt come and diſquiet
him: what neuer a basket of Capons? maſſe, and if he comes,
hee commit you all.

Amor. Pag. Sirra *Iack*, ſhall you and I play Sir *Raderick*
and *Amoreto*, and reward theſe fiddlers. Ile, my maſter *Amo-*
retto, and giue them as much as he vſeth.

H

Sir

The returne from Pernaſſus.

S. Rad. pag. And I my old maister Sir *Raderick*: fiddlers play: He reward you, sayth I will.

Amor pag. Good sayth this pleaseth my sweete mistres admirably: cannot you play twytty twarty foole, or to be at her, to be at her.

Rad. pag. Haue you neuer a song of maister *Dowlands* making?

Am. pag. Oe *Eius ego versiculos feci* &c. A pox on it, my maister *Am.* vseth it very often. I haue forgotten the verse.

Rad. pag. Sir *Theon*: here are a couple of fellowes brought before me, and I know not how to decide the cause, looke in my *Christmas* booke who brought me a present

Am. pag. On New-yeares day goodman *Foole* brought you a present, but goodman *Clowne* brought you none.

Rad. pag. Then the right is on goodman *fooles* side.

Am. pag. My mistres is so sweete, that al the *Phisitions* in the cowne cannot make her stinck, she neuer goes to th' coole, oh she is a most sweete little monkey. Please your worship good father yonder are some would speake with you.

Rad. pag. What haue they brought me any thing, if they haue not, say I take *Phisick*.

Forasmuch fiddlers, as I am of the peace, I must needs loue all weapons and instruments, that are for the peace, among which I account your fiddles, because they can neither bite nor scratch, marry now finding your fiddles to iarre, and knowing that iarring is a cause of breaking the peace, I am by the vertue of my office and place to commit your quarelling fiddles to close prisonment in their cases. *They call within.*

Sha ho, *Richard*, *Jack*.

Am. Page. The foole within marres our play without. Fiddlers set it on my head, I vse to fize my musicke, or go on the score for it, He pay it at the quarters end.

Rad. Page. Farewell good *Pas*, (sweete *Irenias* adieu, *Don Orpheus* a thousand times farewell.

Jack Fid. You swore you would pay vs for our musick.

Rad. Page. For that He giue Maister *Recorders* law, and that is this, there is a double oath, a formall oath, and a materiall oath: a materiall oath cannot be broken, the formall oath may be broken, I swore formally: farewell *Fidlers*.

Phil.

The returne from Peruassus.

Phil. Farewell good wags, whose wits praise worth I deeme,
Though to somewhat waggish, so we all haue beene.

Stud. Faith fellow Fiddlers, heres no siluer found in this place,
no not so much as the vsuall Christmas entertainment of Musicians,
a black Iack of Beere, and a Christmas Pye.

They walke aside from their fellowes.

Phil. Where ere we in the wide world playing be,
Misfortune beares a part and marres our melody,
Impossible to please with Musicks straine,
Our hearts strings brokē, are nere to be tun'd againe.

Stud. Then let vs leaue this baser fiddling trade,
For though our purse should mend, our credit fades.

Phil. Full glad I am to see thy mindes free course,
Declining from this trencher waiting trade,
Well may I now disclose in plainer guise,
What earst I meant to worke in secret wise:
My busie conscience checkt my guilty coule,
For seeking maintenance by bate vassallage,
And then suggested to my searching thought,
A shepherds pōore secure contented life,
On which since then I doted every houre,
And meant this same houre in ladder plight,
To haue stolne from thee in secrecie of night.

Studi. Deare friend thou seem'st to wrong my soule too
Thinking that *Studo*so would account, (much,
That fortune sowre, which thou accomptest sweete:
Nor any life to me can sweeter be,
Then happy swaines in plaine of *Arcady*.

Phil. Why then lets both go spend our litle store,
In the promise of due furniture:
A shepards hooke, a tarbox and a scrippe,
And halt vnto those sheepe adorned hills,

Where if not blisse our fortunes we may blisse our
Stud. True mirth we may enioy in thacked stall, (wills.)
Nor hoping higher rise, nor fearing lower fall.

Phil. Weele therefore discharge thes: fiddlers. Fellow musitions,
wee are tory that it hath bene your ill happe to haue

Ha

had

The returne from Pernaſſus.

had vs in your company, that are nothing but scritch-owles, and night Rauent, able to marre the purest melody: & besides, our company is so ominous, that where we are, thence liberality is packing, our resolution is therefore to wish you well, and to bidde you farewell.

Come *Stud*: let vs haſt away,
Returning neare to this accursed place.

Actus 5. Scena. 3.

Enter Ingenioſo, & Academicus.

Inge. Faith *Academicus*, it's the feare of that fellow, I meane the ſigne of the ſergeants head, that makes me to be ſo haſty to be gone: to be briefe *Academicus*, writts are out for me, to apprehend mee for my playes, and now I am bound for the Ile of doggs. *Furor & Phantaſma* comes after, remoouing the campe as raſt as they can: farewell, *Mea ſi quid uos ualebunt.*

Acad. Faith *Ingenioſo*: I thinke the Vniuerſity is a melancholik life, for there a good fellow cannot fit two howres in his chamber, but he ſhall bee troubled with the bill of a Drawer, or a Vintner: but the point is, I know not how to better my ſelfe, and ſo I am fayne to take it.

Act. 5. Scen. 4.

Phil. Stud. Furor. Phant.

Phil. Who haue we there, *Ingenioſo*, and *Academicus*?

Stud. The very ſame, who are thoſe, *Furor* and *Phantaſma*?

Furor takes a louſe off his ſteec.

Furor. And art thou there ſix footed Mercury?

Phan. with his hand Are rymes become ſuch creepers now a dayes?

Phan. with his hand Preſumptuous louſe, that doth good manners lack,
Daring to creepe vpon Poet *Furors* back:

some. *Multum refert quibuscum vixeris.*

Non videmus Mantica quod in sergo est.

Phil. What *Furor* and *Phan.* too, our old colledge fellowes, let vs incounter them all. *Inge. Acad. Furor. Phantaſma.* God ſaue you all.

Stud.

The returne from Pernaſſus.

Stud. What *Ingen. e Acad. Furor. Phantaſma*: howe do you
braue lads.

Ing. What our deere friends *Phil.* and *Stud.*?

Acad. What our old friends *Phil.* and *Stud.*?

Fur. What my supernaturall friends?

Ing. What newes with you in this quarter of the Citty?

Phil. We haue run through many trades, yet thriue by none
Poore in content, and onely rich in moane,
A ſhepherds life thou knowſt I wont t'admire,
Turning a Cambridge apple by the fire.
To liue in humble dale we now are bent,
Spending our dayes in ſcareleſſe merriment.

Stud. Weel teach each tree euen of the hardeſt kind,
To keepe our wofull name within their rinde.
Weel watch our flock, and yet weele ſleepe withall,
Weel tune our ſorrowes to the waters fall, (bleſſe.
The woods and rockes with our ſhrill ſongs weele
Let them proue kind, ſince men proue pittileſſe.

But ſay, whether are you and your company iogging: it ſeemes
by your apparell you are about to wander.

Ing. Faith we are fully bent to be Lords of miſrule in the
worlds wide heath: our voyage is to the Ile of Dogges, there
where the blattant beaſt doth rule and raigne Renting the
credit of whom it pleaſe.

Where ſerpents tongs the pen men are to write,
Where cats do waule by day, dogges by night:
There ſhall engoared venom be my inke,
My pen a ſharper quill of porcupine,
My ſtayned paper, this ſin loaden earth:
There will I write in lines ſhall never die,
Our feared Lordings crying villany.

Phil. A gentle wit thou haſt, nor is it blame,
To turne ſo tart, for time hath wrongd the ſame,

Stu. And well thou doſt from this fond earth to flit,
Where moſt mens pens are hired Paraſites.

Acad. Go happily, I wiſh thee ſtore of gall,
Sharpely to wound the guilty world withall:

The returne from *Pernassus*.

Phil. But say, what shall become of *Furor* and *Phantasma*?

Inq. These my companions still with me must wend,

Acu. Fury and Fantasie on good wits attend.

Fur. When I arriue within the ile of *Doggs*,
Don *Phoebus* I will make thee kisse the pumpe.
Thy one eye pries in euery *Drapers* stall,
Yet neuer thinkes on poet *Furors* neede:
Furor is lowsie, great *Furor* lowsie is,
He make thee run this lowsie case I wis.
And thou my clutish landresse *Cynthia*,
Nere thinkes on *Furors* linnen, *Furors* shirts
Thou and thy squirting boy *Endimion*,
Lies slauering still vpon a lawlesse couch,
Furor will haue thee carted through the dirt,
That makest great poet *Furor* want his shirt.

Inq. Is not here a trus dogge that dare barke so boldly at
the *Mooone*.

Phil. Exclayming want and needy care and carke,
Would make the mildest spright to bite and barke.

Phan. *Canes ismidi uehementius latrant.* There are certaine
burrs in the Ile of *doggs* called in our *English* tongue, men of
worship, certaine briars as the *Indians* call them, as we say cer-
tayne lawyers, certayne great lumps of earth, as the *Arbians*
call them, certayne grolers as wee tearme them, *quos ego sed*
motos praestat componere stultus.

Inq. We three vnto the snarling Iland hast,
And there our vexed breath in snarling wast.

Phil. We will be gone vnto the downes of *Kent*,
Sure footing we shall find in humble dale:
Our fleecy flocke weel learne to watch and warde,
In *Iulies* heate and cold of *Ianuary*:
Weel chant our woes vpon an oaten reede,
Whiles bleating flock vpon their supper feede:

Stnd. So shall we shun the company of men,
That growes more hatefull as the world growes old,
Weel teach the murmuring brookes in tears to flow:
And steepy rocke to wayle our palled wo.

Acad.

The returne from Pernaſſus.

- Acad.* A ſew you gentle ſpirits, long adew:
Your wits I loue and your ill fortunes rue:
He haſt me to my Cambridge cell againe,
My fortunes cannot wax but they may waine.
- Inge.* Adew good ſheppards, happy may you liue,
And it heereafter in ſome ſecret ſhade,
You ſhall recount poore ſchollers miſeries,
Vouchſafe to mention with teares ſwelling eyes,
Ingenioſes thwarting deſtinyes,
And thou ſtill happy *Academico*,
That ſtill maiſt reſt vpon the muſes bed,
Inioying there a quiet ſlumbering,
When thou repayreſt vnto thy *Grantaes* ſtreame,
Wonder at thine owne bliſſe, pittie our caſe,
That ſtill doth tread ill fortunes endleſſe maze,
Wiſh them that are preferments *Almoners*,
To cheriſh gentle wits in their greene bud:
For had not Cambridge bin to me vnkinde,
I had not turn'd to gall a milkye minde.
- Phil.* I wiſh thee of good hap a plentifull ſtore,
Thy wit deſerues no leſſe, my loue can wiſh no more.
Farewell, farewell good *Academico*.
Neuet maiſt thou taſt of our forepaſſed woe.
Wee wiſh thy fortunes may attaine their due:
Furor and you *Phantaſma* both adue.
- Acad.* Farewell, farewell, farewell, o long farewell,
The reſt my tongue conceales, let ſorrow tell.
- Phan.* *Et longum uale, inquit Iola.*
- Furor.* Farewel my maſters, *Furor's* a maſty dogge,
Nor can with a ſmooth glozing farewel cog.
Nought can great *Furor* do, but barke and howle,
And ſnarle, and grin, and carle, and towze the world,
Like a great ſwine by his long leane eard lugges,
Farewell muſty, duſty, ruſty, fuſly London,
Thou art not worthy of great *Furors* wit,
That cheateſt vertue of her due deſert,
And ſuffereſt great *Apolloes* ſonne to want.

Inge.

The returne from Pernaſſus.

- Inge.* Nay ſtay a while and helpe me to content:
So many gentle witts attention,
Who kennes the lawes of euery comick ſtage,
And wonders that our ſcene ends diſcontent.
Ye ayrie witts ſubtil,
Since that few ſchollers fortunes are content.
Wonder not i' our ſcene ends diſcontent.
When that our fortunes reach their due content,
Then ſhall our ſcene end here in merriment.
- Phil.* Perhaps ſome happy wit with feeling hand,
Hereafter may record the paſtorall
Of the two ſchollers of *Pernaſſus* hill,
And then our ſcene may end and haue content,
- Inge.* Meane time if there be any ſpightfull Gholt,
That ſmiles to ſee poore ſchollers miſeries
Cold is his charity, his wit too dull,
We ſcorne his cenſure, he is a ieering gull;
But what ſoere refined ſprights there be,
That deeply groane at our calamity:
Whoſe breath is turned to ſighet, whoſe eyes are wet,
To ſee bright arts bent to their lateſt ſet:
Whence neuer they againe their heads ſhall reere,
To bleſſe our art diſgracing hemiſphere.
- Inge.* Let them.
Furor. Let them.
Phan. Let them.
Acad. And none but them.
Phil. And none but them.
Stud. And none but them.

§ All giue vs a
Zplaudite.

FINIS.



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