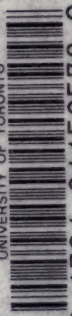


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MATERIALIEN ZUR KUNDE
DES
ÄLTEREN ENGLISCHEN DRAMAS

W. BÄND

LEIPZIG

VERLAG

1912

1912

Materialien zur Kunde

des älteren

Englischen Dramas

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BEGRUENDET UND HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

W. BANG

o. ö. Professor der Englischen Philologie an der Universität Louvain

ELFTER BAND

LOUVAIN
A. UYSTPRUYST

LEIPZIG
O. HARRASSOWITZ

LONDON
DAVID NUTT

1905

BEN JONSON'S SAD SHEPHERD

WITH

WALDRON'S CONTINUATION

EDITED BY

W. W. GREG

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LOUVAIN

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INTRODUCTION.

The *Sad Shepherd* is not one of the great works upon which Jonson's Titanic reputation rests. It is, as a rule, little mentioned by critics, for it stands at a disadvantage in two important respects. In the first place, it is of little use for the purpose of illustrating those peculiar qualities, in virtue of which its author holds a position of his own in the motley company of Elizabethan playwrights. In the second, it has come down to us in a fragmentary state. As a consequence it probably finds few readers beyond professed students of Jonson, or such individual eccentrics as the present editor, who happen to take an interest in pastoral poetry as such. If, however, it bears little trace of the robust genius that portrayed the Alchemist and the Fox, it yet remains the most considerable achievement of that other Jonson, the delicacy of whose lyric utterance contrasts so strangely with the burly presence of the laureate. Mr Swinburne has very truly remarked that « No work of Ben Jonson's is more amusing and agreeable to read, as none is more nobly graceful in expression or more excellent in simplicity of style ».

EDITIONS. After Jonson's death on August 6, 1637, his works were collected and printed in two small folio volumes with the date 1640. The first of these was a reprint of the original folio of 1616, the second was composed of new matter. We find an entry in the Stationers' Register referring to this venture on March 20, 1639/40.

Master Crooke and Richard: Seirger	Entred for their Copie vnder the hands of doctor wykes and master ffetherston warden four Mas- ques vizt vj ^d The Masque of Augures. Tyme vindicated Neptunes triumphes. and Panns Anniuersary or the sheapards holy day. with sundry Elegies and other Poems by Benia- min: Johnson [Arber, IV. 503.]
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The *Sad Shepherd* is not mentioned. In spite of the date 1640,

which appears on the general titlepage to the second volume, some of the separate pieces are dated as early as 1631 and bear the name of a different stationer, while others again are dated as late as 1641. Among these last is the *Sad Shepherd*, as may be seen from the facsimile of the separate titlepage given in the present edition. The play occupies quires R-V of the set of signatures beginning with the *Magnetic Lady*, each quire consisting of two sheets or four leaves. The play is paged from R2 onwards 117-155, but by an error of the press the numbering jumps from 122 to 133. The numbers 143 and 146 are also repeated in the outer form of the inner sheet of quire V in place of 151 and 154. The verso of the titlepage, R1, and of the last leaf, V4, are blank, as in the reprint.

The play was included in the folio of 1692, where it occupies pages 533-544, signatures 3Y3-3Z4. This was, however, a mere reprint of the earlier edition, with the correction of a certain number of misprints, and it has not been thought necessary as a rule to take any notice of its readings.

The only separate edition of the play which has appeared hitherto is that printed without editor's name in 1783. It contained the text from Whalley's edition of 1756 as well as some of his notes, together with further notes and a continuation of the fragment by F. G. Waldron. Concerning this last, which I have reprinted in an appendix, I shall have something to say later on: we are here concerned only with the editorial portion of the work. Waldron's remarks are often judicious, and a careful collation of the original folio enabled him to restore the text in a number of places. The British Museum contains two copies of this edition which possess particular interest. One of these (C. 45. c. 4) is Waldron's own interleaved copy in which he collected a variety of further notes on the subject of the play. The majority of these are copied from Gifford's edition, which appeared in 1816, two years before Waldron's death, but others are his own. The other copy (643. g. 15) is a presentation copy to George Steevens, corrected throughout by the editor. At the Steevens sale in 1800 the volume was bought by C. Burney, who is credited in the British Museum catalogue with a number of additional notes.

The only other edition which need be mentioned is the reprint made in 1875 of Gifford's edition, with supplementary notes by F. Cunningham. This has now been the standard edition of Jonson's works for more than a quarter of a century, and must remain so until the appearance of the edition by Professor Herford, announced by the Clarendon Press.

From what has been said above, it will be evident that so far as the text is concerned the editions of 1692 and 1783 may be disregarded. Gifford's text is an improvement on Whalley's, and is the only one that can at present claim to supersede the original folio. From a critical point of view, however, it is far from satisfactory. In the first place, it is disfigured by several wholly uncalled-for changes, some of which are, indeed, so obviously wrong as hardly to be explained otherwise than as printers' errors. Moreover, Gifford had an unfortunate weakness not merely for modernising the spelling of the text he was editing, but likewise, as he thought, improving the author's language. Thus he habitually normalises the use of *ye* and *you*, prints *have* for *ha'*, and takes many other liberties, which end by completely altering the style of the work. It is perhaps curious that with his immense, and one is almost tempted to think exaggerated, esteem of Jonson, he should not have approached his text in a more reverent spirit, but it must not be forgotten that, however great a poet might be, Gifford never for a moment doubted that the editor of the *Quarterly* was justified in adopting the attitude of a schoolmaster towards him. For the student, therefore, there exists at present one, and only one, text of the *Sad Shepherd* worth considering, that namely of the original edition of 1640. This, however, need be no subject for complaint. That the printing of the volume of 1640 cannot compare with that of 1616 is perfectly true: alike from a critical and from a typographical point of view, it is an altogether inferior concern. It is, however, a long step from admitting this to admitting that it in any way deserves the abuse which Gifford saw fit to heap upon it. That the text of the *Sad Shepherd* was printed direct from Jonson's own manuscript, will be apparent to anyone who has the smallest acquaintance with that rather pedantic scholar's scribal peculiarities. Nor is there any reason to suppose that, in the main, it rendered its copy otherwise than correctly. There are some two dozen obvious misprints, which any reasonably intelligent reader can correct, and perhaps half a dozen passages in which the punctuation may be considered unfortunate or clumsy, but which are hardly likely to offer much difficulty. When these imperfections have been removed, the original text certainly appears to me in every way preferable to any which subsequent editors have yet succeeded in evolving.

Although the merits of a text must necessarily be decided upon internal considerations, it would, of course, be of interest to know who was responsible for the publication of Jonson's posthumous works,

« Into whose hands, » wrote Gifford, « his papers fell, as he left, apparently, no will, nor testamentary document of any kind, cannot now be told ; perhaps, into those of the woman who resided with him, as his nurse, or some of her kin ; but they were evidently careless or ignorant, and put his manuscripts together in a very disorderly manner, losing some, and misplacing others. » The malicious fatuity of these remarks is obvious. It was clearly impossible for Gifford to know whether any papers were lost by the executors, particularly since we know that many perished in a fire some years before Jonson's death. Nor is there much evidence of disorder and misplacement. It is true that there are some portions of *Eupheme* wanting, but this fact is carefully recorded by the editor in a note, and may be due perfectly well to loss in Jonson's lifetime. The volume, indeed, is rather carelessly printed, and, having been made up in various sections, presents some curious bibliographical problems, but this was a matter obviously independent of Jonson's literary executors. These somehow or other, and rather in spite of, than by aid of, the printer, managed to produce an edition which, so far as the text is concerned, Gifford himself did little else than spoil.

It so happens, however, that we are not altogether without notice of the person who had charge of the papers collected into the second volume of 1640. In 1659 the publisher Humphrey Moseley issued, by way of supplement to the 1658 edition of Suckling's *Fragmenta Aurea*, a volume entitled the *Last Remains of Sir John Suckling*. This volume contained, along with other matter, an unfinished tragedy called the *Sad One*. Moseley evidently thought that the inclusion of this fragment might require explanation, and, in an address to the reader, he defended his action as follows : — « Nor are we without a sufficient President in Works of this nature, and relating to an Author who confessedly is reputed the Glory of the English Stage (whereby you'll know I mean Ben: Iohnson) and in a Play also of somewhat a resembling name, *The Sad Shepherd*, extant in his Third Volume ; which though it wants two entire Acts, was nevertheless judg'd a Piece of too much worth to be laid aside, by the Learned and Honorable Sir Kenelme Digby, who published that Volume ». This is pretty good evidence as to the person who filled the post of what we should call editor, what at the end of the sixteenth century was called « overseer of the print », and in Moseley's time « publisher ». How much Digby's editorship meant, and how he came to occupy the position, must for the present remain matters of conjecture. He may have

received commission from Jonson himself before his death ; he may, hearing that the poet had left papers behind him, have interested himself in the matter or procured their publication ; he may, lastly, have been employed by the stationer, R. Meighen, to arrange for press such papers as had come into his hands. Perhaps the second is, on the whole, the most likely of these possibilities. Sir Kenelm, who was a well-known littérateur, as well as a sailor and diplomatist, had of course been acquainted with Jonson, and it will be remembered that one of the most important poems in the collection of *Underwoods*, first published in the 1640 volume, was the elaborate though fragmentary *Eupheme*, composed in memory of his wife, the Lady Venetia Digby.

DATE OF COMPOSITION. A good deal of controversy has centred round the question of the date at which Jonson wrote the *Sad Shepherd*. Very different views have been held, and these have been supported by a great variety of arguments. To arrive at absolute certainty upon the subject is probably, in the present state of our knowledge, impossible ; all the critic can hope to do is to sum up and analyse the available evidence and to indicate upon which side, in his opinion, the weight of that evidence inclines. To attempt to prove a dogmatic position can only lead to disaster.

A preliminary question must first be discussed. Was the play ever finished or not ? There is certainly no record of its ever having been acted during the author's life, nor is there much evidence that it ever circulated in manuscript. For my own part, I cannot help feeling that, had it reached completion, we should have found traces of its influence on other pastorals of the time, whereas, with one doubtful exception to be mentioned presently, I am not aware of a single reminiscence or allusion in any of the numerous works of the kind which appeared about the middle of the seventeenth century.

The idea which most readily suggests itself is that the play was a late work left unfinished at its author's death. It may be worth pointing out that this view, though it is the one to which I personally incline, receives no particular sanction from the original edition. The 1640 folio included another fragmentary play, namely *Mortimer*, at the end of which we find a note which runs, in some copies : « Hee dy'd, and left it unfinished », in others merely : « Left unfinished ». Whether this is true or not, a point into which we cannot now inquire, a comparison with similar notes occurring in other parts of the volume

makes it reasonably certain that the statement must have been due to the « publisher », Sir Kenelm Digby. The fact therefore that at the end of the *Sad Shepherd* we find the words « The End », as though the piece were finished, suggests that at all events the editor was not himself definitely aware that the composition of the play had been interrupted by the death of the author. This, however, does not lead us very far.

The chief evidence that can be adduced in favour of completion is the prologue, which was obviously intended for the stage, and has every appearance of being composed for a finished play, more of the same kind being promised if the present piece should be favourably received. There are, however, reasons to suppose that this very prologue may contain the work of different periods; while it is by no means impossible to imagine Jonson writing it at a moment when he felt moved to do so, quite irrespective of whether or not he had actually completed the work itself. Another point which has been adduced as evidence of the play having been finished, is the mention in the list of personae of « The Reconciler. Ruben, A devout Hermit », though he nowhere appears in the extant portion of the text. Similarly, we find certain localities mentioned in the synopsis of scenery, of which nothing more is heard. In both cases, however, it is obvious that the details of persons and scenes may perfectly well have found their way into the printed text from Jonson's original sketch, a view borne out, as we shall presently see, by the nature of the extant « Arguments ».

Mr Fleay, dealing with the work in his *Biographical Chronicle*, doubts whether it reached completion. « Had the whole been written, » he remarks, « I should have expected to find the plot of all five acts prefixed to the fragment. » This, however, proves nothing except that the writer was content to rely on Gifford's text, instead of consulting the original folio edition. The three arguments, which that editor collected together at the beginning, are in the folio prefixed to their respective acts, so that, had the latter half of the manuscript perished, two arguments must have perished with it. Indeed, the argument to the third act is complete, while about half the act itself is wanting. But these so-called « Arguments », written as they are in an exceedingly careless style, were certainly not intended by the author for publication, but, no doubt, represent his rough sketches for the play. This is clear from the fact that the text does not always agree with them. For instance, in the argument to Act III we read : « The Shep-

herds content with this discovery... make the relation to Marian. Amie is gladdened with the sight of Karol, &c. », none of which appears in the text, although it is continued beyond this point, the subsequent entrance of Lorel being the last stage direction in the fragment. Moreover, a little earlier the argument represents Maudlin as calling her daughter to her assistance, whereas in the text it is her familiar, Puck Hairy, that she summons.

It is tempting to suppose, if we imagine the play to have been completed, that the rest of the manuscript may have perished in the fire which played havoc with Jonson's study in 1623. Gifford, however, long ago pointed out that the prologue as it stands must belong to a much later date than this, and that we consequently cannot regard the play merely as an early work, part of which has perished. Had the « publisher » or printer of the folio had theories concerning the date, he might, of course, have altered the allusions, but we have seen above that there is no reason to suppose that he had any views on the subject. We are therefore forced to suppose that the play received attention from the author quite at the close of his life : if it was then perfect, its mutilated form cannot be due to the fire ; if it was imperfect, then there is no reason to suppose that any more had ever existed. Mr Fleay has sought to show that a portion of one play only perished in the fire, and this he supposes to have been the rest of the third act of the *Sad Shepherd*. The passage, however, to which he refers in the *Execration upon Vulcan*, does not in the least bear out this view. Jonson puts into Vulcan's mouth the defence (1640, p. 210) :

But, thou'lt say,

There were some pieces of as base allay,
And as false stampe there ; parcels of a Play,
Fitter to see the fire-light, then the day ;
Adulterate moneys, such as might not goe :
Thou should'st have stay'd, till publike fame said so.

It is quite clear that no argument whatever as to the extent of the loss can be founded on these lines. All we can legitimately infer is that, at the time of the fire, there were, among Jonson's papers, portions of a play, the public reception of which he considered doubtful.

There remains one piece of evidence which, so far as it goes, is clear and unambiguous enough. In « An Eclogue on the Death of Ben Jonson » signed « Falkland » (i. e. Lucius Carey, second Viscount Falkland, who fell at Newbury in 1643), printed in the collection of

elegies entitled *Jonsonus Virbius*, which appeared in 1638, occur the lines (1875, vol. ix, p. 430) :

Not long before his death, our woods he meant
To visit, and descend from Thames to Trent.

This implies that at the time of writing, namely some two or three years before the posthumous appearance of the fragment, Jonson was known to have projected, but not known to have completed, a poem such as we have in the *Sad Shepherd*. Gifford, arguing from the existence of the prologue that the play must have been finished, endeavoured, indeed, to connect these lines of Falkland's with the passage in which Jonson promises that, if the present piece is successful,

Old Trent will send you more such Tales as these (l. 56) ;

but this is evidently nothing but a clumsy attempt to explain away unwelcome evidence.

I ought, perhaps, to mention a conjecture which Cunningham put forward in his notes. He points out that the pagination jumps from 122 to 133, and adds that from this fact he is « led to apprehend that the compiler cancelled some large cantle of this exquisite fragment ». Were this charge well founded, it would, indeed, be a dark blot on Sir Kenelm's fame. Happily, however, there is not the smallest reason to suppose that he or anyone else was guilty of such vandalism. The irregularity of pagination occurs in the middle of Act I, where there is no possible room for the restoration of any « cantle » large or small. Since, moreover, the signatures throughout the play are perfectly regular, it is abundantly evident that the irregular numbering is due to a mere error of the press.

Whether there ever existed more of the play or no, what we have probably still lacked the author's final revision. That this is so, seems clear from the inconsistent, and at times even absurd, use of dialect. The most flagrant instance of this is, of course, the passage (l. 623) in which Earine suddenly adopts the language of the swineherd.

It seems to me, therefore, that all the more important items of evidence point in the same direction : the testimony of Falkland, the unrevised state of the fragment, and the absence of any traceable influence on contemporary literature. It is impossible to say for certain that the *Sad Shepherd* was never finished ; but, as we have it, it is a fragment, and there is no evidence available that would justify us in believing that at any time there existed more of the play than we now possess.

The question of the date is a more complicated one, and one on which not only is certainty equally out of the question, but some difference of opinion as the trend of the evidence is perhaps possible. The only piece of direct testimony on the subject is contained in the first line of the prologue :

He that hath feasted you these forty yeares.

The earliest notices that we possess of Jonson as a playwright belong to 1597, and as he then appears to have been a writer of some standing, we must place the beginning of his career rather earlier, say about 1595. According to Mr Fleay, the latest writing known as his bears the date of January 1, 1635. This would be an extreme date for the play; but the « forty yeares » need not be taken too literally : the phrase might apply to almost any date after 1630. But it is always possible that the « forty » itself may be an alteration. « Twenty » or « thirty » would suit the line equally well, and the sense in some ways better. Twenty years from Jonson's début as an author would bring us to about the period at which he published his first collected volume of « Works », when he was, both as a dramatist and a masque-writer, at the very summit of his fame. The lines in the prologue which follow close upon that already quoted, would well suit such a point in his career :

Yet you, with patience harkning more and more.
At length have growne up to him, and made knowne,
The Working of his Pen is now your owne.

Certainly at the end of his career, after the failure of the *New Inn*, it would have been absurd for Jonson to claim that he was in sympathy with his public. Proceeding with the prologue, we come to the lines :

He pray's you would vouchsafe, for your owne sake,
To hear him this once more.

This must not be taken literally : the play cannot have been intended as a farewell performance since a promise of more of the same sort is held out. It is quite possible, however, that that portion of the prologue where the speaker « returnes upon a new purpose » may belong to a different date from the rest. Two passages have indeed been adduced in support of an early date, but neither is particularly conclusive. In the first place, Mr Fleay¹ has argued that the lines :

¹ Following Peter Cunningham, as quoted in the notes to the Shakespeare Society's edition of the Drummond « Conversations » (see below).

But here's a Heresie of late let fall ;
That Mirth by no means fits a Pastorall,

must refer to censures passed by Drummond on Jonson's *May Lord*, in connection with which he remarked in his manuscript notes of conversations with Jonson at Hawthornden : « Contrary to all other pastoralls, he bringeth the clowns making mirth and foolish sports ». Since the conversations took place not later than January 1619, the remark could hardly be said to have been « of late let fall » about 1630. There is, however, absolutely no reason to connect the passages at all, since we do not know that Drummond ever uttered his criticism, and Jonson's phrase might easily refer to some unrecorded censure passed, for instance, on the pastoral work of his « son » Randolph, whose *Amyntas*, in which the comic element was prominent, had been acted before the court in 1632 or 1633. The other passage, to which attention was, I believe, first directed by Mr Homer Smith ¹, has perhaps more weight. In it Jonson laughs at those who think

that no stile for Pastorall should goe
Current, but what is stamp'd with *Ah*, and *O*.

Now the frequent repetition of these mournful expletives is a mannerism particularly distinctive of Samuel Daniel, the later of whose two pastoral dramas, *Hymen's Triumph*, was performed at the marriage of the Earl of Roxburgh in 1614. As a hit at Daniel the passage would, therefore, be somewhat pointless at such a date as 1630. On the other hand, it may be argued that Jonson intended to deride the whole school of melancholy pastoral sentiment, and not merely its most notable exponent, and that, being at the time a comparatively old man, he allowed his mind to dwell upon the literary traditions of his prime rather than upon those strictly contemporary.

The closing lines of the prologue I would gladly believe to be late :

From such your wits redeeme you, or your chance,
Lest to a greater height you doe advance
Of Folly, to contemne those that are knowne
Artificers, and trust such as are none.

That Jonson should seek to enforce admiration of his work by an

¹ In an interesting article on « Pastoral Influence in the English Drama » contributed to the Publications of the Modern Language Association of America (1897, p. 355).

appeal to his acknowledged position in the world of letters, while sneering at others who had not yet won similar recognition, is an unlovely trait, suitable enough to the closing years of the giant, when, with the secret consciousness of failing powers, he had to face the public rejection of his latest work. Whether we are justified, however, in arguing that at no earlier period could Jonson have adopted so ungenerous an attitude, will depend, of course, upon the view we may take as to his character in general, a wide question, which must be left to the judicious consideration of the reader.

There is not much in the text of the play itself of a nature to throw light upon the question of the date; one or two passages, however, demand attention. Mr Fleay has maintained that Goffe in his *Careless Shepherdess* « imitated many passages » of Jonson's play. It is to be regretted that he was not more explicit, for other critics have only been able to adduce one parallel, and for my own part, although I know both plays pretty well, I must confess to having failed to discover any other. The first, I believe, to draw attention to this passage was Gifford. In Jonson's play the first scene opens with the lines :

Here ! she was wont to goe ! and here ! and here !
 Just where those Daisies, Pincks, and Violets grow :
 The world may find the Spring by following her ;
 For other print her airie steps neere left.

Now, in Goffe's play occur the lines (V. vii) :

This was her wonted place, on these green banks
 She sate her down, when first I heard her play
 Unto her lisning sheep ; nor can she be
 Far from the spring she's left behinde. That Rose
 I saw not yesterday, nor did that Pincke
 Then court my eye ; She must be here, or else
 That gracefull Marigold wo'd shure have clos'd
 Its beauty in her withered leaves, and that
 Violet too wo'd hang its velvet head
 To mourn the absence of her eyes ¹.

¹ The fact that the lines, as quoted by Gifford, offer a number of differences from the above, must be either due to rather gross carelessness, or else to deliberate falsification ; the variations, however, are of little consequence.

The public production of the *Careless Shepherdess* was certainly not earlier, nor the composition later, than 1629, the date both of the author's death and of the opening of Salisbury Court, the theatre in the Strand where it was performed. Now, the likeness between the passages quoted above is not in reality very close. One unusual idea is indeed common to the two : « The world may find the Spring by following her », « nor can she be Far from the spring she's left behinde » ; and there are certain coincidences of phrase which become significant in view of this main parallel : « Here ! she was wont to goe ! » « This was her wonted place », and the mention of pinks and violets together in both passages. But further than this the resemblance does not extend. Professor Dowden, indeed, thinks that the likeness « though striking, is not decisive of imitation by either poet »¹. This may be so ; but most readers will probably agree that the greater likelihood lies on the side of there being some connection between the passages. I should not, myself, see any difficulty in supposing that some reminiscence of words heard at a performance of Goffe's piece — it was not printed till 1656 — floated before Jonson's mind as he penned the exquisite opening to his play, were it not for the fact that the passage in the *Careless Shepherdess* appears to be distinctly above the average of Goffe's work. But the internal evidence appears equally against the supposition that Goffe had seen Jonson's lines, for it is the whole speech which displays unusual merit, and not merely the one or two phrases in which the resemblance lies. Two possible explanations suggest themselves. Either Goffe may have seen an earlier draft of Jonson's work, a draft containing the speech in a form which was subsequently altered, possibly on account of the plagiarism ; or there may be a common source for the two passages. In the latter case it is probable that, had the original been either English or classical, it would ere now have been detected by Jonson's editors ; should it, however, happen to lie somewhere in the minor pastoral drama of Italy, there would be nothing astonishing in its having escaped notice.

So far as I am aware, there is only one other passage out of which any trace of even doubtful evidence can be extracted. I refer to line 949, in which Jonson mentions « the drowned Lands of Lincolnshire ».

¹ See the programme of the play, as performed by the Elizabethan Stage Society at Fulham Palace on July 23, 1898. To this programme Professor Dowden contributed some exceedingly interesting notes, to which I shall have repeated occasion to refer.

This looks like a reminiscence of the great Lincolnshire floods of 1613, when the sea entered twelve miles inland. In that case, the passage must have been written within a few years of that date. It is quite possible, however, that Jonson may not have had any specific allusion in his mind, but have merely used the epithet as one generally applicable to the land of fen and broad ¹.

Evidence of style is usually of a nature difficult to determine precisely, and is itself often of a doubtful character. That many passages are worthy of Jonson's genius at its height, will hardly be denied. Though unlike any other play he ever wrote, the *Sad Shepherd* presents many points of similarity with the best of the masques. This has influenced some critics in assigning to the play an early date. Symonds, in his sketch of Ben Jonson ², went so far as to talk of « the critical impossibility of believing that a paralysed, bed-ridden poet, who had been silent for two whole years, should suddenly have conceived and partly executed a masterpiece worthy of his prime ». I think, however, that he exaggerates the difficulty. There is no reason whatever to suppose that the fragment belongs to the very last days of Jonson's life; the prologue, as we have already seen, might perfectly well refer to 1630, a year in which Jonson was still writing masques, or 1631, in which he began to collect a second volume of « Works » for the press. Others, again, have regarded the play as indicating a brief and spasmodic revival of poetic inspiration at the close of the poet's career; as it were a lightning before death. A friend, for whose opinion I have great respect, thinks it possible to distinguish individual passages of great beauty set in a matrix of inferior and later work. I cannot honestly say that I perceive the difference. That it is possible to pick out passages of particular beauty is true, but it is also beside the point, unless it can be shown that they are not of a piece with the rest of the composition. But while I fail for my own part to distinguish two strata of work, I am not in the least inclined to deny the possibility of their existence; indeed, I think that it is on other grounds perfectly possible that such may be the case.

So far we have certainly not found any very conclusive evidence in favour of an early date to set against Falkland's testimony already quoted :

¹ The subject of the fens appears to have been to the fore in 1629 when one H. C. wrote « A Discourse concerning the Drayning of Fennes ».

² In the series of « English Worthies », 1888, p. 192.

Not long before his death, our woods he meant
To visit, and descend from Thames to Trent ;

and it may be doubted whether the question of the date of the *Sad Shepherd* would ever have been much debated, but for a certain theory, which I believe we owe to the ingenuity of that nothing if not ingenious scholar, Mr Fleay. This is the theory of the substantial identity of the *Sad Shepherd* with another work of Jonson's, namely the *May Lord*, mentioned by him to Drummond and duly recorded by the latter in his manuscript notes. Mr Fleay's view has obtained respectful consideration from more than one subsequent critic. Symonds elaborated it in his work on Jonson, thereby giving it the authority of a first-rate critical intelligence. Unfortunately, however, he was debarred from many of the resources of modern scholarship, and here, as elsewhere, committed the error of accepting as recognised fact Mr Fleay's sometimes questionable assertions. Dr Ward, on the other hand, while apparently inclining to an early date for the play, does not think the connection sufficiently established. Professor Dowden definitely rejects it. It will be necessary for us to enter upon the question somewhat in detail.

In the first place, let me quote, as our starting point, the passage from the Drummond « Conversations » as it appears in the original manuscript edited by Laing for the Shakespeare Society in 1842¹ :

« He hath a pastorall intituled The May Lord. His own name is Alkin, Ethra the Countesse of Bedford's, Mogibell Overberry, the old Countesse of Suffolk ane inchanteress ; other names are given to Somersett's Lady, Pembrook, the Countesse of Rutland, Lady Wroth. In his first storie, Alkin commeth in mending his broken pipe. Contrary to all other pastoralls, he bringeth the clownes making mirth and foolish sports .»

Mr Fleay, after quoting the above passage, remarks :

« The appearance of Alkin in both plays ; the witch of Papplewick in one, and an enchantress in the other ; the palpable identity of Robin Hood and Maid Marian as possessors of Belvoir and Sherwood with Roger Earl and Elizabeth Countess of Rutland (for Belvoir was their seat, and the Earl was Justice in Eyre of Sherwood Forest) ; the correspondence in number of the female characters in the two plays ; the allusion to mirth in Pastoral, which could not have been let fall « of

¹ Laing, p. 27, cf. p. 44 ; Jonson, 1875, ix. 399.

late » in 1635, since Jonson discussed it with Drummond in 1619; the witch's daughter Douce in one play, and Frances Howard, Somerset's lady, in the other; the time of action, « youthful June » — all point to the identification of these two plays .»

It will be necessary to examine this list of correspondences rather more closely, and to avoid so far as possible the preconception observable in Mr Fleay's argument. And in the first place, it must be observed that Drummond terms the *May Lord* simply « a pastorall », while in the very next entry, speaking of another work contemplated by Jonson, he uses the phrase « a fisher or pastorall play ». It is, therefore, by no means certain, as Mr Fleay, Dr Ward, and, I believe, all recent critics have imagined, that the *May Lord* was dramatic at all; while Drummond's expression « the first storie » would certainly appear more appropriate to a series of eclogues or pastoral tales. Again, while there is every reason why the play should be called the *Sad Shepherd*, there is none at all why it should be called the *May Lord*. The « time of action » is obviously not the same in both cases, as Mr Fleay asserts, since the lost work, suggesting by its title a counterpart to the « Lady of May », was of course connected with the festivities of May-day; whereas the season in the *Sad Shepherd* is June, after sheep-shearing. As to the comic element in pastoral, though there is in the extant fragment certainly no lack of « mirth », there is nothing of the rustic buffoonery suggested by the « clownes » making « foolish sports », while we have already seen that no argument in this connection can be based on the supposed allusion in the prologue of the play. The identification of the characters, moreover, is open to very serious question. Alkin, or Alken, it is true, appears in both works, and in the *Sad Shepherd* as in the *May Lord* may very likely represent Jonson himself. But in the *Sad Shepherd* Alken describes himself as an old man, which Jonson certainly was not at the date which, we shall presently see, best fits what we know of the *May Lord*. Nor in the play does he anywhere come in « mending his broken pipe ». Of course, we only possess about half of the *Sad Shepherd*, but whatever else the « first storie » may mean, it certainly implies an early portion of the work. Neither of the other names mentioned by Drummond, Ethra and Mogibell, occurs in the play. More important still is the fact that not a single line of the play can be cited in support of the theory that it was composed with even the remotest topical intent. There is nothing whatever in the character of Douce, « the proud », to suggest the unfortunate Frances Howard, who was

accused of vices of a very different nature. Indeed, while Douce is only connected with magic through being Maudlin's daughter, it was most probably the fact of her being Frances' mother that suggested the character of a witch for the « old Countesse of Suffolk ». Lastly, I may mention that Mr Fleay only obtains « the correspondence in number of the female characters », first by supposing Drummond's list for the *May Lord* to be complete, and next by altering « Pembroke », as it stands in that list, into « [Lady] Pembroke ». The emendation may or may not be a plausible one; it can hardly be treated as a satisfactory basis for further argument.

It will be already apparent that the formidable array of parallels adduced shows a remarkable tendency to vanish upon closer inspection.

There remains the identification of Robin and Marian with the Earl and Countess of Rutland. This is a more intricate question; but it cannot be too clearly stated at the outset, that the presentation of these characters in the play shows not the faintest trace of an intention on the author's part to depict anything but the familiar figures of legend. If it could be shown that, in drawing the characters of Robin and Marian, the author had any topical intention, we should have little difficulty in identifying them with the Rutlands; if, on the other hand, we knew that the Rutlands appeared in the play, we should at once say that they could be none other than Robin and Marian. But we can be sure of neither. Robin and Marian appear in the *Sad Shepherd*, and the Rutlands in the *May Lord*; and it is precisely the identity of these two works which is the point at issue.

The historical facts appear to be as follows. Roger Manners, fifth Earl of Rutland, was born in 1576, and succeeded his father, the fourth Earl, at the age of eleven. In 1599 he married the only daughter of Sir Philip Sidney, who bore the name of Elizabeth, after her royal godmother¹. It is evident from numerous contemporary references that the Earl was generally supposed to be incapable of fulfilling the part of a husband, a circumstance, Mr Fleay argues, which makes the name of « Maid Marian » particularly applicable to the Countess. The Earl died in 1612. Authorities unfortunately differ as to the date of the Countess' death. In the article on Roger Manners, the Dictionary of National Biography gives it as 1615, while in that on Philip Sidney,

¹ In the Dic. Nat. Biog. (s. v. Roger Manners) she is called Frances, but this is a mistake corrected in the volume of errata.

the same work gives it as 1612. This latter date is also supported by other authorities. Mr H. R. Fox Bourne, however, who supplies in his life of Sidney ¹ more precise information concerning the Countess than I have been able to find elsewhere, states that she was born in November 1585, married at the age of fifteen, and died in 1615 at the age of thirty. I have no doubt that he is correct, and we shall also see that this date suits our present inquiry much better than the earlier one. On Roger's death the property and title passed to his brother Francis, two years his junior, who in 1602 had married Frances, daughter of Sir Henry Knevet and widow of Sir William Bevil: she died, after bearing him a daughter, Catherine, who married the Duke of Buckingham in 1620. After her death he married, some time between 1608 and 1612, Cicely, daughter of Sir J. Tufton and widow of Sir G. Hungerford, by whom he had two sons, both of whom died in infancy. The Earl died in 1632, the title passing to a third brother.

There are two points which deserve particular attention. In the first place, whenever elsewhere in the Drummond «Conversations» we find mention of the Countess of Rutland, it is evident that it is the Countess Elizabeth who is meant, in spite of the fact that she had already been dead some years. Mr Fleay is consequently no doubt right in assuming that it was she who appeared in the *May Lord*. It follows that this poem cannot have been written later than 1615, nor, if the Earl appeared, later than 1612, for it is hardly conceivable that Jonson should have introduced characters who were already dead in company with others still alive, in a work of this sort. In the second place, it will be noticed that in the passage of the «Conversations» concerning the *May Lord*, it is the Countess alone and not the Earl who is mentioned. We cannot therefore be sure whether the latter was a character in the poem in question or not. We do know, however, from other passages that relations had been somewhat strained between Ben and the Earl, and we may well think it improbable that Jonson should have introduced the latter as the virtual hero of his play. Having regard to these considerations, I think it very unlikely, either that Robin and Marian were characters in the *May Lord*, or that the Earl and Countess of Rutland were in any way adumbrated in the *Sad Shepherd*, or, lastly, that there was ever any fundamental connection between these two works at all.

It will be worth while to consider for a moment what is the most

¹ «Heroes of the Nations» series, 1891, pp. 289 and 359.

likely date for the composition of the *May Lord*. We have seen that it can hardly have been written later than 1615. The appearance of Frances Howard may help us to fix a narrower limit. The fact of her being called « Somerset's Lady » is perhaps significant. Daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, she had been married to the young Earl of Essex in 1606, and obtained a divorce in September 1613. She became Countess of Somerset in the following December, but her name had been closely associated with that of the favourite, Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester (1611) and Earl of Somerset (November 1613), for some years previously. Though at the time of speaking (1619) she was of course Countess of Somerset, the phrase may possibly imply that the work was composed at a period before she had acquired her right to that title. Curiously enough, Mr Fleay, arguing in favour of March 1615 as the date of the work, writes : « It was doubtless written close to the Overbury trial, commenced 1615, April. Somerset's lady would hardly have been made a witch's daughter till then ». To begin with, the Overbury trial did not open till May 1616, a date which, as we have seen, is too late for the composition of the *May Lord*. Moreover, the Countess of Somerset was then on trial for murder, and there were no particular circumstances to connect the case with witchcraft. The summer of 1613, on the other hand, saw the Essex divorce suit, in the course of which the suggestion of witchcraft was actually brought forward to account for the alleged impotency of the Earl.

Professor Dowden has put forward the interesting suggestion that « Perhaps a faint indication of the date of *The May Lord* may be found in the circumstance that Alkin (Jonson himself) « commeth in mending his broken pipe ». During 1612 and 1613 Jonson's pipe was broken ; no comedy was produced, no Court masque was written ». Various items of evidence, therefore, agree in pointing to the autumn of 1613 as the date of composition ¹.

It may of course be argued that Jonson could not have published a poem reflecting on the character of the Countess at a time when Somerset was still an influential person at court. It may be further argued that he showed no disposition to offend the favourite by failing in the customary flatteries, for it must be remembered that Gifford's compliment to Ben upon his non-production of gratulatory verses on the Earl's marriage was premature, and that such have since been

¹ If this date be accepted we must suppose that the Countess alone, and not the Earl appeared in the piece.

discovered. These objections, however, are easily answered, for it is clear that, whenever it may have been written, the poem, as a matter of fact, was not published, and even had it been, it does not follow that the topical element would have been evident to the uninitiated. Unless I am much mistaken, at the very time when Jonson was penning the fulsome address to Somerset, the autograph text of which is preserved in that worthy's copy of the poet's works¹, he was in private giving vent to his satirical humour in the traditional medium of the allegorical pastoral.

With regard to the date of the *Sad Shepherd*, Professor Dowden writes as follows. « It has not been noticed in connection with *The Sad Shepherd* that Belvoir Castle was painfully connected with the subject of witchcraft in 1618-19. The Earl of Rutland's two sons died in infancy. Joan Flower and her two daughters, servants at Belvoir Castle, were dismissed for neglect of duty. In 1618, five years after the loss of the elder son, they were accused of causing his death by witchcraft; Joan Flower died upon wishing the bread she ate might choke her if she were guilty; her daughters confessed the crime, and were executed while Jonson was in Scotland. Is it altogether a fanciful conjecture that Jonson may have written the fragment of *The Sad Shepherd* before this discovery of witchcraft; may have laid his work aside as having distressing suggestions for the Earl and Countess of Rutland, and towards the close of his life, after the death of the Earl (December, 1632) may have decided to complete the play, but with his enfeebled hand may have failed to accomplish his design? » This is exceedingly ingenious, and may well account for the non-appearance of the *May Lord*, but unless we identify the *Sad Shepherd* with that work, which Professor Dowden does not do, it is difficult to assign so early a date to the play, since Jonson could hardly have helped mentioning it to Drummond when speaking of his pastoral work, actual and contemplated, had any of it then been in existence.

Reviewing the evidence detailed above, we shall, I think, be driven to the conclusion that the identity of the *Sad Shepherd* with the *May Lord*, so far from being established, is hardly even within the bounds of possibility. This, however, need not prevent our believing in some connection between the two. Those, for instance, who consider that Goffe was probably acquainted with the opening lines of Jonson's play, are at perfect liberty to suppose that he had

¹ British Museum, C. 28. m. 11.

read them in one of the pastoral « stories » which constituted the *May Lord*, and which would be much more likely to circulate in manuscript than would an unfinished drama. Of the fate of the *May Lord* we know nothing, but it had every opportunity of perishing along with so much else in the fire of 1623; while, supposing it to have survived that catastrophe, it may have been excluded by the editor of the 1640 folio on account of Jonson's having made use of passages from it in the *Sad Shepherd*.

The following summary then may be taken as fairly representing the present state of our knowledge on the questions we have been discussing, and, short of the discovery of some entirely new and unsuspected evidence, it is not easy to see how any further knowledge should be possible.

(i) There is no ground for supposing that there ever existed more of the *Sad Shepherd* than we at present possess.

(ii) The theory of the substantial identity of the *Sad Shepherd* and the *May Lord* must be rejected, there being no reason to suppose that the latter was dramatic at all.

(iii) The two works may, however, have been to some extent connected in subject, and fragments of the one may survive embedded in the other.

(iv) The *May Lord* was most probably written in the autumn of 1613.

(v) The date of the *Sad Shepherd* cannot be fixed with certainty; but there is no definite evidence to oppose to the first line of the prologue and the allusion in Falkland's elegy, which agree in placing it in the few years preceding Jonson's death.

POSITION OF THE « SAD SHEPHERD » IN PASTORAL. It is no part of my plan as editor to enter upon an aesthetic discussion of the qualities of Jonson's play, however tempting a field of enquiry such questions may open up¹. It may, however, be worth while endeavouring to indicate as briefly as possible the position which the *Sad Shepherd* occupies in the history of the pastoral drama in England.

The English pastoral drama was in the main the outcome of foreign influence. It is true that this foreign influence met and blended

¹ I have said what I have to say upon the subject at some length elsewhere, and must refer any reader who may chance to be interested in my views to a volume on *Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama*, to be published, I hope, by Mr A. H. Bullen before the end of the year.

with forces and traditions, which had already established themselves in English literature, but it remained paramount. Each of these traditions, moreover, was itself complex. One was the mythological play, which sprang from a conjunction between the fashion of the court masque and the study of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*; another was the eclogue, in which the traditions of Vergil, Mantuan and Marot found a meeting point in Spenser; a third was the chivalric-pastoral romance, which, Spanish, in its origin, had been acclimatised, with a good deal of classical admixture, by Sidney in his *Arcadia*. Each of these various traditions had also been more or less affected by a vein of native pastoralism, which revealed itself in the songs and ballads. All in turn contributed to the fashioning of that body of pastoral drama which flourished in the sunshine of the court during the reigns of the first two Stuarts. The motive impulse, however, came from without — from the pastoral drama of Italy. Many critics have written as though the whole meaning and history of the English pastoral drama could be summed up in the two names Tasso and Guarini, and though this is to take a narrow view of the subject, it is true that their influence is dominant in the great majority of such compositions.

It was these traditions that determined the character of the main body of English pastoral drama, that produced by writers naturally subject to surrounding influences and in response to a courtly demand. There were, however, certain other writers who appear to have set themselves to make definite experiments in the acclimatisation of a form of pastoral on the English stage, and of these Jonson was one. Four such experiments can, I think, be distinguished. The earliest in time, as well as the simplest in character, was that of Samuel Daniel, whose two pastoral dramas, the *Queen's Arcadia* and *Hymen's Triumph*, were performed in 1605 and 1614 respectively. These were merely attempts to transfer the Italian pastoral, as exemplified in Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, without alteration onto the English stage. But for the fact of being written in English, they differ in nothing from what one of Guarini's Italian imitators might have produced. The next experiment was Fletcher's. The *Faithful Shepherdess*, acted about 1609, was an attempt so to modify the structure of the pastoral play as to bring it more into accordance with the traditions of the English drama. Thus, while keeping the ideal atmosphere and also somewhat of the pseudo-classical machinery, Fletcher replaced discourse and narration by vivid and dramatic action, and relied upon a marvellous gift of lyric versification to conceal the fatuities of plot and sentiment.

His was the first of these experiments openly to challenge public opinion and its reception was in the last degree unfavourable. After an interval of over twenty years, a brilliant young Cambridge wit, Thomas Randolph, tried his hand in a third experiment of the kind, and produced his *Amyntas*, acted at court about 1632. He retained almost unaltered the dramatic construction of Guarini and his school, though evincing a tendency towards greater complexity in the arrangement of characters ; but he sought at the same time to bring the whole into accordance with English taste by the addition, very skilfully managed, of a comic underplot. Without for a moment approaching Fletcher's perfection of poetry, he succeeded in producing an exceedingly pleasing play, which, if it can hardly be supposed to have possessed the qualities necessary to recommend it to a popular audience, yet deserved, and doubtless enjoyed, no common measure of success when acted before their majesties at Whitehall. So far the experiments had fallen into two classes : Daniel's was mere transplanting ; Fletcher and Randolph each sought to adapt on different lines. It remained for Jonson to attempt the creation, out of a variety of materials, of a pastoral drama which should be truly and essentially English. He failed — but it would be rash to assert that his failure was due to any other cause than that he left his work unfinished. Where he failed, few later writers have sought success. That Waldron supplied the deficiency, will hardly be maintained. Whether it was made good by the author of the *Gentle Shepherd* is another question, and one to which different readers will no doubt offer different answers.

It may perhaps be expected that I should say a few words concerning the materials used by Jonson in the construction of the *Sad Shepherd*. The characters fall into three groups. In the first place we have the shepherds and shepherdesses of Belvoir vale. These form the basis of the pastoral element in the play. They may be regarded, less as stock characters of pastoral convention, than as idealisations of actual English country folk on the conventional lines of pastoral tradition ; but it must at the same time be admitted that such passages as those concerning the « Lovers Scriptures » (l. 382 etc.) and Venus and the Graces (l. 334 etc.) are out of keeping with any such popular presentation. Next we have the witch, Maudlin of Papplewick, with her son and daughter, playing in Jonson's drama the part assigned to enchanters, prophets, and oracles in the classical pastoral of Italy. Lastly, Jonson has availed himself of the forest tradition, the *favola boschereccia*, to introduce a set of characters which properly

belong neither to pastoral tradition nor to pastoral life, namely the outlaw hunters of Sherwood forest. It is here, moreover, that he has shown his most consummate skill in the manner in which, while allowing the strictly pastoral theme to supply the motive and being of the plot, he has relied for the bulk of the dialogue and action upon the congenial characters of Robin Hood and his « family ». I may call attention, as a literary curiosity, to the fact that the characters of Robin and Marian, which Jonson borrowed from the eminently unpastoral legend of popular tradition, are not improbably related, perhaps at no such very distant remove, to the Robin and Marion of the French *pastourelles*. It may even be that the tradition of Sherwood forest appeared to Jonson and his contemporaries as less remote from the realms of pastoral than they do to us, for do we not find in the books of the Stationers' Company, under the date of May 14, 1594, the entry of « a pastorall plesant Commedie of Robin Hood and little John »? ¹

WALDRON'S CONTINUATION. The completion of the fragment by F. G. Waldron is here reprinted for the first time from the original edition of 1783. I have, however, incorporated in the text the author's manuscript corrections and alterations, recorded in his own interleaved copy already mentioned, and have also reproduced certain annotations from the same source. The readings of the edition of 1783, when departed from, have in all cases been recorded at the foot of the page.

Critics have on the whole treated Waldron's work with politeness. « The effort, » wrote Gifford, « though bold, was laudable, and the success highly honourable to his talents and ingenuity. To say that he fell short of Jonson, is saying nothing to his discredit ; but, in justice to the modest and unpretending continuator, it may fairly be added, that there are not many dramatic writers in our language, to whose compositions the powers which he has displayed in his Supplement, will be found to be very unequal. » Dr Ward, in his *English Dramatic Literature* (II. 386), is more critical : « With the exception of the third act (for his share in which he had the guidance of Ben Jonson's *Argument*) the continuation is all Waldron's own invention,

¹ Robin Hood had, of course, frequently figured on the English stage from the days of the May-game play printed by William Copeland, to those of the Munday-Chettle plays of *Robert, Earl of Huntingdon*, but no connection appears to exist between these and Jonson's work.

although passages from other authors are made use of, in what he conceives would have been the spirit of Ben Jonson, while one speech is chiefly borrowed from Jonson himself. Waldron (whose notes are very useful) was, however, unequal to this part of his task ; what he has added could hardly be mistaken by the least sophisticated reader for genuine Jonson ; many of his lines bear the stamp of the age in which they were produced, nor is the grammar always perfect. The invention of the second part of the plot is, however, fairly sufficient, though Waldron takes too much trouble to marry every good personage of the drama at the close, and to convert every bad one. The repentance of the witch reads like that of a sinner freshly awakened by suitable admonition. » The charges are just enough. With regard to Douce, whom Waldron mates with Clarion, it may be noticed that she is drawn rather sympathetically in the fragment, and it appears by no means unlikely that Jonson intended to dissociate her from her surroundings in order to balance the numbers of his nymphs and swains. The passage borrowed from Jonson was pointed out by Waldron in his own notes, and will be found on p. 36 of the present edition. He gave the reference to Whalley's edition in which the poem in question is called, for some reason best known to the editor, *Epheme*. It is the *Eupheme* (or « The Faire Fame ») of the *Underwoods*, an elegy on Lady Venetia Digby, and the passage will be found on p. 257 of the folio of 1640. The imitation is not particularly close, and it is due to Waldron to say that, had he chosen to be silent on the subject, it is unlikely that the borrowing would have been discovered. An editor of the *Sad Shepherd* is naturally predisposed in Waldron's favour by the conscientious and unpretending manner in which he accumulated all the information which he thought could tend to elucidate his author, and I confess that, if Gifford's remarks err on the side of generosity, they yet appear to me nearer the truth than the rather grudging admissions of Dr Ward. Perhaps the most pleasing example of Waldron's work is the Dirge, which will be found on p. 50. It is, however, necessary to remark that the poet is wrong in his terms of art. If the dead quarry had a dappled hide, he was a fallow and not a red deer, and should therefore have been styled a buck and not a hart, while his mate should have been called a doe ; deer being a generic name including both sexes of red and fallow alike. Jonson, though not always accurate in his terms, would certainly not have made such blunders as these. This, however, has little to do with the general merit of the continuation, which is here offered to the merciful censure of the reader.

Waldron was a member of Garrick's company at Drury Lane, and manager under Garrick of several country theatres. Later he became prompter at the Haymarket under the younger Colman. He was author of some original plays, which achieved no success, of several adaptations, and likewise of a sequel to the *Tempest* entitled the *Virgin Queen*. He was born in 1744 and died in 1818.

THE PRESENT EDITION. In the present edition the text of the fragment has been reproduced as accurately as possible from the original folio. All misprints and irregularities have been retained, the more important being recorded in the notes. I may mention that an attempt has been made to distinguish even between roman and italic commas, though I am not very confident as to the degree of accuracy attained in this respect. Considering the liability of error, and the strain on the eyesight, it is not a practice I should recommend, and I certainly for my part have no intention of repeating the experiment. The following list of misprints in the original does not aim at including all the irregularities, especially of punctuation, occurring in the text, but only such as might cause trouble or uncertainty to an editor.

<i>Persons.</i> Larine	l. 389. world
l. 246. Tabret-mov'd	394. Vale?
249. sing. (<i>period</i>)	424. Stagge?
267. <i>Cypressa</i>	434. marke?
279. <i>Alhen</i>	460. you?
307. streames	555. distate
320. Dorks	670. Withall the bark and
328. me. (<i>period</i>)	849. Karol. (<i>period</i>)
356. heart	861. (I
370. me l	999. disc overs
372 <i>side note.</i> fotces	1112. last
374. here, one	1134. 'i
381. Lookes	

The reader is requested to correct the following errors, which have crept into the reprint :

- l. 120. found. *It is at the end of this word, not at the end of the headline, that a reversed p should appear in place of the d.*
998. *for l'am read I'am.*
1144. *for bring'him read bring him.*

Also :

- p. 73 line 4. for 643. g. 16 read 643. g. 15.

THE SAD
SHEPHERD:

OR,
A TALE OF
ROBIN-HOOD.

WRITTEN

By

BEN: JOHNSON.

Virg! Nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thaleia.

LONDON,
Printed M.DC.XLI.

The Persons of the Play.

Robin-hood, The chiefe Wood-man, Master of the Feast.
Marian, His Lady, the Mistris.

Their Family.

Friar Tuck, The Chaplaine and Steward.
Little Iohn, Bow-bearer.
Scarlet, } Two Brothers, Huntsmen.
Scathlock, }
George a Greene, Huisher of the Bower.
Much, *Robin-hoods* Bailiffe, or Acater.

The Guests invited.

<i>Clarion</i> ,	(The Rich.)	
<i>Lionell</i> ,	(The Courteous.)	
<i>Alken</i> ,	(The Sage.)	Shepherds.
<i>Aeglamour</i> ,	(The Sad.)	
<i>Karolin</i> ,	(The Kind.)	
<i>Mellifleur</i> ,	(The Sweet.)	
<i>Amie</i> ,	(The Gentle.)	Shepherdesses
<i>Larine</i> ,	(The Beautifull.)	

The troubles unexpected.

Maudlin, The Envious : The Witch of Papplewicke.
Douce, The Proud : Her Daughter.
Lorell, The Rude. A Swine'ard, the Witches son.
Puck-hairy, Or *Robin-Goodfellow*, their Hine.

The Reconciler.

Reuben, A devout Hermit.

The SCENE is *Sher-wood*.

Consisting of a Landt-shape of Forrest, Hills, Vallies, Cottages, A Castle, A River, Pastures, Heards, Flocks, all full of Countrey simplicity. *Robin-hoods* Bower, his Well, The Witches *Dimble*, The Swine'ards *Oake*, The Hermits *Cell*.

THE ARGUMENT

of the first ACT.

R *Obin-hood*, having invited all the Shep'erds and Shep'erdesses of the Vale of *Be'voir*, to a Feast in the Forrest of *Sherwood*, and trusting to his Mistris, Maid *Marian*, with her Wood-men, to kill him Venison against the day : Having left the like charge with Friar *Tuck* his Chap-laine, and Steward, to command the rest of his merry men, to see the Bowre made ready, and all things in order for the entertainment ; meeting with his Guests at their entrance into the Wood, welcomes and conducts them to his Bowre. Where, by the way hee receives the relation of the sad Shep'ard *Eglamour*, who is falne into a deepe Melancholy, for the losse of his beloved *Earine* ; reported to have beene drowned in passing over the *Trent*, some few dayes before. They endeavour in what they can to comfort him : but, his disease having taken so strong root, all is in vaine, and they are forced to leave him. In the meane time *Marian* is come from hunting with the Hunts-men, where the Lovers interchangeably expresse their loves. *Robin-hood* enquires if she hunted the Deere at force, and what sport he made, how long hee stood, and what head hee bore : All which is briefly answer'd with a relation of breaking him up, and the Raven, and her Bone. The suspect had of that Raven to be *Maudlin*, the Witch of *Paple-wick*, whom one of the Hunts-men met i' the morning, at the rowring of the Deere, and is confirm'd by her being then in *Robin-hoods* Kitchin, i' the Chimney-corner, broyling the same bit, which was throwne to the Raven, at the *Quarry* or Fall of the Deere. *Marian* being gone in, to shew the Deere to some of the Shep-herdesses, returnes instantly to the *Scene* discontented, sends away the Venison she had kill'd, to her they call the Witch, quarrels with her Love *Robin-hood*, abuseth him, and his Guests the Shep'erds ; and so departs, leaving them all in wonder and perplexitie.

The PROLOGVE.

HE that hath feasted you these forty yeares,
 And fitted Fables, for your finer eares,
 30 Although at first, he scarce could hit the bore ;
 Yet you, with patience harkning more and more,
 At length have growne up to him, and made knowne,
 The Working of his Pen is now your owne :
 He pray's you would vouchsafe, for your owne sake,
 35 To heare him this once more, but, sit awake.
 And though hee now present you with such wooll,
 As from meere English Flocks his Muse can pull,
 He hopes when it is made up into Cloath ;
 Not the most curious head here will be loath
 40 To weare a Hood of it ; it being a Fleece,
 To match, or those of Sicily, or Greece.
 His Scene is Sherwood : And his Play a Tale
 Of Robin-hood's inviting from the Vale
 Of Be'voir, all the Shep'ards to a Feast :
 45 Where, by the casuall absence of one Guest,
 The Mirth is troubled much, and in one Man
 As much of sadnesse showne, as Passion can.
 The sad young Shep'ard, whom wee here present,
 (p) Like his woes Figure, darke and discontent,
 50 For his lost Love ; who in the Trent is said,
 To have miscarried ; 'lasse ! what knowes the head
 Of a calme River, whom the feet have drown'd ?
 Heare what his sorrowes are ; and, if they wound
 Your gentle brests, so that the End crowne all,
 55 Which in the Scope of one dayes chance may fall : ✓
 Old Trent will send you more such Tales as these,
 And shall grow young againe, as one doth please.

English Pastoral

(p) The sad
 Sheep'ard
 passeth si-
 lently over
 the Stage.

But here's an Heresie of late let fall ;
 That Mirth by no meanes fits a Pastoral ;
 60 Such say so, who can make none, he presumes :
 Else, there's no Scene, more properly assumes
 The Sock. For whence can sport in kind arise,
 But from the Rurall Routs and Families ?
 Safe on this ground then, wee not feare to day,
 65 To tempt your laughter by our rustick Play.
 Wherein if we distaste, or be cry'd downe,
 Wee thinke wee therefore shall not leave the Towne ;
 Nor that the Fore-wits, that would draw the rest
 Vnto their liking, alwayes like the best.
 70 The wise, and knowing Critick will not say,
 This worst, or better is, before he weigh ;

Here the
 Prologue
 thinking to
 end, returnes
 upon a new
 purpose, and
 speakes on.

- Where every piece be perfect in the kind :*
And then, though in themselves he difference find,
Yet if the place require it where they stood,
 75 *The equall fitting makes them equall good.* ✓
You shall have Love and Hate, and Iealousie,
As well as Mirth, and Rage, and Melancholy :
Or whatsoever else may either move,
Or stirre affections, and your likings prove.
 80 *But that no stile for Pastorall should goe* ✓
Current, but what is stamp'd with Ah, and O ;
Who judgeth so, may singularly erre ;
As if all Poesie had one Character :
In which what were not written, were not right,
 85 *Or that the man who made such one poore flight,*
In his whole life, had with his winged skill
Advanc'd him upmost on the Muses hill.
When he like Poet yet remaines, as those
Are Painters who can only make a Rose. ✓
 90 *From such your wits redeeme you, or your chance,*
Lest to a greater height you doe advance
Of Folly, to contemne those that are knowne
Artificers, and trust such as are none.

THE
SAD SHEPHERD;
OR,
A TALE OF
Robin-hood.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Aeglamour.

95 **H**ere! she was wont to goe! and here! and here!
Just where those Daisies, Pincks, and Violets grow:
The world may find the Spring by following her;
For other print her aerie steps neere left:
Her treading would not bend a blade of grasse!
Or shake the downie *Blow-ball* from his stalke!
100 But like the soft *West-wind*, she shot along,
And where she went, the Flowers tooke thickest root,
As she had sow'd 'hem with her odorous foot.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Marian. Tuck. Iohn. Wood-men, &c.

Mar. Know you, or can you guesse, my merry men,
What 'tis that keepes your Master *Robin-hood*
105 So long both from his *Marian*, and the Wood?
Tuc. Forsooth, Madam, hee will be here by noone,
And prayes it of your bounty as a boone,
That you by then have kild him Venison some,
To feast his jolly friends, who hether come
110 In threaves to frolick with him, and make cheare;
Here's *Little Iohn* hath harbord you a Deere,
I see by his tackling. *Io.* And a Hart of ten,
I trow hee be, Madam, or blame your men:
For by his Slot, his Entries, and his Port,
115 His Frayings, Fewmets, he doth promise sport,
And standing 'fore the Dogs; hee beares a head,
Large, and well beam'd: with all rights somm'd, and spred.
Mar. Let's rowse him quickly, and lay on the Hounds.
Io. *Scathlock* is ready with them on the grounds;

120 So is his brother *Scarlet* : now they've found
His Layre, they have him sure within the pound.

Mor. Away then, when my *Robin* bids a Feast,
'Twere sinne in *Marian* to defraud a Guest.

ACT. I. SCENE III.

Tuck. George a Greene. Much. Aeglamour.

Tuc. And I, the Chaplaine, here am left to be
125 Steward to day, and charge you all in fee,
To d'on your Liveries ; see the Bower drest ;
And fit the fine devises for the Feast :
You *George* must care to make the Baldrick trim,
And Garland that must crowne, or her, or him ;
130 Whose Flock this yeare, hath brought the earliest Lambe !
Geo. Good Father *Tuck*, at your Commands I am
To cut the Table out O the greene sword,
Or any other service for my Lord ;
To carve the Guests large seats ; and these laid in
135 With turfe (as soft and smooth as the Moles skin :)
And hang the bulled Nose-gaies 'bove their heads,
The Pipers banck, whereon to sit and play ;
And a faire Dyall to meete out the day.

Our Masters Feast shall want no just delights :
140 His entertainments must have all the rites.

Muc. I, and all choise that plenty can send in ;
Bread, Wine, Acates, Fowle, Feather, Fish, or Fin,
For which my Fathers Nets have swept the *Trent*.

Aeglamour
fals in with
them.

Aeg. And ha' you found her ? *Mu.* Whom ? *Aeg.* My drowned Love.

145 *Earine* ! the sweet *Earine* !
The bright, and beautifull *Earine* !
Have you not heard of my *Earine* ?

Just by your Fathers Mills (I thinke I am right)
Are not you *Much* the Millers sonne ? *Mu.* I am.

150 *Aeg.* And Baily to brave *Robin-hood* ? *Mu.* The same.

Aeg. Close by your Fathers Mills, *Earine* !
Earine was drown'd ! O my *Earine* !

(Old *Maudlin* tells me so, and *Douce* her Daughter)
Ha' you swept the River say you ? and not found her ?

155 *Muc.* For Fowle, and Fish wee have. *Aeg.* O not for her ?
You're goodly friends ! right charitable men !
Nay, keepe your way, and leave me : make your toys,
Your tales, your poesies, that you talk'd of ; all
Your entertainments : you not injure me :

160 Onely if I may enjoy my *Cipresse* wreath !
And you will let me weepe ! ('tis all I aske ;)
Till I be turn'd to water, as was she !

And troth what lesse suit can you grant a man ?

Tuck. His Phantasie is hurt, let us now leave him :

- 165 The wound is yet too fresh, to admit searching.
Aeg. Searching? where should I search? or on what track?
 Can my slow drop of teares, or this darke shade
 About my browes, enough describe her losse!
Earine, O my *Earine's* losse!
- 170 No, no, no, no; this heart will breake first.
Geo. How will this sad disaster strike the eares
 Of bounteous *Robin-hood*, our gentle Master?
Mu. How will it marre his mirth, abate his feast;
 And strike a horror into every guest!
- 175 *Aeg.* If I could knit whole clouds about my browes,
 And weepe like *Swithen*, or those watry signes,
 The Kids that rise then, and drowne all the Flocks
 Of those rich Shepherds, dwelling in this Vale;
 Those carelesse Shepherds, that did let her drowne!
- 180 Then I did something or could make old *Trent*
 Drunke with my sorrow, to start out in breaches
 To drowne their Herds, their cattle, and their corne,
 Breake downe their Mils, their Dams, ore-turne their weeres,
 And see their houses, and whole lively-hood
- 185 Wrought into water, with her, all were good:
 I'd kisse the torrent, and those whirles of *Trent*,
 That suck'd her in, my sweet *Earine*!
 When they have cast their body on the shore,
 And it comes up, as tainted as themselves,
- 190 All pale and bloodlesse, I will love it still,
 For all that they can doe, and make 'hem mad,
 To see how I will hugge it in mine armes!
 And hang upon the lookes, dwell on her eyes:
 Feed round about her lips, and eate her kisses!
- 195 Suck of her drowned flesh! and where's their malice?
 Not all their envious sousing can change that:
 But I will study some revenge past this!
 I pray you give me leave, for I will study.
 Though all the Bels, Pipes, Tabors, Timburines ring
- 200 That you can plant about me: I will study.

ACT I. SCENE IIII.

To him.

*Robin-hood. Clarion. Mellifleur. Lionel. Amie. Alken.**Tuck. Servants, with musick of all sorts.*

- Rob.* Welcome bright *Clarion*, and sweet *Mellifleur*,
 The courteous *Lionel*, faire *Amie*; all
 My friends and neighbours, to the Jolly Bower
 Of *Robin-hood*, and to the greene-wood Walkes:
 205 Now that the shearing of your sheepe is done,
 And the wash'd Flocks are lighted of their wooll,
 The smoother Ewes are ready to receive

The mounting Rams againe ; and both doe feed,
 As either promist to increase your breed
 210 At eaning time ; and bring you lusty twins.
 Why should, or you, or wee so much forget
 The season in our selves : as not to make
 Use of our youth, and spirits, to awake
 The nimble Horne-pipe, and the Timburine,
 215 And mixe our Songs, and Dances in the Wood,
 And each of us cut downe a Triumph-bough.
 Such were the Rites, the youthfull *Iune* allow.

Cla. They were, gay *Robin*, but the sowrer sort
 Of Shepherds now disclaime in all such sport :
 220 And say, our Flocks the while, are poorely fed,
 When with such vanities the Swaines are led.

Tuc. Would they, wise *Clarion*, were not hurried more
 With Covetise and Rage, when to their store
 They adde the poore mans Eaneling, and dare sell
 225 Both Fleece, and Carkasse, not gi'ing him the Fell.
 When to one Goat, they reach that prickly weed,
 Which maketh all the rest forbear to feed ;
 Or strew *Tods* haire, or with their tailes doe sweepe
 The dewy grasse, to d'off the simpler sheepe ;
 230 Or digge deepe pits, their Neighbours Neat to vexe,
 To drowne the Calves, and crack the Heifers necks.
 Or with pretence of chasing thence the Brock,
 Send in a curre to worrie the whole Flock.

Lio. O Friar, those are faults that are not seene,
 235 Ours open, and of worst example beene.
 They call ours, *Pagan* pastimes, that infect
 Our blood with ease, our youth with all neglect ;
 Our tongues with wantonnesse, our thoughts with lust,
 And what they censure ill, all others must.

240 *Rob.* I doe not know, what their sharpe sight may see
 Of late, but I should thinke it still might be
 (As 'twas) a happy age, when on the Plaines,
 The Wood-men met the Damsells, and the Swaines
 The Neat'ards, Plow-men, and the Pipers loud,
 245 And each did dance, some to the Kit, or Crowd,
 Some to the Bag-pipe, some the Tabret-mov'd,
 And all did either love, or were below'd.

Lio. The dextrous Shepherd then would try his sling,
 Then dart his Hooke at Daysies, then would sing.
 250 Sometimes would wrastle. *Cla.* I, and with a Lasse :
 And give her a new garment on the grasse ;
 After a course at Barley-breake, or Base.

Lio. And all these deeds were seene without offence,
 Or the least hazard o' their innocence.

255 *Rob.* Those charitable times had no mistrust.
 Shepherds knew how to love, and not to lust.

Cla. Each minute that wee lose thus, I confesse,

Deserves a censure on us, more or lesse ;
 But that a sadder chance hath given allay,
 260 Both to the Mirth, and Musicke of this day.
 Our fairest Shepherdesse wee had of late,
 Here upon *Trent*, is drown'd ; for whom her mate
 Young *Aeglamour*, a Swaine, who best could tread
 Our countrey dances, and our games did lead,
 265 Lives like the melancholy Turtle, drown'd
 Deeper in woe, then she in water : crown'd
 With *Yewgh* and *Cypressa*, and will scarce admit
 The Physick of our presence to his fit.

Lio. Sometimes he sits, and thinkes all day, then walkes,
 270 Then thinkes againe ; and sighes, weeps, laughs, and talkes,
 And, 'twixt his pleasing frenzie, and sad grieffe,
 Is so distracted ; as no sought reliefe,
 By all our studies can procure his peace.

Cl. The passion finds in him that large increase,
 275 As wee doubt hourelly wee shall lose him too.

Rob. You should not crosse him then what ere you doe :
 For Phant'sie stop'd, will soone take fire, and burne
 Into an anger, or to a Phrensie turne.

Cl. Nay, so wee are advis'd by *Alhen* here,
 280 A good sage Shepherd, who all-tho' he weare
 An old worne hat and cloake, can tell us more
 Then all the forward Fry, that boast their Lore.

Lio. See, yonder comes the brother of the Maid,
 Young *Karolin* ! how curious, and afraid
 285 Hee is at once ! willing to find him out,
 And loath to'offend him. *Alken.* Sure hee's here about.

ACT I. SCENE V.

Robin-hood. Clarion. Mellifleur. Lionel. Amie. Alken. Karolin.
Aeglamour, sitting upon a banke by.

Cl. See where hee sits. *Aeg.* It will be rare, rare, rare !
 An exquisite revenge : but peace, no words !
 Not for the fairest fleece of all the Flock :
 290 If it be knowne afore, 'tis all worth nothing !
 Ile carve it on the trees, and in the turfe,
 On every greene sworth, and in every path,
 Just to the Margin of the cruell *Trent* ;
 There will I knock the story in the ground,
 295 In smooth great peble, and mosse fill it round,
 Till the whole Countrey read how she was drown'd.
 And with the plenty of salt teares there shed,
 Quite alter the complexion of the Spring.
 Or I will get some old, old Grandam, thither,
 300 Whose rigid foot but dip'd into the water,
 Shall strike that sharpe and suddaine cold, throughout,

- As it shall loose all vertue ; and those Nimphs,
 Those treacherous Nimphs pull'd in *Earine* ;
 Shall stand curl'd up, like Images of Ice ;
- 305 And never thaw ! marke, never ! a sharpe Justice :
 Or stay, a better ! when the yeares at hottest,
 And that the *Dog-starre* fomes, and the streames boiles,
 And curles, and workes, and swells ready to sparkle :
 To fling a fellow with a Fever in,
- 310 To set it all on fire, till it burne,
 Blew as *Scamander*, 'fore the walls of *Troy* ;
 When *Vulcan* leap'd in to him, to consume him.
Rob. A deepe hurt Phant'sie. *Aeg.* Doe you not approve it ?
Rob. Yes gentle *Aeglamour*, wee all approve,
- 315 And come to gratulate your just revenge :
 Which since it is so perfect, we now hope,
 You'l leave all care thereof, and mixe with us,
 In all the profer'd solace of the Spring.
Aeg. A Spring, now she is dead : of what, of thornes ?
- 320 Briars, and Brambles ? Thistles ? Burs, and Dorks ?
 Cold Hemlock ? Yewgh ? the Mandrake, or the Boxe ?
 These may grow still ; but what can spring beside ?
 Did not the whole Earth sicken, when she died ?
 As if there since did fall one drop of dew,
- 325 But what was wept for her ! or any stalke
 Did beare a Flower ! or any branch a bloome ;
 After her wreath was made : In faith, in faith
 You doe not faire, to put these things upon me.
 Which can in no sort be : *Earine*,
- 330 Who had her very being, and her name,
 With the first knots, or buddings of the Spring,
 Borne with the Primrose, and the Violet,
 Or earliest Roses blowne : when *Cupid* smil'd,
 And *Venus* led the *Graces* out to dance,
- 335 And all the Flowers, and Sweets in *Natures* lap,
 Leap'd out, and made their solemne Conjuraton.
 To last, but while shee liv'd : Doe not I know,
 How the Vale wither'd the same Day ? How *Dove*,
Deane, *Eye*, and *Erwash*, *Idell*, *Snite*, and *Soare*,
- 340 Each broke his Vrne, and twenty waters more,
 That swell'd proud *Trent*, shrunke themselves dry ; that since,
 No Sun, or Moone, or other cheerfull *Starre*
 Look'd out of heaven ! but all the Cope was darke,
 As it were hung so for her Exequies !
- 345 And not a voice or sound, to ring her knell :
 But of that dismall paire, the scritchng Owle ;
 And buzzing Hornet ! harke, harke, harke the foule
 Bird ! how shee flutters with her wicker wings !
 Peace you shall heare her scritch. *Cla.* Good *Karolin* sing,
- 350 Helpe to divert this Phant'sie. *Kar.* All I can.

Though I am young, and cannot tell,
 Either what Death, or Love is well,
 Yet I have heard, they both beare darts,
 And both doe ayme at humane hearts :
 355 And then againe, I have beene told
 Love wounds with heart, as Death with cold ;
 So that I feare, they doe but bring
 Extreames to touch, and meane one thing.

The Song.
 Which while
 Karolin sings,
 Aeglamour
 reads.

As in a ruine, we it call
 One thing to be blowne up, or fall ;
 Or to our end, like way may have,
 By a flash of lightning, or a wave :
 So Loves inflamed shaft, or brand,
 May kill as soone as Deaths cold hand ;
 365 Except Loves fires the vertue have
 To fright the frost out of the grave.

Aeg. Doe you thinke so ? are you in that good heresie ?
 I meane opinion ? If you be, say nothing :
 I'll study it, as a new Philosophy,
 370 But by my selfe alone : Now you shall leave me !
 Some of these Nimphs, here will reward you ; this
 This pretty Maid, although but with a kisse,
 Liv'd my Earine, you should have twenty :
 For every line here, one I would allow 'hem
 375 From mine owne store, the treasure I had in her :
 Now I am poore as you. Kar. And I a wretch !

Hee fotces
 Amie to kisse
 him.

Cla. Yet keepe an eye upon him, Karoline.
 Mel. Alas that ever such a generous spirit,
 As Aeglamours, should sinke by such a losse.
 380 Cla. The truest Lovers are least fortunate,
 Lookes all their Lives, and Legends ; what they call
 The Lovers Scriptures : *Heliadores*, or *Tatij* !
Longi ! *Eustathij* ! *Prodomi* ! you'l find it !
 What thinke you Father ? Alk. I have knowne some few,
 385 And read of more ; wh'have had their dose, and deepe,
 Of these sharpe bitter-sweets. Lio. But what is this
 To jolly Robin ? who the Story is,
 Of all beatitude in Love ? Cla. And told
 Here every day, with wonder on the world.

Aeglamour
 goes out, and
 Karolin fol-
 lowes him.

390 Lio. And with fames voice. Alk. Save that some folke delight
 To blend all good of others, with some spight.
 Cla. Hee, and his *Marian*, are the Summe and Talke
 Of all, that breath here in the Greene-wood Walke.
 Mel. Or *Be'voir Vale* ? Kar. The Turtles of the Wood.
 395 Cla. The billing Paire. Alk. And so are understood
 For simple loves, and sampled lives beside.

Mel.

Mel. Faith, so much vertue should not be envi'd.

Alk. Better be so, then pittied *Mellifleur* !

For 'gainst all envy, vertue is a cure ;

400 But wretched pittie ever calcs on scornes.

The Deeres brought home : I heare it by their hornes.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

To *Robin*, &c. *Marian*. *Iohn*. *Scarlet*. *Scathlock*.

Rob. My *Marian*, and my Mistris ! *Mar.* My lov'd *Robin* !

Mel. The Moones at full, the happy paire are met !

Mar. How hath this morning paid me, for my rising !

405 First, with my sports ; but most with meeting you !

I did not halfe so so well reward my hounds,

As she hath me to day : although I gave them

All the sweet morsels, call'd Tongue, Eares, and Dowcets !

Rob. What ? and the inch-pin ? *Mar.* Yes. *Rob.* Your sports then
410 pleas'd you ?

Mar. You are a wanton. *Rob.* One I doe confesse

I wanted till you came, but now I have you,

Ile grow to your embraces, till two soules

Distilled into kisses, through our lips

415 Doe make one spirit of love. *Mar.* O *Robin* ! *Robin* !

Rob. Breathe, breathe a while, what sayes my gentle *Marian* ?

Mar. Could you so long be absent ? *Rob.* What a weeke ?

Was that so long ? *Mar.* How long are Lovers weekes !

Doe you think *Robin*, when they are asunder ?

420 Are they not Pris'ners yeares ? *Rob.* To some they seem so ;

But being met againe, they're Schoole-boyes houres.

Mar. That have got leave to play, and so wee use them.

Rob. Had you good sport i'your chase to day ? *Io.* O prime !

Mar. A lusty Stagge ? *Rob.* And hunted yee at force ?

425 *Mar.* In a full cry. *Io.* And never hunted change !

Rob. You had stanch Hounds then ? *Mar.* Old and sure, I love
No young rash dogs, no more then changing friends.

Rob. What relays set you ? *Io.* None at all ; we laid not

In one fresh dog. *Rob.* Hee stood not long then ? *Sca.* Yes,

430 Five houres and more. A great, large Deere ! *Rob.* What head ?

Ioh. Forked ! A Hart of ten. *Mar.* Hee is good Venison,
According to the season i'the blood,

I'll promise all your friends, for whom he fell.

Ioh. But at his fall there hap't a chance. *Mar.* Worth marke ?

Rob. I ! what was that sweet *Marian** *Mar.* You'll not heare ?

Rob. I love these interruptions in a Story ;*

They make it sweeter. *Mar.* You doe know, as soone

As the Assay is taken. * *Rob.* On my *Marian*.

I did but take the Assay. *Mar.* You stop ones mouth,

440 And yet you bid 'hem speake--when the Arbors made.

Rob. Puld downe, and paunch turn'd out. *Mar.* Hee that undoes him ;
Doth cleave the brisket-bone, upon the spoone

* He kisses
her.

* He kisses
her againe.

* He kisses
her againe.

Of which, a little gristle growes, you call it——

- Rob.* the Ravens-bone. *Mar.* Now, ore head sate a Raven !
 445 On a sere bough ! a growne great Bird ! and Hoarse !
 Who, all the while the Deere was breaking up,
 So crok'd and cry'd for't, as all the hunts-men,
 (Especially old *Scathlocke*) thought it ominous !
 Swore it was Mother *Maudlin* ; whom he met,
 450 At the Day-dawne ; just as hee rows'd the Deere,
 Out of his Laire : but wee made shift to run him
 Off his foure leggs, and sunke him e're wee left.
 Is the Deere come ? *Scat.* Hee lies within ô the dresser !
Mar. Will you goe see him *Mellifleur* ? *Mel.* I attend you.
 455 *Mar.* Come *Amie*, you'll goe with us ? *Am.* I am not well.
Lio. Shee's sick o' the yong Shep'ard that bekist her.
Mar. Friend, cheare your friends up, wee will eate him merrily.
Alk. Saw you the Raven, Friend ? *Scat.* I, qu'ha suld let me ?
 I suld be afraid ô you sir suld I ? *Clar.* Hunts-man !
 460 A Dram more of Civilitie would not hurt you ?
Rob. Nay, you must give them all their rudenesses ;
 They are not else themselves, without their language.
Alk. And what do you thinke of her ? *Scat.* As of a Witch.
 They call her a Wise-woman, but I thinke her
 465 An arrant Witch. *Cl.* And wherefore think you so ?
Sca. Because, I saw her since, broiling the bone
 Was cast her at the Quarrie. *Alk.* Where saw you her ?
Sca. I' the Chimley nuik, within : shee's there, now. *Rob.* *Marian* !

ACT I. SCENE VII.

To them

Marian.

- Your Hunt holds in his tale, still ; and tells more !
 470 *Mar.* My Hunt ? what tale ? *Rob.* How ! cloudie, *Marian* !
 What looke is this ? *Mar.* A fit one, Sir, for you.
 Hand off rude Ranger ! Sirrah, get you in
 And beare the Venison hence. It is too good
 For these course rustick mouthes that cannot open,
 475 Or spend a thanke for't. A starv'd Muttons carkasse
 Would better fit their palates. See it carried
 To Mother *Maudlins*, whom you call the Witch, Sir.
 Tell her I sent it to make merrie with,
 Shee'll turne us thanks at least ! why stand'st thou, Groome ?
 480 *Rob.* I wonder he can move ! that hee's not fix'd !
 If that his feeling be the same with mine !
 I dare not trust the faith of mine owne senses.
 I feare mine eyes, and eares ! this is not *Marian* !
 Nor am I *Robin-hood* ! I pray you aske her !
 485 Aske her good Shep'ards ! aske her all for me ;
 Or rather aske your selves, if shee be shee ;
 Or I, be I. *Mar.* Yes, and you are the spie :

To *Scath-*
lock.

And

And the spi'd Spie, that watch upon my walkes,
To informe what Deere I kill, or give away !

490 Where ! when ! to whom ! but spie your worst, good Spie !
I will dispose of this where least you like !

Fall to your cheese-cakes, curdes, and clawted creame,
Your fooles, your flaunes ; and of ale a streame
To wash it from your livers : straine ewes milke

495 Into your Cider sillabubs, and be drunke
To him, whose Fleece hath brought the earliest Lambe
This yeare ; and weares the Baudrick at your bord !
Where you may all goe whistle ; and record
This i' your dance : and foot it lustily.

Shee leaves
them.

Rob. I pray you friends, doe you heare ? and see, as I doe ?
Did the same accents strike your eares ? and objects ?

Your eyes, as mine ? *Alk.* Wee taste the same reproches !

Lio. Have seen the changes ! *Rob.* Are wee not all chang'd,
Transformed from our selves ? *Lio.* I do not know !

505 The best is silence ! *Alk.* And to await the issue.

Rob. The dead, or lazie wait for't : I will find it.

The Argument of the second ACT.

THe Witch *Maudlin*, having taken the shape of *Marian* to abuse *Robin-hood*, and perplexe his guests, commeth forth with her daughter
510 *Douce*, reporting in what confusion shee hath left them ; defrauded them,
of their Venison ; made them suspitious each of the other ; but most of all
Robin-hood so jealous of his *Marian*, as shee hopes no effect of love would
ever reconcile them ; glorying so farre in the extent of her mischiefe, as
shee confesseth to have surpriz'd *Earine*, strip'd her of her garments, to
make her daughter appeare fine, at this feast, in them ; and to have shut the
515 maiden up in a tree, as her sonnes prize, if he could winne her ; or his prey,
if he would force her. Her Sonne a rude bragging swine'ard, comes to
the tree to woo her (his Mother, and Sister stepping aside, to over-heare
him) and first boasts his wealth to her, and his possessions ; which move
not. Then he presents her guifts, such as himselfe is taken with, but shee
520 utterly shows a scorne, and loathing both of him, and them. His mother
is angry, rates him, instructs him what to doe the next time, and persuades
her daughter, to show her selfe about the bower : tells, how shee shall
know her mother, when she is transformed, by her broidered belt. Meane
while the yong sheep'ardes *Amy* being kist by *Karolin*, *Earines* brother,
525 before, falls in Love ; but knowes not what Love is : but describes her
disease so innocently, that *Marian* pitties her. When *Robin-hood*, and the
rest of his Guests invited, enter to *Marian*, upbraiding her with sending
away their Venison to Mother *Maudlin* by *Scathlock*, which shee denies ;
Scathlock affirms it, but seeing his Mistres weep, & to forswear it, begins
530 to doubt his owne understanding, rather then affront her farder ; which
makes

makes *Robin hood*, and the rest, to examine themselves better. But *Maudlin* entering like her selfe, the *Witch* comes to thanke her for her bountie : at which, *Marian* is more angrie, and more denies the deed. *Scathlock* enters, tells he has brought it againe, & delivered it to the *Cooke*. The *Witch* is
 535 inwardly vext, the *Venison* is so recover'd from her, by the rude *Huntsman* ; and murmurs, and curses, bewitches the *Cooke*, mocks poore *Amie*, and the rest, discovereth her ill nature, and is a meane of reconciling them all. For the sage *Shepherd*, suspecteth her mischeife, if shee be not prevented : and so perswadeth to seize on her. Whereupon *Robin-hood* dis-
 540 patcheth out his woodmen to hunt, and take her. which ends the Act.

ACT. II. SCENE. I.

Maudlin. Douce.

Mau. H AVE I not left 'em in a brave confusion ?
 Amaz'd their expectation ? got their *Venison* ?
 Troubled their mirth, and meeting ? made them doubtfull,
 And jealous of each other ? all distracted ?
 545 And, i' the close, uncertaine of themselves ?
 This can your Mother doe my daintie *Douce* !
 Take anie shape upon her ! and delude
 The senses, best acquainted with their Owners !
 The jolly *Robin*, who' hath bid this feast,
 550 And made this solemne invitation ;
 I ha' possessed so, with syke dislikes
 Of his owne *Marian*, that all-bee' he know her,
 As doth the vauting hart, his venting hind,
 Hee nêre fra' hence, sall neis her i' the wind,
 555 To his first liking. *Dou.* Did'you so distate him ?
Mau. As farre as her proud scorning him, could 'bate
 Or blunt the edge of any Lovers temper.
Dou. But were yee like her mother ? *Mau.* So like *Douce*,
 As had shee seen me her sel', her sel'had doubted
 560 Whether had been the liker off the twâ !
 This can your Mother doe, I tell you Daughter !
 I ha' but dight yee, yet ; i' the out-dresse ;
 And 'parraille of *Earine* ! but this raiment,
 These very weeds, sall make yee, as but comming
 565 In view or ken of *Aeglamour*, your forme
 Shall show too slipperie to be look'd upon !
 And all the Forrest sweare you to be shee !
 They shall rin after yee, and wage the odds,
 Upo' their owne deceived sights, yee' are her !
 570 Whilst shee (poore *Lasse*) is stock'd up in a tree :
 Your brother *Lorells* prize ! For so my largesse,
 Hath lotted her, to be your brothers *Mistresse* ;
 Gif shee can be reclaim'd : gif not, his *Prey* !

And here he comes, new claihted, like a Prince
 575 Of Swine'ards ! sike he seemes ! dight i'the spoiles
 Of those he feedes ! A mightie Lord of Swine !
 He is command now, to woo. Lets step aside,
 And heare his love-craft ! See, he opes the dore !
 And takes her by the hand, and helps her forth !
 580 This is true court-ship, and becomes his ray.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Lorel. Earine. Maudlin. Douce.

Lor. Yee kind to others, but yee coy to mee
 Deft Mistres ! whiter then the cheese, new prest !
 Smoother then creame ! and softer then the curds !
 Why start yee from mee, ere yee heare me tell
 585 My wooing errand ; and what rents I have ?
 Large heards, and pastures ! Swine, and Kie, mine owne !
 And though my na'se be camus'd, my lipps thick,
 And my chin bristled ! *Pan*, great *Pan*, was such !
 Who was the chiefe of Heards-men, and our Sire !
 590 I am na' Fay ! na' Incubus ! na' Changlin !
 But a good man, that lives o' my awne geere.
 This house ! these grounds ! this stock is all mine awne !
Ear. How better 'twere to mee, this were not knowne !
Mau. Shee likes it not : but it is boasted well !
 595 *Lor.* An hundred Udders for the payle I have,
 That gi' mee Milke and Curds, that make mee Cheese
 To cloy the Mercatts ! twentie swarme of Bees,
 Whilke (all the Summer) hum about the hive,
 And bring mee Waxe, and Honey in by live.
 600 An aged Oake the King of all the field,
 With a broad Beech there growes afore my dur,
 That mickell Mast unto the ferme doth yeild.
 A Chestnut, whilk hath larded money a Swine,
 Whose skins I weare, to fend me fra the Cold.
 605 A Poplar greene, and with a kerved Seat,
 Under whose shade I solace in the heat ;
 And thence can see gang out, and in, my neat.
 Twa trilland brookes, each (from his spring) doth meet,
 And make a river, to refresh my feet :
 610 In which, each morning ere the Sun doth rise,
 I look my selfe, and cleare my pleasant eyes,
 Before I pipe ; For, therein I have skill
 'Bove other Swine'ards. Bid mee, and I will
 Straight play to you, and make you melodie.
 615 *Ear.* By no meanes. Ah ! to me all minstrelsie
 Is irksome, as are you. *Lor.* Why scorne you mee ?
 Because I am a Heards-man, and feed Swine !
 I am a Lord of other geere ! this fine

Hee drawes
 out other
 presents.

Smooth Bawsons Cub, the young Grice of a Gray ;
 620 Twa tynie Urshins, and this Ferret gay.
Ear. Out on 'hem ! what are these ? *Lor.* I give 'hem yee ;
 As presents Mrs. *Ear.* O, the feind, and thee !
 Gar take them hence : they fewmand all the claithes,
 And prick my Coates : hence with 'hem, limmer lowne,
 625 Thy vermin, and thy selfe, thy selfe art one ;
 I lock me up. All's well when thou art gone.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Lorel. Maudlin. Douce.

Lor. Did you heare this ? shee wish'd mee at the feind,
 With all my presents ! *Mau.* A tu luckie end
 Shee wishend thee, fowle Limmer ! drittie Lowne !
 630 Gud faith, it duills mee that I am thy Mother !
 And see, thy Sister scornes thee, for her Brother !
 Thou woo thy Love ? thy Mistresse ? with twa Hedge-hoggs ?
 A stinkand brock ? a polcat ? out thou houlet !
 Thou shoul'dst ha' given her, a Madge-Owle ! and then
 635 Tho' hadst made a present o' thy selfe, Owle-spiegle !
Dou. Why, Mother, I have heard yee bid to give ;
 And often, as the Cause calls. *Mau.* I know well,
 It is a wittie part, sum-times, to give.
 But what ? to whame ? no monsters ! nor to maidens !
 640 Hee suld present them with mare pleasand things,
 Things naturall, and what all woemen covet
 To see : the common Parent of us all !
 Which Maids will twire at, 'tween their fingers, thus !
 With which his Sire gat him ! Hee's gett another !
 645 And so beget posteritie upon her !
 This he should do ! (false Gelden) gang thy gait
 And du thy turnes, betimes : or, I'is gar take
 Thy new breikes fra' thee, and thy duiblet tu.
 The Talleur, and the Sowter sall undu'
 650 All they ha' made ; except thou manlier woo !
Dou. Gud Mother, gif yow chide him, hee 'll du wairs.
Mau. Hang him : I geif him to the Devills eirs.
 But, yee my *Douce*, I charge yee, shew your sell,
 Tu all the Sheep'ards, baudly : gaing amang 'hem.
 655 Be mickell i' their eye, frequent, and fugeand.
 And, gif they aske yee of *Earine*,
 Or of these claithes ; say, that I ga' hem yee,
 And say no more. I ha' that wark in hand,
 That web upo' the Luime, sall gar 'hem thinke
 660 By then, they feelin their owne frights, and feares,
 I'is pu' the world, or Nature, 'bout their eares.
 But, heare yee *Douce*, bycause, yee may meet mee
 In mony shapes tu day ; where ere you spie

*Lorell goes
 out.*

- This browdred belt, with Characters, tis I.
 665 A Gypsan Ladie, and a right Beldame,
 Wrought it by Moone-shine for mee, and Star-light,
 Upo' your Granams grave, that verie night
 Wee earth'd her, in the shades ; when our Dame *Hecat*,
 Made it her gaing-night, over the Kirk-yard,
 670 Withall the barke and parish tykes set at her,
 While I sate whyrland, of my brasen spindle :
 At every twisted thrid my rock let flie
 Unto the sew'ster, who did sit me nigh,
 Under the towne-turne-pike ; which ran each spell
 675 She stitched in the worke, and knit it well.
 See, yee take tent to this, and ken 'your Mother.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Marian. Mellifleur. Amie.

- Mar.* How do you sweet *Amie*? yet? *Mel.* Shee cannot tell,
 If shee could sleepe, shee saies, shee should do well.
 Shee feeles a hurt, but where, shee cannot show
 680 Any least signe, that shee is hurt or no.
 Her paine's not doubtfull to her ; but the seat
 Of her paine is. Her thoughts too work, and beat,
 Opprest with Cares : but why, shee cannot say.
 All matter of her care is quite away.
 685 *Mar.* Hath any Vermin broke into your Fold?
 Or any rott seiz'd on your flock? or cold?
 Or hath your feighting Ram, burst his hard horne?
 Or any Ewe her fleece? or bag hath torne,
 My gentle *Amie*? *Am. Marian,* none of these.
 690 *Mar.* Ha' you been stung by Waspes, or angry Bees?
 Or raz'd with some rude bramble, or rough briar?
Am. No *Marian* ; my disease is somewhat nigher.
 I weep, and boile away my Selfe, in teares ;
 And then my panting heart would dry those feares :
 695 I burne, though all the Forrest lend a shade ;
 And freize, though the whole Wood one fire were made. *Mar.* Alas!
Am. I often have been torne with thorne and briar ;
 Both in the Leg, and Foot, and somewhat higher :
 Yet gave not then such fearfull shreikes as these. Ah!
 700 I often have been stung too, with curst Bees ;
 Yet not remember that I then did quit
 Either my Companie, or Mirth for it. Ah!
 And therefore, what it is that I feele now,
 And know no cause of it, nor where, nor how,
 705 It entred in mee, nor least print can see,
 I feele afflicts mee more, then Briar, or Bee. Oh!
 How often, when the Sun heavens brightest birth
 Hath with his burning fervour cleft the earth,

- Under a spreading Elme, or Oake, hard by
 710 A coole cleare fountaine, could I sleeping lie
 Safe from the heate ? but now, no shadie tree,
 Nor purling brook, can my refreshing bee ?
 Oft when the medowes, were growne rough with frost,
 The rivers ice-bound, and their currents lost,
 715 My thick warme fleece I wore, was my defence
 Or large good fires, I made, drave winter thence.
 But now, my whole flocks fells, nor this thick grove,
 Enflam'd to ashes, can my cold remove.
 It is a cold, and heat, that doth out goe
 720 All sense of Winters, and of Summers so.

ACT II. SCENE V.

Robin-hood. Clarion. Lionel. Alken.

- Rob.* O', are you here, my Mistresse ? *Mar.* I my Love !
 Where should I be, but in my *Robins* armes ?
 The Sphere which I delight in, so to move ?
Rob. What the rude Ranger ? and spied Spie ? hand off :
 725 You are for no such rusticks. *Mar.* What meanes this,
 Thrice worthy *Clarion* ? or wise *Alken* ? know yee ?
Rob. 'Las no, not they ! a poore sterv'd Muttons carkasse
 Would better fit their palat's, then your Venison.
Mar. What riddle is this ! unfold your selfe, deare *Robin*.
 730 *Rob.* You ha' not sent your Venison hence by *Scathlock*,
 To Mother *Maudlin* ? *Mar.* I to Mother *Maudlin* ?
 Will *Scathlock* say so ? *Rob.* Nay, wee will all sweare so.
 For all did heare it, when you gave the charge so.
 Both *Clarion, Alken, Lionel*, my selfe.
 735 *Mar.* Good honest Shep'ards, Masters of your flocks,
 Simple, and vertuous men, no others hirelings ;
 Be not you made to speake against your Conscience,
 That which may soile the truth. I send the Venison
 Away ? by *Scathlock* ? and to mother *Maudlin* ?
 740 I came to shew it here, to *Mellifleur*,
 I doe confesse ; but *Amies* falling ill,
 Did put us of it : Since wee imploied our selves
 In comforting of her. O', here he is !
 Did I, Sir, bid you beare away the Venison,
 745 To mother *Maudlin* ? *Sca.* I gud faith, Madam,
 Did you, and I ha' done it. *Mar.* What ha' you done ?
Sca. Obey'd your hests, Madam ; done your Commaunds.
Mar. Done my Commaunds, dull groome ? Fetch it againe
 Or kennel with the hounds. Are these the Arts
 750 *Robin*, you read your rude ones o'the wood,
 To countenance your quarrells, and mistakings ?
 Or are the sports to entertaine your friends
 Those formed jealousies ? Aske of *Mellifleur*,

Shee seing
 him, runs to
 imbrace him.
 He puts her
 back.

Scathlock, en-
 ters.

If I were ever from her, here, or *Amie*,

755 Since I came in with them ; or saw this *Scathlock*,
Since I related to you his tale, o' the Raven ?

Scathlock
goes out.

Sca. I, say you so ? *Mel.* Shee never left my side
Since I came in, here, nor I hers. *Cl.* This 's strange !
Our best of Senses were deceiv'd, our eyes, then !

760 *Lio.* And eares too. *Mar.* What you have concluded on,
Make good I pray you. *Am.* O' my heart, my heart !

Mar. My heart it is, is wounded prettie *Amie* ;
Report not you your greifes : I'll tell for all.

Mel. Some body is to blame, there is a fault.

765 *Mar.* Try if you can take rest. A little slumber
Will much refresh you (*Amie*). *Alk.* What's her greif ?

Mar. Shee does not know : and therein shee is happie.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

To them

John, Maudlin, and Scathlock after.

Joh. Here's Mother *Maudlin* come to give you thanks,
Madam, for some late guift, shee hath receiv'd——

770 Which shee's not worthie of, shee saies, but crakes,
And wonders of it ; hoppes about the house ;
Transported with the joy. *Mau.* Send mee a Stagge !
A whole Stagge, Madam ! and so fat a Deere !
So fairelie hunted, and at such a time too !

Shee daunceth.

775 When all your freinds were here ! *Rob.* Do you mark this, *Clarion* ?
Her owne acknowledgement ? *Mau.* 'Twas such a bountie
And honour done to your poore Bedes-woman,
I know not how to owe it, but to thanke you.
And that I come to du : I shall goe round,
And giddie with the toy of the good turne.

Shee turnes
round, till
shee falls.

785 *Looke out, looke out, gay folke about,
And see mee spin ; the ring I am in
Of mirth, & glee, with thanks for fee
The heart putts on, for th' Venison
My Lady sent, which shall be spent
In draughts of Wine, to fume up fine
Into the braine, and downe againe
Fall in a Swoune, upo' the growne.*

Rob. Look to her, shee is mad. *Mau.* My Son hath sent you
790 A pott of Strawberries, gather'd i' the wood
(His Hoggs would els have rooted up, or trod)

With a choice dish of wildings here, to scald
And mingle with your Creame. *Mar.* Thank you good *Maudlin*,
And thanke your Sonne. Go, beare 'hem in to *Much*

795 Th' Acater, let him thanke her. Surelie, Mother
You were mistaken, or my Woodmen more,
Or most my selfe, to send you all our store
Of Venison, hunted for our selves, this day !

You

- You will not take it, Mother, I dare say,
 800 If wee'lld intreat you ; when you know our ghests :
 Red Deere is head still of the forrest feasts.
Mau. But I knaw yee, a right free-hearted Ladie,
 Can spare it out of superfluitie :
 I have departit it 'mong my poore Neighbours
 805 To speake your Largesse. *Mar.* I not gave it, Mother ;
 You have done wrong then : I know how to place
 My guifts, and where ; and when to find my seasons
 To give, not throw away my Curtesies.
Mau. Count you this thrown away ? *Mar.* What's ravish'd from mee
 810 I count it worse ; as stolne : I loose my thanks.
 But leave this quest : they fit not you. nor mee,
Maudlin, Contentions of this qualitie.
 How now ? *Sca.* Your Stag's return'd upon my shoulders,
 Hee has found his way into the Kitchin againe : *Scathlock,*
 815 With his two Leggs, If now your Cooke can dresse him ; *enters.*
 Slid, I thought the Swine'ard would ha' beat mee,
 Hee lookes so big ! the sturdie Karle, lewd *Lorel* !
Mar. There *Scathlock*, for thy paines, thou hast deserv'd it.
Mau. Do you give a thing, and take a thing, Madam ? *Marian* gives
 820 *Mar.* No, *Maudlin*, you had imparted to your Neighbours ; *him Gold.*
 As much good doo't them : I ha' done no wrong.
Mau. *The Spit stand still, no Broches turne*
Before the fire, but let it burne
Both sides, and haunches, till the whole
Converted be into one Cole. *The first*
 825 *Charme.*
Cla. What Devills *Pater noster* mumbles shee ?
Alk. Stay, you will heare more of her witcherie
Mau. *The Swilland Dropsie enter in* 2.
The Lazie Cuke, and swell his skin ;
 830 *And the old Mort-mal on his shin*
Now prick, and itch, withouten blin.
Cla. Speake out Hagge, wee may heare your Devills Mattens.
Mau. *The Pæne, wee call S. Antons fire* 3.
The Gout, or what wee can desire,
 835 *To crampe a Cuke, in every lim,*
Before they dine, yet ; seize on him.
Alk. A foule ill Spirit hath possessed her.
Am. O *Karol, Karol*, call him back againe.
Lio. Her thoughts do worke upon her, in her slumber.
 840 And may expresse some part of her disease.
Rob. Observe, and marke, but trouble not her ease.
Am. O', ô. *Mar.* How is't *Amie* ? *Mel.* Wherefore start you ?
Am. O' *Karol*, he is faire, and sweet. *Mau.* What then ?
 Are there not flowers as sweet, and faire, as men ?
 845 The Lillie is faire ! and Rose is sweet ! *Am.* I', so !
 Let all the Roses, and the Lillies goe :
Karol is only faire to mee ! *Mar.* And why ?
Am. Alas for *Karol, Marian*, I could die.

Karol. He singeth sweetly too ! *Mau.* What then ?
850 Are there not Birds sing sweeter farre, then Men ?

Am. I grant the Linet, Larke, and Bul-finch sing,
But best, the deare, good Angell of the Spring,
The Nightingale. *Mau.* Then why ? then why, alone,
Should his notes please you ? *Am.* I not long ago

855 Tooke a delight, with wanton kidds to play,
And sport with little Lambes a Summers Day !
And view their friskes ! me thought it was a sight
Of joy, to see my two brave Rammes to fight !
Now *Karol*, onely, all delight doth move !

860 All that is *Karol*, *Karol* I approve !
This verie morning, but-- (I did bestow
(It was a little 'gainst my will, I know)
A single kisse, upon the seelie Swaine,
And now I wish that verie kisse againe.

865 His lip is softer, sweeter then the Rose
His mouth, and tongue with dropping honey flowes.
The relish of it was a pleasing thing.

Mau. Yet like the Bees it had a little sting.

Am. And sunke, and sticks yet in my marrow deepe
870 And what doth hurt me, I now wish to keepe.

Mar. Alas, how innocent her Storie is !

Am. I doe remember, *Marian*, I have oft
With pleasure kist my Lambes, and Puppies, soft,
And once a daintie fine Roe-fawne I had,

875 Of whose out-skiping bounds, I was as glad
As of my health : and him I oft would kisse :
Yet had his, no such sting, or paine, as this.
They never prick't or hurt my heart. And, for
They were so blunt, and dull, I wish no more.

880 But this, that hurtes, and prickes doth please ; This sweet,
Mingled with sower, I wish againe to meet :
And that delay, mee thinks, most tedious is
That keepe, or hinders mee of *Karols* kisse.

Mar. Wee'll send for him sweet *Amie*, to come to you.

Mau. But, I will keepe him of if Charmes will doe it.

Cl. Doe you marke the murmuring hagge, how shee doth mutter ?

Rob. I like her not. And lesse her manners now.

Alk. Shee is a shrewd deformed peice, I vow.

Lio. As crooked as her bodie. *Rob.* I beleeve

890 Shee can take any Shape ; as *Scathlock* saies.

Alk. Shee may deceive the Sense, but really
Shee cannot change her selfe. *Rob.* Would I could see her,
Once more in *Marians* forme ! for I am certaine
Now, it was shee abus'd us ; as I think

895 My *Marian*, and my Love, now, innocent :
Which faith I seale unto her, with this kisse,
And call you all to witness of my pennance.

Alk. It was belev'd before, but now confirm'd,

Shee goes
murmuring
out.

That wee have seen the Monster.

ACT II. SCENE VII.

To them

Tuck. John. Much. Scarlet.

Tuc. Heare you how

900 Poore *Tom*, the *Cooke*, is taken ! All his joynts
Do crack, as if his Limbes were tied with points :
His whole frame slackens ; and a kind of rack
Runs downe along the Spondylls of his back ;
A Gowt, or Crampé, now seizeth on his head,
905 Then falls into his feet ; his knees are lead ;
And he can stirre his either hand, no more
Then a dead stumpe, to his office, as before.

Alk. Hee is bewitched. *Cl.* This is an Argument
Both of her malice, and her power, wee see.

910 *Alk.* Shee must by some device restrained bee,
Or shee'll goe farre in mischief. *Rob.* Advise how,
Sage *Shep'ard*, wee shall put it straight in practice.

Alk. Send forth your woodmen, then, into the walkes,
Or let'em prick her footing hence ; A Witch

915 Is sure a Creature of Melancholy,
And will be found, or sitting in her fourme,
Or els, at releife, like a Hare. *Cl.* You speake
Alken, as if you knew the sport of Witch-hunting,
Or starting of a Hag. *Rob.* Go sirs about it,
920 Take *George* here with you, he can helpe to find her ;
Leave *Tuck*, and *Much* behind to dresse the Dinner,
I' the *Cookes* stead. *Much.* Wee'll care to get that done.

Rob. Come *Marian*, lets withdraw into the bowre.

Enter *George*
to the Hunts-
men ; who by
themselves
continue the
Scene.
The rest go-
ing off.

ACT II. SCENE VIII.

John. Scarlet. Scathlock. George. Alken.

Jo. Rare sport I swear ! this hunting of the Witch
925 Will make us. *Scar.* Let's advise upon't, like huntsmen.
Geo. And wee can spie her once, shee is our owne.
Sca. First, think which way shee fourmeth, on what wind :
Or North, or South. *Geo.* For, as the *Shep'ard* said,
A Witch is a kind of Hare. *Scat.* And markes the weather,
930 As the hare does. *Jo.* Where shall wee hope to find her ?

Alk. I have ask'd leave to assist you, jollie huntsmen,
If an old *Shep'herd* may be heard among you ;
Not jear'd or laugh'd at. *Jo.* Father, you will see
Robin-hoods house-hold, know more *Curtesie*.

935 *Scat.* Who scornes at eld, peeles of his owne young haieres.

Alk. Yee say right well. Know yee the *Witches Dell* ?

Scar. No more then I do know the walkes of Hell.

Alken re-
turnes.

- Alk.* Within a gloomie dimble, shee doth dwell
Downe in a pitt, ore-growne with brakes and briars.
- 940 Close by the ruines of a shaken Abbey
Torne, with an Earth-quake, down unto the ground,
'Mongst graves, and grotts, neare an old Charnell house,
Where you shall find her sitting in her fourme,
As fearfull, and melancholique, as that
- 945 Shee is about ; with Caterpillers kells,
And knottie Cobwebs, rounded in with spells ;
Thence shee steales forth to releif, in the foggs,
And rotten Mistes, upon the fens, and boggs,
Downe to the drowned Lands of *Lincolneshire* ;
- 950 To make Ewes cast their Lambs ! Swine eate their Farrow !
The House-wifes Tun not worke ! Nor the Milk churne !
Writhe Childrens wrists ! and suck their breath in sleepe !
Get Vialls of their blood ! And where the Sea
Casts up his slimie Owze, search for a weed
- 955 To open locks with, and to rivet Charmes,
Planted about her, in the wicked feat,
Of all her mischiefes, which are manifold.
- Jo.* I wonder such a storie could be told,
Of her dire deeds. *Geo.* I thought a Witches bankes
- 960 Had inclos'd nothing, but the merrie pranckes
Of some old woman. *Skar.* Yes, her malice more !
Sca. As it would quickly appeare, had wee the Store
Of his Collects. *Geo.* I, this gud learned Man
Can speake her right. *Skar.* He knowes, her shifts, and haunts !
- 965 *Alk.* And all her wiles, and turnes. The venom'd Plants
Wherewith shee kill's ! where the sad Mandrake growes,
Whose grones are deathfull ! the dead-numming Night-shade !
The stupifying Hemlock ! Adders tongue !
And Martagan ! the shreikes of lucklesse Owles,
- 970 Wee heare ! and croaking Night-Crowes in the aire !
Greene-bellied Snakes ! blew fire-drakes in the skie !
And giddie Flitter-mice, with lether wings !
The scalie Beetles, with their habergeons,
That make a humming Murmur as they flie !
- 975 There, in the stocks of trees, white Faies doe dwell,
And span-long Elves, that dance about a poole !
With each a little Changeling, in their armes !
The airie spirits play with falling starres !
And mount the Sphere of fire, to kisse the Moone !
- 980 While, shee sits reading by the Glow-wormes light,
Or rotten wood (o're which the worme hath crept)
The banefull scedule of her nocent charmes,
And binding Characters, through which shee wounds
Her Puppets, the *Sigilla* of her witch-craft.
- 985 All this I know, and I will find her for you ;
And shew you her sitting in her fourme ; I'le lay
My hand upon her ; make her throw her skutt

Along her back, when shee doth start before us.
 But you must give her Law : and you shall see her
 990 Make twentie leapes, and doubles ; crosse the pathes,
 And then squatt downe beside us. *fo.* Craftie Croane !
 I long to be at the sport, and to report it.
Scar. Wee'll make this hunting of the Witch, as famous,
 As any other blast of Venerie.
 995 *Scat.* Hang her foule hagge, shee'll be a stinking Chase !
 I had rather ha' the hunting of heir heyre.
Geo. If wee could come to see her, cry, so haw, once !
Alk. That I doe promise, or I'am no good Hag-finder.

The Argument of the third ACT.

1000 **P**uck-hairy disc overs himselfe in the Forrest, and discourseth his offi-
 ces with their necessities, breifly ; After which, *Douce*, entring in the
 habit of *Earine*, is persued by *Karol* ; who mistaking her at first to be his
 Sister, questions her, how shee came by those garments. Shee answers,
 by her mothers gift. The sad Shepherd comming in the while, shee
 runs away affrighted, and leaves *Karol*, sodainely ; *Aeglamour* thinking it
 1005 to be *Earines* ghost he saw, falls into a melancholique expression of his
 phantsie to *Karol*, & questions him sadly about that point, which moves
 compassion in *Karol* to his mistake still. When *Clarion*, and *Lionell* enter
 to call *Karol* to *Amie* ; *Karol* reports to them *Aeglamours* passion, with
 much regret. *Clarion* resolves to seeke him. *Karol* to returne with *Lionell*.
 1010 By the way *Douce*, and her Mother (in the shape of *Marian*) meet them,
 and would divert them, affirming *Amie* to be recovered, which *Lionell*
 wondred at to be so soone. *Robin-hood* enters, they tell him the relation
 of the Witch, thinking her to be *Marian* ; *Robin* suspecting her to be *Maud-*
lin, lay's hold of her Girdle sodainely, but shee striving to get free, they
 1015 both run out, and he returnes with the belt broken. Shee following in
 her owne shape, demaunding it, but at a distance, as fearing to be seiz'd
 upon againe ; and seeing shee cannot recover it, falls into a rage, and cur-
 sing, resolving to trust to her old artes, which shee calls her daughter to
 assist in. The Shepherds content with this discovery, goe home trium-
 1020 phing, make the relation to *Marian*. *Amie* is gladdened with the sight of
Karol, &c. In the meane time enters *Lorel*, with purpose to ravish *Earine*,
 and calling her forth to that lewd end, he by the hearing of *Clarions* foo-
 ting, is staid, and forced to commit her hastily to the tree againe, where
Clarion comming by, and hearing a voyce singing, drawes neere unto it,
 1025 but *Aeglamour* hearing it also, and knowing it to be *Earine's*, falls into a
 superstitious commendation of it, as being an Angells, and in the aire,
 when *Clarion* espies a hand put forth from the tree, and makes towards it,
 leaving *Aeglamour* to his wild phantsie, who quitteth the place, and *Clari-*
on beginning to court the hand, and make love to it, there ariseth a mist
 1030 sodainely, which, darkning all the place, *Clarion* looseth himselfe, and

the tree where *Earine* is inclosed, lamenting his misfortune, with the unknowne nimphs miserie. The Aire clearing, enters the Witch, with her Son and Daughter, tells them how shee had caused that late darkenesse, to free *Lorell* from surprisall, and his prey from being reskued from him :
 1035 bids him looke to her, and lock her up more carefully, and follow her, to assist a work, shee hath in hand, of recovering her lost Girdle ; which shee laments the losse of, with cursings, execrations, wishing confusion to their feast, and meeting : sends her Sonne, and Daughter to gather certaine Simples, for her purpose, and bring them to her Dell. This *Puck*
 1040 hearing prevents, & shewes her error still. The Hunts-men having found her footing, follow the tract, and prick after her. Shee gets to her Dell, and takes her Forme. Enter, *Alken* has spied her sitting with her Spindle, Threds, and Images. They are eager to seize her presently, but *Alken* perswades them to let her begin her charmes, which they doe. Her Sonne
 1045 and Daughter come to her, the Hunts-men are afrighted as they see her worke goe forward. And over-hastie to apprehend her, shee escapeth them all, by the helpe and delusions of *Puck*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Puck-hairy.

THe Feind hath much to doe, that keeps a Schoole ;
 Or is the Father of a familie ;
 1050 Or governes but a country Academie :
 His labours must be great, as are his cares,
 To watch all turnes, and cast how to prevent 'hem.
 This Dame of mine here, *Maud.* growes high in evill,
 And thinkes shee doe's all, when 'tis I, her Divell,
 1055 That both delude her, and must yet protect her :
 Shee's confident in mischeife, and presumes
 The changing of her shape will still secure her.
 But that may faile, and diverse hazards meete
 Of other consequence, which I must looke to.
 1060 Not let her be surpriz'd on the first catch.
 I must goe daunce about the Forrest, now,
 And firke it like a Goblin, till I find her.
 Then will my service come worth acceptation ;
 When not expected of her, when the helpe
 1065 Meetes the necessity, and both doe kisse
 'Tis call'd the timing of a dutie, this.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Karol. Douce, to them *Aeglamour.*

Kar. Sure, you are very like her ! I conceiv'd
 You had been shee, seeing you run afore mee :
 For such a suite shee made her 'gainst this Feast ;

- 1070 In all resemblance, or the verie same;
I saw her in it ; had shee liv'd t' enjoy it
Shee had been there an acceptable Guest
To *Marian*, and the gentle *Robin-hood*,
Who are the Crowne, and Ghirland of the Wood.
- 1075 *Dou.* I cannot tell : my Mother gave it mee,
And bad mee weare it. *Kar.* Who, the wise good Woman ?
Old *Maud.* of *Pappelwicke* ? *Dou.* Yes, this sullen Man.
I cannot like him. I must take my leave
Aeg. What said shee to you ? *Kar.* Who ? *Aegl. Earine.*
- 1080 I saw her talking with you, or her Ghost ;
For shee indeed is drown'd in old *Trents* bottome.
Did shee not tell who would ha' pull'd her in ?
And had her Maiden-head upon the place ?
The rivers brim, the margin of the Flood ?
- 1085 No ground is holie enough, (you know my meaning)
Lust is committed in Kings Palaces,
And yet their Majesties not violated !
No words ! *Car.* How sad, and wild his thoughts are ! gone ?
Aeg. But shee, as chaste, as was her name, *Earine,*
- 1090 Dy'd undeflow'r'd : and now her sweet soule hovers,
Here, in the Aire, above us ; and doth haste
To get up to the *Moone*, and *Mercury* ;
And whisper *Venus* in her *Orbe* ; then spring
Up to old *Saturne*, and come downe by *Mars*,
- 1095 Consulting *Jupiter* ; and seate her selfe
Just in the midst with *Phæbus* ; tempring all
The jarring Spheeres, and giving to the World
Againe, his first and tunefull planetting !
O' what an age will here be of new concords !
- 1100 Delightfull harmonie ! to rock old Sages,
Twice infants, in the Cradle o' Speculation,
And throw a silence upon all the creatures !
Kar. A Cogitation of the highest rapture !
Aegl. The loudest Seas, and most enraged Windes
- 1105 Shall lose their clangor ; Tempest shall grow hoarse ;
Loud Thunder dumbe ; and every speece of storme
Laid in the lap of listning Nature, husht ;
To heare the changed chime of this eighth spheere !
Take tent, and harken for it, loose it not.

Aeglamour
enters, and
Douce goes
out.

Aeglamour
goes out, but
comes in
againe.

He goes out
againe, but
returnes as
soone as be-
fore.

Aeglamour
departs.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Clarion. Lionell. Karol.

- 1110 *Cla.* O', here is *Karol* ! was not that the sad
Shep'erd, slip'd from him ? *Lio.* Yes, I ghesse it was :
Who was that left you, *Karol* ? *Kar.* The last man !
Whom, wee shall never see himselfe againe ;
Or ours, I feare ! He starts away from hand, so,
- 1115 And all the touches, or soft stroke of reason !

- Yee can applie. No Colt is so unbroken !
 Or hawke yet halfe so haggard, or unmann'd !
 He takes all toies that his wild phantsy proffers,
 And flies away with them. He now conceives
 1120 That my lost Sister, his *Earine*,
 Is lately turn'd a Sphere amid the seven :
 And reades a Musique-Lecture to the Planets !
 And with this thought, hee's run to cal 'hem, Hearers !
Cl. Alas, this is a strayn'd, but innocent phant'sie !
 1125 I'le follow him, and find him, if I can :
 Meane time, goe you with *Lionell*, sweet *Karol*,
 Hee will acquaint you with an accident
 Which much desires your presence, on the place !

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Karol. Lionell.

- Kar.* What is it, *Lionell*, wherein I may serve you ?
 1130 Why doe you so survey, and circumscribe mee ?
 As if you stuck one Eye into my brest,
 And with the other took my whole dimensions ?
Lio. I wish you had a windo' i' your bosome
 Or 'i your back : I might look thorough you,
 1135 And see your in-parts, *Karol*, liver, heart ;
 For there the seat of *Love* is. Whence the Boy
 (The winged Archer) hath shott home a shaft
 Into my sisters brest, the innocent *Amie*,
 Who now cries out, upon her bed, on *Karol*,
 1140 Sweet singing *Karol* ! the delicious *Karol* !
 That kist her like a *Cupid* ! In your eyes,
 Shee saies, his stand is ! and between your lipp's
 He runs forth his divisions, to her eares,
 But will not bide there, 'lesse your selfe do bring'him.
 1145 Goe with me *Karol*, and bestow a visit
 In charitie, upon the afflicted Maid,
 Who pineth with the languor of your love.
Mar. Whither intend you ? *Amy* is recover'd,
 Feeles no such grieffe as shee complain'd of, lately :
 This Maiden hath been with her from her Mother
Maudlin, the cunning Woman, who hath sent her
 Herbes for her head, and Simples of that nature,
 Have wrought upon her a miraculous Cure ;
 Setled her braine, to all our wish, and wonder !
 1155 *Lio.* So instantly ? you know, I now but left her,
 Possess'd with such a fit, almost to'a phrensie ;
 Your selfe too fear'd her, *Marian* ; and did urge
 My haste, to seeke out *Karol*, and to bring him.
Mar. I did so. But the skill of that wise woeman
 1160 And her great charitie of doing good

To them
Maud and
Douce, but
Maud appea-
 ring like *Ma-*
rian.

Hath

Hath by the readie hand of this deft lasse
Her daughter, wrought effects, beyond beleife,
And to astonishment ; wee can but thanke
And praise, and be amazed, while wee tell it.

1165 *Lio.* 'Tis strange, that any art should so helpe nature
In her extremes. *Kar.* Then, it appeares most reall
When th'other is deficient. *Rob.* Wherefore, stay you
Discoursing here, and haste not with your succours
To poore afflicted *Amie*, that so needes them ?

1170 *Lio.* Shee is recover'd well, your *Marian* told us
But now here : See, shee is return'd t'affirme it !

Rob. My *Marian* ? *Mar.* *Robin-hood* ? Is hee here ? *Rob.* Stay !
What was't you ha' told my friend ? *Mar.* Helpe, murder, helpe.
You will not rob me Out-law ? Theife, restore

1175 My belt that yee have broken ! *Rob.* Yes, come neere,
Mau. Not i' your gripe. *Rob.* Was this the charmed circle ?
The Copy that so couzen'd, and deceiv'd us ?
I'le carry hence the trophie of your spoiles.

My men shall hunt you too upon the start,
1180 And course you soudly. *Mau.* I shall make 'hem sport
And send some home, without their leggs, or armes.
I'le teach 'hem to climbe Stiles, leape Ditches, Ponds,
And lie i'the Waters, if they follow mee.

Rob. Out murmuring Hagge. *Mau.* I must use all my powers,
1185 Lay all my witts to piecing of this losse.
Things run unluckily, Where's my *Puck-hairy* ?

ACT III. SCENE V.

Maud. *Puck.*

Hath he forsooke mee ? *Puc.* At your beck, Madame.

Mau. O *Puck*, my Goblin ! I have lost my belt,
The strong theife, *Robin* Out-law, forc'd it from mee.

1190 *Puck.* They 'are other Cloudes and blacker threat you, Dame ;
You must be wary, and pull in your sailes,
And yeeld unto the wether of the tempest.

You thinke your power's infinite as your malice ;
And would do all your anger prompts you to :
1195 But you must wait occasions, and obey them :
Saile in an egg-shell, make a straw your mast,
A Cobweb all your Cloth, and passe, unseen,
Till you have scap'd the rockes that are about you.

Mau. What rock's about mee ? *Puc.* I do love, Madam,
1200 To shew you all your dangers, when you are past 'hem.
Come, follow mee, I'll once more be your pilot,
And you shall thanke mee. *Mau.* Lucky, my lov'd Goblin !
Where are you gaang, now ? *Lor.* Unto my tree,
To see my Maistres. *Mau.* Gang thy gait, and try
1205 Thy turnes, with better luck, or hang thy sel'.

The End.

They goe
out.

Enter *Robin-
hood*

Enter *Maud* :
like *Marian*.
Maud : espy-
ing *Robin-
hood* would
run out, but
he staies her
by the Gir-
dle, and runs
in with her.
He returns
with the Gir-
dle broken,
and shee in
her owne
shape.

Lorel meetes
her.

APPENDIX

CONTINUATION
OF
BEN JONSON'S
SAD SHEPHERD

By

F. G. WALDRON

1783



CONTINUATION
OF
BEN JONSON'S
SAD SHEPHERD.

Enter Lorel to Maudlin.

Maud. **W**HERE are you gaang now?
Lor. Unto my tree,

To see my maistress.

Maud. Gang thy gait, and try

5 Thy turns with better luck, or hang thy sel'.

[*Exit Maudlin.*]

[*Herè ends Jonson's Fragment.*]

Lor. Tak yè na' tent, gud mother; I's do well

By fair or foul means, Lorel cares na' whilk:

But I's begin as mild as new-drawn milk.

Now come ye forth once mair, coy lass, and see

10 Gin ye will like or scorn my gifts and me.

Gi' me yer hand, as white and soft as wool

Of lambs, or down fra'neath swans' wings we pull:

Sae soft a hand suld ha' as soft a heart;

But yers is hard as rock — we munna' part.

15 Look, I ha' brought ye wildings fra' the wood,

And callow nestlings ta'en while the dam sought food.

Ear. Ah, cruel Carle! haste with them back again;

Sure thou delight'st in giving all things pain.

Lor. Nay, maistress mine! for tho' I pipe fu' well,

20 Fit for thine ear I canno' sing mysel;

But ye sall hear these sing, gif ye think meet,

Yer praise, deft lass, in chirps and carrols sweet.

And here's a gaudy girlond for yer locks,

Of zellow sun flow'rs, and streak'd hollyhocks.

25 Nay, pu' na' sae, ye sall na' that gait gang;

Come to yon tedded grass wi' me alang:

Or, wi' this osier gyved tul a tree

I's use ye rough; then wise and kinder be.

Ear. Who can be kind to such a frightful thing?

30 No longer in my ears your vile suit ding.

24. *zellow*] *zallow* 1783. — This should have been printed *zellow*, meaning *yellow*; for, 'thus our ancestors [in Scotland] used the *z*, though they always pronounced the words so spelled as if they had been written with the letter *y*.' Callander's note on the word *zellow* in *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, 8^{vo}. Edinburgh, 1782, p. 110 & 111 Ver. 5. 'For zellow, zellow was her heid.' — MS.

- Your form, your face, your manners are uncouth ;
 You need not stare, I tell you but the truth.
 Unlike the peerless swain, young Æglamour ;
 He is my love, my gentle paramour !
- 35 No other e'er can please Earine ;
 But least of all mankind, foul Lorel, thee !
Lor. Say ye sae, maistress? then, sin' fair words fail,
 I's try gif foul deeds better will prevail.
 But wha comes here? blains, blisters o' their feet !
- 40 In to the tree agen! — whan next we meet
 I's gar ye pay for this — in, scornfu' wretch !
Ear. In to my grave with joy to 'scape thy clutch.

[Lorel shuts her up in the tree again, and goes out.

Clarion enters.

- Clar.* Where hath this love-craz'd shepherd stray'd, I trow ?
 Alas, poor Æglamour! thou'rt so distraught,
- 45 I fear thou'lt plunge into the silver Trent,
 Hoping to pluck up drown'd Earine ;
 But, 'stead thereof, lose in't thy wretched self!
 Thrice happy they who know not what is love ;
 For where one shepherd and his true mate find,
- 50 Like Robin Hood and gentle Marian,
 Felicity in love, how many pine
 Like heart-struck Amie, and sad Æglamour,
 And lovelorn misery for aye endure.

[Earine sings in the tree.

S O N G .

- Daughter of Jove! Diana chaste!
 55 Unto a virgin's rescue haste ;
 And if I never must regain
 My loving and beloved swain,
 Bright Goddess of the woods and groves,
 Pity a maid who purely loves ;
- 60 And let me, Dian, follow in thy train !

Clar. Whence are those thrilling sweet, and love-sick sounds ?
 Sure 'tis some near-hand shepherdess' soft strain ;
 Yet none can I espy — but hither bends
 Sad Æglamour —

Æglamour enters hastily.

- 65 *Æg.* *Earine! where art thou?
 From hence the voice came, but she is not here ;
 Or, if she is, invisible to me,
 Enthral'd in dim-eyed flesh — Earine !
 I heard thy angel notes above, around ;

* The ideas, and some of the very words in this speech, are borrowed from Jonson's *Epheme*. See Vol. VII. of his Works, p. 26 and 27. Whalley's edition, 1756.

- 70 Pleas'd echo still reverberates the sound :
 Thou'rt a bright seraph, hymning thy new birth;
 I a poor worm, still crawling sad on earth.
 O gentle spright! late rapt to heav'n so high,
 Still dost thou deign, pure essence! to come nigh
 75 Earth's grossness thus? and, for thou see'st us dull,
 And clogg'd with clay, our souls thou fain would'st pull
 Forth their frail thralls, by some celestial sleight,
 And waft them hence to thy own starry height.
 O, that thou could'st! and my blest soul were free
 80 To soar, and join the heav'nly choir with thee!
 It shall be so. — I'll follow thee, bright maid!
 And be in robes of light like thee array'd!

[Æglamour goes out.

Clar. Alas, fond Shepherd! more and more distract!

[Earine puts her hand through a breach in the tree.

- But soft! is it a lily that I see,
 85 Or something whiter, waving by yon tree?
 My eyes delude me, or 'tis a fair hand!
 (Entranc'd with wonder motionless I stand.)
 With vermeil-tinted finger-tips, it shews
 Like damask buds, clustring a pallid rose;
 90 Some gentle hamadryad dwells within;
 No mortal hand had e'er so white a skin:
 If to the touch thou'rt palpable, I'll kiss
 And court thee in an ecstasy of bliss!

[As Clarion runs towards the tree a sudden darkness prevents him.

- 'Tis lost in darkness! sure 'tis witchcraft all!
 95 Foul Maudlin holds, I fear, some nymph in thrall;
 Perchance Earine, we all thought drown'd:
 O, that she yet may live! and, safely found,
 Sad Æglamour's pure passion yet be crown'd!
 I'll seek him first, wise Alken next. — The guest
 100 So miss'd and mourn'd may still make glad our feast!
 [Clarion follows Æglamour.

Douce enters.

- Dou. 'Tis a gay garment this, and fits me well;
 When first I wore it, I scarce knew myself.
 But now I am us'd to 't, troth, I think't no more
 Than what I suld ha' had lang time before.
 105 The shepherds doff their bonnets as I pass,
 And say, bright Be'voir's maids I a' surpass.
 In a' the forest there is nane sae sheen
 As dainty Douce; a very greenwood queen!
 Compar'd wi' me how like a swine's my brother,
 110 A' bristled o'er! — but, whist! here comes my mother.

Maudlin and Lorel enter.

- Maud.* Still, lubber Lorel, wo't thou waste thy time
 To prate and parley wi' a wench in prime?
 Was't not enow I stock'd her i' the tree,
 Mun I aye tend a heartless lown like thee?
 115 But for the fog I now sae sudden sprad,
 Yer maistress had bin found by yon trim lad.
 Albe ye had her safely in yer grip,
 Ye mak ado as ye were fear'd to clip;
 'Twere right e'en o'er yer lugs yer skin to strip!
 120 Next time ye ha' her i' yer hands, be sure
 Ye waste na' time in wards, but do unto her
 As I ha' tell'd ye.
- Lor.* Stand ye in yon space,
 I's do it now, 'fore yer and Douce's face.
- 125 *Dou.* Troth, I na' like't — gud mother, let me gang;
 Nor 'bide to see him do the maiden wrang.
- Maud.* Ye need na' budge, daft Douce! it can't be now;
 My turn mun needs be serv'd ere theirs, I trow.
 There's other wark in hand — be sure ye keep
 130 Her safe locked up (without a chink to peep
 Till ye come back) within the oaken tree —
 Ye, and yer sister now mun gang wi' me,
 To gather balefu' simples for strong charms,
 To wark my safety, and my foemen harms.
- 135 *Dou.* Mun I dew-dabble, mother, in these claites?
 Let me gang hame, and wrap in fitter swaites;
 Nor, like a may-queen prank'd, a simpling go,
 Lest like a miry muckster I suld shew.
- Maud.* How now! what wards be these? haste! ye were best,
 140 Wi' a' yer might, to do yer mother's hest.
 Sall I by sic a dowdy' as ye be crost,
 Whan I the dearest thing I had ha' lost?
- Lor.* I's gar her gang bilive, ye need na' fear —
 But what is't, mother, ye ha' lost sae dear?
- 145 *Maud.* My magic girdle, ta'en by Robin Hood,
 The cursed outlaw king o' this green wood.
 The spotted pestilence his bow'r surround!
 Murrains and rots his antled herds confound!
 His Marian, yeomen, guests, and self in turn
 150 Pangs, agues, fevers, rack and shake and burn!
 Confusion to their meeting! death and dole
 Attend their feast, and harrow ilka soul!

[*They go, and Puck re-enters.*

- Puck.* I went before you, Dame, but yet am here —
 Puck can be here, and there, and every where!
 155 Whene'er I please a light and nimble Fairy;
 Anon as sluggish; then I'm call'd Puck-hairy.
 Those I assist, Robin Good-fellow call

Their friend; while those I scare Hobgoblin bawl.
 I am wicked Maud's tame drudge, because I must;
 160 And do her hests, altho' I wish her curst.
 But when my term is ended, which draws nigh,
 I'll be the beldam's bitterest enemy.
 Should Douce turn proud, neglectful of the dairy,
 She shall be pinch'd and hag-rid by Puck-hairy!
 165 Unto my namesake, Robin, and his love,
 Fair Marian, Robin Good-fellow I'll prove;
 So will I to his guests in Sherwood bow'r,
 And all his merry men: to Lorel sour,
 I'll be a Will o' the wisp, and oft mislead
 170 His wand'ring steps, 'till in a bog he tread;
 Scare him sometimes in shape of wolf or bear,
 O'er thorns and briars, his brutal flesh to tear.
 But now to Maud, — she hath not yet got far;
 I'll overtake her like a glancing star! *[Exit.*

SCENE *changes to Robin Hood's bower; Amie reclining on a seat of turf; Marian and Mellifleur standing on each side of her.*

175 *Am.* No, no, you flatter me, sweet Mellifleur;
 And you but mock me, Marian, by my troth:
 He will not come; alas! he's gone to fish
 In Trent's clear stream, where his lov'd sister lies
 A prey to those he in revenge shall hook.
 180 But do not touch the finny cannibals,
 If he should bring them caught, tho' e'er so pure
 And tempting they appear: 'tis with the flesh,
 The gorged flesh of drown'd Earine.
Mar. See, gentle Amie, where kind Karol comes,
 185 With jolly Robin Hood, who blithsome looks;
 Chear up, sweet maid, there's comfort yet in store.
Mel. The courteous Lionel comes with them too.
 'Would he were coming Mellifleur to woo! *[Aside.*

Robin Hood, Karolin, and Lionel enter.

Rob. Here, my bright Marian, is the magic band,
 190 With which the hag was girded, when, like you
 As drop to drop of water, I laid hold,
 And forc'd her take her own foul shape again:
 Now is the mystery clear that caus'd our broil;
 The only one our loves did e'er yet soil:
 195 Which nothing short of witchcraft could have done;
 Nor shall that more while our lives' currents run.
Mar. If my lov'd Robin's satisfied, I'm blest;
 And thank each chance makes me by thee carest!

173. *Maud*,— *Maud* — 1783.

188. *woo*] *wooe* 1783.

174. *Exit.*] Added in MS.

Light griefs make after-joys more bright appear,
 200 As clouds dispers'd still shew the heav'ns more clear.
 But here's a gentle maid demands our care ;
 Tender as buds, as new-blown lilies fair ;
 Drooping with love, and withering with despair.

Kar. Kind Marian, by your leave ; let me desire
 205 But you, and gallant Robin to retire,
 With courteous Lionel and Mellifleur ;
 I will attempt the love-sick maiden's cure.

Rob. Come, then, my Marian, let us see all 's set
 In order for our feast ; I am in thy debt
 210 A countless sum of kisses for what's past.

Mar. I would the payment might for ever last !

[Robin and Marian retire.]

Lio. Robin and Marian kindly both withdraw,
 To give my sister and young Karol law.
 Each dove hath got its mate but you and I ;
 215 Shall we, sweet Mellifleur, at courtship try ?
 I' th' rose-and-myrtle grove let us go walk ;
 And, tho' we woo not, have some pleasant talk.

Mel. Each word and look from you I hear and see,
 Might serve for wooing a soft maid like me.

[Lionel leads Mellifleur out.]

Karoline and Amie remain.

220 *Kar.* What ails thee, gentle Amie ? what's thy grief ?
 Look up, sad maid ! I come to bring relief ;
 What I have gather'd since I have been away,
 Shall haply be the means thy grief to stay ;
 Thou lov'st a swain term'd kind ; ah ! sure he ne'er
 225 Can but be kind to one so passing fair !
 One beauteous Virgin of the guests is gone,
 My drowned sister ! woe enough alone !
 Let not another droop, whom aught can save
 From a worst fate, a cold and love-lorn grave !

230 Wilt thou permit me, dearest ! to apply
 What I think meet, in hope of remedy ?
 No answer, Amie ? silence is consent ;
 To press my lips to thine is what I meant.
 I'll do it chastely as I were thy brother.

[Kisses her.]

235 Have I not, sweet ! thou'lt not refuse another ? [Kisses her.]
 The Shepherds say my kissing pleas'd you so,
 That lack of more hath caus'd this loving woe :
 You prais'd my voice, they say, and chaunted strain ;
 Will Amie hear her Karol sing again ?

205. *But you,*] Query *Both you,* — Ed.
 216. *woo*] *wooe* 1783.

208. *Come,*] *Come* 1783.

219.s.d. *Karoline*] Error for *Karolin* — Ed.

SONG.

240 How sweet the breath of milky kine,
 And lambkins in the fold ;
 How sweet the air bland gales refine
 On upland heath or wold :
 How sweet the scent of new-mown hay,
 245 And early-blossom'd grove :
 But sweeter than the breath of May
 The balmy breath of love !
 How sweet the shepherd's pipe of oat,
 Which dawn of day doth hail ;
 250 How sweet the merry milk-maid's note
 When seated by her pail :
 How sweet the song of lark and thrush,
 Or voice of cooing dove ;
 But sweeter 'neath a hawthorn bush,
 255 The votive voice of love !

'Tis an old saw, 'Pity is kin to Love.'

That it is true what I now feel doth prove. [*Aside.*]

How is my gentle Amie ? speak, dear maid !

Thy love to Karolin's with love repaid ! [*Kisses her.*]

260 *Am.* Oh, I'm in Heav'n, kind Karol ! where's my pain ?

'Twas in my heart but now ; 'tis gone again !

Oh, magic touch ! thy lips have chas'd all smart,
 Warm'd my chill veins, and eas'd my love-sick heart.

Oh, Karolin ! sweet Karolin ! dear life !

265 Wilt thou accept fond Amie for thy wife ?

In faith I love thee ! and, tho' maids should hide
 Such wishes, wish I were kind Karol's bride.

Kar. I'll plight my troth to thee, but cannot wed
 Sweet Amie, while in Trent's cold watry bed

270 My sister lies ; poor, drown'd Earine !

Her beauteous body first I'll thence set free,

And lay beneath a holy turf to rest ;

Then will we wed, and, blessing, each be blest !

[*Exeunt Karolin and Amie.*]

The SCENE changes to a wild part of the Forest.

John, Scarlet, Scathlock, and George, *enter.*

John. This way she went e'en now, and like a hare,
 275 But swifter.

Scar. No, no ; it can never be —

I'll not believe she so could cheat our eyes,
 To make us think, while we all look'd on her,
 We only saw a weak and timorous hare.

280 What think you, George ? was it old Maud, or no ?

George. I know not what to think, but this I'll vouch ;
 Soon as we saw the witch, John blew his horn,

When sudden she betook her to that brake
 Whence sprang what ye have all now run in view;
 285 And while you three pursued the hare-like hag,
 Each bush around I beat for her in vain.

Scat. Troth ye mak mony words, fools as ye are,
 To stand here splottering till ye lose yer game;
 'Twas Maudlin, the curst crone, ye mar our sport.

Alken enters to them.

290 *Alk.* Well overtaken, friends! I'm out of breath!
 But I have seen from yon o'erhanging hill,
 (Whither I went to get protecting herbs)
 The various process of the witch's wiles,
 And her familiar's pranks, the goblin Puck;
 295 Who, tho' he still, perforce, assists the hag,
 Hath done her sordid son each spiteful turn,
 As with his sister, Douce, he ranged around
 Through fenny flats, in search of baleful weeds.
 Unto the witch's dimble all are gone;
 300 Foul Maudlin; Douce; and Lorel, scared by Puck:
 Let us too hasten to the hag's dark dell;
 My life upon't our hunt shall yet end well.

[Exeunt Alken and the Woodmen.]

The SCENE changes to the Witch's Dimple.

Maudlin is seen with her Spindle, Images, &c. &c. &c.

Maud. Here am I safe — were Douce and Lorel come,
 I'd wark a charm suld strike the curst crew dumb.
 305 For their affronts I's mak 'em pay fu' dear,
 And homage me, tho' not for love, through fear.
 The huntsmen canno', gif they track my way,
 Be here as yet, mak a' the speed they may —
 Now for my thred, pins, images of wax,
 310 To wark them torments wairs than whips or racks.

[She spins and sings.]

Around, my wheel; around, around!
 As fast as foot-board strikes the ground,
 And keep my spindle turning;
 It's quickly twine a various thred
 315 Of black and yellow, blue and red:
 Then, as their types are burning,
 Prick'd through wi pins o' rusted steel,
 Their lives' line running round the reel,
 My foes wi' pangs be girning!

[She continues preparing her magical operations.]

283. *sudden she betook*] *suddenly she took* 1783.

300. *scared*] *scar'd* 1783.

317. *pins*] *Qu?* *prins* the Scottish word. — MS.

297. *ranged*] *rang'd* 1783.

311. *Around,*] *Around* 1783.

Alken, John, George, Scarlet, and Scathlock *enter*.

320 *Alk.* See where she sits, foul hag! her shape resum'd,
In her drear fourm, chaunting some uncouth spell.
Hold fast your vervain, dill, and mistletoe;
So shall you safe and all-unseen remain,
Till we may work the wicked beldam's thrall.

325 *Scat.* Sal I lay grip upo' the wily witch?

Alk. No; wait with patience till her charms are done,
Which cannot hurt as I have counterwork'd;
Then will we seize her, naked of defence.

330 *Maud.* Here come my bairns, well stor'd wi' wicked herbs;
The spurs to evil, and o' gud the curbs.

Douce and Lorel enter.

Now quick relate what ye ha' carefu' sought.
What ha' ye mist? what ha' ye heedfu' brought?
Lorel's o'er-breath'd; say what ha' ye, first, Douce?

335 *Dou.* Wi' a canker'd herdsman soon as I made truce,
I got some wool fra' a coal-black lamb's back.

Maud. Out, dunce! it is the blood, not wool, I lack.
What ha' ye else? produce a' in a crack.

Dou. I ha' brought besides each harmfu' plant ye use,
Whan mankind or their beasts ye wald abuse.

340 False-smiling crow-foot, savin, and snake-root;
Moon-wort, and bane-wort, wolf and hen-bane both;
Either to lack methought ye wald be loth —
Hemlock, and deadly-night-shade; cypress; yew;
Which, as ye see, a' dropping poisonous dew,

345 O'er the dank grave of a self-murderer grew.

Maud. These are but nose-gays to my venom'd spite.
Now, Lorel, say, on what did ye alight?

Lor. By some thwart fiend I was misled and scared,
Sae in my errand I but scanty fared;
350 And only here and there pick'd up a bit.

Here's fernseed, paddock-rude, and cuckow-spit;
An unbroke bag of vipers; slow-worm; newt;
An o'ergorg'd spider; rat's-tail; swan's black foot.
And see too, mother, what I (lucky) found —

355 A jellied star, dropt yesternight to ground —

I guess'd it might be potent in yer craft,
Sae broght it; tho' my sister at me laught.

I spied an adder sucking o' kie's teat*;
I pu'd it thrice by th' tail, but 'twoud na' quit —

360 I cut off's head which still clung fast to suck,
And broght the body to ye; but, best luck!
Sprad in a spongy fungus' fewmand shade,
This swoll'n and speckle-bellied toad was laid,
Surcharg'd wi' venom, whilk his bowels brast,

* Kie is here intended to mean cow, in the singular; but it is really the old plural, being only a variation of dialect for kine, cows.

365 And on his back the ranc'rous reptile cast.

A' these I ha' brought ye, mother; and had more,
But that some fiend (I tell'd ye) scared me sore.

Maud. Ye 'are daft as Douce, what fiend I trow suld scare
My bairns, when potent Maud and Puck are near?

370 Now hie ye hence awhile, nor view mine art;

Nae further in my witcheries ye bear part.

Lor. I's to my tree agen; gif stubborn still
I find the lass, I's force her to my will.

Dou. And I's gae proyn me new, wi' mickle pains,

375 Then proudly prance amang the shepherd swains.

[*Lorel and Douce depart.*]

Maud. Ho! goblin Puck! come at yer dame's desire.

Puck enters.

Puck. Here am I, dame! what now doth Maud require?

My service almost draweth to an end —

In what shall Puck his last assistance lend?

380 *Maud.* This is nae time to talk — fa' to, stout drudge!

And aid yer mistress wreak the rankled grudge!

She bears to Robin Out-law, and his crew —

Scathlock first anger'd me, he first sal rue!

Here are the images of a' my foes;

385 What's done to them sal cause their like like woes.

For taking back the venison, (come! begin!)

Into the heart of Scathlock run this pin.

Scat. Hold, damned hell-cat! or, wi' sharpen'd knife,

I's rid the world o' sic a sinfu' life!

390 *Maud.* Whase voice is that? help, Puck! my spells are cross'd!

Puck. Hence, dame! forego your purpose, or you're lost!

Your foes are here invisible; aroint!

Their scheme to trap you now I'll disappoint.

Which service ends my thraldom! vanish strait

395 Leaving your shade whereon to wreak their hate.

Maud. Follow! I go. —

Puck. Rise, shadow! substance, down!

Maud. The witch's curse remain! hang, stab or drown!

[*Puck and Maudlin sink with a strange noise;
a phantom like the witch rises in her stead,
grinning at the huntsmen: they strike at it,
and it disappears, leaving them in confusion.*]

Scat. Where's Maud?

400 *John.* She sunk!

Scar. She 'rose again!

Geo. She's gone!

Alk. Oh, your impatience has my scheme o'erthrown!

If you had silent waited till each charm

405 She' had, harmless, practis'd, nor giv'n this alarm;

We should have ta'en her, maugre all her art,
 And strait consign'd her to the pool or cart!
 But o'er her goblin since she' hath no more pow'r,
 I'll end her witcheries this very hour.

410 Come, let's about it, ere the day grow late;
 Then to our friends this magic tale relate. [Exeunt.]

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

Scene, Robin's Bower.

Robin, Marian, Lionel, and Mellifleur *enter, meeting*
 Karolin and Amie.

Rob. Welcome once more, thou gentle, love-sick maid!
 Welcome, kind Karolin! most rightly nam'd
 I see by Amie's love-delighted eye.

415 Sure such a threave of mildly-moulded swains
 In blissful Arcady did never dwell!
 Let us not then repine, for we are plac'd
 In Albion's colder clime; not all the frost
 Her icycest winters glaze our streams withal,
 420 Hath pow'r to chill the bosom of her sons;
 Wherein love's fire maintains such constant heat,
 That an eternal fervid summer reigns!

Kar. So much I feel its force, while this fair sun
 Sheds her bright beams, infusing kindly warmth,
 425 Nor age nor winter e'er can freeze my veins;
 But youth and spring-time, ever fresh and new,
 Shall keep my love still in its bud and bloom!

Mar. You need no tongue t'interpret for your eyes;
 Yet say, fond Amie, art thou bless'd indeed?

430 *Am.* So bless'd, so highly bless'd, oh Marian!
 That to be queen of all the region round,
 Or the whole peopled world, were bliss far short
 Of the possessing kindest Karol's love!

Rob. Fairly confess'd; may you be ever thus!
 435 And all that visit this my greenwood bower!
 Hither I came, foregoing pomp and state,
 In search of happiness so rarely found.
 Here in these sylvan shades (oh blissful seat!)
 Unenvied and unenvying, we abide
 440 The change of seasons, and the lapse of time;
 For healthful exercise, and needful food,
 Through merry Sherwood chase the noble hart:
 When from his lair, beneath a brake of vert
 Unharbour'd first by Scathlock, or stout John,

445 Sudden he bounds, he flies; ascends the hill,
 Descends the distant vale; now stops, looks back,
 And lists if yet secure : the bugle sounds;
 Again like wind he fleets, as fleet the hounds
 Pursue; they strain, they pant; till, nearly spent,

450 We slip our strong relays : then what a sound,
 When in full cry the treble, counter, base
 O' th' tuneful pack, in perfect harmony,
 Ring through the azure vault of smiling heav'n!
 Whose echo with the concert keeps true time;

455 While the spheres listen to the envied chime!

Lio. Renowned hunter; gallant Robin Hood!

Thy bow'r, thy sports, thy manners please so well,
 A Bowman with thee, I, content, could dwell!

Mel. Ah me! is this the love I fondly dream'd

460 He bare to me? 'would it had not so seem'd!

Mar. Sweet Mellifleur, why heaves that heart-fetch'd sigh?

Amie looks cheerly, thou as thou would'st die;

Thou'rt love or planet-struck now; how's the moon;

Mel. Ah me! I fear that I shall sudden swoon!

465 *Kar.* Lead her forth, shepherd, into other air;

And courteous Lionel, a word i' your ear.

Apply your lips to hers, be not afraid;

So was your sister cured, so may this maid.

[Lionel leads Mellifleur out.]

Rob. 'Tis as it should be! every man his mate;

470 'Twill make our festival the more compleat.

Were Clarion return'd, and the sad swain,

Craz'd Æglamour, but his right self again,

We'd strive forget the shepherdess' late loss

I' th' swollen Trent, she strove in vain to cross!

475 *Mar.* Look! look! grant heav'n my dazzled eyes see true!

Nor that her loss a second time I rue.

See where Earine, or else her ghost

Approaches, Robin! sure she was not lost.

*Earine enters, conducted by Alken, John,
 Scarlet, Scathlock, and George.*

It is herself! — this hand is flesh and blood —

480 Prais'd be the Gods for this unhop'd-for good!

Welcome our mourn'd-for-dead, but living guest.

Rob. Welcome, most beauteous maiden, to our feast!

Now shall thy faithful Æglamour be blest.

Kar. O my lov'd sister! do I once more clasp,

485 Thy living body in these folding arms!

Am. O joyful sight! now will kind Karol wed.

445 etc. *Sudden..... secure]*

Sudden he'll bound, he'll fly; ascend the hill,

Descend (that gain'd) the dale; now stop, look back,

And list if he's secure 1783.

448. *fleet] Qu? swift. — MS.*

468. *cured] cur'd* 1783.

Ear. My Karolin! my brother! and good friends!
Where is my Æglamour? my dearest love!
Does he yet think on his Earine?

490 *Rob.* On nothing else, fair maid! and for thy loss,
Drown'd, as we fancied, in the Trent's swift stream,
He wanders up and down, all woe-begone;
Of sense, almost of life for thee bereft!
But Clarion, who doth careful 'tend his steps,
495 Shall strait conduct him to this blissful bow'r;
And soon restore his wits, restoring thee.
But say, Earine, where were you hid?
And to what chance owe we your presence now?

Ear. Please you to speak, brave Bowman! and inform
500 From what a dreary prison, and worse dread,
Thy prowess freed me.

John. Pardon me, fair maid!
The tale befits not me; some other speak —
Scathlock, George, Scarlet —

505 *Scat.* Nay, I's first be hang'd!

Geo. It fits not us to talk.

Scar. We were sore bang'd!

Rob. Speak, Alken, then, of all you know hath happ'd,

Alk. First let me briefly tell, we chas'd the witch,
510 Old Maudlin, in the shape of a fleet hare,
E'en to her fourm; and there had taken her,
But for our over-eagerness of sport,
Which scared her 'midst her spells and charms; whereon
She and her goblin hastily took flight,
515 And left us all-bewilder'd and amaz'd.

Returning hither we beheld this maid
Dragg'd forth a hollow'd tree, by that coarse carle
Lewd Lorel, bestial as the swine he feeds;
While with pure prayers the spotless virgin call'd
520 On Heav'n to shield that honour he assail'd.

Who, that humanity or love e'er knew,
Beauty distress from aiding could refrain!
First Scathlock, with his stout and knotty staff,
Aiming a blow, the lubber loud 'gan laugh;

525 Strait from his ribs resounded Scathlock's stroke;
But, by ill luck, his staff, tho' plant of oak,
Snapp'd short: the huntsman thus soon foil'd, retired,
As lightning swift, with indignation fir'd,
Scarlet flew at him; but, tho' brave and strong,
530 The conflict 'twixt them lasted not o'er long;
Tripp'd by a stubbed thorn flat on his face,
Lorel exulted in th' unearn'd disgrace.

Nor better fared stout George, for on the ground
(Tho' us'd by dint of strength to pin and pound)

535 Hurl'd by the huge hulk, weltering was he found!
I trembled for the maiden! three were quell'd;
But one remain'd, fit match; me, feeble eld
Forbade to hope, altho' my heart were good,

- To conquer him who three men's conqueror stood.
 540 With scornful grin now Lorel John attacks ;
 Then what a rattling shower of thumps and thwacks !
 The maiden wail'd ; I pray'd ; they stoutly fought ;
 Victory was neuter long, by both hard sought.
 At length the pury swine-herd blows for breath ;
 545 Yet meditates, by art, thy bowman's death :
 Draws forth the knife with which he kills his swine,
 And aims it in the grapple at John's chine —
 Heav'n gave me strength to wrest it from his grip ;
 Now John, quoth I, let not this moment slip !
 550 No sooner said than done ; John rais'd him high,
 Then downward dash'd him ; wallowing he doth lie
 In his own blood, with horrible outcry.
 The maid deliver'd, hither soon we came —
 Tho' John the praise won, let none else have blame ;
 555 To be well conquer'd is, I trow, no shame.
Rob. Well hast thou told the tale, wise Alken ! John,
 May'st thou to conquer ever thus go on !
 And for this victory at our feast be seen,
 Deck'd with a coronal of laurel green !
 560 Cheer up, brave fellows ! nor let this dismay ;
 You may have better luck another day :
 Bathe all your bruises in my healing well,
 So shall your wounds not fester, nor limbs swell ;
 Then broach a cask o' th' best, and 'swage your thirst ;
 565 Fighting's hot work — drink deep — but John drink first !
John. Not this time, master, I deserve no praise ;
 But for sage Alken ended were my days.
Geo. I ne'er was beat before so, by the mass !
Scar. I'm a meer jelly !
 570 *Scat.* I a cudgel'd ass !
 [John, George, Scarlet, and Scathlock go out.
Kar. How the stout woodmen grieve for their mischance !
Rob. They are so us'd to quell all dare oppose,
 They hardly brook this single vanquishment.
Mar. Old Maud, then, clearly hath escaped ?
 575 *Alk.* Not so.
 Somewhat remains untold — between the tree
 Confin'd the maid, and this gay greenwood-bow'r,
 From an o'er-brambled gap in a rude crag,
 As we were posting hither, with surprize
 580 We saw crawl out the beldam late had sunk
 I' th' earth, attended by her quondam hind ;
 Who spake these words, and instant disappear'd.
 "My term's expir'd, my service done ;
 Foul dame, with joy from thee I run !"
 585 I seiz'd the moment she was unprepar'd,
 By aiding fiend, or charms, to make defence ;

And round her shrivell'd neck an amulet fix'd,
 (Nought but repentance and pure prayers can loose)
 That by its hidden virtue will prevent

590 The unwitch'd hag from working future scathe.

Rob. In all things well and wisely hast thou done.
 But why comes Mellifleur in tears, I trow ?
 Will Lionel no kindness to her shew ?

Mellifleur enters.

Mel. Mourn, mourn, you gentle train ! now all is done.

595 Forth from this festal unto dark shades run,
 And wail the woful'st chance our plains e'er knew !

Mar. What chance, sweet maid ? say what, and whence it grew ?

Mel. When late young Lionel, the courteous swain,
 Hence led me to repeat an amorous strain ;
 600 From Trent-ward o'er the meads at distance we
 Beheld a shepherd, bearing o'er the lea
 A drowned corse ; when Lionel swift ran,
 To help the living bear the lifeless man,
 Dead Æglamour !

605 *Ear.* Ha ! dead !

Mel. Earine !

Is't her, or is't her shade, I wond'ring see ?
 If her thou art, in vain he sought that death
 By which he deem'd his love was reft of breath ;

610 In vain he plung'd him in that watry bed ;
 In vain thou live'st, since he, alas, is dead !

Mar. See, where the gentle shepherds, sad and slow,
 Bear the cold corse ! doth this a festal shew ?

Kar. My almost-brother dead !

615 *Am.* And mine !

Alk. Poor youth !

Thou diest a martyr to thy love and truth.

Rob. Ill-fated shepherd ! in that moment drown'd,
 When all thy wishes were so nearly crown'd ;

620 Our festival is to funeral turn'd !

Ear. Break, break, poor heart ! soon as thy dead love's mourn'd.

Clarion and Lionel enter, bearing Æglamour.

Clar. Behold, lamenting friends ! — and oh, sweet maid !
 I almost hoped did live — by death low laid
 The pride of Be'voir vale !

625 *Lio.* And dost thou live,
 Earine ! thy true love's death to grieve ?

Rob. Tell briefly, either shepherd, that knows best,
 How chanc'd his fate, then bear him to his rest.

Clar. Th'unhappy youth late heard a sweet voice sing
 630 He thought Earine's ; strait to the spring

612. See] *Lo* 1783.
 620. is] *thou'st* 1783.

614. almost-brother] *almost brother* 1783.

- That, circling, rises in the midst of Trent,
 With fleeting haste to drown with her he went ;
 Thinking her spirit hover'd in the air,
 Waiting till his from mortal bonds was clear.
- 635 I follow'd him, and gain'd the river's brink
 Just as he plung'd ; these eyes beheld him sink !
 Soon he arose ; as soon he sank again,
 Mutt'ring Earine ; with stifled pain :
 A second time, but further from the shore,
- 640 He 'rose ; Earin ! groan'd — I heard no more —
 The eddying water whirl'd him once more down ;
 I stood the while agast — a man of stone !
 As heav'n ordain'd, a third time did he rise,
 Speechless and senseless ! with distracted cries
- 645 I sprang so near him, that I caught him fast,
 As he was sinking ; and with utmost haste
 Swam with my death-like load unto the shore ;
 Used every means I hoped might life restore ;
 But, failing, hither straight the body bore.
- 650 *Rob.* Thy pains commend thee, shepherd, tho' in vain ;
 [As well i' th' water might he still have lain ;]
 For he is gone, ne'er to revive again !
Ear. No, I'll not weep ! I'll follow calm his bier ;
 Then die upon his grave without a tear !
- 655 *Rob.* Within, ho ! all whom life and health permit
 Come forth, to bear this corse in order fit ;
 Bring too your bugles ; and, good Friar, lend
 Your pious aid, while sadly we attend,
 To' inter this dust near holy Reuben's cell ;
- 660 Th' immortal part is flown with saints to dwell !
 So ! — wind his Mort, with slow and solemn sound ;
 And sing his Dirge, as we pace toward the ground !
*[The Friar, &c. having come forth, they carry
 off Æglamour, singing his Dirge.]*
- Dir.* The chase is o'er, the hart is slain !
 The gentlest hart that grac'd the plain ;
- 665 With breath of bugles sound his knell,
 Then lay him low in Death's drear dell !
- Nor beauteous form, nor dappled hide,
 Nor branchy head will long abide ;
 Nor fleetest foot that scuds the heath,
- 670 Can 'scape the fleeter huntsman, Death.
- The hart is slain ! his faithful deer,
 In spite of hounds or huntsman near,
 Despising Death, and all his train,
 Laments her hart untimely slain !

675 The chase is o'er, the hart is slain !
 The gentlest hart that grac'd the plain ;
 Blow soft your bugles, sound his knell,
 Then lay him low in Death's drear dell !

Puck enters.

Puck. My penance done, my toilsome bondage past,
 680 In which, for impure pranks, I erst was cast,
 I am free as air ! releas'd from Maud's curst thrall ;
 Who from her height of power full low doth fall —
 Wounded by adders, hissing all around,
 The beldam lies ; with a strong amulet bound
 685 From harming, or subduing man or beast.
 Now would I frolick fain at Robin's feast ;
 But with the drowned shepherd's fate 'tis marr'd :
 Pity such love should ever be ill-star'd !
 And yet, perchance, the swain is not quite dead ;
 690 Methought a gleam of lightning hither sped !
 There did ! sure token heaven hath bliss in store,
 And will revive again young Æglamour !
 No more a witch's goblin and Puck-hairy,
 But mankind's friend, a pure and gentle fairy,
 695 The mourning throng invisible I'll join ;
 And, if the least remain of breath divine
 Infused at first creation, unperceiv'd
 By mortal senses, (I can't be deceiv'd)
 I'll shoot from pole to pole, pervade the skies
 700 For every aid that in immortals lies,
 Till he to life, and his Earin rise !

[*Exit.*

SCENE, Lorel's Oak.

Lorel lying on the ground.

Lor. Oh ! I sal ne'er get up again ! my bones
 Are broken sure ! and I am all o'er bruis'd,
 As though ten threshers had belabour'd me
 705 Wi' their stout flails, and beat me to mere chaff !
 They have ta'en my maistress tu ! (that's warst of all)
 Though for my mother's help I loud 'gan bawl.
 Why wald she let 'em ? I remember when
 A dark'ning fog she rais'd ; and why not then ?
 710 And why not come to help me ? by her art
 I suld be heal'd bilive of my sair smart.

Douce enters.

Oh, Douce ! kind sister ! see where Lorel lies,
 Lend me thy help while fra' the earth I rise !
Dou. Ah, Lorel ! brother ! what hath hap'd to thee ?

696. *remain*] *remains* 1783.

701. *and his Earin rise*] *Earine, and bliss arise* 1783.

- 715 My turn is next sure ! nought but misery
 Can I expect, wi' nought to shield fra' harms ;
 Nor Lorel's strength, nor Maudlin's potent charms.
 Our mother's witchcraft arts are from her flown ;
 I found her helpless, making piteous moan,
 720 A' stung wi' adders, sought to mak a spell :
 For cure I led her to the healing-well
 Of Robin Hood ; fra' which with pain I drew
 As bout the cross beam twined the hempen clue
 Water for the 'nonce : then search'd for thee around,
 725 To bear her home when she has 'swaged each wound.
Lor. Gi' me yer hand, Douce ; gently ! gently ! sae ;
 Gif I can walk I's to my mother gae,
 To crave her counsel how to quell the foes,
 Wha stole my maistress hence, and ga' me blows !
 730 *Dou.* Whate'er your scathe, or by whoever done,
 To seek revenge may bring on future ills ;
 Gud canna' spring fra' evil plain is seen,
 And evil, tho' compell'd, the doer harms !
 I ne'er did ill but by my mother forc'd,
 735 To aid her arts ; yet was I thereby hurt.
 This garment of Earine's she gave,
 And bade me wear, did mak me proud o' heart ;
 Pride's a great sin ; but pale revenge is wairs !
 I ha' thrown off pride, as I will this gay garb
 740 Soon as I find the maid escap'd yer tree ;
 Do ye foregae revenge : a rancrous heart
 Still i' the end doth punish most itsel.
 Our mother's witchcraft o'er, she can't compel
 Us now to evil ; let us, Lorel, strive
 745 (Sae will yer herds, yer sel, and kindred thrive)
 Which can excel in gud, as erst in ill ;
 Brother, I counsel ye, fra' right gud will !
Lor. Well ! lead to Maudlin, while I am in the muid,
 Wairs I can't thrive suld I turn e'er sae gud ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Robin Hood's Well.

Maudlin, sitting by the well, bathing her wounds.

- 750 *Maud.* Still mun I bear this torment, wairs than death ;
 Which I wald wiljing meet to 'scape sic pangs !
 Tho' I ha' shook the poisonous reptiles off
 That clung around my limbs, deaf to my wails
 [As heav'n or hell, (both oft in vain invok'd)]
 755 Yet hath their venom rankled sae my veins,
 That e'en this wond'rous well can nought avail

723. This line is inserted in MS.

746. *excel*] *excell* 1783.

754. This line is deleted in MS.

756. On the healing properties of Wells and Fountains, See 'Observations on Popular Antiquities' 8^o 1777 p. 85, 6. — MS.

To gi' me ease, and heal the serpents' wounds :
 My charms ha' pow'r nae mair, my globin's floun ;
 And I can only curse, or faintly pray.

Lorel and Douce enter.

- 760 *Lor.* How fare ye, mother ? are ye wounded sair ?
 I am sair bruis'd, and ha' my maistress lost ;
 A' things gae cross, I think, to wark us ill ;
 I wanted yer help ; ye meseems, lack mine.
Dou. How now, dear mother ? are yer pains yet gone ?
- 765 *Maud.* Oh, no ! kind Douce ! they harrow e'en my soul !
 I am sae curst, this till-now-healing well
 Doth but encrease the pangs it else wa'd cure.
Lor. Troth, mother, I ha' oft heard say, that seld
 It helps the wicked ; never a foul witch !
- 770 *Maud.* Out on thee, limmer ! what vild wards are these ?
 Oh ! oh ! again the poison shoots, and stings,
 And bites, and gnaws, as it wald eat my heart !
 What sal I do for ease, dear daughter Douce ?
Dou. Alas ! gud mother ! wa'd that I could tell !
- 775 Lorel is used to cope wi' a' the brood
 O' snakes and taid, in tending o' his herds ;
 He better kens than I.
Maud. Again they pang !
 Speak ye bilive, rude Lorel, what did ye
- 780 Whan sic like reptiles harm'd yer swine and kie ?
 And gif ye ha' love or pity, do't to me !
Lor. Whan cleft-tongued adders stung my bristled swine,
 I still ha' used to kill the hurten beasts ;
 Sal we kill ye ? or will ye bide in pain ?
- 785 I ha' lost my knife ! — gif, mother, ye will die,
 Lend me yer blade or bodkin for the stroke.
Dou. Shame on thee, lown ! gi' o'er sic uncouch speech.
Maud. Ha' ye nae greater feeling ? swineherd ! brute !
 But wald ye slay your mother, thus oppress'd ?
- 790 Bestir yer lubber limbs, less hurt than mine,
 And help me to the haly hermit's cell ;
 Reuben is kind and skilfu' ! — thanks, dear Douce.
 Ha' mercy, heav'n ! I'll hence forsake my craft,
 My wiles, my witcheries, and turn to gud ;
- 795 Sae may the ev'ning o' my life be blest,
 Sae, whan I die, my soul in heav'n may rest !
 [*Lorel and Douce lead Maudlin out.*]

758. *goblin's*] *spirit's* 1783.

766. *well*] *well*, 1783.

767, 74. *wa'd*] *wald* 1783 (and so probably intended in 772 and 789).

781. *pity*,] *pity* 1783.

787. *uncouch*] Probably for *uncouth*. — Ed.

SCENE, *the Entrance to a Hermit's Cell.*

Reuben, *a devout Hermit, enters.*

- Reub.* Blest be the hour I left, for this abode,
 The gaudy world ! here, dedicate to heaven,
 I pass the evening of my well-spent days ;
 800 Free from tumultuous cares, fraud, pain, and strife.
 Here, from my beechen bowl, I drink the stream
 That, smooth meand'ring, circumscribes my cell ;
 From cleanly trencher frugal viands eat ;
 Fresh herbs, stor'd pulse, plants, fruit, or esculent roots.
 805 Clad in coarse frieze I feel not winter's cold,
 Which oft-time makes the silk-rob'd worldling shrink ;
 And in this shade, where airy zephyrs dwell,
 Am far more free from summer's heat, than those
 Who pant beneath a proud and gilded dome.
 810 The mat I wove of rushes, from the brink
 Of the near brook, that prattling glides away,
 My nightly couch ; whereon, by soft content
 And gentle peace embrac'd, I sweetly sleep ;
 And, ere the day uncloseth his golden eye,
 815 Waking, pour forth my pure heart's orisons ;
 Then range the dewy meads for heav'n-sent herbs,
 Of foodful use, or medicinal power ;
 For self-support, or any need my aid.
 Thus do I keep my sear leaf ting'd with green ;
 820 And thus still serving God and man am seen !
 But cease, my pleasure ; hither bends a train
 Of nymphs and shepherds, sadly o'er the plain.

[*Part of the Dirge is heard repeated at a distance.*]

- The chase is o'er, the hart is slain,
 The gentlest hart that grac'd the plain ;
 825 With breath of bugles sound his knell,
 Then lay him low in Death's drear dell.

[*Robin Hood, Marian, Friar Tuck, the Shepherds, Shepherdesses, and woodmen (bearing Æglamour) enter in solemn procession.*]

- Reub.* What's here ? what's here ? a shepherd's drowned corse !
 Young Æglamour, the virtuous ! worse and worse !
 He that came daily, hourly to my cell,
 830 And by my counsel fram'd his life so well,
 In goodness as in comeliness t'excel !
 But vain is praise now — bear him gently in !

[*They carry Æglamour into the cell ; Marian and the Shepherdesses following, are prevented by Reuben.*]

Let no more follow ! th'air must be kept thin,
 And while we try our utmost skill and pow'r
 835 Again his respiration to restore,
 Ye females to yon holy grove repair ;
 There kneel, and heaven implore with hymn and prayer,
 If he yet live his guiltless life to spare.

[Reuben goes into the cell, the women remain.

Ear. What said the reverend man ? is he not dead ?
 840 A clay-cold corse upon the bier laid !

Why have they ta'en him hence ? ah, why deprive
 Me of him the few moments I am alive !
 My heart soon breaking, we'll together go,
 Wedded in death, to our bridal bed full low !

845 *Mar.* Peace, sad Earine ! with us along ;
 And heaven address in prayer, and holy song.
 Reuben spake comfort ; heaven may yet restore
 The youth who now, like thee, we all deplore !

Mel. Come, lovely mourner ! to the holy fane.

850 *Am.* Come, beauteous maid ! nor be thy prayers vain.

Ear. Lead on, good Marian ; and, kind-hearted maids,
 T'implore high heav'n all lend your pious aids ;
 Haste we to fervent prayer i' th' holy grove —
 This veil of death, ye sacred powers, remove,

855 And raise the youth again to life and love !

[Earine, Marian, &c. go to the Grove.

Friar Tuck and the Woodmen return from the Cell.

Tuck. Come, my good fellows all, obey the hest
 Of holy Reuben ; and, behind this cell
 Prepare a peaceful grave, I'll consecrate,
 Should life be flown past power of calling back,
 860 For the drown'd shepherd ; leaving, the mean time,
 The hermit, with your master, Robin Hood,
 And the kind shepherd-swains, t'assay restore
 To life again the mourned Æglamour.

Which should he not effect, 'tis best (he said)
 865 With all dispatch he in the earth be laid ;
 Hid from the sight of the lamenting maid.

John. Why, do you think it possible, good Friar,
 Reuben should bring the dead to life again ?

Geo. Ah, John, that never can be done, I fear.

870 *Scar.* An't can, the good old hermit sure will do't.

Scat. An' gif he does, he's a gud man indeed.

Tuck. He is indeed ! a good, a holy man !

No world-chas'd libertine, compell'd to fly
 To unlov'd solitude for life ill spent ;

875 No sour, unsocial, man-detester, he,

838. *live*] *lives* 1783.

847. *spake*] *spoke* 1783.

840. *bier laid*] Query *bier is laid* — Ed.

852. *heav'n all lend*] *heaven lend* 1783.

- Secluded in a lone austerity ;
 Thinking to purchase heaven by abstinence
 From what heaven sent, for mankind's moderate use ;
 Mortification ; penance ; and a train
 880 Of visionary superstition's bribes
 For that, which nought but a pure heart can gain :
 Reuben is none of these ; devoutly vow'd
 To heaven and God, he's still the friend of man :
 Delighting in humanity's mild deeds,
 885 His each humane endeavour still succeeds !
 John. You think, then, father Tuck, he'll raise the swain ?
 Scat. Gif so, why suld we dig a needless grave ?
 Tuck. Grudge not that little labour ; should it prove
 A needless one, I think you'll not repine :
 890 So do it for the reason Reuben gave. —
 To say he certainly will raise the swain,
 Because himself is holy, is not fit ;
 Vainly might I as well presume to say,
 You still must conquer for that you are strong ;
 895 Nothing we know's impossible to God !
 He, if he please, may grant the good man's prayer,
 Bestow a blessing on his pains and skill,
 And raise the youth again, now seeming dead ;
 Who without pains, and skill, and prayers to heaven,
 900 And heaven's blessing giv'n, were dead indeed !
 But that a miracle should e'er be work'd
 To interrupt great nature's settled course,
 And give a second life to one quite dead,
 (Unless t' accomplish the designs of God !)
 905 Were childish to expect ; weak to believe ;
 And derogates from heaven's wise providence !
 John. Thanks, gentle friar ! you have, as you are wont,
 Expounded to us all so plain and clear,
 A child might understand. I have heard divines
 910 At Wakefield, Hereford, and Nottingham,
 So preach, perplex and pother with a text ;
 That not their hearers only, wise or learn'd,
 But e'en themselves were so bewilder'd oft,
 They seem'd like men lost in a labyrinth's maze ;
 915 And stray'd the more, the more they strove t'escape
 (Wanting the clue of sense to guide them right)
 The intricate, obscure, and puzzling path.
 Scat. Mass ! John, that's true ; and therefore seld went I
 To church to hear what none could understand.
 920 *Scar.* Come then ; now father Tuck has well explain'd
 These matters, let's about the shepherd's grave.
 Geo. May heaven and Reuben's skill him from it save !
 Tuck. Hold ; hither come the wicked beldam, Maud ;
 Her son, and daughter ; what brings them here trow ?
 925 *Scat.* Were she but still a witch, (for Alken says
 Her cursed craft is done, her goblin flown)
 Suld a' means fail gud Reuben sal essay,

She might ca' back the dead man's sprite wi' charms.

Tuck. No, Scathlock, no ! think not those leagued with hell
930 Can e'er that good atchieve, which pious prayers
And heaven's high pleasure do not bring to pass.

Maudlin, Douce, and Lorel enter.

Lor. Mother, gae back ! for yonder's little John,
Wha sae belabour'd me I scant can crawl ;
Belike again he'll beat me gif I stay !

935 *Maud.* See ye na' father Tuck ? nae harm can hap
While he is present — On her knees, gud friar,
Behold a wretched eld, whase wicked life
Has made her th' outcast and hate o' the warld :
Forgi' me, haly friar ! and ye, gud men,
940 Wham I ha' oft offended, oh, forgi'
A helpless, harmless, and repentant wretch,
Wha ne'er will injure ye or yer's agen !

Tuck. If, as you say, you do repent your crimes,
And ne'er will practise your vile arts again,
945 I'll answer for these honest-hearted men,
As well as for myself, your pardon strait.
But say, what brings you here ? we are busy now.
And, oh ! (I grieve t' upbraid, forgiveness pass'd.)
You were the cause of what employs our cares !
950 Had not rude Lorel, aided by your arts,
Conceal'd Earine, young Æglamour,
Who thought her dead, had not now lain a corse,
A drowned corse, in holy Reuben's cell.

Dou. O piteous tidings ! is the shepherd drown'd !

955 *Maud.* Ha' mercy, heaven ! nor let the innocent's death
Be added to my countless, heinous crimes !
Haste me, an't be yer will, gud reverend friar !
To where he lies. Tho' I ha' left my arts,
My wicked anes, yet I possess gud skill
960 And knowledge in what's fitting to be done
In sic like scathes ; O, let me help atone,
Gif in my power, for my ill-doing past :
Perchance the haly hermit then will try,
To gar the pangs I now endure to cease ;
965 And I my better days may end in peace !

Tuck. If thou'rt sincere, come with me to the cell ;
Meantime, good fellows, do as was desir'd :
That, if all pains, and skill, and prayers should fail
To raise the youth ; according to the hest
970 Of holy Reuben he be laid to rest !

[*Friar Tuck and Maudlin go into the cell.*]

Lor. Come, Douce, wi' me, I am afeard to stay,
Bruit'd as I am, t' endure another fray ;
Suld John there force me wi' him now to fight,
Like Æglamour I's bid the warld gud night !

975 *Dou.* I's gae lest they suld wreak on me their spite.

[*Lorel and Douce go out.*]

Scat. The sturdy Lorel scouls, and gangs his gate ;
He fears to bide, and swagger, as o' late.

John. 'Tis a mere savage, and beneath our thought ;
Come, now let's to our task ; and, ere 'tis wrought,
980 Good Reuben's heaven-bless'd skill I pray make vain,
Our labour, by reviving the young swain !

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE *a Grove, with an Altar.*

*Earine, Marian, Amie, and Mellifleur kneeling at the
Altar. Earine rises.*

Ear. Thanks! thanks! good Marian! and, like me, pure maids!
Such fervent prayers sure will not be in vain.

[*The rest rise.*]

But, to leave nought untried, as Reuben bade,
985 In hymns and carols pour we praises forth,
And woo with melody the heavenly throne!

Earine sings.

O God! throughout whose works divine,
Such beauty, harmony combine!

990 By chiming spheres
Who metest years,
And months, and days!
O hear us praise

That wond'rous concord which in all doth shine!

995 May no discordance here be found!
Let nought but harmony abound!

O raise the swain
Whose loss our strain
With discord jars;
Our festal mars!

1000 Raise him for whom the groves with grief resound!

Maudlin and Douce enter.

Maud. O haly man! blest hermit! wi' what skill
Hast thou remov'd the vip'rous pangs I felt!
Lead me, my Douce, unto the altar's foot;
That I may thank my God, as Reuben bade.

1005 *Ear.* Ha! hither bends the canker'd beldam, Maud!
From whose brute son I but erewhile escap'd —
Haste! fly! or we shall quick be made her thralls.

986. *woo*] *wooe* 1783.

993. *doth shine*] *appears* 1783.

988. *Such perfect harmony doth shine!* 1783.

Dou. Fear naething, damsel ! for my mother's chang'd ;
 Is hither come to praise the gracious Gods,
 1010 And crave forgi'ness for her wrangs to thee.
 Mysel am alter'd tu ; late Douce the proud ;
 But now as humble as the lowliest shrub
 That bends to heav'n's least breath ! this dainty dress,
 Yer festal garment, I sal strait restore,
 1015 Which by my mother's hest till now I wore ;
 In russet gown and kirtle hence array'd,
 I's prove a meek and gentle rural maid.

Maud. Forgi' me, virgin ! I ha' lang been naught ;
 And for my ill deeds on my knees am brought.
 1020 Forgi' me, virgin ! and I's henceforth be
 As gud, as I till now was ill to thee !

Ear. And art thou alter'd, Maudlin ? if thou'rt good,
 By that same art enthrall'd me in the wood,
 Oh, raise my love, my Æglamour from death !
 1025 Your potency can do it with a breath,
 Yonder he lies, within the hermit's cell ;
 Restore my love, and all things shall be well.

Maud. That is already done.

Clarion enters.

Clar. Where, where's the maid,
 1030 Earine ? to Æglamour strait fly —
 He breathes ; pronounc'd your name ; haste ! to him haste !
 Convince the still-craz'd shepherd you're alive ;
 Or, in despair, on self-destruction bent,
 Again he'll seek you in the silver Trent.

1035 *Ear.* Does he then live ? and is my love still true ?
 Léad, lead me, maidens ! come, good Marian, too !
 Now all is harmony ! above, around !
 My shepherd lives ! our loves shall now be crown'd !

[*Exeunt Earine, Mar. Mal. and Amie.*

Clarion, Douce, and Maudlin remain.

Clar. Why do not I to Æglamour return ?
 1040 What holds me here ? with what strange fire I burn !
 Sure I was blind till now, or now am so —
 Yon maid has pass'd before me to and fro
 Oft times to-day, and never mark'd before,
 But that full proudly still herself she bore :
 1045 Sure I mistook — she seems a courteous maid —
 Should I accost her, and with scorn be paid,
 'Twould grieve me much ; but hence with idle fear !
 Her kneeling mother left intent on prayer,
 She this way bends — how fares the gentle Douce ?
 1050 *Dou.* Ca' ye me sae in sport ? gud shepherd, truce

1038 s.d. *Exeunt... Amie.*] Added in MS.

1048. *intent on*] *intention* 1783.

1050. *sport*] *scorn* 1783.

Wi' sic keen gibes for that I erst was proud,
 Nor interrupt devotion ; ye're o'er loud :
 See ye not, swain, my mother kneeling there,
 Wi' upturn'd eyne, devoutly in her pray'r ?

1055 *Clar.* I do, dear Douce ! and I would kneel to thee,
 Did I not fear, you'd flout my suit and me.

Dou. What suit can Clarion ha' to lowly Douce ?
 Rich swains ne'er wooe poor maids, but to seduce !

Clar. True I am rich as any shepherd round ;
 1060 But let not that my honest suit confound.
 'Tis true I own those fertile vallies green,
 And thymy downs, where herds and flocks are seen
 In countless numbers, mine ; by heedful hinds
 Led to the pastures proper for their kinds ;

1065 Their milk made cheese, their snowy fleeces shorn,
 And to the neighb'ring market duly born,
 Get me returns of all such town-made geer,
 As in my farm are needful ; or appear
 To deck and trim my scarcely-equal'd cot ;
 1070 Good store of coin besides in chest I have got :
 True I were rich as any shepherd-swain,
 If gentle Douce's love I might obtain.

Dou. What are yer fields, yer flocks, yer cot, yer coin
 To me, rich swain ? had ye o' gold of mine,
 1075 Sae far fra tempting, it would make me fear
 A simple wench might buy e'en gold o'er dear.

Clar. But, pretty maid ! did Clarion fairly woo,
 Proffer to wed, and promise to be true ;
 Had Douce no other shepherd in her thought,
 1080 And Clarion she to like perchance were brought,
 No more ought she object his plenteous store,
 Than he doth Douce's state, tho' e'er so poor.

Dou. It gars me blush to answer ! but 'tis truth,
 I ne'er set eyne upon a comelier youth ;
 1085 Nae other shepherd i' my heart hath place ;
 Yet I'm na' smitten wi' yer handsome face,
 Nae mair than wi' yer wealth ; yer speech has most
 My pleas'd attention (for 'tis sooth) engrost —
 It shews ye honest, kind, and like to prove,
 1090 Where e'er ye woo, still constant i' yer love.
 My mother comes — gif ye indeed mean sooth,
 Tell her yer tale, her mind is turn'd to reuth.

Clar. Thanks, gentle Douce ! this unaffected leave,
 (Sure sign of an ingenuous mind) believe,
 1095 Makes me the happiest shepherd o' the green !

Maud. How am I chang'd fra what o'erlang I ha' been !
 The wicked fiend possess'd my soul is fled,
 And a' my thoughts are turn'd to God and gud !

1056. *flout*] *scorn* 1783.

1077, 90. *woo*] *wooe* 1783, (and so probably intended in 1058).

- I ha' scap'd the thralldom o' the prince o' hell,
 1100 To whom for aye I had near sold mysel!
 Nae mair a witch, but a right honest dame;
 And ilka one I meet sal ken the same.
Clar. Good Maudlin, grant a boon, nor say me nay.
Maud. Aught i' my gift, gud shepherd, ask and ha'.
- 1105 But what can sic a poor and outcast wretch
 Bestow on thee, stor'd swain?
Clar. Thou are more rich!
 Owing, in my mind, what o'ervalues all
 That I, or wealthier swains, our own may call
- 1110 Of herds, or flocks, or cot, or farm, or field;
 With all the produce they their owners yield.
 The charms thou canst bestow —
Maud. Out, out, alas!
 Nae mair in charms and spells do I surpass;
- 1115 Nae mair will Maud engage in deeds sae dark —
 Witchcraft, young shepherd, is the devil's wark!
Dou. Gud mother, ye mistake th' well-meaning swain,
 He does na' wish ye to turn witch again.
Clar. O, no, good dame! forefend, high heaven, I shou'd!
- 1120 My wishes, Maudlin, tend to nought but good;
 Thine, thy fair daughter's, and in her's too mine:
 She is the prize for which I throw my line!
Maud. Speak plainer, shepherd, and wi' riddles truce.
Clar. Then in plain terms, I love your daughter Douce.
- 1125 Love reigns around! hill, dale, cot, greenwood-bower,
 And their blithe tenants, own his sovereign power!
 The birds all pair'd make vocal every grove,
 While to his mate each chearful chaunts his love;
 The willing ewes, and wanton rams around,
- 1130 In sportive buttings frolick, mount, and bound;
 The heifer feels love's tire, breathes short, and pants;
 And to the steer his novel wishes grants:
 Each shepherd late invited round Sherwood,
 To the fam'd feast of jolly Robin Hood,
- 1135 Hath chose his buxom bride, hath woo'd and sped,
 Except myself — let it not, dame, be said,
 Clarion alone return'd from thence unwed!
Maud. Now I come near ye, and yer meaning take;
 And gif ye'll wed my Douce, and ne'er forsake
- 1140 Yer low-born bride for some mair high-bred lass,
 But hand-in-hand still through life's journey pass,
 I gi' ye my consent and blessing baith!
 And, though ye are rich, for dower some fine-spun claithe
 Bleach'd white as chalky cliffs; some linsey stuff,
- 1145 For winter coats and kirtles gud enough;
 Wi' a few marks o' gold, I ha' sav'd wi' care:
 This will I gi', and wish that it were mair.
Clar. Talk not of dower, good mother, geer nor gold;

- The truest love is neither bought nor sold !
 1150 I have enough for both, nor wish that she
 Should bring or goods or coin for wedding fee ;
 Bless'd with her love, why need I covet more,
 And take thy mite t'increase my boundless store ?
 Rather of me receive the means of life,
 1155 In gratitude for yielding Douce my wife ;
 With every filial duty and respect,
 To shield thy age from want, and rude neglect !

[*Exeunt.*

The SCENE changes to another part of the Grove.

Puck enters.

- Puck.* How hard to keep frail life's near-fleeting breath
 Within the bosom of the sad young swain ;
 1160 Thinking Earine no longer lives
 To crown his passion, and reward his love !
 The holy hermit's prayers, and Maudlin's skill,
 Assisted by the friendly shepherds' pains,
 With every aid e'en I could minister,
 1165 Were scarce sufficient to re-animate
 His death-like form, and cause the stream of life
 Again to flow through his obstructed veins ;
 And, when reviv'd, all frantic for the loss
 (The double loss he call'd it) of the maid
 1170 He hoped, by quitting life, to find in heaven,
 How sudden his relapse to seeming death !
 In which cold trance a second time he lies ;
 But safe from danger : for Earin's voice,
 And touch, and breath, shall sweetly woo and win
 1175 His willing soul, with transport to abide,
 For her dear sake, soon as he knows she lives,
 In his fond breast, to life's extremest date !
 When she hath tried the force, and he hath felt
 Th' effects (and they are great) of pow'rful love ;
 1180 I will once more administer what lies
 In me, to perfect and confirm their bliss !
 Meantime I will indulge my mirthful bent :
 In whatsoever sportfull theme occurs —
 And lo ! here comes rude Lorel, still my butt
 1185 Of wagery, and whom I joy to jeer.

Lorel enters.

Lor. The bow-men say that Æglamour's restor'd !
 And, 'stead of digging, as was bid, his grave,
 Are sporting as they list around the cell —
 Sma' comfort sic like news to Lorel gives !

1149. *nor*] or 1783.

1174. *woo*] *wooe* 1783.

1186-8. Language too good. — MS.

- 1190 Who hoped, his hated reuel being dead,
To ha' without control, Earine.
Puck. What should she, trow, with such a clown as thee?
Thou have Earine! a swine-herd base
Of uncouth form, and scarcely human face!
- 1195 With pent-house eye-brows, that together join;
Of sullen churlishness[]]the certain sign:
A mouth distended e'en from ear to ear;
Eyes, 'stead of love, inspiring hate and fear!
Go, 'tend thy swine, nor think of such a maid,
- 1200 Who e'en to look at thee is sore afraid.
Lor. What fay-like elf are ye, that mock and flout!
Were ye Puck-hairy late? thus gay prank'd out.
Gif that ye were, (as by yer voice and face[]]
Methinks it seems) and now a sprite o' grace,
- 1205 Leave scorning, Robin! nor perplex me mair,
As when my mother's simples hame I bare!
I'm sure 'twas ye that bay'd me like a wolf;
Then in my footway flamed a fiery gulph!
A night owl beat her pinions 'gainst my head,
- 1210 'Till o' the ground I fell, wi' fright near dead!
Ye were that owl! and mair to gar me quake,
Ye twined around my legs like a scaled snake,
Which when I graspt and strave to loose, strait turn'd
To red hot iron, and a' my fingers burn'd!
- 1215 *Puck.* True, lubber Lorel; and when thou didst spy
A will-o'-the-whisp, that meteor too was I;
Which led thee in a quagmire to thy knees:
I can take any shape, thou know'st, I please.
When I was vassal to your mother, I
- 1220 Could trace earth's utmost limits, now can fly
Beyond the starry sphere: whence in a thought
For the drown'd youth e'en now relief I brought;
My power is mightier than erst was Maud's!
Observe my silky wings! aërial gauds!
- 1225 My coronal, compos'd of lucid beams
And flow'rets inter-twin'd! which well beseems
My Iris-robe, with stare and crescents bright
O'er-studded, darting round a silvery light!
This my garb now, 'stead of the shaggy vest,
- 1230 Wherein Puck-hairy was uncouthly drest.
Thus chang'd from beldam Maudlin's slavish drudge,
Nor on vile errands longer forc'd to trudge,
A spirit pure! I now am prone to good;
The watchful guardian of this verdant wood!
- 1235 Unto the virtuous a firm friend I'll be;
But, for thou'rt evill, a fear'd foe to thee!
Lor. I prithee be not! and I's try to mend —
I'th 'stead o' harming, yer assistance lend,

1190. *reuel*] Presumably for *rival*. Possibly *reewel* was intended, but compare the spelling *prin* for *preen* in l. 317, note. — Ed.

1216. *meteor too was*] *meteor* was 1783.

- I may reform ; but canno' in a trice
 1240 Be chang'd a' o'er to gud fra long-lov'd vice!
Puck. Deserve my favour, you shall favour find!
 Go, shew your mother you're not far behind
 Herself in reformation ; glad her heart,
 Which now in goodness takes an unus'd part :
 1245 Hence, and conduct her to the hermit's cell,
 Whose reconcilment soon shall make all well.
Lor. Troth, will I ; wi' a score o' thanks to ye !
 And for yer kindness ye sal ne'er lack fee !
 Is gi' ye a plump porker, young and fat ;
 1250 Or the tithe-pig, 'stead o' the priest, ye's get :
 A brinded bulchin whan ye ask ye's ha' ;
 Or a milch-kie * ; gif ye're a gentle fay !
 For curds and cream, and sic like belly geer,
 Cheese, honey, wax, to want ye need na' fear ;
 1255 I's gar my sister Douce set ye ilk e'en
 Sic bowls o' milk for fairies yet ne'er seen ;
 Wi' flaunes and custards : and, for ye're sae smert,
 Ne'er sal ye find the sma'est spot o' dirt,
 To 'file yer rainbow-robe, and rigol bright,
 1260 Or ony gaud wi' whilk ye are bedight !
Puck. Your meaning's good, therefore your offers please ;
 But think not I, as late, want bribes like these :
 When I was Maudlin's hind, my appetites
 Were nearly human, seeking gross delights ;
 1265 And, for thy mother grudg'd me needful food,
 After my daily labours for her good,
 Instead of sleeping, which my state then crav'd,
 For milk and flour in neighbouring barns I slav'd
 The live-long night ; cut chaff, ground malt, thresh'd corn,
 1270 Till Lucifer arose, bright star of morn !
 When, tir'd, upon the ember'd hearth I'd snore
 Some little space, to renovate each pow'r :
 Then, with cramm'd paunch, and cream-be-liquor'd throat,
 Hie home, before the sluggard-rousing note
 1275 Of chanticleer bade shepherd-lads unfold
 Their bleating flocks, and drive them to the wold ;
 Creep to my straw-pleach'd bed, thence seem to rise
 Ere Maudlin quite had oped her ferret eyes.
 These slaveries past, my essence pure regain'd,
 1280 (Polluting which poor Puck in grossness chain'd !)
 I want nor flesh, nor flour, nor cakes, nor cream,
 Nor aught whereon mistaken mortals dream
 We fairies feed ; — so, hence ! while I attend
 Invisible, and to the sad swain lend
 1285 Such help he yet may want ; and quite restore
 Unto Earine her Æglamour ! *[Exeunt.*

* See an observation on Kie. Act 3, p. 71, equally applicable to this passage.

The SCENE changes to the entrance to Reuben's Cell.

Reuben, Robin Hood, Earine, Marian, &c. &c. attending Æglamour.

- Ear.* So! gently! gently! — lay him on this bank
 Of dark-hued violets, their perfum'd scent
 Will make the breath my love again respire,
 1290 Sweet as was that for me so late he lost!
 Oh, holy Sir! pardon a simple maid,
 For thus directing, where command is thine.
Reu. Gentle and good! fair, and full wise withal!
 Needful it is to court each vagrant sense
 1295 With those delights, will tempt them to abide
 In their frail mansion. With his slow-drawn breath,
 Let scent of sweetest flowers be intermix'd;
 Which, adding to the natural delight
 Enjoy'd in breathing, may promote the act:
 1300 Clasp his hand, maid! in thine; quick from thy heart
 Love's fire will haste, as quick communicate
 A vital heat to every yet-chill vein:
 Then shall his eye-lids ope like dawn of day;
 Which to entice still further to disclose
 1305 Their casked jewels, set thy face in view,
 To gaze on which each visual nerve they'll strain,
 And like twin-suns full brightly shine again.
 For one sweet sense, leave crav'd of modesty,
 Apply thy lips bedew'd with nectarous balm
 1310 To his, as ruddy erst as now thy own;
 So shall he, tasting what might banquet gods,
 Heav'n for a while forego: to sooth each sense,
 In softest strains of harmony, then wooe
 His dull'd ear, deaf'ned by the waters' din;
 1315 And say, would it but once again attend,
 Such notes await grim Death himself might list;
 The sweetest notes of lov'd Earin's voice.
 Lord of the greenwood bower! bid music sound.
Rob. Sound, softly sound the sweet-ton'd bugle-horn!
 1320 Unharbour Harmony! and, like the deer,
 Or doubling hare, hunt her through all her wiles.

The Woodmen sound the horns, and Earine sings.

- Think it not, dearest youth! amiss,
 If maiden coyness I forsake,
 And on thy lips imprint a kiss;
 1325 But as 'tis meant the boldness take:
 'Tis to restore
 My Æglamour
 To life and bliss,
 That I thus kiss

1288. Mem. *dark hued violets* occurs, I think, previously. — MS.

1316. *Death*] *death* 1783.

- 1330 My lovely and beloved swain ;
 Then be not coy
 And cold, sweet boy !
 Nor think amiss
 That I thee kiss ;
 1335 But kiss, oh kindly kiss me, love ! again.

*After the song is ended, the Woodmen continue sound-
 ing till Earine speaks.*

Ear. Cease, gentle woodmen ! he's about to speak —
 The notes of nightingales discordant were
 Did they preclude his far more tuneful voice.

- Ægl.* At length I am arriv'd, and landed safe
 1340 Upon the peaceful shore where spirits dwell !
 'Twas a long voyage ; painful, dark, and cold !
 What have I not endur'd, since first I plung'd
 To seek my love i' th' suffocating stream !
 Sure I have known an intermediate state
 1345 'Twixt earth and heav'n ! for oft methought I saw
 My sweet Earin ! but no sooner strove
 To press her to my wishing, aching heart,
 Than she was snatch'd away ! and, lost in shades,
 I wander'd up and down I know not where !
 1350 *Ear.* Now she is thine, never to part again !

[They embrace.]

Ægl. Ha ! do I fold thee ! then is my bliss compleat !
 The dale of Death is fully overpast,

- And on the topmost hill of heav'n I'm plac'd !
 Come round, ye bless'd inhabitants, and view
 1355 A pair, whose loves when mortal were as pure
 As yours, whose heavenly bowers we enter now !

Ear. Alas, how wild he talks ! collect thee, love !
 This is not heaven, nor these —

- Ægl.* What say'st thou, sweet !
 1360 Not heav'n, thus clasp'd in my Earin's arms ?
 Were I in griesly Pluto's dark domain,
 Embracing thee, and thus by thee embrac'd,
 Thy presence would irradiate tenfold night,
 And make th' infernal realms as heav'n all bright !
 1365 See ! there's a gentle, bliss-enjoying pair ;
 And there another ! yonder is a third !
 Mark what elysian joy beams in their eyes !
 They're heav'n's inhabitants, and so are we,
 Pair'd (there's no bliss without) like turtle doves ;
 1370 Permitted here t' enjoy our earth-chose loves !

Ear. Nay, my sweet *Æglamour* ! look round again —
 These are thy well-known friends, the green-wood train ;

And this most venerable, holy man ——

- Ægl.* All's holy here ! for I nor will, nor can
 1375 Think this is aught but paradise, and thee
 The spirit of my lov'd Earine !
 She who was drown'd in thirty-armed Trent ;
 Whom to rejoin, her faithful shepherd went
 Like watry way ; and through its oozy bed
 1380 Explor'd the path to heav'n and her that led !
Reub. This wildness will subside — go, lead him forth
 To other air ; and let his eyes take note
 Of the accustom'd objects all around ;
 Fam'd Be'voir castle ; Robin Hood's gay bower ;
 1385 The cots, and farms ; green hills and flow'ry dales,
 Where he so oft hath graz'd his fleecy flocks ;
 And when again he's perfect in his mind,
 Conduct him to the altar near my cell :
 There let him kneel, and thankfully adore
 1390 The power and mercy did his life restore.

- Ægl.* What says the hoary, venerable form ?
 His looks are awful, yet they're wond'rous mild !
 Sure 'tis some patriach's spirit, which presides
 In these abodes over departed souls !
 1395 *Ear.* He rules all here ; and wills that you retire
 To view the limits round : I'll with thee, love !
 And shew thee groves, and bowers, and verdant meads ;
 Smooth-gliding streams, and idly-babbling brooks ;
 Such as my *Æglamour* was wont to haunt.
 1400 *Ægl.* Come then, pure partner in elyzium ! come ;
 Shew our celestial, ever-blooming home :
 Where, with these happy pairs, we'll fondly rove ;
 Enjoy unfading youth, unsated love ;
 And perfect bliss eternally all prove !

[*Æglamour and Earine go out.*]

- 1405 *Rob.* What thanks, thou holy man ! are due to thee ?
 What gifts, what guerdon ? thy right-well-earn'd fee,
 For thus restoring him we all thought dead !
 How shall thy goodness be by us repaid ?
Reub. Nor thanks, nor guerdon, gentle Robin Hood,
 1410 Were due to me, though I had done this good ;
 Neither should on our social duties wait :
 But send your grateful thanks to heav'n's high gate !
 Whence a bright minister, by you unseen,
 Descended swift the youth and death between ;
 1415 Else had all mortal means perchance prov'd vain,
 And *Æglamour* for aye a corse had lain !
 But see ! the sprite, invisible before
 To all but me, who did to life restore
 The drowned shepherd, comes with lightsome trips,
 1420 The veil thrown off, his brightness did eclipse.

Puck enters.

Puck. Health and true happiness for aye betide

- Each jolly bridegroom, and his plighted bride !
 Unto my namesake, Robin of the wood,
 And his fair Marian (not more fair than good)
 1425 Peaceful possession of their festal bower !
 In which they ne'er shall know less happy hour
 Than this : and unto holy Reuben's cell,
 Where with Devotion pure the saint doth dwell,
 Visions of spirits ! far excelling me,
 1430 As doth my essence frail mortality :
 Unto you all, invisible no more,
 (Nay rise, nor one of my degree adore)
 I come, (who late was wicked Maudlin's hind,
 In the vile beldam's thrall perforce confin'd ;
 1435 Now a free sprite !) the harbinger of bliss !
 Your ev'ry fear, or doubt, all safe dismiss
 For the entire recovery of the youth,
 Pure paragon of perfect love and truth !
 Into the frantic shepherd's brain a balm
 1440 I have infus'd, that with remembrance calm
 Of ev'ry object round endues the swain :
 When, for his near-lost life restor'd again,
 His thanks are given at the holy shrine ;
 With grateful praises to the pow'rs divine ;
 1445 Hither, with her who doth his steps attend,
 (Earine) his love-light way he'll bend :
 Be happy, mortals ! pow'rful Puck's your friend !
Reub. Thanks, gentle spirit ! in the name of all,
 For that the swain thou didst to life recall !
 1450 And for each other friendly office done,
 Which e'en our hopes and wishes have outrun !
Mar. Here come the pair ! their eyes with rapture bright :
 Now shall our feast be crown'd with true delight !

Æglamour and Earine re-enter.

- Ægl.* O gentle friends ! how shall I e'er repay
 1455 The various obligations of this day ?
 To life, to sense, Earine restor'd !
 All bliss is center'd in that blissful word,
 Earine ! sure joy was ne'er like mine !
 The sun with tenfold splendor seems to shine,
 1460 The face of nature ne'er was half so gay,
 As on this more than festive, wond'rous day !
Ear. Kind Marian ! loving maids ! embrace your friend ;
 Earin's sorrows now are at an end !
 O holy hermit ! once more on my knee —
 1465 *Reub.* Rise, maiden ! shepherd rise ! kneel not to me ;
 To this bright minister your thanks are due.
Puck. Not more, good Reuben ! than they are to you.
Ægl. To both, then, we our thankful tribute give.
Ear. To whom we owe that Æglamour doth live !
 1470 *Puck.* Here comes my quondam dame, to deprecate
 Your angers ; and though I have cause of hate

To the old crone, for her fell tyranny ;
 Yet, from my bondage being now set free,
 And from foul witchcraft she at length reclaim'd,
 1475 I all entreat with scoffing she's not shamed ;
 Pity her age, nor let her more be blamed !
Reub. Kind spirit! were we not to mercy prone,
 Thy mildness might pervade a heart of stone.

Maudlin, Clarion, Douce, and Lorel enter.

Maud. Lo ! on her knees repentant Maudlin bends,
 1480 To crave yer pardons, and mak what amends
 For bygone wickedness she may to a'
 In guds, or person, harm'd ; or kept in thra' ;
 As, for my son, I kept Earine,
 Pent in the hollow'd prison of a tree :
 1485 Himsel tu, Lorel, is reform'd ; and sues
 To a', his rudeness ever did abuse.

Lor. Ey ! I's offend nae mair, gif ye'll forgi',
 But henceforth will a gentler swineherd be ;
 My sister Douce is to be Clarion's wife,
 1490 And we's a' change our crooked course o' life.

Dou. Nae langer proud, as I ha' been a' day,
 I'm sae abash'd I ha'n't a word to say !

Rob. Is't even so, good Clarion ? wilt thou wed
 And take, rich swain, this poor maid to thy bed ?
 1495 Well fare thy generous heart !

Clar. I'm of thy mind ;
 Thou, Robin, to the needy still art kind !
 Those who are blest with wealth, should of their store
 Be stewards, and dispensers to the poor :
 1500 The maid I'll wed ; make Lorel o'er my flocks,
 Herds, garners, barns, and other country stocks,
 Surviewer ; for in such craft he hath skill :
 Repentant Maudlin, now reclaim'd from ill,
 Shall in my cot find shelter for her age ;
 1505 Where we'll attend her lore, and counsel sage,
 Till time shall call her to the peaceful grave :
 But first her pardon for past deeds I crave.

Alk. Though erst her foe, now Clarion's suit I join ;
 Give all your pardons free as I give mine,
 1510 Unloosing from her neck this amulet strong :
 See ! of itself it falls ! sure sign among
 The righteous she's enroll'd : and all who groan
 Under th'effects of her late charms, now flown,
 (As did your cook, good Robin) in a trice
 1515 Will be as free from pain as she from vice.

Reub. Reuben the reconciler I am call'd !

1475. *shamed*] *sham'd* 1783.

1484. *in*] *i'* 1783.

1476. *blamed*] *blam'd* 1783.

1485. *is reform'd*] *doth repent* 1783.

- Since from the fiend her soul is disenthral'd,
 And reconcil'd to heav'n, let me intreat
 Like grace and pardon she on earth may meet :
 1520 I read each visage round, and think I spy
 A beam of mercy dart from ev'ry eye ;
 'Tis so ! none e'er in sorrow went from hence !
 In name of all, full pardon I dispense !
 To punish crimes, is easy ; to reclaim,
 1525 Forgive, and cherish, gains the nobler name !
 Mercy's the darling attribute of heav'n ;
 And as we pardon, are our sins forgiv'n !
Lio. All now were bless'd, would sweetest Mellifleur
 The heart she has wounded kindly deign to cure.
 1530 *Mel.* Freely ! for troth I think thy passion pure !
Tuck. Here's work enough, I trow, for Tuck the priest !
 Your marriages, young folks, would make a feast,
 Were there no other toward : I'll join your hands
 (Your hearts are join'd!) in wedlock's gentle bands,
 1535 And when you mutual taste love's pure delights,
 Crown with a fruitful blessing Hymen's rites !
Rob. Now then return we to our greenwood-bower ;
 And, holy Reuben, there unbend an hour
 In harmless mirth ; so reverend a guest
 1540 Shall give a sanction to our feast :
 The light-foot venison, hare, and feather'd game ;
 Each dainty flesh of bird, beast, wild or tame ;
 With choicest fish, 'cates, fruits, ale, sparkling wine,
 Upon our plenteous board shall mingled shine.
 1545 And would pleas'd Puck but add his song and jest,
 Banquets of kings were nought to our grac'd feast !

Puck. With thanks, blithe Robin ! I delight
 To pass in merriment the night ;
 And the sad-employed day
 1550 Now prepares to flit away :
 Soon bright Hesperus will appear,
 Harbinger of Dian clear,
 And her starry sky-robed train ;
 Whose mingled beams shall o'er the plain
 1555 Silver our footsteps, as we trace
 Again the path, with chearful pace,
 Was hither mark'd in mournful mood,
 With doleful dirge, through the greenwood.
 Now as we jocund bend our way,
 1560 Let's chaunt a merry roundelay :
 Sound, woodmen ! sound your bugles sweet,
 In sprightly notes, while Puck doth mete
 Thereto some quaint and choral song,
 As to the festal bower we trip along.

*The Woodmen sound their bugles ; Puck sings, and
the rest join in chorus.*

SONG.

1565 The chace is o'er ; but, joy to tell !
Instead of sounding a mort-knell,
The hart, went cold to Death's drear dell,
Is with his deer alive and well !

CHORUS.

1570 Sound, bugles, sound ! the shepherd lad
No longer is ycleped " the sad. "
Sound, bugles, sound ! all grief is flown ;
And Love sits lightly on his throne !

SONG.

1575 Now to the feast, the greenwood feast,
With happy heart, each rural guest !
To which freed Puck shall add, at least,
His sportive pranks, apt song, and jest.

CHORUS.

1580 Sound, bugles, sound ! each nymph and swain
Join in the chearful, choral strain ;
And nimbly trip it through the wood,
To the famed feast of Robin Hood !

THE END.

NOTES

Concerning the various editions of the Sad Shepherd see Introduction. The following abbreviations are used in the notes: F = the original folio of 1640-41; F⁹² = folio of 1692; Wh. = Whalley; W. = Waldron; W.MS₁ = BM. (C. 45. c. 4); W.MS₂ = BM. (643. g. 16); G. = Gifford; C. = Cunningham.

TITLEPAGE.

The quotation is from Eclogue VI. 2.

THE PERSONS.

[Robin-hood.] *Wood-man*. « A Woodman, I believe, signified not a huntsman but an archer. » W. MS₁ (from Malone). A *woodman* is one skilled in woodcraft, therefore a huntsman, though the word sometimes seems to be applied specifically to one skilled in the use of the bow. That this cannot be the only sense is shown by the transferred use, as in *Measure for Measure*, IV. iii. 90. It is true that one of the oldest archery societies in England is known as the Woodmen of Arden.

Family, i.e. household, retinue. This sense, now obsolete, is the original one.

Scarlet, Scathlock. W. pointed out that in place of these two characters Drayton mentions a single one whom he calls *Scarlock* (*Polyolbion*, xxvi. 314). Both *Scathlock* and *Scarlet* appear in the Munday-Chettle plays of *Robert Earl of Huntington*, the latter alone in *George-a-Green*. *Scarlet* is also mentioned in 2 *Henry IV*, V. iii. 103. It is also perhaps worth remarking that one of the archers' « marks » in Finsbury Fields was named *Scarlet*; it is the only one that has survived, being preserved in the Armoury House of the Honourable Artillery Company.

George-a-Green, the pinner, pinder, or pounder of Wakefield, hero of the play and romance bearing his name, as also of certain ballads of the Robin-Hood cycle.

huisher. Cotgrave explains *huissier* as an usher, or doorkeeper, though the word was frequently used in the sense of master of the ceremonies or major-domo.

Much, « the Millers sonne » l. 149. According to the *Death of Robert Earl of Huntington* his father was tenant of the King's Mill at Wakefield.

Acater, i.e. caterer, an officer responsible for the provisions. Formed from *acate*, cf. l. 142.

Aeglamour, cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

Larine, sic for *Earine*. The name is derived from the Greek adj. *ἐαρινός*, belonging to the spring, cf. l. 330.

[*Maudlin*.] *Papplewick*. « A village lying in the road from Nottingham to Mansfield, not far from Newsted Priory. » Wh.

Lorell. Both *lovel* and its variant *losel* (OE. *lovian*, var. *losian*) mean a worthless fellow. Thus in Spenser we find *lewd lorrell* (*Shep. Cal.* VII. 93) and *losell base* (*Faery Queen*, V. iii. 20). Cf. the famous *Cock lovel* of the popular imitation of the *Ship of Fools*.

[*Puck-Hairy*.] *Hine*. Altered by G. to *hind*, but the final *d* is excrement; ME. *hine*, a servant.

SCENE.

Landt-shape. The word was borrowed early in the seventeenth century from the Dutch *landschap*. In the first syllable Jonson has preserved the hard pronunciation of final *d*. In the second he has represented the guttural *sch* by *sh*, though the usual English phonetic rendering was *sc*. It is quite possible however that this is an error of the printer or editor (influenced by the word *shape*), for in the *Masque of Blackness* (1616, p. 893) Jonson has *Landtschap*. The very common variant *landscip*, described in *N.E.D.* as corrupt, is not easily explained. OE. *landscipe*, a district or region, had been obsolete for centuries, and would moreover have given the form *landship*.

Dimble. The meaning is the same as *dingle*; but the origin of neither word is known. They may be doublets, or *dimble* may possibly be connected with *dim*. The variants *dumble* and *drumble* are found in some dialects.

ARGUMENT.

G. collected the Arguments to the three acts and printed them together at the beginning, before the Personae.

2 *Be'voir*. Belvoir, the seat of the Earls of Rutland. Jonson's spelling shows that the pronunciation of the name was the same then as now.

16 *at force*, see l. 424, note.

stood, endured, held out.

17 *head*, see l. 116, note.

breaking him up, see l. 441, note.

18 *The suspect*, etc. This is of course a very loose construction, but G. did not improve matters by reading *and [which] is confirmed* in l. 20, for this leaves the sentence without a principal verb. It can be reduced to grammar by the omission of *and* in l. 20, but this is only cutting the knot, since Jonson evidently forgot how he had begun the sentence before he got half way through it. Probably it will be best to understand a verb in the first part, either «The suspect *is* had » etc., or «The suspect had of that raven *is* to be M. » etc. The sense is in either case the same, viz. that the raven is suspected of being Maudlin. *Suspect* in the sense of *suspicion* was, of course, very common in Jonson's time though now obsolete.

22 *Quarry*, see l. 467, note.

PROLOGUE.

28 *forty years*. Concerning the date, see Introduction.

29 *finer*. Apparently the sense is *ever finer*, i.e. ever growing in fineness, or, possibly the *finer eaves* among you. Jonson claims to have in general adapted his writing to the capacity of his audience, although he admits having written too well for them in the first instance.

30 i.e. though he was not immediately successful in adapting his writing to the calibre of your intelligence.

31 etc. Jonson certainly never doubted his own powers. Cf., in the Epilogue to *Cynthia's Revels*, the famous :

By — 'tis good, and if you like't, you may.

It can, however, hardly be maintained that he remained in sympathy with his audience during the later years of his life.

37 *pull*. This appears to have been the original method of shearing. Pliny says that in his time it was still customary in some parts, while Varro (II. ch. 2) derives *vellus*, fleece, from *vellere*, to pluck. It is of course quite possible that the practice was invented by the grammarians to support the supposed etymology.

41 *Sicily or Greece*. Probably referring to Theocritus and Vergil, the latter of whom was the first to lay the scene of his pastoral poems in Arcadia. It may, however, merely mean the pastoral writing generally having its scene in Sicily or Arcadia, whereas Jonson's is laid in England.

48 *The sad young Shep'ard*. Apparently in apposition to *Man* in the last sentence. Or else we may regard it absolutely, as the referent of *his* in l. 53, in which case ll. 51-2, '*lasse... drown'd*?' must be treated parenthetically.

49 «It appears that Eglamour wore *blacks*, and was further distinguished by a wreath of cypress and yew. » G. «I do not think he is intended by the poet to wear *black garments*. » W.MS1.

51-2 Probably, as G. pointed out, suggested by the lines in Donne :

Alas, no more than Thames' calm head doth know

Whose meads her arms drown, or whose corn o'erflow. — *Sat.* V. 29.

59 For possible allusions in this line see Introduction.

60 *Such... who*. See Franz, *Shak.-Gram.* § 207.

he, i.e. the author.

- 62** *in kind*. Since *kind* is the usual word for nature, the present phrase is equivalent to *in the natural course* or *naturally*.
- 63** *Families*. Jonson here seems to use the word in the sense of *family gatherings*, but I can find no authority for the use.
- 66** *distaste*. The meaning is here equivalent to *offend*, but cf. l. 555, note. The word is now obsolete, the last instance quoted in *N.E.D.* being dated 1643, but was still occasionally used in Elizabethan times; e.g. *Othello*, III. iii. 327.
- 72** *Where*, for *whether*, which was often monosyllabic in the sixteenth century. G. printed *whér*.
piece, i. e. portion.
- 74** *require it*. The construction is characteristic of Jonson's rather crabbed style when writing in didactic couplets. *It* must be taken to stand for *their presence*, in which the pl. *their* refers back to *every piece*.
- 80** For possible allusions see Introduction.
- 89** This is a favourite jibe of Jonson's; cf. *Staple of News* I. ii. (1640-31, p. 54). He told the tale to Drummond: « A Painter who could paint nothing but a rose, when ane Inn-keeper had advised with him about ane ensign [ensign], said, That a horse was a good one, so was a hare, but a rose was above them all ». *Conversations*, xvii.
- 90** etc. This is certainly an unpleasant instance of Jonson's self-confidence, and may well be regarded as belonging to his last years.

ACT. I.

- 94** For the similar passage in Goffe's *Careless Shepherdess*, see Introduction.
- 102** *'hem*. This, of course, was not an abbreviated form of *them*, as Jonson's apostrophe would seem intended to suggest, but the original dat. (superseding the acc.) of the plural personal pronoun. It survives in the colloquial *'em*. The modern *them* is derived from the Norse form of the plural demonstrative.
- s. d. F. of course begins a new scene with the entry of the fresh characters. G. inserts *Exit* and also marks Sc. II. I do not see sufficient evidence, however, for supposing that Aeglamour goes off the stage. His name, it is true, does not appear in the list of characters to Sc. II, but it might be included in the *etc.*, while it reappears in that to Sc. III with the subsequent direction (l. 144) *Aeglamour fals in with them*. In G. this was altered to *Enter Ægl.*, but it evidently means that he has been standing apart and joins the rest at this point. There seems, therefore, to be no authority for the *Exit* marked at l. 102 in G., and the whole act is consequently one scene, according to the modern method of division. In G., I may point out, not only is a new scene marked as beginning at l. 103, but a change of locality is likewise indicated by the heading *Another Part of the Same* (i.e. of *Sherwood Forest*); George-a-Green and Much are also made to enter here, whereas in F. they first appear in the list of characters to Sc. III.
- 106** *Madam*. The fact that both here and in l. 113 the word appears to form an iambic foot, led W.(MS1.) to conjecture that Jonson accented it on the second syllable. There is however no difficulty in supposing an accentual inversion in these positions. Jonson, it is true, frequently uses the word at the end of a line (cf. ll. 745, 819, 1199), but its position in l. 773 as a trochee is quite unequivocal.
- 110** *threaves*. Literally a *threave* or *thrave* is a number of sheaves of corn, varying from twelve to twenty-four, now usually called a *shock*, except in the North where the present word still survives. Metaphorically it is used, as here, to mean an indefinite number of things together. Jonson also has the word in the *Alchemist*, V. ii. 65 (1616, p. 667.)
- 111** *harbord*. « The man who held the lymer was called the *harbourey*, and his business was to go out early in the morning on his ring-walks, and find by his hound where the hart or other beast had gone into the wood from his pasture. He then followed the scent till he thought he was near the lair, and having taken some of the freshest fewmets he could find, went to the place

of meeting. This was called *harbouring* the hart. » *Dic. Arch. Prov.* To *harbour* is therefore to mark down, while to *unharbour* is to start or rouse, the hart. It should be noted that the term was specifically applied to the hart; a buck was said to be *lodged*.

- 112 *tackling*, var. of *tackle*, but what it can refer to I do not know. Toils are out of the question.

Hart of ten. Primarily, a hart bearing a head of ten points, i.e. having ten points or branches to his antlers. This would normally, though by no means necessarily, imply that he was in his sixth year. Manwood however writes in his *Laws of the Forest* (1598, p. 28): « When a Hart is past his sixt yeere, he is generally to be called a Hart of Tenn ». This may merely mean that a hart of the sixth year or above would probably have ten points, which is true. Although *hart* was the generic name for the male of the red-deer, the term was also specifically applied to the male after his fifth year. Thus *N.E.D.* refers to the *Return from Parnassus*, Pt. II., II. v. 889: « Your Hart is the first yeare a Calfe, the second yeare a Brochet, the third yeare a Spade, the fourth yeare a Stagge, the fift yeare a great Stag, the sixt yeare a Hart ». This, indeed, is not itself a first-rate authority, but is supported in this instance by Manwood, who gives the terms (p. 24): *Hinde calfe* or *calfe*, *Brochet*, *Spayad*, *Staggerd*, *Stagge*, and *Hart*. In modern English *stag* is the generic term, *hart* being poetical or archaistic.

- 114 *Slot*, the spoor or footprints of the game. Equivalent to *sleuth* in *sleuth-hound*. It is apparently not used for the scent, as stated in *Nares*.

Entries, the openings in the thickets caused by the hart passing through, from which his size might be inferred.

Port. This can hardly mean anything but the bearing or head, and is therefore not properly one of the « signs of sport ». It would probably be inferred from the marks of the antlers on the branches about the *entries*.

- 115 *Frayings*, the peelings of the antlers. A stag is said to fray his head when he rubs his antlers against a tree or rock to remove the velvet. It may be remarked that the red-deer does not fray his head till July, whereas the action of the play is said to be in June.

Fewmets, the dung of the deer. « That which is in Welch *Bam*, in French *Marde*, I could name it in English but (Sir Reverence for that), in Woodmanship it is called a Deeres *Fewmets*, a Boar or Bear's *Leasses*, a Hare or Conney's *Crotooves*, a Fox or Badger's *Feance*, and an Otter's *Spraintes*, all of which in English is a T. » Taylor, *A Navy of Land Ships*. ed. 1630, p. 93. (C.)

- 116 *hee bears*. We should expect *and bears*, for the clause is co-ordinate with *he doth...* *Dogs*, as an inference from the « signs of sport ».

head. The *head* of a stag, in technical parlance, is the pair of antlers. Thus Turberville: « His heade when it commeth first out, hath a russet pyll vpon it, the whiche is called Veluet, and his heade is called then a veluetheade, the toppes thereof (as long as they are in bloude) are good meate, and are called Tenderlings ». *Noble Art of Venery* (1575, p. 242).

- 117 *with... spread*, i.e. with all his rights present and well formed; the participles qualify *rights*, not *head* or *he*. A stag is said to have acquired his *rights* when he bears the brow, bay and trey antlers, besides the point at the top of each horn; that is, when he has eight points. After that he only, in the normal course, adds points at the top.

- 120 *they'ave*. Jonson's contractions are peculiar, for he sometimes uses the apostrophe to indicate, not the omission of a vowel, but the fact that two consecutive syllables are to be run into one. It may often be possible to do this in more than one way. Thus in l. 156 we find *You'are*, which may be reduced either to *you're* or *y'are*, both forms being permissible. He might even mean that both were to be pronounced though they count as one metrically. We sometimes find the apostrophe in cases where no elision seems needed, or indeed possible, e. g. *who' hath* in l. 549. In other cases, e. g. *Ha' you* in l. 154,

the apostrophe does indicate an omission, and no further reduction is possible.

found. There is a misprint here. In the original it is at the end of this word, not of the head-line, that a reversed *p* is printed for *d*.

- 121** *pound*. At first sight one may be tempted to suppose that Jonson meant the *pale* or *park* into which the hart was forced by the toils, forgetting that such a mode of hunting was impossible in the circumstances. It is not, however, a technical term and may merely be used metaphorically in the sense of having the game in their power. The use of toils would of course be inconsistent with Marian's subsequent statement that they hunted the hart *at force* (ll. 424-5), but Jonson does not appear to be very careful in his use of the terms of art. He had, indeed, little opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with woodcraft, and drew his knowledge from books. G. remarks that for his « signs of sport » Jonson is indebted to the description in Gascoigne's *Commendation of the Noble Art of Venerie*. This is not strictly accurate, since Gascoigne's huntsman describes from an actual view of the quarry, whereas Little John relies upon inference. Commenting upon G.'s note, C. remarks : « I hope *Jonson* is a misprint for *Whalley*. The chase was a subject on which Jonson had nothing to learn from books ». This, of course, is absurd. Cunningham appears to have out-Gifforded Gifford in his belief in his hero's impeccability. On all questions of Elizabethan sport Justice Madden's *Diary of Master William Silence* (1897) is, of course, invaluable.
- 125** *you all in fee*, i.e. all you who are in service, all you retainers.
- 127** *devises*. A *device* is anything *devised*, hence in general any arrangements. From the late sixteenth century onward it also had the special sense of a show or entertainment. On the present occasion the *devices* evidently included a prize-giving.
- 128** *Baldrick*. At l. 497 the word is spelt *Baudrick*. The interchange of *l* and *u* is not uncommon in words of French origin ; the form with *l*, which was usually the one to survive, representing the older borrowing, since in French *l* became *u* in certain cases. Thus alongside of the form *realm* (ME. *realme* from OFr. *realme* from LL. **regalimen*) is found, in Spenser and elsewhere, the form *reaume* (from later Fr. *royaume*). In the present case the two forms might be pronounced alike. Jonson was probably aware that in the northern dialect *al* and *au* are practically indistinguishable.
- 132** *sword*, i.e. sward.
- 136** *bulled*. « *Bulled*, or *bolled*, signifies swelled, ready to break its inclosure ; the *bulled nose-gays* therefore are nose-gays of flowers full blown. » G. (misquoting Wh.) This view is endorsed in *N.E.D.* « Considering the Latinized phraseology of Jonson it is not improbable that *bulled* is an adjective of his own coining from *Bullatus*, i.e. studded or buttoned. The buds of flowers were called *buttons* by Shakespeare [*Hamlet*, I. iii. 40]. » W. MS₂.
- After this, as G. pointed out, occurs a lacuna of one or more lines. W. suggests :
- Raise, where the stately beech her branches spreads. — MS₁.
- 142** *Acates*, provisions. An *acate* is a purchase, from OFr. *acat*, modern *achat*. It would be specifically used of such dainties as one would buy at a shop for some particular occasion.
- 150** *Baily*, i.e. bailiff or steward. G. substituted *bailiff* for the original and correct reading. In this sense the word is obsolete, but it survives in Scotland in the sense of *alderman* ; cf. Bailie Nicol Jarvie in *Rob Roy*.
- 158** *poesies*. G. altered the word to *posies*, but Jonson's form is correct. A *poesy* was a short poem or motto, and was hence applied to a bunch of flowers, or collection of precious stones or the like, representing a motto in symbolic language, hence to a nosegay in general.
- 165** G. marks an exit for Tuck after this speech, and for George and Much at l. 174. Since Tuck is mentioned among the characters entering to Aeglamour

in Sc. IV. (l. 200) he must strictly speaking have left the stage, though there is no reason why he should. George and Much do not appear again in Act I and no doubt went about their business. Since no exits are marked in F. we may most probably regard all these characters as going off during Aeglamour's speech (ll. 175-200).

- 176** *Swithen*, known as the rainy Saint on account of the rainy constellations which rise about his feast, July 15.
- 188** *their body*. G. substituted *her* for *their*, unnecessarily, since the sense of F., i.e. the body they hold, is perfectly satisfactory.
- 193** *the lookes*. Here again G.'s emendation, *her looks*, is unnecessary. Aeglamour is talking of the body, he will love *it*, hug *it*; it is only gradually that the image of his living love replaces in his mind that of her dead body. The transition from the wholly impersonal *it* to the fully personified *her* is effected through the vaguer *the*. It is, however, very tempting to read *lockes* for *lookes*.
- 195** *Suck of her drowned flesh* !G. printed *off*. The reading of F. might, of course, stand for *of* or *off* equally. C. remarked that *of* gave « an idea rather the less uncomfortable of the two ». In either case we must take *suck* as absolute, not as transitive; so there remains little difference of sense between the two readings.
- 197** G. here inserts the direction *Music of all sorts is heard*, which, of course, follows from Aeglamour's words and the heading to Sc. IV.
- 199** *Timburines*, tambourines, cf. l. 214. The word is a diminutive of Fr. *tambour*, which is ultimately derived from the Arabic. Jonson's form would seem to be influenced by *timbré*, dimin. of OFr. *timbre* from L. *tympānum*.
- 200** *study*. The word here, as also in l. 198, appears to preserve something of the meaning it bore in ME. of meditate or muse, a sense it still bears in the phrase *brown study*.
- 202** C. wanted to read *Lionel and fair Amie*, remarking: « Any one who reads these lines [201-2] attentively will be convinced that the word *and* in the second, *which I have restored from the folio*, should never have been cut away ». Certainly it should never have been omitted, *had it been in the folio*; it was, however, a gratuitous insertion of Wh.'s, rightly removed by G.
- 206** *lighted*, made light or lighter.
- 214** *Horne-pipe*. The word is here apparently used in its original sense of the instrument, not the dance. The use, however, was probably some what of a conscious archaism, since the epithet *nimble*, though not inapplicable to music, would be more naturally suggested by the secondary meaning.
- 217** The reading *were* of F. was altered by G. to *are*, to the considerable bettering of sense and grammar. But the perplexing *allow*, riming with *bough*, remains and refuses to be dealt with after a similar fashion. I had already thought of taking *the youthful* as subject and *June* as remoter object, i.e. the rites which young people allow to June, before seeing the suggestions to that effect by W.(MS₁), and it is by no means impossible that that may be the correct interpretation of the passage, in spite of the awkwardness of the construction. The only other possible explanation seems to be that Jonson deliberately put a plural verb after a singular subject for the sake of the rime, for it is not one of those cases in which a word of a different number comes between subject and verb. The instance of the opposite license in Shakespeare —

His steeds to water at those springs

On chalice flowers that lies (Cymb. II. iii. 25.) —

is well known. The meaning of the present passage, would in that case be: such are the sports that the youthful season of June permits.

Two other suggestions must be mentioned. In the first place it has been pointed out that the couplet arrangement is not regular; ll. 210-1 and 214-5 do not rime. Hence it is not necessary to suppose that ll. 216-7 rime, and we are at liberty to emend *allow* to *allows*. To this, however, there are three objections; in the first place, such an approach to rime as *bough*: *allows* would be

extremely awkward in a speech, part of which actually is rimed ; secondly, if there is rime in a speech at all, one expects to find it in the final couplet ; thirdly, to suppose, in a partly rimed passage, that a particular rime is due to a misprint, is a somewhat violent course. The other suggestion is with respect to *were*. It is proposed to regard this word as a subjunctive in the sense of *would be*. In this sense the word would be unaccented, the accent falling on *such*, whereas in the next line the pret. *were* would be accented, so that a similar antithesis would be obtained as between *are* and *were*. The only objection to this view is that we should have an indicative in a relative clause depending on a subjunctive. « Such were the rites that would beseeem young June » would be correct ; but the rites that *the youthful June allow* are definite and unconditional, and therefore cannot properly depend upon a conditional verb.

- 218** *the sower sort of Shepherds*. This famous attack on the Puritan party might of course be paralleled from a great variety of writers. G. quotes a passage from a pastoral scene in Jones' *Adrasta* (1635), in which one of the characters, alluding to May-games, says :

The curious preciseness,
And all-pretended gravity, of those
That seek to banish hence these harmless sports,
Have thrust away much ancient honesty. (p. 53.)

As another instance of pastoral satire directed against the Puritans, I may mention the very amusing portrait, drawn with a pen dipped in gall, in the eleventh Eclogue of Quarles' *Shepherd's Oracles*, 1646.

- 219** *disclaime in*, declaim against. This is the original construction, now obsolete except in law.

- 222** *wise Clarion*. The epithet does not appear to be particularly appropriate. There is no very striking wisdom displayed in Clarion's remark, and in the list of personae it is Alken who is the *sage*, Clarion being designated as the *rich*, shepherd. I suppose, however, that Jonson intended to represent Clarion as better educated than the rest, for it is into his mouth that he puts later on the astonishing list of *Lovers Scriptures*.

hurried, driven, impelled.

- 223** *Covetise*, i.e. covetousness, now obsolete or archaic.

- 225** *Fell*, usually the skin with the hair or wool on it, here the skin as distinct from the wool, the hide.

- 226** According to Pliny (*Nat. Hist.* VIII. 76) if a goat eats of a certain herb, which from other references appears to be the eryngo, a sort of thistle, all the rest of the herd leave off feeding and gaze at him in stupid astonishment.

- 228** *Tods haïres*. A *tod* is a fox ; the word is still in dialectical use.

- 229** *d'off*, to put off with an excuse. (*N.E.D.*)

- 232** *Brock*, badger ; now chiefly dialectical.

- 245** *Kit*, a kind of small fiddle ; rare in Mod. Eng. since the extinction of the fiddling dancing master.

Crowd, a fiddle ; still in dialectical use. Properly *crowd* (ME. *crouthe*, Welsh *crwth*) is an ancient Celtic instrument of the viol class. (*N.E.D.*)

- 246** *Tabret-mov'd*, sic for *Tabret mov'd*. A *tabret*, *taboret*, or *tabouret* is a small tabor or drum.

- 249** *sing*. (period), sic for *sing*, (comma).

- 250** *wrastle*, a very common variant of *wrestle*.

- 251** The reference is of course to the phrase *to give a green gown*, meaning to throw a girl over on the grass so that her frock becomes soiled with that colour.

- 252** *course*, a game, a bout.

For a description of *barley-break* (possibly connected with *barley*, from Fr. *parlez* (?), the word used in Scotland by children as equivalent to *pax* or *truce*) see G. 's note on Massinger's *Virgin Martyr* V. i. (quoted by C. *ad loc.*) *Base* seems to have been much the same as the modern *Prisoner's Base*, but all

these games have a strong family resemblance. The dramatists are often fond of referring to the details of games, but as they are here merely mentioned incidentally, the above reference will suffice.

- 259** *allay*, alloy. The form *allay* descends from the Norman *alay*, OFr. *alei*. The form *alloy*, representing the Parisian *aloi*, was imported c. 1600, and with the help of popular etymology deriving it from *à loi*, gradually supplanted the older form. The sense was, however, affected by the verb *allay* in the sense of abate. To *give allay* was a common phrase meaning to dilute wine, poison, etc.; cf. *Devil's Charter* l. 2771. To *delay* was used in the same sense.
- 261** *Ouv... wee*. The tautological use of a possessive pronoun to qualify a substantive; also qualified by a relative clause introducing the same relation, is contrary to modern usage, but is occasionally met with in the Elizabethan writers. Jonson has it again in l. 715.
- 267** *Cypressa*, sic for *Cypresse*.
- 271** *pleasing frenzie*, i. e. the merry moods of his distracted state.
- 272** *no sought reliefe*, etc., i. e. no relief sought by all our studies, or that all our seeking has been able to find.
- 277** *Phant'sie*, here and in l. 350 used specifically of a disordered imagination; cf. also l. 164.
- 279** *Alhen*, sic for *Alken*.
- 286** *Sure... about*. G. gave this speech to Karolin, whose entry he had therefore to advance by half a line. The change is however quite unnecessary. Alken means that since Karolin is always following Aeglamour about, the latter must be somewhere in the neighbourhood.
- 289** *fleece*, i. e. sheep; cf. l. 496, note.
- 291** G. compares Spenser (*Colin Clout*, l. 634 etc.):
 Her name in every tree I will endorse,
 That as the trees do grow, her name may grow.
 And in the ground each where will it engrosse,
 And fill with stones, that all men may it know.
- 292** *sworth*, swarth. This word or form is still current dialectically, and evidently arises from the confusion of two distinct words, *swathe* and *sward*. Of these *swathe* (OE. *swathu*, track; Low G. *swade*, scythe) means either the clear track left by the scythe or else the row of cut grass. *Sward*, on the other hand, (OE. *seaward*, skin) means turf, or specifically, a lawn. In the present passage the word evidently means a grass-walk, being used antithetically to *path*. G. printed *sword*, i. e. *sward*.
- 300** *rigid*, stiff with age. Wh. records Theobald's conjecture *frixid*, which, however, he rejects.
- 301-2** *that... As*. See Franz' *Shak-Gram.* § 207.
- 307** *streames*, sic for *streame*, cf. l. 381 (in l. 461 the plural is required for the metre). It looks almost as though some peculiarity of Jonson's handwriting caused his final *e* to be mistaken for *es*, but I cannot trace any such peculiarity in the MSS. I have examined.
- 320** *Dorks*, sic for *Docks*.
- 323** This line, and again l. 338, somewhat resemble a passage in Daniel's *Hymen's Triumph*:
 dost thou not see these fields haue lost
 Their glory, since that time *Siluis* was lost?
 I. i. (1623. p. 265, Gros. l. 22)
 G. compares with ll. 326-7, Bion (*Id.* I. 75):
 βάλλε δ' ἐνὶ στεφάνοισι καὶ ἄνθεσι πάντα σὺν αὐτῷ,
 ὡς τῆνος τέθνακε, κατ' ἄνθεα πάντ' ἐμαράνθη.
- 328** *me.* (period), sic for *me.* (comma).
- 331** *knots*, buds. There is sufficient authority for this meaning, but it may be remarked that the more usual term is *knop*, a variant of *knob*, (cf. G. *knopf* and *knospe*) and this may have influenced the use.

- 346** *scratching*. The form with the short vowel appears to be not uncommon. Coleridge uses it in *Christabel* to rhyme with *bitch*. It is particularly frequent in the combination *scritch-owl*, as in l. 349.
- 348** *wicker*. I have no doubt that this is the ME. *wicke*, evil, wretched, here used in the sense of baleful. The *-er* would represent the syllabic *-e*, but how Jonson came by the form is not very clear.
- 349** *Karolin*. We should perhaps read the shorter form *Karol*.
- 350** *All I can*, i. e. I will do the best I can.
- 351** s. d. The significance of this direction does not appear.
G. notices that this song, was set to music by Nicholas Lanier. It was printed in the collection of *Select Musical Airs and Dialogues* published by John Playford in 1652, part II, p. 24. A facsimile will be found at the end of these notes.
- 356** *heart*, sic for *heat*.
- 370** *me l*, sic for *me l* (?)
- 372** side note. *foeces*, sic for *forces*.
- 374** *here, one*, sic for *here one*.
- 381** *Lookes*, sic probably for *Looke*, (cf. l. 307, note) unless by any chance it stands for the old imperative pl. *looketh* by analogy with the change in the third person sing. indic. The transitive use of the verb, though now obsolete or dialectical, is quite correct and recurs in l. 611. It was particularly used in giving references. The construction with *on* was also common.
- 382-3** Heliodorus, author of the *Aethiopica* or *Theagenes and Chariclea*; Achilles Tatius, of the *Erotica* or *Clitipho and Leucippe*; Longus, of *Daphnis and Chloe*; Eustathius, of *Hymene and Hymenius*; Prodomus, of *Dosicles and Rhodantes*. The first four are prose romances, the last a narrative in verse, all belonging to the late Greek school. The form *Heliodores* is rather puzzling, but since the other names are evidently genitives, and as Jonson has the forms *Heliodore* and *Tatius* together in the *New Inn* III. ii. (1692, p. 735^b), we may suppose that *Heliodore's* was intended. The fact of the name being better known than the others would account for the use of an Anglicized or Gallized form.
- 385** *wh'have*. Jonson most likely wrote *who'have* (cf. l. 120, note), the omission of the vowel being due to the printer. The contraction intended is more likely to have been *who've* than the northern *wh'ave*, or more correctly *wha've*, since Alken is not elsewhere made to talk dialect.
- 387** *who the story is*, i. e. who is the record.
- 389** *world*, sic for *wold*.
- 394** *Vale ? sic for Vale !*
Kay. This must be wrong since *Karolin* had followed *Aeglamour* out after l. 377. Modern editors give the speech reasonably enough to *Lionel*.
- 396** *sampled*, exemplary, what has been shown by sample, or example, to be good.
- 397** *envi'd*, regarded with envy, i. e. malice.
- 401** What particular blast it was gave Alken this information I do not know. The *mort* was blown at the fall of the deer; it may have been a *strake of nine*, which was sounded to call the company home.
s. d. G. does not bring *Scathlock* on till l. 453, which is perhaps a preferable arrangement, though without authority and not strictly necessary.
- 403** The full-moon is no doubt an appropriate time for lovers' meetings, but it looks as though some specific allusion was intended. The waxing of the moon was considered a propitious time for all undertakings, and its virtue would, I imagine, increase till the moment of the full-moon was reached. We might therefore paraphrase: the propitious hour is at its height, and see, sure enough, the lovers have met.
- 408-9** « As for the deintie morsels... our use... is to take the caule, the tong, the eares, the doulcets, the tenderlings (if his heade be tender) and the sweete gut, which some call the Inchpinne, in a faire handkercher altogether, for the Prince or chiefe ». *Noble Art of Venery* (1575, p. 134). The word *inchpin*,

the origin of which is uncertain, is explained in the works on hunting to mean the sweetbread of the deer. This meaning, however, hardly explains the point of the present passage. Robin evidently jests on the word, and is in consequence rebuked by Marian as wanton. Now, whatever the technical meaning of the word may be, it would probably carry a suggestion of its own to a London audience, and Jonson, who knew and cared a great deal more about the mind of that audience than the terms of art, clearly took advantage of the fact. It should be mentioned, moreover, that Stanyhurst writes (*Aeneid* I. ed. Arber, p. 24) : « Thee stags vpbreaking they slit to the dulcet or inchepeyn ». Here *dulcet* may be a word for sweet-gut or sweetbread, but it is more likely to be a form of *ducet*, since, as anyone who has broken up, or gralloched, a stag knows, the first operation is to slit him from the brisket to the stones. The *dowcets*, *doulcets*, *ducets* or *dowsets*, are the testicles of the stag. The term was said to be still current in Sussex at the end of the eighteenth century (W. MS₂) ; it is also used by Scott, but is with him no doubt archaistic.

- 411-2** The pun is no doubt sufficiently obvious without the italics with which G. distinguished it. Cf. *Wits Recreations* (1640, Epigram 338 ; Hotten's reprint II. p. 140, Epigram 531) :

On a wanton.

Some the word wanton fetch, though with smal skil
From those that want one to effect their will :
If so, I thinke that wantons there be none,
For till the world want men, can they want one ?

The same play on words occurs in Lodge's *Rosalynde* : « Women are *wantons*, and yet man cannot *want one* » (1590. Sig. B₂), and in *Euphues* II : « I should hardly chuse a *wanton* : for... if she alwayes *want one* when she hath me, I had as leefe she should want me too » (Lyly, ed. Bond, II. 62) ; and a similar one, equally obscured by modern pronunciation, in Heywood's *Royal King* : « The King's favour hath made you a *Baron*, and the King's warres have made me a *bare one* : there's lesse difference in the accent of the word than in the cost of our weeds » (I. i. Pearson vol. VI. p. 17).

- 424** *Stagge ? sic for Stagge !* The word apparently already bore the modern generic meaning, at least Jonson does not restrict it to its technical sense (see l. 112. note) either here or in l. 772.

at force. « To hunt at force, (*chasse à force*, Fr.) is to run the game down with dogs, in opposition to (*chasse à tirer*) shooting it. » G. This is the explanation usually given, but it does not appear to be quite correct. To hunt *at force* is to run the deer down in the open, as opposed to driving him by means of toils into an enclosed park.

- 425** *change*. To hunt *change* is to follow a cross scent, while to hunt *counter* is to follow the scent in the wrong direction.

- 426** *sure*. Some copies of F. read *suae*.

- 429** *Sca*. This is ambiguous, since the letters might stand for *Scathlock* or *Scarlet* equally. G., who delayed *Scathlock's* entry till l. 453. (see 401, s. D.) printed *Scar*. *Scathlock* is referred to in F. as *Sca*. in ll. 466 and 468 (*Scat*. in ll. 458 and 463), and unless we give the present speech to *Scarlet*, that character is mute in this scene, in spite of being mentioned in the list of characters at l. 401. Since, however, *Scarlet* would naturally accompany *Marian*, and consequently be in any case mentioned, and since *Scathlock* is much the more important character of the two, we shall probably do well to allot the speech to him, unless indeed we adopt G.'s arrangement of the entries.

- 430** *Five houres and more*. It will be noticed that the stage has never been empty since *Marian* left it for the chase exactly 279 lines before she re-entered with the spoil. This is indeed *ideal* time.

- 434** *marke ? sic for marke !*

438 To take the *assay* or *say* means literally to ascertain by means of an incision how fat the deer is. It was, however, a mere ceremony, performed by the *best person* in the field. « Our order is, that the Prince or chief (if so please them) doe alight and take assaye of the Deare with a sharpe knyfe, the which is done in this manner. The deare being layd vpon his backe, the Prince, chiefe, or such as they shall appoint, comes to it : And the chiefe huntsman (kneeling, if it be to a Prince) doth hold the Deare by the forefoote whiles the Prince or chief, cut a slyt drawn alongst the brysket of the deare, somewhat lower than the brysket towards the belly. This is done to see the goodnesse of the flesh, and howe thicke it is. » *Noble Art of Venery* (1575, p. 132). This account has been somewhat misunderstood. Both Wh. and G. speak of the knife as being drawn *down* the belly. This is incorrect. The knife was drawn *across*, just below, i. e. on the belly side of, the brisket. The idea of this being done to discover the fatness of the deer was, I fancy, more or less of a myth, since it would most likely be only the outer skin that was cut. This cross-cut is necessary in order to allow of the insertion of the first two fingers of the left hand, between which is placed the blade of the knife, and the belly thus ripped up. Those who have made the experiment will realize that the author's (probably Tuberville's) insistence on the sharpness of the knife is no mere rhetoric. The operation also requires some skill, since if the knife penetrates too deeply, the results are apt to be unpleasant. The person to whom it fell to take the assay further had the *honour* of giving the chief huntsman his fee, which would appear to have been ten shillings. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher : « I never loved his beyond-sea-ship since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings ». *Philaster* (IV. ii. 10).

440 *hem*. I do not think it is necessary to adopt G.'s alteration *one*. There is considerable diversity of usage in the pronoun following the indefinite *one*. The singular of the masculine pronoun is, of course, common, but here Jonson seems to have resorted to the indefinite use of the plural, still found colloquially where the gender is doubtful. For instance, one might paraphrase the present passage : You pretend you want to hear what a person has to say, and all the time you won't let them speak. Cf. l. 977. note.

when the Arbors made. The fact that Jonson's editors have preserved the spelling *arbor* shows that they have not rightly understood the word, which should be *arber* or *erber*. The *arber* is primarily the windpipe or gullet. In disembowelling, after the skin has been slit open, the hand is inserted into the inside and the gullet pulled out. The paunch (stomach), lights (lungs), and guts (intestines), are then duly removed. *To make the arber* was to take the arber out, and no doubt came to be applied to the whole process of cleaning. Thus, when Marian says *when the Arbors made*, Robin distinguishes the various operations, the *arber* namely was *Puld downe* (i. e. away from the throat and towards the belly), and the *paunch* removed.

441 *undoes*. There is, in the art of hunting, a proper term for the skinning and cutting up of each several beast. Thus you *undo* or *break (up)* a hart, *unlace* a boar, *case* or *uncase* a fox, etc.

444 *the Ravens-bone, or corbin-bone*, is, as Jonson explains, a piece of gristle attached to the breast-bone of the deer, which was regarded as the perquisite of such birds of prey as had followed the chase. In the elaborate directions of *How ye shall breke an Hart* given in the *Book of St Albans*, we read :

Then take out the shoulders, and slitteth anon
The bely to the side, from the corbyn bone,
That is corbins fee, at the death he will be.

Jonson evidently followed Tuberville, who writes : « There is a litle gristle which is upon the spoone of the brysket, which we cal the Rauens bone ; bycause it is cast vp to the Crowes or Rauens whiche attende hunters. And I haue seen in some places, a Rauen so wont and accustomed to it, that she

would neuer fayle to croake and crye for it, all the while you were in breaking vp of the Deare, and would not depart vntill she had it ». *Noble Art of Venery* (1575 p. 135). In Iohn Lacy's *Wyl Bucke his Testament*, printed by W. Copland (n. d.), every particular part of the deer is apportioned to its proper use. The raven's morsel is duly mentioned, and there follows the line :

My tuell to the crowe, which beauté is warne,

of the meaning of which I must confess that I have not the least idea.

457 G. added the necessary direction : *Exeunt Mar. Mel. and Amie.*

460 *you ? sic for you !*

467 *Quarrie*. The meanings of this word, from OFr. *cuirée*, skin, appear to be : (i) certain parts of the deer thrown to the hounds, (ii) the heap of deer killed at a hunting, (iii) the game pursued. In the Argument to Act I. Jonson has (l. 22) *at the Quarry or Fall of the Deere*, which would not appear to be an altogether correct use. He was probably thinking of the phrase *to blow the quarry*, that is to collect the hounds by a blast of the horn when the deer is breaking up in order to give them their quarry. This however would of course be sounded after the *mort* or fall of the deer. Confusion in the use of the terms appears, indeed, to have been pretty general. For instance Lacy, in the above mentioned poem (cf. l. 444), puts into the mouth of the dying hart the words « I here them blowe the quarry », meaning the *mort*, a passage which might be quoted in support of Jonson's use. I should mention that C.'s explanation of the word as meaning the square or enclosure into which the game was driven, is entirely wrong. He appears to have been endeavouring to reconcile the meaning of the word as a term of art with a slate-quarry !

468 *Chimley*, this dialectical variant of *chimney* is still common in Lancashire and Westmoreland. (Wright's *Dial. Dic.*)

nook is of course *nook*, corner.

S. D. *Marian*, i.e. Maudlin in Marian's shape.

469 *Hunt*, huntsman ; ME. *hunte*, OE. *hunta* ; *hunter* being a modern formation from the verb.

475 *Muttons* for sheep occurs not infrequently in Elizabethan writers, though it appears in the majority of cases to contain some allusion to the *laced* variety.

479 *turne*, return, render.

483 *feare*, doubt, distrust. This use, which does not appear to have ever been very common, is now obsolete.

488 *watch*, governed apparently by *you* ; strict grammar would require the third person singular.

492 *cheese-cakes* were in Jonson's time really filled with cheese. This has now been replaced by a sort of lemon custard.

clawted, clotted ; *clouted* is still common in Devonshire and Cornwall.

493 *fooles*. That these were not, as G. maintained, the same as our *gooseberry fool*, is apparent from the extracts given in *N.E.D.*, e.g. « a kinde of clouted creame called a foole or trifle in English » (Florio, 1598) ; « Foole is a kind of custard, but more crudelly [curdly] ; being made of Cream, Yolks of Eggs, Cinamon, Mace boiled : and served on Sippets with sliced Dates, Suggar, and white and red Comfits, strawed thereon » (R. Holme, 1688). Hence it also appears that the derivation from the Fr. *fouler* is unfounded ; the origin of the word is not known.

flaunes. A *flawn* was a sort of custard-cake, also a pancake.

In order to complete the metre of this line, G. read *and [swill] of ale a stream*, which certainly makes both sense and verse run easier, but *flaunes* might easily do service as a dissyllable and *stream* depend loosely on *fall to*.

495 *sillabubs* originally consisted of milk directly milked into some alcoholic drink. It is now usually a mixture of lemon, some wine or spirit, and whipped cream.

496 *Fleece*. C.'s conjecture, *flock*, seems to be unnecessary, since the word is used

for a sheep, or collectively for sheep. Thus *N.E.D.* : « And all the tribe of fleeces follow » (Wolcott, 1798); « Fyve hundirth fleis now in a flock » (Pinker-ton's *Scottish Ballads*, 1800).

- 498** *goe whistle*, i.e. amuse yourself by whistling for lack of better fare. The phrase would appear to be different from *to whistle for* something, i. e. to cry what one cannot have.

ARGUMENT.

- 519** *guifts*. This spelling appears to have been intentionally adopted by Jonson to show that the *g* is hard; cf. l. 807, also l. 800 note.

524 *sheep'ardes*, i. e. shepherdess.

529 *Scatchlock*, sic for *Scathlock*.

530 *farder*. G. altered this to *farther*, but the form *farder* was current from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century.

532 *like her selfe*, i.e. in her own form.

537 *meane*, means.

ACT II.

Scenes I-III of F. form sc. I in G., where the heading runs : *The Forest as before. The Witches Dimple, cottage, oak, well, &c. Enter Maudlin in her proper shape, and Douce in the dress of Earine.*

545 ? *the close*, in the end.

551 *syke*, such; this form with the long vowel appears to belong particularly to Yorkshire.

dislikes, particular aversions; the plural use is not very common.

552 *all-bee'*. The apostrophe is needed, since the full phrase is *all be it*.

553 *vaunting*, vaulting; cf. l. 128 note.

venting, as a term of art this would mean snuffing the air, but Jonson probably had another sense in his mind.

554 *neis*, nose, scent; cf. l. 587, *na'se*.

555 *dislate*, sic for *distaste*. There is indeed a word *dis-state*, but it gives no meaning in the present passage. We have already had the intransitive use of the word, in the sense of offend, in l. 67; used transitively, as here, it means to cause dislike in a person.

559-60 I may point out a resemblance between these lines and a couplet in Phineas Fletcher's *Sirelides* (1615, printed 1631, I. iii. sig. B 3^v):

So like Glaucillas selfe that had shee spide him,

More would shee doubt her selfe, the more shee eyd him.

In either case the words spring quite naturally from the situation, and there is not the least reason to suppose any borrowing.

562 *out-dyresse*, outward apparel.

564 etc. The construction in these lines is very confused. Jonson evidently intended to write « shall make you, on meeting Aeglamour, appear like Earine », but he went on with a different construction from that he had begun with. There is also a difficulty in the construction of *as*. It would of course be possible to take *make yee* absolutely, in the sense of make your fortune, in which case the whole would be perfectly grammatical, but I do not think Jonson intended it so.

566 *too slipperie to be look'd upon*. The whole expression is a reminiscence of Horace's *vultus nimium lubricus adspici* (I. xix. 8), translated by Prior, « A face too slipperie to behold » (W. MS1). Horace was probably using the word in the sense of dangerous. Jonson's meaning is more complex; possibly *elusive* would be the closest rendering. He seems to mean that Douce's appearance would so surprise the beholders that they would be incapable of perceiving that she was not really Earine. W. glosses *slipperie* as bright, shining, but I do not think that is the meaning.

570 *stock'd*, i.e. confined in a stock, or trunk of a tree.

572 *lotted*, allotted.

- 573** *reclaim'd*, tamed; the technical term applied to a hawk when it has been trained or manned.
- 577** *command*, coming; the old form of the pres. part. surviving in dialectical use.
- 578** In the middle of this line G. inserts the direction: *They stand aside. Enter Lovel gaily dressed, and releases Earine from the oak.* Since the oak was on the stage, it is evident that Lovel must enter here, though his appearance is of course only mentioned in F. when he begins to speak.
- 580** *ray*, array, apparel.
- 581** G. prints: *Lov. [leading Earine forward].* « I must not omit observing that the whole [of this speech] is sketch'd out from the song of Polyphemus to his mistress Galatea, in Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, lib. 13. » Wh. « Jonson has borrowed many traits of his Lovel from the Polyphemus of Theocritus.... What resemblance Whalley could find in it to Ovid, I am at a loss to discover. » G. (who quotes several specific parallels). Jonson undoubtedly followed Theocritus (*Idyl xi*) directly, but the speech in Ovid is from the same source. Jonson may also have had in mind a passage, probably derived from the same original, in Drayton's *Polyolbion* (xxi. 61. etc.) in which the giant Gogmagog woos the coy nymph Granta.
- 582** *Defit*. This use of this word, in the sense of neat or trim, became literary for a while in the first half of the seventeenth century, and is still common in dialect. (*N.E.D.*) In l. 1161. the word apparently has its usual meaning of skilful.
- 587** *camus'd*, broad and flat. The word is formed from the obsolete adj. *camus* or *camois*, flat-nosed.
- 590** *Incubus*. Literally an incubus was a spirit of the air supposed to have connection with women in their sleep. Thus Sir A. Cokain: « Generated he [Merlin] was by the inhuman conjunction of an incubus »; *Obstinate Lady*, II. i. and Lecky: « The devils who appeared in female form were generally called *succubi*, those who appeared like men *incubi*, though this distinction was not always preserved ». In the present passage the word is used as equivalent to goblin.
- Changlin*, changeling. A term signifying one who has been *changed* by fairies as a child, usually applied to a person mentally deficient; cf. l. 977.
- 597** *Mercatts*. This old northern form of *market* still survives in the name *Merhat Cross* applied to the town-cross of Edinburgh.
- 599** *by live*. The more usual form *belive*, in the sense of quickly, immediately, punctually, is still current in the northern dialect. The form used in F. is quite correct, being ME. *bi* (by) and *live* (dat. of *lif*, life).
- 600-3** W. pointed out that these lines are imitated almost verbally from Spenser:
- A goodly Oake
Whilome had bene the King of the field,
And mochell mast to the husband did yielde,
And with his nuts larded many swine. (*Shep. Cal.* II. 103.)
- 601** *Beech*. G. inadvertently printed *breech*.
- 604** *fend*, defend, shield.
- 605** *herved*, carved; cf. l. 134.
- 608** *doth*. The form is probably due to the intervening singular *each*, since the pl. form *doth* appears to have been obsolete since the end of the fourteenth century. *N.E.D.* See however Franz, *Shak.-Gram.* § 20.
- 617** s. d. *other presents*. W. objected that no presents had as yet been produced, but *other* no doubt means, as in the text, different from the things he has been speaking of.
- 619** *Bawsons Cub*. A badger's cub and consequently the same as *the young Grice* (cub) of a *Gray* (badger). G. reads *bawson*, with the remark that the adjective means plump or sleek, a sense for which there seems no authority, the word always signifying fat in an opprobrious sense. (Wright, *Dial. Dic.*) Besides, the reading of F. is not *bawson* but *Bawsons*.
- 620** *Urshins*, urchins, hedgehogs.

- 622** *Mrs.* for *mistress*; the word was commonly so abbreviated.
the feind, and thee. There certainly appears to be something wrong with the text here. The reading of F. gives a certain sense (viz. you are much of a muchness), but not such as is required by Lorel's remark *shee wish'd mee at the feind* (l. 627). G.'s emendation, however, *the feind on thee* is hardly satisfactory. *Murrain on thee* or *Out upon thee* (cf. l. 621) is common enough, but what authority or meaning is to be found for *the feind on thee*?
- 623** *Gar.* Why Earine is made to speak in dialect it would be hard to say, but in any case there is no reason to adopt G.'s emendation *Gae. Gar* is a very common Scotch word, meaning to cause something to be done, and is followed by the infinitive in the same manner as the similar use of *let* in the construction familiar to readers of Malory. I may mention that both here and in the preceding line the emendation is originally due to W.
fewmand. This word belongs, according to *N.E.D.*, to Jonson's imaginary Sherwood dialect, and is explained as meaning to foul or soil. It may however be the pres. part. of the verb *fume*, in the sense of to cause to smell though it is usually only used of perfume. Jonson elsewhere (e. g. *wishend* in l. 629.) uses the pres. part. as if it were the pres. tense, or else understands the auxiliary.
- 624** *limmer*, knavish, base; a common word, both as adj. and subs. (l. 629.), but of uncertain origin.
- 626** *I lock me up*, i.e. Ay, lock me up.
- 629** *wishend*, cf. l. 623, *fewmand*, note.
dritty, dirty; ME. *drit*, dirt.
- 630** *duills*, grieves. OFr. *doleir*, whence Eng. *dole*. The great variety of forms found in old and later French is reflected in the English variants. Here, however, *duills* is probably intended as a northern form of *dules*, rather than as rendering the Fr. *duil*, *ducil*, *deuil*. This appears to be the only recorded instance of the impersonal construction.
- 634** *Madge-Owle*, barn-owl.
- 635** *Owl-spiegle*. Till Eulenspiegel, the hero of the famous German picaresque romance, was a favourite character with English writers. Cf. *Ulen Spiegel* in Jonson's *Alchemist*, II. iii (1616, p. 623). The forms *Howle-glass*, *Holyglass* and *Holliglass* are also found (*Nares*).
- 643** *twire*, peep, look surreptitiously or askance. It is also said of stars, to twinkle.
- 644** *Hee's gett*, he shall get, i.e. let him get; so l. 647, *I's*, for *I's*, I shall. These dialectical forms are peculiarly northern. Cf. Franz, *Shak. Gram.* § 206.
- 646** *Gelden*, gelding; either for *geldin'* or intended as a past part. from *geld*.
- 647** *turnes*, business, « an act of industry ». (Wright, *Dial. Dic.*)
- 649** *Talleur*, tailor; the form is influenced by the Fr. *tailleur*. We still find *taillyer* dialectically.
Sowter, cobbler; still the common word in Scotland.
- 654** *baudly*, boldly. In the northern dialect *au* and *al* are indistinguishable; cf. l. 128, note. *N.E.D.* gives the form *bowde* for *bold* as current in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.
- 655** *fugeand*. This is another of Jonson's coinings. *N.E.D.* regards it as possibly an alteration of *figent* (fidgety, restless), but it might also be a pres. part. from the verb *fuge* too flee, a classicism from L. *fugeo* (cf. *Gascoigne*, *Supposes*, III. ii. 2), in the sense of fleeting.
- 665** *Gypsan*, the early form of *gipsy*, aphetic for *Egyptian*.
- 669** *gaing-night*. It would seem from the metre that *gang-night* is all that is meant, though the spelling rather suggests *gaaing*, going. The meaning is of course the same in either case, a night, namely, on which a spirit *walks*.
- 670** *Withall the bark and*, sic for *With all the barkand*. The connection of Hecate with the *barkand parisk tykes* is, as Wh. pointed out, due to a passage in Theocritus (Id. II.): « Hecate, before whom the curs tremble as she passes through the graves of the dead and the black blood ». This, however, has no resemblance with Jonson's lines.

- 672** *rock*, distaff; the staff on which the flax is held for spinning. The word appears to be more particularly applied to the staff held in the hand as opposed to that fixed on a wheel.
- 673** *sew'ster*, one who sews. The operation described in these lines is hardly very clear.
- 676** *tent*, heed, notice; seldom used as a subs. except in this phrase.
s. D. G. has : *Scene II. Another Part of the Forest. The entrance to Robin Hood's Bower. Amie discovered lying on a bank, Marian and Mellifleur sitting by her.*
- 687** *feighting*, fighting. Why Jonson should here introduce a dialectical spelling is not apparent.
- 691** *raz'd*, scratched, grazed; the word is obsolete in this sense.
- 696** *Alas!* This exclamation, like those in ll. 699, 702 and 706, is entirely extra-metrical, both this line and the next being complete without it. G. does not print the later exclamations, but replaces them by the direction *Sighs*.
- 700** *curst*, angry. cross; cf. l. 690.
- 716** *drave*, drove; the form is now archaic.
- 719** *out-go*. There is a dot between the words which looks like broken hyphen.
- 720** *Winters... Summers*. G. treats these as plurals, printing them without any apostrophe. There can however be little doubt, I think, that *winter's ... summer's* is meant, i.e. the cold of the one and the heat of the other.
- 721** *I my Love!* Both here and in l. 731, *I to Mother Maudlin*, Wh. read *Ay*, which was in both cases changed by G. back to *I*. In the second case G. was undoubtedly right, since Wh.'s reading makes nonsense. In the present line I am inclined to agree with Wh. as against G. W.(MS1.) and C. also incline to *Ay*.
- 723** *delight in, so to move*. This seems to be a curious syntactical license; we should expect *so delight to move in*. To say that Robin's arms are the sphere which Marian delights to move, is absurd.
- 727** *sterv'd*. G. was wrong to alter this to *starved*, since both forms were current; cf. Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, II. iii. 120, where *sterve* rimes with *deserve*.
- 734** *my selfe*. G. read *and myself*, a wholly uncalled-for alteration, of which C. took no notice.
- 745** *I gud faith*. This is ambiguous. All editors print *Ay, gud faith*, but *I gud faith* would be an equally possible rendering. F. is incorrect in any case, since there ought to be either a comma or apostrophe after the *I* according to the sense intended. The authority of F '92, such as it is, is on the side of the editors, there being a comma inserted. *I gud faith* makes rather a light line.
- 749** G. inserts the direction *Weeps*; cf. l. 529.
- 753** *formed*, factitious.
- 759** *best of Senses... eyes*. Many authorities might be quoted for the superiority of sight over the other senses. I have before me references in point to Pliny, Plutarch, Plato, Conatus, and Isidore of Seville. The most definite statements are perhaps that of the last named : « *Amplius excellit oculorum sensus caeteris sensibus* » (*Sententiae*, I. cap. xii. § 3), and that of Gilbertus Conatus « *Visus fidelior auditu* » (*Adagia* added to those of Erasmus, 1574, II. 339), which mentions the same pair as Jonson. Cf. also Donne (*First Anniversary*, l. 353) : « *Sight in the noblest sense of any one* ».
- 762** G., whether by accident or design, printed *My heart it is wounded*.
- 766** G. adds the direction *Amie sleeps*.
- 770** *crakes*. This is the correct form and originally meant to boast, but also to talk much and idly. So Spenser (*Faery Queen*, VII. vii. 50) :
- She was bred and nurst
On Cynthia's hill, whence she her name did take ;
Then is she mortal borne, howsoybe crake.
- The use of *crack* in this sense is late, and probably a mere corruption of *crake*. (N.E.D.)

- 777** *Bedes-woman*. A *beadsman* is a pensioner who gives his prayers in return for alms received. The word was also sometimes politely used as equivalent to « your humble servant » or the like.
- 778** *owe*. The sense seems to be either to make acknowledgement of, or to make return for, but the use is uncommon.
- 780** *giddie*, apparently, grow giddy. The verb is not uncommon, though the only recorded instances are transitive. Jonson, however, may have intended *giddie* to depend on *goe*.
toy. Altered by G. to *joy*. There seems, however, no need for the change, since *toy* was a word of very wide application, while *joy* can hardly be said to give much sense.
good turne. There would appear to be an elementary play upon words here.
- 781** etc. There is at best but very little meaning in these lines, and nothing would be gained by endeavouring to bring them into accordance with a grammar and logic to which the author was obviously indifferent.
- 788** *growne*, ground ; a possible though rather unusual form. It would, of course, be possible to read *ground*, and in the earlier half of the line the usual form *sound* or *swound*.
- 789** *Mau*. G. inserted the direction *rising*.
- 792** *wildings*. From Holland's *Pliny* it appears that these were the same as *crab-apples* : « As for Wildings and Crabs, little they be all the sort of them, in comparason : their tast is well enough liked, and they carie with them a quicke and sharp smell : howbeit this gift they have for their harsh sournesse, that they have many a foule word and curse given them, and that they are able to dull the edge of any knife that shall cut them ». And elsewhere : « There is a kind of Crab tree also or Wilding, that in like manner beareth twice a yeere ». (Bk. xv. chap. 14 and Bk. xvi. chap. 27 ; ed. 1601 pp. 438-9 and 474-5.)
- 793** *Maudlin*. According to C. the reading of F. is *Maud*. The reading of all the copies of F. I have seen is *Maudlin*, but the letters *lin* have dropped, and may have fallen out altogether in some copies (cf., however, l. 202, note). W. would also read *Maud*, but for a different reason, namely that *Maud* would rime with *scald* (pronounced *scaud*) in the previous line. This however is quite unnecessary, since the rimes are throughout irregular.
- 800** *ghests*, guests. Either a *u* or an *h* will serve to indicate that the *g* is hard, the one being a French, the other an Italian convention. Cf. the form *Ghirland* (l. 1074), and see Jonson's own remarks in his *English Grammar* (1640, p. 44).
- 804** *departit*, parted, shared.
- 817** *big*, strong ; apparently the original meaning of the word. To *look big* means specifically to swagger, threaten, bully.
Karle, a variant of *churl*.
- 820** *imparted*, given, distributed.
- 821** The emendation *And* for *As*, silently introduced by G. in pursuance of a suggestion of W.'s, is quite unnecessary. The meaning is, « as much good may it do them as (it is true that) you have imparted it to your neighbours ».
- 826** *Devills Pater noster*, an evil spell ; strictly the *Paternoster* said backwards. *Devills Mattens*, in l. 832, has the same sense, being originally some similar perversion of the ecclesiastical service.
- 828** *Swilland*, swilling ; the pres. part. of the verb *swill*, meaning to drink, rinse, souse, but here practically equivalent to watery.
- 830** *Mort-mal*, sore, gangrene, rodent ulcer. Jonson has *mormall o' the skin* again in the masque of *Mercury Vindicated* (1616, p. 1006). In both passages he no doubt had Chaucer's lines about the cook in mind (*Cant. Tales*. Prol. 385) :
 But greet harm was it, as it thoughte me,
 That on his shine a mormal hadde he.
 The *malum mortuum* was, I imagine, so called from the decay of the dead

flesh. Jonson appears in this passage to have rather the idea of an old sore or scar in his mind.

831 *withouten blin*, without cessation.

833 *Pane*, pain; this extraordinary Latinism seems very out of place in a dialectical speech.

S. *Antons fire*. St Anthony's fire is erysipelas « so called from the tradition that those who sought the intercession of St Anthony recovered from the pestilential erysipelas called the *sacred fire*, which proved extremely fatal in 1089 » (Brewer's *Phrase and Fable*).

838 G. inserted the direction *starting*. It is evident from Lionel's remark that this speech of Amie's at least is uttered in her sleep. Later on we must suppose her to be awake, but it is difficult to point to the exact moment at which she is supposed to pass from one state to the other.

840 *Karol*. This is an instance of a very common error in the printing of old plays, which arose out of the habit of printing all proper names in italics. The name is, of course, part of Amie's speech, which should be printed :

Karol he singeth sweetly too !

The next step would be to abbreviate and indent the name, which would then be indistinguishable from that of a speaker.

852-3 A translation from Sappho (Frag. 39) :

ἦρος ἄγγελος ἡμερόφωνος ἀήδων.

Jonson uses *angel* in its original sense of messenger or harbinger.

853 *Man*. G. remarked : « The speeches given to Maudlin in this part of the dialogue, do not seem to belong to her. There is indeed a spirit of contradiction in them; but of far too gentle a nature for the witch. I believe that they should be set down to Marian's account ». He had forgotten that, according to the Argument, the witch *mocks poore Amie* (l. 536).

858 *see*. C. wanted to read *set*. He was no doubt influenced by the unfamiliarity of the construction *see... to fight*, but this is not unusual, cf. Franz, *Shak. Gram.* § 494.

861 (*I*, *sic* for *I*). It is not easy to see how to take this sentence. If we interpret the first half of the line as equivalent to *But this morning*, in the sense of this morning only, no later than this morning, there is no reason for the dash after *but*; if, on the other hand, we follow the editors in keeping the dash, what meaning can be assigned to *but*? In any case the unclosed parenthesis in this line appears to be superfluous.

863 *seelie*. Jonson keeps the older long vowel; and perhaps somewhat of the older meaning of *happy* is to be found, besides that of *simple* which the word bore at the time.

865-6 « Shall we suppose old Ben condescended to imitate the boy, Cowley; who, in his Pastoral called Love's Riddle, written when he was at Westminster School [printed 1638], has these lines.

His kiss was honey too,
His lips as red and sweet as early cherries,
Softer than Bevers skin ». — W.

There hardly appears to be much resemblance between the passages.

868 *Bees*. This might, of course, so far as the form is concerned, stand for *bee's*, *bees*, or *bees'*. The editors have read *bees*, which is very awkward. The gen. sing. is almost certainly meant, though the word to be supplied is vague, probably *mouth*. That the bee does not sting with its mouth is no serious objection.

891 *really*, a trisyllable, as was usual at the time, and long remained the standard form in poetry.

897 *pennance*. Robin is either using the word jestingly for his kiss, or else in the sense of repentance, or public acknowledgment of a fault.

901 *points*, laces used to fasten any part of the dress.

- 903** *Spondylls*, vertebræ.
- 914** *prick*, the technical term for tracing the footing of a hare.
- 915** *Creature*, trisyllabic. It is habitually dissyllabic in Shakespeare. The description is of course suggested, as Wh. pointed out, by the comparison with a hare, popularly held to be a melancholy animal from its sitting in its forme alone.
- 916** *fourme*, forme, the lair of a hare.
- 917** *releife*. A hare is said to be *at relief* when feeding. The word is accented on the first syllable, cf. l. 947, and Fanshawe's *Pastor Fido* (I. v. 1647 p. 42.) :
Here she comes forth to Rellief ev'ry night.
- 927** i. e. in what direction she makes her lair.
- 928** *Geo*. In point of fact George was not on the stage when Alken made the speech referred to. It is probably an oversight of Jonson's, who may however have intended to place the marginal direction to l. 918, a few lines earlier.
- 929** *A Witch is a kind of Hare*. It was a common superstition that witches were in the habit of taking the form of hares, hence it is still considered unlucky for a hare to cross one's path.
- 930** *brakes*, thickets. It was no doubt the alliteration which made *brakes and briars* a common pair.
- 945** *kells*, literally a thin skin or membrane (connected with *caul*); of the caterpillar, the chrysalis; of the silkworm, the cocoon.
- 947** *releif*. I take this to be a substantive, not a verb. Cf. l. 917.
- 949** For possible allusions, see Introduction.
- 954-5** *a weed To open locks with*. « The hearbes called *Aethiopides* will open all locks (if all be true that inchanters saie). » R. Scot, *Discovery of Witchcraft* (1584 p. 246). Cf. Pliny (*Nat. His.* V. xxvi, ch. 9) : « *Aethiopide herba amnes ac stagna siccari coniectu, tactu clausa omnia aperiri* ».
- 956** *feat*, performance, execution.
- 963** *Collects*, collections or stores of knowledge.
- 965** *turnes*. Probably in the sense of *doubles*, but it may be used in the wider sense of *shifts*.
- 969** *Martagan*, the Turk's-cap lily.
- 971** *fire-drakes*, fiery dragons, but the term was commonly used for the will-o'-the-wisp.
- 972** *Flitter-mice*, bats. The word does not appear to be native, but a literary imitation of the German *fledermaus*.
- 977** *Changeling*. Strictly speaking the *changeling* was the being left by the fairies in the place of the human child they carried away. Here however it appears to be applied to the stolen child.
their. Note the use of the indefinite possessive *their* following the singular *each*, and cf. l. 440, note.
- 981** The implication appears to be that the phosphorescence of decayed wood is due to the glow-worm having crept over it.
- 984** *Sigilla*, (in apposition to *Puppets*) the plural of the diminutive of *signum*, used for small images such as the Romans gave one another at the feast of the Sigilaria, viz. the last days of the Saturnalia. Here used for the waxen images which played so important a rôle in black magic.
- 987** *shutt*, the tail of a hare or rabbit.
- 989** *Law*, the start allowed the game before beginning the pursuit.
- 994** *blast*, apparently in the sense of branch or department of woodcraft. *N.E.D.* does not appear to recognize the use, but it would arise not unnaturally from the various blasts of the horn appropriate to various moments of the chase. Wh. « suspected » *beast*.
- 996** *heir heyve*, her heir. I cannot imagine what peculiarity of sense or pronunciation Jonson can have intended by this strange spelling.
- 997** The line is not perhaps altogether satisfactory as it stands, but I do not think that either G.'s emendation of *should*, or W.'s of *do*, for *could* is necessary.

998 *I am*. This is a misprint; F. has *I am* correctly.

G. adds the direction *Exeunt*. Sc. II of this act in G. comprises scs. IV-VIII in F.

ARGUMENT.

999 *disc overs*, sic for *discovers*.

1015 *run out*, see l. 1171 s. D., note.

1018 *daughter*. In the text it is her familiar, Puck-Hairy, whom she calls to her assistance. Consequently W. changed *daughter* into *goblin*.

1019-21 *The Shepherds... Karol, &c.* There is nothing corresponding to this in the text though the subsequent entry of Lorel appears.

1021 *enters Lorel*. At this point the text breaks off.

1041 *tract*, track; this variant form also appears as a verb.

prick, see l. 914. Its use here may be affected by the sense to hasten, spur on, properly only used of riding.

1042 *Forme*, see l. 916.

Enter, i. e. the huntsmen enter (*not* Enter Alken).

ACT III.

1048 s. D. G. has : *Scene I. The Forest.*

1052 *turnes*, here the word appears to have the meaning either of actions (cf. ll. 647 and 1205), or else of chances, turns of fortune (cf. l. 965).

1053 *Maud*. F. apparently prints a period after the name, as being a contraction, though only the shortened form is pronounced (cf. l. 1077). This I believe to be now unusual, though the *Athenaeum* (Nov. 19, 1904, p. 701) in an obituary of the late Mr. Valentine Prinsep, prints « Val. Prinsep » throughout.

1059 I fancy that I was wrong in printing a period at the end of this line, and that it is really an italic colon (:).

1062 *firke it*. To *firk*, a word of very loose application and uncertain origin, when used intransitively or, as here, with *it* means to move about briskly, to dance, to frisk, etc. (*N.E.D.*)

1066 s. D. G. has : *Scene II. Another Part of the Same*. Sc. II. of G. comprises scs. II-V of F.

1074 *Ghirland*. An old form of *garland*; the *h* is due to Italian influence, as the form with *u* to French.

1076 I cannot suppose Karolin to apply these words seriously to Maudlin, even when speaking to her daughter. It is, I take it, an inversion for *good wise-woman*.

1087 *Majesties*. This may of course stand either for *majesties* or *majesty's*. G. read the former; C. preferred the latter, I think rightly.

1106 *speece*, kind, variety.

1109 *tent*, heed, cf. l. 676, note.

1112 *last*. There seems to be no choice but to accept G.'s emendation *lost*; unless we are prepared to alter *never* into *ever* in the next line.

1115 *stroke*. The editors read *strokes*; corrected by C.

1117 *haggard*, or *unmann'd*, wild or untamed; the proper technical terms of falconry.

1118-9 i. e. instead of flying properly at the game, he strikes at any foolish trifle that happens in his way, and flies off with it instead of coming back to the lure.

1134 *i*, sic for *i'*.

thorough. The dissyllabic form is here, as often in earlier English, used for *through*.

1135 *in-parts*, inward parts; a rare use, of which there are however other examples.

1143 *divisions*. The meaning of the word here is melodies, but it is more usually met with in the singular with the meaning of music. The verb *divide* was used by Spenser in the sense of sound, or descant (*Faery Queen*, I. v. 17), but originally to *divide* seems to have meant to divide long notes up into shorter ones, and hence a *division* was a lively, florid air. (*N.E.D.*)

- 1144** *bring'him*. This is a misprint; F. has *bring him* without an apostrophe.
- 1152** *Simples*, herbs used in medicine or magic.
- 1157** *fear'd her*, feared for her. The transitive use of *fear* has commonly one of three meanings: (i) to inspire fear in, (ii) to be apprehensive about, to fear for, (iii) to be inspired with fear of. The last sense only is now current. Cf. however, l. 483, note.
- 1161** *Hath*. For the use of the singular verb with a composite subject see Franz, *Shak. Gram.* § 513.
- 1171** s. d. *would run out... runs in with her*. There is a slight confusion of terminology here. To quit the stage is to go *off* or *out* from the point of view of the spectators, but *in* form that of the actors.
- 1176** *gripe*. The OE. *gripan* gave the verb *gripe*, whence the subs. here used; while from the past part. *gripen* was formed the subs. *grip*, by analogy with which the short-voweled form of the verb now in use arose. (Skeat.)
- 1177** *Copy*. The meaning of the word would here seem to be charm or spell, but the use does not seem to be recognized by any dictionary. Possibly the word is used loosely as applying to Maudlin (not the girdle) as the *imitation* of Marian which had deceived them.
- 1179** *upon the start*. I can only suppose this to mean, when they have started or roused the game; but the explanation is unsatisfactory.
- 1190** *They'are*. It is certainly tempting to substitute, with W., the more natural expression *There'are*, which, being contracted, would be pronounced the same. The reading of F. gives however perfectly good sense.
- 1196** *Saile in an egg shell*. This was, of course, a common practice of witches.
- 1199** *rock's*. This is, of course, a plural, not a contraction. Although the form with the apostrophe was unusual, there is, apart from modern convention, just as much reason for marking the omission of the *e* in the plural as in the genitive singular. Cf. e. g. Folio 1616, p. 378: The youth's are... hote, violent. There appears, however, to have been a stronger tendency to preserve the *e* or to mark its omission after another vowel than in other cases; e. g. we habitually find such forms as *Pandoraes*, preferred to *Pandoras*.
- 1203** *gaang*. This is hardly a possible form in any known dialect. It is apparently a compromise between *gaing* and *gaand*, as pres. part. of *go*, but may be influenced by the distinct word *gang*.

ADDENDUM.

- 355-6** Alluding to Donne's lines in *The Paradox* (printed 1633; ed. Chambers I. 74):
 Love with excess of heat, more young than old,
 Death kills with too much cold.
-

[The following text is extremely faint and largely illegible due to the quality of the scan. It appears to be several paragraphs of a letter or report.]

Yours faithfully,
 [Signature]

[Faint text at the bottom of the page, possibly a date or reference number.]

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Hough I am yong & cannot tell, either what love or death is well,



& then again I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, & death with cold.



Yet I have heard they both beare darts,
And both doe aime at humane hearts;
So that I feare they doe but bring
Extremes to touch, and meane one thing.

& then againe I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, and death with cold.



Hough I am yong, & cannot tell, either what love or death is well,

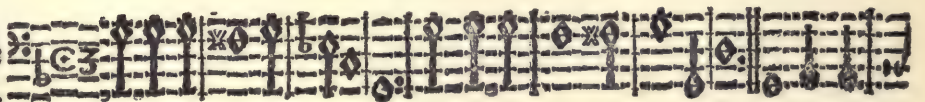


Cantus Secundus.

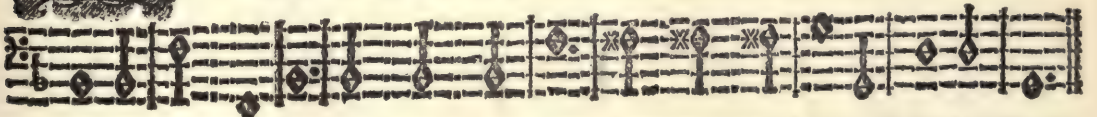
a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Hough I am yong & cannot tell, either what love or death is well, & then a



gaine I have been told, love wounds with heate, love wounds with heat, and death with cold.

GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

In the following Index are included a number of words and forms, chiefly dialectical, references to which may be found of use, though they are not in themselves of sufficient importance to find a place in the notes. References to such words and forms are distinguished by being placed in brackets.

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Materialien zur Kunde
des
älteren Englischen Dramas

Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas

UNTER MITWIRKUNG DER HERREN

F. S. Boas-LONDON, A. Brandl-BERLIN, R. Brotanek-WIEN, F. I. Carpenter-CHICAGO, Ch. Crawford-LONDON, G. B. Churchill-AMHERST, W. Creizenach-KRAKAU, E. Eckhardt-FREIBURG I. B., A. Feuillerat-RENNES, R. Fischer-INNSBRUCK, W. W. Greg-LONDON, F. Holthausen-KIEL, J. Hoops-HEIDELBERG, W. Keller-JENA, R. B. Mc Kerrow-LONDON, G. L. Kittredge-CAMBRIDGE, MASS., E. Koepfel-STRASSBURG, H. Logeman-GENT, J. M. Manly-CHICAGO, G. Sarrazin-BRESLAU, L. Proescholdt-FRIEDRICHSDORF, A. Schröer-CÖLN, G. C. Moore Smith-SHEFFIELD, G. G. Smith-BELFAST, A. E. H. Swaen-GRONINGEN, A. H. Thorndike-EVANSTON, ILL., A. Wagner-HALLE A. S.

BEGRUENDET UND HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

W. BANG

o. ö. Professor der Englischen Philologie an der Universität Louvain

ZWÖLFTER BAND

LOUVAIN
A. UYSTPRUYST

LEIPZIG
O. HARRASSOWITZ

||
1905

LONDON
DAVID NUTT

THE
ENTERLUDE OF YOUTH

NEBST FRAGMENTEN DES

PLAYE OF LUCRES UND VON NATURE

HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

W. Bang und R. B. M^c Kerrow



98662
28 | 9 | 09.

LOUVAIN
A. UYSTPRUYST

LEIPZIG
O. HARRASSOWITZ

||
1905

LONDON
DAVID NUTT

L. KREBS-OXFORD

IN DANKBARKEIT

ZUGEEIGNET



VORBEMERKUNGEN.

§ 1. Es ist längst bemerkt worden, dass *Youth* und *Hyckescorner* sich *Youth* und im ganzen Aufbau, in einzelnen Situationen und im Wortlaut ¹⁾ *Hyckescorner*. sehr nahe stehn, und zwar so, dass *Hyckescorner*, rein äusserlich betrachtet, als eine Erweiterung von *Youth* erscheint.

Da es nun kaum möglich sein wird, all diese Übereinstimmungen für zufällig zu erklären, so sehn wir uns vor die folgenden Fragen gestellt: War etwa *Hyckescorner* dem Verfasser von *Youth* bekannt oder aber kannte umgekehrt der Verfasser von *Hyckescorner* unser Stück, oder haben gar *Youth* und *Hyckescorner* eine und dieselbe Person zum Verfasser? ²⁾ Die letzte Frage darf füglich sofort ausgeschaltet werden nachdem sie aufgeworfen worden ist. Bleiben die beiden ersten, bei deren Beantwortung man sich bisher nicht lange aufhalten zu müssen geglaubt hat, da die Datierung der uns erhaltenen Drucke (*Hyckescorner* gedruckt bei W. de Worde, 1501-35; *Youth* bei Waley, 1546-86, und W. Copland, 1549-69) ja hinlänglich anzudeuten schien, in welcher Richtung die Lösung zu suchen sei: man nahm also einfach an, dass der Verfasser von *Youth* sich bewusstermaassen *Hyckescorner* zum Vorbild genommen habe ³⁾.

Ist dies nun wirklich der Fall oder hat nicht vielmehr der Verfasser von *Hyckescorner* sich an *Youth* als seine Vorlage gehalten? Lassen wir vorläufig die Frage nach der Entstehungszeit der beiden Stücke einmal ganz offen, so ist doch hervorzuheben, dass bei der

¹⁾ Der Ort, diese Übereinstimmungen zu sammeln wird die Einleitung zu unserer Ausgabe des *Hyckescorner* sein. Einige der in beiden Stücken vorkommenden Ausdrücke sind bei Eckhardt, *Die lustige Person im ält. Engl. Drama*, p. 133, Anm. 144 zusammengestellt.

²⁾ Vergl. auch Creizenach, *Geschichte des neueren Dramas*, III, p. 503 (ein vielleicht verloren gegangenes gemeinsames Original).

³⁾ Zuletzt Gayley, *Representative English Comedies*, 1903, p. LX: *Hyckescorner* is in many ways the model of another important play...., the *Interlude of Youth*. *Ibid.*, p. LXXIV: in many details of character, device, situation, as well as by literal transference of language it (sc. *Youth*) borrows from *Hyckescorner*. Vergl. Pollard, *English Miracle Plays*, 1904, p. LIV: the author of an *Interlude of Youth*..... took it (sc. *Hyckescorner*) as his model, and incorporated whole sentences from it into his own work.

VIII

anerkannten Minderwertigkeit ⁴⁾ von *Hyckescorner* diese letztere Annahme von vornherein viel mehr für sich hat, als die gegenteilige, nach welcher der ausgezeichnete Dichter von *Youth* von dem Stümper, der *Hyckescorner* zusammengeschrieben hat, in einer Weise abhängig sein soll, die besonders bei der geringen Verszahl von *Youth* geradezu unwürdig genannt werden müsste und für die ein zweites Beispiel in dieser Periode des Englischen Dramas fehlen würde.

Hier muss freilich eingeräumt werden, dass ein directer Beweis für die Reihenfolge *Youth-Hyckescorner* nicht existiert.

Datum von *Hyckescorner*. § 2. Das Datum von *Hyckescorner* ergibt sich aus der folgenden Tabelle, zu der einige Erläuterungen nötig sein werden. Die Daten, die nicht sicher für die chronologische Einsetzung von *Hyckescorner* zu verwerthen sind, stehn in Klammern und sind ausserdem mit [?] bezeichnet.

- A. { 15 April 1487 : die Erbauung des Regent wird befohlen ;
12 Juli 1490 : Stapellauf des Regent.
- B. 1496-'97-'98 : John Cabota entdeckt Neufundland.
- C. { 1. 1494 : Erste Deutsche Ausgabe von Seb. Brant's *Narren Schiff* ;
2. März 1497 : Locher's Lateinische Übersetzung desselben ;
(3. 1509 : Alex. Barclay's *Shyp of Folys of the Worlde* [?]).

HYCKESCORNER.

- D. (2. August 1511 : Andrew Barton's Schiff The Lyon von den Engländern genommen [?]).
- E. 10 August 1512 : Regent verbrannt.

⁴⁾ Vergl. z. B. Gayley, *l. c.*, p. LX : The plot (sc. von *Hyckescorner*) is insignificant ; p. LXXIV : it (sc. *Youth*) is at once the most realistic, amusing, and graceful specimen of its kind ; vergl. p. LXXI : They (sc. the *Youth* plays) consist of such productions as *Mankynd*, *Nature*, *Hyckescorner*, and reach their climax, about 1554, in the *Interlude of Youth*. Pol-lard, *l. c.*, sagt von *Hyckescorner* : there is no single dramatic touch in the whole production. Bates, *Engl. Religious Drama*, p. 222 : A Papist household would regale itself with *Hyche-Scorner*, or, if *Hyche-Scorner* was deemed old-fashioned, with its more elegant recast, *The Interlude of Youth*. *Hyche-Scorner* is a curiosity in the allegorical drama, for there is nothing dramatic about it and little enough of allegory.... *The Interlude of Youth*.... is a better piece of work. Vergl. jedoch auch Collier¹, II, p. 310, 315 ; Symonds, *Shakspeare's Predecessors*, p. 131, 133 ; Ward², I, pp. 118-9, 126. — Es muss aber wohl angenommen werden, dass wir *Hyckescorner* heute nicht in der Gestalt haben, die ihm sein Verfasser ursprünglich gegeben hat.

ERLÄUTERUNGEN.

A. *Hyckescorner*, ll. 332-38, lautet :

Herken, and I wyll shewe you theyr names eche one :
 Fyrst was the Regent with the Myghell, of Brykylse,
 The George, with the Gabryell and the Anne, of Foye,
 The Starre of Salte-Asshe, with the Ihesus of Plumoth,
 Also the Hermytage with the Barbara of Darmouth,
 The Nycolas and the Mary Bellouse of Brystowe,
 With the Elyn of London and James also.

Der Regent, « the Kynges Riall Shipp », wurde zwischen dem 15 April 1487 und 12 Juli 1490 erbaut zu Reding Creek, bei Smalhithe am Rother in Kent ¹⁾. Er war ein Schiff von 1000 Tonnen ²⁾, hatte 225 Serpentinien an Bord und war somit das grösste Englische Kriegsschiff seiner Zeit.

Die anderen hier genannten Schiffe, die übrigens nicht der Krone gehörten, waren keine eigentlichen Kriegsschiffe, sondern « armed merchantmen » oder z. T. einfache Transportschiffe ; ihre Geschichte ist, soweit es sich überhaupt um wirkliche Schiffe handelt, in Dunkel gehüllt, doch scheinen einige unter ihnen des öfteren in den *Letters and Papers* genannt zu werden : der George of Foye z. B. noch im Jahre 1523 (*l. c.*, vol. III, pt. I, p. 1230).

B. *Hyckescorner* erzählt uns l. 316, er sei auch im « Newe-founde Ilonde » gewesen. Die Angaben über die Entdeckung von Neufundland durch Cabot sind schwankend ; vergl. am Besten Arber, *Engl. Garner*, II, p. 314 Anm. f.

C. Dass der Verfasser von *Hyckescorner* Brant's *Narrenschiiff* gekannt hat wird allgemein zugegeben ; es fragt sich nur, welche Version desselben ihm vorgelegen hat. Gayley (*l. c.* p. LX) glaubt sich mit der Lateinischen Übersetzung Locher's (Basel, März 1497) begnügen zu sollen, während Swoboda ³⁾ angenommen hat, Barclay's *Ship of Fools* (1509) komme als teilweise Quelle von *Hyckescorner* in Betracht.

Den Beweis für seine Annahme hat Swoboda allerdings nicht einmal anzutreten für nötig befunden, doch scheint er richtig gesehn zu haben ; denn *Hyckescorner* ll. 119-120 lauten :

They trust so in Mercy, the lanterne of bryghtnesse,
 That no-thinge do they drede Goddes Ryghtwysnes.

¹⁾ Cf. *Naval Accounts and Inventories of the Reign of Henry VII ; 1485-8 and 1495-7* ed. by M. Oppenheim (= *Publ. of the Navy Records Soc.* Vol. VIII) pp. XXI-XXII.

²⁾ *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII*, vol. I, p. 344, no 3117 ; von Oppenheim übersehn.

³⁾ *John Heywood als Dramatiker in Wiener Beiträge zur Deutschen und Englischen Philologie*, Hft 3, p. 5, Anm. 2.

Dies ist vielleicht eine Reminiscenz aus dem *Ship of Fools* (ed. Jamieson, I, p. 85) :

They thinke no thyng on goddes rightwysnes
But grounde them all on his mercy and pyte.

Locher hat hier (fol. XXV^v) :

Is quia sit cunctis miserator gentibus : atque
Iuditium non grande ferat : de crimine mundi :
Sit pius atque bonus : nec iam mortalia curet
Omnia : peccanti liceat sperare frequenter.

Bei den anderen, ziemlich zahlreichen Anklängen an das *Narvenschiff* ist es leider noch weniger möglich auszumachen, ob sie direct entweder auf Locher oder auf Barclay zurückgehn.

D. Am 2. August 1511 fiel Sir Andrew Barton, ein Schotte der dem Englischen Handel zur See vielen Schaden zugefügt hatte (DNB), in einem Seegefecht gegen Sir Thomas und Sir Edward Howard. Sein Schiff, der Lyon, wurde gleichzeitig genommen und der Königlichen Flotte einverleibt — es wird schon im folgenden Jahre unter der weiss-grünen Flagge gegen Frankreich gesegelt sein.

Eine doch wohl kurz nach dem 2 August 1511 entstandene Englische Ballade ¹⁾ registriert nun dies Ereigniss mit folgenden Worten :

Now hath our King Sir ANDREWS shipp
besett with pearles and precyous stones ;
Now hath England 2 shippes of warr,
2 shippes of warr, before but one ²⁾).

Dürfen wir uns aus dem Ganzen einen Beweis *a silentio* construieren ? Der Lyon, ein prächtiges, dem Feinde genommenes Kriegsschiff, dessen Erwähnung die patriotischen Herzen der Zuschauer höher hätte schlagen lassen, wird — trotz der sich geradezu aufdrängenden Gelegenheit — nicht erwähnt : ergo war der Lyon noch nicht in Englischen Besitz gefallen, als *Hychescorner* gedichtet wurde ; ergo liegt die Entstehungszeit von *Hychescorner* vor dem 11 August 1511 ?

E. Am 10 August 1512 gerieten der Regent und das Französische Schiff Cordelière, « wliche was ij the gretist shippes in Cristin-

¹⁾ Hales-Furnivall, *Percy's Folio MS*, III, p. 417. Cf. Arber, *Surrey and Wyatt Anth.*, p. 102. Eine andere Version findet man by Schröer, *Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, I, p. 390, 155-6.

²⁾ Das andere Ship of War, das der Verfasser der Ballade im Sinne gehabt hat, war natürlich der Regent. Sachlich ist seine Angabe nicht ganz correct, denn die Krone besass an Kriegsschiffen sicher noch den Sovereign, höchst wahrscheinlich auch die beiden kleinen Schiffe Sweepstake und Mary Fortune. Jedenfalls beweist seine Auffassung, wie sehr diese Schiffe gegen den Regent und Lyon in den Hintergrund treten mussten.

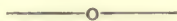


dom » ¹⁾, vor Brest zusammen und verbrannten mit Mann und Maus ²⁾.

Im *Hychescorner* sinkt der Regent mit allen anderen genannten Schiffen *in the Rase of Irlonde*, nachdem er auf Grund (*quycke-sonde*) geraten ist — höchst banal, während die Erwähnung des Brandes und der Explosion des Regent im Gegenteil sehr dramatisch hätte wirken müssen.

Diejenigen, die *Hychescorner* nach dem wirklichen Untergang des Regent ansetzen wollen, müssen ferner folgerichtig annehmen, erstens dass sämtliche andere im *Hychescorner* genannten Schiffe untergegangen sind und zweitens, dass *Hychescorner* erst nach dem Verlust all dieser Schiffe geschrieben worden sein könnte; die Anne of Foye, der James of London und George of Foye werden jedoch auch noch nach 1512 als aktiv erwähnt.

Die Abfassungszeit von *Hychescorner* liegt also wohl zwischen 1497 (Locher; Cabota) und 1512 (Regent); wenn es erlaubt ist, die sub C3 und D angeführten Daten zu verwenden, läge *Hychescorner* zwischen 1509 (Barclay) und 2 August 1511 (Lyon).



Das Vorhergehende repräsentiert ungefähr meine « Meinung » — es muss aber darauf hingewiesen werden, dass Brandl, *Quellen* p. XXVIII, der Ansicht ist, der Regent müsse wirklich untergegangen sein, ehe er als verloren erwähnt worden sei ³⁾, eine Ansicht, die M^c Kerrow mit den Worten stützt: If the ships had been lost at the time of writing — a supposition which seems to me slightly more probable as I fancy there would be then (as there certainly would now) some reluctance (on superstitious grounds) to sup-

¹⁾ *Camden Misc.* IV, p. 7 des *London Chronicle*.

²⁾ Cf. ausser den Chroniken den Brief Wolsey's in *Letters and Papers*, I, p. 409. Eine Abbildung dieses « Gefechts » befindet sich in MS. Fr. 1672 der Bibliothèque Nationale, fol. 9 (Fac. gegenüberstehend; Grösse des Originals ca 30 × 19 ctm.). Meinem verehrten Confrater Herrn F. de Villenois verdanke ich die folgende Beschreibung: C'est de la véritable imagerie d'Epinal. Une sorte de frégate toutes voiles déployées vogue à gauche. Le babord orné d'écus alternativement chargés d'une croix de sable ou d'azur et d'hermines montre qu'il s'agit d'un bâtiment breton. Il est en feu, c'est à dire que des bouquets de languettes rouges, analogues aux flammes de l'ordre du St-Esprit, sont semés sur l'ensemble de la figure là où ils gênaient le moins le dessinateur. Le vaisseau occupant toute la page il est assez difficile de dire si certaines parties de la voilure appartiennent à un autre bâtiment placé derrière.

³⁾ Dagegen Gayley, *l. c.*, p. LX, Anm.

pose a ship sunk that was actually afloat — then the play must have been later than Aug 1512 and, perhaps we may say, earlier than Sept. 1514 when « King Henries great shippe with foure tops, called the Lubeke, was broken and lost, a little from Sangate West towarde Caleis » (Stow, *Annales*, 1615, p. 497a). This would surely have been mentioned if, at the time of writing, the wreck had occurred.

§ 3. Das NED setzt *Youth* « ca 1554 » und giebt damit die land- Datum von
läufige, durch keinen Beweis gestützte Ansicht über das Alter *Youth*.
unseres Stükes wieder. Eine Discussion dieses Ansatzes ist vor-
läufig gegenstandslos, um so mehr als wir es jetzt wenigstens
wahrscheinlich machen können, das schon Wynkin de Worde
(druckte ca 1501-1535) eine Ausgabe von *Youth* besorgt hat ⁴⁾.

⁴⁾ Schon vorher aber wies die Thatsache, dass der Verfasser von *Youth* nur ein Lateinisches ABC kennt mit gehöriger Deutlichkeit auf die vorreformatorische Zeit hin (vergl. auch Bale's Bemerkung über *latyne prymer*s unten Anm. 762). Unter Maria der Katholischen waren die ABC, soviel wir wissen, nur Englisch, und zwar, was besonders auffallen kann, sogar noch nachdem sie durch ihre Heirat mit Philipp in das reaktionäre Fahrwasser des Spanischen Hofes hineingetrieben worden war; vergl. den folgenden Eintrag ins SR aus dem Jahre 1557: *SR* ed. Arber. I, 75:

To master **John wally** these bokes Called *Welth and helthe | the treatise of the ffreve and the boye | stans puer ad mensam* another of *youghte charyte and humylyte an a b c for cheldren* in englesshe with syllabes also a boke called *an hundreth mery tayles*. ij^s

Leider ist die Geschichte des ABC in England noch zu schreiben; vorläufig vergl. die Zusammenstellungen bei Anders, *Shakespeare's Books*, pp. 48-9.

Wenn wir die alten, d. h. vor 1535 gedruckten Primers schlechtweg mit den ABC identifizieren dürfen, so geht aus dem in den *State Papers*, 1831, I, p. 588 (= *Letters and Papers*, etc., vol. XIII, part II, p. 129, no 336) veröffentlichten Brief Coverdale's und Grafton's hervor, dass die ABC schon um 1500 auf Englisch gedruckt wurden. Ein offenbar Englisch ABC, das sich in einer Privatbibliothek befinden soll, wurde nach *Hand-Lists of English Printers 1501-1556*, I, p. 22, (« Cryste crosse me spede. A.B.C. ») von W. de Worde gedruckt, was Anders übersehen hat. Die von ihm aufgeführten ABC und Primers sind sämtlich in Englischer Sprache verfasst, ebenso « The primer in English for children » (Bodl. Libr., Douce B. 230; ca 1538) und das im Besitz von Trinity College, Dublin, befindliche, höchst wichtige « An A.B.C. for children » (Kat. No. : P. kk. 29, N^o 5.), dessen Col. lautet: Imprinted at London | for Abraham Veale, dwelling in Paules | Churcheyard at the signe of | the Lamb (Dem Bibliothekar, Herrn Alfred de Burgh, verdanke ich die Mitteilung, dass dieses ABC im Wesentlichen Syllabare enthält; es ist das einzige mir bekannt gewordene Exemplar eines wirklichen ABC « with syllabes », das aus Shakespeare's Jugendzeit stammt).

Was ferner die aus der Betrachtung der inneren Gründe gewonnenen Argumente betrifft, so ist hier m. E. nur Creizenach's Ansicht stichhaltig, der annimmt (*l. c.*, III, p. 503), dass *Youth* aus der Zeit vor dem katholisch-protestantischen Gegensatz stammt. Denn wenn auch *Youth* in einer katholischen und dann einer protestantischen « Redaction » vorliegt (siehe unten), so ist doch eine gegen die Reformation gerichtete Tendenz ¹⁾ des Stückes durch nichts zu erweisen.

Wäre ich also geneigt, *Youth* in die vorreformatorische Zeit und vor *Hychescorner* zu setzen — sagen wir Ende des 15^{ten} oder Anfang des 16^{ten} Jahrhunderts —, so scheint mir die sehr altertümliche Sprache unseres Stückes ihrerseits Recht zu geben.

Verfasser von *Youth*. § 4. Über den Verfasser von *Youth* ist nichts bekannt und, soviel wir wissen, auch nichts zu ermitteln ²⁾.

Es darf an dieser Stelle nicht unterlassen werden zu den Wörtern und Wortformen Stellung zu nehmen, die in den Erläuterungen

Seit dem Jahre 1535 unterliegen die « Primers » der staatlichen Regulierung ; ihre Geschichte ist daher mit derjenigen der Englischen Kirchenpolitik unter Heinrich VIII und Eduard VI aufs Engste verknüpft. Der Titel des in fragmentarischem Zustande in der Bodleiana befindlichen Primers aus dem Jahre 1549 (cf. Anders) hebt dies hervor mit den Worten « set furthe by the Kynges highnes & hys Cleargye, to bee taught vnto children throughout hys dominions all other set a parte ». Noch deutlicher redet das Fragment eines vor 1553 gedruckten ABC, das sich in St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, Durham, befindet — durch die Güte des Bibliothekars, des Mr. Edwin Bonney, liegen mir Photographien vor — : The .A.B.C. wyth the Lords praier, the .XII Articles of the Christen fayth, and the .X. commaundementes of almyghty God. Newly set foorth by the kynges magestye. Commaundyng al teachers of youth wythin hys graces realmes to teach the same, as they tēder his graces fauour & wil auoyde his highe displeasure for the contrarye.

Mc Kerrow macht hier die *au fond* ganz richtige Bemerkung : In this connection it should, I think, be remembered that the author of the interlude might not unnaturally quote the A.B.C. as he had learnt it in his youth, even though at the time of writing it was commonly English. Gewiss, und ich gebe dies um so lieber zu, als die ganze Atmosphäre unseres Stückes eben doch vorreformatorisch ist.

¹⁾ Cf. Eckhardt, *Die lustige Person im ält. Engl. Drama*, p. 202, Anm.

²⁾ Als Curiosum sei hier erwähnt, dass Wood, *Athenae Oxonienses*, I, 116 unter John Heywood sagt : I have seen also an interlude of youth ; Printed at Lond. in an old English. Char. temp. Hen. 8. but whether Jo. Heywood was the Author of it, I know not. Auf Wood's bibliographische Angaben ist jedoch leider kein Verlass ; er behauptet z. B. auch (*l. c.* I, p. 20) Skelton's *Colyn Clout* sei von Abr. Veale gedruckt worden « much about the time, as I conceive, of the Authors death », während Veale von ca 1550-86 druckte.

zu ll. 2, 11, 15, 91, 115, 129, 226, 266, 340, 469, 488, 751, als mehr oder weniger nach dem Englischen Nordenweisend hervorgehoben worden sind.

Zunächst ist zu bemerken, dass dieselben en bloc kaum auf einen Abschreiber oder gar auf den Setzer der Editio princeps zurückgehn können.

Es bleiben also die beiden folgenden Möglichkeiten: Der Verfasser war ein im Norden geborener, aber in London lebender « clerke » — man denke z. B. an A. Barclay's Leben —, oder das Stück wurde im Norden geschrieben, beim Druck jedoch möglichst auf die Londoner Norm gebracht. Die Dürftigkeit und Unsicherheit des Materials verbieten im Übrigen, soviel wir sehn, weitere Speculationen; es ist vielleicht nicht einmal überflüssig, ausdrücklich hervorzuheben, dass Bemerkungen wie die zu ony in l. 115 *cum grano salis* verstanden sein wollen.

§ 5. Two early editions of *Youth* are known to us, besides a fragment of a third. As all these are reproduced in full here, page for page and line for line with the originals, nothing of the nature of a bibliographical description is necessary. It need only be said that with the exception of a few Roman Y's in Copland's edition all the texts are throughout in black letter.

The editions, with the letters which will be used in referring to them, are as follows:

L. The fragment in the Library of Lambeth Palace. The original is apparently a waste or surplus sheet and has never formed part of a bound copy of the book. It was found in the binding of another work. See Maitland's *Early Printed Books in the Library of Lambeth Palace*, 1843, p. 309, where it is reprinted in part. Unfortunately the sheet was too large for the purpose to which it was applied and was therefore cut down, with the consequent loss of the ends of many lines and the whole of others.

W. The edition printed by John Waley, the copy used being that in the British Museum, C. 34. b. 24. A copy of this edition is also in the Bodleian Library. It appears to correspond throughout with that at the British Museum.

C. The edition printed by William Copland. In this case also a copy in the British Museum has been followed, namely C. 34. e. 38. In modern times *Youth* has been twice reprinted, by Halliwell in his *Contributions to Early English Literature* ¹⁾, 1849, from Waley's edition, and by Mr W. C. Hazlitt in his edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, 1874, vol. II, principally from Waley.

Neither of the early editions of which we have perfect copies is dated, while the fragment consists of the first sheet alone and

¹⁾ For private circulation, 75 copies only.

therefore wants the colophon where, if anywhere, the date should be found. We are therefore obliged to seek for evidence on this point in other directions. It is not, I think, possible to date any of the editions with certainty, but, as I shall attempt to show, an approximate date can be assigned with a fair probability of correctness to the two editions of which we have perfect copies.

The fragment is almost certainly older than these, as appears from a comparison of its readings with those of the others (see p. xxi) and must therefore be discussed first. We shall have to rely for our information entirely on the character of the work itself, there being apparently no single scrap of external evidence to guide us in determining either the date or the printer.

From the type used we can learn nothing; it is of a most ordinary fount, which was employed by many printers over a long period of time: but from the wood-cuts at the head of the first page it is at least possible to determine a date before which the book cannot have appeared. They may indeed eventually enable us to settle the actual year of publication, though I have not succeeded up to the present in my attempt to do this.

These three wood-cuts, as well as the three at the head of Copland's edition, belong to a well known group of what may be termed « factotum wood-blocks » which are derived from the illustrations in the *Therence en frâçois* printed at Paris by Antoine Vêrard in or about 1500. The blocks of several of the single figures in this work were again used ¹⁾ in the elaborately illustrated English translation of *Le Compost et Kalendrier des Bergiers*, printed anonymously in Paris in 1503 under the title of *The kalendayr of the shyppars*. Three years later a new translation of the *Compost* was printed in England by Pynson and in this many of the illustrations of the 1503 edition reappear, the larger cuts apparently from the original blocks, but these small figures with which we are dealing from new ones.

Once introduced into England they became very popular among printers and a number of copies more or less exact were made, many printers seeming to have sets of their own and some to have several blocks of the same figure ²⁾. The fact that they might be used to represent almost anybody ³⁾ by inserting the necessary des-

¹⁾ I have only been able to compare the illustrations in the *Therence* with the facsimile of the 1503 *Kalender* edited by Mr H. O. Sommer in 1892. There can, however, I think, be little, if any, doubt that the blocks used were identical.

²⁾ For example three different blocks of the gowned figure which occurs in the **L** text of *Youth* are to be found in Wynkyn de Worde's *Kalender* of 1528.

³⁾ Man darf also aus diesen Figuren keineswegs Schlüsse auf das Aussehn u. s. w. der Schauspieler ziehn, wie dies des Öfteren geschehn ist.

cription in the scroll would naturally render them very convenient for the illustration of cheaply got up books or of those not sufficiently important to call for the cutting of special illustrations. We find them so used in a large number of works besides *Youth*, as, for example, in *Hyckescorner*, *Jack Juggler*, and *Everyman*.

Since cuts of this nature deteriorate rapidly in printing, the scroll being especially liable to damage from the isolation of its lines, and since moreover these blocks, being probably of no great value, were not infrequently cut down in order to fit them into spaces hardly large enough for them ¹⁾, we find many of them in several distinct « states », which should help us to date the books in which they occur. Unfortunately, however, not only have bibliographers as a rule thought these cuts hardly important enough to mention, or at least to describe, with the result that a very large number of books have to be looked through in order to find them, but even when they are discovered it is generally in works of the more popular sort which are just the ones most frequently without a date, and their occurrence therefore tells us nothing ²⁾.

I have however found two of the cuts in the Lambeth fragment, namely the right hand figure in the gown and the left hand one in a short coat, printed from the same blocks, in the imperfect copy of the *Kalender of Shepherds* at the Bodleian Library (Douce, K. 97) which, on the authority of Mr H. O. Sommer (*Kalender*, p. 46-7) I take to be that printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1528. Curiously enough each of these blocks was cut down during the printing of this book. The gowned person, who had previously been used in *Hyckescorner* ³⁾, had originally a row of leaves beneath his feet and so appears in the early part of the *Kalender* (A 6^v, C 3^v, and E 4). Later, however, on L 6^v, he has to share a page with a large illustration and was evidently found somewhat too tall. The leaves therefore, together with part of the bottom edge of the gown were cut away, and the block appears as in *Youth*.

Exactly the same thing happened in the case of the left-hand

¹⁾ For example, in the case of one of these figures in de Worde's *Kalender*, not only the scroll but the top of the head is cut off.

²⁾ Man hat bekanntlich die bei W. de Worde und anderen Druckern erschienenen Bücher z. T. dadurch chronologisch geordnet, dass man die verschiedenen Stadien ihrer jeweiligen Druckerzeichen genau studierte. Dass die zahlreichen von W. de Worde benutzten Holzschnitte und grossen Initialbuchstaben uns bei der chronologischen Fixierung seiner Drucke von bedeutendem Nutzen sein würden, ist selbstverständlich. Ehe an diese Arbeit zu denken ist, müsste sich allerdings die Direction des British Museum zu einer W. de Worde-Ausstellung entschliessen.

³⁾ See the reproductions in the *Transactions* of the Bibliographical Society, VI. 36, and in Mr A. W. Pollard's *Miracle Plays*, 4th ed., 1904.

figure, except that the part cut away is less, being merely the junction of the leaves below the feet and the front of the left shoe ¹⁾). The block appears in its earlier form on R 3, while on R 6 it has been cut down to its size in *Youth*.

We can thus say that the Lambeth fragment was printed not earlier than 1528. The fact that the blocks shew considerably more wear and damage than in the *Kalender* would incline one to place it rather later.

The central cut I have not yet found elsewhere though I have met with several very similar figures.

Professor Bang has pointed out an even stronger piece of evidence of the connection of Wynkyn de Worde with this book than that of the wood-cuts, which might conceivably have been lent by him to another printer, in the fact that the curious initial I on A 1 of the fragment ²⁾ also occurs on A iij of *The Dyetary of ghostly helthe* printed by him in 1520 ³⁾. I have also found it in the 1528 *Kalender*, on Q 1^v, R 1^v and X 8^v.

¹⁾ At its first appearance there is a chain ornament below the block, but this, I suppose, did not form part of it.

²⁾ Of this initial also, as of the figures, there are several very similar blocks.

³⁾ Exemplar auf der Universitäts-Bibl. Louvain in einem Sammelband *Varia ascetica anglice* (Armoire VII, II, 146). Dieser wertvolle Band, der bis vor kurzer Zeit nicht catalogiert war, enthält die folgenden Stücke :

I. ¶ Here foloweth a veray deuoute treatyse (named Benyamyn) of the myghtes and vertues of mannes soule / & of the way to true contemplacyon / complied by a noble & famous doctoure a mā of grete holynes & deuocyon / named Rycharde of saynt Vyctor [fol. A bis C iij^v]. ¶ Here foloweth dyuers doctrynes deuoute & fruytfull / taken out of the lyfe of that glorious vyrgyne / & spouse of our lorde Saynt Katheryn of Seenes. And fyrst those whiche our lorde taught & shewed to herselfe / and syth these whiche she taught and shewed vn to others [fol. D bis D v^v ; D v^r wird durch einen Holzschnitt ausgefüllt, der sich schon auf A befindet]. ¶ Here begynneth a shorte treatyse of contemplacyon taught by our lorde Jhesu cryst / or taken out of the boke of Margery kempe ancesse of Lynne [D v^v bis E iij^v]. ¶ Here foloweth a deuoute treatyse complied by mayster walter Hylton of the songe of angelles [E iij^r bis F iij^v]. ¶ Here after foloweth a deuoute treatyse called the Epystle of prayer [F v^r bis Hr]. ¶ Here foloweth also a veray necessary Epistle of dyscrecyon in styrynges of the soule [H^v bis I iij^v]. ¶ Here foloweth a deuoute treatyse of dyscernyng of spyrytes veray necessary for ghoostly lyuers [I iij^r bis K v^r, wo auch das Colophon : ¶ Imprynted at London in Poules chyrchyarde at the sygne of the Trynyte / by Henry Pepwell. In the yere of our lorde god .M.CCCCC. xxj. the xvj. daye of Nouembre. Auf K v^v Pepwell's Druckerzeichen].

II. ¶ The Dyetary of ghostly helthe [A bis C v^v, wo Col. : ¶ Imprynted by me wynkyn de worde. The yere of our lorde .M.CCCCC. & .xx. Of Nouēbre y .xx. daye. Folgt *ibid* Druckerzeichen].

It seems unlikely that so small an initial as this would be borrowed and we may, I think, feel confident in ascribing this fragment to the press either of Wynkyn de Worde himself or of someone who came into possession of his type and wood-blocks. More than this we cannot say, though as Wynkyn de Worde continued to print until 1535 and executed many works of this character it is by no means unlikely that the work is his.

For the date of Waley's edition there is a certain amount of external evidence in that a book of « youghte charyte and humylyte » was entered to him in the Stationers' Register for 1557 (*S. R.*, ed. Arber, i. 75)¹). If we assume that he printed only one edition²),

III. ¶ The remedy ayenst the troubles of temptacyons [A bis D ij^v]. ¶ Here begynneth a deuoute medytacyō in sayenge deuoutly ẏ psalter of our lady ẇ dyuers ensamples [D ij^v bis D viij^r, wo Coloph. : ¶ Here endeth a deuoute mydytacyon (*etc.*; wie oben) Inprynted at London in Flete strete at the sygne of ẏ soñe. By wynkyn de worde. Theyere of our lorde M. CCCC. xix. the. xxi. daye of Januarius. Auf D viij^v Druckerz.].

IV. ¶ Rycharde Rolle hermyte of Hampull in his contemplacyons of the drede and loue of god with other dyuerse tytles as it sheweth in his table [A bis F iij^v, wo Col. : ¶ Enprynted at London in Fletestrete in the sygne of the Sonne by me wynkyn de worde. Auf F iij^r Holzschchnitt; auf F iij^v Druckerz.].

V. Einen am Anfang und Ende unvollständigen Tractat, den ich mit M^c Kerrows Hilfe als das « forthe boke of ẏ folowynges Iesu cryst » der Countess of Rychemount habe identificieren können. Vergl. Br. Mus. (G. 12,041); der Catalog setzt das Stück zweifelnd ins Jahr 1515. Unserem Exemplar fehlen A und C vj.

VI. Einen unvollständigen Tractat. Auf A ij^r : ¶ Here begynneth a ryght profytable treatyse cōpendiously drawn out of many & dyuers wrytynges of holy men / to dyspose men to be vertuously occupied in theyr myndes & prayers *u. s. w.* Fehlt Blatt C. Cvv : ¶ Praye for your broder Thomas Betson which for your soules ẏ be come or shall come in to relygyon / drewe and made the contentes of this lytell quayer & exhortacion. necessary & nedefull to them that ben come & shall come to relygyon. ¶ Lerne to keepe your bokes clene &c. Cf. *Camb. Un. Press Bull.* VI, 3.

VII. ¶ A full deuoute & gostely treatyse of ẏ Imytacyō & folowynges ẏ blesyd lyfe of our most mercyfull sauour cryst : cōpyled in Latyn by ẏ ryght worshypfull doctor master Johñ Gerson / & translated in to englisshe the yere of our lorde. M. d. ij. by master wyllyam atkinson doctor of diuynyte / at ẏ speciall request & cōmaūdemēt of ẏ full excellent pryncesse Margarete moder to oure souerayne lorde Kyng Henry the .VII. & Coūtesse of Rychemount & Derby [A fehlt; A ij bis O iij^v, wo Coloph. : ¶ Here endeth the thyrd booke of Johñ Gerson / Emprynted in Lōdon by wynkyn de worde ī Fletestrete at the Sygne of the Sonne].

¹) Cf. oben p. XIII, Anm.

²) As Waley continued to print until 1582 there is at least a possibility that he printed other editions. The fact that Copland issued one apparently within a few years of this seems to show that the book was fairly

a point on which we have no evidence whatever, we may suppose the book to have appeared in or soon after that year ¹⁾).

The block at the head of this edition is said by Collier (*Hist. of Dr. Poet.*, 1879, ii. 230 note) to be of frequent occurrence in books printed by Waley, but I have failed to find it elsewhere. It has every appearance of being of German origin.

From the three wood-cuts which head Copland's edition I have been able to learn little which is of assistance in dating it. The same block of the central figure « Youth » is used for « Bougrace » in Copland's edition of *Jack Fuggler* which though not dated may with some confidence be assigned to 1562, in which year it was entered in the Stationers' Register (S.R., ed. Arber, i. 202). So far as can be judged by Ashbee's facsimile ²⁾ the block is precisely in the same condition as in *Youth*. The general appearance of the books is much the same, we find the same lack of black letter Y's in both, and altogether it seems reasonable to suppose them to be of the same date.

William Copland succeeded Robert Copland, who was presumably his father or brother, at the sign of the Rose Garland in Fleet Street in or about 1548. Some five years later he seems to have left this house and after 1553 generally uses in his dated books the imprint « at London » with no more definite address. In his undated books we find, besides the Rose-garland, the address at Lothbury, as in *Youth*, and « The Three Cranes » in the Vintry. I have not however succeeded in finding either of these last two addresses in a dated book. The last entry of a book to Copland in the Stationers' Register is in 1567-8, his last dated book seems to have been published in 1561.

On the whole it would probably be safe to place the printing of this edition between 1553 ³⁾ and 1567 and we shall probably be not far wrong if we assign it to 1562 ⁴⁾, the year in which *Jack Fuggler* was presumably issued.

popular. [Eine Ausgabe von 1565 wird in *Theatrical Records : or, An Account of English Dramatic Authors, and their Works*, London, Dodsley, 1756, p. 17 erwähnt. Die Angabe geht wohl auf die Sammlungen Coxeter's zurück? *Youth* befand sich in Captain Cox's Bibliothek; cf. *Captain Cox, his Ballads and Books* etc. by F. J. Furnivall (= Ballad Soc. vol. VII) pp. CXVIII ff. und 30].

¹⁾ Aber schwerlich unter Elisabeth, da es in der katholischen « Redaction » (ll. 35, 762) vorliegt.

²⁾ It must not be judged by the reproduction in Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, which is abominable. For another of the numerous cuts of this figure see the titlepage of Skot's *Everyman* (*Materialien* IV).

³⁾ This date is given on the evidence of the address, but the « protestant » alterations which appear in this text, see p. xxiii, make it practically certain that it did not appear earlier than 1558.

⁴⁾ This is the date assigned to it with a query in the Brit. Mus. Catalogue. I do not know how it was arrived at.

§ 6. The fact that the three texts of *Youth* resemble each other very closely and that important variations are remarkably few in number would at first sight lead one to suppose that their relationship to one another was more simple than is actually the case and might seem to render it a waste of space and trouble to give all the texts in full. It so happens however that the edition on which a reprint would most naturally be based is only represented by a fragment, while, of the other two, the one which in certain important readings seems more closely to follow the original version is the less correctly printed, and there is thus no text so much superior to the others that it can be taken without hesitation as the one which a modern editor would be bound to follow. This being so, some will no doubt prefer to have the materials for a detailed comparison of the extant texts.

As has been said in discussing the dates of printing of the three editions there seems every reason for considering the Lambeth fragment to be the earliest. Not only does the style of the typography resemble that of the early part of the sixteenth century rather than that of the middle, a point which in a book of this kind is of no great value as evidence, but we find the text to be correct in a number of cases where **W** and **C** have errors of a kind which are more easily made than detected by a printer ¹⁾).

Now if **L** were the earliest of the three editions and if there were no others besides these three, their relationship to one another would necessarily be one of the following ²⁾ :



¹⁾ Such as *monet* for *manet* in l. 14, *fayve* for *bygge* in l. 49. *For the* for *Frothy* in l. 71, *me call* for *call me* in l. 222. In a few cases however **W** and **C** correct **L** as, particularly, in the speakers' names on A 2^v.

The question as to whether **L** is the original edition cannot, I think, be answered without more evidence than we have at present. In this connection it may, however, be worth while to point out that we find in **L** no such irregularity in the number of lines to the page as in **W**, where, evidently in consequence of the employment of a larger block at the head of the work than that used by the printer who first divided the matter into pages, it was found necessary to give an extra line on A 2, besides altering the position of a speaker's name on A 1^v. The greater regularity in the use of ¶ before the speakers' names than is found in **W** and **C** is what we should expect in an original edition, though as evidence this is of little value.

²⁾ It is hardly necessary to observe that the general page for page correspondence of the three editions, as well as their similarity in other respects renders it practically impossible that they should have been printed from different manuscripts and at least improbable that two or more of them should have been set up independently from the same manuscript.

We shall see that no one of the three relationships proposed is in accordance with the facts. To take them in order :

1) The theory that **C** was printed from **W** is negated by a comparison of the readings in ll. 5, 19, 96, 110, supported in a less degree by those in ll. 97, 135, 183, 220, 224 etc., in all which **C** agrees with **L** against **W**. Further, in a large number of cases where we have not the text of **L** for comparison **C** has a reading which is evidently more correct than that given by **W**. In some of these we might suppose emendation by a proof-reader but in others this seems hardly likely, cf., for example, the readings in ll. 45, 181, 344, 398, 453, 545, 623, 691, 756, 776, 784. There can, I think, be no doubt whatever that the text from which **C** was printed was considerably freer from misprints than **W**, though, as will be shown later, it must in many respects have closely resembled this edition.

2) That **C** was printed from **L** and that **W** was printed from **C** is not only unlikely in view of the reasons given elsewhere for thinking **C** to have been printed some years later than **W** but is shown to be impossible by the important difference of reading in l. 35, where **W** agrees with **L** in having *Maye singe no masse without charitie*, while **C** has *Maie not lyue without charitye*. As it is obviously impossible that the reading of the earlier edition can have been restored by a corrector's guess, it is hardly necessary to discuss this proposed relationship further, but other evidence might be found, if required, in the readings in ll. 175, 199 where **W** again agrees with **L** against **C**; in the fact that in l. 251 **W** gives correctly a speaker's name which is dropped by **C** in a place where the error would not be readily noticed by a printer, namely, in the first line of a sheet; and, lastly, in the absence from **W** of certain misprints found in **C** as that of *superbis* for *superbia* in l. 388⁴).

3) It is not less easy to show that our third supposition is impossible. Were both **C** and **W** printed independently from **L** there would obviously be no reason for a misprint absent from **L** to be found in both of them, nor in general for them to agree against **L**, except perhaps in the correction of evident misprints in the earlier text. In several cases, however, we find in both **C** and **W** misprints which are absent from **L**, as in ll. 14, 128, 211, 222, while still more frequently these texts agree in readings against **L**, as in ll. 5, 49, 56, 65, 71, 93, 104, 109, 122, 129, 131, and many more. Note also the agreement of spelling against **L** in ll. 15, 24, 39, 72, 139, 171, 190, &c. and of punctuation in ll. 88, 143, 209, 218, &c., and the correction in **W** and **C** of the speakers names on A 2^v.

⁴) This variation in reading has, by an unfortunate confusion, been omitted from the Textual Notes. It is the first *superbia* in the line which is misprinted.

We thus see that neither can **C** have been printed from **L**, nor **L** from **C**, and that, though both these texts may well have been printed from the same edition, that edition cannot have been **L**, and we are therefore driven to suppose one or more editions to have been lost. If only one edition (which we may call **X**) is lost, our scheme will take the first of the forms given below; if, as I think more probable, two are lost, namely **Z**¹⁾ and **X**, the second:



As regards the relative merits of the texts it need only be said that while the evident alterations made in **C** in l. 35, *Maie not lyue* for *Maye singe no masse*, and in l. 762 *bokes* for *bedes*, changes doubtless introduced to avoid references to things associated with Romanism, must lead us to regard **W** as representing the original text more closely than **C**, at the same time this text is on the whole less correctly printed than **C**. A modern editor constructing an eclectic text would doubtless first follow **L** so far as it goes, then **C**, correcting from **W** in cases where there has been intentional change of reading in the former.

§ 7. The present reprint of the texts is intended to follow the originals as accurately as possible in all respects: on certain points, however, a few remarks seem desirable.

1. The early editions have of course only one character for capital I and J, and one for U and V. These two letters have here been represented in all cases, according to the usual practise, by I and V, these being the forms in which they would have appeared if the original printers had employed Roman type instead of black letter.

2. The speakers names have been placed in as nearly as possible the same position as in the originals, except that, in order to allow room for the numbering of the lines, the column of names is here somewhat further off from the text than in the quartos.

3. The spacing of words, which, especially in **C**, is very irregular, has been normalised. In a few cases however where it seemed impossible to determine whether words are actually divided or not a thin space has been used. It should be remembered that early type is by no means always accurately cast; we cannot take it for granted that the face is central on the body or that the body is of the same width in two similar letters.

4. In Copland's edition we find very few black letter Y's, a lower-

¹⁾ For the reason given in a note on the previous page we cannot suppose **Z** to have been the original manuscript and **L** and **X** to have been printed independently from it. It must have been a printed edition.

case letter or a Roman capital being generally used instead ¹). The latter is here represented by Y.

5. In the same text a form of W is employed which in some of his other books ²) the printer used indiscriminately for W and w. This has been represented by a capital W of a smaller fount. See ll. 63, 112, &c.

6. Copland had also two sizes of ¶. Unfortunately the two which were available for the present reprint are so nearly alike that it is a matter of some difficulty to distinguish them. As it is, they can I think be distinguished by anyone really desirous of so doing (see the two in ll. 122, 125). I may say that the larger one should properly be the full height of the body of the type.

7. Lastly, in Copland's text many of the stops have dropped away at the end of the speakers' names, while others are in process of doing so, being at varying distances from the word to which they belong. It was not thought necessary to reproduce this last irregularity.

It seems well to mention that for whatever errors there may be in the reprint of the texts the present writer is alone responsible.

§ 8. STAGE DIRECTIONS :

1. Enter Charity.
39. Enter Youth.
197. Exit Charity.
209. Enter Riot.
320. Exit Riot and returns with Pride.
381. Exit Pride.
389. Re-enter Pride with Lechery.
470. Enter Charity.
540. Exeunt Youth, Pride, Riot, and Lechery.
556. Enter Humility.
582. Enter Youth, Riot, and Pride.
742. Exit Pride.
753. Exit Riot.

¹) We find exactly the same peculiarity in *Jack Juggler*.

²) For instance in the Troy-book of 1553 and the *Fourre Sonnes of Aimon*, 1554.

Theerlude of youth.



Iesu that his armes dyd sprede
And on a tree was done to dead
From all perils he you defende
I desyre audyence tyl I haue made an ende:
For am come from God aboue
To occupye his lawes to your behoue
And am named Charytye
There maye no man saued be
wythout the helpe of me
For he that Charytye doth refuse
Othet vertues thought he do vse

A. i.

without charitye it wyl not be
 For it is written in the faythe
 Qui manet in charitate in deo monet
 15 I am the gate I tell the
 Of heauen that ioyful cite
 Ther maye no man thider come
 But of charyty he must haue some
 Or ye may not come iwis
 20 Vnto heauen the cite of blysse
 Therfore charitie who wil hym take
 A pure soule it wyl him make
 Before the face of God
 In the .A. B. C. of bokes the least
 25 yt is written deus charitas est
 Lo charytie is a great thinge
 Of all vertues it is the kynge
 Whan God in earth was here liuinge
 Of charyti he found none endinge
 30 I was planted in his hart
 We two might not departe
 Out of hys harte I dyd sprynge
 Throughe the myght of the heauen kinge
 And all prestes that be
 35 Maye singe no masse without charitie
 And chary to them they do not take
 Thei may not receyue him that did them make
 And all thys worlde of noughte
 youthe. ¶ A backe felowes and gyue me roume
 40 Or I shall make you to auoyde sone
 I am goodle of persone
 I am pereles where euer I come
 My name is youth I tell the
 I florysh as the vine tre
 45 who may be likeneth vnto me

- In my youthe and Iolytye
 My hearte is royall and bushed thicke
 My body plyaunt as a hasel styck
 Mine armes be bothe fayre and strong
- 50 My fingers be both faire and longe
 My chest bigge as a tunne
 My legges be full lighte for to runne
 To hoppe and daunce and make mery
 By the masse I recke not a chery
- 55 What so euer I do
 I am the heyre of my fathers lande
 And it is come into my hande
 I care for nomore
 ¶ Are you so disposed to doo charite.
- 60 To folowe vyce and let vertue go
 Ye syr euen so youthe,
 For nowe a dayes he is not set by
 Without he be vnthryfte
 You had nede to aske God mercye charite.
- 65 Why do you so prase your body
 Why knaue what is that to the youthe.
 wylt thou let me to prayse my body
 why shuld I not praise it & it be goodli
 I wil not let for the
- 70 What shal it be whan thou shalt flyt charite.
 For the wealth into the pyt
 Therfore of it be not to boolde
 Least thou forthink it whan thou art olde
 ye maye be lykened to a tre
- 75 In youth floryshyng with royalte
 And in age it is cut downe
 And to the fyre is throwne
 So shalt thou but thou amende
 Be burned in hel without ende
- 80 ye horson trowest thou so youthe.

- Be ware leaste thou thyder go
 Hence caytyfe go thy way
 Or with my dagger I shal the slay
 Hens knaue out of this place
 85 Or I shall lay the on the face
 Sayest thou that I shal go to hel
 For euer more there to dwel
 I had leuerthou had euyl fare
 Charite 90 ¶ A yet syr do by my rede
 And aske mercy for thy mysdede
 And y^u shalt be an herytoure of blysse
 Where al ioye and myrthe is
 Where thou shal se a gloryus syght
 Of aūgeles singyng w^t saintes bright
 95 Before the face of God
 youthe. ¶ What syrs abowe the sky
 I hah nede of a ladder to climbe so hie
 But what and the ladder slyppe
 Than I am deceyued yet
 100 And if I fal I catche a quecke
 I may sortune to breke my necke
 And that ioynste is yll to set
 Nay nay not so
 Charite ¶ O yet remember cal to thy minde
 105 The mercy of God passeth al thyng
 For it is wryten by noble clerkes
 The mercye of God passeth all werkes
 That witnesseth holy scrypture saynge thus
 Miseratio domini super omnia opera eius
 110 Therefore doute not goodes grace
 Ther of is plenty in euery place
 youthe. ¶ what me thynke ye be clerkyshe
 For ye speake good gibbryshe
 Syr I pray you and you haue any store

- 115 Soyle me a questyon or ye cast out any more
 Least whan your connyng is all done
 My question haue no solucyon
 Syr and it please you thys
 Why do men eate mustred with salfish
- 120 Sir I praye you soile me thys question
 That I haue put to your discrecyon
 ¶ This question is but vanitie charite.
 yt longeth not to me
 Suche questions to assoyle
- 125 ¶ Sir by god that me dere bought youthe.
 I se your connyng is littell or nought
 And I shuld folowe your scole
 Sone ye wold make a fole
 Therfore crake no longer here
- 130 Least I take you on the eare
 And make your head to ake
 ¶ Sir it falleth not for me to fight charite.
 Nether by day ne be night
 Therfore do my counsayle I saye
- 135 Than to heuen thou shalt haue thy way
 ¶ No syr I thynke ye wyll not fighte youthe.
 But to take a mannes purs in the night
 ye wyll not say nay
 For suche holy caitifes
- 140 Were wonte to be theues
 And such wolde be hanged as hye
 As a man may se with his eye
 In faith this same is true
 ¶ God saue euery christen body charite.
- 145 From such euell destenye
 And sende vs of his grace
 In heuen to haue a place
 ¶ Nay nay I warrant the youthe,

- He hathe no place for the
 150 Wenest thou he wyll haue suche fooles
 To syt on his gaie stooles
 Naye I warrant the naye
 Humi- ¶ Well sir I put me in goddes wyll
 litye. whether he wyll me saue or spyll
 155 And sir I pray yon do so
 And truste in god what so euer ye do
 youthe. ¶ Syr I praye the olde thy peace
 And talke to me of no goodnes
 And soone loke thou go thy waye
 160 Leste with my dagger I the slaye
 In faythe yf thou mene my harte
 Thou shalte be wearye of thy parte
 Or thou and I haue done
 charite. ¶ Thynke what God suffered for the
 165 His armes to be spred vpon a tree
 A knight with a speare opened his side
 In his harte appeared a wounde wyde
 That bought both you and me
 youthe. ¶ Goddes faste what is that to me
 170 Thou dawe wylte thou rede me
 In my youth to lose my ioilytie
 Hence knaue and go thy waye
 Or wythmy dagger I shall the slaye
 charite. ¶ O syr heare what I you tell,
 175 And be ruled after my counsell
 That ye might syt in heuen hye
 with God and his company
 youthe. ¶ A yet of God thou wilte not ceasse
 Tyll I fyght in good earneste
 180 On my fayth I tell the true
 yf I fyght I tell the true
 All the dayes of thy lyfe

- ¶ Syr I se well none otherwise be
 I wyll go to my brother Humilitie
 185 And take good counsaile of hym
 Howe it is best to be do theryn
 ye mary sire I pray you of that
 Me thinke it were a good sight of your backe
 I wolde se your heles hither
 190 And your brother and you together
 Fettred fine fast
 I wys and I had the kay
 ye shulde singe wel away
 Or I let you lose
 195 ¶ Fare well my maysters euerychone
 I wyll come agayne anone
 And tel you howe I haue done
 ¶ And thou come hither agayne
 I shall sende the hens in y^o diuels name
 200 What nowe, I maye haue my space
 To iet here in thys place
 Before I myght not stere
 whan the churle charitie was here
 But nowe amonge al thys chere
 205 I wold I had some company here
 I wis my brother Riot wold helpe me
 For to beate charitye
 And his brother to
 ¶ Huffa, huffa who calleth after me
 210 I am Riot ful iolyte
 My heart as light as the wynde
 and allon Riot is my mynde
 where so euer I go
 But wote ye what I do here
 215 To seke youth my compere
 Fayne of hym I wolde haue a sight
 charite.
 youthie.
 charite.
 youthie.
 Ryot.

- But my lippes hange in my lyght
 God spede master youth by my faie
 youthe. Welcom Ryot in the deuels waye
 220 who brought the hither to
 Ryot. That dyd my legges I tell the
 Me thought thou dyd me call
 And I am come now here
 To make roiall there
 225 And tell the how I haue done
 youthe. what I wende thou hadst ben hinged
 But I se thou arte escaped
 For it was tolde me heere
 you toke a man on the eare
 230 That his purse in your bosome did flye
 And so in newegate ye dyd lye
 Ryot. So it was I beshrewe your parte
 I come lately from Newgate
 But I am as readye to make good chere
 235 As he that neuer came there
 For and I haue spendyng
 I wyll make as mery as a kynge
 And care not what I do
 For I wyll not lye longe in prison
 240 But wyll get forthe soone
 For I haue learned a pollycie
 That wyll lose me lyghtlye
 And sone let me go
 youthe. I loue well thy discretyon
 245 For thou arte all of one condicion
 Thou arte stable and stedfast of mynde
 And not chaungable as the wynde
 But sir I praye you at the leaste
 Tell me more of that ieste
 250 That thou tolde me ryght nowe

- ¶ Moreouer I shall tell the Ryot.
 The mayre of London sent for me
 Forth of Newgate for to come
 For to preche at Tyborne.
- 255 ¶ By our Lady he dyd promote the youthe.
 To make the preche at the galowe tre
 But syr how diddest thou scape
 ¶ Verely syr the rope brake Ryot.
 And so I fell to the ground
- 260 And ran away safe and sound
 Be thy way I met with a courtyers lad
 And twenty nobles of gold in hys purs he had
 I toke the ladde on the eare
 Besyde his horse I felled him there
- 265 I toke his purs in my hande
 And twenty nobles therin I fand
 Lorde howe I was mery.
 ¶ Goddes fote thou diddest ynoughe there youthe.
 For to be made knight of the colere.
- 270 ¶ Ye syr I truste to God all myght Ryot.
 At the nexte cessions to be dubbed a knight
 ¶ Now syr by thys lyght youthe.
 That wolde I fayne se
 And I plyght the so God me saue
- 275 That a surer colere thou shalt haue
 And because gold colers be so good chepe
 Vnto the roper I shal speke
 To make the one of a good pryce
 And that shalbe of warrantyse.
- 280 ¶ youth I pray the haue a doo Ryot.
 And to the tauerne let vs go
 And we will drynke diuers wine
 And the cost shal be myne
 Thou shalt not pay one peny iwis

- 285 yet thou shalt haue a wenche to kysse
 whan so euer thou wilte
- youthe. ¶ Mary Ryot I thanke the
 That thou wylt be stowe it on me
 And for thy pleasure so be it
- 290 I wold not charity shuld vs mete
 And turne vs agayne
 For right nowe he was with me
 And said he wolde go to Humilitie
 And come to me agayne
- Ryot. 295 ¶ Let him come if he will
 He were better to bide styll
 And he gyue the croked langage
 I wyll laye him on the visage
 And that thou shalt se some
- 300 How lightly it shall be done
 And he wyl not be ruled with knockes
 we shall set him in the stockes
 To heale his sore shinnes
- youthe. ¶ I shall helpe the if I can
- 305 To dryue awaye that hang man
 Herke Riot thou shalt vnderstande
 I am heyre of my fathers land
 And nowe they be come to my hand
 Me thynke it were best therfore
- 310 That I had one man more
 To wayte me vpon
- Ryot. ¶ I can spede the of a seruaunte of pryce
 That wil do the good seruice
 I se him go here be side
- 315 Some men call him mayster pryde
 I sweare by God in Trinitie
 I wyll go fetchehim vnto the
 And that euen anone

- Hye the apace and come a gayne youthe.
 320 and brynge with the that noble swayne
 ¶ Lo mayster youth here he is Ryot.
 A prety man and wise
 He wyl be glad to do good you seruyce
 In al that euer he may
- 325 ¶ Welcome to me good fellowe youthe.
 I pray the whence commest thou
 And thou wylt my seruaunt be
 I shall geue the golde and fee
 ¶ Syr I am content iwis Pride.
- 330 To do you any seruic
 That euer I can do
 ¶ By likelihod thou shulde do well ynowe youthe.
 Thou art a lykely felowe
 ¶ yes syr I warrant you Pride.
- 335 yf ye will be rulde by me
 I shall you brynge to hye degre
 ¶ What shall I do tell me youthe.
 And I wyll be ruled by the
 ¶ Mary I shall tell you Pride.
- 340 Considre ye haue good ynowe
 And thing ye come of noble kinde
 Aboue all men exalte thy minde
 Put downe the poore and se nought bi them
 Be in company with gentel man
- 345 Iette vp and downe in the waye
 And your clothes loke they be gaye
 The pretye wenchis wyll saye than
 yorder goeth a gentelmen
 And euery pore felowe that goeth you by
- 350 Will do of his cap and make you curteisie
 In faith this is true
 Sir I thanke the by the roode youthe.

- For thy counsell that is so good
 And I commit me euen nowe
- 355 Vnder the techynge of Ryot and you
- Ryot. ¶ Lo youth I tolde you
 That he was a lustye felowe
- youthe. ¶ Mary syr I thanke the
 That you wolde brynge hym vnto me
- Pryde. 360 ¶ Syr it were expedyente that ye had a wife
 To liue with her all youre life
- Ryot. ¶ A wyfe nay nay for God auowe
 He shall haue fleshe inoughe
 For by God that me dere bought
- 365 Ouer muche of one thinge is nought
 The deuyl sayd he had leuer burne al his lyfe
 Than ones for to take a wife
 Therfore I saye so god me saue
 He shall no wife haue
- 370 Thou haste a syster fair and fre
 I knowe well hys lemman she wyll be
 Therfore I wolde she were here
 That we might go and make good chere
 At the wine some where
- youthe. 375 ¶ I pray you hither thou do her brynge
 For she is to my likinge
- Pryde. ¶ Syr I shall do my diligence
 To bringe her to your presence
- youthe. ¶ Hye the apace and come agayn
- 380 To haue a sight I wolde be faine
 Of that lady fre
- Ryot. ¶ Syr in faith I shall tell you true
 She is a freshe and faire of hue
 And verye propre of bodye
- 385 Men call her Lady Lechery
- youthe. ¶ My herte burneth by God of myght

- Till of that lady I haue a syght
 Intret superbia cū luxuria et dica superbia
- ☞ Syr I haue fulfilled your entent Pryde.
 390 And haue brought you in thys present
 That you haue sent me fore
- ☞ Thou art a redy messengere youthe.
 Come hither to me my herte so dere
 ye be welcome to me as the hert in my body
- 395 ☞ Syr I thāke you and at your pleasure I am Lecheri
 ye be the same vnto me
- ☞ Maisters wyl ye to tauerne walk youthe.
 A worde with you here wyll I talke
 And gyue you the wine
- 400 ☞ Gentle man I thanke you verely Lecheri
 And I am all redye
 To waite you vpon
- ☞ What sister lecherye Ryot.
 ye be welcome to our companye
- 405 ☞ Well wanton well, fye for shame Lecheri
 So sone ye do expresse my name
 what if no man shuld haue knowne
 I wis I shal you bete, well wanton well
- ☞ A lytell pretye nylet Ryot.
 410 ye be well nise God wote
 ye be a lytell prety pye, iwis ye go ful gingerie
- ☞ Wel I se your false eye Lecheri
 winketh on me full wantonly
 ye be full wanton iwis
- 415 ☞ Pryde I thanke you of your laboure youthe.
 That you had to fecth thys fayre floure
- ☞ Lo youth I tolde the Pryde.
 That I wolde brynge her with me
 Sir I pray you tel me nowe
- 420 Howe doth she lyke you

- youthe. ¶ Verely wel she pleased me
 For she is courteis gentyll and fre
 Howe do you fayre Ladye
 Howefare you tell me
- Lecheri⁴²⁵ ¶ Syr if it please you, I do well ynowe
 And the better that you wyl wite
- youthe. ¶ Riot I wolde be at the tauerne fayne
 Least charitie vs mete and turne vs agayne
 Than wold I be sory because of thys farye ladi
- Ryot. ⁴³⁰ ¶ Let vs go agayne be tyme
 That we maye be at the wyne
 Or euer that he come
- Pryde. ¶ Hie the apace and go we hence
 we wil let for none expence
- youthe. ⁴³⁵ ¶ Now we wil fil the cup and make good chere
 I trust I haue a noble here
 Herke sirs for God almighte
 Herest thou not howe they fight
 In fayth we shal them part
- ⁴⁴⁰ Yf there be any wine to sell
 They shall no longer together dwell
 No than I be shrewe my herte
- Ryot,
 ¶ No syr so mote I the
 Let not thy seruaūtes fight within the
- ⁴⁴⁵ For it is a carefull lyfe
 Euermore to lyue in strife
 Therefore yf ye wyll be ruled bi mi tale
 We will go tothe ale
 And se howe we can do
- ⁴⁵⁰ I truste to God that sitteth on hye
 To lese that lyttell companye
 With in an houre or two
- Pride. ¶ Now let vs goo for goodes sake
 And se howe merye we can make

- 455 ¶ Now lette vs go a pace Ryot.
 And I belast there I be shrewe my face
- ¶ Nowe let vs go that we were there youthe.
 To make this Ladye some chere
- ¶ Verelye sir I thanke the Lecheri
 460 That ye wyll bestowe it on me .
 And whan it please you on me to call
 My heart is yours bodye and all
- ¶ Faire Ladye I thanke the youthe.
 On the same wyse ye shall haue me
- 465 whan so euer ye please
 Riot we tarye very longe Pryde.
 we wyl go euen now with a lusty songe Ryot.
 In fayth I wyll be rector chorye Pryde.
 Go to it then hardely, and let vs be agate youthe.
 470 Abide felowe a worde with the charite.
 whether go ye tell me
 Abyde and here what I shall you tell
 And be ruled by my counsel
- ¶ Naye no felowe ne yet mate Pryde.
 475 I trowe thy felowe be in Newgate
 Shal we tell the whether we go
 Nay iwis good Iohn a Pepo
 Who learned the thou mistaught man
 To speake so to a gentyman
- 480 Thoughe his clothes be neuer so thine
 yet he is come of noble kinne
 Thoughe thou gyue him suche a mocke
 yet he is come of a noble stocke
 I let the well to wite
- 485 ¶ What syr Iohn what saye ye Ryot.
 wolde you be fetred nowe
 Thynke nat to long I pray you
 It mye fortune come sone ynowe

- youthe. ye shall thynke it a lytell soone.
 490 ¶ yet syrs let thys cease
 And let vs talke of goodnes
 charite. He turned his tale he is a ferde
 But faith he shalbe skerd
 He weneth by flatteryng to please vs agayne
 495 But he laboureth all in vayne
 charite. ¶ Syr I pray you me not spare
 For nothings I do care
 That ye can doe to me
 Ryot. ¶ No horeson sayst thou so
 500 Holde him pride and let me go
 I shall set a prayre of rynges
 That shall sit to his shinnes
 And that euen a none.
 Pride. ¶ Hye the apace and come agayne
 505 And bringe with he ta good chaine
 To holde him here stil.
 charite ¶ Iesu that was borne of Mare milde
 From all euyl he vs shielde
 And sende you grace to amende
 510 Or oure lyfe be at an ende
 For I tell you trewlye
 That ye lyue full wickedlye
 I praye God it amende
 Ryot, ¶ Lo syrs loke what I bringe
 515 Is not thys a ioly ringinge
 By my trowth I trowe it be
 I will go with of charitie
 How sayest thou mayster charitie
 Dothe this geare please the.
 charite. 520 ¶ They please me well in dede
 The more sorowe the more mede
 For God saide whyle he was man

- Beati qui persecutionē patiūtur ppter iusticiā
 Vnto his apostles he sayde so
- 525 To teache them howe they shulde do
 ¶ we shall se how they can please Pride.
 Sit downe sir and take youre ease
 Me thinke these same were ful meete
 To go about your fayre feete
- 530 ¶ By my truthe I you tell youthe.
 They wolde become him very well
 Therefore hye that they were on
 Vnto the tauerne that we were gone
 ¶ That shall ye se anone Ryot,
- 535 Howe soone they shall be on
 And after we wyll not tary longe
 But go hence with a mery songe Pryde.
 ¶ Let vs begyn all at once youthe.
 ¶ Nowe haue at it by cockes bones
- 540 And soone let vs goo charite.
 ¶ Lo maisters here you maye see beforene
 That the weede ouergroweth the corne
 Nowe maie ye see all in this tide
 How vice is taken, and vertue set aside
- 545 yonder ye maye see youth is stable
 But euermore chaungeable
 And the nature of men is frayle
 That he wotteth not what may auayle
 Vertue for to make
- 550 O good Lorde it is a pitifull case
 Sith God hath lent man wyt and grace
 To chose of good and euyl
 That man shulde voluntarylye
 To suche thynges him selfe applye
- 555 That his soule shuld spyll
 ¶ Christ y[†] was crucified & crowned w[†] thorne humili.
 C.i.

- And of a virgin for man was borne
 Some knowledge sende to me
 Of my brother Charitye
- charite.560 ¶ Dere brother humilitie
 ye be welcome vnto me
 Where haue ye be so longe
- humili. ¶ I shall do you to vnderstande
 That I haue sayd myne euensonge
 565 But sir I praye you tel me nowe
 Howe this case happened to you
- charite. ¶ I shall tell you anone
 The felowes that I tolde you on
 Haue me thus arayed
- humili. 570 Sir I shall vndo the bandes
 From your feete and your handes
 Sir I praye you tell me anone
 whether they be gone
 And when they come againe
- charite,575 ¶ Sir to the tauerne they begone
 And they wyll come againe anone
 And that shall you see
- humili. ¶ Then wyll we them exhorte
 Vnto vertue to resorte, & so forsake syn
- charite,580 ¶ I will helpe you that I can
 To conuert that wicked man
- youthe. ¶ A backe galantes and loke vnto me
 And take me for your speciall
 For I am promoted to hye degree
 585 By ryght I am kinge eternal
 Neither duke ne Lorde, Baron ne knight
 That maye be lykened vnto me
 They be subdued to me by ryght
 As seruantes to their masters shulde be
- humili. 590 ¶ ye be welcome to thys place here

- we thinke ye labour all in vayne
 wherefore your braynes we wyll stere
 And kele you a lytel agayne
- ¶ Saiest thou my braynes thou wylt stere youthe.
- 595 I shall laye the on the eare
 were thou borne in trumpington
 and brought vp at Hogges norton
 By my faith it semeth so
 well go knaue go
- 600 ¶ Do by our counsell and our rede charite.
 And aske mercye for thy mysdede
 And endeuer the for goddes sake
 For thy sinnes amendes to make
 Or euer that thou die
- 605 ¶ Harke youth for god auowe Ryot.
 He wolde haue the a sainte nowe
 But youth I shall you tell
 A yonge sainte an olde deuyll
 Therfore I holde the a foole
- 610 And thou folowe his scole
 I warrant thee I wyll not do soo youthe.
 I wyll be ruled by you two
- ¶ Then shall ye do well Pryde.
 yf ye be ruled by our counsell
- 615 we wyll bringe you to hie degree
 And promote you to dignitie
- ¶ Sir, it is a pitifull case humili.
 That ye wolde forsake grace
 And to vyce applye
- 620 ¶ Whie knaue dothe it geue thee youthe.
 Thou shalt not answer for me
 when my soule hangeth on the hedge once
 Then take thou and caste stones.
 As faste as thou wylte

- charite.625 ¶ Syr if it please you to do thus
 Forsake them and do after vs
 The better shall you do
- Ryot. ¶ Syre he shall do well inowe
 Thoughe he be ruled by neither of you
- 630 Therefore crake no longer here
 Least you haue on the eare
 And that a good knocke
- Pride. ¶ Lyghtlye se thou auoyde the place
 Or I shall gyue the on the face
- 635 youth I trowe that he wolde
 Make you holy or ye be olde
 And I swere by the rode
 It is tyme inoughe to be good
 Whan that ye be olde
- youth. 640 ¶ Syr by my truthe I the say
 I wyll make mery whiles I may
 I can not tell you howe long
- Ryot. ¶ ye sir so mote I thryue
 Thou art not certayne of thy life
- 645 Therefore thou were a starke foole
 Ro leue myrthe and folowe their scole
- humili. ¶ Syr I shall him exhorte
 Vnto vs to resorte
 And you to forsake
- Pride. 650 ¶ Aske him if he wyll do so
 To forsake vs and folowe you two
 Nay I warrant you nay
- humili. ¶ That shall you se euen anone
 I wyll vnto him gone
- 655 And se what he will saye
- Ryot. ¶ Hardely go on thy waye
 I knowe well he will saye naye
- youth. ¶ Ye syr be God that me dere bought

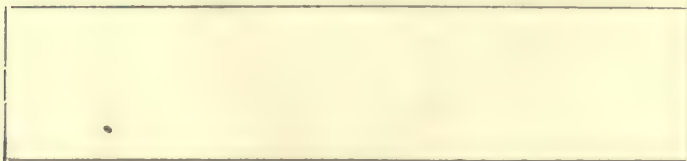
- Me think ye laboure all for nought
 660 Wenest thou that I wyll for the
 Or thy brother Charytie
 Forsake thys good companye
 Nay I warrant the
 ¶ No mayster I praye you of that
 665 For anye thyng for sake vs nat Pride.
 and all oure counsell rule you by
 ye may be Emperour or ye dye
 ¶ While I haue life in my body
 Shall I be ruled by Riot and the youthe.
 670 ¶ Sir than shall ye do well
 For we be true as stele Ryot.
 Syr can teache you to play at the dice
 At the quenes game and at the Iryshe
 The Treygobet and the hasarde also
 675 And many other games mo
 Also at the cardes I can theche you to play
 At the triumph and one and thyrtye
 Post, pinion and also aumsase
 And at ad other they call dewspace
 680 yet I can tel you more & ye shyll con me thanke
 Pinke and drinke and also at the blanke
 And many sportes mo
 ¶ I thanke the Riot so mote I the youthe.
 For the counsell thou haste geuen me
 685 I will folowe thy minde in euery thinge
 And guide me after thy learnynge
 ¶ Youth leue that counsell for it is nought charite.
 And amende that thou hast mys wrought
 That thou maist saue that God hath bought
 690 ¶ What saye ye mayster charitie youthe.
 whath hath God bought
 By my trowth I knowe not

- whether that he goeth in white or blacke
 He came neuer at the stues
 695 Nor in no place where I do vse
 I wis he bought not my cap
 Nor yet my ioylie hat
 I wot not what he hath bought for me
 And he bought any thyng of myne
 700 I wyll geue hym a quarte of wyne
 The nexte tyme I hym meete
- charite. ¶ Sir this he dyd for the
 When thou wast bonde he made the free
 And bought the wyth his bloud
- youthe, 705 ¶ Sir I praye you tell me
 Howe may thys be
 That I knowe I was neuer bonde
 Vnto none in Englande
- charite. ¶ Sir I shall tell you
 710 Whan Adam had done greate trespas
 And out of paradise exiled was
 Then all the soles as I can you tell
 were in the bondage of the deuyll of hell
 Tyll the father of heauen of hys great mercie
 715 Sent the seconde person in Trinitie
 Vs for to redeme
 And so with his precyous bloude
 He bought vs on the roode
 And our soules dyd saue
- youthe. 720 ¶ Howe shulde I saue it tell me nowe
 and I wyll be ruled after you my soule to saue
- Ryot. ¶ What youth wyll you forsake me
 I wyll not forsake thee
- humili. ¶ I shall tell you shortly
 725 Knele downe and aske God mercye
 For that you haue offended

- Youth wylte thou do so Pride.
 Folowe them and let vs go
 Marye I trowe naye
 730 ¶ Here all sinne I forsake youthe.
 And to God I me betake
 Good Lorde I praye the haue no indignacion
 That I a sinner shulde aske saluacyon
 ¶ Nowe thou muste forsake pryde charite.
 735 And all Riot set aside
 ¶ I wyll not him forsake Pride.
 Neither early ne late
 I wende he wolde not forsake me
 But if it wyll none otherwise bee
 740 I wyll go my waye
 ¶ Sir I praye God be your spede youthe.
 and helpe your at your nede
 ¶ I am sure thou wilt not forsake me Ryot.
 Nor I wyll not forsake thee
 745 ¶ I forsake you also youthe.
 and wyll not haue with you to do
 ¶ And I forsake the vtterlye Ryot.
 Fye on the caytife fye
 Once a promise thou dyd me make
 750 That thou wolde me neuer forsake
 But nowe I se it is harde
 For to truste the wretched worlde
 Fare well masters euerycheone. humili.
 For your synne looke ye morne
 755 and euyl creatures loke ye tourne
 For your name who maketh insicion
 Saye it is good contricion
 That for sinne doth morne
 ¶ Here is a newe araye charite.
 760 For to walke by the waye

- Your prayer for to saye
- Humili. ¶ Here be bedes for your deuocyon
 And kepe you from all temptacyon
 Let not vyce deuoure
- 765 Whan ye se mysdoing men
 Good counsell geue them
 And teach them to amende
- youthe. ¶ For my synne I wyll morne
 All creatures I wyll turne
- 770 and whan I see misdoinge men
 Good counsell I shall geue them
 and exorte them to to amende
- charite. ¶ Then shall ye be an heritour of blysse
 Where all ioie and myrth is
- youthe. 775 ¶ To the whiche eternall
 Go brynge the persons all
 Here beynge amen.
- humili. Thus haue we brought our matter to an ende
 Before the persons here present
- 780 Wolde euery man be contente
 Leaste onother daye we be shente
- charite. ¶ We thanke all thys presente
 Of theyr meeke audyence
- humili. 784 ¶ Iesu that sytteth in heauen so hye
 Men and women that here be
 amen amen, for charitie.

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The Enterlude

of Youth.



Christ that his armes dyd sprede
And on a tree was done to dead
From all perils he you defende
I desire audiēce til I haue made an ende

Foz I am come from God aboue
To occupie his lawes to your behoue
And am named Charitie
There maye no man saued be
Without the helpe of me
Foz he that Charitie doth refuse
Othe beccurs though he do vse
Without Charitie it wyll not be
Foz it is wrytten in the saithe



- Qui manet in charitate in deo monet
 15 I am the gate I tell the
 Of heauen that ioiful cytie
 Ther maie no man thider come
 But of charyty he must haue some
 Or he may not come iwis
 20 Vnto heauen the citie of blysse
 therfore charitie who wil him take
 Apure soule it wil him make
 Before the face of God
 In the .A. B. C. of bokes the least
 25 Yt is writen deus charitas est
 Lo charitie is a great thinge
 Of all vertues it is the kinge
 Whan God in earth was here liuinge
 Of chariti he found none endinge
 30 I was planted in his hart
 We two might not departe
 Out of his harte I did springe
 throughe the might of the heauē king
 And all preestes that be
 35 Maie not lyue without charitye
 And charitye to them they do not take
 they may not receiue him that did them make
 And all this worlde of noughte
 * youth.
 A backe felowes and giue me roume
 40 Or I shall make you to auoyde sone
 I am goodlye of persone
 I am pereles where euer I come
 My name is youth I tell the
 I florysh as the vine tre
 45 Who may be likened vnto me
 In my youthe and Iolitye

- My hearre is royall and bushed thicke
 My body plyaunt as a hasel styck
 Myne armes be bothe fayre and strong
 50 My fingers be both faire and longe
 My chest bigge as a tunne
 My legges be full lighte for to runne
 To hoppe and daunce and make mery
 By the masse I recke not a chery
 55 What so euer I do
 I am the heyre of my fathers lande .
 And it is come into my hande
 I care for no more
 Are you so disposed to doo Charite
 60 To folowe vice and let vertue go
 Ye sir euen so youthc.
 For nowe a dayes he is not set by
 Without he be vnthriftye
 You had nede to aske God mercye Charite
 65 Why do you so prase your body
 Why knaue what is that to the youthc.
 wilt thou let me to prayse my body
 whi shuld I not praise it & it be goodli
 I will not let for the
 70 what shal it be whan thou shalt flyt Charite
 For the wealth into the pyt
 Therefore of it be not to boolde
 Least thou for think it whan ^uy art old
 ye maye be lykened to a tre
 75 In youth floryshyng with royallte
 And in age it is cut downe
 And to the fyre is throwne
 So shalt thou but thou amende
 Be burned in hel without ende
 80 Ye horson trowest thou so A. ii. youthc.

- Be ware leaste thou thyder go
 Hence caytife go thi way
 Or with my dagger I shal the slay
 Hens knaue out of this place
 85 Or I shal lay the on the face
 Sayest thou that I shal go to hel
 For euer more there to dwel
 I had leuer thou had euyll fare
 Charite ¶ A yet syr do by my rede
 90 And aske mercy for thimisdede
 And thou shalt be an herytoure of blysse
 Where al ioye and myrthe is
 Where thou shal se a gloriys syght
 Of aungeles singing with saintes bright
 95 Before the face of God
 Youthe. ¶ what syrs aboue the sky
 I had nede of a ladder to climbe so hye
 But what and the ladder slyppe
 Than I am deceyued yet
 100 And if I fal I catche a quecke
 I may fortune to breke my necke
 And that ioynte is yll to set
 Nay nay not so
 Charite ¶ O yet remember cal to thi minde
 105 The mercy of God passeth al thyng
 For it is wryten by noble clerkes
 The mercye of God passeth all werkes
 That witnesseth holy scrypture sainge thus
 Miseratio domini super omnia opera eius
 110 Therfore doute not goddes grace
 Ther of is plenty in euery place
 Youthe. ¶ What me thynke ye be clerkyshe
 For ye speake good gibbryshe
 Syr I pray you and you haue any slore

- 115 Soyle me a question or ye caste out any more
 Least whan your connyng is all done
 My question haue no solucion
 Syr and it please you this
 Whi do mē eate musterd with saltfishe
- 120 Sir I praie you soile me this quistion
 That I haue put to your descrecyon
 ¶ Thus question is but vanitie Charite
 Yt longeth not to me
 Suche questions to assoyle
- 125 ¶ Sir by god that me dere bought youthe.
 I se your connyng is litell or noughte
 And I shuld folowe your scole
 Sone ye wold make afole
 Therefore crake no longer here
- 130 Least I take you on the eare
 And make your head to ake
 Sir it falleth not for me to fighte Charite
 Nether by day ne be night
 therefore do my counsaile I saye
- 135 Than to heuē thou shalt haue the wai
 * No syr I thinke ye will not fighte youthe.
 But to take a mans purs in the night
 Ye will not sai nay
 For suche holy caitifes.
- 140 Were wonte to be theues
 And such wolde be hanged as hye
 As a man may se with his eye
 In faith this same is true
 ¶ God saue euery christen body Charite
- 145 From such euell destenye
 And sende vs of his grace
 In heuen to haue a place
 ¶ Nay nay I warrant the youthe.

- He hathe no place for the
 150 wenest thou he wyll haue suche fooles
 To syt on his gaie stooles
 Naie I warrant the naye
 Humily Well sir I put me in goddes wyll
 Whether he wyll me saue or spyll
 155 And sir I pray you do so
 And truste in god what so euer ye do
 youthe. Sir I praye the holde thy peace
 And talke to me of no goodnes
 And soone loke thou go thy waye
 160 Lesse with my dagger I the slaie
 In faithe if thou meue my harte
 Thou shalte be wearie of thy parte
 Or thou and I haue done
 Charite Thynke what God susered for the
 165 His armes to be spred vpon a tree
 A knight with a speare opened his syd
 In his harte appeared a wounde wid
 That bought both you and me
 youthe. Goddes faste what is that to me
 170 Thou dawe wylte thou rede me
 In my youth to lose my ioylitie
 Hence knaue and go thy waye
 Or wyth my dagger I shall the slaye
 Charite O sir heare what I you tell,
 175 And be ruled of my counsell
 That ye might syt in heuen hye
 with God and his company
 Youthe. A yet of God thou wilte not ceasse
 Tyll I fyght in good earneste
 180 On my fayth I tell the true
 yf I fyghte thou wylte it rue
 All the dayes of thy lyfe.

- Syr I se it wyll none otherwise be
 I will go to my brother Humilitie
 185 And take good counsayle of him
 Howe it is best to be do therin
 ye mary syre I pray you of that
 Me thinke it were a good sight of your backe
 I wolde se your heles hither
 190 And your brother and you together
 Fettred fine fast
 I wis and I had the kay
 ye shulde singe wel away
 Or I let you lose
- 195 Fare well my maysters euerychone
 I wyll come againe anone
 And tel you howe I haue done
 And thou come hither againe
 I wyll send y^o hens in the dyuels nam
 200 What nowe, I maye haue my space
 To iet here in this place
 Before I might not stere
 Whan the churle charitie was here
 But nowe amonge al this chere
 205 I wold I had som company here
 I wis mi brother Riot wold helpe me
 For to beate charytye
 And his brother to
 Huffa, huffa who calleth after me
 210 I am Riot ful iolite
 My heart as light as the wynde
 And all on Riot is mi minde
 where so euer I go
 But wote ye what I do here
 215 To seeke youth my compere
 Faine of him I wolde haue a sight

Charite

youth.

Charite

youth.

Ryot.

But my lyppes hange in my lyght
 God spede master youth by my faie
 youthe Welcom Ryot in the deuels waye
 220 Who brought the hither to day
 Ryot That dyd my legges I tell the
 Me thought thou dyd me call
 And I am com now here
 To make roiall chere
 225 And tell the how I haue done
 youthe What I wende thou hadst ben henged
 But I se thou arte escaped
 For it was tolde me heere
 You toke a man on the eare
 230 That his purse in your bosome did flie
 And so in Newegate ye dyd lye
 Ryot So it was I beshrewe your pate
 I come lately from Newgate
 But I am as readie to make good chere
 235 As he that neuer came there
 For and I haue spendyng
 I wyll make as mery as a kinge
 And care not what I do
 For I wyll not lie longe in prison
 240 But wyll get forthe soone
 For I haue learned a pollicie
 That wyll lose me lyghtlie
 And soone let me go
 Youthe. I loue well thy discrecion
 245 For thou arte all of one condicyon
 Thou arte stable and stedfast of mynde
 And not chaungable as the wynde
 But sir I praie you at the leaste
 Tell me more of that ieste
 250 That thou tolde me ryght nowe

- Morouer I shall tell the
 The mayre of London sent for me
 Forth of Newgate for to com
 For to preche at Tybrone.
- 255 By our Lady he did promote the youthe.
 To make the preche at the galowe tre
 But syr how diddest thou scape
 Verely syr the rope brake Ryot
 And so I fell to the ground
- 260 And ran away safe and sound
 Be the way I met with a courtiers lad
 And twenty nobls of gold in his purs he had
 I toke the ladde on the eare
 Besyde his horse I felled hym there
- 265 I toke his purs in my hande
 And twenty nobles therin I fand
 Lorde howe I was mery.
 Goddes fote thou diddest ynoughe there youthe.
 For to be made knyght of the colere.
- 270 Ye syr I truste to God all myght
 At the next cessions to be dubbed a knight Ryot
 Now syr by this light
 That wolde I fayne se youthe
 And I plight the so God me saue
- 275 That a surer colere thou shalt haue
 And because gold colers be so good chepe
 Vnto the roper I shal speke
 To make the one of a good price
 And that shalbe of warrantyse.
- 280 Youth I pray the haue a doo Ryot.
 And to the tauerne let vs go
 And we will drynke diuers wine
 And the cost shal be mine
 Thou shalt not pay one peny iwis B.i.

- 285 Yet thou shalt haue a wenche to kysse
whan so euer thou wylte
- youthe. Mary Riot I thanke the
That thou wylt be stowe it on me
And for thi pleasure so be it
- 290 I wold not charity shuld vs mete
And turne vs agayne
For ryght nowe he was with me
And said he wolde go to Humilitie
And come to me againe
- Ryot. 295 Let him come if he will
He were better to bide still
And he gyue the croked langage
I will laye him on the visage
And that thou shalt se sone
- 300 Howe lightly it shall be doone
And he wil not be ruled with knockes
We shall set him in the stockes
To heale his sore shinnes
- youthe. I shall helpe the if I can
- 305 To dryue a waye that hang man
Herke Riot thou shalt vnderstande
I am heyre of my fathers land
And nowe they be come to my hand
Me thynke it were best therfore
- 310 That I had one man more
To waite me vpon
- Ryot. I can spede the of a seruaūte of price
That wil do the good seruice
I se him go here be side
- 315 Some men call him mayster Pride
I sweare by God in Trinitie
I wyll go fetche him vnto the
And that euen anone

- Hye the apace and come a gayne youthe
320 And bringe with the that noble swayne
 Lo mayster youth here he is Ryot
 A prety man and a wyse
 He will be glad to do you seruyce
 In al that euer he may
325 Welcome to me good fellowe youthe
 I prai the whence comest thou
 And thou wilt my seruaunt be
 I shall geue the golde and fee
 Syr I am content iwis Pryde.
330 To do you any seruis
 That euer I can do
 By likelyhod thou shulde do well ynowe Youthe.
 Thou art alykely felowe
 Yes syr I warrant you Pryde
335 yf ye will be rulde by me
 I shall you bringe to hye degre
 What shall I do tell me youthe.
 And I wyll be ruled by the
 Mary I shall tell you Pryde
340 Considre ye haue good ynowe
 And think ye come of noble kinde
 Aboue all men exalte thy minde
 Put downe the pore and set nought by them
 Be in company with gentel men
345 Iette vp and downe in the waye
 And your clothes loke they be gaye
 The pretye wenches wyll saie than
 Yonder goeth a gentelmen
 And eury pore felowe that goeth you by
350 Will do of his cap and make you curteisie
 In faith this is true
 Sir I thanke the by the roode B. ii. youthe.

- For thi counsell that is so good
 And I commit me euen nowe
- 355 Vnder the techynge of Ryot and you
- Ryot ¶ Lo youth I tolde you
 That he was a lastye felowe
- youthe ¶ Mary syr I thanke the
 That you wolde bringe him vnto me
- Pryde. 360 ¶ Syr it were expediante that ye had a wife
 To liue with her all youre life
- Ryot * A wife nay nay for God auowe
 He shall haue fleshe inoughe
 For by God that me dere bought
- 365 Ouer mucche of one thinge is nought
 The deuyl said he had leuer burne al his life
 than ones for to take a wife
 Therefore I saie so god me saue
 He shall no wife haue
- 370 thou haste a sister fair and fre
 I knowe well his lemman she will be
 therefore I wolde she were here
 that we might go and make good chere
 At the wine some where
- youthe 375 ¶ I pray you hither thou do her bringe
 For she is to my likinge
- Pryde ¶ Syr I shall do my diligence
 To bringe her to your presence
- Youthe. ¶ Hye the apace and come agayn
- 380 To haue a sight I wolde be faine
 Of that Lady fre
- ryot ¶ Syr in faith I shall tell you true
 She is a freshe and fayre of hue
 And verye propre of bodie
- 385 Men call her Lady Lechery
- Youthe. ¶ My herte burneth by God of myght

- Till of that lady I haue a syght
 Intret superbis cū luxuria et dicat superbia Pryde
- ¶ Syr I haue fulfilled your entent
 390 And haue brought you in this present
 that you haue sent me fore
 ¶ thou art a redy messengert youthe.
 Come hither to me my herte so dere
 ye bewelcome to me as the hert in my body
- 395 * Sir I thanke you ād at your pleasure I am Lecheri
 ye be the same vnto me
 * Maisters wyll ye to tauerne walke youthe.
 A worde with you there will I talke
 And giue you the wine
- 400 ¶ Gentle man I thanke you verely Lecheri
 And I am all redye
 to waite you vpon
 ¶ what sister lecherye Ryot.
 ye be welcome to our companie
- 405 ¶ well wanton well, fye for shame Lecheri
 So sone ye do expresse me name
 what if no man shuld haue knowne
 I wis I shal you bete, well wanton well
 ¶ A lytell pretye nyset Ryot.
- 410 Ye be well nise God wote
 ye be alytell prety pie, iwis ye go ful gingerle
 wel I se your false eye Lechery
 winketh on me full wantonly
 ye be full wanton iwis
- 415 Pride I thanke you of your laboure youthe.
 That you had to fetch this fayre floure
 Lo youth I tolde the Pryde.
 that I wolde bringe her with me
 Sir I pray you tell me nowe
- 420 Howe doth she like you

- youthe. Verely wel she pleased me
 For she is courteis gentyll and fre
 Howe do you fayre Ladye
 Howe fare you tell me
- Lecheri 425 Syr if it please you, I do well ynowe
 And the better that you wyl wite
- youthe. Riot I wolde be at the tauerne fayne
 Least charitie vs mete and turne vs againe
 Than wold I be sory because of this farie ladi
- Ryot. 430 Let vs go agayne be time
 That we maye be at the wyne
 Or euer that he come
- Pryde. Hie the apace and go we hence
 we wil let for none expence
- Youthe. 435 Now we wil fil the cup and make good cher
 I trust I haue a noble here
 Herke sirs for God almighte
 Herest thou not howe they fight
 In fayth we shall them part
- 440 Yf there be any wine to sell
 They shall no longer together dwell
 No than I be shrewe my herte
- Ryot. No syr so mote I the
 Let not thy seruantes fight within y̅
- 445 For it is a carefull lyfe
 Euermore to liue in strife
 Therefore if ye wil be ruled by mi tale
 We will go to the ale
 And se howe we can do
- 450 I truste to God that sitteh on hye
 To lese that lytell companye
 With in an houre or two
- Pryde. Now let vs goo for goddes sake
 And se howe merye we can make

- 455 Now lette vs go apace Ryot.
 And I belast there I be shrewe my face
 Nowe let vs go that we were there youthe.
 To make this Ladye some chere
 Verelye syr I thanke the Lecheri
- 460 That ye will bestowe it on me
 And whan it please you on me to call
 My heart is yours bodie and all
 Faire Ladye I thanke the youthe.
 On the same wyse ye shall haue me
- 465 whan so euer ye please
 Riot we tarye longe Pryde.
 we wyl go euen now with a lusty songe Ryot
 In faith I will be rector chorye Pryde
 Go to it then hardely, and let vs be agate youthe.
 470 Abide felowe a worde with the Charite
 whether go ye tell me
 Abyd and here what I shall you tell
 And ruled by my counsel
 Naye no felowe ne yet mate Pryde
- 475 I trowe thy felow be in Newgate
 Shal we tell the wether we go
 Nay iwis good Ihon a Pepo
 who learned the thou mistaught man
 To speake so to a gentyman
- 480 Thoughe his clothes be neuer so thine
 Yet he is come of noble kinne
 Though thou giue him suche a mocke
 yet he is come of a noble stocke
 I let the well to wite
- 485 What syr Ihon what say ye Ryot
 Wolde you be fetred nowe
 thinke nat to longe I pray you
 It maye fortune come sone ynowe

- Ye shall thinke it a lytell soone
 Charite⁴⁹⁰ Yet syrs let this cease
 And let vs talke of goodnes
 youthe. He turned his tale he is aferde
 But faith he shalbe skerd
 He weneth by flatteringe to please vs agayn
⁴⁹⁵ But he laboureth all in vaine
 Charite Sir I pray you me not spare
 Fornothyng I do care
 That ye can doe to me.
 Ryot. No horeson sayst thou so
⁵⁰⁰ Holde him pride and let me go
 I shal fet a prayre of rynges
 That shall sit to his shinnes
 And that euen a none.
 Pryde. Hye the apace and come againe
⁵⁰⁵ And bringe with the a good chaine
 To holde him here stil.
 Charite Iesu that was borne of Mare milde
 From all euyl he vs shielde
 And sende you grace to amende
⁵¹⁰ Or oure lyfe be at an ende
 For I tell you trewlye
 That ye lyne full wickedlye
 I pray God it amende.
 Ryot. Lo syrs loke what I bringe
⁵¹⁵ Is not this a ioly ringinge
 By my trowth I trowe it be
 I will go wyt of charitie
 How sayest thou maister charitie
 Dothe this geare please the.
 Charite⁵²⁰ They please me well in dede
 The more sorowe the more mede
 For God sayde whyle he was man

- Beati qui psecucionē patiūtur propter iusticiā
 Vnto his apostles he sayde so
- 525 To teache them howe they shulde do
 ¶ We shall se how they can please Pryde
 Sit downe sir and take youre ease
 Me thinke these same were full meete
 To go about your faire feete
- 530 ¶ By my truthe I you tell youthe.
 They wolde become hym very well
 therfore hye that they were on
 Vnto the tauerne that we were gone
 ¶ That shall ye se anone Ryot
- 535 Howe soone they shall be on
 And after we wyll not tary longe
 But go hence with a mery songe
 ¶ Let vs begyn all at once Pryde
 Nowe haue at it by cockes bones youthe.
- 540 And soone let vs goo
 ¶ Lo maisters here you maie se beforne Charite
 that the wede ouergroweth the corne
 Nowe maie ye see all in this tide
 Howe vice is taken, & vertue set aside
- 545 yonder ye maye see youth is not stable
 But euermore chaungeable
 And the nature of men is frayle
 that he wotteth not what may auaille
 Vertue for to make
- 550 O good Lorde it is a pitifull case
 Syth God hath lent me wit ād grace
 To chose of good and euyll
 that man shulde voluntarilie
 To suche thynges hym selfe applye
- 555 that hys soule shuld spyll
 Christ ^ȝ was crucified & crowend with thorne Humily
 Ci..

- And of a virgin for man was borne
 Some knoweledge sende to me
 Of my brother Charitie
- Charite560 Dere brother Humilitie
 ye be welcome vnto me
 Where haue ye be so longe
- humili. I shall do you to vnderstande
 That I haue sayd mine euensonge
- 565 But sir I praye you tel me nowe
 Howe this case happened to you
- Charite I shall tell you anone
 The felowes that I tolde you on
 Haue me thus arayed
- Humily570 Sir I shall vndo the bandes
 From your feete and your handes
 Sir I praye you tell me anone
 Whether they be gone
 And when they come againe
- Charite575 Sir to the tauerne they begone
 And they wyll come againe anone
 And that shall you see
- humili. Then wyll we them exhorte
 Vnto vertue to resorte, & so forsake sin
- Charite580 I wyll helpe you that I can
 To conuert that wicked man
- youth. Abacke galantes and loke vnto me
 And take me for your speciall
 For I am promoted to hye degree
- 585 By right I am kinge eternall
 Neither duke ne lord, Barō ne knight
 that maye be likened vnto me
 they be subdued to me by ryght
 As seruantes to their masters shuld be
- humyli.590 Ye be welcome to this place here

- we thynke ye labour all in vaine
 wherefore your braynes we wyll stere
 And kele you a lytel againe
 Saiest thou my braines thou wylt stere youthe.
- 595 I shall laie the on the eare
 were thou borne in trumpington
 And brought vp at Hogges norton
 Bymy faith it semeth so
 well go knaue go
- 600 Do by our counsell and our rede Charite
 And aske mercie for thy misdede
 And endeuer the for goddes sake
 For thy sinnes amendes to make
 Or euer that thou die
- 605 Harke youth for god auowe Ryot
 He wolde haue the a sainte nowe
 But youth I shall you tell
 A yonge sainte an olde deuyll
 Therefore I holde the a foole
- 610 And thou folowe his scole
 I warrant thee I wyll not do soo youthe.
 I wyll be ruled by you two
 Then shall ye do well Pryde
 yf ye be ruled by our counsell
- 615 we wyll bringe you to hie degree
 And promote you to dignitie
 Sir it is a pitifull case humili.
 That ye wolde forsake grace
 And to vyce applye
- 620 whie knaue dothe it greue thee youthe.
 Thou shalt not answer for me
 when my soule hangeth on the hedge once
 Then take thou and caste stones
 As faste as thou wylte C.ii.

- Charite 625 Syr if it please you to do thus
 Forsake them and do after vs
 The better shall you do
- Ryot. Syre he shall do well inowe
 Though he be ruled bi neither of you
 630 therfore crake no longer here
 Least thou haue on the eare
 And that a good knocke
- Pryde. Lyghtlye se thou auoyde the place
 Or I shall gyue thee on the face
 635 Youth I trowe that he wolde
 Make you holy or ye be olde
 And I swere by the rode
 It is time inoughe to be good
 Whan that ye be olde
- youth. 640 Syr by my truthe I the say
 I wyll make mery whiles I may
 I can not tell you howe longe
- Ryot. Ye sir so mote I thryue
 Thou art not certaine of thy life
 645 therfore thou were a starke foole
 to leue myrth and folowe their scole
- humili. Syr I shall hym exhorte
 Vnto vs to resorte
 And you to forsake
- Pryde 650 Aske him if he wyll do so
 To forsake vs and folowe you two
 Nay I warrant you nay
- humili. That shall you se euen anone
 I will vnto him gone
 655 And se what he wyll saye
- Ryot Hardely go on thy waye
 I knowe well he will saye naye
- youth. Ye syr by God that me dere bought

- Me thinke ye laboure all for nought
 660 Wenest thou that I wyll for thee
 Or they brother Charytie
 Forsake this good companye
 Nay I warrant the Pryde.
- No mayster I praye you of that
 665 For anye thinge for sake vs nat
 And all oure counsell rule you by
 Ye may be Emperonr or ye dye
 while I haue life in my body youthe.
 Shall I be ruled by Riot and the
- 670 Sir than shall ye do well Ryot.
 For we be true as stele
 Syr I can teache you to play at the dice
 At the quenes game and at the Iryshe
 The Treygobet and the hasarde also
- 675 And many other games mo
 Also at the cardes I can teche you to play
 At the triumph and on and thirtye
 Post, pinion, and also aumsase
 And at an other they call dewspace
- 680 Yet I can tel you mor & ye wyll con me thanke
 Pinke and drinke and also at the blanke
 And mane sportes mo
 I thanke the Riot so mote I the youthe.
 For the counsell thou haste geuen me
- 685 I wyll folowe thy minde in euery thinge
 And guide me after thy learninge
 youth leue that counsell for it is nought Charite
 And amende that thou hast mys wrought
 That thou maist saue that God hath boughte
- 690 what saie ye maister Charitie youthe.
 what hath God bought for me
 By my trowth I knowe not C. iii.

whether that he goeth in white or blacke
 He came neuer at the stues
 695 Nor in no place where I do vse
 Iwis he bought not my cap
 Nor yet my ioylie hat
 I wot not what he hath bought for me
 And he bought any thinge of myne
 700 I wyll geue hym a quarte of wyne
 The nexte tyme I hym meete
 Charite Sir this he dyd for the
 When thou wast bond he made the fre
 And bought the wyth his bloud
 youthe 705 Sir I praye you tell me
 Howe may this be
 That I knowe I was neuer bonde
 Vnto none in Englande
 Charite Sir I shall tell you
 710 Whan Adam had done greate trespas
 And out of paradise exiled was
 Then all the soles as I can you tell
 Were in y^e bondage of the deuyll of hel
 Tyll the father of heauen of his greate mercye
 715 Sent the seconde person in Trinitie
 Vs for to redeme
 And so with his precious bloude
 He bought vs on the roode
 And our soules dyd saue
 youthe 720 Howe shulde I saue it tell me nowe
 And I wyl be ruled after you my soule to saue
 Ryot What youth wyll you forsake me
 I wyll not forsake thee
 humili. I shall tell you shortely
 725 Knele downe and aske God mercie
 Forthat you haue offended

- Youth wylte thou do so Pryde
 Folowe them and let vs go
 Marye I trowe naye
- 730 Here all synne I forsake youthe.
 And to god I me betake
 Good Lord I praie the haue no indignacion
 That I a sinner shulde aske saluacion
 Nowe thou muste forsake pryde Charite
- 735 And all Riot set aside
 I wyll not hym forsake Pryde
 Neither early ne late
 I wende he wolde not forsake me
 But if it wyll none otherwise bee
- 740 I wyll go my waye
 Sir I praye God be your spede youthe.
 And helpe you at your nede
 I am sure thou wylt not forsake me Ryot
 Nor I wyll not forsake thee
- 745 I for sak you also youthe.
 And wyll not haue with you to do
 And I forsake the vtterlye Ryot.
 Fie on the caytife fye
 Once a promise thou dyd me make
- 750 That thou wolde me neuer forsake
 But nowe I se it is harde
 For to truste the wretched worlde
 Fare well masters euerycheone
 For your synne looke ye morne Humili
- 755 And euyl creatures loke ye tourne
 For your name who maketh inquisicion
 Saye it is good contricion
 That for sinne doth morne
 Here is a newe araye Charite
- 760 For to walke by the waye

- your prayer for to saye
 humyli. ¶ Here be bokes for your deuocion
 And kepè you from all temptacion
 Let no vyce deuoure
 765 Whan ye se misdoing men
 Good counsell geue them
 And teach them to amende
 Youthe. ¶ For my synne I wyll morne
 All creatures I wyll turne
 770 And whan I see misdoinge men
 Good counsell I shall geue them
 And exhorte them to amende
 Charite Than shall ye be an heritour of blysse
 Where all ioye and myrth is
 Youthe. 775 To the whiche eternall
 God bringè the persons all
 Here beyngè Amen.
 humili. Thus haue we brought our matter to an ende
 Before the persons here present
 780 Wolde euery man be contente
 Leaste onother daye we be shente
 Charite We thanke all this presente
 Of their meeke audience
 Humili 784 Iesu that sytteth in heauen so hye
 Saue all this faire companye
 Men and women that here be
 Amen, Amen for charitie.

* Finis.

¶ Imprented at London in Lothbury ouer a-
 gainst Sainct Margarytes church by me
 Wyllyam Copland.

* * *

The Interlude of youth,

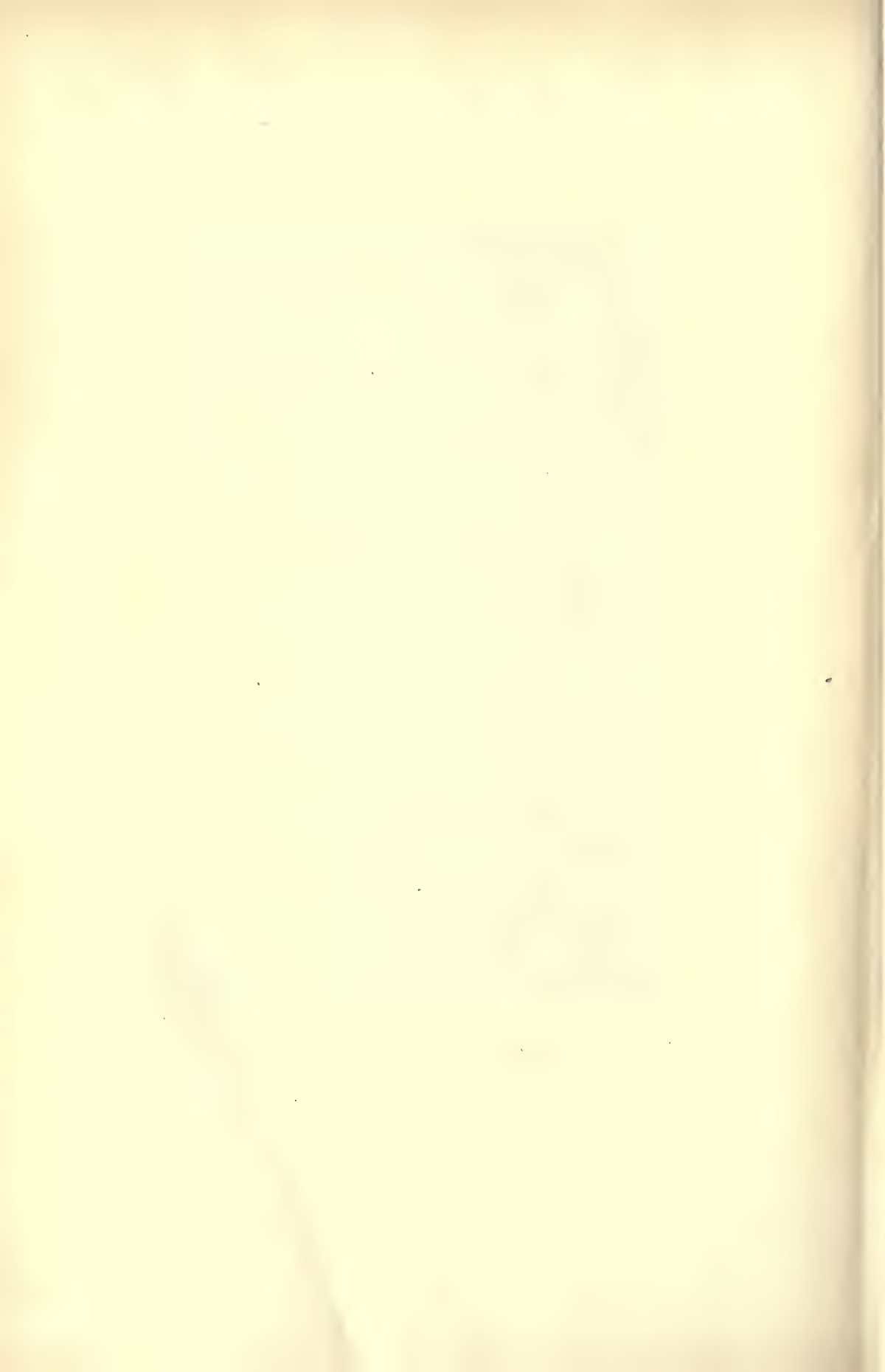


Charlye.

Eu that his armes dyd tyed!
 And on a tre was done to bede
 from all peryles by you defende
 At fore aydence tyll I have made an ende
 For I am come fro god a hoste
 To occupy his lawes to your be gone
 And am wanted charlye
 Ther may no man tawed be
 Without the charye of me



Qui manet in charitate in deo manet
 15 I am the yate I tell the
 of heuen that ioyfull cyte
 There may no man thyder come
 But of charite he must haue some
 Or he may not come y wys
 20 Unto heuen the cyte of blyffe
 Therfoze charite who wyll hym take
 I purge soule it wyll hym make
 Befoze the face of god
 In the A. B. C. of bokes the lest
 25 It is wyrtten (Deus charitas est)
 Lo charite is a great thyng
 Of all bertues it is the kyng
 Whan god in erth was here luyunge
 Of charite he founde none endyng
 30 I was planted in his harte
 We two myght not departe
 Out of his herte I dyde spryng
 Thzugh the myght of the heuen kyng
 And ail prestes that be
 35 May syng no masse without charyte
 And charyte to them they do not take
 They may not receyue hym y dyde them make
 And all this woylde of nought
Spouth
 40 **C**A backe felowes and gyue me rom
 Or I shall make y^ere auoyde soone
 I am goodly of persone



My heere is royall and busshed thycke
 My body plyaunt as a hasyll stycke
 Myne armes be bothe bygge and stronge
 50 My fyngers be bothe fayre and longe
 My chest bygge as a tunne
 My legges be full lyght for to runne
 To hoppe and daunce and make mery
 By the masse I recke not a chery
 55 What so euer I do
 I am the heyre of all my fathers lande
 And it is come in to my hande
 I care for no more
 60 Are you so dysposed to do
 To folowe byce and let vertue go
 O ye sye euen so
 For now a dayes he is not set by
 Without he be vnthyfty.
 65 O you had nede to aske god mercy
 Why dyd you so prayse your body
 O Why knaue what is that to the
 Wylte thou let me to prayse my body
 Why shulde I not prayse it and it be goodly
 I wyll not let for the
 70 O What shall it be whan thou shalt flytte
 Fro thy welthe in to the pytte
 Therfore of it be not to bolde
 Lest thou forthynte it whan thou arte olde
 Ye may be lykned to a tre
 75 In youthe flozyslyuge with royalte
 And in age it is cut downe

Charite.

youth.

Charite.

youth.

Charite.



Beware lest thou thyder go
 Hens captyfe go thy waye
 Or with my dagger I shall the slaye
 Hens knaue out of this piace
 Or I shall lay the on the face
 Sayest thou that I shall go to hell
 For euermore ther to dwell
 I had leuer thou had euyll fare.

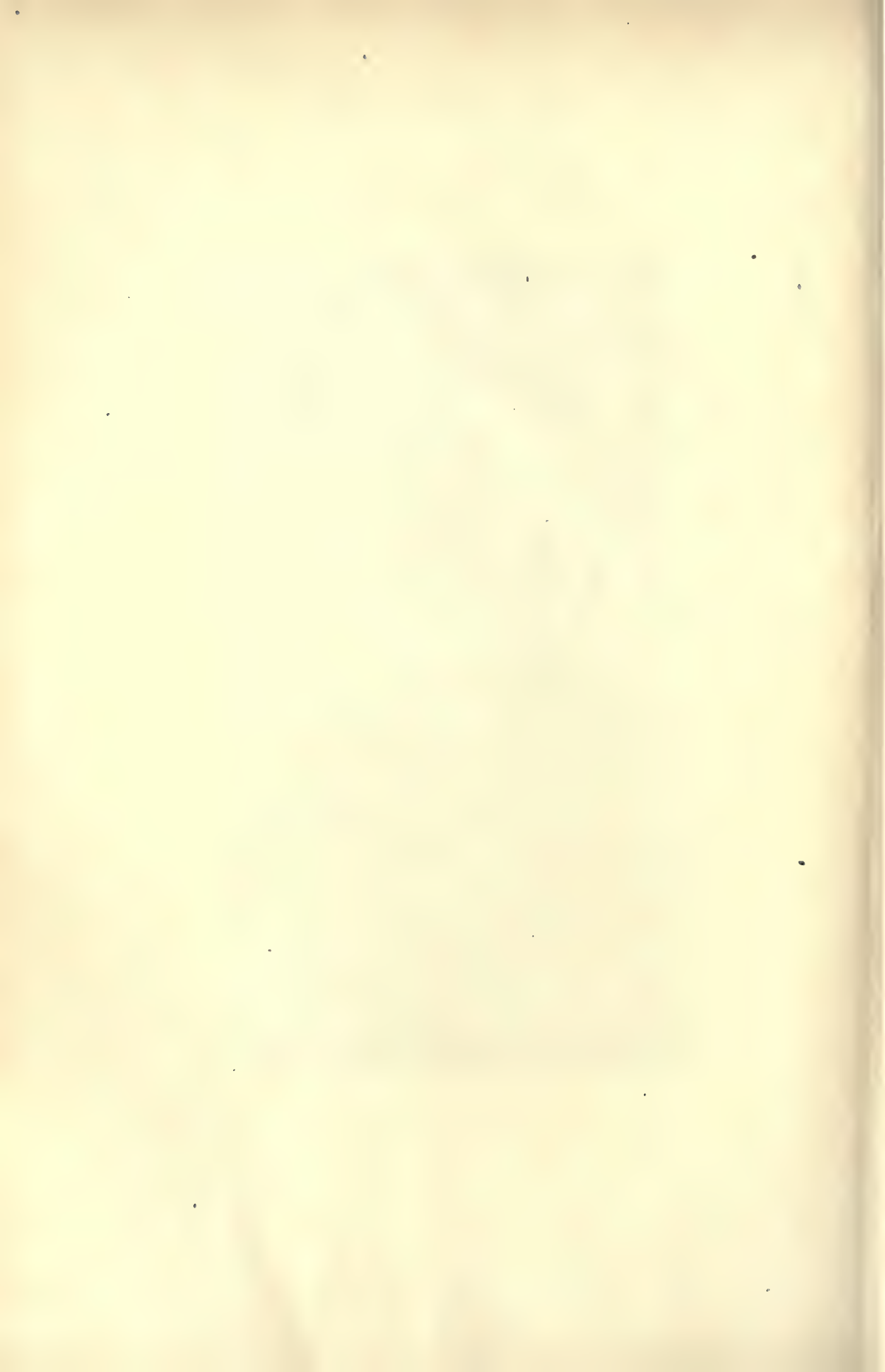
85
 youthe. **C**A yet sye do by my rede
 And aske mercy for thy mydede
 And thou shalt be an herytour of blysse
 Where all ioye and myrth is
 Where thou shalt se a glorious syght
 Of angels syngynge with sayntes bryght
 Before the face of god.

95
 Charite. **W**hat sye is aboue the skye
 I had nedde of a ladder to clymbe so hye
 But what and the ladder slyppe
 Than I am deceyued yet
 100
 And yf I fall I catche a quicke
 I may fortune to bryke my necke
 And that ioynt is yll to set
 Nay nay not so.

105
 youthe. **O** yet remembre and call to thy mynde
 The mercy of god passeth all thyng
 For it is wryten by noble clerkes
 The mercy of god passeth all werkes
 That wytnesseth holy scrypture sayenge thus
 Miserationes dñi super omnia opera eius
~~Tharfore doute not goddes grace~~



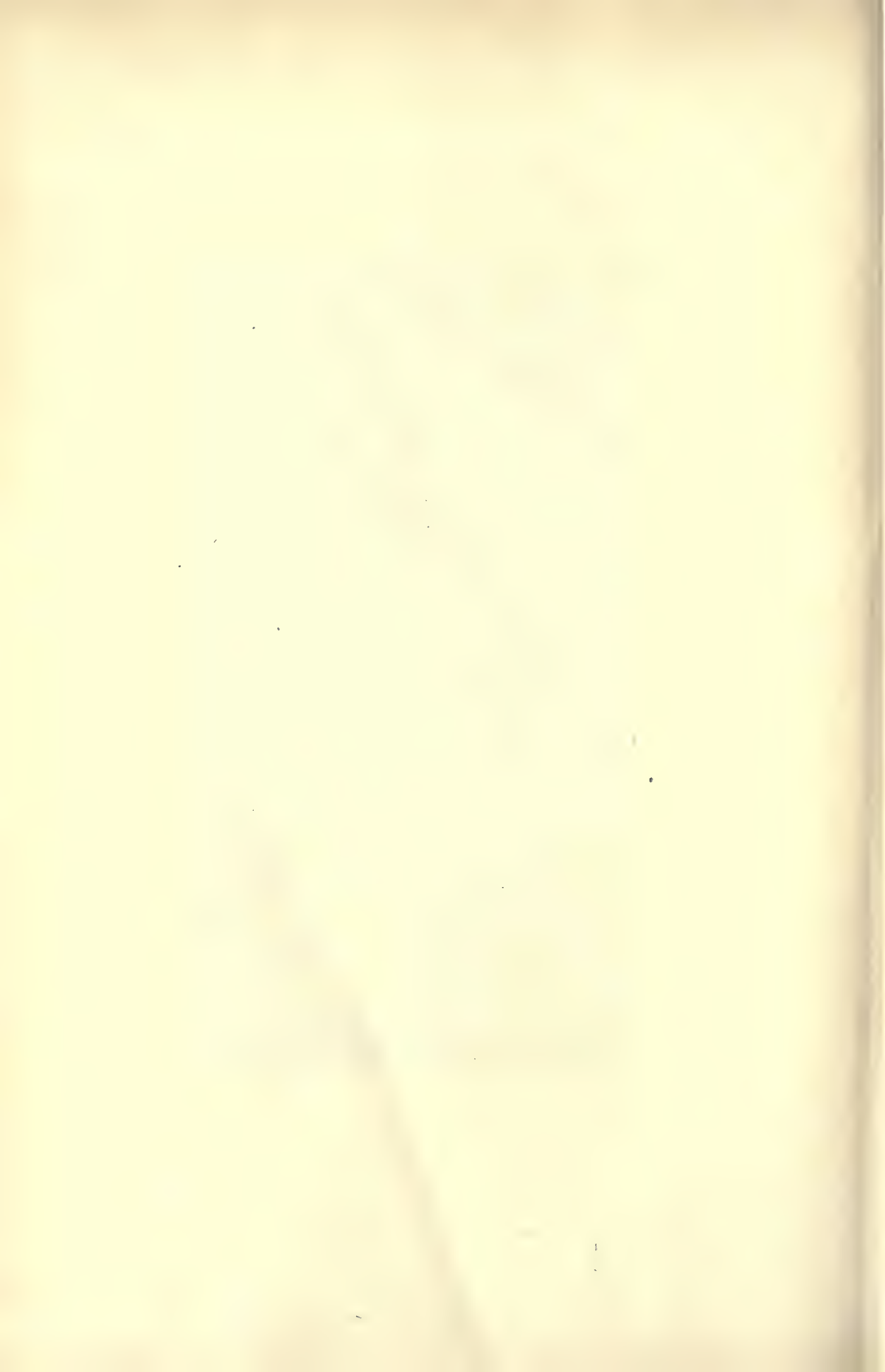
115 Soyle me a questyon or ye cast out ony m
 Lest whan your conynge is all done
 My questyon haue no solucyon
 Syr and it please you this
 Why do men ete mustarde with saltfyll
 120 Syr I pray you soyle me this questyon
 That I haue put to your dyscrecyon.
This question is but a vanyte
 It longeth not to me
 Suche questions to assoyle
 125 **S**yr by god that me dere bought
 Ife your conynge is lytell or nought
 And I shulde foldwe your scole
 Soone ye wolde make me a fole
 Therfore crake no lenger here
 130 Lest I take you on the ere
 And make your heed ake
Syr it falleth not me to fyght
 Neyther by daye ne by nyght
 Therfore do by my counseyle I saye
 135 **T**han to heuen thou shalt haue the way
No syr I thynke ye wyll not fyght
 But to take a mannes purs in the nyght
 ye wyll not saye nay
 For suche holy caytues
 140 Were wonte to be theues
 And suche wolde be hanged as hye
 As a man may se with his eye
 In sayth this same is true.
God saue euery crysten body



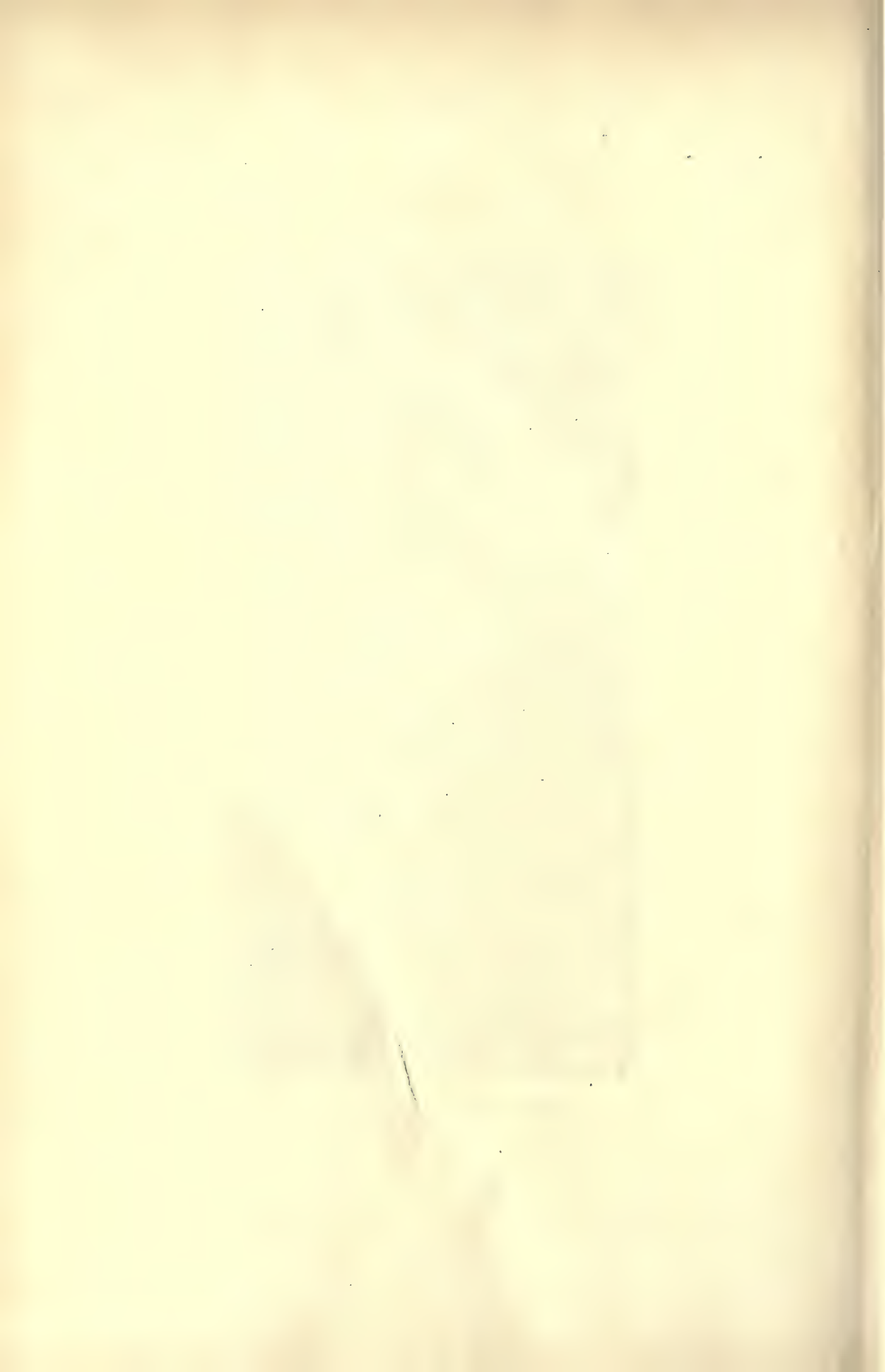
150 h no place for the
 thou he Wyl haue suche fooles
 on his gay stoles
 Warrant the nay.
 I sy: I put me in goddes Wyl
 her he Wyl me saue oz spyll
 155 I pray you do so
 Iust in god what so euer you do.
 I praye the hoide thy peas
 like to me of no goodnes
 done loke thou go thy Waye
 160 with my dagger I the slaye
 yth and thou meue my herte
 shalte be Wery of thy parte
 ou and I haue done
 I ynke what god suffred for the
 165 crimes to be spredde vpon a tre
 ough with a spere opened his syde
 his herte appered a wounde wyde
 bought both the and me
 goddes fast what is that to me
 170 I da we Wylte thou recde me
 y youthe to lese my iolyte
 I knaue and go thy Way
 with my dagger I shall the slaye
 I sy: here what I Wyl you tell
 175 be ruled after my counsell
 at ye myght syt in heuen on hye
 with god and his company.
 I vet of god Wylte thou not ceas



185 **S**y? I se I wyll none other wyse be
 I wyll go to my brother humilite
 And take counsell of hym
 How it is best to be do therein.
O ye mary sy? I praye you of that
 Ye thynke it were a good syght of your
 I wolde se your heles hyther
 190 And your brother and you togyder
 fettered fyne fast
 ywys and I had the kaye
 ye shulde syng wele waye
O? I let you lose
 195 **F**arewell my maysters euerychone
 I wyll come agayne anone
 And tell you how I haue done
And thou come hyther agayne
 I shall sende the hens in the deuyls name
 200 **W**hat now I may haue my space
 To iet here in this place
 Befoze I myght not stce
Whan that churle charite was here
 But now amonge all this chere
 205 **I** wolde I had some company here
 ywys my brother ryot wolde helpe me
 for to bete charite
 And his brother to
 210 **H**uffa huffa / who calleth after me
 I am ryot full of iolyte
 My herte is lyght as the wynde
 And all of ryot is my mynde



My lippes hange in my lyght
 Be mayster youth by my fay.
 I come ryot in the deuyl way
 220 I bought the hyder to day.
 I had dyed my legges I tell the
 I bought thou dyed call me
 I am come now here
 I take royall chere
 225 I like the how I haue done.
 I wende thou haddest be hanged
 I thought thou escaped
 I was tolde nte here
 I thou toke a man on the ere
 230 I was in your bosome dyd fly
 I was here we all nyght ye dyd ly.
 I was I beschrewe your pate
 I was letely from newgate
 I am as redy to make good chere
 235 I that neuer came there
 I and I haue spendynge
 I will make as mery as a kyn
 I care not what I do
 I wyll not lye longe in pryson
 240 I wyll get forth soone
 I haue lerned polycy
 I wyll lose me lyghtly
 I soone let me go.
 I loue well thy dyscrecion
 245 I thou arte all of one condicion
 I I arte stable and stedfast of mynde



TEXTUAL NOTES.

(1) Notes on Waley's edition (**W**), with such variant readings as are not merely meaningless misprints from Copland's edition (**C**) and from the Lambeth Palace fragment (**L**).

In ll. 1-250 the absence of any reading marked **L** indicates that the word in question is cut off in the fragment.

A few variations in spelling and punctuation are given in order to show the relationship between the texts.

When the reading of a text is not precisely the same as that given, the letter indicating the text is italic. See the reading of **L** in l. 35.

We have thought it well to include in the following notes, among misprints, certain cases of the division into two parts of words now always printed as one, such as ther of (l. 111), be side (l. 314), be shrewe (ll. 442, 456), and for sake (l. 665), lest these should cause difficulty to readers unfamiliar with such forms, or should seem to be errors in the present reprint which we had failed to notice. It should however be observed that such division of words was extremely common at a somewhat earlier period and was evidently still considered permissible when these texts were printed.

- 4 ende] *The mark after this word is not a colon.*
5 For am] **W** : For I am **L**, **C** (*which read*).
from] **L**, **C** : fro **L**.
God] **W**, **C** : god **L**. (*And so, with a few exceptions, throughout.*)
8 saued] *The fourth letter is probably e.*
11 thought] *Read though (as C).*
14 monet] **W**, **C** : manet **L** (*which read*).
15 gate] **W**, **C** : yate **L**.
19 ye] **W** : he **C**, **L** (*which read*).
24 least] **W**, **C** : lest **L**. (*And so generally.*)
35 Maye singe no masse without charitie] **W**, **L** : Maie not lyue without charitye **C**.
36 chary] *Read charyte (as L) or charitey (as C).*
39 roume] **W**, **C** : rome **L**.
41 goodle] **W** : goodly **L** : goodlye **C**. (*For the spelling of W cf. royalte in l. 75.*)
45 likeneth] **W** : likened **C** (*which read*).
47 hearte] **W** : heere **L** : hearre **C**.
49 fayre] **W**, **C** : bygge **L** (*which, probably, read*).
56 of my] **W**, **C** : of all my **L**.
57 into] **W**, **C** : in to **L**.
58 nomore] *Read no more (as C, L), or, perhaps, no mo.*
63 vnthryfye] **W**, **C** : vnthryfty. **L**.
65 do] **W**, **C** : dyd **L**.
71 For the] **W**, **C** : Fro thy **L** (*which read*).
into] **W**, **C** : in to **L**.
72 boolde] **W**, **C** : bolde **L**.
80] *The signature below this line should probably be A.ii. The lower part of the letters, with the stops, if any, is cut off both in the Brit. Mus. and Bodl. copies, owing, doubtless, to the page being longer than others.*

- 81** Be ware] **W, C** : Beware **L**.
87 euer more] **W, C** : euermore **L**.
88 leuerthou] *Read* leuer thou (as **C, L**).
 fare] **W, C** : fare. **L**.
89, 96, 104] *In L* Charity's *speeches are incorrectly given to Youth and Youth's to Charity*.
93 shal] **W, C** : shalte **L**.
95 God] **W, C** : god. **L**.
96 abowe] **W** : about **C, L**.
97 hah] *Read* had (as **C, L**).
101 sortune] *Read* fortune (as **C, L**).
103 so] **W, C** : so. **L**.
104 remember cal] **W, C** : remembre and call **L**.
109 Miseratio] **W, C** : Miserationes **L** (*which read*).
 o pera] *Read* opera (as **C, L**).
110 goodes] *Read* goddes (as **C, L**). *Cf. l. 453*.
111 Ther of] **W, C**. *Read, rather, Therof*.
115 any] **W, C** : ony **L**.
119 mustred] **W** : mustarde **L** : musterd **C**.
 salfish] *Read* saltfish (as **C**) : saltfyssh[e] **L**.
120 question] **W, L** : quistion **C**.
121 discrecyon] **W** : dyscrecyon. **L** : descreecyon **C**.
122 This] **W, L** : Thus **C**.
 but vanitie] **W, C** : but a vanyte **L**.
128 make a] **W, C** : make me a **L** (*which read*).
129 longer] **W, C** : lenger **L**.
131 head to ake] **W, C** : heed ake **L**.
132 not for me] **W, C** : not me **L**.
133 be] **W, C** : by **L**.
134 do my] **W, C** : do by my **L**.
135 thy] **W** : the **C, L** (*which read*).
139 caitifes] **W, C** : caytyues **L**.
143 true] **W, C** : true. **L**.
152 naye] **W, C** : nay. **L**.
155 yon] *Read* you (as **C, L**).
156 ye] **W, C** : you **L**.
 do] **W, C** : do. **L**.
157 olde] *Read* holde (as **C, L**).
160 Leste] **W** : Lesse **C**.
161 yf] **W, C** : and **L**.
 mene] *Read* meue (as **C, L**).
164 suffered] **W, C** : suffred **L**.
168 you] **W, C** : the **L**.
171 lose] **W, C** : lese **L**.
 ioyltye] **W** : ioyltie **C** : iolyte **L**.
173 wythmy] *Read* wyth my (as **C, L**).
174 I you tell,] **W, C** : I wyll you tell **L**.
175 after] **W, L** : of **C**.
176 heuen hye] **W, C** : heuen on hye **L** (*which read*).
177 company] **W, C** : company. **L**.

- 178** thou wilt] **W, C** : wylte thou **L**.
181 I tell the true] **W** : thou wylte it rue **C** (*which read*).
183 well] **W** : it wyll **C, L** (*which read*).
185 take good counsayle] **W, C** : take counsell **L**.
186 theryn] **W, C** : therin. **L**.
190 together] **W, C** : togyder **L**.
193 wel away] **W, C** : welawaye **L**.
195 Fare well] **W, C** : Farewell **L**.
199 shall] **W, L** : wyll **C**.
200 nowe,] **W, C** : now **L**.
203 the] **W, C** : that **L**.
209 Huffa, huffa who] **W, C** : Huffa huffa/who **L**.
210 ful iolyte] **W, C** : full of iolyte **L** (*which read*).
211 as light] **W, C** : is lyght **L**. *Read* is light.
212 allon] **W** : all on **C** : all of **L**.
218 faie] **W, C** : fay. **L**.
219 deuels] **W, C** : deuyll **L**. *Read* deuel.
220 hither] **W, C** : hyder **L**.
to] **W** : to day **C** (*which read*) : to day. **L**.
222 me call] **W, C** : call me **L** (*which read*).
224 there] *Read* chere (*as C, L*).
225 done] **W, C** : done. **L**.
226 hadst ben hanged] **W, C** : haddest be hanged **L**.
227 thou arte escaped] **W, C** : thou escaped **L**.
229 you toke] *In L there was apparently a word before you, perhaps* That.
231 newegate] **W** : Newegate **C** : newe all nyght **L**.
lye] **W, C** : ly. **L**.
232 parte] *Read* pate (*as C, L*).
241 learned a pollycie] **W, C** : lerned polycy **L**.
243 go] **W, C** : go. **L**.
251 *marg. Ryot] The speaker's name is omitted in C and the first line of the speech not indented.*
261 Be thy] **W** : Be the **C** (= By the).
270 all myght] **W, C**. *Read* allmyght.
305 hang man] **W, C**. *Read* hangman.
314 be side] **W, C**. *Read, rather,* beside (= by side).
317 fetchehim] *Read* fetche him (*as C*).
319 a gayne] **W, C**. *Read* agayne.
322 and wise] **W** : and a wyse **C**.
323 do good you] **W** : do you **C**. *Perhaps we should read* do you good.
341 thing] *Read* think (*as C*).
343 se] *Read* set (*as C*).
344 man] **W** : men **C** (*which read*).
348 yorder] *Read* yonder (*as C*).
gentelmen] **W, C**. *Read* gentelman.
388 dica] *Read* dicat (*as C*).
395 I am] *Read, perhaps,* am I.
398 here] **W** : there **C** (*which read*).
406 my] **W** : me **C**.
409 nylet] **W** : nyset **C**. *Cf. Notes.*

- 411] *This line should perhaps be printed as two, dividing after pye.*
gingerle] *Read gingerle (as C) or, rather, gingerlie.*
- 410 fecth] *Read fetch (as C).*
- 421 pleased] **W, C.** *Read, perhaps, pleaseth.*
- 424 Howefare] *Read Howe fare (as C).*
- 426 wite] *Read, perhaps, knowe (: ynowe).*
- 429] *Read, perhaps,*
Then wold I be sory
Because of thys farye ladi.
farye] **W :** farie **C.** *Read, perhaps, fayre and faire.*
- 430 be tyme] **W, C.** *Read, rather, betyme (= by time).*
- 442 be shrewe] **W, C.** *Read, rather, beshrewe, but cf. l. 456.*
- 448 tothe] *Read to the (as C).*
- 452 With in] **W, C.** *Read Within.*
- 453 goodes] **W :** goddes **C** (*which read*). *Cf. l. 110.*
- 455 a pace] **W :** apace **C.**
- 456 belast] **W, C.** *Read be last.*
be shrewe] **W, C.** *Read, rather, beshrewe, but cf. l. 442.*
- 466 tarye very longe] **W :** tarye longe **C.**
- 468-9] *Read, perhaps,*
In fayth I wyll be rector chori ;
Go to it then hardely,
And let vs be agate.
- 473 And be ruled] **W :** And ruled **C.**
- 477, 485 Iohn] **W :** Ihon **C.**
- 480 thine] **W, C.** *Read, rather, thinne or thine.*
- 485 ye] *We should perhaps read you.*
- 488 mye] *Read maye (as C).*
- 490, 492] *In C ll. 490-1 are correctly given to Charity and ll. 492-5 to Youth.*
- 492 turned] **W, C.** *Read, perhaps, turneth.*
a ferde] *Read aferde (as C).*
- 494 againe] *After this word in W there is a mark resembling a colon of a different fount ; it is probably merely a space risen up.*
- 498 me] **W :** me. **C.**
- 501 set] **W :** fet **C** (*which read*).
payre] **W, C.** *Read payre.*
- 503 a none.] *It is doubtful whether the mark after the word in W is a trace of a stop or merely dirt. I now think probably the latter. Read anone.*
- 505 he ta] **W** *Read the a (as C).*
- 507 Mare] **W, C.** *Read, rather, Marie.*
- 510 oure] **W, C.** *We should rather expect youre but the text may be correct.*
- 513 amende] **W :** amende. **C.**
- 515 ringinge] **W, C.** *Read, probably, ringe.*
- 517 with] *Read wit : wyt C.*
- 545 is stable] **W :** is not stable **C** (*which read*).
- 551 man] **W :** me **C** (*perhaps for mē*).
- 575 begone] *Read be gone.*
- 579 & so forsake syn] *Probably meant as a separate line, and so printed by Hazlitt.*
- 680 geue] **W :** greue **C** (*which read*).

- 623** stones.] **W** : stones **C** (*which read*).
631 you] **W** : thou **C**.
646 Ro] *Read To : to C*.
657 saye] *The e is an illegible mark. It may be merely dirt or a space risen up.*
658 be] **W** : by **C** (*which read*).
661 thy] **W** : they **C**.
665 for sake] **W**, **C**. *Read forsake*.
672 Syr can] **W** : Syr I can **C** (*which read*).
676 theche] *Read teche (as C)*.
679 ad] *Read an (as C)*.
680 shyll] **W** : wyll **C**.
691 whath] *Read what (as C)*.
 bought] **W** : bought for me **C** (*which read*).
703 bonde] *May be honde (damaged h)*.
721 my soule to saue] *This should apparently be a separate line, and is so printed by Hazlitt. Possibly we should read my soule for to saue.*
742 helpe your] **W** : helpe you **C** (*which read*).
756 insicion] **W** : inquisicion **C** (*which read*).
762 bedes] **W** : bokes **C**.
764 not] **W** : no **C**.
772 to to] *Read to (as C)*.
776 Go] **W** : God **C** (*which read*).
781 onother] **W**, **C**. *Read another*.
784] *After this C has the line Saue all this faire companye (which read)*.
786] **C** *adds Finis, and has a different colophon. Below the colophon in W is an ornament of two birds and flowers. It is printed upside down.*
-

(a) List of misprints occurring in C alone, with a few notes.
Such misprints as form different words, as they for thy, are given above as variant readings. Misprints already noticed as occurring in W are not repeated here.

- 11** Other vertues (*not quite clear in facs.*).
22 Apure
52 fnll
61 marg. youthe] *The last letter has unfortunately broken during the printing of this edition and looks like c. It is, and should be, e.*
73 for think
94 aungeles] *The last letter is a mere blotch, but looks more like s than anything else.*
114 slore] *It is just possible that this may be, as it should be, store. The first character in somewhat damaged.*
120-1 quistion... descrecyon] *I suspect these of being misprints due to correcting the wrong word.*
153 marg. Humily
164 suserred
209 Ryot.] *There is a tear in the paper round this name which makes it somewhat doubtful whether there is a stop or not.*
254 Tybrone
262 nobls
305 a waye
333 alykely
357 lastye
388 superbis
392 messengert
394 bewelcome
406 expresse] *Possibly erpresse*
411 alytell
438 fight] *The first letter is damaged. The word might also be sight or light.*
450 sitteh
452 With in
512 lyne] *Possibly lyue, as it should be.*
556 crowend
560 thus] *Possibly thns*
579 resorte,] *The stop is doubtful.*
582 Abacke
595 laie] *The i somewhat resembles a broken t.*
598 Bymy
667 Emperonr
682 mane
745 for sak
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(3) Notes on the Lambeth Palace Fragment.

Owing to the stained and damaged condition of the original, a few words do not come out clearly in the reproduction. To prevent doubt as to the readings in such cases they are here given, together with a few letters which though partially cut off can still be read in the original. The query refers to the letter which it follows.

- 3** he you
4 I desyre audyence... made an ende
5 fro god a boue
6 to your behoue
7 And am named charyte
9 Without the helpe of me (*partly cut off but almost certain*).
40 make you to auoyde
42 *The last two words are probably* I come.
56 *The mark at the end of the line is a wormhole.*
75 *The dot after royalte is a hole.*
110 Therefore doubte not goddes grace
217 y lypes...
218 ede...
225 ell the...
226 hat...
227 I se...
230 urs...
231 d in newe...
232 o (?) it was...
233 m (?) e lately...
235 e (?) that...
237 yll make... kyng
240 soone
242 lose me
246 u arte stable and stedfast of mynde
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ERLÄUTERUNGEN.

Einige die Herstellung des Textes betreffenden Vorschläge, für die sich in den alten Ausgaben keinerlei Anhalt findet und die daher vollkommen unsicher sind, wurden hier untergebracht.

2 a tree. Vergl. gallow-tree und die Formel by God's tree = « beim Kreuz. »

dead (L dede) = death « usual in the northern dial. (but not confined to it) » NED. Für to do to dead = to put to death vergl. NED. s.v. death 12 und do, p. 563^a sub c.

3 you = die Zuschauer.

6 occupie = « To employ oneself in, engage in, practise, perform, carry on ; to follow or ply as one's business or occupation » NED. Vergl. am besten *XII Mery Fests of the Widow Edyth in Shakesp. Fest-Books*, III, p. 43 :

Her old lyes she occupied styll.

Wesentlich denselben Sinn siehe in *The Dialoges in Englishe, betweene a Doctor of Diuinitie, and a Student in the lawes of Englande*, 1539, fol. 26^v : Therefore for as much as it behoueth thee to be occupied in such things as pertain to the law.

Übersetze etwa : « ich bin gekommen, um Euch Gottes Gesetz zu predigen ».

11 thought (C though). Wieder eine mehr nördliche Form, die von Dunbar, Lyndsay und einmal von A. Barclay (ed. Jamieson, II, 121) gebraucht wird. Sie ist auch in dem bei Copland gedruckten *Treatyse of the smyth whych that forged hym a new dame* (Hazlitt, *Remains of the Early Pop. Poetr. of England*, III, p. 208) zu finden ; cf. *ibid.* IV, 161, wo Hazlitt dieselbe jedoch in unglaublicher Weise verkannt hat.

14 Qui manet etc. Cf. 1 Joh. IV, 16.

15 yate (L) eine nördl. Form ; vergl. NED.

the ; da sich Charity an die Zuschauer wendet, wird unsprünglich ye gebraucht worden sein.

19 i wis ; adv. = Me. ywisse etc. Die Schreibung I wis etc. scheint auf frühe Anlehnung an das praet. wist, wiste (zu Me. witen) hinzuweisen, während andererseits Spenser, der sich im Allgemeinen über den Wert der von ihm gebrauchten Formen ziemlich klar war, einmal had ywist schreibt (*Moth. Hubb. Tale*, 893, = had I wist ; die Folio 1617 hat sogar : had-ywist). Allerdings ist auch

I now (= enough) ⁴⁾ gut zu belegen, und Schreibungen wie I seyen = yseyen etc. sind keineswegs selten.

24 Wie seine Bibel so war auch des Verfassers ABC noch Lateinisch. Vergl. Einleitung.

25 deus charitas est. Aus Epist. Joh. I, 4, 8 : Qui non diligit, non novit Deum : nam Deus est charitas.

31 departe = « uns trennen, getrennt werden ».

33 heauen kinge = Me. hevene king ; Ae. heofona cyning ; wie heaven queen etc. formelhaft gebraucht.

34 all prestes.

Dies ist die einzige Stelle, aus der man geneigt sein könnte, eine antikatholische Tendenz herauszulesen. Vergl. aber — neben 1. Corinth. XIII — besonders *The forthe boke of y^e folowynge Iesu cryst* der Countess of Richmond (Wynkin de Worde, ?1520) B^v : Beholde nowe thou arte made a preste / and sacreyd to doo this holye mysterye. Se than that feythfully and deuoutly / and in due tyme thou offre thy sacryfycce vnto god / and shewe thy selfe irreprouable and withoute defaute. Thou hast nat loused thy charge of lyuyng / but hast bounde the with a more strayte bonde of discyplene and arte holden to a more great perfeccyon of holynes / Also the preest oughte to be adowned with all vertues / and gyue all theyr exauple of good / and holye lyfe. In dem ganzen Paragraphen ist speciell von der Messe die Rede.

Ich glaube aber, dass ein katholischer Verfasser die an und für sich ganz harmlose Bemerkung unterdrückt hätte, wenn er nach dem Entstehn des kath.-prot. Gegensatzes geschrieben hätte.

30 A backe etc. Typische Aufforderung. Vergl. *Thersites*, Hazl.-Dods. I, p. 395 : Aback, give me room, in my way do ye not stand (zu den Zuschauern).

felowes. Youth hat sich durch die Zuschauer (fellowes) seinen Weg gebahnt und ist im Begriff, auf den « place » (cf. *Queen Hester*, Anm. 203 und meine Bem. in *Engl. Stud.* 34, p. 103) zu treten. Wichtig ist in diesem Zusammenhange Skelton's *Magnyfycence*, Bühnenw. zu 2176 : Hic aliquis buccat in cornu a retro *post populum*, worauf Lybertié, die mit Magnyfycence allein auf dem « place » ist, sagt :

Yonder is a horson for me doth rechate :

⁴⁾ Vom NED nicht hervorgehoben. Vergl. Brandl, *Quellen*, p. 103, l. 912 : I tell you he ys a man for your prow | and knoweth the world well I now. *Ibid.* l. 928 : ye syr I make myne auow | They gyue you a praysyng good I now. Hazl.-Dods. II, p. 140 : *Dame Coy* : I ween he be drunken or mad, I make God a vow ! *Careaway* : Nay, I have been made sober and tame, I, now. Auch hier ist enough zweifellos das Beabsichtigte ; erkläre also : tame enough.

Adewe, *syrs*, for I thynke leyst that I come to late.

Lybertic geht also offenbar durch die Zuschauer ab, die er mit *syrs* anredet. Vergl. vielleicht *Hester* l. 693?

62-63 Vergl. dieselbe Klage in Skelton's *Magnyfycence*, 1766-67 :

For I here but fewe men that gyue ony prayse

Vnto measure, I say, nowe a days.

64 ff. Wörter, die im Mittel-Englischen auf langes geschlossenes e ausgehn, werden m. W. weder von Lydgate noch auch von Hawes jemals mit solchen gebunden, in denen im Me. langes i stand. Um (und schon vor) 1500 sind derartige Reime jedoch schon zulässig — wenigstens auf der Bühne, auf der sich ja keine klassicistischen d. h. an Chaucer anknüpfenden Bestrebungen finden.

67 let = « abhalten, verhindern ».

68 & = and = if.

69 let ; vergl. Anm. zu 434.

70 flyt « weggeh'n ». Vergl. Heywood's *Spider and Flie*, fol. Aii :

Suche was his rage in hast from thence to flitte.

71 wealth = well-being, prosperity generally, rather than riches.

Cf. Rom. of the Rose, l. 4136-7 :

For I am fallen into helle

From paradys and welthe.

Vergl. *Sir Isumbras*, l. 59-61 :

Now, Lorde, yif it thi wille bee,

In yowthede penance send thou mee,

And welthe appone myne elde.

Sir Thomas More, *Works*, 1557, p. 573 : As a good child whom the father and mother haue taught nourtour and wisdom..... perceiueh..... that al his fathers preceptes are vnto his wealth and profite (« Wohl und Vorteil »).

72 boolde = confident : rechne nicht zu sehr auf Deinen Körper ; it in 70 und 72 bezieht sich wohl auf body.

73 forthink. Vergl. Udall, *Floures for Latine Spekyng*, 1533, fol. 116^v :

For poenitere is to be sory, to repente, or to forthynke.

80 ye horson etc. interpretiere : yea, whoreson, trowest thou so, und vergl. 499.

85 I shall lay the on the face ; cf. ll. 298, 595. Vergl. Palsgrave, *Lesclarcissement* : I lay, I stryke, as I lay one on the face, I lay one on the heed or any other parte etc. und sodann. Brandl, *Quellen*, p. 534, l. 1110 : Nay, yf ye anger them, they wyll laye yow on the face. Ferner *The longer thou liuest* etc. l. 626 : Stande backe or I will lay thee on the face. *Marie Magdalene* ed. Carpenter, l. 1200 : Hence, or by God I will lay thee on the face. Hazl.-Dods. III, p. 213 : No, and chad come to me, should have laid him on the face. Vergl. Skelton. ed. Dyce, I, p. 296 : I shall lay the on the pate. Deloney, *Gentle Craft*, ed. Lange, II, 93 : lay me on the eare.

91 herytoure (cf. 773) für inheritor hat nördlichen Beigeschmack.

Vergl. NED und Lyndsay's *Hist. of Squyer Meldrum*, l. 75 : To Cleishe and Bynnis richt heritour.

93 thou shal ; vergl. 645, 749.

96 syrs. Ausser Youth ist nur Charity auf der *Scene* und die Antwort scheint sich direct und speciell an ihn zu wenden ; doch würde das Hereinziehen des Publicums (syrs) die Komik des Ausrufs noch erhöhen, etwa : « na, nun hört einmal so einen Vorschlag ».

100 I catche a quecke. NED erklärt : ? A knock, whack. Da dies schliesslich keine Erklärung ist, so wage ich die folgende : Steht nicht quecke = quicke im Sinn von « the tender part of a sore or wound », das man an unserer Stelle zu « offene, blutige Wunde ; Schürfung, Schramme, Verletzung » ausdehnen müsste ? Zu catch vergl. NED s. v. p. 176^b sub 30 (to catch scathe ; deths wounde ; no hurt). Eine genaue Entsprechung wäre allerdings noch zu belegen. Sachlich vergl. Lindsay's *Thrie Estaitis*, II, p. 269 : Quhat and I fal, then I will break my bledder.

M^c Kerrow verweist zweifelnd auf NED queck v² und glaubt, dass queck eine Dialectform von quetch = twitch im Sinne von « jerk » sein kann.

Weiter hat M^c Kerrow : Cf. *Mankind* in Brandl's *Quellen*, l. 796 (or *Macro Plays* ed. Furnivall and Pollard for EETS, l. 80r) :

qweke, qweke, qweke ! a-lass, my thrott !

where the word seems to represent the sound made by a person when choked or throttled ¹).

In the *Macro Plays* it is glossed « qweak », a word which I am not sure that I understand ²).

Alles dies erklärt aber noch nicht den Gebrauch von to catch.

Bemerckt sei schliesslich, dass mir Dyce's Erklärung von Skelton, *Magnyfycence* 2070-1 :

For by robberyge they rynne to *in manus tuas* quecke

But beggyne is better medecyne for the necke
zweifelhaft geworden ist. Vergl. *Mankind* bei Brandl, *Quellen*, p. 57, l. 89 :

I xall spare.... hamonde of Soffehaum,

For drede of *in manus tuas* qweke.

An beiden Stellen ist quecke offenbar als eine Art Interjection aufzufassen, die andeuten soll, dass der Gehängte nicht die Zeit hatte, sein *in manus tuas* etc. fertig herzusagen, dass er vielmehr in einem gurgelnden, quietschenden Tone endigte. Indem ich

¹) Dazu würde stimmen : *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, Hazl.-Dods. III, p. 230 :

She bare me two or three souses behind in the nape of the neck,
Till I made her old weasand to answer again keck.

²) Furnivall wird wohl ein dem deutschen « quieken, quieksen » entsprechendes Wort beabsichtigt haben.

weniger an die Kehle des Gehängten denke, würde ich etwa übersetzen : « *in manus tuas..... ratsch !* ». Vergl. *Harl. Misc.* (London 1810) V, p. 484 : And when he said, Lord, receive my soul, which was his sign, the executioner did his office.

War nun quecke mit dem Fall des Gehängten aufs Engste verbunden, so fragt sich's, ob es nicht geradezu für fall stehn konnte. Vergl. etwa *Lochrine*, I, 1, 35-37 :

And he that would annihilate their minds,
Soaring with Icarus too near the sun,
May catch a fall with young Bellerophon.

105 all thyng. So **L.** Wohl Plural. Vergl. *Piers the Plowman*, VI, 212 : And to helpen hem of alle thinge. *The Castell of Perseverance*, l. 3064 : but mercy pasë allë thyng; *ibid.* 3454 : For I, Mercy, pase al[lë] thyng (The Macro Plays, ed. Furnivall & Pollard, EETS).

Zum Reim thyng : mynde vergl. z. B. under : cunger in *Misogonus* bei Brandl, *Quellen*, p. 432, ll. 78-80 etc. etc. und besonders mynde : rekenyng bei Manly, *Specimens*, I, p. 377, ll. 729-31.

106 noble clerkes. Darunter wird man doch, obwohl die Worte fast formelhaft gebraucht werden, die Kirchenväter verstehn müssen.

109 Miserationes (mit **L.**) ; vergl. Ps. 144 (vulg.) 9 : Suavis Dominus universis et miseraciones ejus super omnia opera ejus.

112 clerkyshe ; = « Du bist scheinths so eine Art Gelehrter ». NED nur einen Beleg aus c. 1834.

113 gibbryshe « inarticulate chatter..... often applied contemptuously to..... pretentious verbiage » NED. Vergl. Dekker's *Belman of London*, ed. Temple Class., p. 130 : without the gibbrish of a staring Conjurer.

115 ony (**L.**) hätte nördl. Beigeschmack.

Soyle me a questyon ; cf. 120 : soile me thys question ; 124 : suche questions to assoyle ; « Lösen, beantworten », mit doubt (Habl.-Dodds. I, p. 70), argument (More, *Works*, 1557, p. 1038^a), riddle und besonders, wie oben, mit question (Heywood, ed. Spenser Soc. p. 94 : to assoyle thy question ; *A C. Mery Tales*, ed. Hazlitt in *Shakesp. Fest-Books*, I, p. 99 : and soyle me this questyon).

or ye cast out any more = « ehe Du weiterschwätze ». To cast out wie to cast im Sinne von to vomit ; vergl. NED s. v. p. 156^a sub 25 und 26 ; p. 159^a sub 81^a, 81^e (die Nüancen sauber auseinanderzuhalten wird übrigens nicht immer möglich sein), und North's *Diall of Princes*, 1568, fol. 19^v : For ther is an auncient malediction on riches hydde, and treasours buried, which *Epimenides* casteth out sayinge these words. All the treasours hurded vp by the couetous, shal be wasted by the prodigall.

Vergl. parbreak in Hall's *Satires*, I, 5 : And when he hath par-brak'd his grieved mind.

118 thys ; Man kann darüber streiten, ob thys (**L** und **C** this) in

einer modernisierten Ausgabe nicht besser thus gedruckt werden sollte; vergl. thus much und this much.

Vergl. *The Proude Wyues Pater Noster*, Hazlitt, l. c. IV, p. 165: For I can not lyue this in wretchednes.

Skelton, *Magnyfycence*, 126: Measure is treasure: howe say ye, is it not this.

Shakesp. Library, IV, p. 37: This, since thou must goe to surge in the gastfull Seas, with a sorrowfull kisse I bid thee farewell.

119 Why do men eate mustred with saltfishe. Unser gemeinsamer Freund Nashe hat die folgende launige Lösung dieser allerdings recht schwierigen Frage versucht in *The Prayse of the Red Herring* fol. G 1^r (ed. M^c Kerrow, vol. III, pp. 195 ff.):

To recount *ab ouo*, or from the church-booke of his birth, howe the Herring first came to be a fish, and then how he came to be king of fishes, and gradationately how from white to red he changed, would require as massie a toombe as Hollinshead; but in halfe a penniworth of paper I | will epitomize them. Let me see, hath any bodie in Yarmouth heard of Leander and Hero, of whome diuine *Musæus* sung, and a diuiner Muse than him, *Kit Marlow*?

Twoo faithfull louers they were, as euerie apprentise in Paules churchyard will tell you for your loue, and sel you for your mony: the one dwelt at Abidos in Asia, which was Leander; the other, which was Hero, his Mistris or Delia, at Sestos in Europe, and she was a pretty pinckany and Venus priest; and but an arme of the sea diuided them: it diuided them and it diuided them not, for ouer that arme of the sea could be made a long arme. In their parents the most diuision rested, and their townes that like Yarmouth and Leystoffe were stil at wrig wrag, & suckt frō their mothers teates serpentine hatred one against each other. Which droue Leander when he durst not deale aboue boord, or be seene aboorde any ship to saile to his Lady deare, to play the didopper and ducking water spaniel to swim to her, nor that in the day, but by owle-light.

What will not blinde night doe for blinde Cupid? and what will not blinde Cupid doe in the night, which is his blindmans holiday? By the sea side on the other side stooede Heroes tower, such an other tower as one of our Irish castles, that is not so wide as a belfree, and a Cobler cannot iert out his elbowes in; a cage or pigeouhouse, romthsome enough to comprehend her and the toothlesse trotte, her nurse, who was her onely chatmate and chambermaide; consultiuely by her parents being so encloistred frō resort, that she might liue chaste vestall Priest to Venus, the queene of vnchastitie. Shee would none of that, she thanked them, for shee was better prouided, and that which they thought serued their turn best of sequestering her | from company, serued

her turne best to embrace the company she desired. Fate is a spaniel that you cannot beate from you ; the more you thinke to crosse it, the more you blesse it and further it.

Neither her father nor mother vowed chastitie when she was begote, therefore she thought they begat her not to liue chaste, & either she must proue hir selfe a bastard, or shew herselfe like them. Of Leander you may write vpon, and it is written vpon, she likte well, and for all he was a naked man, and cleane dispoyled to the skinne, when hee sprawled through the brackish suddes to scale her tower, all the strength of it could not hold him out. O, ware a naked man ; Cithereaes Nunnes haue no power to resiste him : and some such qualitie is ascribed to the lion. Were hee neuer so naked when he came to her, bicause he shuld not skare her, she found a meanes to couer him in her bed, &, for he might not take cold after his swimming, she lay close by him, to keepe him warme. This scuffling or bopeepe in the darke they had a while without weame or bracke, and the olde nurse (as there bee three things seldome in their right kinde till they bee old, a bawd, a witch, and a midwife) executed the huckstring office of her yeres very charily & circumspectly til their sliding starres reuolted from them ; and then, for seauen dayes together, the winde and the Hellespont contended which shuld howle lowder ; the waues dashed vp to the cloudes, and the clouds on the other side spit and driueld vpon them as fast.

Hero wept as trickling as the heauens, to thinke that heauen should so diuorce them. Leander stormed worse than the stormes, that by them hee should be so restrained from his Cinthya. At Sestos was his soule, and hee coulde not abide to tarry in Abidos. Rayne, snowe, haile, or blowe it howe it could, | into the pitchie Helespont he leapt, when the moone and all her torch-bearers were afraide to peepe out their heads ; but he was peppered for it, hee hadde as good haue tooke meate, drinke, and leisure, for the churlish frampold waues gaue him his belly full of fish-broath, ere out of their laundry or washe-house they woulde graunt him his coquet or *transire*, and not onely that, but they sealde him his *quietus est* for curuetting any more to the mayden tower, and tossed his dead carcasse, well bathed or par-boyled, to the sandy threshold of his leman, or orange, for a disiuine or morning breakfast. All that liue long night could she not sleepe, she was so troubled with the rheume ; which was a signe she should heare of some drowning : Yet towards cocke-crowing she caught a little slumber, and then shee dreamed that Leander and shee were playing at checkestone with pearles in the bottome of the sea.

You may see dreames are not so vaine as they are preached of, though not in vaine Preachers inueigh against them, and bende

themselves out of the peoples mindes to exhale their foolish superstition. The rheume is the students disease, and who study most, dreame most. The labouring mens hands glowe and blister after their dayes worke : the glowing and blistring of our braines after our day labouring cogitations are dreames, and those dreames are reaking vapours of no impression, if our matelesse cowches bee not halfe empty. Hero hoped, and therefore shee dreamed (as all hope is but a dreame) ; her hope was where her heart was, and her heart winding and turning with the winde, that might winde her heart of golde to her, or else turne him from her. Hope and feare both combatted in her, and both these are wakefull, which made her at breake of day (what an | old crone is the day, that is so long a breaking) to vnloope her luket or casement, to looke whence the blasts came, or what gate or pace the sea kept ; when foorthwith her eyes bred her eye-sore, the first white whereon their transpiercing arrowes stuck being the breathlesse corps of *Leander* : with the sodaine contemplation of this piteous spectacle of her loue, sodden to haddockes meate, her sorrowe could not choose but be indefinite, if her delight in him were but indifferent ; and there is no woman but delights in sorrow, or she would not vse it so lightly for euery thing.

Downe shee ranne in her loose night-gowne, and her haire about her eares (euen as *Semiramis* ranne out with her lie-pot in her hand, and her blacke dangling tresses about her shoulders with her iuory combe ensnarled in them, when she heard that *Babylon* was taken), and thought to haue kist his dead corse aliue againe, but as on his blew iellied sturgeon lips she was about to clappe one of those warme plaisters, boystrous woolpacks of ridged tides came rowling in, and raught him from her, (with a minde belike to carrie him backe to *Abidos*.) At that she became a franticke Bacchanal outright, & made no more bones but sprâg after him, and so resignd vp her Priesthood, and left worke for *Musaëus* and *Kit Marlowe*. The gods, and gods and goddesses all on a rowe, bread and crow, from *Ops* to *Pomona*, the first apple-wife, were so dumpt with this miserable wracke, that they beganne to abhorre al moysture for the seas sake : and *Iupiter* could not endure *Ganimed*, his cup-bearer, to come in his presence, both for the dislike he bore to *Neptunes* baneful licour, as also that hee was so like to *Leander*. The sunne was so in his mumps vppon it, that it was almost noone before hee could goe to cart that day, and then with so ill a will hee went, that hee had | thought to haue toped his burning carre or Hurrie currie into the sea (as *Phaeton* did) to scorch it and dry it vppe, and at night, when hee was begrimed with dust and sweate of his iourney, he would not descend as hee was woont, to wash him in the Ocean, but vnder a tree layde him downe to rest in his

cloathes all night, and so did the scouling Moone vnder another fast by him, which of that are behighted the trees of the Sunne and Moone, and are the same that Syr *John Mandeuile* tels vs hee spoke with, and that spoke to *Alexander. Venus*, for *Hero* was her priest, and *Iuno Lucina*, the midwifes goddessse, for she was now quickned, and cast away by the cruelty of *Æolus*, tooke bread and salt and eate it, that they would bee smartlie reuenged on that truculent windy iailour, and they forgot it not, for *Venus* made his sonne and his daughter to committe incest together. *Lucina*, that there might bee some lasting characters of his shame, helpt to bring her to bedde of a goodly boy, and *Æolus* boultling out al this, heapt murder vppon murder.

The dint of destiny could not be repeald in the reuiuing of *Hero & Leander*, but their heauenly hoods in theyr synode thus decreede, that, for they were either of them seaborderers and drowned in the sea, stil to the sea they must belong, and bee diuided in habitation after death, as they were in their life time. *Leander*, for that in a cold darke testie night he had his pasport to *Charon*, they terminated to the vnquiet cold coast of Iseland, where halfe the yeare is nothing but murke night, and to that fish translated him which of vs is termed Ling. *Hero*, for that she was pagled and timpanized, and sustained two losses vnder one, they footebald their heades together, & protested to make the stem of her loynes of all fishes the flanting Fabian or Palmerin of England, which is | Cadwallader Herring, and, as their meetings were but seldome, and not so oft as welcome, so but seldome should they meete in the heele of the weeke at the best mens tables, vppon Fridayes and Satterdayes, the holy time of Lent exempted, and then they might be at meate and meale for seuen weekes together.

The nurse or mother Mampudding, that was a cowering on the backe side whiles these things were a tragedizing, led by the scritch or outcry to the prospect of this sorrowfull heigho, as soone as, through the raueld button holes of her bleare eyes, she had suckt in & receiued such a reuelatiō of Doomesday, & that she saw her mistris mounted a cockhorse, & hoysted away to hell or to heauen on the backs of those rough headed ruffians, down she sunk to the earth, as dead as a doore naile, and neuer mumpt crust after. Whereof their supernalities (hauing a drop or two of pittie left of the huge hogshead of teares they spent for *Hero & Leander*) seemed to be something sorie, though they could not weepe for it, and because they would bee sure to haue a medicine that should make them weep at all times, to that kinde of graine they turned her which wee call mustard-seede, as well for shee was a shrewish snappish bawd, that wold bite off a mās nose with an answere and had rumatique sore eyes that ran

alwaies, as that she might accompany *Hero & Leander* after death, as in hir life time : & hēce it is that mustard bites a mā so by the nose, & makes him weep & water his plants when he tasteth it ; & that *Hero & Leander*, the red Herring and Ling, neuer come to the boord without mustard, their waiting maid : & if you marke it, mustard looks of the tanned wainscot hue of such a withered wrinklefaced beldam as she was that was altdred thereinto.

Mc Kerrow bemerkt :

Allusions to the use of mustard with salt fish are frequent, cf. Sawce for Fische.

Yowre sawces to make y shalle geue yow lerynge :
Mustard is / metest *with alle maner salt herynge*,
Salt fysche, salt Congur, samoun, *with sparlynge*,
Salt ele, salt makerelle, & also *with merlynge*.

John Russell's *Boke of Nurture* in *The Babees Book*, ed. Furnivall, EETS 1868, p. 172-3. Cf. also p. 154, ll. 553, 557.

Take this of me, a cup of ale without a wench, why, alas, 'tis like an egg without salt, or a red-herring without mustard ! Lodge & Greene, *Looking Glasse for London and England* (Dyce's *Greene & Peele*, 1861, p. 120 b).

The monasteries in the 14th & 15th centuries purchased considerable quantities of mustard to eat with their salt fish, as may be seen by their accounts, and there was even a special officer called « mustardarius » to look after the providing and preparation of the condiment. Cf. Abbot Gasquet's *English Monastic Life*, Oct. 1904, p. 208.

Mustard sauce is still commonly eaten in England with *fresh* herrings, but never, I think, with *salt*.

121 discrecyon « Entscheidung ». Vergl. 244, wo es eher « Entscheidungsvermögen, Umsicht » ist. Vergl. Hazl.-Dodds. I, p. 259 :

Consc. Sir, all discretion that God gave thee.

Manh. Discretion I know not, so mot I the.

Consc. Sir, it is all the wits, that God hath you sent.

129 crake = « to talk, to chat, to chatter » (Vergl. *Hyckescorner*, 732 : And therefore pra te no lenger here). Wieder eine mehr im Norden gebrauchte Bedeutung. Vergl. Douglas, *King Heart*, bei Arber, *Surrey & Wyatt Anth.*, p. 240 : To crack and cry always till he her deve (= deafen). Palsgrave, *L'Esclaircissement*, kennt nur to crake = « to boast ».

130 take you on the eare ; cf. ll. 229, 263.

132 it falleth not for me (L : not me) « es geziemt sich nicht für mich ». NED (s. v. fall, p. 40^a sub 33^b) giebt als erstes Beispiel mit for eine Stelle aus dem Jahre 1563 ; vergl. aber Hall's Ausgabe des *King Horn*, p. 120, wo die folgende Stelle aus dem *Alisaunder* aufgeführt wird : And graunte me soche beryng, So fallith for a kyng. Die Construction ohne for ist jedoch viel häufiger :

- 146** of his grace = « out of his grace, durch seine Gnade ».
- 148** Statt the lies wohl in diesem Verse ye.
- 153** Die Bühnenweisung Humilitye (für Charitie) ist jedenfalls nur Druckfehler.
- 161** meue = Me. mēue.
- 166** knight = miles; cf. Joh. 19, 34 : Sed quidam ex militibus lancea latus eius fodit.
- 169** Goddes faste. Wohl = by God's fast, d. h. bei dem 40-tägigen Fasten Christi. Doch würde God's fast auch als das von Gott eingesetzte Fasten aufgefasst werden können.
- 170** rede = counsel.
- 178** wylte thou not ceas (L) : earneste; lies ernes oder earnes und vergl. NED sub earnest, p. 9^b. wo die Angabe, dass das Wort earnes noch im 16^{ten} Jahrh. gebraucht wurde, m. W. nur für den Anfang gilt.
- 186** do. Die Form wird vom NED zuletzt aus *The World and the Child*, gedr. 1522 bei W. de Worde, belegt. Vergl. *Terens in Englysh* (?1520) l. 555 : I trust there shalbe do sōwhat. In diesem Stück wird undo neben undon gebraucht, doch nur im Reim mit go etc.; ebenso do in l. 1132. Im Reim mit too etc. erscheint do noch im *Thersites* (?1537), Hazl.-Dods, I, p. 399 : I have not with the do, und noch in *Kynge Johan*, 1356 : that ye have do.
- 189** hither = « nach mir zu, in this, my, direction ».
- 193** wel away = well-away, vom Ae. wā! lā! wā!
- 195** Charity spricht zu den Zuschauern.
- 201** To iet = « einerschreiten » — in Schnabelschuhen (« shoes whyche were pyked before » in *Shakespeare's Jest-Books*, I, p. 20). Vergl. Udall, *Floures for Latine Spekyng*, 1533, fol. 99^r : For incedere properly is to go with a stately pace, as who schulde saye, to shewe a greatte grauytee or maiestye in goynge, as prynces doo whanne they shewe them selves in theyr astate. Seneca. Tenero ac molli passu suspendimus gradum, nec ambulamus, sed incedimus, we staye and prolonge our goinge with a nyce or tendre and softe, delicate, or gingerly pace, and do not go as others doo, but iette or go lyke great estates. Vergl. 345.
- 209** Huffa, huffa. Typischer Ausruf. Vergl. Pollard, *Engl. Miracle Plays*, p. 55, l. 491 :
- Galaunt* : Hof, hof, hof, a frysch new galaunt etc. und besonders Simpson, *School of Shakspeare*, II, p. 32 :
- Post.* Enter the Prodigal Child — fill the pot, I would say.
« Huffa, huffa, who calls for me ?
I play the Prodigall child in jollytie ».
- Übersetze « hopsa », « lustig » oder dergl., und vergl. dann Skelton's *Magnyfycence*, 755; Wager's *Marie Magdalene*, ed. Carpenter, 779, 785, 984; Hazl.-Dods, I, p. 20.
- 217** my lippes hange in my lyght. Sprichwörtlich. Vergl. Skelton's

Magnyfycence, 1061 : Tusshe, thy lyppes hange in thyne eye und Heywood's *Proverbs* ed. Sharman, p. 107 = Spens. Soc. ed. p. 51 :

I see, ye can not see the wood for trees.

Your lips hang in your light, but this poore man sees

Both how blindly ye stand in your owne light,

And that you rose on your right syde here right.

Cf. Nashe, *Have with yow to Saffron-Walden*, side note on N3^v (ed. Grosart, III, 125, M^c Kerrow, III, 85) : Therefore Lipsian Dicke, because lamely & lubberly hee striues to imitate and bee another English Lipsius, when his lippes hang so in his light, as hee can neuer come neere him.

Die Variante their hornes hang i'their light (auf Hahnreie bezüglich) kommt bei Brome, *Works*, III, p. 210 vor.

219 deuyll way (C). Deuyll entspricht einem älteren Gen. plur. Vergl.

Palsgrave, *Lesclarcissement*, p. 838 : in the twenty deuyll way = au nom du grant diable. Ebenso in seinem *Acolastus*, 1869.

226 hanged, die nördl. Form. L hat hanged.

240 get forthe. NED s. v. get, p. 143^a sub 58.

242 lyghtlye « leicht, schnell, easily ». Vergl. *The Debate of the Carpenters Tools* bei Hazlitt, *Remains* etc., I, p. 80 : That lyghtly cum, schall lyghtly go (= « wie gewonnen, so zerronnen »). lose = loose.

254 For to preche at Tyborne = « in Tyborne gehängt zu werden ».

Cf. *Magnyfycence*, 2166 : And some fall prechyng at the Toure Hyll. Die Entstehung der Redensart geht am klarsten aus Stellen, wie z. B. der folgenden hervor : *Wriothesley's Chron.* (Camden Soc.) I, p. 39 : Also the 17th day of May, beinge Weddensday, the Lord of Rochforde, Mr. Norys..... were all beheaded at the Tower-hill ; and the Lord of Rocheforde, brother to Queene Anne, sayde these wordes followinge on the scaffolde to the people with a lowde voyce : Maisters all, I am come hither not to preach and make a sermon, but to dye, as the lawe hath fownde me, and to the lawe I submitt me etc.

Die Predigt, die der unglückliche Erzbischof Laud am 10. Jan. 1645 auf dem Tower-hill gehalten hat, findet man in *Harl. Misc.* (ed. London, 1810) V, p. 478 ; sie beginnt : Good People, This is a very uncomfortable place to preach in.

Anspielungen auf die letzten Worte Gehängter u. s. w. als *sermon* od. dergl. sind denn auch zahlreich. Vergl. z. B. Kyd, *Sol. and Pers.* II, 1, 291 : Hetherto all goes well ; but, if I be taken — I, marry, sir, then the case is altered, I, and haltered to. Of all things I doe not loue to preach with a haulter about my necke.

Bekannt ist die Anekdote König Karl II hätte gemeint, Bischof Burnet würde sich gern hängen lassen, nur um eine Predigt vom Galgen herunter halten zu dürfen.

255 promoted. Vergl. denselben Gedanken bei John Taylor, *Farewel to the Tower-Bottles*, ed. Hindley, p. 9 : May I to Tyburn for promotion climb (*Works*, 1630, LII 5^a).

266 fandte « 13th to 15th cent. » NED. In nördl. Dial., wo die Form sehr beliebt ist, auch noch später.

268 Goddes fote. Barclay, *Ship of Fools*, II, p. 131 sagt :

But nowe in our othes is god omnypotent
With all his membres and sayntis euerychone.

Vergl. besonders *Loci e Libro Veritatum*..... by J.E.T. Rogers, 1881, p. 12, wo es heisst : O quam magna sunt opera tua, Domine Deus ! Hoc anno Xti Jesu 1457, in quo fecisti plurimos homines mori in Anglia emittendo sanguinem per os, per nares, per oculos, per ungues, per juncturas, et per secessum, scilicet in illis partibus corporis per quas horribiliter jurare consueverant : scilicet per oculos Xti, per faciem Xti, per latera Xti, sanguinem Xti, per cor Xti preciosum, per clavos Xti in suis manibus et pedibus.

Ferner *The Hye Way to the Spytel Hous* bei Hazl. *Remains*, IV, p. 43 :

With horyble othes swerynge as they were wood,
Armes, nayles, woundes, herte, soule, and blood,
Deth, fote, masse, flesshe, bones, lyfe, and body.

269 colere : sc. of St. George? with, of course, an allusion to hanging.

270 God all might (: knight.) Vergl. zum adj. almighty NED s. v. ; jüngstes Beispiel aus 1546. Ein jüngeres können auch wir nicht geben, obwohl das Wort früher ungemein häufig fast formelhaft gebraucht wurde. Cf. unten 437.

271 at the nexte cessions. Vergl. Franz, *Shakesp. Gram.* § 34, Anm. und die folg. Stellen : Marlow, *Jew*, l. 1673 : To morrow is the Sessions ; you shall to it. Beaumont und Fletcher, *The Spanish Curate*, III, 3 (Merm. Ser. p. 261) :

This sessions, purchased at your suit, Don Henrique,
Hath brought us hither to hear and determine
Of what you can prefer.

The Ball, in Chapman ed. Shepherd, p. 493^a :

hang thyself, and thou goest off

Without a sessions.

Sachlich vergl. a reuells, das Jonson in *Cynthias Revels* I, 1 (ed. Bang, l. 340) und Middleton in *Women Beware Women*, I, 3, 3 gebrauchen ; Bullen hat an letzterer Stelle (vol. VI, p. 254) zu Unrecht den Singular in den Text gesetzt.

Der auch mod. Plural assizes ist mit dem unbestimmten Art. zu belegen aus Thoms, *Anecdotes and Traditions* (Camd. Soc.), p. 43 : at an assizes in Cambridgeshire.

Der vom NED erst aus dem Jahre 1667 belegte Gebrauch von a colours war schon Shakespearisch. Vergl. Dekker's *If it be not Good* etc. in *Works*, III, p. 292 : You fight all vnder one cullors.

Beaum. & Fl., *The Little French Lawyer* IV, 1 : An old and tatter'd colours.... Is of more honour ; ferner *The Captain*, II, 1 : He looks indeed like an old tatter'd colours.

274 plight the = « ich verpflichte mich Dir gegenüber » = « ich verspreche Dir ».

so God me saue. Formelhaft.

276 because gold colers be so good chepe ; ironisch aufzufassen ? Wie hohe Preise für goldene Ketten bezahlt wurden erwähnt Stowe-Howes, *Annales*, 1631, fol. 483^a bei der Hochzeit des Prinzen Arthur (14 Nov. 1501) : Woonderfull it was to behold the riches of apparel worne that day, with the poisant chaines of gold : of which, two were specially noted, to wit, sir T. Brandon knight, master of the kings horse, which that day ware a chaine valued at 1400. pound : and the other W. de Riuers esquire, master of the king[s] haukes, whose chaine was valued at a 1000. pound : many mo were of 200. 300. & so forth *etc.* Und *ib.* fol. 483^b : This day Sir Nicholas Vause, ware a coller of Esses which weyed, as the goldsmithes that made it reported 800. pound of nobles.

Ganz anders fasst M^c Kerrow die Stelle auf, der meint : « gold colers be so good chepe » might I think possibly refer to some installation of knights which was at the moment unpopular, either because the number created was thought excessive or because the services rendered by the recipients of the order were not deemed sufficient. I can however find nothing at the right date which bears out this suggestion. It, may, however, be observed that from time to time large numbers of knights bachelors were created. All owners of land of a certain yearly value (some forty pounds in the early part of the sixteenth century) were legally bound to become knights — with the consequent obligation of military service — and, though this rule was not constantly enforced, enquiries were occasionally held, and all persons owning the so-called « knights fee » of land were summoned to receive knighthood or to pay a fine. One such great creation of knights took place in 1533 (Stowe, *Annales*, 1615, 562^a) — but this is of course too late. That on occasions of ceremony *all* knights wore collars, appears from Stowe's account of the reception of Queen Anne Boleyn by the City in 1533, when « the Maior and his brethren all in Scarlet, and such as were knights had collars of Esses, and the residue hauing great chaines... assembled... at S. Marie Hill. » Cf. also Sir T. Elyot's *Gouernour*, ed. Croft, ii. 199, note b.

278 of a good pryce ; good wohl = « proper » und dann « reasonable ». Ein Strick wird allgemein « a halfepenny haulter » genannt. Wenn jedoch in 276 good chepe ironisch aufzufassen ist, könnte der Antithese wegen auch good ironisch im Sinne von « rather great » (NED, p. 289^c sub 19) stehn [?].

- 279** warrantyse « Sicherheit ». Cf. Brandl, *Quellen*, p. 115, l. 1369 :
Nay, nay, on warantyse.
- 280** haue a doo = « hör' auf » ; a do = ado (gethan) entsprechend dem jetzigen : have done !
- 288** it = wine ; vergl. 460, wo es möglicherweise auf chere zurückweist.
- 289** And etc. Man könnte geneigt sein, dies zum Folgenden zu ziehn.
- 296** to bide stylle = « to stay where he is ». Palsgrave, *Lesclarcissement* :
I byde stylle, I tarye or remayne in a place. *Je remayns*. Huloet's *Abcedarium* (1552) : Abyde stylle. *Remaneo* etc.
- 297** croked langage = « ungeziemende, freche Rede » (Complex nicht in NED) : « wenn er Dir etwas Ungehöriges sagt ; wenn er Dir etwas sagt, was uns nicht in den Kram passt ». Vergl. *The Schole-House of Women* bei Hazlitt, *Remains*, IV, p. 132 :
Who was so busy as the maid
With crooked language Peter to oppose.
Die « ancilla » von Lucas, XXII, 56 nennt der Verfasser des *Schole-House* kurz darauf « the lewd maid ».
- 299** that. Vergl. 577.
- 305** hang man. T. Wilson, *Rhet.* (1580), p. 123, giebt unter *Amplification* : to call a naughtie fellowe theef, or hangman, when he is not knowne to bee any suche (NED). Also etwa « Spitzbub, Lump ». Vergl. Brandl, *Quellen*, p. 104, ll. 979-80 :
Sayd reason so ? Mary fy on him knaue
yt were better the hangman where [*sic*] in his graue.
Skelton's *Magnyfycence*, l. 2217 : Ye, wylte thou, hangman ?
- 307** Vergl. 55-56. They in 308 weil land collectivisch für « Güter, Ländereien » steht. Ebenso heaven häufig mit Plural.
- 312** spede the of a seruaunte. To speed im Sinne von « verschaffen, verhelfen zu » (cf. das seltene a speader « Helfer ») ; vergl. E. Gordon Duff's Ausgabe der bei W. de Worde gedruckten *Information for Pilgrims unto the Holy Land* fol. b vj^v : And yf ony good vytayle be ye maye be spedde before a nother.
Das Motif, dass ein neuer Diener engagiert wird, der an seinem Herrn zum Verführer werden soll, findet sich häufig im ält. Engl. Drama, z. B. in *Nature, Magnyfycence* u. s. w.
- 328** golde and fee ; formelhaft = « gold and good » in Hazl.-Dods. I, p. 266. Vergl. Skelton's *Magnyfycence*, l. 1993 :
Alasse, where is nowe my golde and fe ?
Havelok, ed. Holthausen, 1430.
- 333** lykely felowe = « good-looking », dann auch, wie hier, « suitable » ; cf. Brandl, *Quellen*, p. 173, l. 386 :
Mary go thou and be an inquerer
And yf thou canst brynge one any thyng lykely
He shalbe admitted.
The word is still common in practically the same sense as here.

340 good = « Güter ». Vergl. Barclay, *l. c.*, I, p. 249 :

For if a woman be fowle and full of vice
And lewde of maners, nought both to man and lad
Yet good shall hir mary be she neuer so bad

Die Form scheint um 1530 schon als veraltet gefühlt worden zu sein ; vergl. NED s. v. p. 291^b sub 7. b., wo sie nach 1533 fast ausschliesslich im Reim mit blood vorkommt. Allerdings glaube ich sie auch im Versinnern noch später angetroffen zu haben, speciell in nördl. Texten.

345 Iette vp and downe. Hazlitt : get ! Vergl. Anm. zu 201 und den ganzen Complex z. B. in Barclay, *Cytezen and Uplondyshman*, Percy Soc. ed., p. XII :

They may have shame to jet so up and downe.

Vergl. später Dekker, *Lanthorne and Candle-light*, ed. Temple Classics, p. 268 : But now when the stage of the world was hung in blacke, they jetted uppe and downe like proud *Tragedians*. Statt jet wird allerdings oft get geschrieben ; cf. nur Barclay, *l. c.* p. 2 : In the towne and cyte so longe getted had he, und *Ship of Fools* I, p. 63 :

Some ar so proude that on fote they can̄ nat go
But get they must with countenance vnstable.

Brandl, *Quellen*, p. 429, l. 44 : He can doe nothinge but get stroute and stare = jet, strut, etc.

Palsgrave, *Lesclarcissement*, giebt sowohl I get als I jette im Sinn von *je braggue*. Für to get up and downe giebt er : I loyer as an ydell or masterlesse person dothe. *Je vilote*.... This is a goodly lyfe thou ledest to gette up and downe on this facyon all daye : *cest vne belle vie que tu maynes de viloter en ce point toute jour*.

Im *Treatise of a Galaunt* hat der C-Text (Ashbee, fol. Aij^v l. 11) Jn Jettynge / in Janglynge / thy dayes ben past, wo der B-Text nach Hazlitt gettynge liest.

366 The deuyl sayd he had leuer burne al his lyfe etc. Quelle und Belege? M^c Kerrow verweist auf den allerdings als Quelle nicht in Betracht kommenden *Belfagor* Macchiavell's, wo es, ed. *Classici Ital.*, 1805 (Machiavelli, ix. 55), heisst : « [Belfagor] tutto spaventato se ne fuggì... e volle più tosto tornarsene in inferno a render ragione delle sue azioni, che di nuovo con tanti fastidii, dispetti e pericoli sottoporsi al giogo matrimoniale ». *Belfagor*, written c. 1522, was not published until 1545.

370 fair and fre. Die alte allit. Bindung. Fre = noble.

388 a freshe. Streiche a ?

397 lies : to the tauerne ?

405 Well wanton well. Vergl. *Lusty Juventus*, Hazl.-Dods., II, p. 85 :

Well, wanton, well,
I-wis, I can tell,
That such smock-smell
Will set your nose out of tune.

Well ist hier im drohenden Sinn zu fassen ; vergl. die Anmerkung in Hazlitt's *English Proverbs*², p. 469 ; übersetze etwa durch « na », « hör' », « nimm' Dich in Acht ». Der Gebrauch des ganzen Complexes ist mir sonst nicht vorgekommen. Doch ist well in diesem Sinn häufig, cf. z. B. : Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, l. 134 : Well, cosen, well ! I see you are eene past hope. Chapman's *All Fooles (Works, ed. Pearson, I, p. 141)* : Well, wag, well, wilt thou still deceiue thy father. Brome's *A mad Couple well Match'd (Works, I, p. 12)* : Well wag well, you must not now put me off with my wife.

409 Lies : A (= ah), lytell, pretye nysot (: wote [wot]). Nysot, nysot (?) ist ein höchst seltenes Wort, dem man darum aber nicht einfach die Bedeutung eines « term of endearment » zuzuschreiben darf (Habl.-Dods., XV, s. v.).

Vergl. Skelton's *Magnyfycence, 1235* :

Foly. Syr, of my maner I shall tell you the playne.
 Fyrst I lay before them my bybyll,
 And teche them howe they sholde syt ydyll,
 To pyke theyr fyngers all the day longe ;
 So in theyr eyre I synge them a songe,
 And make them so longe to muse,
 That some of them renneth strayght to the stuse ;
 To thefte and bryboury I make some fall,
 And pyke a locke and clyme a wall ;
 And where I spy a nysot gay,
 That wyll syt ydyll all the day,
 And can not set herselfe to warke,
 I kyndell in her suche a lyther sparke,
 That rubbed she must be on the gall
 Bytwene the tappet and the wall.

Eine ähnliche Bedeutung hat, ohne jeglichen Zweifel, *nycebecetour* etc., dessen Sinn deutlich aus Udall's Übersetzung von Erasmus' *Apophthegmen* hervorgeht (ed. 1564, fol. 88r) : And in soche [sc. horselitters etc.] did the ryche or welthy womē : yea and also the other *nycebecetours* or *denty dames*, customably vse, both to sitte for their pleasure, and also to be carried about the stretes for their solace and recreation.

Das Original hat hier : *Lectica vero sellae genus est cancellatae, ut aliquam caveae speciem praebeat : in hac divites ac delicatae sedere, atque etiam gestari solent.*

Und diese Bedeutung *denty dame* (vergl. prick-me-dainty etc.) passt vorzüglich an allen Stellen, an denen ich das Wort bis jetzt gefunden habe : Hazlitt, *Remains, IV, p. 90* :

To gete gownes and furs,
 These nysebeceturs
 Of men sheweth theyr pyte,

Somtyme for theyr lust
 Haue it they must,
 Or seke wyll they be ;
 If it do stycke,
 And she fele it quycke,
 Full syle dothe she
 Begyn for to grone,
 And wyssheth she had lyne alone.

Brandl, *Quellen*, p. 244, l. 898 : Then of such nycebeceters as she is (l. 891 wird dieselbe Dame gyglet, l. 877 symper de cokket genannt).

Heywood, *Proverbs*, ed. Sharman, p. 57 :

How oft did I prophecie this betweene you
 And your Ginifinee Nycebecetur.

Was die Etymologie anbetrifft, so glaube ich, dass nysot und nycebecetur zu nice zu ziehen sind. Cf. *Prompt. Parv.* ed. Way, p. 355, n. 3 : *Insoleus*, nyce, *superbus*, *fatuus*, *moribus non conueniens*.... *Insoleo*, to be wantowne, to be nyce, and prowde. MED[ulla Grammaticae]. Dyce (Skelton, II, 256) übersetzt denn auch nysot durch « lazy jade ». Flügel's Erklärung von nycebecetur (Gayley, *Represent. Engl. Com.*, p. 124, n. 2) kann ich nicht annehmen, da zwischen *nescio quid dicitur* und der Bedeutung von nycebecetur kein Zusammenhang herzustellen ist. Ist nycebecetur etwa ein Schulwitz = nyce + Bess oder Bessy + tur? Derartige Bildungen waren ungemein beliebt; vergl. z. B. Brandl, *Quellen*, p. 41 : Corn seruit bredibus, chaffe horsibus, straw fyrybus; *ibid.* p. 53 : yt ys in spadibus; Therfor crystis curse cum one yowur hedybus; *ibid.* p. 55 : I hade a schreude recumbentibus; *ibid.* p. 63 : Here is blottybus in blottis, Blottorum blottibus istis; *ibid.* p. 290 : Ye flaterabundus yowe; *ibid.*, p. 177 : This olde prouerbe mockum moccabitur (cf. Hazl.-Dods. VII, p. 301 : do you not know, *qui mocat mocabitur*?). Heywood, Spens. Soc. ed. p. 158 : Backare quoth Mortimer etc.; *Thersites*, Hazl.-Dods., I, p. 401 : my club light on thy *headibus* und Flügel, *l. c.*, p. 171 Anm.

Mc Kerrow sagt : But is it impossible for « nyset » to be simply the French « nicet », diminutive of « nice », = innocent, foolish, negligent? Cf. examples quoted by Godefroy, *Dict. de l'anc. langue française*, s. v. « nicet », among which :

« Niceite fu (la Jeunesse), si ne pensoit
 Nul mal, ne nul engin qui soit. »

(*Rose*, Richel. 1573, fo. 11^c.)

[i. e. « Nyce she was, but she ne mente
 Noon harm ne slight in hir entente. »

(*Rom. of the Rose*, 1285-6.)]

410 well = « sehr ».

411 pye hier wohl Kosewort. Cf. chicken, duck, bird. « Pye » is

used in a number of phrases expressing liveliness etc. as « as jolif as a pye » *Cant. Tales* B. 1399, D. 456 and « pert as is a pye » A. 3950.

gingerlie = « zierlich » schon fast « geziert ». Skelton, ed. Dyce, I, p. 409 : Go she neuer so gingirly, her honesty is gone away. Hazl.-Dods., I, p. 47 : And I can dance it gingerly ; Nashe, *Pierce Penilesse*, ed. M^c Kerrow, I, p. 173 : that lookes as simperingly as if she were besmeard, and iets it as gingerly as if she were dancing the Canaries.

420 lyke = « gefallen ; wie sie Dir gefällt ». Vergl. folg. Zeile und Bullen's Middleton, I, p. 277 : This service likes not me. Die unpersön. Construction it likes me ist viel häufiger.

426 wite. Vergl. zu 517 ; und Text. Notes = « um so mehr als Du Dich nach meinem Befinden erkundigst ». Vergl. *The Revenger's Tragedy* in Hazl.-Dods., X, p. 78 : How are they now ? *Ven.* The better for your asking.

428 and turne vs agayne = « und uns (unterwegs) zur Rückkehr zwingt ».

430 agayne. Mit agayne wissen wir nichts anzufangen. M^c Kerrow schlug mit vielen Zweifeln agayte vor (cf. l. 469), wodurch ich auf amayne verfiel = « without delay, in all haste ». Betime wäre dann wohl « in good time », was man (cf. NED s. v. betimes 3) zu « before it is too late » ausdehnen könnte. Das Ganze also : « schnell ehe es zu spät ist ».

Von dem again, das NED, p. 171 sub 2. b und c, anführt (to shake, dance again) kann mit to go wohl nicht die Rede sein.

432 Or euer that. Vergl. 604 und *XII Mery Jests of the Wid. Edyth* in *Sh. Jest-Books*, III, p. 69 :

But ere euer that he came, the wydow was gon.

434 we wil let for none expence = « wir wollen (davon, sc. vom Wirtshauslaufen) nicht ablassen, abstehn, und koste es was es wolle ». Vergl. *The Tale of the Basyn* bei Hazlitt, l. c., III, p. 50 :

Upstert the godewyfe ; for no thyng wolde she lette,
And bothe hir hondis on the basyn she sette.

Ibid. p. 79 :

Dame, quod the offycyall,
Tel forth on thy tale,
Lette not for all this.

Brandl, *Quellen*, p. 262 :

But for all that shall I let therefore
To chastyce my wyfe

437 Die beiden guten Eigenschaften werden als in seinem Inneren mit ihm kämpfend gedacht ?

M^c Kerrow sagt : Is not Youth rather referring to the coins in his purse, which, as he speaks, he jingles together, so as to make them « fight » ? He proposes to part them by spending them at a tavern. Vergl. aber l. 444.

- 442** no than ; etwa : no, if they do, then I beshrew my heart.
- 443** so mote I the. Formelhaft für as I hope to prosper.
- 445** carefull = « sorgenvoll ».
- 451** to lese (= to lose) vom Me. lêse.
- 456** And I belast = if I be last.
- 457** were. For the sequence of tenses used here cf. « I pray you to pay me my money that I were gone » (*i.e.* that I may go) *Scoggins Fests*, in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare Fest-Books*, vol. II, p. 136. Cf. 532-33.
- 468** rector chorye = chori. Vergl. Ducange, s. v. cantores (II, p. 113^b) und s. v. Rector Chori (V, p. 635^c). Unter der Überschrift *Of the claterynge and bablynge of prestis and clerkes in the quere* beschreibt Barclay im *Ship of Fools* (II, p. 155) die folg. Scene :
- The rector Chori is made the messanger
He rennyth about like to a pursuyuant
With his whyte staffe mouynge from syde to syde
Where he is lenynge talys ar nat skant
But in one place nat longe doth he abyde
So he and other them selfe so lewdly gyde
Without deuocion, by theyr lewde neglygence
That no thyng can bynde theyr tungen to sylence.
- Dekker in *The Belman of London* uses this expression for the chief of a gang of beggars and thieves « he that was *Rector Chori* (the Captaine of the *Tatterdemalios*)... » *Wks.* ed. Grosart, iii. 82.
- 469** let vs be agate = on gate, on the road. « Properly a northern word » NED. Vergl. Ray's *Collection of Engl. Words*, 1768, p. 13 : *Agate* ; Ches. Just going, as *I am Agate*. Demnach = let us be off!
- 477** John a Pepo (cf. to peep) = Hans Naseweis. Vergl. Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, III, 1 : You are... a twirepipe, a Jeffery John Bo-peep und Brome's *The Sparagus Garden*, II, 1, 3, wo Rebecca ihren eifersüchtigen und misstrauischen Mann John Bopeepe nennt.
- 484** well = clearly.
- 485** syr John wird allgemein als Bezeichnung des Geistlichen gebraucht. Übersetze « Herr Pastor ». Charity wird hier so ange-redet, weil er Youth Moral predigt. Der Titel Sir (vergl. nfrz. abbé) war speciell katholisch ; vergl. Bale's *The Image of both churches*, ed. Daye & Seres, 1551 (?), fol. Q vj^r : The symplest holy water prieste amonge thē was syr at the leaste, whyche is no lesse then lorde ; und *ibid.* k iij^v : The most ragged ronnagate, and idle idiote amonge theym is no lesse thē a syr, which is a Lord in the latin, as syr John, syr Thomas, syr William. Der *General Index to the Public. of the Parker Soc.* führt denn auch eine Menge Spottnamen auf kath. Geistliche auf, deren erstes Glied immer Sir ist ; *l. c.* p. 708 s. v. Sir John : Sir John Lack-Latin, sir John Masser, Sir John Mumble-matins.

488 It maye fortune come ; fortune adv. = « perchance ». NED hat aus dem 16^{ten} Jahrh. nur noch ein Beispiel : If... one of hys tormentours might fortune breake his heade for marring of the play. Ausserdem giebt NED noch ein Beispiel aus dem Norden. Vergl. chance in Howell's *Morphandra*, 1660, p. 5 : and I may chance bring thee som news from thy Countrey.

489 a lytell soone. Hazlitt, der auch am vorhergehenden Verse seine Kunst probiert hat, fügt [too] ein. Dem Sinne nach richtig. Aber too braucht deswegen nicht dazustehn. Wir sagen : « das Wasser ist ein Bischen heiss ; ich kann mir die Hände noch nicht drin waschen » = « zu heiss ».

One can say « the water is a little hot » but it is unusual. It is however common with « for — », « the water is a little hot for washing in », « the weather is a little warm for walking » &c, but the sense is perceptibly weaker than with « too » ; one could wash in the water, or walk in the weather, but in either case it is a little too hot to do so with comfort, or a little hotter than the best temperature.

492 turned ; ein sehr gewöhnlicher Druckfehler = turneth, wie schon Hazlitt liest. Umgekehrt findet sich überaus häufig -eth für -ed.

tale = taylor = tail.

a ferde = afeard ; Vergl. Hazlitt, *Remains*, III, p. 70 : He was a ferde leest he came to late.

493 skerd = scared.

501 fet = fetch.

502 to sit to « sitzen, passen ».

515 ringinge. Das Wort ist uns unbekannt. Zu lesen ist wohl einfach : ring, doch ist eine spontane Neubildung auf -ing (NED sub -ing¹ f und g, p. 281 c) nicht ausgeschlossen. Vergl. gear « Sattel », gearing « Sattelzeug », und, am nächsten kommend, das schöne ribbaning in Mabbe's *Celestina*, ed. Tud. Trans., p. 31 : Her haire.... are daintily combed, and dressed, and knit up in knots with curious fine ribbaning = « allerhand Bänderwerk ».

516-9 M^c Kerrow fragt : Do not these lines belong rather to Pride (or, possibly, to Youth) than to Riot? Sehr ansprechend, aber nicht unumgänglich nötig.

517 I will go wyt of charitie = « ich will Charity darnach fragen ». Hazlitt hat es fertig gebracht zu lesen : I will go with Charity ! Zu wyt vergl. l. 426 und Chaucer, *Cant. Tales*, D, 1449 : And here I ryde about my purchasing, To wite wher men wolde yeve me any thing.

Heywood's *Four PP* (Manly, *Spec.* I, p. 510) 847 : Wherefore stande styll, and I wyll wyt (« zu lernen, erfahren suchen ») If I can get thy saue-condyt.

In dem Fragment eines *Playe of Lucrez* (siehe Anhang) l. 11 heisst es : Mary go thi way / & wit where thay wyll or [no].

520 they. Vergl. 501 : payre of rynges.

521 The more sorowe the more mede. Der Ausdruck wird sprichwörtlich gewesen sein, trotzdem die mir zugänglichen Sprichwörtersammlungen ihn nicht registrieren. Doch mag er auch eine persönliche Reminiscenz des Verfassers sein ; vergl. z. B. Socrates' Ausspruch im *Phaedo*, III : 'Ὡς ἀποπον.... ἔοικέ τι εἶναι τοῦτο, ὃ καλοῦσιν ἄνθρωποι ἡδύ· ὡς θαυμασίως πέφυκε πρὸς τὸ δοκοῦν ἐναντίον εἶναι, τὸ λυπηρόν, τῷ ἅμα μὲν αὐτῷ μὴ ἐθέλειν παραγίγνεσθαι τῷ ἀνθρώπῳ, ἐὰν δέ τις διώκῃ τὸ ἕτερον καὶ λαμβάνῃ, σχεδόν τι ἀναγκάζεσθαι αἰεὶ λαμβάνειν καὶ τὸ ἕτερον, ὡσπερ ἐκ μιᾶς κορυφῆς συνημμένῳ δὴ ὄντε. καὶ μοι δοκεῖ, ἔφη, εἰ ἐνενόησε ταῦτ' Ἀίσωπος, μῦθον ἂν συνθεῖναι, ὡς ὁ θεὸς βουλόμενος αὐτὰ διαλλάξαι πολεμοῦντα, ἐπειδὴ οὐκ ἡδύνατο, ξυνηψεν εἰς ταῦτὸν αὐτοῖς τὰς κορυφὰς, καὶ διὰ ταῦθ' ᾧ ἂν τὸ ἕτερον παραγένηται ἐπακολουθεῖν ὕστερον καὶ τὸ ἕτερον. Joh. XVI, 20 : *tristitia vestra vertetur in gaudium* oder des H. Augustins *Finis enim curae delectatio est* (Migne, 4, 103^a) und Erasmus, *Adag.*, unter *Dies adimit aegritudinem*. Lydgate — und natürlich Steph. Hawes — haben den Gedanken mehrmals, am nächsten kommend im *Temple of Glas* (ed. Schick, ll. 1205-07) :

And lete no sorow in thin hert[e] bite
For no differring, sith thou shalt for thi mede
Reioise in pees the floure of womanhede.

523 Beati qui persecutionem patiuntur propter iustitiam. Cf. Matth. V, 10.

539 haue at it (thee, Hazlitt) = « los », d. h. « mach' Dich an die Arbeit, vorwärts ». Vergl. *Nice Wanton*, l. 214 : Haue at it, and it were for all my fathers kyne !

541 beforne wohl « von vornherein ». Die vom NED gegebene Bedeutung « openly » würde wohl noch besser passen, doch stammt das jüngste Beispiel des NED aus ca 1175. Grössere Beispielsammlungen wären sehr wünschenswert, da das Wort an vielen Stellen Schwierigkeiten macht ; es scheint oft, als sei es fast zum Flickwort geworden.

542 the weede ouergroweth the corne. Sprichwörtlich. Vergl. Heywood's *Proverbs* ed. Sharman, p. 48 = Spens. Soc. ed. p. 22 :

Ill weede growth fast, Ales : whereby the corne is lorne ;
For surely the weede ouergroweth the corne.
und die *Balade of the worthy Service of late doen by Maister Strangwige* etc. in Percy Soc. Publ. I, p. 43 :

Tyl weeds did worke by subtil guyle
To ouergrow the corne.

Ferner die Variante, wohl durch den Reim verursacht, in Wright, *Pol. Poems and Songs* II, p. 237 :

Therfor every man may care
Lest the wade growe over the whete (: grete).

543 tide = « Zeit ».
all = Adv. ?

564 eucnsonge. Bale, *The Image of both Churches*, l. c., fol. S vj^v führt evensong unter ganz speciell katholischer Bedeutung auf : He neyther cōmaundeth them to be shauen nor disguysed, to be Popyshe prieste nor monke, to saye mattens nor euensonge, to faste frydaye nor vigil *etc.* ; *ibid.* fol. r ij^v : besydes the names of their properties, feates, and pagentes, as processian [*sic*], bishop-pynge, anelynge purgatorye, pilgrimage, pardone, masse, mattnes, euensonge, placebo *etc.* Der officiële Name des Abendgottesdienstes war seit 1552, d. h. seit dem Erscheinen des Second Prayer-Book's Edward des VI, « Euening Prayer », während das I. Prayer-Book vom Jahre 1549 den alten Ausdruck noch bewahrt hatte. Doch erhielt sich der alte Name naturgemäss noch lange und wurde daher von dem protestantischen « Redactor » unseres Stückes nicht beanstandet, wie er denn sogar den Herausgebern des Sec. Prayer-Book's einmal entschlüpft ist (sub Wednesday before Easter, ad fin.).

573 whether = whither ; vergl. hether, thether ; heder, theder *etc.*

578 Hazlitt lässt exhorte : resorte reimen und fängt mit & neue Zeile an. Auch them : syn könnte reimen.

579 so forsake. Hazlitt liest to ; möglich aber unnötig.

580 I will helpe you that I can ; that = « so sehr, so viel auch nur, aus allen Kräften ». Belege !

583 speciall. Vergl. *Prompt. Parv.* (ed. Camden Soc.) p. 468 : SPECYAL, concubyne, the manne. *Amasius, et idem quod LEMANN* (leefman,s) und SPECYAL, concubyne, the womann (speciall or leman, P.) *Concubina, amasia*. Vergl. das Gedicht *On the Times* bei Wright, *Pol. Poems and Songs*, I, p. 276 :

Ful oftyn tyme iwys
gelido fervent in amore,
Here specialis yf y kys,
distillat nasus in ore.

Ferner *Mankind*, Brandl, *Quellen*, p. 71, l. 859 (= Manly *Specimens*, I, p. 350, l. 855) :

O mercy..... My predilecte speciall.

und *Wisdom, who is Christ*, ll. 1115-7, in *The Macro Plays*, ed. F. J. Furnivall and A. W. Pollard for EETS :

Ande now ye be reformyde by the sakyrment of penaunce,
Ande clenysyde from the synnes actual ;
Now ye be fayrest, Chrystys own specyall,

Übersetze hier und in *Youth* durch « Freund » unter Berücksichtigung von Ducange (s. v. specialissimus, specialitas 3).

Als adj. ist das Wort häufiger. Cf. *Everyman*, l. 629 : Euery man pylgryme my specyall frende, und Lyndsay, *The Testament of Squyer Meldrum*, l. 1617 : And Johne Lord Lindesay my maister special = « dear ».

593 kele « to make less violent, eager, or ardent ; to assuage, mitigate, lessen » NED.

596 Trumpington ; in Cambridgeshire, two or three miles south of Cambridge.

Das Städtchen ist durch Chaucer's Simkin und seine « dame » — ycomen of noble kin — bekannt. Die Einwohner scheinen den Namen unserer Schildbürger gehabt zu haben.

597 Hogges norton. Vergl. Ray, *Compl. Coll. of Engl. Prov.*, 1768, p. 258 : Oxfordshire : *You were born at Hogs-Norton*. This is a village properly called *Hoch-Norton*, whose inhabitants (it seems formerly) were so rustical in their behaviour, that boarish and clownish people are said to be born there.

Vergl. Hazlitt, *Engl. Prov.*², p. 508 und besonders Nares s. v. Organs und Hog's Norton.

602 endeuer the. Der seltene refl. Gebrauch. Cf. *Terens in englysh*, l. 1088 :

I will indeuer me in all that I may

Thy pamphilus to fynde (= curabo des Orig.).

Barclay, *l. c.*, I, 23 : With diligence endeuer you some [bokes] to occupye.

608 A yonge sainte an olde deuyll. Sprichwörtlich. Vergl. Latimer, *Sermons*, ed. Parker Soc., p. 431 : remember the old proverb « Young saints, old devils », und Heywood's *Three Hund. Epigr.* ed. Spens. Soc. p. 136, n^o 61 :

Yonge sainte, olde diuell : thers mo of woman kynde :

Then yong deuilles olde saintes, in mankynde as I fynde.

und Lyndsay, *Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaites*, ed. Laing, II, p. 121 :

Sa that ye be nocht ane young sanct

And syne ane auld devill.

Ferner R. Greene's *Disputation betweene a Hee Conny-catcher, and a Shee Conny-catcher* 1592 (*Works*, ed. Grosart, X, 239) :

« fie vpon such as say, young Saints, olde deuils : it is no doubt a deuillish and damnable saying, for what is not bent in the Cradle, will hardly be bowed in the Sadle ».

622 my soule hangeth on the hedge. To hang on the hedge = « als wertlos bei Seite gelegt sein » etc. Vergl. *Misogonus*, ed. Brandl, *Quellen*, p. 449, l. 203 : Whats his gowne gone to [= too] ? then he may go hange oth hedge = « mag er sich hängen lassen, zum Teufel gehn ».

To cast stones — doch wohl, wörtlich genommen, auf die Seele — ist ein unsinniges Beginnen, doch war to cast stones auch das Spiel *par excellence* ⁴⁾ und mag hier fast gleich « to go

⁴⁾ 12. Ric. II. c. 6 wurden verboten :..... & les autres jeues appellez Coytes dyces *gettre de pere* keyles & autres tielx jeues importunes. Stowe, *Survay* (ed. Morley, p. 118) citiert nach Fitzstephen : In the holidays all the summer the youths are exercised in leaping, dancing, shooting,

playe, to go whistle » stehn. Der ganze Ausdruck bedeutet m. E. etwa : « Wenn ich einmal tot bin, mach' Du doch nur was Du willst » = « Bekümmere Dich um Deine eignen Angelegenheiten ». Im *Hychescorner* l. 526 wird der Ausdruck offenbar in noch allgemeinerem Sinn gebraucht : « Ja, schwätz' Du nur ! »

643 so mote I thryue ; cf. so mote I the.

645 starke foole = « arrant foole, utter fool ». Vergl. Sir Th. More, *Works*, 1557, p. 554 : yet had he bene for all that a starke traytour in the meane while.

Das Wort wird besonders als adv. gebraucht mit blind, dead, deaf, naked, mad und rotten ; als adj. auch mit beggar, knave. Übersetze stets durch « Erz-, erz- », « ganz, vollständig ».

654 Der inf. gone, der vom NED bis ins 17. Jahrh. registriert wird, ist m. W. im Anfang des 16. Jahrh. im Aussterben begriffen, wenngleich er im Reim, wie hier, noch später vorkommt.

672 Karten- und Würfel-Spiele waren als unlawfull games durch verschiedene Beschlüsse mit hohen Strafen belegt (12. Ric. II. c. 6 ; 11. Hen. IV. c. 4 ; 17. Edw. IV. c. 3.). Unter Heinrich VIII wurden diese Beschlüsse erneuert. Dass das edle Spiel *at the blanke* (= Bogenschiessen etc.) in dieser schlechten Gesellschaft genannt wird, ist etwas sonderbar ; Halliwell, *Dict.*, s. v. behauptet denn auch auf Grund dieser Stelle einfach : « There was a game at dice formerly so called ». Vergl. aber Ascham's *Toxophilus*, ed. Wright in *Cambr. Engl. Class.*, p. 21 : I meruayle greatly how it chaunceth, that those, whiche vse shoting be so moche marked of men, and oftymes blamed for it, and y^t in a maner as moche as those which pleye at cardes and dise etc. etc.

673 quenes game. Vergl. Brand-Hazlitt *Pop. Ant. of Gr. Brit.*, 1870, vol. ii p. 286.

In Erondel's « French Garden », 1605, the titles of the following games occur : « Trompe — Dice — Tables — Lurch — Draughts — Perforce — Pleasant — Blowing — Queen's Game — Chesse ». Vergl. NED. s. v. Doublet 3 b.

Iryshe. Vergl. Brand-Hazlitt, 1870, vol. ii, p. 315. und schon Barclay, *l. c.*, I, p. 21 :

That thoughe one knowe but the yresshe game
Yet wolde he haue a gentyllmannys name.

Cf. Cotton's *Compleat Gamester*, 1674, p. 154.

674 Treygobet. Hazlitt's Vorschlag, *Hey-go-bet* zu lesen, der typographisch annehmbar wäre, wird doch schwerlich das Richtige treffen, da *trey* = « die Drei » auf Würfeln etc. ist.

hasarde. Vergl. Barclay, *l. c.*, I, p. 236 :

wrestling, *casting the stone* etc. etc. Vergl. auch *ibid.* p. 120, und Hoby's Übersetzung von Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano* (Tud. Transl.) p. 54 : It is meete for hyn (sc. the courtier) also to have the arte of swimming, to leape, to runne, to cast the stone (Orig. : gittar pietre) etc.

And if the father vse hasarde or the chaunce
Or any prohybyt and vnlawfull game.

und *A manifest detection of the moste vyle and detestable vse of Dyce-play* etc., ed. Percy Soc., p. 11 : Then each man choose his game : some kept the goodman company at the hazard, some matched themselves at a new game called primero.

676-7 Zum Reim play : thyrtye vergl. *Mankind* in *Macro Plays*, ed. Furnivall-Pollard, p. 18 : peny : monay : halpeny.

677 triumph = trump = triumph. Vergl. Latimer, *Sermons*, ed. Park. Soc., p. 8 ff. und Singer, *Researches into the Hist. of Playing Cards*, 1816, pp. 269 ff.

Compare « They... leauing the auncient game of England (*Trumpe*) where euerie coate and sute are sorted in their degree, are running to their *Ruffe* where the greatest sorte of the sute carrieth away the game ». *Martins Months minde*, 1589 (Nashe, ed. Grosart, i. 161).

one and thyrtye. Vergl. Sir Th. More, *Works*, 1557, p. 880 : many men shall care little for obites within a whyle and sette no more by a trentall then a ruffian at rome setteth by a trët vne.

one and thyrtye. This game seems to have later been somewhat looked down upon, perhaps as not giving a sufficient chance of great winnings. Cf. « Will ye play then at cards? I, said he, if it be at one and thirtie. That fooles game, said she? Weele all to hazard, said *Roberto*... » *Greens Groats-worth of Wit*, in *Shakspeare Allusion-Books*, Part. I. NSS. p. 21, ll. 3-5.

678 post = post and pair (Nares); Vergl. *Fests of Scogin*, p. 74 : had bene at Cards playing at the Post.

Jewel, *Works*, ed. Park. Soc., I, p. 429 : « Touching the name of the universal bishop, M. Harding hath but one authority; and yet the same cannot be found. Touching the other name, of head of the church, he cometh in only with jolly brags and great vaunts, as if he were playing at post, and should win all by vying ».

pinion?

aumsase und dewspace in l. 679 entsprechen « Doppel-As » resp. « Zwei und As » und sind als Namen von Karten- oder Würfelspielen nicht bekannt. Es scheint ein Irrtum des gelehrten Verfassers vorzuliegen.

680 con me thanke. Vergl. Palsgrave, *Lesclarcissement* : I can one good thanke, I am well pleased with his doynge. *Ie luy en scay bon gré*. I have conned hym good thanke : *je luy ay sceu bon gré*.

681 pinke. Halliwell, *Dict.* s. v. verweist auf MS. Egerton 923, f. 49, wo das folgende Gedicht (*temp.* Karl. I) zu finden ist.

Pinke siue Post & Payre.

Post hence you packe of knaues or as I liue
Perforce I'le make you me y leading giue

My tympanizing fame all eares shall beat
 I haue a suit with Diamonds ¹⁾ beset
 I doe ẏ Gallants decke, me first they putt
 Pinke they doe sweare is of ẏ neatest cutt.
 It's I ẏ doe augment ẏ Butlers stockes
 And but for me they'de thank ẏ poore mans box
 Dümer ²⁾ can freely brag of none but me
 But for payre royalls he'de a begger be
 Iaundice-fac't students ẏ soe pale doe looke
 sweare I in folio am ẏ cheifest booke
 If this be true, noe reason I can find
 at all why payre & Post should come behind

Da ferner Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes* ed. 1833, p. 331 eine Karte abbildet, die er *The Knave of Pinks* (*pink* = Nelcke = diamonds = Carreau) nennt und die von Martin Schoen († 1486) gestochen wurde, so mag pink schon zur Zeit der Abfassung von *Youth* in England als Name eines Kartenspiels gebräuchlich gewesen sein. Vergl. jedoch auch die Bem. zu aumsase in 678.

M^c Kerrow meint :

Pinke and drinke ; I suspect this of being merely a kind of reduplicated phrase for to drink. « Pink » can mean to wink or to look with half closed eyes and it seems quite likely that it might apply to the eyes of a man rather drunk (Cf. « Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne » *Ant. & Cleo.* II. vii. 121).

Vergl. vielleicht Skelton, I, 151 :

So many pinkers [= cutters, cheaters ?],
 So many thinkers [?? tinkers],
 And so many good ale drinkers,
 Sawe I never.

Palsgrave giebt ein Wort to pynke, leider ohne es zu erklären.

blanke = « Scheibe ». Wörtl. « das Weisse der Scheibe », wo wir heute « das Schwarze » haben. NED erstes Beispiel aus *Youth*. Vergl. eine Rechnung aus dem Jahre 1493 in *Roy. MSS Com. 12th Rep. App. IX*, p. 422 : et etiam solutis Johanni Eliottes et aliis pro asseribus et *blankes* ab ipsis emptis *etc.*

689 that sc. Deine Seele ; cf. 719-21.

694 stues (cf. hot-house) = Bordell, speciell eine Reihe schlechter Häuser auf der Bank-side in Southwark. Stowe, *Surv. of London*, unter Bridge Ward Without : Next on this bank was sometime the Bordello, or Stewes, a place so called of certain stew-houses privileged there *etc.* Sie waren staatlich geduldet, wurden 1506 zeitweise und 1546 endgültig geschlossen. Das Wort blieb — und die Sache auch ; vergl. Latimer's 3. *Sermon bef. K. Edw. VI*,

¹⁾ seems to be written « Dianunds » but is evidently intended for this.

²⁾ probably « Drümer », which comes several times in the other poems, is meant.

22 März 1549 : my lords, you have put down the stews : but I pray you what is the matter amended? What availeth that? Ye have but changed the place, and not taken the whoredom away.

Vergl. Nares s. v. Winchester goose ; erstes Beispiel in NED (sub goose) aus 1598 ; vergl. aber schon Thom. Becon († 1567), *Prayers and other pieces* (Park. Soc.), p. 284.

695 where I do vse = « verkehre ». Vergl. Middleton's *A Mad World* etc. II, 7, 52 : some that use to your house.

751 harde soll mit worlde einen Reim bilden ; die ursprünglich gebrauchte Form dürfte aber doch wohl war[l]de gewesen sein, wodurch eher wieder nach dem Norden gewiesen würde. Reim worlde : lorde : warde in *Mundus et Infans* bei Manly, *Specimens*, I, p. 373, ll. 619-21.

In nördl. Texten bin ich sicher, die Form wardly für worldly gesehen zu haben, leider ohne sie zu notieren. Für den zeitweiligen Schwund von l vergl. ferner *Mankind*, in *Macro Plays*, l. 860 : wor[l]d ; *Wisdom*, *ibid.* l. 405 : wor[l]dly ; und werd, werdly in *The Castell of Perseverance* passim (neben werld, werldly).

755 euyll creatures ; Accusatif ; cf. 765-7, 769.

757 good contricion. Youth bekommt einen neuen Namen zugelegt, wie z. B. im *Hychescorner* aus Imagination zum Schluss Good Remembrance gemacht wird. Vergl. auch Glasenapp, *Zur Vorgeschichte der Allegorie in E. Spensers « Faerie Queene »*, p. 16 sub Repentance.

759 Here is a newe araye. Er zieht den alten Menschen vollständig aus ; vergl. z. B. *Everyman*, l. 638 ; *Hychescorner*, l. 1000 ; *Wyt and Science*, l. 920-1 und Creizenach, *Gesch. des neueren Dr.* II, 155.

762 bedes (C : bokes). Der tiefgehende Unterschied zwischen den beiden Lesarten wird am besten illustriert durch Latimer's *Sermon of the Plough*, 18 Jan. 1548, in dem es heisst (*Works*, ed. Park. Soc., I, p. 70) : Where the devil is resident, and has his plough going, there away with books, and up with candles ; away with bibles, and up with beads ; away with the light of the gospel, and up with the light of candles, yea, at noon-days. Von Protestanten sagt Bale, *The Image of both churches*, l. c., fol. S v^r : Though they neuer heare masse nor go processyon, though they neuer be greased, shauen, nor dysguysed, though they neuer haue bedes, latyne prymer, portyfolyomes, nor other sygnes of hypocresye, yet are they promysed to haue atonemēt with God.

Vergl. auch Cranmer, *Works*, Park. Soc., II, p. 157 und Grindal, *Remains*, Park. Soc. p. 140.

ANHANG.

THE PLAYE OF LUCRES.

Die Bagford Collection des Brit. Mus. enthält in Harl. MS 5919, f. 20, no. 98 das unten abgedruckte Fragment eines Stückes, das man *The Playe of Lucrez* nennen mag. Vergl. Chambers, *Med. Stage*, II, p. 458. Dasselbe besteht aus den vier inneren Seiten eines Quartbogens, dessen Signaturen, wenn sie vorhanden waren, jetzt weggeschnitten sind. Nach den *Hand-Lists of English Printers 1501-1556*, II, wurde es von John Rastell (1516-1533) gedruckt.

Mit dem *Opusculum Eneæ Silvij de duobus amantibus*, d. h. Eurialus und Lucretia (Hain, *Repertorium Bibliogr.* I, p. 26, nos. 213 ff.) hat das *Playe of Lucrez* offenbar nichts zu thun, obwohl auch dort ein sich ziemlich albern betragender Ritter vorkommt, von dem es im Original (fol. 23^v der ed. princ.) heisst :

Pacorus interea pannonius eques domo nobilis qui cesarem sequatur ardere lucreciam cepit. Et quia formosus erat redamari putabat solamque femine pudiciciam obstare sibi rebatur etc. etc. (Exempl. in der Kön. Bibl. zu Brüssel).

Der Wert des Fragments besteht m. E. darin, dass es uns in der Person des Cornelius einen Vorläufer, d. h. einen echten Englischen Vorläufer, des Ralph Roister Doister vorzuführen scheint.

Die verletzten Zeilen sind zu ergänzen (Spielernamen in **⚫**) :

10 Ende : tary] 11 Ende : ergänze no] 34 : **⚫**] 36 : cor.] 46 : **⚫**] 49 : cor.] 60 : **⚫**] 61 : cor.] 62 : **⚫**] 100 : I] 101 : Be] 102 : I] 103 : **⚫**] 104 : It] 105 : Now] 106 : I] 107 : wythin] 108 : luc. **⚫**] 109 : **⚫** **⚫**] 110 : luc. **⚫**] 111 : **⚫** **⚫**] 112 : The] 113 : By] 114 : Publius] 115 : your] 116 : And] 117 : For] 118 : And] 119 : He] 120 : luc. **⚫**] 121 : Half] 122 : **⚫** **⚫**] 123 : In] 124 : He] 125 : That] 126 : Nor] 127 : And] 128 : Vnto] 129 : And] 130 : He] 131 : whiche] 132 : luc. **⚫**]

7

For lacke at this bargayn
 Mary here he comyth I haue hym aspyde
 No more wordis stonde thou a syde
 For it is he playne

5

COZ.
 B. My frynde where abowt goist thou all day
 Mary sye I came heder to a say
 whedyr these folke had ben here
 And yet thay be not come

10

So helpe me god and holydome
 Of that I haue moche maruaile that thay tar

COZ.
 B. Mary go thi way / I wit where thay wyll go

Eye god a bow shall I so

COZ.
 B. Eye mary so I say

15

Eyet in that poynt as semyth me
 ye do not accordynge to your degre

COZ.
 B. I pray the tell me why

Mary it wolde be com them well I now
 To be here a fore and to wayte vpon you
 And not you to tary

20

For theyr lassyer and abyde them here
 As it were one that were ledde by the eare
 For that I defy

25

By this mene you sholde be theyr druge
 I tell you tought I

And yet the worst that greueth me
 Is that your aduersary sholde in you se
 So notable A foly

Therfore withdraw you for a seafone

30

COZ.
 B. By seynt Iohan thou sayst but reafone
 Eye do so hardely

And whan the tyme drawith vpon

That thay be com euerychone

And all thinge redy

2

35 **C**han shall I with mynghi a way
 For to seeke you withoute delay
Be it so hardely
 But one thinge whyle I thiuke ther one
 Remēber this when I am gone
 yf hit happon so
 40 **C**hat lucre come in fyrst alone
 Go in hand with her anone
 How so euer thou do
 For to seele her mynde toward me
 And by all meanis possyble to be
 45 **I**n duce her ther vnto
Chan some token you must gyue me
 For ellis she wyll not beleue me
 That I cam from you
 50 **M**ary that is euyr wysely spoken
 Comaunde me to her by the same token
 She knowyth it well I now
 That as she and I walkyde onis to gedyr
 In her garden bedyr and thedyr
 55 **T**here happonde a straunge case
 For at the last we dyd se
 Abyrd sittynge on a holow tre
 An alhe I trow it was
 Anone she prayde me for to assay
 yf I coude start the byrde a way
 60 **A**nd byde ye so/ alas alas
Why the deuyll sayst thou so
By collis bonis for it was a kocko
 And men say amonge
 He that throwyth stone at stycke
 65 **A**t suche abyrd he is lycke
To synge that byrdes songe

3

70
 75
 80
 85
 90
 95

coz. What the deupll recke I therfore
 here what I say to the euer moze
 And marke thine erand well
 Syz I had no stone to thzob with all
 And therfore she toke me her must ball
 And thus it befell

I kyft it as strayght as ony pole
 So that it lyghtyde euy n in the hole
 Of the holow athe

How canst thou remeber all this
 B By god I wolde be loth to do amys
 For some tyme I am full cashe
 ye say that ye kyft it euy n in the hole
 Of the holow athe as strayte as apole
 Sayde ye not so

coz. Yes.

B Well then let me a lone
 As for this erande it shall be done
 As sone as ye be go

coz. Fare well then I leue the here
 And remebyr well all this gere
 How so euer thou do Et exeat cornel

B Yes hardely this erande shall be spoken
 But how say you syz by this tokene
 Is it not a quaynt thinge
 I went he hade bene a sayd man
 But I se well he is amade man
 In this message dopuge
 But what chose he for me
 I am but as a messenger perde
 The blame shall not be myne but his
 For I wyll his token reporte
 whether he take it in her nest or spozte

4
 100 wyll not theroof mys
 e she wroth oz well a payde
 wyll tell her euyne as he sayde **¶** Intrat lucrez.
 God a bow here she is
 t is tyme for me to be wyse
 105 ow welcome lady. floure of pryse
 haue sought you twyse oz thysse
 ythin this houre I wys
 Me syz haue ye sought me
 ye that I haue by god that bowght me
 110 To what intent
 Mary for I haue thingis a few
 he which I must to you shew
 y my maysters comaundement
 ublius Cornelius is hys name
 115 ur beray loue in payne of shame
 id yf ye loue hym not ye be to blame
 y this dare I say.
 id on a boke make it gode
 y louyd you better than his one hart blode
 120 Hys harde bloode nay nay
 id that loue wolde serue for me
 pet sithe he dyde you fyrst se
 y the place where he dwellis
 y had louyd you so in hys hart
 125 hat he settyth not by hym self a fart
 y by noo man ellis
 id by cause ye schulde gyue credence
 nto my sayng in hys absence
 id trust to that I say
 130 y tolde me to kyns. ii. oz. iii.
 yche I know well as he tolde me
 Tokyns what be thay

NATURE.

Von dem von Brandl in seinen *Quellen* pp. 73 ff. veröffentlichten *Goodly Interlude of Nature* war bisher nur das Exempl. (C. 34 e. 54) des Brit. Mus. bekannt. Leider sind einige Seiten dieses Exemplares am unteren Rande derartig beschnitten, dass verschiedentlich ganze Zeilen für uns verloren sind.

Das folgende Fragment, das bisher vollkommen unbekannt war, befindet sich in einem Album « consisting entirely of specimens of the English printers from Caxton to Robert Barker », das Sir John Fenn zur Vervollständigung von Ames-Herbert's *Typographical Antiquities* gesammelt hatte und das jetzt in B. Quaritch's Catalog 237, pp. 97-99 zum Preise von £ 280 zum Verkauf angeboten wird. Durch die Güte des Mr. B. Quaritch kam ich in Besitz guter Photographien dieses wertvollen Fragments, durch die es uns möglich wird fol. XXVIII (nach Brandl's Zählung die Seiten 56 und 57; *Quellen*, pp. 138 ff.) zu ergänzen.

Das Fragment gehört übrigens zweifellos zu der wahrscheinlich von W. Rastell (1530-34) gedruckten Folioausgabe und besteht aus zwei vollständigen und gut erhaltenen Seiten. Da nur die am Fusse der Seiten stehenden Zeilen für uns von Interesse sind, habe ich nur diese in Facsimile geben lassen.

NATURE

Ans. **I** Myr cometh he nor spde
 gfofo. **I** Dop god for he pasafraþ
 And speth sph in hys bed
 De tohe such a confere. **I** than he hard of thys gre
I hat for thought and Dery fere
I bene he Dpfl be orde

FOL. XXVIII

Ans. **I** Marp here cometh one
 Dood selfshpp me semeth yt schuld be
 gfofo. **I** Spys god speðe pou
Ans. **I** What tpdynge Dpfl the
 gfofo. **I** I shall tell pou anone
I had I set a bone my gre

FOL. XXVIII

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Materialien zur Kunde
des
älteren Englischen Dramas

Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas

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BEGRUENDET UND HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

W. Bang

o. ö. Professor der Englischen Philologie an der Universität Louvain

DREIZEHNTER BAND

LOUVAIN
A. UYSTPRUYST

LEIPZIG
O. HARRASSOWITZ

LONDON
DAVID NUTT

1906

THE
QUEEN
OR THE EXCELLENCY
OF HER SEX

NACH DER QUARTO 1653 IN NEUDRUCK HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

W. Bang.

no plates

*98551
24/9/09*

LEIPZIG
O. HARRASSOWITZ

LOUVAIN
A. UYSTPRUYST

LONDON
DAVID NUTT

1906



VORWORT.

*Tu prima voluptas,
Tu postrema mihi.* Claud.

Als ich als blutjunger Gymnasiast zum ersten Male Forde's *Perkin Warbeck* und *Giovanni und Annabella* in Bodenstedt's Übersetzung las, war der Eindruck ein so nachhaltiger, dass ich später oft und gern zu Forde zurückgekehrt bin.

Zum menschlichen und poetischen Interesse gesellte sich ein philologisches als ich durch meine Vorliebe für Dekker — er ist ein «sonniger Mensch» in der That — dazu veranlasst wurde, die von ihm und Forde gemeinsam verfassten Dramen auf die Teile hin zu untersuchen, die auf den einen oder auf den andern zurückzuführen sind.

So ist mir Jacke's Stimme so vertraut geworden, wie die eines guten Freundes, und als ich sie in der *Queene* wiederzuerkennen glaubte, warf ich mich ihm mit altem Feuer in die Arme: vorsichtiger wäre es vielleicht gewesen, nur höflich den Hut zu lüften! Das mögen andere, intimere Freunde Forde's entscheiden.

W. B.



VORBEMERKUNGEN.

§ 1. ALEXANDER GOUGHE. Die in mehr als einer Hinsicht interessante Tragi-comoedie, die in den folgenden Blättern zum zweiten Male ein verspätetes Erstehn feiert, teilte das Schicksal von Beaumont und Fletchers *The Wild-Goose Chase* und anderer Stücke bis sie im Jahre 1653 von A. Goughe herausgegeben wurde. Da dieser tätige Praematerialist nicht ins DNB aufgenommen worden ist, so möge uns der folg. Auszug aus Wright's *Historia Histrionica* (Arber, *English Garner*, II, p. 277) über ihn und die Gründe, die ihn zur Herausgabe veranlassten, belehren¹⁾:

Afterwards, in Oliver's time, they used to Act privately three or four miles or more out of town, now here, now there; sometimes in noblemen's houses, in particular Holland House at Kensington: where the nobility and gentry who met, but in no great numbers, used to make a sum for them; each giving a broad piece or the like. And ALEXANDER GOFFE, the Woman Actor²⁾ at Blackfriars, who had made himself known to persons of Quality, used to be the jackal, and give notice of time and place..... Some picked up a little money by publishing copies of plays never before printed, but kept in manuscript etc.

Von Stücken, die Goughe so herausgegeben hat, sind mir bekannt: *The Widow*, 1652 (cf. Bullen's *Middleton*, V, p. 117 ff.), und Carlell's *The Passionate Lovers*, 1655³⁾; zwischen beide schiebt sich *The Queene*.

§ 2. VERFASSER. Trotz der Abwesenheit jeglicher äusserer Zeugnisse schreibe ich unser anonym überliefertes Drama mit ziemlicher Zuversichtlichkeit John Forde zu. Meine Gründe sind die folgenden: Auf beiden Seiten werden die herr-

¹⁾ Einige uns hier nicht interessierende Angaben siehe bei Collier, *Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare* (Shak. Soc. Publ.), pp. 265 ff.

²⁾ Er spielte die Rolle der Acanthe, a Maid of Honour, in Massinger's *Picture*, Caenis, Vespasian's Concubine, in desselben *Roman Actor*, sowie nicht näher bestimmte Rollen in Forde's *The Lover's Melancholy* und in Beaumont und Fletcher's Stücken; siehe Folio 1.

³⁾ Da die Widmung dieses Stückes *To the Illustrious Princess, Mary Dutchesse of Richmond and Lennox* für die Biographie Goughe's von Wert ist, so gebe ich sie hier: Madame I humbly offer Your Grace the last sacrifice of this nature that is in my power, having only a hope that it may be receiv'd by you with that favour as when it was formerly presented. And so, Madam, I only dare to appear in an address to you, as others to their Altars, who by sacrifices get pardon for their defects, if not advance their devotions. This was to your Sex indeed a peculiar offering, whilst all either gave as much Passion to their Adorers, or wisht their Beauties great enough to do it: your Graces excellencies alone have been by all admirers esteem'd at so great and just a value, as to create, and not reward mens passions. This with as just a reverence I present to you, hoping for this Romantique passion such an entertainment as none durst expect for real ones; your severity would deny a reception to those, which your charity may grant to this: And believe, he that attempts all way to express his respects and duty, has more then Fortune will give him leave to shew, The unhappy condition at this time of

M A D A M,
The most humble of all
your Graces most ob-
liged Servants,
ALEX. GOUGHE.

lichsten Charaktere durch das gemeinste Gelichter in ihrer Wirkung geradezu erdrückt — das ist Forde. Auf beiden Seiten constatieren wir ferner ein Nebeneinander moralisch und poetisch hoherhabener Stellen und solcher, die durch rohe Takt- und Geschmacklosigkeiten und den niedrigsten « Humor » entstellt werden — das ist wieder Forde. Sodann ist die Characterzeichnung hüben und drüben dieselbe, ja, ich stehe nicht an zu behaupten, dass ein guter Kenner Forde's in fast allen Personen der *Queene* alte Bekannte wiederzuerkennen glauben wird. Und schliesslich weist der ganze Ideenkreis, die oft gesuchte, fast immer übertrieben hyperbelreiche Ausdrucksweise sowie der ganze Wortschatz des Verfassers der *Queene* entschieden auf John Forde.

Indem ich die Detailarbeit der Dissertation eines Hörers überlasse, verweise ich hier kurz auf die in den Erläuterungen enthaltenen Parallelen, bitte aber die Kritik, sich nicht an diese sondern an Forde selbst halten zu wollen. Er, der Vielgeschmähte ¹⁾, wird's dem Leser dankbar lohnen, dass er sich ihm nähert und um die Ehre näherer Bekanntschaft bittet. Mir selbst wäre es — im Interesse Forde's natürlich — eine wahre Freude, wenn Kate Gordon und Eroclea der anmutigen Königin von Aragonien zum Schwesterkuss die Wange bieten dürften.

§ 3. ABFASSUNGSZEIT. Wie die übrigen Stücke Forde's so enthält auch die *Queene* m. W. keine Anspielung oder dergleichen, die uns erlaubte, das Drama auch nur mit annähernder Bestimmtheit zu datieren (vergl. immerhin Anm. zu Charles his wayn 1788).

Ein *terminus a quo* wird sich vielleicht ergeben, wenn der Einfluss von Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621) auf Forde's sämtliche Dramen einmal untersucht worden ist.

Bei der vollständigen Abwesenheit von Vorarbeiten über Forde's Sprache ²⁾ und Technik wäre es heute tollkühn, dem Problem mit inneren Gründen näherkommen zu wollen. Den metrical tests *allein* stehe ich im Allgemeinen recht skeptisch gegenüber; bei Forde aber um so mehr, als sie Hannemann in seinen *Metrischen Untersuchungen zu John Ford*, Halle 1888, pp. 37-38, dazu veranlasst haben, zwei so eminent Forde'sche Stücke wie *'Tis Pity* und *Love's Sacrifice* nur teilweise unserem Dichter zuzuschreiben.

Ich habe das Gefühl, dass *The Queene* zeitlich *The Broken Heart* und *Love's Sacrifice* nahesteht, hebe aber ausdrücklich hervor, dass mein Gefühl nicht massgebend sein kann.

¹⁾ Dass es nicht immer so gewesen ist geht aus dem bisher unbekannt gebliebenen Epigramm hervor, das ich in *Wits Recreation*, 1640 (Repr. Hotten, p. 13), finde :

If e're the Muses did admire that well
Of Helicon, as elder times do tell,
I dare presume to say upon my word,
They much more pleasure take in thee, rare *Ford*.

²⁾ Forde's Orthographie habe ich bis jetzt wenigstens in meinen QQ von *Love's Sacrifice* (1633) und *Perkin Warbeck* (1634) mit derjenigen der *Queene* vergleichen können und eine bemerkenswerte Übereinstimmung gefunden. Dagegen weist die Q 1638 von *The Fancies* — ich verdanke deren Kenntniss der liebenswürdigen Zuvorkommenheit des Mr. Bertram Dobell in London — eine Orthographie auf, die sich mit derjenigen der drei genannten QQ nicht deckt. In der Q 1629 von *The Lover's Melancholy* dagegen kommen z. B. die Formen d'ee — do ye, t'ee — to ye wieder fast auf jeder Seite vor (z. B. p. 78 : apply'd t'ee; cf. dazu Dyce's Anm. I, p. 96; « remarkably harsh » mag heute richtig sein, aber Forde'sch *ist* diese Zusammenziehung). — Ebenso wenig wie *The Queene* sind übrigens die alten mir bekannten QQ von Forde'schen Stücken in Szenen eingeteilt.

§ 4. QUELLEN. Zu der Quellenfrage muss es hier genügen für Haupt- und Nebenhandlung auf Koeppl's *Studien über Shakespeare's Wirkung auf zeitgenössische Dramatiker* (Mat. IX) pp. 70 ff. und auf desselben *Studien zur Gesch. der Ital. Novelle* etc. pp. 95-96; 96-97 hinzuweisen. Dass dem Verfasser der *Queene* das viel ältere Stück *The Dumb Knight* — vergl. den handschriftlichen Eintrag auf A 4^v meines Exemplars — unbekannt gewesen wäre, will ich nicht behaupten, doch lässt sich das Gegenteil auch nicht bestimmt erweisen; dasselbe gilt von Beaumont und Fletcher's *The Woman Hater*: einige schwache Anklänge an *The Queene* finden sich in beiden Stücken, doch sind sie nicht dazu angethan, die Abhängigkeit des jüngeren Dichters darzuthun.

§ 5. AUSGABEN. Seit dem Jahre 1653 ist *The Queene* nicht wieder gedruckt worden. Der vorliegende Neudruck beruht auf einem in meinem Besitz befindlichen Exemplar der Originalquarto. Da die für diese verwendeten Typen von augenmörderischer Kleinheit sind, so haben wir einen grösseren Character gewählt, wodurch die Seitengrösse von 11 × 17 cm. auf die gegenwärtigen Verhältnisse verschoben wurde.

Durch Greg's Güte konnte ich sein Exemplar der alten Quarto während der ganzen Dauer der Drucklegung benutzen, wofür ihm an dieser Stelle mein herzlicher Dank gesagt sei. In l. 3693 ist in Greg's Exemplar in dem verderbten hut das h ganz verschwunden; in l. 3711-12 ist in perilous das u umgekehrt: perilons.

Bei der Drucklegung hat mich Dr. J. Van de Wyer mit scharfem Auge und liebevoller Sorgfalt unterstützt, sodass ich jetzt bei der letzten Collation mit Forde sagen kann:

We have compar'd the Copie with th' Originall,
And finde no disagreement! *The Fancies*, 1638, p. 61.





THE
QUEEN,
OR THE
EXCELLENCY
OF HER
SEX.

An Excellent old Play.

Found out by a Person of Honour, and given to the Publisher,
ALEXANDER GOUGH.

Ἄνδρες ἔτ' ἄλλο τέταρτον ἐπὶ χροῖνι πελοποταίῃ,
Ζῆος Κρονίδης ποίησε διαγιόταρον, καὶ ἄριστον
Ἑρῳικῶν δαίμων γένος, αἰ γαλέοντα
Ἡμίθεα.

Hesiod: lib: 1.

— *Cedat jam Graia vetustas*
Pelatas mirata Nurus, jam Volscæ Camillas
Cedat, & Assyrias qua fœmina stœbit habenas
Fama tace, Majore cano —

LONDON,

Printed by T. N. for Thomas Heath, in Ruffel Street, Neer
the Piazza of Covent-Garden, 1653.





TO THE
 VERTUOUSLY NOBLE AND
 TRULY HONORABLE LADY,
 The Lady
 5 **CATHERINE MOHUN,**
 Wife to the Lord *Warwick Mohun*, Baron of
Okehampton, my highly honored LORD.

May it please your Ladiship,

10

M

Adam, Imbolden'd by your ac-
 customed candor and unmerited
 favours to things of the like
 nature, though disproportion'd
 worth : (Because this Excellency
 seems to contract those perfecti-
 15 ons her Sex hath been invested with, which are
 as essential to your Ladiship, as light to the Sun)
 I presumed to secure this innocent Orphan from
 the Thunder-shocks of the present blasting age,
 under the safe protecting wreath of your name ;
 20 which (I am confident) the vertues of none can
 more justly challenge, then those of your Ladi-
 ship ; who alone may seem to quicken the lifeless
 Scene, and to demonstrate its possibility ; reducing
 Fables into Practicks ; by making as great honour

The Epistle DEDICATORY.

25 visible in the mirror of your dayly practise. Your
 pardon, Madam, for daring to offer such adulte-
 rate Metals, to so pure a Mine ; for making the
 Shadow a present to the Substance; the thoughts of
 which was an offence, but the performance, a
 30 crime beyond the hopes of pardon. When my
 Fate had cast me on the first, I esteemed my self
 unsafe (with the Politian) should I not attempt
 the latter, securing one error by soaring at a
 greater : but my duller eyes endured not the
 35 proof of so glorious a Test, and the waxed jun-
 cture of my ill contrived feathers melt me into the
 fear of a fall : Therefore (with the most despe-
 rate offenders) I cast my self on the mercy of the
 Bench ; and since I have so clement a Judge as
 40 your self, do not wholly despair of absolution, by
 reason my Penetential acknowledgment attones
 part of the offence ; and your remission of the
 whole will eternally oblige,

M A D A M,

45

*The humblest of your**Ladships Servants,*

A L E X A N D E R G O U G H E.

T O

To Mr. *Alexander Goughe* upon his publishing
 The excellent Play call'd the *Queen* ;
 or the Excellencie of her Sex.

- 5 **I** *F* *Play*es be looking glasses of our lives
 Where dead examples quickning art revives :
 By which the players dresse themselves, and we
 By them may forme a living Imagry
 To let those sullied, lie in age in dust
 Or break them with pretence of fit and just.
- 10 *Is* a rude cruelty, as if you can
 Put on the christian, and put off the man.
 But must all morall handsomnes undoe
 And may not be divine and civill too.
 What though we dare not say the Poets art
- 15 *Can* save while it delights, please and convert ;
 Or that blackfriers we heare which in this age
 Fell when it was a church, not when a stage,
 Or that the * Presbiters that once dwelt there,
 Prayed and thri'd though the playhouse were so near.
- 20 *Yet* this we dare affirme there is more gain
 In seeing men act vice then vertue fain ;
 And he less tempts a danger that delights
 In profest players then close Hypocrites ,
 Can there no favour to the scæne be shown
- 25 *Because* Jack Fletcher was a Bishops son ,
 Or since that order is condemn'd doe you
 Think poets therefore Antichristian too ;
 Is it unlawfull since the stage is down
 To make the press act : where no ladies swoune
- 30 *At* the red coates intrusion : none are strip't ;
 No Hystriomastix has the copy whip't
 No man d' on Womens cloth's : the guiltles presse
 Weares its own innocent garments : its own dresse ,
 Such as free nature made it : Let it come
- 35 *Forth* Midwife Goughe, securely; and if some
 Like not the make or beautie of the play
 Bear witnes to 't and confidently say
 Such a relict as once the stage did own ,
 Ingenuous Reader, merits to be known.

*In the origi-
 nall it is Puri-
 tans.

For Plays.

DO you not Hawke ? Why mayn't we have a Play ?
 Both are but recreations. You'll say
 Diseases which have made Physitians dumb,
 5 By healthful excercise are overcome.
 And Crimes escap'd all other laws, have been
 Found out, and punish'd by the curious Scene.
 Are Stages hurtful for the ill they teach,
 And needless for the good ? Which Pulpits preach :
 10 Then sports are hurtful, for the time they lose,
 And needless to the good, which labour does.
 Permit 'm both; or if you will allow
 The minde no Hawke, leave yours, and go to Plough.

EDMOND ROOKWOOD.

To Mr. *Goughe*, upon the publication of the Play,
 call'd, *The QUEEN, or the Excellency of*
her SEX.

GOUGHE, In this little Present you create
 5 Your self a Trophee, may become a State ;
 For you that preserve wit, may equally
 Be ranck'd with those defend our Liberty ;
 And though in this ill treated Scene of sense ,
 The general learning is but in pretence ;
 10 Or else infus'd like th' Eastern Prophet's Dove,
 To whisper us, Religion, Honour, Love;

Yet

- Yet the more Generous race of men revives
 This Lamp of Knowledge, and like Primitives
 In Caves, fearless of Martyrdom, rehearse*
- 15 *The almost breathless, now, Dramatick verse.
 How in the next age will our Youth lament
 The loss of wit, condem'd to banishment.
 Wit that the duller rout despise, 'cause they
 Miss it in what their zealous Priests display :*
- 20 *For Priests in melancholy zeal admit
 Onely a grave formality for wit ;
 And would have those that govern us comply
 And cherish their fallacious tyranny.
 But wherein States can no advantage gain,*
- 25 *They harmless mirth improperly restrain ;
 Since men cannot be naturally call'd free,
 If Rulers claim more then securitie.
 How happens then this rigour o're the Stage
 In this restor'd, free, and licentious age?*
- 30 *For Plays are Images of life, and cheat
 Men into vertue, and in jest repeat
 What they most seriously think ; nor may
 We fear lest Manners suffer : every day
 Does higher, cunninger, more sin invent*
- 35 *Then any Stage did ever represent.
 It may indeed shew evil, and affright,
 As we prize day by th' ugliness of night.
 But in the Theatre men are easier caught,
 Then by what is in clamorous pulpits taught.*



Compare this play with q dumb K^t.

Persons of the P L A Y.

- Q**ueen of Arragon.
 Petruchi, a Young Lord.
 Bufo, a Captain.
 Pynto, an Astronomer. } Kings Party:
 Muretto.
 Velasco, Queens General.
 Lodovico, his friend.
 Alphonso, afterwards King.
 Collumello, } Counsellors to the Queen.
 Almado,
 Herophil, her Woman.
 Salassa, widow, Mistriss to Velasco.
 Shaparon, her friend.
 Mopas, Velasco's man.
 Hangman.
 Messenger.
 Groom.
 Officers.



The Queen.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

Enter *Petruchi* with *Bufo*, *Pynto* and *Muretto*, in poor habits.

5 *Petr* LL free, and all forgi-
ven.

A

Omnes. Bless her Ma-
jesty.

Petr. Henceforth (my
10 friends) take heed how you so hazard
Your lives and fortunes on the peevish
motion

Of every discontent, you will not finde
Mercy so rife at all times.

15 *Muret*. Gracious Sir !

Your counsel is more like an Oracle,
Then mans advice, for my part I dare
speak

For one, I rather will be rackt asunder
20 Then e're again offend so wise a Ma-
jesty.

Petr. 'Tis well, your lives are once
more made your own ;

I must attend the execution
25 Of your hot General, each shift now for
your selves. *Exit Petruchi*.

Buf. Is he gone, ha, ha, ha !

We have the common Capony of the
cleer heavens

Once more o're our heads, Sirs. 30

Muret. We are at liberty out of the
Hangmans clutches,

Now, mark, what good language and fair
words

Will do, Gentlemen. 35

Pyn. Good language ! O, let me go
back and be hang'd, rather then live
within the rotten infection of thy Can-
kred breath ; the poison of a flatterers
tongue is a thousand times more dead- 40
ly, then the twinges of a rope ; Thou
birth of an unlucky Planet :
I abhor thee.

Muret. Fy, fy ! Can you rail on your
friends thus. 45

Pyn. Friends, my friend ! Captain, come
from that slippery Ele, Captain.

His very cradle was in dirt and mud ;
His milk the oyl of serpents ; his mother
a mangy Mermaid, and a male Croco- 50
dile begat him.

Muret. This needs not sweet, Signior
Pynto.

B

Pyn.

Pyn. Sweet Signior ? Sweet Cog a
55 foyst, go hang thy self, thou'dst jeer the
very rags I wear off my back with thy
fustians of sweet, precious, unmatchable,
rare, wise, judicious, hey do ! Pox on
thee ; Sirrah, Sirrah, Hast not thou ma-
60 ny a time and often devoured a whole
table of mine, garnisht with plenty, nay ;
variety of good wholesome fare, under
the colour of telling news with a rou-
ghly complement ?

65 *Muret.* Good fare of thine !

Buf. Nay, dear Gentlemen.

Pyn. Mine ! I mine, Sycophant, I (dost
mark me) to supply thy totters, paund a
whole study of Ephimerides, so rich,
70 that they might have set up a Corpora-
tion of Almanack makers; and what had
I in return ? But protestations, (hear-
est thou this maunderer) that I was,
for learning, the soundest ; for bounty,
75 the royallest ; for discourse, the sententi-
oust ; for behaviour, the absolutest ; for
all endowments of minde and body, the
most accomplisht that nature ever call'd
her workmanship : but thou dog, thou
80 scoundrel, my beggery was the fruits of
thy flattery. Stand off, Rascal, off.

Buf. This is excellent 'faith ;

Muret. How, how ! I flatter ye ?
What thee, thee ? A poor lousy uncloakt
85 imposter, a deceitful, couzening, chea-
ting, dull decoying fortune teller ; Thou
pawn books ; thou, patcht out of an old
shepherds Calender, that discourseth in
rime of the change of the weather.

90 And whose were thy Ephemerides ?
Why, Impudence, wert thou ever
worth *Erra Pater's* Prognostication ?
Thou learned ! In what ? By fil-
ching, stealing, borrowing, eating, col-
95 lecting, and counting with as weather-
wise Ideots as thy self ; once in twelve
moneths thou wert indeed delivered,
(like a big bellied wife) of a two penny
Almanack, at *Easter*. A Hospital boy in
100 a blew coat shall transcribe as much in
six hours to serve all the year.

Thou a table of meat, yes, Astrono-
mers fare, air ; or at a feast upon high
holy dayes, three red Sprats in a dish ;
105 that was held gultony too.

I slatter thee ? Thou learned ?

Pyn. Rascal, Cannibal that feedest up-
on mans flesh.

Buf. Nay, pray, pray, heartily Genti-
lemen ; in good earnest, and as I live, 110
and by this hand now—

Muret. Right thou put'st me in minde
what I should call thee ; Who was't the
cause of all the late insurrection for
which we were all like to be hang'd, 115
and our brave General *Alphonso* is this
day to suffer for ; who but thou, for-
sooth ; the influences of the Stars, the
conjunction of the Planets, the predi-
ction of the celestial bodies were pe- 120
remptory, that if a' would but attempt
a civil commotion, a' should (I marry
should a') be strait crown'd present
King of *Arragon*. Now your Gipsonly 125
may i'th moon, your divination hath
fairly mounted him ; poor Gentleman,
he's sure to leave his head in pawn for
giving credit to thy prognosticating ig-
norance.

Pyn. I scorn thee, Parasite. 130

Muret. You are a stinking starv'd-gut
star-gazer. Is that flattery or no.

Buf. 'S foot, What do you mean, Sig-
nior *Pynto*, Signior *Muretto* ?

Pyn. I will be reveng'd, and watch my 135
time, Sirrah.

Muret. Do.

Buf. This is strange my Masters, to
be so neer the place of execution and
prattle so loud ; Come, Signior *Pynto*, in- 140
deed la you shall shake hands.

Pyn. Let me alone, y'are a foolish
Captain. *Muretto*, I will display thee
for a—

Muret. Hang thy self, I care not for 145
thee this.

Buf. Foolish Captain, foolish Captain,
heark ye, *Pynto*, there's no such good
meaning in that word.

Pyn. A Parrat can eccho, talk to 150
Schollers so.

Muret. A proper Scholler, stitcht up of
waste paper.

Buf. Sneaks, if I be a fool, I'll bang
out the wits of some of your nodles, or 155
dry bastinado your sides.

Ye *Dogrel*, maungy scabbed owla-
glasses, I'll

I'll mawle yee, so I will.

160 *Muret.* Captain, sweet Captain, nay,
look, now will you put your discretion
to coxcombs?

Buf. Yes, the proudest coxcombs of
'em all, if I be provok'd; foolish, flesh
165 and blood cannot eudur't.

Muret. So, goodman sky walker, you
have made a trim hand on't, to chafe
your self into a throat cutting.

Buf. I will shred you both so small,
170 that a very botcher shall shred Spanish
needles, with every fillet of your itchy
flesh; call me foolish, ye whelps-moyles;
my father was a Corn-cutter, and my
mother a muscle woman, 'tis known
175 what I am, and I'll make you know
what I am, If my choler be raised but
one inch higher.

Pyn. Well, I see *Mars* and *Saturn*,
were thy Planets.

180 Thou art a valiant souldier, and there's
no dealing with ye. For the Captains
sake, I will abate my indignation, *Mu-*
retto. But—

Buf. But i'thy face, I'll have no butts,
185 S' bores, the black guard is more ho-
norably suted then any of us three.
Foolish, foolish, will never out of my
head whilst I live.

Enter Velasco and Lodovico.

190 *Muret.* Long life, eternal prosperity,
the blessing o'th heavens, and honors of
the Earth, crown the glorious merits of
the incomparable, Captain Don *Ve-*
lasco.

195 *Pyn.* The Chime goes again, Captain.

Velas. Who are these poor Creatures,
Lodovico.

Lodov. My Lord, I know them now,
they are some of the late mutineers,
200 whom you (when you, took *Alphonso*
prisoner) presented to the rigor of the
Law, but since they are by the Queen's
pardon set at liberty.

Velas. I should know yonder fel-
205 low.

Your name is *Bufo*, if I mistake not.

Buf. My name is my own name, Sir,
and *Bufo* is my name, Sir; if any man
shall deny't, I dare challenge him in de-

fence of my Godfathers that gave me 210
that name, Sir; and what say you to
that, Sir?

Muret. A shallow, unbrain'd, weak,
foolish fellow, and so forth: Your
lordship understands me; 215
But for our parts my good Lord—

Velas. Well, Gentlemen, I cannot tell
you now,

That any poor endeavours of mine own
Can work *Alphonso's* peace, yet I have 220
spoke

And kneell'd and sued for his reprieve.
The Queen

Hath heard, but will not grant; This is
the day, 225

And this the time, and place, where he
must render

The forfeit of his life unto the Law.

I onely can be sorry.

Enter Petruchi, after the hangman 230
bearing the axe before Alphonso,
with Officers.

Petr. Alphonso, here's the place, and
this the hour;

Your doom is past, and now the sword 235
of Law

Must cut the vein that swell'd with such
a frensy

Of dangerous blood against your Queen
and Country. 240

Prepare your self, 'tis now too late to
hope.

Alph. Petruchi, what is done I did, my
gronnd

Was pity of my country, not malice 245
to't.

I sought to free wrack'd *Arragon* from
ruin,

Which a fond womans government
must bring. 250

O had you and the nobles of this land,
A touch but of the miseries, her weak-
ness

Must force ye of necessity to feel,
You would with me have bent your na- 255
ked swords

Against this female Mistriss of the
Crown,

And not have been such children to
have fawn'd 260

- Upon a girls nodd.
Petr. You are distracted ;
 She is our lawful Sovereign, we her
 Subjects.
- 265 *Alph.* Subjects, *Petruchi*, abjects, and
 so live ;
 I come to die, on to the execution.
Pyn. Here's a high Saturnal spirit ,
 Captain.
- 270 *Buf.* Pox o' spirits when they mount
 a man to the Hangmans mercy, I do not
 like such spirits,
 Let me rather be a moon calf.
Velas. I come to bid farewell, and in
 275 farewell,
 To excuse my much ill fortune, for be-
 lieve, Sir,
 I hold my victory an overthrow.
 To tell you how incessantly I ply'd
 280 Her Grace, for your remission, were as
 useless
 As was my suit, I sorry for your youth.
 Let's part yet reconcil'd.
Alph. With all my heart ;
- 285 It is my glory, that I was reduc'd
 By the best man at arms, that ever
 knighthood
 Hath stil'd a Souldier— Alas ! What
 souls are those ?
- 290 Now, now, in seeing them I die too late.
Buf. O brave General, O noble Gene-
 ral, we are still the rags of the old Re-
 giment. The truth on't is, we were loth
 to leave thee, till thy head and shoul-
 295 ders parted companies. But sweet good
 dear General take courage, what, we
 are all mortal men, and must every one
 pass this way, as simple as we stand
 here.
- 300 *Alph.* Give me thy hand, farewell; the
 Queen is merciful in sparing you; I have
 not ought to give thee but my last
 thanks.
Buf. Blirt o' giving, our clothes are
 305 paid for, and
 A day will come shall quit us all.
Alph. Art thou, and thou there too ;
 well, leave thy art,
 And do not trust the fixions of the stars,
 310 They spoke no truth by me : My Lord
Velasco,
 That creature, there, *Muretto*, is a man
- Of honest heart, for my sake take him to
 you :
 And now soft, peace to all. 315
Pyn. I will burn my books, forsware
 the liberal sciences, and that is my reso-
 lution.
Buf. Go thy way for the arrantest
 General, that ever led crew of brave 320
 Sketdreus.
Petr. Will you make ready, Sir.
Alph. *Petruchi*, yes, I have a debt to
 pay, 'tis natures due.
 Fellow before thou ask my pardon, take 325
 it ;
 Be sure and speedy in thy fatal blow.
Hangm. Never fear clean shaving, Sir.
Alph. May I have leave to meditate?
Petr. You may. 330
Lodov. A gallant resolution, even in
 death.
- Enter Queen, Collummello, Almada,
 Herophil, and attendants.*
- Col.* Stay execution 'tis her Highnes 335
 pleasure ;
Aphonso rise ye, and behold the Queen.
Alph. Beshrew the voice of Majesty,
 my thoughts
 Were fixt upon an upper Region now, 340
 And traffick not with Earth ; alas great
 woman,
 What newer tyranny, what doom, what
 torments
 Are borrowed from the conclave of that 345
 hell,
 Where legions of worse Devils, then are
 in hell
 Keep revels, a proud womans heart.
 What plagues 350
 Are broacht from thence to kill me ?
Pyn. The moon is now Lady }
 of the ascendant, and the man } *Aside.*
 will dye raving.
- Alm.* Fy, *Alphonso*, 355
 Will you commit another strange com-
 motion
 With your unruly tongue. And what
 you cannot
 Perform in act, attempt to do in words? 360
 A dying man be so uncharitable.
Alph. Cry mercy, she is Queen of Ar-
 ragon, And

- And would with her own eyes (instead
 365 of maskes
 And courtly sports) behold an act of
 death.
 Queen, welcom, Queen, here quaff my
 blood like wine ;
 370 And live a brave she tyrant.
Qu. Alas, poor man.
A ph. Poor man, that looks on me, de-
 lighted to destroy me.
Buf. Good boy i'faith, by this hand a'
 375 speaks just as I would do, for all that he
 is so near being made puddings meät.
Qu. You are sorry
 For your late desperate rudeness, Are
 you not ?
 380 *Alph.* By all my miseries these taunts
 are cruelty.
 Worse then the Hangmans ax, I am not
 sorry,
 Nay more, will not be sorry, know from
 385 me
 I hate your sex in general, not you
 As y'are a Queen, but as y'are a woman :
 Had I a term of life could last for ever,
 And you could grant it, yes, and would,
 390 yet all
 Or more should never reconcile my
 heart
 To any she alive— are ye resolved ?
Qu. His spirit flies out in his daring
 395 language.
Alphonso though the law require thy
 head,
 Yet I have mercy where I see just cause:
 You'l be a new man ?
 400 *Alph.* Oh ! A womans tongue
 Is sharper then a pointed steel; Tender,
 Madam,
 I kiss your Royal hand, and call you
 fair,
 405 Assure this noble, this uncovered pre-
 sence,
 That richest vertue is your bosoms ten-
 nant,
 That you are absolutely great and good;
 410 I'll flatter all the vices of your sex,
 Protesting men are monsters, women
 Angels,
 No light ones, but full weighty, natures
 best,
 415 I'll proclaim lust a pittie, pride a hand-
 somness.
- Deccit ripness of wit, bold scandalous
 scolding,
 A bravery of spirit ; bloody cruelty,
 Masculine justice ; more I will maintain 420
 That Queens are chief for rule, you
 chief of Queens,
 If you'l but give me leave to die in
 peace.
 Pray give me leave to die. Pray good 425
 now do,
 What think ye, 'tis a Royal grant; hence-
 forth
 Heaven be the rest you chose, but never
 come at. 430
 A kinde farewell to all.
Col. Can you endure
 To let a Rebel prate off with his head,
 And let him then dispute.
Petr. I should have us'd 435
 The priviledge of time, had I known
 this.
 You must not talk so loud.
Qu. My Lords, a word :
 What if we pardoned him, I think the 440
 neerness of his arrival to the stroke of
 death,
 Will ever be a warning to his Loyalty.
Alm. How pardon him ! What means
 your Majesty ? 445
 What can you hope from one so wholly
 drown'd
 In melancholy and sowre discontent ;
 That should he share the Crown, a'
 would imploy't 450
 On none but Apes and Flatterers.
Velas. Spare, my Lord
 Such liberal censure, rather reyn the
 fury
 Of Justice, then so spur it on. Great 455
 Mistris,
 I will not plead my services, but urge
 The glories you may challenge by your
 mercy.
 It will be a most sweet becoming act 460
 To set you in the Chronicles of memory.
Qu. Velasco, thou art not more brave
 in arms
 To conquer with thy valour, then thy
 courtesie. 465
Alphonso, take thy life, who took thee
 prisoner,
 Is now become thy spokesman.
- Alph.*

Alph. Phew, mock not
 470 Calamity so grosly.
Velas. You are too desperate :
 The Queen hath freely pardoned you.
Qu. And more to purchase kinde opi-
 nion of thy Sex, our self will lend our
 475 help. Lords, all your hands.
Lodov. But is the Queen in earnest ?
Velas. It becomes her,
 Mercy is God like.
Qu. Officers be gone. *Exit Officers*
 480 Such objects for a Royal presence are
 Unfit, here kiss our hand, we dare concei-
 ve
 That 'twas thy hight of youth, not hate
 of us
 485 Drew thee to those attempts, and both
 we pardon.
Muret. Do not the stars run a wrong
 byas now, Signior *Pynto* ?
Pyn. *Venus* is Lady of the Ascendant,
 490 man. I knew if once he pass the fatal
 hour, the influence would work another
 way.
Muret. Very likely, your reasons are
 infallible.
 495 *Qu.* What can our favours challenge.
Alph. More true service,
 True faith, true Love, then I have words
 to utter.
Qu. Which we accept, lead on, here
 500 ends this strife,
 When Law craves justice, mercy should
 grant life.
Exit all but Pynto and his fellows.
Pyn. Go thy waies for a sure sound
 505 brain'd piece whilst thou livest ; *Pynto*,
 say I, now, now, now, am I an ass, now my
 Masters, hang your selves, 'S foot, I'll
 stand to't ; that man whoever he be,
 (better or worse, all's one) who is not
 510 star wise, is natures fool ; your Astono-
 mer hath the heavens, the whole globe
 of the earth, and the vast gulf of the
 Sea it self, for his proper kingdom, his
 fee-simple, his own inheritance, who
 515 looks any higher then the top of a stee-
 ple, or a may-pool, is worthy to die in
 a ditch. But to know the conjuncti-
 ons of the Planets, the influences of the
 celestial body, the harmony of the
 520 spheares, frost and snow, hail and tem-

pests, rain and sun-shine, nay, life and
 death ; here's cunning, to be deep in
 speculation, to be groping the secrets
 of nature.

Muret. O, Sir, there, there, there. 525

Pyn. Let me alone, I say it my self,
 I know I am a rare fellow ; why, look,
 look ye, we are all made, or let me be
 stew'd in Star-shut ; pish, I am con-
 fident, and we shall all mount, be- 530
 leeve it.

Buf. Shall we, nay, then I am re-
 solv'd.

Muret. Frier *Bacon* was but a brazen
 head, in comparison of him. 535

Buf. But why should you not have said
 so much before, goodman Jolthead ?

Muret. Nay, look ye, Captain,
 there's a time for all things.

Buf. For all this, what will become 540
 of us ; is the sign lucky to venture
 the begging of a cast sute ? Let me be
 resolved of that once.

Muret. 'Twas wisely urg'd, Captain.

Pyn. Mans richest ornament is his na- 545
 kedness, Gentlemen, variety of clo-
 thing is the surquedry of fools ; wise men
 have their proper solace in the linings
 of their mindes ; as for fashions, 'tis a
 disease for a horse. 550

Muret. Never richer stuff came from
 man.

Buf. 'Zookes, 'tis a scurvy, a pocky, and
 a naked answer ; a plague of all your
 sentences, whilst I am like to starve 555
 with hunger and cold,

Enter Messenger.

Mes. By your leave, Gentlemen, the
 Lord *Alphonso* hath sent you this purse
 of gold, commands ye to put your selves 560
 into costly sutes, and repair to Court ;

All. How ! To Court !

Mes. Where you may happily see him
 Crowned King, for that's the common
 report ; I was charg'd to urge you to 565
 be very speedy : farewell, Gentlemen.

Exit.

Pyn. What think ye now, my hearts
 of gold ?

Muret. Hearts of gold indeed now, 570
 Signior.

Pyn.

Pyn. Pish, I am a coxcomb, I ; Oh,
the divinity of—

575 *Buf.* Bawll no more the weather's
cold, I must have utensicles, follow
your leader, ho. *Exit all.*

Enter Velasco and Lodovico

Velas. Prethee perswade me not.

Lodov. You'l loose your honor.

580 *Velas.* Ide rather loose my honor then
my faith :

O, *Lodovico*, thou art witness with me,
that I have sworn, and pledg'd my heart,
my truth to her deserving memory,
585 whose beauty, is through the world un-
fellowed.

Lodov. Here the wisdom of sword men,
They deal all by strength not policy.

590 What exercise shall be fain'd, let me
know that ?

Velas. Excuse, why, *Lodovico*, I am sick,
And I am sick indeed, sick to the soul.

Lodov. For a decay'd tilter, or a
known Coward, this were tollerable
595 now : But to the business ; I have so-
lited your widow.

Velas. Will she nor speak with me ?

Lodov. Young widows, and grave old
Ones two, by your leave care not so
600 much for talking ; if you come once to
them you must do, and do, and do again,
Again, and again, all's two little, you'l
finde it.

Velas. Come, friend, you mock my mi-
605 series.

Lodov. It's a fine laughing matter
when the best and most approved soul-
dier of the world, should be so heart-
sick for love of a placket : Well I have
610 sent your wise servant (for fools are best
to be trusted in womens things) to my
couzen *Shaparoon*, and by him your se-
cond letter, you shall shortly hear what
news : My couzen is excellently traded
615 in these mottal businesses of flesh and
blood, and will hardly come of with two
denials.

Valas. If she prevail, *Lodovico*—

620 *Lodov.* What then ? Ply your occu-
pation when you come to't, 'tis a fit sea-
son of the year, women are hony moon
if a man could jump with them at the

instant, and prick 'em in the right vain ;
else this Queen would never haue sav'd
a Traytor from the block, and sudden- 625
ly made him her King and Husband.
But no more of that, there's danger
in't ; Y'are sick you say ?

Velas. Pierc't through with fiery darts,
much worse then death. 630

Lodov. Why your onely present re-
medy is, then as soon as you can, to
quench those fires in the watry Chan-
nels of qualification : soft, no more
635 words, behold a prodegy.

Florish.

*Enter Colonnello, Almada bare, Al-
phonso and the Queen Crowned, Hero-
phil, Petruchi with a Guard,
the King and Queen take
640 their States.*

All. Long live *Alphonso* King of *Ar-
ragon.*

Alph. Then we are Sovereign.

Qu. As free, as I by birth : 645
I yeeld to you (my Lord) my Crown,
my Heart,

My People, my Obedience ; In exchange
What I demand is Love.

Alph. You cannot miss it ; 650
There is but one thing that all humane
power

Or malice of the Devil could set a
broach,
To work on for a breach 'twixt you and 655
me.

Qu. One thing ! Why, is there one
thing then, my Lord ?

Alph. Yes, and 'tis onely this ; y'are
still a woman. 660

Qu. A woman ! Said you so, sir.

Alph. I confess
You have deserv'd more service, more
regard

From me, in my particular, then life 665
Can thank you for ; and that you may
conceive

My fair acknowledgment ; although 'tis
true,

I might command ; yet I will make a 670
suit,

An earnest suit t'ee.

Alph.

Qu. It must then be granted.

675 *Alph.* That to redeem a while some serious thoughts
Which have misdeem'd your sex. You'll be content
I be a married Batchelor one sennight.

You cannot but conceive.

680 *Col.* How's this ?

Petr. Fine work.

Qu. Alas my Lord, this needs no publick mention.

685 *Alph.* Nay, Madam, hear me, That our our Courts be kept

Under a several roof ; that you and I May not for such a short time, come together.

Qu. I understand you not.

690 *Alph.* Your patience, Madam, You interrupt me, That no message pass Of commendation , questioning our healths,

695 Our sleeps, our actions, or what else belongs

To common curtesie, 'twixt friend, and friend.

You must be pleas'd to grant it, I'll have it so.

700 *Qu.* No message of commends !

Alph. Phew, you demur, It argues your distrust.

Qu. I am content

705 The King should be obeyed. Pray heaven all be well.

Alph. *Velasco*, thou wer't he didst conquer me,

Didst take me prisoner? wer't in that the means

710 To raise me up thus high. I thank thee for't ;

I thought to honour thee in a defence Of the Queens beauty ; but wee'l now deferr't.

715 Yet hand your mistris, lead her to the Court,

We and our Lords will follow, there wee'l part ;

720 A seven dayes absence cannot seem but short. *Ex. all.*

Act II.

Enter Shaparoon and Mopas.

Shap. And as I said (nay pray my friend be covered) the business hath been soundly followed on my part. 725

Yet again, in good sooth, I cannot abide you should stand bare before me to so little purpose.

Mop. Manners is a Jewel (Madam) and as for standing bare, I know there is some difference, the putting down of a mans cap, and the putting down of his breeches before a reverend gentlewoman. 730

Shap. You speak very properly, there is a great deal of difference indeed. *But* 735

to come to the point ; Fy, what a stir I had to make her to receive the letter, and when she had received it, to open it, and then to read it ; nay, to read it again and again ; that as I am a very woman, 740

a man might have wrong my smock dropping wet, with the pure sweat that came from my body. Friend, I took such pains with her. Oh my conscience, to bear a child at those years would not 745

trouble me half so much as the delivery of that letter did.

Mop. A man-child of my age perhaps, Madam, would not.

Shap. Yet that were a sore burthen for one that is not us'd to't, I may tell you. O these coy girls are such wild cattel to have dealing with. 750

Mop. What ancient Madams cannot do one way, let them do another ; she's a rank Jade that being past the breeder, cannot kick up her heels, wince, and cry wee-hee : good examples cannot chuse from ones elders, but work much to the purpose, being well ply'd, and in 760 season.

Shap. In season ? True, that's a chief thing ; yes, I'll assure you my friend, I am but entring into eight and twenty. 765

Mop. Wants somewhat of that too, I take it ; I warrant ye your mark appears

770 appears yet to be seen for proof of your age, as plain as when you were but fifteen.

Shap. Truly, if it were well searcht, I think it does.

Your name is *Mopas*, you told me?

775 *Mop.* *Mopas* my name is, and yours Madam *Shaparoon* I was told.

Shap. A right Madam born I can assure ye.

780 *Mop.* Your Ancestors will speak that, for the *Shaparoons* have ever took place of the best French-hoods in the parish; ever since the first addition.

785 *Shap.* All this with a great deal of modesty I must confess. Ud's Pittikins, stand by, aside a little: see where the lady coms; do not appear before you are call'd, in any case: but mark how I will work her like wax.

Enter Salassa reading a letter.

790 *Salas.* Your servant in all commands *Velasco.* So, and I am resolved to put ye to the test, servant, for your free fools heart, e're I give you the slip, I warrant ye.

795 *Shap.* Your ladyship hath considered the premises e're this time, at full, I hope.

Salas. O, *Shaparoon*, you keep true sentinel, what? I must give certain answer; must I not?

800 *Shap.* Nay, Madam, you may chuse, 'tis all in your Ladships discreet consideration. The sum of all is, that if you shew him not some favour, he is no long lives man.

805 *Salas.* Very well; how long have you been a factress for such Merchants, *Shaparoon*.

810 *Shap.* O my Religion! I a factress? I am even well enough serv'd for my good will; and this is my requital. Factress, quoth you?

Salas. Come, your intercession shall prevail, which is his letter carrier?

Mop. At your ladships service.

815 *Salas.* Your Lord *Velasco* sent you?

Mop. Most true, sweet madam.

Salas. What place hold you about him?

Mop. I am his *Drugster*, Madam.

Salas. What Sir? 820

Mop. Being hard bound with melancholy, I give him a purge, with two or three soluble stools of laughter.

Salas. Belike you are his fool, or his jester. 825

Mop. Jester if you please, but not fool, Madam; for bables belong to fools, and they are then onely fit for ladies secrecies, not for Lords.

Salas. But is he indeed sick of late? 830

Shap. Alas good heart, I suffer for him.

Enter Lodovico.

Lodov. By your leave lady, without ceremony, you know me, and may guess my errand. 835

Salas. Yet more trouble, nay, then I shall be hail-shot.

Lodov. To be brief. By the honors of a good name, you are a dry-skin'd widow, and did not my hast concern the life of the noblest Gentleman in *Europe*, I would as much scorn employments of this nature to you, as I do a proud woman of your condition. 845

Mop. I marry here's one will thunder her widow-head into flitters: stand to't, Signior, I am your second.

Salas. Sir y'are uncivil to exclaim against a lady in her own house. 850

Lodov. A lady, yet a paraquitto, poppingjay, your whole worth lies in your gay out side, and your squawling tongue.

A Wagtail is a glorious fowl in respect of many of ye. 855

Though most of ye are in nature as very fowl as wagtayles.

Salas. Are such as you the Lord *Velasco's* agents in his hot affection? 860

Shap. Sweet cousen, *Lodovico*, pray now, the lady is most vertuously resolved.

Mop. Heark ye middle-ag'd countess, do not take anothers tale into your mouth, I have occasion to use you in private, and can finde you work enough my self, a word in your ear.

Salas. I protest, I meant more noble
C answer

870 answer for his satisfaction, then ever
your railing language shall force from
me.

Lodov. Were I the man that doated
on you, I would take a shorter course
875 with you, then to come humbly whi-
ning to your sweet — pox of all such ri-
diculous foppery — I would —

Salas. Weep your self to death, and be
chronicled among the regiment of kinde
880 tender hearted souls.

Lodov. Indeed, forsooth, I would not;
what, for a widdow one that hath jump't
the old moyles trot, so oft, that the sci-
atica founders her yet in both her
885 thighs.

Salas. You abuse me grosly.

Lodov. One that hath been so often
drunk with satiety of pleasure, that four-
teen husbands are but as half a draught
890 to quench her thirst in an afternoon.

Salas. I will no longer endure ye.

Lodov. For you, you? That are nei-
ther noble, wise, rich, fair, nor wel-
favoured. For you?

895 *Mop:* You are all these, if you can
keep your own counsel and let no body
know, Mistris Madam.

Shap. Nay I am so perswaded, and as-
sure your self no body shall know.

900 *Lodov.* Yet forsooth, must you be the
onely precious piece the Lord *Velasco*
must adore, must dye for. But I vow,
if he do miscarry, (as I fear he cannot
recover.)

905 *Salas.* Goodness forbid, Alas! Is he
sick, sir?

Lodov. Excellent dissimulation! Yes
sure, he is sick, and an everlasting silence
strike you dumb that are the cause on't.
910 But, as I said, if he do go the wrong
way, as I love vertue, your ladiship
shall be ballated through all Christen-
dom, and sung to sciroy tunes, and your
picture drawn over every ballad, sucking
915 of rotten eggs among wheasels.

Salas. Pray give me leave; Is Lord
Velasco sick? And lies there ought in me
to comfort, or recover him?

Lodov. Marry does there, the more In-
920 fidel he: And what of all this now?

Salas. What would you have me do?

Lodov. Wonders, either go and visi
him, or admit him to visit you; these
are mighty favours are they not?

Salas. Why, good Sir, I will grant the 925
later willingly; he shall be kindly wel-
com.

Lodov. And laught at while he is here:
shall a not?

Salas. What would you have me say? 930
My best entertainment shall be open to
him; I will discourse to him freely, if
he requires it privately: I will be all
what in honour I should.

Lodov. Certifie him so much by letter. 935

Salas. That cannot stand with my mo-
desty, my word and truth shall be my
gage.

Lodov. Enough, do this, and by this
hand I'll ask you pardon for my rude- 940
ness, and ever heartily honour you.

Map. I shall hear from you when my
leasures serves.

Shap. Most assuredly. Good destines
speed your journey. 945

Mop. All happiness ride ever before
you, your disgraces behinde you, and
and full pleasure in the midst of ye.

Exeunt.

Enter Bufo in fresh apparel, ushering 950
Herophil.

Her. My over kinde, Captain, what
would you say?

Buf. Why, Mistris, I would say, as a
man might say forsooth, indeed I would 955
say.

Her. What, Captain?

Buf. Even whatsoever you would
have me to say, forsooth.

Her. If that be all, pray say nothing. 960

Buf. Why look ye, Mistris, all what I
say if you mark it well, is just nothing;
As for example, To tell you that you
are fair, is nothing, for you know it
your self; to say you were honest, were 965
an indignity to your beauty, and upon
the matter nothing, for honesty in a fair
woman is as good as nothing.

Her. That is somewhat strange to be
proved. 970

Buf. To a good wit, dear Mistris, no-
thing's impossible.

Her. Sure

Her. Sure the Court and your new clothes have infected you. Would I
975 were a purse of gold, for your sake, Captain, to reward your wit.

Buf. I would you were, mistris, so you were not counterfeit metal, I should soon try you on the too true touch-
980 stone of my affections, indeed for-footh.

Her. Well, witty Captain, for your love I must pass away in debt, but will not fail to think on't. But now I am
985 in hast.

Buf. If you would but grant me but one poor request, before you go, I should soon dispatch and part.

Her. Name it, Captain.

Buf. Truly, and as I live, 'tis a very small trifle for your part, all things considered.

Her. But cannot you tell what it is?

Buf. That were a fine jest indeed, why, I would desire, intreat, and be-
995 seech you.

Her. What to do?

Buf. There you have it, and thank you too.

Her. I understand you not.

Buf. Why, To do with you, forsooth, to do with you.

Her. To do what?

Buf. In plain words, I would commit
1005 with you, or as the more learned phrase it, if you be pleased to consent, I would ravish you.

Her. Fy, fy, Captain, so uncivil, you made me blush.

Buf. Do I say; why, I am glad I have it for you: Souldiers are hot upon service, mistris, and a wise mans bolt is soon shot; as the proverb says:

Her. Good Captain, keep up your bolt
1015 till I am at leasure to stand fair for your mark. If the Court Stalions prove all so rank, I will vow all to ride henceforth upon an ass; so, Captain, I must leave you.

Buf. Fare-wel heartily to you for-
1020 sooth.

Go thy waies for as true a Mistris as ever fowled clean Napary. This same whorson Court diet, cost, lodging, change of

clothes, and ease, have addicted me
1025 villanously to the itch of concupis-
scence.

*Enter Alphonso; Pynto and Muretto com-
plementing on either side of him.*

Alph. They all shall not intreat me. 1030

Muret. Your Majesty were no King, if your own will were not your own law.

Pyn. Always, my Lord, observing the domination of the Planets: As if *Mars* 1035 and *Venus* being in conjunction, and their influence working upon your frailty; then in any case you must not resist the motion of the celestial bodies.

Muret. All which (most gracious So- 1040
verain) this most famous Scoller will at a minute foretel.

Buf. All hail to the King himself, my very good Liege, Lord, and most grati-
1045 ous benefactor.

Alph. What need I other counsellors then these.

Shall I be forc't to be a womans slave? That may live free, and hate their fickle
1050 sex.

Muret. O 'tis a glorious vertue in so magnificent a Prince to abstain from the sensual surfets of fleshly and wanton appetites.

Alph. I finde the inclination of such 1055
follies.

Why, what are women?

Buf. Very pleasant pretty necessary toys, an't please your Majesty; I my self could pass the time with them, as occasi-
1060 on migh serve, eight and forty hours out right, one to one alwaies provided.

Pyn. Yet of all the seven planets, there are but two women among them, and one of them two is chast, which is
1065 as good as if shee were a boy.

Muret. That is not to be questioned; the best of women are but troubles and vexations, 'tis man that retains all true perfection, and of all men your Ma-
1070 jesty.

Enter Almada and Collummello.

Alph. Ye are to rude to enter on our privacies,

1075 without our license, speak, your business Lords.

Alm. We came from your most virtuous Queen.

Alph. No more.

1080 *Col.* A month is well nigh past, and yet you slack

Your love to her : What mean you, sir, so strangely

To slight a wife whose griefs grow now
1085 too high,

For womanhood to suffer.

Alm. Is't your pleasure To admit her to your bosom ?

Alph. Y'are too sawcy.

1090 Return, and quickly too, and tell her thus ;

If she intend to keep her in our favour, Let us not see her.

Col. Say you so, Great Sir;

1095 You speak it but for tryal

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Col. O, Sir, remember what you are, and let not

The insinuations of these servile creatures,
1100 Made onely men by you, sooth and traduce

Your safety to a known and willful danger.

1105 Fix in your thoughts the ruine you have scap't ;

Who freed you ; who hath rais'd you to this height,

And you will then awake your judgments eye :
1110

The Commons murmur, and the streets are fill'd

With busie whispers : Yet in time recal Your violence.

1115 *Alph.* As I am King, the tongue Forfeits his head that speaks another word.

Muretto, Talk we not now like a King ?

Muret. Like one that hath the whole

1120 World for his proper Monarchy, and it becomes you Royally.

Enter Queen, Petruchi, and Herophil.

Buf. The Queen, and my Mistris ; O brave, we shall have some doings hard

1125 to hand now, I hope.

Alph. What means the woman ? Ha !

Is this the duty

Of a good wife, we sent not for you, did we ?

Qu. The more my duty that I came
1130 unsent for ;

Wherein my gracious Lord have I offended ?

Wherein have I transgrest against thy laws
1135

O sacred Marriage ? To be sequestred In the first spring and *April* of my joys From you, much dearer to me, then my life ?

By all the honour of a spotless bed,
1140 Shew me my fault, and I will turn away, And be my own swift executioner.

Alph. I take that word. Know then you married me

Against my will, and that's your fault
1145

Qu. Alas ! Against your will ? I dare not contradict

What you are pleased to urge. But by the love

I bare the King of *Arragon*, (an oath
1150 As great as I can swear by) I conceiv'd

Your words to be true speakers of your heart,

And I am sure they were ; you swore they were.
1155

How should I but beleieve, that lov'd so dearly ?

Alph. Come then you are a trifler, for by this

I know you love me not.
1160

Qu. Is that your fear ?

Why la now, Lords, I told you that the King

Made our division but a proof of faith. Kinde husband, now I'm bold to call
1165 you so ;

Was this your cunning to be jealous of me

So soon ? We women are fine fools To search mens pretty subtilties.
1170

Muret. You'l scarce find it so *Aside.*

Alph. She would perswade mee strangely.

Qu. Prethee, Sweet heart,

Force not thy self to look so sadly ; troth
1175 It sute not with thy love, 'tis well. Was this

Your

- Your sennights respite? Yet, as I am a Queen,
 1180 I fear'd you had been in earnest.
Alph. Earnest: Hence
 Monstrous enchantress, by the death I owe
 To Nature, thou appear'st to me in this
 1185 More impudent then impudence, the tyde
 Of thy luxurious blood is at the full;
 And cause thy raging plurisie of lust
 Cannot be sated by our royal warmth,
 1190 Thou tri'st all cunning petulent charms to raise
 A wanton devill up in our chast breast.
 But we are Canon-proof against the shot
 Of all thy arts.
 1195 *Qu.* Was't you spoke that, my Lord?
Pyn. *Phaeton* is just over the orb of the moon, his horses are got loose, and the heavens begin to grow into a combustion.
 1200 *Alph.* I'll sooner dig a dungeon in a mole-hill,
 And hide my crown there, that both
 fools and children
 May trample o're my Royalty, then ever
 1205 Lay it beneath an antick womans feet.
 Couldst thou transshape thy self into a man,
 And with it be more excellent then man
 Can be; yet since thou wer't a woman
 1210 once,
 I would renounce thee.
Petr. Let the King remember
 It is the Queen he speaks too.
Alph. Pish, I know
 1215 She would be well contented but to live
 Within my presence; not for love to me,
 But that she might with safety of her honour,
 1220 Mix with some hot vein'd letcher, whose prone lust
 Should feed the rank impostume of desires,
 And get a race of bastards, to whose
 1225 birth
 I should be thought the Dad. But thou, thou woman,
 E're I will be the cloak to thy false play,
 I'll couple with a witch, a hag; for if
- Thou canst live chast, live by thy sel 1230
 like me.
 Or if thou wouldst perswade me that
 thou lov'st me,
 See me no more, never. From this time
 forth 1235
 I hate thy sex; of all thy sex, thee worst.
Exit Alphonso, Bufo, Pynco.
Alm. Madam, dear Madam, yet
 Take comfort, time will work all for the
 best 1240
Qu. Where must I go?
Col. Y'are in your own Kingdom, 'tis
 your birth-right,
 We all your Subjects; not a man of us,
 But to the utmost of his life, will right 1245
 Your wrongs against this most unthank-
 ful King.
Qu. Away, ye are all Traytors to pro-
 fane
 His sacred merits with your bitter terms. 1250
 Why, am I not his Wife? A wife must
 bear
 Withal what likes her Lord t'upbraid
 her with,
 And yet 'tis no injustice. What was't 1255
 he said?
 That I no more should see him, never,
 never.
 There I am quite divorst from all my
 joys, 1260
 From all my paradice of life. Not see
 him?
 'Twas too unkinde a task. But he com-
 manded
 I cannot but obey. Where's *Herophil*? 1265
Her. Here Madam.
Qu. Go hang my Chamber all with
 mourning black;
 Seal up my windows, let no light survey,
 The subtle tapers that must eye my 1270
 griefs.
 Get from me Lords, I will defie ye all,
 Y'are men, and men (O me) are all un-
 kinde.
 Come hither *Herophil*, spread all my 1275
 robes,
 My jewels and apparel on the floor,
 And for a Crown get me a Willow
 wreath:
 No, no, that's not my colour, buy me a 1280
 veil

Ingrayn'd in tawny. Alas, I am forsaken,
And none can pity me.

Petr. By all the faith

1285 I ow to you my sovereign, if you please
To enjoy me any service, I will prove
Most ready and most true,

Qu. Why should the King

1290 Despise me? I did never cross his will,
Never gainsaid his, yea; yet sure I fear
He hath some ground for his displeasure.

Her. None,

Unless because you sav'd him from the
block.

1295 *Qu.* Art thou a pratler too? Peace,
Herophil,

Tempt not a desperate woman. No man
here

Dares do my last commends to him.

1300 *Muret.* If your excellent Majesty
please to repose confidence in me; I will
not onely deliver him your commendations,
but think my self highly dishonored,
if he return not his back to you by
1305 letter.

Petr. Off beast, made all of baseness,
do not grieve

Calamity, or as I am a knigh,
I'll cut thy tongue out.

1310 *Muret.* Sweet Signior, I protest---

Exit Muretto.

Petr. Madam, beleeve him not, he is a
Parasite;

Yet one the King doth dote on.

1315 *Qu.* Then beshrew ye,
You had not us'd him gently, had I
known't,

I would have kneell'd before him, and
have sent

1320 A handful of my tears unto the King.
Away, my Lords, here is no place to
revel

In our discomfits. *Herophil,* let's hast,
That thou and I may heartily like wi-

1325 dows

Bewail my bridal mockt Virginity.

Col. Let's follow her my lords; I fear
to late

1330 The King will yet repent these rude di-
visions. *Exeunt.*

Enter Velasco, Lodovico, Mopas.

Lodov. Complement? 'Tis for Bar-
bors shops; know your own worth, you

speak to a frail commodity; and barter't
away roundly, my Lord. 1335

Velas. She promis'd free discourse?

Lodov. She did: Are ye answer'd?

Enter Salassa, Shaparoon.

Shap. Madam, my Lord *Velasco* is
come, use him nobly and kindly, or--- 1340
I say no more.

Salas. To a poor widow's house my
Lord is welcom.

Your lordship honours me in this fa-
vor; in what thankful entertainment I 1345
can, I shall strive to deserve it.

Shap. Your sweet lordship is most
heartily welcom, as I may say.

Mop. Instead of a letter, Madam good-
face, on my Lord's behalf, I am bold to 1350
salute you.

Lodov. Madam *Salassa*, not distrusting
the liberty you granted, now you and
my Lord are in you own house, we will
attend yee in the next room; Away, 1355
Couzen; follow, sirrah.

Shap. It is a woman part to come be-
hinde.

Mop. But for two men to pass in be-
fore one woman, 'tis too much a con- 1360
science; on reverend antiquity.

Exit Lodovico, Shaparoon, Mopas.

Salas. What is your lorships plea-
sure?

Velas. To rip up 1365

A story of my fate. When by the Queen
I was imploy'd against the late Commo-
tioners,

(Of whom the now King was chief Lea-
der) then 1370

In my return you pleas'd to entertain
me

Here in your house.

Salas. Much good may it do your
lordship. 1375

Velas. But then, what conquest gain'd
I by that conquest,

When here mine eyes, and your com-
manding beauty

Made me a prisoner to the truest love, 1380
That ever warm'd a heart.

Salas. Who might that be?

Velas. You, Lady, are the deity I
adore,

Have

- 1385 Have kneell'd too in my heart, have
 vow'd my soul to,
 In such a debt of service, that my life
 Is tenant to your pleasure.
Salas. Phew, my Lord ;
- 1390 It is not nobly done to mock me thus.
Velas. Mock you ? Most fair *Salassa*,
 if e're truth
 Dwelt in a tongue, my words and
 thoughts are twins.
- 1395 *Salas.* You wrong your honor in so
 mean a choise.
 Can it be though, that that brave man,
Valasco,
 Sole Champion of the world, should
 1400 look on me ?
 On me, a poor lone Widow ? 'Tis im-
 possible.
Velas. I am poorer
 In my performance now, then ever ; so
 1405 poor,
 That vows and protestations want fit
 credit
 With me to vow the least part of a
 service
- 1410 That might deserve your favour.
Salas. You are serious ?
Velas. Lady, I wish that for a present
 tryal,
 Against the custome of so sweet a na-
 1415 ture,
 You would be somewhat cruel in com-
 mands.
 You dare not sift the honor of my
 faith
- 1420 By any strange injunction, which the
 speed
 Of my glad undertaking should not
 cheerfully
 Attempt, or perish in the sufferance of it.
- 1425 *Salas.* You promise Lordly.
Velas. You too much distrust
 The constancy of truth.
Salas. It were un noble,
 On your part to demand a gift of
 1430 bounty,
 More then the freedom of a fair allow-
 ance,
 Confirm'd by modesty and reason's war-
 rant
- 1435 Might without blushing yeeld unto.
Velas. Oh, fear not,
- For my affections aim at chast contents;
 Not at unruly passions of desire.
 I onely claim the title of your servant,
 The flight of my ambitions soars no 1440
 higher,
 Then living in your grace, and for in-
 couragement
 To quicken my attendance now and
 then 1445
 A kinde unravisht kiss.
Salas. That's but a fee,
 Due to a fair deseriver : but admit
 I grant it, and you have it ; may I then
 Lay a light burthen on you. 1450
Velas. What is possible
 For me to venture on, by how much
 more
 It carries danger in't ; by so much more
 My glorie's in the atchievement. 1455
Salas. I must trust ye.
Velas. By all the vertues of a Souldi-
 ers nane,
 I vow and sware.
Salas. Enough, I take that oath : 1460
 And thus my self first do confirm your
 warrant.
Velas. I feel new life within me.
Salas. Now be Steward,
 For your own store, my lord, and take 1465
 possession
 Of what you have purchased freely.
Velas. With a joy.
 As willing as my wishes can arrive at.
kisses her. 1470
Salas. So, I may claim your oath now.
Velas. I attend it.
Salas. *Velasco*, I do love thee, and am
 jealous
 Of thy spirit, which is hourly apt 1475
 To catch at actions; if I must be Mistris
 Of thee and my own will, thou must be
 subject
 To my improvements.
Velas. 'Tis my souls delight. 1480
Salas. Y'are fam'd the onely fighting
 Sir alive ;
 But what's this; if you be not safe to me.
Velas. By all ---
Salas. you shall not sware, take heed of 1485
 perjury.
 So much I fear your safety, that I com-
 mand,

For two years space, you shall not wear a
 1490 sword,
 A dagger, or stelletto; shall not fight
 On any quarrel be it neer so just.
Velas. Lady!
Salas. Hear more yet; if you be baffled,
 1495 Rail'd at, scorn'd, mock'd struck, baff'd,
 kick'd,
Velas. (O Lady!)
Salas. Spit on, revil'd, challeng'd, pro-
 vok'd by fools,
 1500 Boyes, anticks, cowards.
Velas. ('Tis intollerable.)
Salas. I charge you (by your oath) not
 to reply
 In word, deed, look: and lastly, I con-
 1505 jure ye
 Never to shew the cause to any living
 By circumstance or by equivocation;
 Nor till two years expire to motion
 love.
 1510 *Velas.* Why do you play the Tyrant
 thus?
Salas. 'Tis common
 T' observe how love hath made a Co-
 ward valiant;
 1515 But that a man as daring as *Velasco*,
 Should to express his duty to a Mistris,
 Kneel to his own disgraces, and turn
 Coward,
 Belongs to me and to my glories onely;
 1520 I'm Empress of this miracle. Your oath
 Is past, if you will lose your self you
 may.
 How d'ee, Sir?
Velas. Woman thou art vain and
 1525 cruel.
Salas. Wilt please your lordship tast
 a cup of wine,
 Or stay and sup, and take a hard bed
 here?
 1530 Your friends think we have done
 strange things this while.
 Come let us walk like Lovers: I am pit-
 tiful,
 I love no quarrels.
 1535 *Velas.* Triumph in my ruins.
 There is no act of folly but is common
 In use and practise to a scornful woman.

Exeunt.

Act III.

Enter Alphonso, Almada, Muretto, 1540
Bufo, Pynto, and attendants.

Alph. You have prevail'd, yet e're you
 came (my Lord)
Muretto, here this right, right, honest
 man 1545
 Confirm'd me throughly, now to witness
 further
 With what a gratitude I love the
 Queen.
 Reach me a bowle of wine. 1550
Alm. Your Majesty more honors me,
 in making me the Messenger of this most
 happy concord, then addition of great-
 ness can express.
Muret. I ever told you, 1555
 How you would his Grace, inclin'd at
 last
Pyn. The very *Jove* of benignity, by
 whose gentle aspect the whole sphere of
 this Court and Kingdom are (like the 1560
 lesser orbes) moved round in the har-
 mony of affability.

Enter one with wine.
Alph. My Lord *Almado*, health unto
 your Mistris, 1565
 A hearty health, a deep one.
Alm. upon my knee
 My duty gladly answers *drinks.*
Alph. Give him wine.
 There's not a man whoever in our 1570
 Court
 (Greater or meaner) but shall pledge
 this health,
 In honor of our Queen, our vertuous
 Queen. 1575
 Commend us, and report us as you
 finde.
Alm. Great Sir, I shall with joy.
Alph. *Bufo* and *Pynto*,
 All in, and drink, drink deep, let none 1580
 be spar'd,
 Comers or goers, none.
Bufo. Away my hearts.
Pyn. Wee'll tickle it till the welkin
 blussle

1585 blussle again, and all the fixt Stars dance
the old measures.

Muret. I shall attend to wait upon
your lordship to the Caraoch. *Exeunt.*

Manet Alphonso.

1590 *Alph.* So, so, far reaching pollicy, I
adore thee,

Will hug thee as my dearling

Shallow fools

Dive not into the pitch of regular Sta-
1595 tists.

Henceforth my Stratagem's of scorn and
hatred

Shall kill in smiles. I will not strike
and frown,

1600 But laugh and murder.

Enter Muretto.

Alph. Welcom, are we safe?

Muret. Most free from interruption :
The Lord *Velasco* is newly entred the
1605 Court; I have given the watch word that
they ply him mainly ; the conclusion (I
know cannot but break off in hurle-
burly.

1610 *Alph.* Good, good, I hate him mortal-
ly. 'Twas he

Slaved me to th' hangmans ax : But now
go on ;

Petruchi is the man, you say, must stand
The Champion of her lust.

1615 *Muret.* There may be yet vertuous in-
tention even in bad actions, in lewd
words, I urge no further then likely-
hoods may inform.

1620 *Alph.* Phew, that's thy nobleness : But
now *Muretto*,

The eye of luxury speaks loud in si-
lence.

1625 *Muret.* Why look ye, Sir, I must con-
fess I observ'd some odd amorous glan-
ces, some sweet familiar courteous toy-
ing smiles ; a kinde of officious bold-
ness in him, Princelike and Queenlike
allowance of that boldness in him again ;
sometimes I might warily overhear her
1630 whispers. But what of all this ? There
might be no harm meant.

Alph. Fy, no, the grafting of my fore-
head, nothing else.

1635 Grafting, grafting, *Muretto*, A most Gen-
tleman-like exercise ; a very mystery be-
longs to't.

And now and then they walk thus, arm
in arm, twist fingers : ha. Would they
not *Muretto* ?

Muret. 'Tis wondrous fit a great 1640
Queen should be supported, Sir ; and
for the best lady of 'em all, to discourse
familiarily with her supporter , is court-
ly and passing innocent.

Alph. She and *Petruchi* did so ? 1645

Muret. And at her passing to her pri-
vate lodgings, attended onely with her
lady in ordinary. *Petruchi* alone went
in before her.

Alph. Is't true ! Went in before her ! 1650
Canst prove that ?

Muret. Your Majesty is too quick, too
apprehensive of the worst : I meant he
perform'd the office of an Usher.

Alph. Guilty apparently : Monstrous 1655
woman ! Beast !

Were these the fruits of her dissembling
tears !

Her puling, and her heart sighs. But,
Muretto. 1660

I will be swift *Muretto*, swift and ter-
rible.

Muret. I am such another Coxcomb ;
O my side too.

Yet faith, let me perswade ye ; I hope 1665
your wife is vertuous.

Alph. Vertuous ? The Devil she is, 'tis
most impossible.

What kiss and toy, wink, prate, yet be
vertuous ? 1670

Muret. Why not Sir ? I think now a
woman may lie four or five nights toge-
ther with a man , and yet be chast ;
though that be very hard, yet so long as
'tis possible, such a thing may be. 1675

Alph. I have it, wee'll confer ; let's
stand aside.

*Enter Bufo and another Groom with wine,
both drunk ; Bufo handing Velasco
by the shoulders.* 1680

Bufo. Not drink more ? By this hand
you shall drink eleven whole healths,
if your cap be wooll or beaver ; and
that's my resolution.

Gro. 'Sfoot, eleven score , without 1685
dishonor be it spoken to any mans per-
son out of this place.

D *Velas.* Prethee,

- Velas.* Prethee, I can no more, 'tis a profession
- 1690 I dare not practice, nay, I will not.
Buf. How will not? Not her Queen-ships health?
Hark ye, thy stinking and unwholesom words—
- 1695 Will not— You will not— You say you will not?
Velas. I say so, pray be answer'd.
Gro. Pox of all flinchers; if a' say a will not,
- 1700 Let him chuse, like an arrant dry lord as he is.
Buf. Give me the bowl, I must be valiant.
- 1705 You, Sirrah, man at arms; Here's a carouse
To the King, the Queen, and my self.
Gro. Let't come, I'll have that i'faith, Sweet, sweet, sweet, Captain.
Buf. Hold, give the lord first, drink it
- 1710 up lord, do, ump.
Velas. Away I say, I am not in the tune.
Buf. Tune, tune? 'Sblood, d'ee take us for fiddlers, scrappers, rime canters by
- 1715 tune? By this light, I'll scourge ye like a town top: Look ye, I am urg'd— Ump— And there's a side blow for ye, like a sober thing as ye are.
Gro. well done i'faith, precious Cap-
- 1720 tain.
Velas. Dar'st thou do this to me knowing who I am?
Buf. Yes, in the way of daring, I dare kick you thus, thus, Sir up and
- 1725 down. There's a jolt on the bum too: How d'ee like it?
Velas. 'Tis well! You use the privilege of the place.
There was a time the best of all this
- 1730 Court
Durst not have lift a hand against me then.
But I must bear it now.
Alph. Is not this strange *Muretto*?
- 1735 *Muret.* I can scantly credit mine own eyes: The Captain follows his instructions perfectly.
Buf. Not drink? Mahound, Infidel. I will fillip thy nose, spit in thy face,
- Mungrel; brave, a Commander, ha? 1740
Velas. O woman—woman—woman.
Buf. That's a lie, a stark one, 'tis known I nere was a woman in my life. I am weary beating of him, and can stand no longer. *Groom*, kick him thou
- 1745 up and down in my behalf; or by this flesh I'll swinge you, sirrah.
Gro. Come aloft, Jackanapes: come aloft, sirrah. *kicks, beates him.*
Alph. Why sure *Velasco* dares not
- 1750 fight.
Muret. It must be some or other hath bewitched him.
Enter Pynto.
- Pyn.* Avant, I saw twelve dozen of
- 1755 Cuckolds in the middle region of the air, galloping on a black Jack, Eastward ho. It is certain that every dozen went for a company, and they are now become a corporation. *Aries* and *Taurus*,
- 1760 the Bull and the Ram, two head signs, shall be henceforth their recognizances, set up in the grand hall of their politick convocations—whirr, whirr, there, there, just under the rainbow ambles
- 1765 *Mercury*, the thin bearded thief that stole away the Drappers wife, while the good man was made drunk at the Still-yard, at a beaver of Dutch bread and Renish wine, and lay all night in pure
- 1770 holland in's stockings and shoes. Pish, Talke not to me, I will maintain against the Universities of both the *Indies*, that one Aldermans horse is more right worshipful, then any six Constables, brown
- 1775 bills and all. Now, now, now, my brains burn in Sulphur, and thus will I stalk about, and swim through a whole Element of dainty, neat, brisk, rich claret, canary, or maligo. Am not I
- 1780 *Pynto*, have not I hiren here? What art thou, a full moon, or a moon calf?
Buf. No, no, 'tis a dry Stock-fish, that must be beaten tender.
Velas. Was ever man so much a slave
- 1785 as I?
Pyn. Does *Saturn* wince? Down with him, let *Charles* his wayn run over his North pole; it shall be justified too.
Gro. Now, Sir, having taken a little
- 1790 breath, have at ye once more, and I have done.
Enter

Enter Mopas and Lodovico.

Mop. Clubs, clubs, I have been the
 1795 death of two Brewers horses, and two
 catch-poles, my self, and now be try'd by
 two fools and ten knaves: O monstrous
 base, horrible; is my lord past recovery?
Velas. Hold, prethee, fellow hold, I
 1800 have no sword,
 Or if I had, I dare not strike again.
Buf. U'ds bones, were ye an invinci-
 ble Armado,
 Ide pound ye all like brown paper rags.
 1805 *Lodov.* Let me be stricken blind! The
 shame of fate;
Velasco, baffled, and not dare to strike!
 Dogs, drunken dogs, I'll whip ye to
 your kennels.
 1810 *Velas.* Nay good, forbear.
Mop. Bilbo come forth and shew thy
 foxes tayl.
 Nay, nay, give me liquor, and I'll fight
 like a rorer.
 1815 *Pyn.* Keep standing ho; the Almanack
 says plainly 'tis no season to be let
 blood, the sign is mortal. Hold!
Alph. Yes I command. Uncivil ill
 bred beasts.
 1820 How dares ye turn our pällace to a
 booth?
 How dare the proudest of ye all lift up
 A hand against the meanest of those
 creatures
 1825 Whom we do own for ours? Now, now
 you spit
 The ancient rancor of you bitter galls
 Wherewith you strove to wound us
 heretofore.
 1830 *Lodov.* We are abus'd, My Lord.
Alph. Fellow, Thou lyeest.
 Our Royal eyes beheld the pride and
 malice
 Of thee *Velasco*; who in hate to us
 1835 Deny'st to honour our remembrance,
 though
 But in a pledg'd health.
Velas. Therein I was wrong'd.
Alph. No, therein all thy cunning
 1840 could not hide
 The rage of thy malitious heart to us;
 Yet know, for tryal of thy love we caus'd
 This onset, we will justify the hight
 Of thy disgraces; what they did was
 1845 ours.

Hence Coward, baffled, kickt, despis'd
 and spurn'd.
Buf. Hang thy self; a pox on thee.
Exit Alphonso, Muretto,
Pynto, Bufo, Groom. 1850
Lodov. O y'are undon: What Devil,
 Hag, or Witch
 Hath stoln your heart away?
Velas. I cannot tell.
Lodov. Not fight 'tis enough to shame 1855
 us all.
Velas. Happy was I, that living liv'd
 alone,
Velasco was a man then, now is none.
Exeunt. 1860
Mop. Is't even so, no man now; then I
 smell how things stand: I'll lay my life,
 his lady sweet heart hath given him the
 Gleek, and he in return hath gelded
 himself, and so both lost his courage and 1865
 his wits together. *Exit.*

Enter Queen, Almado, Collumello,
Petruchi and Herophil.
Qu. Speak o're the words again; and
 good my lord 1870
 Be sure you speak the same, the very
 words;
 Our Queen, our vetuous Queen; Was't
 so?
Alm. Just so; 1875
 And was withal in carriage so most
 kinde,
 So Princely, that I must do wrong to
 gratitude,
 In wanting action to express his love. 1880
Qu. I am the happiest she that lives.
Petruchi,
 Was I mistook or no? Why good my
 lords,
 Observe it well. There is a holy league 1885
 Confirm'd and ratify'd 'twixt Love and
 Fate.
 This sacred Matrimonial tye of hearts,
 Call'd marriage, has Divinity within't.
 Prethee, *Almado,* tell me, smil'd the King 1890
 When he commended to me?
Alm. Madam, yes;
 And affably concluded all in this;
 Commend us, and report us as you find.
Qu. For loves sakes, no man prattle 1895
 of distrust.

- It shall be treason whosoever says
The King's unkinde. My thinks I am all
air ,
- 1900 My soul has wings.
Petr. And we are all o'rejoy'd
In this sweet reconciliation.
Qu. Wee'll visit him (my Lords) in
some rich mask
- 1905 Of rare device, as thus ; Pish, now I
think on't,
The world yeelds not variety enough
Of cost, that's worthy of his Royal eyes,
Why *Herophil* ?
- 1910 *Her.* Here, Madam.
Qu. Now beshrew me
But I could weep for anger -- If 'twere
possible
To get a chariot cut out of a rock,
- 1915 Made all of one whole Diamond, drawn
all on Pavements
Of pearls and amber , by four Ivory
steeds
Of perfect Christal ; this were worth
presenting.
- 1920 Or some bright cloud of Saphirs -- Fy
you are all
So dull, you do not love me.
Col. Y'are transported
- 1925 To strange impossibilities : our service
Shall wait upon your happiness.
Qu. Nay, nay,
I know you laugh at me, and well you
may ;
- 1930 I talk I know not what. I would 'twere
fit
To ask one queston of ye.
All. Madam, any thing.
Qu. You'l swear that I am Idle, yet
- 1935 you know
'Tis not my custom ; Look upon me
well ;
Am I as fair as *Herophil* ?
Petr. Yes, Madam,
- 1940 Or any other creature else alive.
Qu. You make me blush in troth. O
would the King
Could see me with your eyes. Or
would I were
- 1945 Much courser then I am to all the
world ;
So I might onely seem more fair to him.
Enter Velasco and Lodovico.
- See here come more. *Velasco*, thou art
welcom. 1950
Welcom kinde *Lodovico*. You I know
Bring fresh supplies of comfort ; do not
cloud
Your news with circumstance : Say, doth
the King 1955
Expect me ? Yes, good man, I know he
does.
Speak briefly, good my Lord, and truly.
Velas. Madam, Take all at once, he is
the King ; 1960
And Kings may do their pleasures.
Qu. True, *Velasco*.
But I have from my heart forgot remem-
brance
Of former passages, the world is chang'd. 1965
Is a' not justly royal ?
Lodov. Would a' were , I wish it for
your sake Madam, but my wishes and his
inclinations are quite opposite.
Petr. What said you, *Lodovico* ? 1970
Lodov. Thus *Petruchi*. *Velasco* hath
been by the King disgrac'd, by his mini-
ons abused, baffled, they justified by the
King in't. In a word ; *Alphonso* is, and
will be the scourge of *Arragon*. 1975
Qu. I'll stop my ears, they shannot let
in poyson,
Rank treacherous searching poyson.
Alm. 'Tis impossible.
Qu. Yes, 'tis impossible ; but now I 1980
see
Y'are all agreed to curse me in the hight
Of my prosperities. O that at once
I could have leave to dye and shun the
times. 1985
Enter Muretto.
Muret. His excellent Majesty by me
commends to your Royal hands this let-
ter, Madam.
Qu. Why thus I kiss, 1990
And kiss again ; Welcom, what e're it
speaks.
Muret. That you may all conceive
(my Lords) the Kings hearty zeal to u-
nity and goodness, he by me intreats 1995
your attendance on the Queen to him :
To you Signior, *Petruchi*, he sends this
Diamond from his own finger.
Petr. You strike me into wonder.
Muret. I should excuse his highness 2000
violence

violence to you, my lord *Velasco* ;
but he says, that your own indiscretion
deserv'd your late reproof : And
further, (pardon me that I mince not
2005 the sum of his injunction) he says your
cowardice is now so vulgarly palpable,
that it cannot stand with his honour to
countenance so degenerating a spirit.

Velas. I thank him ; yet, if you re-
2010 member well ;

Both he and you prov'd me another
man.

Qu. The sweetest letter that ever was
writ :

2015 Come we must to the King—How !
'Tis my ring,

The first ring that I ever gave the King.
Petruchi, I must have it.

Petr. 'Twas the King sent it :
2020 I mean to yeeld it back again.

Qu. No I will.
And in exchange take that of equal
value ;

2025 But not with me, 'cause it comes from
my husband.

Let's slack no time, this day shall crown
our peace.

Exit all but Velasco and Lodovico.

Lodov. You see my Lord how the
2030 world goes.

What your next course ?

Velas. Would I could leave my self, I
am unfit

2035 For company of men : Art thou my
friend ?

Lodov. I cannot tell what I am, your
patient humor indeed perswades me I
am nothing.

2040 Ladies little puppy dogs shortly will
break your shins with milke-sops, and
you dare not cry, come out cur. Faith
tell me for our wonted frindships sake ;
hath not this Madam sweet heart of
yours a share in your Meramorphosis ?

2045 *Velas.* You are unkinde, as much as in
a thought,

To wrong her vertue. *Lodovico*, no ;
I have resolv'd never to fight again.

2050 *Lodov.* 'Tis a very safe resolution : but
have you resolv'd never to be beaten
again ?

Velas. That goodly sound of gallant
valiant man

Is but a breath, and dyes as soon as
utter'd. 2055

I'll seek my fame henceforward in the
praise

Of sufferance and patience, for rash
man-hood

Adds onely life to cruelty, yet by cru- 2060
elty

Takes life away, and leaves upon our
souls

Nothing but guilt, while patience if it
be 2065

Sett'd, doth even in bondage keep us
free.

Lodov. Excellent morality ; but good
my Lord, without more circumstance,
the cause, let me know the ground and 2070
cause on't.

Velas. My will, or if you please my
cowardice,

More ask not, more, I vow, you shall not
know. 2075

Enter Mopas.

Mop. O Fy, fy, I were better be the
Hangmans deputy, then my Lord *Ve-*
lasco's Gentleman usher; all the streets as
I pass whoot at me, and ask me if I be so 2080
valiant as my master the coward ; they

swear their children carry wooden
daggers to play a prize with him, and
there's no talk but of the arrant coward
Velasco.

2085

Velas. I care not, let'em talk.

Mop. Care not ? By these hilts, I had
rather then a hundred ducates, I had
but as much spirit : as to have drawn
upon a couple of men in Ginger-bread, 2090
which a hucsters crook't legged whor-
son ape held up, and swore they were
two taller fellows then you are.

Lodov. Your readiest way were to
get you into a cloyster ; for there's no 2095
going to Court.

Mop: Yes, to have our brains rubb'd
out with the heel of a brown man-
chet.

Velas. As, y'are my friend forbear to 2100
come more neer me. *Exit Velasco.*

Lodov. Gone so quickly ? *Mopas* I'll
finde out this mystery, and thou shalt be
the instrument.

Mop. Shall I ? Why agreed, let me 2105
alone

- alone for an instrument, be it a winde or
string'd instrument, I'll sound at one
end or other I'll warrant ye.
- Exeunt.*
- 2110 *Enter Alphionso, Pynto, Bufo.*
Alph. Are all things ready as we gave
charge?
Pynt. Yes all, and the face of the hea-
vens are passing favourable.
- 2115 *Alph. Bufo,* Be it thy care, the watch
word given,
To seize *Petruchi* suddenly.
Bufo. If the Devil be not in him, I'll
make him fast enough.
- 2120 *Alph.* Mean time wee'll take our
place, they are at hand.
Some sound our choisest musick t'entertain
This Queen with all the seeming forms
2125 of State. *Loud Musick.*
- Enter Queen supported by Petruchi,
Herophil, Collumello, Almada,
and Muretto.*
- All.* All joy to *Aragons* great King.
- 2130 *Alph.* You strive to act in words (my
lords) but we our self
Indeavor rather how to speak in act.
Now is a time of peace of amity.
The Queen is present; Lady, seat you
2135 here,
As neer, as if we plac'd you in our heart,
Where you are deep inthron'd.
Qu. As you in mine,
So may I ever live in yours, my Lord.
- 2140 *Alph.* How so? You are too charita-
ble now,
That covet but equality in love;
A cold, a frozen love; for I must think
The streams of your affections are dry'd
2145 up,
Or running from their wonted chan-
nels, range
In lawless paths of secresie and stealth;
Which makes us love you more.
- 2150 *Qu.* I would your words
Dissented not from your resolved
thoughts
For then (if I mistake not) you would
feel
- Extremity of passion, which indeed 2155
Is noble jealousy.
Alph. Are you so plain?
I thank you Madam; lend me your fair
hand,
What's here? O my presages! Whence 2160
got you this ring?
Qu. This ring, my lord?
Alph. This ring, my lord!
By honours reverend crest 'tis time to
wake. 2165
Art thou not pale, *Petruchi*?
Petr. Gracious, Sir.
This is the ring you sent me by *Muretto*,
Which 'cause it came from you, the
Queen would needs 2170
Exchange it for another of her own.
Alph. True, 'cause it came from me, I
take it so,
And grant ye, know the word. 'Tis won
and lost. 2175
- Enter a Guard, Bufo with them seize
Petruchi; Pynto the Queen.*
- Petr.* What mean ye, Helhounds?
Slaves, let go my sword.
Bufo. Keep in your chaps, and leave 2180
scolding, my small friend, 'tis now no
time to wrangle or to rore.
Qu. Nay, nay, with what you please I
am content.
Col. What means your Highness? 2185
Alm. wronge not Majesty
With such unnoble rigour.
Alph. O, my lords,
The weight of all this shame falls hea-
viest here 2190
In my afflicted bosome. Madman like
I would not credit, what mine ears had
heard,
From time to time of that adulterous
woman. 2195
For this have I liv'd widowed from her
bed,
Was deaf to proofs, to oaths, and ever
thought
That whoredom could not suit her self 2200
so trimly
On vertues outside. But *Petruchi* there
Hath a loud speaking conscience, can
proclaim
Her lust, and my dishonour 2205
Petr. Grant

Petr. Grant me hearing.
Alph. Away with him to prison, make him fast
 On pain of all your lives.
 2210 *Bufo.* Come, Sir, there is no playing fast and loose, which fit a ducat now.
Exit Bufo with Petruchi.
Col. But what now for the Queen?
Alph. As she deserves.
 2215 *Alm.* Our law requires a clear and open proof,
 And a judicial trial.
Alph. Yes to subjects
 It does, but who among you dares speak
 2220 justice
 Against your natural Sovereign? Not one.
Pyn. Your Majesty hath most wisely considered that point.
 2225 *Muret.* I have stood silent all this while, and cannot but with astonishment and unutterable grief bear a share of sadness in these disasters. But, Madam, be not altogether dejected on your part:
 2230 there is more mercy in this sovereign Prince, than that you should any way distrust.
Qu. Nay, even proceed and question me no more.
 2235 *Alph.* I will be gentle to you, and the course
 That I will take shall merit your best thanks.
 If in a moneth a Champion shall appear,
 2240 In single opposition to maintain Your honor; I will be the man my self
 In person to avouch this accusation:
 And which of us prevails, shall end this strife.
 2245 But if none come, then you shall lose your head.
 Mean time your usage shall be like a Queen.
Muret. Now by the life of honour, 'tis
 2250 a most Princely tryal, and will be worth you eternal memory.
Qu. Where must I then be led!
Alph. No where but here
 In our own palace; and as I am King,
 2255 None worse than I shall be her Guardian.
Alm. Madam, Heaven is the Guardian of the just;

You cannot miss a Champion.
Qu. E're I go, 2260
 May I entreat a word?
Alph. O yes, you may.
Qu. *Collumello* and *Almado*, hear me,
 I speak to you, and to your fellow Peers,
 Remember both by oaths and by alle- 2265
 giance
 You are my subjects.
Both. Madam, true, we are.
Qu. Then as you ever bore respect or
 truth 2270
 To me as to your Sovereign, I conjure ye
 Never to levy arms against the King,
 Singly or openly, and never else
 To justifie my right or wronge in this.
 For if you do, here I proclaim ye all 2275
 Traytors to loyalty and me: for surety,
 I crave your oaths a new.
Both. Since you enforce us,
 We sware: and heaven protect you.
Qu. Let me be gone. 2280
Alph. Well as they please for that:
Muretto, follow.
Exit all but Almada and Collummello.
Alm. Here is fine work, my lord.
 What's to be done? 2285
Col. Stand still while this proud Tyrant cuts our throats.
Alm. She's wrong'd, and this is only but a plot.
Velasco, now might binde his Country to 2290
 him;
 But he is grown so cowardly and base,
 That boys and children beat him as they
 list.
Col. I have be thought me, we, with 2295
 th' other Peers,
 Will set a proclamation out, assuring
 What worthy Knight soever undertakes,
 By such a day, as Champion for the
 Queen. 2300
 Shall have a hundred thousand ducats paid,
 Withal, what honors else he shall demand.
Alm. This must be speeded, or 'twill 2305
 come to late.
Col. It shall be suddain: Here our
 hope must stand;
*Kings command Subjects; Heav'n doth
 Kings command. Exeunt. 2310
 Act IV.*

Act IV.

Enter Salassa and Shaparoon.

Salas. A coward? 'tis impossible; *Velasco* a coward? The brave man? The
2315 wonder of the time? Sure, *Shaparoon*, 'tis a meer scandal rais'd by an enemy.

Shap. 'Tis most certain, most apparent; Taylors, Prentizes, nay, Bakers
2320 and Weavers; (things that drink cannot put spirit into, they are such mighty bread-eaters) they as I am an honest woman, fling old shoes at him, and he dares not turn back to give an angry
2325 word.

Salas. I had been sweetly promoted to such a tame Champion.

Shap. Gallants! Out upon 'em, 'tis your tough clown is your only raiser up
2330 of man or woman.

Salas. A Proclamation is sent out for certain?

Shap. Most assuredly.

Salas. The sum proposed, a hundred
2335 thousand ducats.

Shap. Present payment, without attendance.

Salas. 'Tis a glorious reward—speak low, and observe.

Enter Mopas reading a Proclamation.

Mop. Whosoever, man or woman, can, or will procure any such foresaid defendant, against the said day; let them, him, or she repair to the said lords of the
2345 Council, and give in such sufficient assurance for such defence, and they or any of them shall receive a hundred thousand ducats in ready cash; with what honors may give them, him, or
2350 her content or satisfaction.

O that I durst be valiant: A hundred thousand. A hundred thousand; how it rumbles in my chops.

Salas. Prethee, a word, my friend.

2355 *Mop.* Sweet Lady, all fair weather upon ye.

As for you, Madam, time was, I recom-

mend to your ancient remembrance, time is past: with my service forwards and backwards, when 'tis time present, 2360 resting yours in the whole *Mopas*.

Shap. Very courtly and pithy.

Salas. Pray let me view your paper.

Mop. 'Tis your ladships.

Shap. Some proclamation as I take it. 2365

Mop. Madam Reverence, you have taken it in the right cue.

Salas. I am o'rejoy'd; there's gold for thy news. Friend. I will make thee the
2370 happiest and most welcom messenger to thy lord, that ever received thanks from him; without delay, wait on me for instructions.

Mop. I am at your ladships beck.

Exeunt. 2375

Enter Alphonso, and Muretto.

Muret. True, true, Sir, you are set high upon the stage for action. O the top of my ambition, my hearts Idol!

What a perplexity are you twin'd into? 2380
And justly; so justly, that it is hard to judge, whether your happiness were greater in the possession of an unmatchable beauty, or your present misery, by
2385 enforcing that beauty to expose her honor to so apparent a contempt: This is not the least, that might have been in time prevented.

Alph. O I am lost *Muretto*, my sunke eyes 2390

Are buried in their hollows: busie thoughts

Press on like legions of infernal hags
To menace my destruction: Yet my judgment 2395

Still prompts my senses, that my Queen is fair.

Muret. Fair! Unspeakable workmanship of Heavens bounty. Were all the skilfullest Painters that ever discern'd
2400 colours, moulded into one, to perfect an Artist. Yet that Artist should sooner want fansie or imagination, for personating a curious medal, then ever to pattern a counterfeit so exquisitely ex-
2405 cellent, as is the Queen by nature.

Alph. I have surveyed the wonder of her cheeks,

Compar'd them with the lillies and the rose

And 2410

And by my life, *Muretto*, Roses are
Adulterate to her blush, and lilies pale,
Examin'd with her white; yet, blear
eyed fool,

2415 I could not see those rarities before
me.

Muret. Every man is blind (my lord)
in his own happiness, there's the curse
of our mortality.

2420 She was the very tale of the world:
Her perfections busied all tongues.
She was the onely wish of *Eurofes* chief-
est Monarchs.

Whose full fruition you (and 'twas your
2425 capital sin) most inhumanly abandoned.

Alph. Villain, *Petruchi*, let me for ever
curse him: Had he not been the man;
who else had durst to hazard a denyal
from her scorn?

2430 *Muret.* See now herein you are mon-
strous discourteous, above excuse; why,
Sir, what hath *Petruchi* done? Which
(from any King to a Vassal) al men would
not eagerly have persued. Alas, my lord,

2435 his nobleness is eternal, by this means, in
attempting and his felicity unmatchable,
in injoying the glory of his time, a beau
so conquering, so unparalell'd.

Alph. She is superlative.

2440 *Muret.* Divine.

Alph. Rich, bright.

Muret. immortal.

Alph. Too too worthy for a man.

Mur. The Gods might enjoy her.

2445 *Alph.* Nature ne're fram'd so sweet a
creature.

Muret. She is self Nature's Nature.

Alph. Let me for ever curse the frail
condition

2450 Of our deluded faculties: *Muretto*,
Yet being all, as she is all, her best
Is worst considering that she is a wan-
ton

2455 *Muret.* Build you a Palace, arch it
with Diamonds, roof it with Carbun-
cles, pave it with Emraulds, daub it
with Gold, furnish it with all what cost
can lay on, and then seal up the doors,
and at best 'tis but a solitary nest for
2460 Owles and Daws.

Beauty was not meerly created for won-
der, but for use: 'Tis you were in the

fault; 'tis you perswaded her, urg'd,
compell'd, inforc'd her: I know it, my
truth and plainness trumpets it out to 2465
ye: Besides, women (my lord) are all
creatures, not Gods nor Angels.

Alph. I must confess 'tis true, yet by
my Crown

She dyes, if none defend her, I'm re- 2470
solv'd.

Muret. 'Tis a heroical disposition, and
with your honour she cannot, must not
live. Here's the point; If she live and you
receive her to favour, you will be a no- 2475
ted Cuckold; which is a recognizance
dishonorable to all, but to a King fearful-
ly infamous. On the other side, if you
prevail, and she be put to death, you do
as it were deprive the Firmanent of the 2480
Sun, and your self of the treasure of the
whole earth.

Alph. Right, right, *Muretto*, there thou
strikest the wound

Too deeply to be cur'd, yet I must do't. 2485
I would fain see her now.

Muret. Pray do, Sir; and let *Petruchi*
come face to face to her; observe them
both, but be very mild to both: use ex- 2490
tremity to neither.

Alph. Well counsell'd; call them hi-
ther, but none with them:

Wee'll strive with grief; Heaven! I am
plung'd at full.

Never henceforward shall I slumber out 2495
One peaceful hour; my enraged blood
Turns coward to mine honour. I could
wish

My Queen might live now though I did
but look 2500

And gaze upon her cheeks, her ravishing
cheeks.

But, oh, to be a Cuckold; 's death, she
dyes.

Enter at one door Petruchi, and the 2505
other Muretto and the Queen, they
stand at several ends of the
Stage.

Muret. My gracious Lord.

Alph. Reach yond fair sight a chair, 2510
That man a stool, sit both, wee'll have
it so.

Mur. 'Tis Kingly done; in any case
E (my

- (my lord) curb now a while the violence of your passion, and be temperate.
- Qu.* Sir, 'tis my part to kneel, for on your brow
I read sad sentence of a troubled wrath,
2520 And that is argument enough to prove my guilt, not being worthy of your favour.
- Petr.* Let me kneel too, though not for pardon, yet
2525 In duty to this presence : else I stand As far from falsehood, as is that from truth
- Muret.* Nay, Madam, this not the promise on your part.
- 2530 It is his pleasure you should sit.
Qu. His pleasure is my law.
Alph. Let him sit too, the man, } *Both*
Petr. Sir, you are obey'd. } *sit.*
- Alph.* Between my comforts and my
2535 shame I stand
In equal distance ; this way let me turn
To thee thou woman. Let me dull mine eyes
With surfeit on thy beauty. What art
2540 thou
Great dazeling splendor ? Let me ever look
And dwell upon this presence.
Muret. Now it works.
- 2545 *Alph.* I am distract. Say ? What !
Do not, do not--
Muret. My lord the King--Why, Sir ?--
He is in a trance, or else metamorphis'd
2550 to some some pillar of marble : How fixedly a' stands.
D'ee hear, Sir ? What d'ee dream on ?
My lord, this is your Queen speak to her.
- Alph.* May I presume with my irreverent lips
2555 To touch your sacred hand.
Qu. I am too wretched
To be thought but the subject of your mirth.
- 2560 *Alph.* Why she can speak, *Muretto* ? O tell me pray,
And make me ever, ever fortunate ;
Are you a mortal creature ? Are ye indeed
2565 Moulded of flesh and blood like other women ?
- Can you be pittiful ? Can ye vouchsafe
To entertain fair parley ? Can you love,
Or grant me leave to love you ; can you,
say ? 2570
- Qu.* You know too well, my lord, instead of granting,
I ow a duty, and must sue to you,
If I may not displease.
- Alph.* Now I am great, 2575
You are my Queen, and I have wrong'd a merit,
More then my service in the humblest lowness
Can ever recompence. I'll rather wish 2580
To meet whole hosts of dangers, and encounter
The flabled whips of steel, then ever part
From those sweet eyes : not time shall 2585
sue divorce
'Twixt me and this great miracle of Nature.
- Muretto* ?
Muret. Sovereign Sir. 2590
Alph. I'll turn away,
And mourn my former errors--Worse then death
Look where a Basilisk with murdering flames 2595
Of poyson, strikes me Blinde. Insatiate tempter,
Patern of lust, 'tis thou alone hast sundred
Our lawful bride bed, planted on my 2600
crest
The horned Satyrs badge ; hast soyld a beauty
As glorious, as sits yonder on her front.
Kill him, *Muretto*, why should he receive 2605
The benefit of the law, that us'd no law
In my dishonours ?
Petr. Were you more a King 2610
Then Royalty can make you, though opprest
By your commanding powers, yea, and curb'd
In bonds most falsely, yet, give me a 2615
sword
And strip me to my shirt, I will defend
Her spotless vertue, and no more esteem,
In

In such a noble cause, an host of Kings,
2620 Then a poor stingless swarm of buzzing
flies.

Qu. Petrucci, in those words thou dost
condemn

Thy loyalty to me, I shall disclaim

2625 All good opinion of thy worth or truth,
If thou persevere to affront my lord.

Petr. Then I have done. Here's mis-
ery unspeakable ;

Rather to yeeld me guilty wrongfully,

2630 Then contradict my wrongs.

Alph. High impudence.

Could she be ten times fairer then she is,
Yet I would be reveng'd. You sweet,
I would

2635 Again—Her beams quite blast me.

Muret. If you will be an Eaglet of the
right aery, you must endure the Sun.
Can you chuse but love her ?

Alph. No by the Stars. Why would not
2640 you be honest; and know how I do dote?

Qu. May I be bold

To say I am, and not offend ?

Alph. Yes, yes,

Say so for heavens love, though you be
2645 as fowl

As sin can black your purity. Yet tell
me

That you are white and chast; That
while you live

2650 The span of your few dayes, I may re-
joyce

In my deluded follies; least I dye

Through anguish, e're I have reveng'd
my injury,

2655 And so leave you behind me for another;
That were intollerable.

Qu. Heaven knows, I ne're abus'd my
self or you.

Petr. As much sware I, and truly.

2660 *Alph.* Thou proud Devil,
Thou hast a lying tongue; They are con-
sented

In mischief. Get ye hence seducing
horrors.

2665 I'll stop mine eyes and ears till you are
gone.

As you would be more merciful, away,
Or as you would finde mercy.

Ex. Queen Petrucci contrary waies.

2670 *Muret.* Sir, they are gone.

Alph. And she too then let me be seen
no more.

I am distracted, both waies I feel my
blame ;

To leave her death, to live with her is 2675
shame. *Exit.*

Muret. Fare ye well King, this is ad-
mirable, I will be chronicled, all my
business ripens to my wishes. And if
honest intentions thrive so succesfully; 2680
I will henceforth build upon this assu-
rance, that there can hardly be a greater
Hell or Damnation, then in being a Vil-
lane upon earth. *Exit.*

Enter Lodovico, Salassa, Shaparon. 2685

Lodov. I am wonder stricken—And
were you i'faith the she indeed, that
turn'd my Lords heart so handsomly, so
cunningly? O how I reverence wit. Well,
lady, you are as pestilent a piece of po- 2690
licy, as ever made an ass of love.

Salas. But, *Lodovico*, I'll salve all a-
gain quickly.

Shap. Yes indeed forsooth, she has the
trick on't. 2695

Lodov. You have undertaken with the
lords already, you say.

Salas. I have, and my life is at stake,
but I fear not that.

Lodov. Pish, you have no need; one 2700
smile, or kinde simper from you does all;
I warrant ye the sight of so much gold,
as you are to receive, hath quickned
your love infinitely.

Salas. Why, Sir, I was not worthy 2705
of my lords love before; I was too
poor: but now two hundred thousand
ducats, is a dower fit for a lord.

Lodov. Marry is't. I applaud your
consideration. 2710
'Twas neatly thought on.

Enter Collumello and Almada.

Col. Have you prevail'd yet, lady, time
runs on,
You must not dally. 2715

Salas. Good my lords, fear nothing:
Were it but two hours to't, I should be
ready.

Enter Velasco very sad.

2720 *Lodov.* He comes himself, 'tis fit we stood unseen.

Ply him soundly, lady.

Alm. Let us withdraw then. *Exeunt.*

2725 *Velas.* I cannot be alone, still I am hunted

With my confounding thoughts : Too late I finde,

How passions at their best are but sly traytors

2730 To ruin honour. That which we call love,

Was by the wisest power above forethought

2735 To check our pride. Thus when men are blown up

At the highest of conceit, then they fall down

Even by the peevish follies of their frailties.

2740 *Salas.* The best of my Lord *Velasco's* wishes ever.

Crown him with all true content.

Velas. Cry ye mercy, Lady.

2745 *Salas.* I come to chide you my Lord ; can it be possible that ever any man could so sincerely profess such a mightiness of affection, as you have done to me , and forget it all so soon, and so unkindly.

2750 *Velas.* Are you a true very lover, or are you bound

For pennance to walk to some holy shrine

In visitation ? I have seen that face.

2755 *Salas.* Have you so ? O you are a hot lover ; a woman is in fine case to weep out her eyes for so uncertain a friend, as your protestations urg'd me to conceive you : But come I know what you'll say

2760 aforehand, *I* know you are angry.

Velas. Pray give me leave to be my own tormentor.

2765 *Salas.* Very angry, extreemly angry ; But as *I* respect perfection, tis more then *I* deserve.

Little know you the misery *I* have endured, and all about a hasty word of nothing, and *I'll* have it prove nothing ere we part.

2770 *Velas.* Her pride hath made her lunatick, alas !

She hath quite lost her wits, those are the fruits

Of scorns and mockeries.

Salas. To witness how indearely *I* 2775 prefer your merits, and love your person ; in a word, my lord, *I* absolve you, and set you free from the injunction *I* bound you in ; as *I* desire to thrive, *I* meant all but for a tryal in jest. 2780

Velas. these are no words of madness ; whither tends

The extremity of your invention , Lady ?

I'll swear no more. 2785

Salas. *I* was too blame, but one fault (me thinks) is to be pardoned, when *I* am yours and you firmly mine : *I'll* bear with many in you.

Velas. So, if you be in earnest ; What's 2790 the matter ?

Salas. The sum of all is, that *I* know it suits not with the bravery of the lord *Velasco's* spirit, to suffer his Queen and soveraign stand wrongfully accused 2795 of dishonour, and dye shamefully for a fault never committed.

Velas. Why 'tis no fault of mine.

Salas. Nor shall it be of mine : Go be a famous subject ; be a ransomer of thy 2800 Queen from dangers , be registred thy Countries patron : Fight in defence of the fairest and innocentest princess alive : *I* with my heart release you. First conquer ; that done, enjoy me 2805 ever for thy wife : *Velasco, I* am thine.

Velas. Pish, you release me, all their cunning strains

Of policy that set you now a work, To treble ruin me, in life, fame, soul, 2810 Are foolish and unable to draw down A greater wrath upon my head ; in troth

You take a wrong course lady.

Salas. Very good, Sir, 'tis prettily put 2815 off, and wondrous modestly. *I* protest no man hath enjoyn'd me to this task ; 'tis onely to do service to the State, and honour to you.

Velas. No man enjoyn'd you but your 2820 self ?

Salas. None else, as *I* ever had truth in me.

Velas. Know

- Velas.* Know then from me, you are a
2825 wicked woman,
And avarice, not love to me, hath forc'd
ye
To practice on my weakness. *I* could
raile ,
2830 Be most uncivil ; But take all in short:
I know you not.
Salas. Better and better ; the man
will triumph anon sure ; Prethee, good
dissemble no longer ; *I* say you shall
2835 fight, *I'll* have it so : *I* command you
fight, by this kiss you shall.
Velas. Forbear, let me in peace bid
you forbear ;
I will be henceforth still a stranger to
2840 you,
Ever a stranger, look, look up, up there
My oath is bookt , no humane power
can free me.
Salas. *I* grant you none but *I*.
2845 *Velas.* Be not deceived, *I* have
Forgot your scorns ; you are lost to me,
Witness the Genius of this place, how
e're
You tempt my constancy, *I* dare not
2850 fight.
Salas. Not dare to fight, what not for
me ?
Velas. No Lady.
I durst not, must not, cannot, will *I* not
2855 fight.
Salas. O me undone.
Velas. What ayles you ?
Salas. Now my life
Hath run it's last for *I* have pawn'd it Sir
2860 To bring you forth as champion for the
Queen.
Velas. And so should have the pro-
mis'd Gold.
Salas. *I, I.*
2865 *Velas.* You have reveng'd my wrongs
upon your selfe.
I cannot helpe you, nay alas you know
I lay not in me.
Salas. O take pitty on mee,
2870 Look heer, *I* hold my hands up, bend
my knees,
Heaven can require no more.
Velas. Then kneel to heaven
I am no God, *I* cannot do you good.
2875 *Salas.* Shall not my tears prevayle ?
- hard-hearted Man.
Dissembler, loves dishonour, bloody but-
cher
Of a poor Lady, be assured my Ghost
Shall haunt thy soule when *I* am dead. 2880
Velas. Your curse
Is false upon your own head , herein
show
A noble piety, to beare your death
With resolution, and for finall answer 2885
Lady *I* will not fight to gain the world.
Exit.
Salas. Gone ! *I* have found at length
my just reward ,
And henceforth must prepare to welcom 2890
Death.
Velasco *I* begin to love thee now.
Now *I* perceive thou art a noble man,
Compos'd of Goodnes, what a foole was *I* ?
I grieves me more to loose him then to 2895
die.
Enter Almada, Columello, Lodovico,
Shaproon.
Coll. Lady we have heard all that now
hath past, 2900
You have deceav'd your selfe and us,
the time
We should have spent in seeking other
means.
Is lost, of which you are the cause. 2905
Alm. And for it
The senats strickt decree craves execu-
tion,
what can you say ?
Salas. My Lords *I* can no more 2910
but yeild me to the law.
Shap. O that ever you were born, you
have made a sweet hand on't, have you
not.
Lodov. Here is the right recompence 2915
of a vain confidence, Mistresse : But *I*
will not torture you being so neer your
end, lady say your prayers and die in
Charity, that's all the pitty *I* can take
on ye *Exit Lodovico.* 2920
Coll. Ten times the gold you should
have had, now Lady cannot release you.
Alm. You alone are shee
Ruins your country. Heres the price
of sin, 2925
Ill thrift, all loose in seeking all to win.
Exit. all but shaproon.
Shap. Nay

Shap. Nay even go thy ways, 'tis an old proverbe that leachery and covetousnes go together, and 'tis a true one too, But I'll shift for one.

If some proper squire or lustly yeoman have a mind to any thing I have about me, 'a shall soon know what to trust too
2935 for I see the times are very troublesome.

Enter Pyneto.

Pyn. Now is the prosperous season when the whole round of the planets are coupling together. Let birds and
2940 beasts observe valentines day, I am a man and all times are with me in season, this same Court ease hath sett my blood on tiptoe, I am Madder then a march hare.

Shap. Blessing on your fair face, your handsome hand, your clean foot sir, are you a Courtier sir?

Pyn. Good stars direct me, sweet woman, I am a Courtier, if you have any
2950 suit, what is't, what is't? be short.

Shap. Lord what a Courteous proper man 'a is, trust me, 'a hath a most eloquent beard. — Suit Sir, Yes Sir, I am
2955 a cuntry gentlewoman by father and Mothers side, one that comes to see fashions and learne newes. And How I pray sir (if I may be so bold to aske) stand things at Court Sir now a dayes?

Pyn. A very modest necessary and discreet Queustion.

Indeed Mistris COUNTRY-Gentlewoman, things at Court stand as they were ever wont, some stiffe and some slacke, every
2965 thing according to the imployment it hath.

Shap. Mary, the more pittie sir, that they have not all good doing a like, methinkes, they should be all and at all times ready heer.

Pyn. You speake by a figure, by your leave, in that.

But because you are a stranger, I will a litte more amply informe you.

Heer at our Court of *Arragon*, Schollars
2975 for the most part are the veriest foolles for that they are allways beggerly and pround. And foolish citizens the wisest schollars for that they never run at charges for greater learning to cast up their

reck'nings, then their Horn-book. 2980

Here every old lady is cheaper then a proctor, and will as finely convey an open act, without any danger of a consistory. Love and money sweepes all before them, be they cut or longtaylor. Do
2985 not I deserve a kisse for this discovery Mistris.

Shap. A kisse, O my dear chastity, yes indeede forsooth, and I pray please your selfe. 2990

Pyn. Good wench by venus, but are you any thing rich?

Shap. Rich enough to serve my turn.

Pyn. I see you are reasonable fair.

Shap. I ever thought my selfe so. 2995

Pyn. Will you survey my lodgings?

Shap. At your pleasure sir being under your gard as I am.

Enter Mopas and Bufo.

Buf. Sirrha *Mopas*, If my mistresse say
3000 but the word, thou shalt see what an employt, I will doe.

Mop. You'le undertake it you say, though your throat be cut in your own defence, 'tis but manslaughter, you can
3005 never be hang'd for it.

Buf. Nay I am resolute in that point, heer's my hand, let him shrinke, that list, I'll not flinch a hayres breadth
Mopas. 3010

Mop. What, old huddle and twang so close at it, and the dog dayes so neer, Hearke ye, your lady is going the way of all flesh. And so is that schollar with you methinkes, though not in the same cue,
3015 is 'a not?

Shap. 'A has promist to tell me my fortune at his chamber, and do me some other good for my ladies safety.

Pyn. I have spoken, the planets shall
3020 be rul'd by me, Captain, you know they shall.

Buf. Let the planets hang themselves in the elements, what care I, I have other matters to trouble my braines. 3025

Mop. Signior *Pyneto* take her to you, as true a mettall'd blade as ever was turn'd into a dudgion, hearke in your eare.

Enter Lodovico and Herophil.

Lodov. I know not how to trust you,
3030 you ar all so fickle so unconstant.

Her. If

Herop. If I faile
 Let me be mark't a Strumpet.
Lodov. I apprehend you use him kindly still,
 3035 See where 'a is , Captain you are well mett,
 Her'es one whose heart you have.
Herop. He knowes he has.
 3040 *Buf.* Why by my troth I thanke you forsooth, 'tis more of your curtesie then my deserving, but I shall study to deserve it.
Herop. I hope so, and doubt it not.
 3045 *Lodov.* Madam Cosen *Shaproon.*
Shap. You are welcom sir.
Pyn. Cosen, Nay then I smell she is a gentlewoman indeed.
Mop. Yes, and as antiently descended
 3050 as Flesh and blood can derive her.
Pyn. I am a made man and I will have her.
Herop. You'le walke with me sir ?
Buf. Even through fire and water.
 3055 sweet Mistres.
Lodov. Let's every one to what concerns us most,
 For now's the time all must be sav'd or lost. *Exeunt all.*

3060

Act V.

A Scassold

Enter Velasco and Lodovico.

Velas. This is not kindly done ; nor like a friend.
 3065 *Lodov.* Keep your chamber then, what should owles and batts do abroad by day light ? why, you are become so notoriously ridiculous, that a Craven is reputed of nobler spirit amongst birds, then
 3070 *Velasco* among men.
Velas. Why *Lodovico* dost thou tempt my wrongs ?
 O friend, 'tis not an honor or a fame
 Can be a gain to me , though I should
 3075 dare
 To entertain this Combatt, say my fate

Did crown mine arm with conquest of the King,
 Put case the cause add glory to the justice 3080
 Of my prevailing sword ? what can I win ?
 Saving a pair of lives I lose a soule ,
 My rich soule *Lodovico*, Does not yet
 The heart even shrill within thee ? All thy spirits 3085
 Melt into Passions, All thy manhood stagger
 Like mine ? Nay canst thou chuse but now confess
 That this word Coward is a name of Dignity ? 3090
Lodov. Faint hearts and strong touns are the tokens of many a tall prattling Ghossipe. Yet the truth is you have halfe convinced me, But to what end will you
 3095 be a looker on the Tragedy of this shee Beast ? it will but breed your greater vexation.
Velas. I hope not so, I looke for Comfort in't. 3100
Lodov. Mass : that may be too, It cannot but make your melancholy a little merry, to see the woodcockes neck caught in a worse noose, then shee had set for you. 3105
Velas. That's but a poor revenge, I'de rather weep
 On her behalfe, but that I hope her courage
 Will triumph over Death. 3110
Lodov. My Lord they come.
Velas. Let me stand back unseen, Good Angells guard her.
Velasco Muffles himselfe.
Enter executioner before Salassa. her 3115
Hayre loose, after her , Almada, Collumello and officers.
Alm. Tis a sad welcom.
 To bid you welcome to the stroak of Death. 3120
 Yet you are come too't Lady.
Coll. And a curse
 Throughout the land will be your generall knell,
 For having bin the wilfull overthrow, 3125
 First of your Countreys Champion, next your Queen ,
 Your

- Your Lawfull Sovereign, who this very day.
- 3130 Must act apart which you must act before,
but with less guilt.
Alm. Use no long speeches lady,
The danger of the time, calls us away,
- 3135 We cannot listen to your farewells now.
Sal. I have few words to say, my heart is lodg'd
In yon same upper Parliament, yet now
If ere I part, and shall be seen no more,
- 3140 Some man of mercy could but truly speake
One word of pardon from the Lord *Velasco*,
My peace were made in earth, and I should fly
- 3145 With wings of speed to Heaven.
Alm. Pish here's not any.
Salas. Not any? on then, why should I prolong
- 3150 A minute more of life, that liveso late,
Where most I strive for love to purchase hate,
Beare witnes Lords I wish not to call back
- 3155 My younger dayes in promise that I would
Redeem my fault and do *Velasco* right,
But could I but reverse the doom of time,
- 3160 I would with humblest suit make pray-ers to heaven
For his long flourishing welfare.
Col. Dispatch, dispatch;
You should have thought on this before,
- 3165 pray now
For your own health, for you have need to pray.
Lodov. Madam *Salassa*, I am bold to take leave of ye before your long journey: All
- 3170 the comfort that I can give you is, that the weather is like to hold very fair, you need not take much care for either hood or cloke for the matter.
Salas. Are you come? Worthy Sir, then I may hope
Your noble friend hath sent one gentle sigh
To grace my funeral: For vertues sake
Give me a life in death; tell me, O tell
- 3180 me,
- If he but seal my pardon, all is well.
Lodov. Say ye so? Why then in a word, go merrily up the stayers; my lord *Velasco* desires Heaven may as heartily forgive him, as he does you. 3185
Salas. Enough, I thank his bounty, on I go *goes up the Scaffold.*
To smile on horror: so, so, I'm up.
Great in my lowness, and to witness further 3190
My humbleness, here let me kneel and breath
My penitence: O women in my fall,
Remember that your beauties, youth and pride 3195
Are but gay tempters, 'less you wisely shun
The errors of your frailties: let me ever
Be an example to all fickle dames,
That folly is no shrine for vertuous 3200
names.
Heaven pardon all my vanities, and free
The lord *Velasco*, what e're come of me.
Bless, bless, the lord *Velasco*.—Strike.
As he is about to strike, Velasco steps out. 3205
Velas. Villain, hold, hold! Or thou dyest, Slave.
Alm. What means that countermand?
Lodov. Hey, do! More news yet, you 3210
will not be valiant when 'tis too late, I trust?
Velas. Woman, come down: Who lends me now a sword?
Lodov. Marry, that do I, Sir, I am your 3215
first man; Here, here, here, take heed you do not hurt your fingers; 'twill cut plaguely: and what will you do with it?
Velas. Base woman, take thy life, thy 3220
cursed life,
I set thee free, and for it pawu a soul:
But that I know heaven hath more store
of mercy,
Then thou and all thy sex of sin and 3225
falsehood.
My Lords, I now stand Champion for the Queen:
Doth that discharge her?
Col. Bravest man, it doth: 3230
Lady, y'are safe; now, Officers away.
This is a blessed hour! *Ex. Officers.*
Alm. You

Alm. You shall for ever
Bind us your servants.

3235 *Lodov.* Aha : Why then, however
things happen, let them fall, as they fall.
God a' mercy, my lord, at last.

Col. Hark how the people ring apeal
of joy, *Shout within.*

3240 For this good news. My lord, time steals
away ;
We may not linger now.
Salas. You give me life ;
Take it not, Sir, away again. I see

3245 Upon your troubled eyes such discon-
tent
As frights my trembling heart ; Dear
Sir—

Velas. The Gold

3250 You hazarded your life for, is your own,
You may receive it at your pleasure.

Alm. Yes,
'Tis ready for you, lady.

Salas. Gold ? Let gold,

3255 And all the treasures of the earth besides
Perish like trash ; I value nothing, Sir,
But your assured love.

Velas. My love ! Vain woman,
Henceforth thus turn I from thee, never

3260 look
For Apish dotage, for a smile, a how d'ee,
A fare ye well, a thought from me: let
Snakes
Live in my bosom, and with muderous

3265 stinges
Infect the vital warmth, that lends them
life,
If ever I remember thee or thine.
If I prevail, my services shall crave

3270 But one reward, which shall be, if that
ever
Thou come but in my sight, the State wil
please
To banish thee the land ; or else I vow,

3275 My self to leave it.
Salas. My ill purchast life !
Velas. Ill purchast life, indeed, whose
ransom craves
A sadder price, then price of bloodshed

3280 saves.
Go, learn bad woman, what it is, how
foul,
By gaining of a life, to lose a soul.
The price of one oul doth exceed as far

A life here, as the Sun in light a Star. 3285
Here though we live some threescore
years, or more,
Yet we must dye at last, and quit the
score
We ow to nature. But the soul once 3290
dying,
Dyes ever, ever ; no repurifying ;
No earnest sighs or grones ; no interces-
sion ;
No tears ; no pennance ; no too late con- 3295
fession
Can move the ear of justice, if it doom
A soul past cure to an infernal tomb.
Make use of this *Salassa.*

Lodov. Think upon that now, and 3300
take heed, you look
My lord no more in the face.

Salas. Goodness protect him ! now my
life so late
I strove to save, which being sav'd I 3305
hate. *Exeunt all.*

*Enter Alphonso armed all save the head,
leading the Queen, a Herald going
before, Murette, Herophil,
a Guard.* 3310

Alph. Are you resolv'd to dye ?
Qu. When life is irksom
Death is a happiness.

Alph. Yes, if the cause
Make it not infamous : But when a 3315
beauty
So most incomparable as yours, is ble-
mish'd
With the dishonorable stamp of whore-
dom : 3320
When your black tainted name, which
should have been
(Had you preserv'd it nobly) your best
Chronicle,
Wherein you might have liv'd, when 3325
this is stain'd,
And justly too ; then death doth but
heap
Affliction on the dying. Yet you see
With what a sympathie of equal grief 3330
I mourn your ruine.

Qu. Would you could as clearly
Perceive mine innocence, as I can clearly
Protest it. F *Alph.* Fy,

3335 *Alph.* Fy to justify a sin
Is worse then to commit it, now y'are
faulty.

Muret. What a royall pair of excel-
lent creatures are heer both upon the
3340 castaway. It were a saint like mercy in
you (my Lord) to remitt the memory of
a past errour. And in you Madam (if
you be guilty of the supposed crime) to
submit your selfe to the King. I dare
3345 promise, his love to you is so unfayned,
that it will relent in your humility. Pray
do, good Madam do.

Qu. But how if I be free ?

Muret. By any means, for your honors
3350 cause do not yeeld then one jot. Let
not the faint feare of Death deject you
before the royalty of an erected heart.
D'ee heare this my Lord, 'tis a doubtfull
case, almost impossible to be decided,
3355 Look upon her well, as I hope to prosper,
shee hath a most vertuous, a most inno-
cent countenance. Never heed it. I
know my Lord your jealousy and your
affectionswrestle together within you for
3360 them astery. Mark her beauty throughly.
Now by all the power of Love, tis pitty
Shee should not be as fair within as
without.

Alph. Could that be prov'd, I'de give
3365 my kingdom straight
And live a slave to her, and her perfecti-
ons.

Enter Almada, Columello, Attendants.

Lords welcome, see thus arm in arm we
3370 pace
To the wide theater of blood and shame
My Queen and I, my Queen ? had shee
bin still

As shee was, mine, we might have liv'd
3375 too happ'ly,
For eithers comfort. Heer on this sweet
modell,

This plott of wonder, this fair face, stands
fixt
3380 My whole felicity on earth. In witnes
Whereof, behold (my Lords) those
manly tears

Which her unkindnes and my cruell fate
Force from their quiet springs, They
3385 speak aloud

To all this open ayre, their publick eyes,

That whither I kill or dy in this attempt
I shall in both be vanquisht.

Alm. 'Tis strange my Lord

Your love should seem so mighty in 3390
your hatred.

Alph. Muretto go, and guard *Petruchy*
safe. *Exit Muretto.*

We must be stout now, and give over
whineing. 3395

He shall confesse strange things (my
Lords) I warrant ye,
Comes not a champion yet ?

Qu. None dares I hope.

Coll. The Queen you know, hath bound 3400
us all by Oath,

We must not undertake to combat you
Although the cause should prove appa-
rent for her.

Alph. Must not ? why then y'are co- 3405
wards all, all base,

And fall off from your duties, but you
know

Her follies are notorious, none dare's
stand 3410

To justify a sin, they see so playnely.

Coll. You are too hard a censurer.

Alph. Give me your hand, farewell,
thus from my joy's

I part, I ever part, Yet good my Lords, 3415
Place her on yonder throne, where shee
may sit

Just in mine eye, that so if strength
should fail,

I might fetch double strength from her 3420
sweet beauty.

I'le heare no answers.

Qu. Heaven be always guard

To Noble actions *place the Queen.*

Coll. Heer's a medley love 3425

That kills in Curtesie.

Alph. Herald sound a } trumpet
warning to all defendants— } sounds.

What comes no one forth:

How like you this my Lords ? 3430
Sirrah sound again. *Second sound.*

A Trumpet within

Enter herald sounding, after him Velasco
arm'd all save the head, Lodovico
and attendants. 3435

Velasco ? ha ? art thou the man ? although
Thy

Thy cowardice hath publisht thee so
base,
As that it is an injury to honour
3440 To fight with one that hath been baff'd
scorn'd,
Yet I will bid thee welcom.
Velas. Nobly spoken.
Past times can tell you sir, I was no co-
3445 ward ,
And now the justice of a gallant quar-
rell
Shall new revive my dulnes, Yonder sits
A Queen as free from stain, of your dis-
3450 grace,
As you are fowle in urging it.
Alph. Thou talk'st couragiously, I love
thee for it,
And, if thou canst make good what thou
3455 avouchest ,
I'll kneel to thee , as to another nature
Velas. We come not heer to chide, My
sword shall thunder
The right for which I strike.
3460 *Qu.* Traytor to loyalty ,
Rash and unknown fool, what desperate
lunacy
Hath led thee on to draw thy treache-
rous sword
3465 Against thy King , upon a ground so
giddy
That thou art but a stranger in the cause
Thou wouldst defend, By all my royall
blood
3470 If thou prevailst, thy head shal answer it.
Coll. Madam you wrong his truth, and
your own fame.
Alm. You violate the liberty of armes.
Alph. Pish, listen not to her, 'tis I'me
3475 your man.
Qu. Why foolish Lords , unsensible
and false,
Can any drop of blood be drawn from
him
3480 My Lord, your King, which is not drawn
from me ?
Velas by the duty that thou ow'st me
I charge thee to lay by thy armes.
Velas. I must not ,
3485 Unles this man whom you call king ,
confess
That he hath wrong'd your honor.
Qu. Wilt thou fight then

When I command the contrary ?
Velas. I will. 3490
Qu. Velasco. heare me once more, thou
were wont
To be as pittifull as thou wert valiant,
I will entreat thee gentle kind *Velasco*,
A weeping Queen sues to thee, Doe not 3495
fight ,
Velasco, every blow thou givest the King,
Wounds mee, didst ever love ? *Velasco*
hear me.
Alph. Shee must not be endur'd. 3500
Velas. Nor can shee win me,
Blush you my Lord at this.
Qu. O let me dy
Rather then see my Lord affronted thus
Queen falls into a sound. 3505
Velas. Hold up the *Queen*, she swoons.
Alm. Madam Deare Madam.
Coll. Can you see her and not be toucht
my Lord ?
Was ever woman false that lov'd so truly 3510
Alph. 'Tis all dissimulation.
Velas. You dishonour her ,
To prove it I'll fight both quarrels now.

Enter a herauld sounding a trumpett.
after him Petruchi arm'd head 3515
and all.

Lodov. Heydo ? here comes more work
for mettall men.
Alm. Another who should he be ?
Alph. Speake what art thou? 3520
Petr. One that am summon'd from the
power above
To guard the innocence of that fair *Queen*
Not more against the man that would
accuse her 3525
Then all the world besides.
Th'art welcome too.
Velas. You come too late friend, I am
he alone
Stand ready to defend that gracious 3530
beauty.
You may return.
Petr. Ther's not a man alive
Hath interest in this quarrel but my selfe,
I out of mine own knowledg can avouch 3535
Her accusation to be meerly false,
As hel it selfe.

Qu. What mortall man is he,
So wilfull in his confidence, can swear
3540 More then he knowes.

Petr. I swear but what I know.

Alph. Hast thou a name ?

Petr. Yes, helpe my beaver down ,
D'ee know me now ?

3545 *Lodovico discovers him*

Alph. Petruchi / death of manhood ,
I am plainly bought & sold, why wher's
Muretto ?

3550 *Enter Muretto with a
sword drawn.*

Muret. Here as ready to stand in de-
fence of that Miracle of chast women, as
any man in this presence.

3555 *Alph.* Are all conspir'd against me? what
thou too ?

Now by my fathers ashes, by my life
Thou art a villain, a grosse rank'rous vil-
lain ,

3560 Did'st not thou only first inforce my
thoughts to jealousy ?

Muret. Tis true I did.

Alph. Nay more ,

Didst not thou feed those thoughts with
fresh supplies

3565 Nam'd every circumstance ?

Muret. All this I grant.

Alph. Dost grant it, Dog, slave, Hel-
hound ?

Muret. Will you hear me ?

3570 *Coll.* Heare him good my Lord, let us
perswade ye,

Alph. What canst thou say Impostor?
speake and choake.

3575 *Muret.* I have not deserv'd this my
Lord, and you shall find it , 'tis true, I
must confesse, that I was the only instru-
ment to incense you to this distempera-
ture and I am proud to say it, and say
it again before this noble presence , that
3580 I was my selfe the only man.

Alph. Insufferable Devil !

Alm. Pray my Lord.

3585 *Muret.* Wonder not my Lords , but
lend mee your attentions , I saw with
what violence he pursude his resolutions
not more in detestation of the Queen in
particular, then of all her sex in gene-

rall. That I may not weary your pati-
ence: I bent all my Studies to devise,
which way I might do service to my 3590
country, by reclayming the distraction
of his discontents. And having felt his
disposition in every pulse, I found him
most addicted to this pestilence of jealo-
sy with a strong persuasion of which ; I 3595
from time to time, ever fed him by de-
grees, till I brought the Queen and the
noble Petruchi into the dangers they
yet stand in. But with all (and herin I
appeale to your Majesties own approba- 3600
tion) I season'd my words with such an
intermixing the praises of the Queens
bewty, that from jealousy I drew the King
into a serious examination of her per-
fections. 3605

Alph. Thus farr I must acknowledg,
he speaks truth.

Muret. At length having found him
indeed surely affected, I perceav'd, that
nothing but the suppos'd blemish of her 3610
dishonour, could work a second divorce
between them.

Alph. True, truly fates own truth.

Muret. Now my Lords, to cleer that
imputation, I knew how easie it would 3615
be, by the apparent certainty it selfe, In
all which, if I have erred, it is the error
of a loyall service. Only I must ever ac-
knowledg how justly I have deserved
a punishment, in drawing so vertuous a 3620
princesses honor into publick question;
and humbly referr my selfe to her gra-
cious clemency , and your noble con-
structions.

Alph. But can, can this be so ? 3625

Muret. Let me ever else, be the subject
of your rage, in the sufferance of any tor-
ture.

Alph. And is shee chast *Petruchi* ?

Petr. Chast by vertue , 3630
As is the new born virgin , for ought I
know.

Muret. I ever whisperd so much in
your ears my Lord, and told you, that it
was impossible such singular endow- 3635
ments by nature , should yeild to the
corruption so much, as of an unworthy
thought.

Did I not tell you so from time to time,
Alph. Lay

3640 *Alph.* Lay by your arms, my lords, and
joyn with me.
Let's kneel to this (what shall I call
her ?) Woman ?
No, she's an Angel. Glory of Crea-
3645 tion, *All kneel.*
Can you forget my wickedness? Your
Peers,
Your Senators, your bravest men, make
suit on my behalf. Why speak ye not,
3650 my lords?
I am I know too vile to be remitted,
But she is merciful.
All. Great Sovereign Lady—
Qu. Be not so low, my lord, in your
3655 own thoughts :
You are, as you were, Sovereign of my
heart ;
And I must kneel to you.
Alph. But will you love me ?
3660 *Qu.* 'Tis my part to ask that: will you
love me ?
Alph. Ever, yours ever ; let this kiss
new marry us.
What say ?
3665 *Qu.* It does ; and heaven it self can
tell
I never did , nor will wrong our first
loves.
Alph. Speak it no more. Let's rise ,
3670 now I am King
Of two rich Kingdoms, as the world af-
fords :
The Kingdom of thy beauty, and this
land.
3675 But what rests for *Muretto* ?
Qu. I account my worthiest thanks
his debt.
Alm. And he deserves all honor , all
respect.
3680 *Col.* Thus my imbraces
Can witness how I truly am his friend.
Velas. And I whilst I have life.
Lodov. Nay when I am dead I , will
appear again, clap thee on the shoulder
3685 and cry, God a' mercy old Suresby.
Petr. I must ask pardon of him, still I
thought
His plot had aim'd all at his own be-
hoof,
3690 But I am sorry for that misconceit.
Muret. My lords, What I have been

bheretofore, I cannot altogether excuse;
hut I am sure my desires were alwaies
monest , however my low fortune kept
nee down : But now I finde 'tis your ho- 3695
erst man is your honest man still, how-
e the world go.
Alph. Muretto , Whilst I live thou
shalt be neer me,
As thou deservest : And noble Gentle- 3700
men
I am in all your debts : henceforth be-
leeve me,
I'll strive to be a servant to the State.
All. Long live happy both. 3705
Alph. But where are now my brace
of new-made Courtiers,
My Scholler and my Captain ?
Lodov. I cry guilty, there is a large
story depends upon their exploits, my 3710
Lord; for both they thinking in such pe-
rilous times to be shifting every man
for one, have took a passing provident
course to live without help hereafter.
The man in the moon, Signior *Pynto*, 3715
for the raising of his fortune a Planet
higher, is by this time married to a
kinde of loose-bodied widow , called
by Sirname a Bawde ; one that if he
follow wholesom instructions , will 3720
maintain him, there's no question on't,
the captain for his part, is somewhat more
delicately resolv'd for as adventurous
(though not as frail) a piece of service.
For he in hope to marry this lady, at- 3725
tending on the Queen, granted *Petruchi*
his liberty, and by this time hath recei-
ved a sufficient *quietus est*.
Alph. Are these my trusty servants ?
What a blindness was I led into ! 3730
Lodov. If your Highnesses both will
in these daies of mirth crown the Co-
medy ; first let me from the Queens roy-
al gift be bold to receive *Herophil* for my
wife ; She and I are resolv'd of the bu- 3735
siness already.
Qu. With all my heart, I think her
well bestow'd,
If she her self consents.
Her. My duty, Madam , 3740
Shall ever speak my thankfulness, in
this
I reckon all my services rewarded.
Velas. Much

Velas. Much comfort to you friend.
 3745 *All.* All joy and peace.
Lodov. My duty to my Sovereigns, to
 all therest at once, my heartiest hearti-
 est thanks. Now, lady, you are mine ;
 why so, here's short work to begin with.
 3750 If in the end we make long work, and
 beget a race of mad-caps, we shall but
 do as our fathers and mothers did ,
 and they must be cared for.

*Enter Pynto, Bufo, Mopas with a tire upon
 his head, and Shaparoon:*
 3755

Pyn. Follow me not bawde ; my lord
 the King ;
 My Jove, justice, justice.
Buf. Justice to me, I was like to have
 3760 been married to these black muschatoes
 instead of that lady.

Pyn. I to this ugly bawde.
Both. Justice.
Alph. Hence you ridiculous fools, I
 3765 banish you
 For ever from my presence : Sirrah, to
 thee

I give the charge, that they be forthwith
 stript,
 3770 And put into such rags they came to
 Court in ;
 And so turn'd off.

Pyn. Dost hear me King ?
Buf. King hear me, I'me the wiser
 3775 man.

Alph. No more I say.
Mop. Come away , come away for
 shame ; you see what 'tis to be given to
 the flesh : the itch of letchery must be
 3780 cured with the whip of correction.
 Away, away. *Exeunt Bufo, Pynto,
 Mopas and Shaparoon.*

Alph. What else remains
 But to conclude this day in Hymen's
 3785 Feasts ?

*Enter Salassa her hair loose, a white rod in
 her hand, two or three with bags
 of money.*

To whom ; for what ;
 3790 Your meaning, name, and errand ?

Salas. At those feet
 Lay down those sums of gold, the price
 of guilt,
 Of shame, of horror.

Qu. What new riddle's this ? 3795
*Muretto whispers the King, Collu-
 mello the Queen.*

Muret. My Gracious lord.
Col. I shall inform your Highness.
Velas. Woman of impudence. 3800

Salas. Your looks proclaim
 My sentence banishment , or if you
 think
 The word of banishment too hard to ut-
 3805 ter.

But turn away, my lord, and without
 accent
 I'll understand my doom, I'll take my
 leave,

And like a penitentiary walk 3810
 Many miles hence to a religious shrine.
 Of some chast sainted Nun, and wash my
 fin off

In tears of penance, to my last of breath.
Velas. You come to new torment me. 3815

Salas. I am gone, my lord ; I go for
 ever. *Going out.*

Lodov. Faith be merciful, the woman
 will prove a wife worth the having, I'll
 Pass my word. 3820

Alph. E'ne so ; stay, lady, I com-
 mand you, stay.
Velasco here's occasion proffer'd now
 For me to purchase some deserving fa-
 3825 vour

From woman ; honour me in my first
 suit ;
 Remit and love that lady.

Velas. Good my lord.
Alph. Nay, nay, I must not be deny'd, 3830
 my Queen

Shall joyn with me to mediate for her.
Qu. Yes, I dare undertake, she that
 presents

Her pennance in such sorrow, heartys or- 3835
 row,

Will know how to redeem the time
 with duty,
 With love, obedience.

Lodov. D'ee hear, my lord ; all the la- 3840
 dies in *Arragon*, and my wife among the
 rest, will bait ye like so many wild cats,
 if

if you should triumph over a poor yeelding creature, that does in a manner lye
 3845 down to ye of her own accord. Come,
 I know you love her with all the very
 vaines of your heart.

Muret. There's more hope of one wo-
 man reclaim'd (my lord) then of ma-
 3850 ny conceited of their own innocence,
 which indeed they never have but in
 conceit.

Velas. To strive against the ordinance
 of fate,
 3855 I finde is all in vain : Lady, your hand,
 I must confess I love you, and I hope
 Our faults shall be redeem'd in being
 henceforth
 True votaries to vertue, and the faith

Our mutual vows shal to each other ow. 3860
 Say, are you mine, resolv'd ?

Lodov. Why that's well said.

Salas. Yours, as you please to have
 me.

Velas. Here then ends . 3865
 All memory of any former strife :
 He hath enough who hath a vertuous
 wife,

All. Long joy to both,

Alph. The money we return 3870
 Where it is due ; and for *Velasco's* merits
 Will double it. Thus after storms a
 calm

Is ever welcomest : Now we have past
 The worst, and all I hope is well at last 3875

Exeunt.

F I N I S.

ERLÄUTERUNGEN.

Von den zahlreichen Druckfehlern, die der alte Text enthält, habe ich nur diejenigen verbessert, die entweder nicht ganz einfach waren oder leicht als *neue* Fehler angesprochen werden könnten.

Die Verweise auf Forde's Dramen beziehen sich auf *The Works of John Ford*, London, 1895, 3 Bde.

TITEL.

Das gr. Citat stammt aus Hes. Ἔργα καὶ Ἡμέραι, l. 157 ff, wo es jedoch lautet :

αὐτίς ἔτ' ἄλλο τέταρτον ἐπὶ χθονὶ πουλυβοτείρῃ
Ζεὺς Κρονίδης ποίησε δικαιοτέρον καὶ ἄρειον,
ἀνδρῶν ἠρώων θεῖον γένος, οἱ καλέονται
ἡμίθεοι.

Die Änderung hat ihren Grund in der beabsichtigten Beziehung auf die Königin und wird wohl von Forde herstammen, der Hesiod gekannt zu haben scheint. Vergl. *Perkin Warbeck*, III, 1 (II, p. 156) :

A bloody hour will it prove to some,
Whose disobedience, like the sons o' th' earth,
Throws a defiance 'gainst the face of heaven.

Das übrigens verderbt überlieferte lat. Citat entstammt wohl einem Humanisten ?

SEITE [3*].

5 Mohun. Über diese Dame habe ich nichts erfahren können.

SEITE [4*].

32 lies : Polititian.

SEITE [5*].

16 here lies : have ??

26 that order sc. das Episcopat.

27 lies : Antichristians ?

30 red coates... strip't. Vergl. Wright's *Historia Hist.* (Arber, *Engl. Garner*, II, p. 277) : They continued undisturbed for three or four days : but at last, as they were presenting the tragedy of the *Bloody Brother*..... a party of foot-soldiers beset the house, surprised them about the middle of the play, and carried them away, in their habits not admitting them to shift, to Hatton House, then a prison : where having detained them some time, they plundered them of their clothes, and let them loose again.

Vergl. ferner die 2^{te} Vorrede Kirkman's zu seiner Sammlung *The Wits, or, Sport upon Sport*, 1672 :

Epistles and Prefaces have of late been so much in fashion, that very few Dramatick Poems, Vulgarly called Plays, have been published, but what have been Ushered by those Customary Apologies ; and so much Art and Learning have been used in them, that oftentimes a greater part of the Book hath been taken up in their composition. The intent of which Prefacing hath been alike in all to vindicate and justify their own manner of writing, and decry others : Some have been wholly for Prose, and others for Verse ; some for serious Language, and others for Farce ; but all agree in this : That Plays are but Diversions in what kind soever understood. This hath been the Custom and Opinion of others. Now, lest I should appear ignorant of the fashion, and thought incapable to follow it, I am obliged to say somewhat too ; but since I resolve against any long Learned Discourse, I shall only give you a taste of my Experience, which I hope may be as divertive and pleasant.

The most part of these Pieces were written by such Penmen as were known to be the ablest Artists that ever this Nation produced, by Name, *Shake-spear, Fletcher, Johnson, Shirley*, and others ; and these Collections are the very Souls of their writings, if

the witty part thereof may be so termed : And the other small Pieces composed by several other Authors are such as have been of great fame in this last Age. When the publique Theatres were shut up, and the Actors forbidden to present us with any of their Tragedies, because we had enough of that in earnest ; and Comedies, because the Vices of the Age were too lively and smartly represented ; then all that we could divert our selves with were these humours and pieces of Plays, which passing under the Name of a merry conceited Fellow, called *Bottom the Weaver*, *Simpleton the Smith*, *John Swabber*, or some such Title, were only allowed us, and that but by stealth too, and under pretence of Rope-dancing, or the like ; and these being all that was permitted us, great was the confluence of the Auditors ; and these small things were as profitable, and as great get-pennies to the Actors as any of our late famed Plays. I have seen the *Red Bull* Play-House, which was a large one, so full, that as many went back for want of room as had entred ; and as meanly as you may now think of these Drols, they were then Acted by the best Comedians then and now in being ; and I may say, by some that then exceeded all now Living, by Name, the incomparable *Robert Cox*, who was not only the principal Actor, but also the Contriver and Author of most of these Farces. How have I heard him cryed up for his *John Swabber*, and *Simpleton the Smith* ? In which he being to appear with a large piece of Bread and Butter, I have frequently known several of the Female Spectators and Auditors to long for some of it : And once that well known Natural *Jack Adams of Clarkenwel*, seeing him with Bread and Butter on the stage, and knowing him, cryed out, Cuz, Cuz, give me some, give me some ; to the great pleasure of the Audience : And so naturally did he Act the Smiths part, that being at a Fair in a Countrey Town, and that Farce being presented, the only Master Smith of the Town came to him, saying, well, although your Father speaks so ill of you, yet when the Fair is done, if you will come and work with me, I will give you twelve pence a week more then I give any other Journey-Man. Thus was he taken for a Smith bred, that was indeed as much of any Trade.

And as he pleased the City and Countrey, so the Universities had a sight of him, and very well esteemed he was by the Learned, but more particularly by the Butler of one of those Colledges, who liking his Acting, and finding that those Representations were defective for want of a Prologue, he being a dabler in Poetry, would needs write one, part of which I remember to be thus.

*Courteous Spectators, we are your Relators,
Neither Tylers nor Slaters, nor your Vexators,
But such who will strive to please,
Will you sit at your ease,
And speak such words as may be spoken,
And not by any be mistoken, Cætera desiderantur, &c.*

Although I question not but the University afforded good wits, and such as were well skilled in Poetry, yet this was the best our Butler was infected with. which *Robert Cox* did speak, not as a Prologue at the beginning, but as a Droll in the middle of what he then Acted.

Thus were these Compositions liked and approved by all, and they were the fittest for the Actors to Represent, there being little Cost in Cloaths, which often were in great danger to be seized by the then Souldiers ; who, as the Poet says, *Enter the Red Coat, Exit Hat and Cloak*, was very true, not only in the Audience, but the Actors too, were commonly, not only strip'd, but many times imprisoned, till they paid such Ransom as the Souldiers would impose upon them ; so that it was hazardous to Act any thing that required any good Cloaths, instead of which painted Cloath many times served the turn to represent Rich Habits. Indeed Poetry and Painting are of Kin, being the effects of fancy, and one oftentimes helps the other, as in our ingenious and Rich Scenes, which shew to the Eye what the Actors represent to the Ear ; and this Painting puts me in mind of a piece I once saw in a Country Inn, where was with the best skill of the Work-man represented King *Pharaoh*, with *Moses* and *Aaron*, and some others, to explain which figures, was added this piece of Poetry.

*Here Pharaoh with his Goggle Eyes does stare on
The High-Priest Moses, with the Prophet Aaron.
Why, what a Rascal
Was he that would not let the People go to eat the Phascal.*

The Painting was every wayes as defective and lame as the Poetry, for I believe he who pictured King *Pharaoh*, had never seen a King in his Life, for all the Majesty he was represented with was Goggle Eyes, that his Picture might be answerable to the Verse. But enough of this Story which pleasing me, I must confess, I have forced in here hoping it will please you too, and then I have my ends.

And now I will address my self to my particular Readers, and conclude. Besides those who read these sort of Books for their pleasure, there are some who do it for profit such as are young *Players*, *Fidlers*, &c. As for those *Players* who intend to wander and go a stroleing, this very *Book*, and a few ordinary properties is enough to set them up, and get money in any Town in *England*. And *Fidlers* purchasing of this *Book* have a sufficient stock for all Feasts and Entertainments. And if the Mountebanck will but carry this *Book*, and three or four young *Fellows* to Act what is here set down for them, it will most certainly draw in Auditors enough, who must needs purch[a]nce their Drugs, Potions, and Balsoms. This *Book* also is of great use at Sea, as well as on Land, for the merry Saylor in long Voyages, to the East or West Indies; and for a Chamber *Book* in general it is most necessary to make Physick work, and cease the pains of all Diseases; being of so great use to all sorts and Sexes, I hope you will not fail to purchase it, and thereby you will oblige

Your Friend, Fra. Kirkman.

31 Hystriomastix. Anspielung auf Prynne's Buch.

40 R. C. Vielleicht Robert Chamberlain; cf. Hazl.-Dods. XIV, p. 9 und DNB.

SEITE [6*].

7 Dass die Mörder des Ibykos im Theater festgenommen wurden erzählt nur Plutarch, Περὶ Ἀδολεσχηίας, cap. XIV (ἐν θέατρῳ καθήμενοι); vergl. andere Versionen in Lillii Gregor. Gyraldi *Hist. Poetarum* etc. lib. IX (ed. Basil. 1580, tom. II, p. 342). Einen ähnlichen Fall, der sich in England ereignet haben soll, erwähnt Heywood in seiner *Apol. for Actors* (Shak. Soc. Publ.) p. 57 wahrscheinlich nach *A Warning for Faire Women*; vergl. Simpson, *School of Shakspeare*, II, p. 311.

13 Rookwood; mir unbekannt.

SEITE [7*].

14 Caves; vergl. den Anfang des in den Vorbemerkungen citierten Abschnittes aus Wright's *Hist. Histr.*

40 T. C.?

TEXT.

14 rife wohl im Sinne von «prevalent, prevailing» und besonders «active». Eine Änderung in ripe ist jedenfalls nicht nötig.

28 lies: Canopy.

46 Doch wohl zu interpretieren: Friends? my friends?

52 lies: not, sweet Signior. Der Ausdruck sweet Signior wurde zu Ende des 16. Jahrhunderts Mode; vergl. Dekker, *Works*, I, 140: Seignior, Sir, Monsieur: sweete Seignior: this is the language of the accomplishment. In den ersten Jahrzehnten des folg. Jahrhunderts finden wir ihn von fast allen Dichtern gebraucht.

54 Cog a foyst. Wohl = cog-foist «Betrüger, Schwindler», wo dann a = and stünde? Cf. Hazl.-Dods. IX, p. 239: you would have had a sack to have put this law-cracking cogfoist in.

57 fustians. Sachlich vergl. Forde, *The Broken Heart*, IV, 1 (I, p. 283): the fustian of civility, Which less rash spirits style good manners.

63 roughly. Vergl. Forde, *The Fancies*, V, 2 (II, p. 314): thou'lt find a rogyu bargain on't, wo die Quarto 1638 (p. 72) schon rogyu schreibt, und B. & Fl. *The Pilgrim*, III, 1: This rogyu box.

68 totters = tatters, wie oft.
paund = pawned.

69 Ephemerides (die Form mit *i* noch in Browne's *Religio Medici*, London, 1678) = astronomische Tafeln mit Angabe der Himmelserscheinungen und der Stellung der Planeten etc. meist für einen gewissen Zeitraum. Ich benutzte *Ephemeridum novum atque insigne opus ab anno Domini 1556 usque in 1606 accuratissime supputatum..... autore Cypriano Leovitio a Leonicia*; Aug. Vindel. 1557. Auf fol. ee 10^v citiert der Verfasser eine Wahrsagung Regiomontans, des berühmtesten seiner Vorgänger, die ich mich nicht erinnere an anderer Stelle gesehn zu haben, obwohl sie jeden Anglisten interessiert:

Tausend fünffhundert achtzig acht /
 Das ist das Jar das ich betracht.
 Geht in dem die Welt nicht vnder /
 So geschicht doch sunst gross mercklich wunder.

Unser Cyprian fügt hinzu : Et audio plurimos doctos viros nostrae aetatis suspicari aliquid memorabile eventurum circa hoc tempus, quicquid id erit. Habentur etiam vaticinia vetera congruentia ad illud tempus.

73 lies : this, mauderer « Bettler ». NED nur einen Beleg.

75 sentioust = sententious, wie oft.

92 Erra Pater's Prognostication.

« Prognosticons », « Prognostications » und « Almanacs » wurden bald nach Einführung der Druckkunst in Massen verbreitet und haben daher eine grosse Bedeutung für die Kulturgeschichte des 16^{ten} Jahrhunderts. Das älteste bekannte Exemplar von Erra Pater's Prognostication wurde von R. Bankes (druckte von 1523-1546) ohne Jahreszahl gedruckt. Aus ca 1556 erwähnt Hazlitt im *Hand-Book*, pp. 187, 484 : A Prognostication for euer of Erra Pater, a Jewe borne in Jewrye, and Doctoure in Astronomie and Phisicke. Profitable to kepe the Bodye in Health etc. Vergl. Nares, *Glossary*, s. v. Für einen Wetterpropheten war der Name unglücklich genug ; daher denn auch Witzeleien wie Erra Mater für Kupplerin z. B. in B. & Fl. *The Chances*, IV, 3.

96 lies : self, once.

98 Erkläre « at Easter » durch die Verschiedenheit des alten Jahresanfangs.

99 Christ's Hospital wurde am 23. Nov. 1552 eröffnet (*Wriothesley's Chron.* II, p. 79). Seit dem 3. April 1553 trugen die Kinder blaue Anzüge ; vergl. *Diary of Henry Machyn*, p. 33 : alle the chylderyn, boyth men and women chylderyn, alle in blue cotes, and wenssys (= wenchens) in blue frokes. Christ's Hosp. hiess daher auch *Blue Coat Hospital*. Die Kinder sangen bei Beerdigungen (Middleton, ed. Bullen, I, p. 306 ; Brome, ed. Pearson, I, p. 318) und wurden zum copieren etc. gebraucht ; cf. Armin's *Nest of Ninnies* (Shak. Soc. Publ.) p. 50 : Write the sermon (boy) saies hee (as the hospital boyes doe) and then one must write on his hand with his finger etc.

104 three red Sprats. Vergl. John Taylor's *The Great Eater of Kent*, ed. Hintley, p. 8 : Two loins of mutton, and one loin of veal were but as three sprats to him.

105 lies : glutony.

106 lies : flatter.

124 lies : Now, you Gipsonly man i'th moon, your etc.

Gipsonly = gipsonlike = Aegyptianlike = zigeunerisch, wahrsagend, wahrsagerisch.

131 starv'd gut. Eine ähnliche Bildung hat die Quarto von Forde's *'Tis Pity*, I, 3 (I, p. 155) : all that smooth'd-cheeke virtue could advise, wo die neuen Ausg. smooth-cheek'd lesen. Vergl. Dyce's Anm. zur Stelle und Dekker, *Sativom.* 646 : the poore saffron-cheeke Sun-burnt Gipsie... the hungrie-face pudding-pyeeater sowie curl'd hair gentleman in Beaum. & Fl., *The Lovers' Progress*, I, 1.

132 Is that flattery or no. Ähnlich Forde in *The Lover's Melan.*, I, 2 (I, p. 23) : Ha, ha, ha ! this is flattery, gross flattery im ironischen Sinne.

145 this = thus much. Er knipst dabei mit den Nägeln.

150 dry bastinado, wie dry beat, dry bang.

157 Dogrel doch wohl adjectivisch = « bastard » ??

161 put your discretion to coxcombs. Vergl. R3, 1, 3, 12 : his minority is put to the trust of Richard Gloster = « überlassen » etc.

165 lies : endür't.

166 you have made a trim hand on't. Ironisch : Du hast Dich famos angestellt etc. Vergl. 2913.

167 to chafe your self into a throat cutting. Dieser refl. Gebrauch von *to chafe* wird vom NED nicht belegt ; throat cutting in passiver Bedeutung. Vergl. Forde's *The Lover's Melan.* I, 2 (I, p. 22) : thou'lt be sure to prate thyself once a month into a whipping = so lange frech zu reden, bis Du verhaun wirst. Ähnlich in *Love's Sacrifice*, IV, 1, (II, p. 83) : your malice had rail'd itself to death ; *The Fancies*, IV, 1 (II, p. 293) : The man has dream'd himself into a lunacy und dann *Queene* 878.

169 shred. Cf. Forde, *'Tis Pity*, IV, 3 (I, p. 180) : I'll hew thy flesh to shreds ; *Love's Sacrifice*, IV, 2 (II, p. 85) : To hew your lust-engender'd flesh to shreds.

170 lies : shall thred = thread. Botcher = Flickschneider. Vergl. Forde's *The Lover's*

Melan., I, 2 (I, p. 23) : Physicians are the cobblers, rather the botchers, of men's bodies ; as the one patches our tattered clothes, so the other solders flesh.

172 whelps-moyles = whelps, moyles ?

173 Corn-cutter etc. Corn-cutters, Hühneraugenschneider, bildeten einen sehr verachteten Stand. Vergl. Forde, *The Broken Heart*, I, 2 (I, p. 228) :

Soldiers ! corncutters,

But not so valiant ; they ofttimes draw blood,
Which you durst never do.

Cf. Nashe, ed. Mc Kerrow, I, 280 : Broome boyes, and cornecutters (or whatsoever trade is more contemptible) etc. Ihr Ruf war : Have you any corns in your feet and toes, wie wir aus Ben Jonson's *Baythol. Fair*, II, 1, und Hazl.-Dods. XII, 336 lernen. In der Wahl seiner Mamma war Bufo nicht vorsichtiger gewesen, denn muscle women, Muschel-, Auster- und Fischweiber, waren nicht angesehenener, als heute. Cf. *A Woman never vexed*, Hazl.-Dods. XII, 157 :

STEPH. *Oysters, new Walfleet oysters !*

O. Fos. The Gentleman is merry.

MRS. Fos. No, no, no ; he does this to spite me ; as who would say,
I had been a fishwife in my younger days.

178-81 Die Planeten galten als *κοσμοκράτορες* durch das ganze Mittelalter hindurch. Eine knappe Übersicht findet der Leser in der *Naturalis Astrologiae compendiosa descriptio* des Ioannes Indagine in dessen *Introductiones Apotelesmaticae Elegantes* (Io. Scott. Argentorat. 1522 u. ö.). Zu unserer Stelle vergl. am Besten Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part. I. Sec. 3. Mem. I. Subs. 3 : If Mars [be predominant in their nativity] they are all for wars, brave combats, monomachies, testy, choleric, harebrain, rash, furious, and violent in their actions.

Ibid : As if Saturn be predominant in his nativity, and cause melancholy in his temperature, then he shall be very austere, sullen, churlish [cf. in unserem Text I. 180 : there's no dealing with ye]full of cares, miseries, and discontents etc. etc. Vergl. auch Part I. Sec. 2. Mem. I. Subs. 4.

Die « conjunctio » von Mars und Saturn war besonders übelbeleumundet ; vergl. Balth. Bonifacius, *Historia Ludicra* lib. XIII. cap. 1 : Nuper vero, hoc est pridie Calendas Novembris hora nona, anno supra millesimum & sexcentessimum, trigesimo sexto, in signo Capricorni junctus est Mavors cum Saturno uterque maleficus, uterque Infortunii vocabulo infamis.

185 lies : 'S bones.

black guard etc. Der Küchentross war sprichwörtlich wegen seiner Unsauberkeit. Obwohl ich glaube, dass in *buts* ein Wortspiel vorliegen kann (vergl. z. B. Forde, *The Fancies*, II, 2 : but — *buts* on one's forehead are but scurvy *buts* ; *The Lady's Trial* III, 1 : A bots on empty purses), ist's mir doch unklar, warum Bufo so unvermittelt auf black guard überspringt.

195 The Chime goes again = da schmeichelt er schon wieder.

198 I know them now. Nicht vielmehr : not ?? Er meint wohl : ich weiss zwar, dass sie im Allgemeinen zu den Auführern gehören, aber persönlich kenne ich sie nicht.

200 lies : you took.

208 Bufo lat. = Kröte.

214 and so forth wird eine Auflösung des Setzers sein = etc, womit der Dichter dem Schauspieler die Erlaubniss gab, nach eigenem Gutdünken und Bemessen weitere Epitheta zu gebrauchen.

230 lies : after.

243 what is done I did. Hier spricht der Fatalist in Forde. Vergl. *'Tis Pity*, III, 9 (I, p. 168) : what is done, is done ; *The Broken Heart*, IV, 2 (I, p. 294) : when I've done 't, I've done 't. Von den zahlreichen Stellen, die Forde's Ansichten über das Fatum widerspiegeln, hebe ich nur die folgenden heraus : I, p. 57 : But in all actions nature yeelds to fate ; 59 : in vain we strive to cross the destiny that guides us ; 105 : So they thrive Whom fate in spite of storms hath kept alive ; 116 : else I'll swear my fate's my god ; 122 : my fates have doom'd my death ; 123 : but 'tis my fate that leads me on ; 158 : That's as the fates infer etc. etc.

Für Forde ist « Fate » eine Gottheit, der er menschliche Eigenschaften zulegt wie etwa die folgenden : I, 228 : severity ; 235 : ingenious ; 247 : stubborn ; 282 : gentle etc.

etc.; auf p. 301 nennt er es gar chaste. Wir brauchen uns also auch über *Queene* 3613 :
fates own truth nicht zu wundern, so geschraubt der Ausdruck auch auf den ersten
Blick aussehn mag. Vergl. das Wörterverzeichnis.

244 lies : ground.

249 Γυναῖκι δ' ἄρχειν οὐ διδῶσιν ἢ φύσις. Seit Platon (*Polit.* lib. V) die Unvorsichtigkeit
begangen hat, die Weiber nicht von der Regierung seines Staates auszuschliessen,
ist das muliebres imperium ungezählter Male Gegenstand heftiger Angriffe gewesen.

Forde's Ansicht lernen wir aus dem Munde der jungen Königin Calantha in *The
Broken Heart* V, 3 (I, 316) kennen :

Now tell me, you whose loyalties pay tribute
To us your lawful sovereign, how unskilful
Your duties or obedience is to render
Subjection to the sceptre of a virgin,
Who have been ever fortunate in princes
Of masculine and stirring composition.
A woman has enough to govern wisely
Her own demeanours, passions, and divisions.
A nation warlike and inur'd to practise
Of policy and labour cannot brook
A feminine authority : we therefore
Command your counsel, how you may advise us
In choosing of a husband, whose abilities
Can better guide this kingdom.

Es sieht so aus, als wären diese Verse ein Anzeichen dafür, dass Forde mit dem
Gedanken *The Queene* zu dichten umging, als er die letzte Hand an *The Broken Heart* legte.

261 girles zweisilbig, wie fast immer in Forde.

265 abjects. Subst. wie z. B. in Forde's *Perkin Warbeck*, III, 1 (II, p. 157) : Such stiff-
neck'd abjects as with weary marches Have travell'd from their homes *etc.*

273 moon calf. Vergl. Nares s. v. und Forde's *The Lover's Melancholy*, I, 2 (I, p. 21) : suck
thy master, and bring forth moon-calves *etc.*

282 lies : I'm sorry.

315 lies : and now, soft peace to all. Vergl. Forde, *The Broken Heart*, IV, 4 (I, p. 303) :
Soft peace enrich this room !

317 and that is my resolution, hier im Munde Pynto's; in 1683 im Munde Bufos. Es ist
demnach weder für den einen noch für den andern typisch. Vergl. also aus Forde
Love's Sacrifice III, 1 (II, p. 59) : This is my resolution.

319 Go thy way for *etc.* Vergl. ll. 504 und 1022.

321 Sketdreus. Lies : Soldiers oder Skelderer's ? ?

323 I have a debt to pay, 'tis nature's due. Cf. 1183 : the death I owe to Nature ; 3289 : and
quit the score we ow to nature, Vergl. Forde, *The Broken Heart*, V, 2 (I, p. 312) They
must have paid the debt they ow'd to nature ; *Love's Sacrif.* I, 1 (II, p. 14) : should your
grace now pay..... the debt you owe to nature.

327 lies : *Alphonso*.

346 hell lies : dell.

352 lady of the ascendant. Zunächst ist lady (lat. *domina*) statt lord gebraucht, weil luna
femin. ist; cf. 489. Zu ascendant vergl. NED., das an dieser Stelle nur einmal lord
(lat. *dominus*) of the ascendant belegt aus ca 1391. Vergl. Forde *The Broken Heart* IV, 2
(I, p. 295) :

Young Ithocles,
Or ever I mistake, is lord ascendant
Of her devotions,

und Burton, *Anatomy of Melan.*, Part. I. Sec. 2. Mem. I. Subs. 4 : Garcaeus and Leovii-
tius will have the chief judgment to be taken from the lord of the geniture..... or
Saturn and Mars shall be lord of the present conjunction *etc.*

Zu raving vergl. sachlich Burton, *l. c.* : He [Paracelsus] gives instance in lunatic
persons, that are deprived of their wits by the moon's motion; and in another place
refers all to the ascendant. Vergl. *ibid.* Part. I. Sec. 3 : If the moon have a hand they
are all for peregrinations..... much affected with travels, to discourse..... wandering in
their thoughts, diverse *etc.*, sowie Indagine *l. c.* fol. 18^r : Luna amentiam gignit *etc.*

- 372** lies : *Alph.* ; that bezieht sich auf ein zu ergänzendes you : do you, that *etc.* say « Poor man ».
- 393** are ye resolved? Wie häufig in Forde = weisst Die jetzt woran Dich zu halten? Vergl. nur 'Tis Pity, III, 6 (I, p. 165) :
Flo. Daughter, are you resolv'd?
Ann. Father, I am.
- 401** lies : Tender Madam.
- 412** Angels, No light ones *etc.* im Wortspiel mit dem Geldstück. Vergl. nur Marston's *What you will*, IV, 1, 145 :
Qua. I am sure the devil is an angel of darkness.
Lam. Ay, but those are angels of light.
Qua. Light angels.
- 425** Pray good now do ; aus Forde vergl. z. B. Good, give me leave (*Lov. Melan.* V, 1) ; good now, play (*Lov. Sacr.* II, 3) ; good now, mind thy busines (*Fanc.* V, 2).
- 441** Mit of his beginne neuen Vers.
- 455** so lies to ??
- 473** Mit to beginne neuen Vers.
- 474** Mit our self beginne neuen Vers.
- 487** run a wrong byas. Vergl. Forde, *The Broken Heart*, II, 1 (I, p. 237) : Dames at court... run another bias.
- 505** lies : livest, Pynto, say I ;
- 510** lies : Astronomer.
- 513** his fee-simple, his own inheritance. Juristischer Ausdr. Vergl. Forde's *A Line of Life*, III, p. 415 : which, as an hereditary inheritance, and a fee-simple by nature and education, he retains in himself.
- 515** lies : looks not any higher.
- 519** lies : bodies ?
- 525** there, there, there. Etwa « Bravo, famos gesprochen » ! Vergl. Forde's *The Lover's Melan.*, I, 2 (I, p. 23) : There, there, there ! O brave doctor !
- 526** Let me alone, I say it my self, I know I am a rare fellow. Ähnlich Forde in *The Lover's Melan.*, III, 1 (I, p. 51) : Yes, I know I am a rare man, and I ever held myself so, womit man ferner vergl. l. 2995 : I ever thought my selfe so.
- 529** Star-shut = star-shoot. Das ist natürlich heller Blödsinn, aber was kann Freund Pynto anders wünschen ?
- 534** Frier Bacon... brazen head. Vergl. 2357 ff. und Greene's *Friar Bacon*.
- 543** once = once for all. Vergl. die Anm. zu Forde's *Love's Sacr.* II, p. 105.
- 547** surquedry. Vergl. Forde, *Works*, III. Glossar.
- 549** fashions... a disease for a horse. Alter Witz.
- 575** utensicles wohl = utensils ; Bufo wird die ganze Ausrüstung für sein zukünftiges Erscheinen bei Hofe beabsichtigen.
- 580-84** Ich muss hier nachdrücklichst darauf hinweisen, dass *Fide Honor* John Forde's Anagramm war, und dass wir fast auf jeder Seite seiner Werke durch die Wörter truth¹⁾, faith, constancy und honour, die er die gewagtesten Verbindungen eingehn lässt, an diesen seinen Wahlspruch erinnert werden. In *The Broken Heart*, III, 1 (I, p. 256-7) legt er dem Philosophen Tecnicus die folgende Definition der Ehre in den Mund :
- But know then, Orgilus, what honour is :
Honour consists not in a bare opinion
By doing any act that feeds content,
Brave in appearance, 'cause we think it brave ;
Such honour comes by accident, not nature,
Proceeding from the vices of our passion,
Which makes our reason drunk : but real honour

¹⁾ Vergl. *Works*, II, p. 255 : Our poet uses « truth », whether as a substantive (vol. I, p. 16), or, as in this place, a verb, in a way somewhat peculiar to himself. Die Erklärung ist jetzt gegeben.

Is the reward of virtue, and acquir'd
 By justice, or by valour which for basis
 Hath justice to uphold it. He then fails
 In honour, who for lucre or revenge
 Commits thefts, murders, treasons, and adulteries,
 With suchlike, by intrenching on just laws,
 Whose sovereignty is best preserv'd by justice.
 Thus, as you see how honour must be grounded
 On knowledge, not opinion, — for opinion
 Relies on probability and accident,
 But knowledge on necessity and truth, —
 I leave thee to the fit consideration
 Of what becomes the grace of real honour.

Vergl. ferner nur noch *The Fancies*, IV, 1 (II, p. 287) : thy thoughts I find, then, are chang'd, rebels To all that's honest : that is to truth and honour. Aus *Queene* vergl. besonders 1418 : the honor of my faith und 3613 : fates own truth, sodann das Wörterverzeichnis.

587 here = here is ?

589 exercise lies : excuse (591) und vergl. 905 ff. Vergl. Forde, *Love's Sacrifice*, II, 2 (II, p. 43) :
 My gentleman will stay behind, is sick — or so ?

D'Av. « Not altogether in health » ; — it was the excuse he made.

597 nor lies : not.

599 two lies : too, wie auch in 602.

601 you must do, geschlechtlichen Umgang haben. Cf. 1001. Vergl. Forde, *Love's Sacr.* I, 2 (II, p. 21) : my mind is not as infinite to do as my occasions are proffered of doing. Chastity ! I am an eunuch if I think there be any such thing.

609 placket ; hier offenbar im obscenen Sinn. Vergl. Dekker, *Works*, II, 181 : Y'are so busie about my Petticoate, you'll creepe vp to my placket, and yee cood but attaine the honour ; Beaum. & Fletcher, *The Chances*, I, 1 : Serve wenching soldiers, That know no other Paradise but plackets ; *The Lovers' Progress*, IV, 1 : Clarinda's placket, which I must encounter Or never hope to enter.

610 fools kann wörtlich genommen werden ; vergl. aber auch Anm. zu 827.

615 lies : mortal.

620 fit season of the year, d. h. hier die Zeit um St. Valentin.

621 hony moon wohl « verliebt » ; nicht in NED.

622 jump with them = « einig werden ». Vergl. Forde's *Perk. Warbeck*, IV, 2 (II, p. 182) : my fellow-counsellors and I have consulted, and jump all in one opinion.

623 prick 'em in the right vein. Hier obscen. To prick a vein sonst « zur Ader lassen ». Vergl. Dekker, *Works*, II, 65 : I had decreed To have a veine prickt, I did meane to bleed. Man liess aber nur zu solchen Zeiten zur Ader, die man für glückverheissend hielt. Daher denn fit season of the year in 620. Forde selbst spielt auf diesen Aberglauben an in *Love's Sacr.*, IV, 1 (II, p. 77) : If the moon serve, some that are safe shall bleed, wozu noch l. 1816 : tis no season to be let blood etc.

633 watry Channels of qualification. Obscen. In *Sir G. Goosecappe* wird dieselbe Sache als « hydrographicall parts » bezeichnet.

672 An earnest suit t'ee. Aus Forde vergl. *The Broken Heart*, I, 1 (I, p. 220) : I must prefer a suit t' ye ; *Love's Sacrif.* I, 2 (II, p. 24) : I have a suit t' ye ; *ibid.* II, 2 (II, p. 40) : I have a suit t' ye ¹⁾ ; *The Fancies* III, 3 (II, p. 282) : I have a suit t' ye.

676 lies : sex, you'l.

679 conceive = « verstehn ».

715 hand your mistress. NED erstes Beispiel aus 1631. Vergl. Forde, *The Broken Heart*, V, 2 (I, p. 308) : Cousin, hand you the bride.

741 wrong my smock dropping wet. Vergl. Forde, *'Tis Pity*, III, 7 (I, p. 167) : my whole body is in a sweat, that you may wring my shirt (von Bergetto gesagt).

¹⁾ Die Originalausgabe liest an beiden Stellen : t'ee ! In *Perk. Warb.* hat die Q. 1634 ebenfalls t'ee z. B. fol. G 3v.

- 744** Oh my conscience lies : On my consc. oder o' my consc.
745 those lies : these.
752 Mit these coy girls denkt Shaparon in erster Linie an ihre Herrin.
758 good examples *etc.* Interpreetiere : good examples from ones elders cannot *etc.*
766 lies : 'Wants.
767 your mark appears yet to be seen sc. in your mouth, obwohl es an unserer Stelle obscoen gefasst werden muss. Ursprünglich vom Pferde gesagt. Vergl. Forde, *The Fancies*, I, 2 (II, p. 234) : all the marks are quite out of her mouth ; *Love's Sacr.* II, 1 (II, p. 58) : a jennet whose mark is new come into her mouth.
 Dass im damaligen London die meisten jungen Mädchen kurz nach dem Eintritt der Pubertät ihre Jungfernschaft verloren ist eine stehende Behauptung der Dramatiker. Vergl. nur Dekker, ed. Pearson, II, p. 52 : thou wert honest at five, and now th' art a Puncke at fiteene ;
 Marston, ed. Bullen, II, p. 190 :
Here. O, then, your ship of fools is full.
Nym. True, the maids at seventeen fill it.
Don. Fill it, quoth you ; alas ! we have very few, and these we were fain to take up in the country too.
778 speak = « beweisen » *etc.*
780 French-hoods = « adlige Damen ».
781 addition muss hier im Sinne von Kreierung, Standeserhöhung, creation *etc.* stehn. Forde gebraucht addition häufig (l. 1553 und z. B. *Perk. Warb.*, II, p. 191 ; 208) doch scheint an dieser Stelle edition besser zu passen.
790 So = « gut », wie häufig in Forde.
804 lies : lived ?
806 factress for such Merchants. Merchants könnte = « Kerle » sein. Factress im schlechten Sinn. Vergl. Forde, *The Fancies*, III, 3 (II, p. 283) : Your fact'ress hath been tampering for my misery, Your old temptation, your she-devil. Sonst gebraucht Forde factor im selben Sinn : 'Tis Pity V, 3 : you make Some petty devil factor 'twixt my love and your religion-masked sorceries ; *The Broken Heart*, II, 1 : factor For slaves and strumpets ; *The Lady's Trial*, II, 4 : factors in merchandize of scorn.
808 O = o' = on, of.
819 Drugster = Drogist, Apotheker.
821 Being bezieht sich auf Velasco.
822 soluble stools of laughter. Dasselbe Bild by Forde, *Love's Sacr.* II, 2 (II, p. 40) : it is a very glister to laughter ; *The Fancies*, III, 1 (II, p. 266) : As being the suppositor to laughter.
 Sachlich vergl. Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part I, Sec. 2. Mem. 2. Subs. 4 über Costiveness : a patient.... that for eight days was bound, and therefore melancholy affected. *Ibid.* Sec. 3. Mem. 1. Subs. 1 über Signs of Melancholy in the Body : In natural actions their appetite is greater than their concoction, multa appetunt, pauca digerunt.... Their excrements or stool hard, black to some and little.
827 bables *etc.* Zur Sache vergl. Nares und Schmidt, sowie Forde's 'Tis Pity, I, 2 (I, p. 121) : They say a fool's bauble is a lady's playfellow ; *Love's Sacrifice*, II, 2 (II, p. 43) : there's not a great woman amongst forty but knows how to make sport with a fool.
838 hail-shot. Wohl von einem nicht belegten Verbum hail-shoot « verhageln ». Etwas : Sie stürmen von allen Seiten auf mich ein.
839 lies : honor ?
840 dry-skin'd ; cf. 1700 und Anm. zu 1349 Vergl. Burton, *Anatomy*, Part I, Sec. 3. Mem. 1. Subs. 1 : Those usual signs appearing in the bodies of such as are melancholy, be these : cold and dry, or they are hot and dry *etc.*
880 tender hearted souls. Lies : fools ?? Vergl. Forde, *The Lov. Melan.* III, 1 : Thou seest I am crying ripe, I am such another tender-hearted fool ; *Love's Sacr.* II, 2 : your fool is the tender-hearted'st creature that is. Jedenfalls unnötig.
881 Indeed, forsooth ; vergl. 980, 2694, 2989 ; wird von fast allen niederen Forde'schen Personen gebraucht.
895 You are all these. Ähnlich Tucca in Jonson's *Poetaster* 354 ff.
897 Mistris Madam. Cf. Forde, *Love's Sacrifice* II, 2 (II, p. 43) : Is 't Mistress Madam Duchess ?

- 910** if he do go the wrong way = stirbt. Vergl. Forde, *'Tis Pity*, III, 7 (I, p. 167) wo der sterbende Bergetto ausruft : O, I am going the wrong way, sure. Der Ausdruck kommt zweimal in *The Witch of Edmonton*, V, 2 vor.
- 913** lies : scirvy.
- 914** ballad etc. Eine solche Abbildung ist mir nicht bekannt. Die Drohung als Gegenstand einer Ballade der Öffentlichkeit preisgegeben zu werden findet sich in Forde ebenso häufig wie die Anspornung, Gutes zu thun, um dadurch « gechronicled » zu werden.
- 922** lies : Wonders (sc. I would have you do wonders) und visit.
- 943** lies : leasure.
- 951** lies : sooth.
- 1000** lies : make ?
- 1012** Das Sprichwort lautet bekanntlich : A fool's bolt is soon shot. Forde gebraucht wise man ironisch für fool auch in *Love's Sacr.* fol. K 4^v : Alas my Lord, this is a wise mans carriage, wo die Herausgeber ganz unnötig in : Is this a wise man's carriage ? geändert haben.
- 1023** Napary = « Leinen, Wäsche ».
- 1017** all ist wohl lediglich aus der vorhergehenden Zeile eingedrungen.
- 1023** ff. This same whorson Court diet.... and ease have addicted me.... to the itch of concupiscence. Cf. 2942 : this same Court ease hath sett my blood on tiptoe, und Forde, *The Broken Heart*, II, 2 (I, p. 247) : this same whorson court-ease is temptation To a rebellion in the veins. In *Love's Sacr.* I, 1 (II, p. 7) sagt der vom Hofe verbannte Roseilli : Why... should I... be wip'd off.... from courtly ease.
- 1061** lies : might.
- 1064-65** d. h. Venus und Luna ; letzere wird als « chast » bezeichnet. Boy fast = « männlich », wozu vergl. 1069, 1208-9.
- 1150** bare = bear ; vergl. 1485 sware = swear etc.
- 1162** Why la now. Vergl. Forde, *'Tis Pity*, II, 6 (I, p. 151) : Why, la, now, you think I tell a lie. Übersetze etwa : Siehst Du wohl etc.
- 1185** the tyde of thy luxurious blood.... plurisie of lust. Vergl. Forde, *'Tis Pity*, IV, 3 (I, p. 177) :
- Must your hot itch and plurisy of lust,
The heyday of your luxury etc.
- The Fancies* I, 3 (II, p. 239) :
- But that some remnant of an honest sense
Ebbs a full tide of blood to shame all women
Would prostitute all honour to the luxury
Of ease and titles.
- 1222** impostume = « Eiterbeule » ; hier figürlich.
- 1226** Dad. Vergl. Forde, *'Tis Pity*, IV, 3 (I, p. 177) :
- Now I must be the dad
To all that gallimaufry that is stuff'd
In thy corrupted bastard bearing womb !
- 1230** lies : self.
- 1278** ff. Willow wreath.... tawny. Vergl. Forde, *The Fancies*, III, 3 (II, p. 278) :
- Tawney ? heigho ! the pretty heart is wounded ;
A knot of willow-ribbons ? she's forsaken.
- 1286** lies : enjoyn ; derselbe Druckfehler bei Forde I, p. 276 mit Anm.
- 1290** d. h. his « yea ».
- 1304** his. sc. commendations.
- 1308** lies : knight.
- 1332** Complement ? 'T is for Barbors shops wird erklärt durch Forde's *The Lover's Melancholy* I, 2 (I, p. 21) : a she-surgeon [= a dealer in paints and cosmetics for the ladies], which is, in effect, a mere matcher of colours. Go learn to paint and daub compliments, 't is the next step to run into a new suit.
- 1337** are you answer'd ? Etwa : Genügt Dir das ? Vergl. 1697 : pray be answer'd = lass Dir das genug sein ; und damit basta ; Vergl. Forde : *Love's Sacr.* III, 1 (II, p. 58) : the worst can be said of me is, that I was ill advised to dig for gold in a coal-pit. Are you answered ? *'Tis Pity*, V, 3 (I, p. 193) : Yet more ? I'll come, sir. Are you answered ?

- 1349** Mopas hatte jedenfalls den zweiten Brief (cf. 612) überbracht; trotzdem werden wir better für letter lesen müssen.
- 1349** Madam goodface. Vergl. 2043 : Madam sweet heart ; 2357 : Madam, time was ; 2366 : Madam Reverence, und Forde, *Loves Sacrifice*, II, 3 (II, p. 45) : Madame Duchess; ebenso *ibid.* p. 77 : Madam Marquess ; *ibid.* p. 58 : Madam Dryfist.
- 1354** lies : your
- 1357** a woman [‘s ?] part to come behinde. Vergl. Forde, *The Broken Heart*, I, 3 (I, 228) : they’ll follow us ; It is a woman’s nature.
- 1359** to pass in before ; Wortspiel ; hier offenbar im Sinne von « geschlechtlichen Umgang haben ». Vergl. to go in before in 1650 und dann Forde, *Lov. Melanch.* III, 1 (I, p. 50) In palaces, such as pass in before Must be great princes.
- 1361** reverend antiquity. Vergl. Forde, *The Broken Heart*, III, 2 (I, p. 267) : Virgin of reverence and antiquity.
- 1365** To rip up a story of my fate. Vergl. Forde, *The Lady’s Trial*, II, 2 (III, p. 36) : I will, then, rip up at length The progress of your infamy ; *Love’s Sacr.*, V, 3 (II, p. 106) : Repeating but the story of our fates.
- 1378** your commanding beauty lies : that. Der Fehler geht auf Verwechslung von \ddot{y} mit \ddot{y} zurück ; ebenso in Forde’s *Love’s Sacr.* fol. C 3^rl. 6 : You set before you in your Tableture wo man your in the (\ddot{y}) oder that (\ddot{y}) verbessern kann.
- 1387** debt of service. Vergl. Forde, *The Broken Heart* I, 2 (I, p. 225) : That owes not out of gratitude for life A debt of service.
- 1393** my words and thoughts are twins. Vergl. Forde, *The Broken Heart*, III, 3 (I, p. 270) : My tongue and heart are twins ; *The Lover’s Melan.* IV, 3 (I, p. 86) : So martyrdom and holiness are twins.
- 1397** lies : thought.
- 1452-5** by how much more.... by so much more. Aus Forde, vergl. hier nur *Perk. Warb.* I, 2 :

by how much more

You take off from the roughness of a father,
By so much more I am engaged to tender
The duty of a daughter ;

The Lady’s Trial, IV, 1

By how much more in him they sparkle clearly,
By so much more they tempt belief etc.

1458 lies : name.

1461 thus i. e. indem sie ihn küsst.

1475 Ähnlich in *Perkin Warbeck*, III, 3 (II, p. 168) wo Kate ihren Gemahl bittet :

That hereafter

If you return with safety, no adventure
May sever us in tasting any fortune etc.

1490 In der Quelle wird dem Ritter Stillschweigen auferlegt. Einen Reflex derselben scheinen wir bei Forde, *The Lover’s Melan.*, III, 2 (I, p. 62) zu haben, wo Menaphon, der sich von seiner Angebeteten verraten glaubt, sagt :

Henceforth I will bury

Unmanly passion in perpetual silence :
I’ll court mine own distraction, dote on folly,
Creep to the mirth and madness of the age,
Rather than be so slav’d again to woman,
Which in her best of constancie is steadiest
In change and scorn.

und vergl. 908 ?

1495 baffi’d (durch 1494 baffled veranlasst) lies : bandi’d.

1523 d’ee findet sich auf Schritt und Tritt in den Originalausgaben Fordes.

1537 lies : scornful.

1556 lies : would find his Grace inclin’d und vergl. 1576 und 1894 : and report us as you finde. Vergl. Forde, *Love’s Sacr.*, I, 1 (II, p. 9) : I’ll freely speak as I have found.

1560 are durch Beeinflussung von Court and Kingdom.

1585 lies : bluster oder besser bussle = to bustle ; cf : The foure windes doe bussle in my heade in NED s. v. bustle, v.¹ 3.

1598 kill. Vergl. Anm. zu 3426.

1607 lies : know).

1621 The eye of luxury speaks loud in silence. Luxury wie häufig in Forde = lust ; cf. zu 1185. Vergl. sodann Forde, *The Broken Heart*, II, 1 (I, p. 236) : there's a lust committed by the eye.

1628 in him = seiner Kühnheit, und verbessere nicht etwa zu : in her

1641 supported d. h. mit dem Arm. Vergl. nur Forde's *Broken Heart*, I, 3 (I, p. 226) : t'is Euphranea With Prophilus : supported too (= Arm in Arm).

1659 ist heart correct ?

1665 lies : 'faith.

1663-4 lies : I am such another Coxcomb o' my side too (*aside*). Er meint offenbar : I am a tender-hearted fool und wischt sich heimlich eine Thräne weg oder dergl. ; cf. Anm. zu 880.

1673 chast etc. Diese Art « Keuschheit » ist genau diejenige, die Forde in Bianca dargestellt hat (*Love's Sacr.*).

1683 cap be wool or beaver ; wörtl. = arm oder reich ; etwa : Dein Stand ist uns ganz gleichgiltig.

1728 place sc. des kgl. Schlosses ; cf. 1820, 2847 ff. und z. B. Massinger. *The Picture*, V, 2 :

The sacred presence of the King forbids it,
My sword should make a massacre among you.

1760 *Aries and Taurus* etc. mit Bezug auf die Hörner eines betrogenen Ehemanns. Das ist natürlich « Astrologie » des Redenden, während — komisch genug — die « wahre » Astrologie lehrte, dass Aries und Taurus « in ascendente » im Gefolge haben « defectionem & inopiam liberorum » (Indag. l. c. fol. 18^r).

1761 head signs wegen der « Hörner ».

1766 Der Astrologe Pynto erwähnt Mercur offenbar nur, weil dieser als « Jove's Pimp » oder « pandar » bekannt war. In der Erwähnung des « Drappers » u. s. w. haben wir wohl eine Anspielung auf ein Ereigniss der zeitgenössischen *Chronique scandaleuse* — leider ist mir von demselben sonst nichts bekannt, denn es liesse sich zur Datierung der *Queene* ausbeuten.

1768 Stillyard ; cf. *Mat.* VI, Gloss.

1769 beaver : kurzer Imbiss. Forde gebraucht das Wort in *The Fancies*. I, 2.

1769 Dutch bread and Renish wine. Dutch im allgemeinen Sinn = deutch, niederdeutsch. Dass ein rheinisches « Brötchen » mit Rheinwein etwas Gutes ist, wusste man auch vor 300 Jahren schon ; vergl. *Westward Ho!* in Dyce's Webster (Old Dramat.) p. 217 : to meet him..... at the Rhenish wine-house i' the Stilliard,.... and taste of a Dutch bun etc.

1775 d. h. « mit ihren verrosteten Hellebarden u. s. w. ».

1776 my brains burn in Sulphur. Cf. Forde *Love's Sacrifice*, III, 3 (II, p. 68) :

The icy current of my frozen blood
Is kindled up in agonies as hot
As flames of burning sulphur.

1780 maligo wie 1803 Armado häufig vorkommende Form für -a.

1780 Am not I Pynto, haue not I hiren here. Es wird vorausgesetzt, dass Hiren einem verlorenen Peele'schen Stücke *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the Fair Greek* entstammt. Vergl. Al. Schmidt, *Shakesp. Lex.* s. v., wo angenommen wird, dass in Hiren ein Wortspiel mit iron = Schwert (cf. NED) vorliegt. In H4B II, 4, 173 scheint dies allerdings der Fall zu sein, während *ibid.* 189 doch kaum so aufgefasst werden kann.

Es scheint mir, als schliege sich Pynto mit den Worten « have not I Hiren here » auf die Hänge-Tasche, um zu sagen : Ist mein Beutel nicht wohl gefüllt, und kann ich mir nicht claret, canary etc. in Menge zuführen ?

Ebenso könnte man eine Stelle in *Eastward Ho!* (Bullen's Marston III, p. 26) auffassen, wo der betrunkene, rülpfende Quicksilver zu dem braven Golding, einem unbewaffneten apprentice, sagt : and thou wert a gentleman as I am, thou wouldst think it no shame to be drunk. Lend me some money, save my credit ; 's foot ; lend me some money ; hast thou not Hiren here ? = Du hast doch Geld in Hülle und Fülle

So wäre vielleicht auch Pistol's Ausruf verständlicher : Die men like dogs ; give crowns [!] like pins : Have we not Hiren here ? ! = Crepiren Menschen wie die Hunde

so rück' Du Thaler heraus wie Dreck : Haben wir nicht Geld im Überfluss? = Du, Wirtin, hast ja Geld in Menge! Dass die Frage nicht etwa einen auf Pistol bezüglichen Plur. majest. enthält, geht aus der Antwort der Wirtin hervor : there's none such here *etc.*

Die Redensart scheint dann auch in verblasstem Sinn (etwa « das Nötige » *etc.*) gebraucht worden zu sein, wenn ich anders Dekker's *Satiromastix* (I, p. 245) richtig verstehe, wo Tucca sagt : I know thou (sc. Horace-Jonson) didst (sc. follow this suite hard), and therefore whilst we haue Hiren heere (d. h. solange wir den Horace-Jonson, unser « Object », unter den Händen haben) *etc.*

1787-89 Saturn auf Velasco bezüglich; in pole liegt ein Wortspiel mit pole, poll = Kopf vor. Die Erwähnung von Charles his wain ¹⁾ (cf. im NED die Beispiele aus Davies, a 1626, und Taylor, 1630, und ganz besonders *Materialien* III, l. 8536), die hier vollständig unsinnig ist, kann geradezu als Beweis dafür angesehen werden, dass *The Queene* unter der Regierung Karls I geschrieben worden ist.

1794 ff. Steckt ein « tieferer » Sinn hinter diesem Nonsense?

1797 ten knaves, auf Pynto bezüglich?

1816 Vergl. 623 sowie den folg. Auszug aus dem Erra Pater von T. Snodham, 1610? (Douce Coll.), wo es unter der Rubrik *The disposition of the xij. Monethes vpon bloud-letting* auf Sig. B^v heisst : In the month of *February*, eate no potage made of hocks or mallows, for that is venim. And if thou hast need to bleede on thy wrest, or thy thomb, bleed not on the iiij. day, nor on the vj. day, nor on the viij. day, nor on the xvi. day, nor on the xvij. day, but that the signe be very good and thou haue great neede. Auf A 6 werden die most dangerous dayes aufgeführt : In which if any man or woman be let bloud of wound or veine they shall dye within xxj. dayes following.

1827 lies : your.

1873 lies : vertuous.

1888 : Forde's Auslassungen über die Ehe sollten nicht vergessen werden; vergl. nur *The Broken Heart*, II, 2 (I, p. 246) :

The joys of marriage are the heaven on earth,
Life's paradise..... earthly immortality....
Eternity of pleasures ;

Lov. Melan. IV, 3 (II, p. 87) 'Tis virtuous love keeps clear contracted hearts.

1895 sakes lies : sake?

1898 lies : mythinks, methinks.

1917 Ivory = weiss.

1932 lies : question.

1997 lies : you, Signior *Petruchi*.

2004 lies : further.

2031 lies : What's (?)

2044 lies : Metam.

2080 whoot = hoot.

2098 heel = Kruste, besonders in der Gegend, in der Forde geboren war, in diesem Sinne gebraucht.

2101 come im fig. Sinn : « Dring' nicht weiter in mich ».

2174 lies : grant, ye know *etc.* The word = the posy.

2210 there is no playing fast and loose, which fit a ducat now. Die Stelle ist verderbt und wird *nur* verständlich im Lichte von Forde's *Love's Sacr.*, V, 1 (II, p. 90), wo es heisst : Here's fast and loose! Which, for a ducat, now the game's on foot? Was die Edd. sich dabei gedacht haben, haben sie uns nicht verraten; es ist aber klar, dass fast and loose; which; for a ducat als der Ruf des Spielers resp. Betrügers (cf. Nares s. v.) aufzufassen ist und dass wir in einer modernisierten Ausgabe zu drucken hätten : There is no playing « fast and loose; which; for a ducat » now. Erkläre : which sc. is it; is it fast or loose? for a ducat = der Einsatz oder Gewinn ist ein Dukaten = es gilt einen Dukaten, wie in Hamlets *Dead, for a ducat!* wozu man Elze's Ausgabe p. 202 vergleiche.

¹⁾ Vergl. Sylvester's du Bartas, 3rd day of the 1st week : the new North-Star, my Sovereign James!

- 2251** lies : your ?
- 2260** e're = ere ; Forde's Schreibung ; cf. *Love's Sacr.* fol. 24^r : E're I arise ; *ibid.* fol. F2^v : E're yet the morning shall new christen day.
- 2295** lies : bethought.
- 2320** Die eingeklammerte Apposition, in der drink Substant. ist, bezieht sich wohl nur auf *Bakers and Weavers* ; die letzteren waren als Calvinisten und Puritaner (cf. Nares s. v.) keine Trinker ; die beiden « Propheten » John Bull und Richard Farnham († 1636) waren z. B. beide von Haus aus Weber (DNB). Unter der Puritanerwirtschaft ging die Feindschaft gegen das Bier so weit, dass im J. 1647 ein Tractat veröffentlicht wurde *The Brewer's Plea : or A Vindication of Strong Beer and Ale* (*Harl. Misc.* VI, ed. London, 1810, pp. 73 ff.), der die folgende auf die Puritaner gemünzte Stelle enthält :that sort of people, who out of a fervent zeal to the glory of God the creator, forget to honour him in a right taking notice of him..... but, with an austere countenance and supercilious eye, and speeches agreeable thereunto, slight and despise the creature (= beer etc), and those that deal therein, because abused by intemperate persons etc.
- 2325** Vor dieser Rede scheint etwas ausgefallen zu sein.
- 2344** she mag der Dichter geschrieben haben.
- 2323** old shoe. Als Zeichen ihrer Verachtung ; sonst auch als glückverheissendes Zeichen gebraucht.
- 2331** Proclimation ; derartige *i* in unbetonter Silbe sind so häufig, dass man sie nicht als Druckfehler betrachten darf ; vergl. noch 2548 : metamorphis'd.
- 2355** remembrance, time is past. Doch wohl = that time is past. Zur Erklärung vergl. 'Tis Pity V, (I, 191) : remember that time lost cannot be recalled und die Anm. zu 534.
- 2359** forwards and backwards..... resting yours in the whole Mopas. Das Ganze obscön. Vergl. Forde, 'Tis Pity, II, 4 : (I, p. 144) : I rest Yours upwards and downwards, or you may choose. Bergetto.
- 2384** lies : present.
- 2398** lies : Unspeakable.
- 2402** lies : Artist, yet.
- 2409** lies : with.
- 2426** lies : Villain *Petruchi*.
- 2437** lies : beauty.
- 2447** lies doch wohl herself. Eine ganz Forde'sche Hyperbel.
- 2475** : you will be a noted Cuckold..... but to a King fearfully infamous. Cf. Forde, *Love's Sacrifice*, II, 3 (II, p. 49) : Wherein do princes [exceed the poorest peasant that ever was yoked to a sixpenny strumpet but that the horns of the one are mounted some two inches higher by a choppine than the other.
- 2480** lies : Firmament.
- 2497** lies : honour.
- 2505** lies : and at the oder at the.
- 2528** lies : this is ? Der Satz bezieht sich auf ein Versprechen, das die Königin Muretto gegeben haben muss, während er sie holte.
- 2544** Now it works. Natürlich *aside*.
- 2565** flesh and blood, eine Zusammenstellung, die Forde oft gebraucht.
- 2573** I ow a duty ; cf. 3288 : and quit the score We ow to nature ; 3480 : by the duty that thou ow'st me. Vergl. Forde, *The Lover's Melan.*, II, 1 (I. p. 34) : by the duty that thou ow'st us ; IV, 2 (I, p. 72) : the duty you ow'd ; Widmung von 'Tis Pity (I, p. 110) : My service must ever owe particular duty to your favours. Forde kann to owe mit fast jedem Subst. binden ; Vergl. 3859 : the faith our mutual vows shal to each other ow und II, p. 26 : by the faith I owe to honour ; ferner z. B. 34 : the vows I owe to you ; 37 : You ow'd me love ; *ibid.* service ; 53 faith ; 67 : I owe my life and service to you ; 90 : by the honour which I owe to godness ; I, 74 : The bonds my duty owes shall be full cancell'd.
- 2583** The fabled [*sic*] whips of steel. Vergl. Forde, *Love's Sacrifice*, IV, 1 (II, p. 77) : the fabling poets' dreaming whips. Das pp. fabled auch in Forde, *The Fancies*, III, 3 (II, p. 278) : That is a truth much fabled, never found.
- 2644** ff : lies : love ; though..... purity, yet etc.
- 2740** Vergl. nur Forde, 'Tis Pity, V, 4 (I, 197) : my ever best of thanks.

- 2841** lies : ever Crown, oder Crown him.
- 2786** one fault.... is to be pardoned.... I'll bear with many in you. Vergl. Forde, *The Witch of Edmonton*, I, 2 (III, p. 194) : My good son,
I'll bear with many faults in thee hereafter ;
Bear thou with mine.
- 2815** put. Das t ist im Original von der Zeile gefallen ; ebenso das Komma am Ende von 2818.
- 2847** ff. : place = the court, wo das Kämpfen etc. verboten war.
- 2854** lies : will.
- 2925** d. h. Here's the price of sin : Ill thrift. All loose etc?
- 2960** lies : Question.
- 2962** ff. : stand.... stiffe. Wie Shaparon's Antwort obscön. Vergl. Forde, *Love's Sacrif.* II, 2, wo Mauruccio sagt : I am stiff and strong, während Giacompo bei Seite sagt ; A radish root is a spear of steel in comparison of I know what.
- 2981** proctor.... consistory. Was Forde's Lebensumstände betrifft, so wissen wir bis jetzt nur, dass er Jurist war ; in welcher Eigenschaft er sich jedoch als solcher betätigte ist unbekannt. Auf Grund der obigen Stelle und der folgenden Zusammenstellung möchte ich annehmen, dass er irgendwie mit dem *consistory court*¹⁾, einem der *ecclesiastical courts*, in Verbindung zu bringen ist.
- I. *The Sun's Darling* I, 1 : In any court, father bald-pate, where my grannam the Moon shows her horns, except the *Consistory Court* ; and there she need not appear, *cuckolds* carry such sharp stilettos in their foreheads.

II. *The Fancies*, II, 1 (II, p. 250) ;

Call not

Thy wickedness thy loss : without my knowledge
Thou sold'st me, and in *open court* protestedst
A pre-contract unto another falsely
To justify a separation.

III. *Love's Sacrifice*, III, 1 (II, p. 55) :

Good my lord,

Reclaim your incredulity : my fault
Proceeds from lawful composition
Of wedlock ; he hath seal'd his oath to mine
To be my husband

IV. *Love's Sacrifice*, III, 1 (II, p. 56) : Petruchio, thou art not wise enough to be a *paritor* (= an inferior officer.... that summoned delinquents to a *spiritual court*, l. c. Anm).

V. *The Lady's Trial*. II, 4 (III, p. 44) :

let me appear

Or mine owne lawyer, or in *open court* —
Like some forsaken client — in my suit
Be cast for want of honest plea.

Eine Verbindung Forde's mit dem *consistory court* würde es uns auch verständlich machen, dass er mit geringfügigen Ausnahmen sich Sujets gewählt hat, die in der einen oder anderen Weise der Jurisdiction dieses Hofes unterstanden haben würden²⁾. Trotz zahlreicher Umfragen, bei denen ich in liebenswürdigster Weise von Prof. Feuillerat unterstützt wurde, ist es mir bis jetzt nicht gelungen, archivalisches Material zu dieser Frage aufzufinden.

3004 throat..... cut in your own defence etc. Einen ähnlichen Juristenwitz verewigt

¹⁾ Von diesem Gerichtshof sagt das NED : Formerly a court of great importance, having jurisdiction in matrimonial cases, questions of divorce.... general ecclesiastical and moral discipline. Er wird daher auch oft als bawdy court bezeichnet.

²⁾ [Ich sehe nachträglich, dass schon Bodenstedt, *Shakespeare's Zeitgenossen und ihre Werke*, II, p. XXXII, von Forde gesagt hat : Sein Beruf als Jurist gewährte ihm tiefem Einblick in allerlei unnatürliche Verhältnisse und Verirrungen, wie dergleichen im Leben ja oft genug vorkommen, die er dann psychologisch zu erklären und poetisch darzustellen suchte. Korr. Note].

Forde in *The Sun's Darling*, IV, 1 (III, p. 154) : Nay, if you will kill yourself in your own defence, I'll not be of your jury (weil überhaupt keine Gerichtsverhandlung stattfinden kann).

3011 old huddle ; ziemlich gebräuchliches Schimpfwort ; den Complex huddle and twang kann ich jedoch nicht belegen.

3013 way of all flesh = 1) sterben 2) sich begatten.

3015 cue fast « Bedeutung » wie 2367. Nicht im NED.

3017 promist d. h. während Mopas und Bufo II 3000 — 3016 sprechen.

3038 lies : Here's.

3082 soul. Über die Seele, ihren Wert und ihr Wesen hat Forde lange nachgedacht, was sich naturgemäß in seinem Vocabular manifestiert (vergl. das Wörterverzeichnis). Vergl. nur *'Tis Pity*, II, 5 (I, p. 148) : Things being thus, a pair of souls are lost ; *Love's Sacr.* II, 4 (II, p. 51) : be record to my soul The justice which I for this folly fear ; *Perk.* IV, 2 (II, p. 143) : 'Tis [sc. der Krieg zwischen den Häusern York und Lancaster] a quarrel T'engage a soul in ; *Witch of Edm.* I, 2 (III, p. 193) :

Am I become so insensible of losing

The glory of creation's work, my soul ?

Ich bedaure sehr, dass mir Sir John Davies's Elegie *Of the soule of man, and the immortalitie thereof* nicht zugänglich ist, da sie Forde's Ansichten beeinflusst haben kann, denn Sir John war einer der hervorragendsten Juristen seiner Zeit, wie Forde Mitglied des Middle Temple, und sein Gedicht erlebte von 1599-1622 nicht weniger als fünf Auflagen.

3084 shrill lies : thrill.

3168 bold ; im Original scheint für l ein abgesprungenes langes s gestanden zu haben.

3216 first man. Das NED citiert aus 1883, nach Gresley's *Gloss. Coal Mining : First man*, the head butty or coal getter in a stall, who... is responsible for the safety of the men working under him and for the proper working of the coal. Mir ist der Complex vollkommen unbekannt. Es kann daher um so wichtiger sein, dass er bei Forde, *'Tis Pity*, V, 6 (I, p. p. 205) vorkommt :

Gio. Whose hand gave me this wound ?

Vas. Mine, sir ; I was your first man : have you enough.

An beiden Stellen etwa : ich bin's der für Dich gesorgt hat. Oder sollen wir einfach wörtlich übersetzen und *The Witch of Edmonton*, III, 1 vergleichen : I am thy first man, sculler ; I go with thee ; ply no other but myself. Dekker, *Satirrom.* 1006 : let Sir Adam bee your first man still ist mir auch nicht recht klar.

3222 lies : pawn.

3264 lies : murderous.

3284 oul lies : soul.

3304 so lies : too ? Oder liegt ein Anakoluth vor ?

3360 lies : the mastery.

3426 kills in Curtesie ; doch wohl eine Anspielung auf Heywood's *Woman Killed with Kindness*, wie in Forde's *'Tis Pity*, IV, 3 (I, p. 185) : he will go near to kill my lady with unkindness.

3439 Sachlich vergl. Forde, *'Tis Pity* I, 2 (I, p. 116) : Thou art no equal match for me *etc* ; *ibid* p. 118 : Holding a man so base no match for me.

3456 I'll kneel to thee, as to another nature. Vergl. Forde, *The Fancies*, I, 1 (II, p. 230) : Create me what you please of yours ; do this, You are another nature. *The Sun's Darling* IV, 1 (III, p. 155) : Mistry there, like to another nature, Confects the substance of the choicest fruits.

Wie honour, truth *etc.*, fate so nimmt auch das Wort nature in Forde's Wörterbuch eine grosse und z. T. eigentümliche Stelle ein. Vergl. Wörterverzeichnis.

3461 unknown = unconscious.

3500 lies : must.

3523 ff. guard.... Then all the world besides. Vergl. Forde's *Love's Sacr.* IV, 2 (II, 87) : This sword.... Shall guard her from an armed troop of fiends And all the earth beside, wozu man vergl. 3255 : and all the treasures of the earth besides.

3530 lies : Stands ?

3547 bought & sold = verraten und verkauft. Aus Forde vergl. nur *Love's Sacr.* IV, 2 : I fear your life is bought and sold.

3618 lies : loyall.

3639 Did I not tell you so from time to time. Ähnliche Lage und ähnl. Ausdruck bei Forde, *The Fancies* IV, 1 (II, p. 293) : Didst not thou, from time to time, tell me as much.

3649 Mit on beginne neuen Vers.

3662 let this kiss new marry us. Vergl. Forde, *The Broken Heart*, V, 3 (I, p. 318) : That I new-marry him whose wife I am. Forde gebraucht das Wort sehr häufig in diesem Sinn ; aus *Queene* vergl. 3815 : to new torment me ; 3448 : Shall new revive my dulnes, wo es ebenso überflüssig ist als in *Perkin Warbeck*, I, 1 (II, p. 120) : but for the upstart duke, the new reviv'd York... he lives again.

3664 What say ? Vergl. Forde, *'Tis Pity*, II, 6 (I, p. 150) : What say ? why d'ye not speak ?

3686 God a' mercy old Suresby. Citat ? Vergl. Nares, s. v. Suresby.

3692 ff. Die ersten Wörter sind zu lesen : heretofore, but, honest, me, honest, (how-)ere.

3718 loose-bodied das stehende Epitheton für Huren.

3720 wholesom instructions. Vergl. Forde, *Love's Sacrifice* IV, 1 (II, p. 80), wo Mauruccio, der die von Ferentes geschwängerte Morona heiratet, den Rat bekommt : Your only course, I can advise you, is to pass to Naples, and set up a house of carnality.

3760 muschatoes. Zur Umstellung vergl. Middleton. ed. Bullen, VIII, p. 14 : muchatoes ; Dekker, *Works*, IV, p. 192 : Mochatoes.

3813 fin lies : sin.

3835 lies : hearty sorrow.

WÖRTERVERZEICHNISS.

Die fett gedruckten Zahlen verweisen auf die Erläuterungen.

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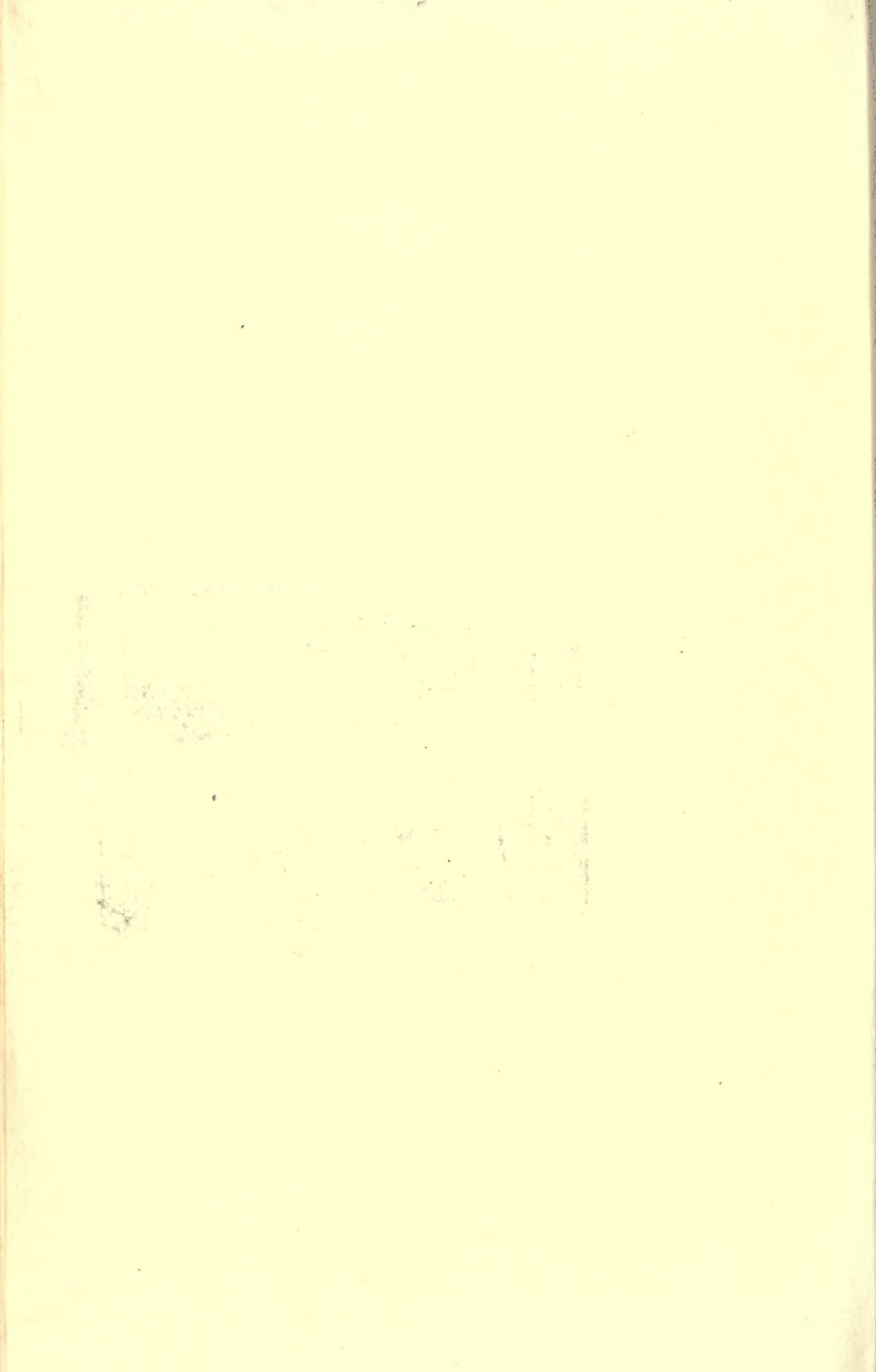
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