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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Three Ladies of London

By R. W.

1584

Date of first known edition, 1584

[British Museum, C. 34, b. 30]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911

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The Three Ladies of London.

By R. W.

1584

The first known edition of "The Three Ladies of London" is that of 1584, now reproduced in facsimile from the British Museum copy. Another edition appeared in 1592.

The D.N.B. notice of Robert Wilson (q.v.) seems to take it for granted that Wilson was the author of this play, and (consequently) also of "The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London," the second being practically a continuation. The writer had no doubt of this ascription, made by Collier, and adds that Hazlitt's suggestion of Wilmot is out of the question.

Other plays more certainly credited to Wilson are "The Cobler's Prophecie" and "The Pedler's Prophecie," together with "Cataline" (a lost play). All the above-mentioned dramas, except "Cataline" are in preparation for this series.

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the MS. Department, British Museum, reports that this reproduction from the original is "among the best in the series, and that is high praise. But for occasional failures to print in exactly the right strength there is hardly a fault to be found."

JOHN S. FARMER.

221362

A right excellent
and famous Comœdy called
the three Ladies of London.

WHEREIN IS NOTA-
BLIE DECLARED AND SET
foorth, how by the meanes of Lucar, Loue
and Conscience is so corrupted, that
the one is married to Disli-
mulation, the other fraught
withall abhomin-
tion.

A PERFECT PATTERNNE FOR ALL
Estates to looke into, and a worke right wor-
thie to be marked. Written by R.W.
as it hath beene publicquely
played.



AT LONDON,
Printed by Ro-
ger Waide, dwelling neere
Holburne Conduit, at the signe
of the Talbot. 1584.



The Prologue.

TO sit on honours seate, it is a loftie reach,
To seek for praise by making brags, oftentimes doth get a breach.
We list not rise the rowling Baces, that dims the chysell chies,
We mean to set no glimmering glaunce before your courteous eyes.
We search not Whites penne pit, nor tast of Limbo lake:
We do not heere of warlike fight, as sword and shield to shake.
We speake not of the powers deuine, ne yet of furious sprites:
We do not soke high hilles to clumbe, nor talke of loues delights.
We do not heere present to you, the thesshar with his flayle:
We do we here present to you, the milke maide with her payle.
We heere not you of countrey soile, as hedger with his bill:
We do not bring the hui bandman, to loppe and toppe with skill.
We play not here the Gardiners part, to plant, to set and sowe:
You maruell then what stuffe we haue to furnish out our shoue.
Your patience per we craue a while, till we haue trimd our still:
Then young and olde come and behold our wares, and buy them all,
Then if our wares shall seme to you, well wouen, good and fine,
We hope we shall your custome haue, againe an other time.

FINIS.



A pithie and pleasant Comedie

The first Acte.

¶ Enter Fame sounding before Loue and Conscience.

- Loue. **L** Ady Conscience, what shall we say to our estates,
to whome shall we complaine?
O how shall we abide such tates, as heapeth by our paine?
Tis Lucar now that rules the rout, tis he is all in all:
Tis he that holds her head so stout, in fine tis he that workes our
Oh Conscience, I feare, I feare a day,
(fall.
That we by her and vsurie, shall quite be cast away.
- Consci. In deed I feare the worst, for euery man doth sewe,
And comes from cuntryes straunge and farre, of her to haue a beewe.
Although they ought to seke true Loue and Conscience cleare:
But Loue and Conscience few do like, that leans on Lucars chaire.
Whan ought be ruled by vs, we ought in them beare sway:
So should ech neighbour true by other, in good estate alway.
- Loue. For Lucar men come from Italy, Barbary, Turkey,
from Iury: nay the Dagan himselfe,
Indaungers his bodie to gape for her pelfe.
They forsake mother, Dince, Cuntrey, Religion, kisse and kinne,
Nay men care not what they forsake, so Lady Lucar they winne.
That we poore Ladies may sigh to see, our states thus turned and tosse,
And worle and worle is like to be, where Lucar rules the roste.
- Consci. You say the truth, yet God I trust will not admit it so:
That Loue and Conscience by Lucars lust, shall catch an ouerthrow.
- Fame. Good Ladies rest content, and you no doubt shall see,
Them plagued with painefull punishment for such their crueltie.
And if true Loue and Conscience live, from Lucars lust lasciuious:
Then fame a triple crowne will giue, which lasteth aye victorious.
- Consci. God graunt that Conscience keepe within the bounds of right:
And that vile Lucar do not daunt, her heart with deadly spight.
- Loue. And grant O God that Loue be found in Citie, Towne, and Cuntry,
Which causeth wealth and peace abound, and pleaseth God almightie.
- Fame. But Ladies, if your pleasure, to walke abroad a while,
And recreate your selues with measure your sorrowes to beguile.
- Consci. Passe on good Fame, your steppes do frame, on you we will attend,
And pray to God that holds the rod, our states for to defend. (exunt.

The second Acte.

¶ Enter Dissimulation, hauing on a Farmers long coat, and
a cappe, and his powle and beard painted motley.

- Dissim. **N**ay no lesse then a Farmer, a right honest man,
But my tong can not stay me to to tell what I am:
Nay who is it that knowes me not by my partie coloured heade
They may well thinke that for me, my honestie is fled. (Exit)

of the three Ladies of London.

Only a figge for honestie, but let that goe:
 Such men, women, and children my name and doings do know,
 My name is Dissimulation, and no blemish I beare,
 For my outward effectes my inward scale doe declare:
 For men doe dissemble with their wives, & their wives with them again,
 So that in the heartes of them I alwayes remaine:
 The childe dissembles with his father, the sister with his brother,
 The mayden with her mistres, and the young man with his lover:
 There is Dissimulation betweene neighbour and neighbour,
 Friend and friend one with an other.
 Betweene the seruaunt and his Maister, betweene brother and brother,
 Then why make you it strange that euer you knew me,
 Seeing so often I ranne throughout every degree?
 But I forget my businesse, ile towarde London as fast as I can,
 To get entertainment of one of the three Ladies, like an honest man.

Enter Simplicie like a Miller all mealy with
 a wand in his hand.

They say that there is preferment in London to haue,
 As and there be ile be passing and braue:
 Why ile be no more a miller, because the maydens call me dusty pole,
 One thumps me on the necke, and an other strikes me on the nose:
 And you see I am a handsome fellow make the compoynance of
 Faith ile goe seek parauentures, and be a serving-creature. (my Nature.
 Whither away good fellow I pray thee declare. Dissim.
 Mary ile clare thee, to London, would thou didst goe there. Sympli.
 What if I did, would it be the better for thee? Dissim.
 I may should it, for I loue honest company. Sympli.
 Agreed, there is a barge, but what shall I call thee? Dissim.
 Cause thou arte an honest man ile tell thee, my name is Simplicie. Sympli.
 I name agreeing to thy nature, but stay here comes more company. Dissim.

Enter Fraud with a Sword and a Buckler like a Russian.

Iusse once alofte and if I may hit in the right bayne,
 Where I may beguile easily without any great payne: Fraud.
 I will haue it and braue it after the lusty swash,
 Ile deceiue thousandes, what care I who lye in the lashe.
 What fraud well met, whither trauestest thou this way? Dissim.
 To London to get entertainment there if I may, Fraud.
 Of the three Ladies, Lucie, Loue, and Conscience:
 I care not whome I serue (the Deuill) so I may get pence.
 O Fraud I know thee for a deceitfull knaue, Sympli.
 And art thou gotten so banianion and braue:
 I knew thee when thou dwelledst at a place called Graues-end,
 And the guests knew thee too, because thou wast not their friend:
 For when thou shouldst bring reckoning to the guests,
 Thou wouldst, but wise so much, and weare it cost thy dame no lesse,
 So thou didst deceiue them, and thy dame too:

A. iii.

And

A pithie and pleasant Comœdie

And because they spied thy knauery, away thou didst go.
 Then thou didst go into Hertfordshire, to a place called Ware,
 And because horses stood at hay for a peny a night there,
 So that thou couldest get nothing that kind of way,
 Thou didst greate the horses tooth, that they should not eate hay,
 Then thou wouldst tell the rider his horse no haie would eate.
 Then the man would say, giue him some other kind of meate.
 Sir, shall I giue him Dics, Fitches, Deafe, Warly, or Bread,
 But what ere thou gauest him, thou stolest thre quarters when he was
 And now thou art so proud with thy filching & cosening art, (in bed.
 But I thinke one day thou wilt not be proude of the Rope and the Cart.
 Take a wise fellowes counsell f fraude, leaue thy cosening and filching.
 Thou horseon rascal swad a saunt, ile bang thee for thy brauling,
 How darcest thou defame a Gentleman that hath so large a liuing?
 A goodly Gentleman Otkler, I thinke none of all you wil beleue him.
 What a clinchpape dyudge is this: I can forbeare him no moze.

Fraude.

Simpli.

Fraude.

Let Fraude make as though he would strike him, but let
 Dissimulation step betwene them.

Dissim.

My good freend fraude refraine, and care not therfore,
 'Tis Simplicite that patch, he knoweth not good from bad.
 And to stand in contention with him, I would thinke you were mad.
 But tell me f fraud tell me, hast thou bene an Otkler in thy daies?

Fraude.

But I haue proued an hundred such waies:
 For when I could not thriue by all other trades,
 I became a Squire to waite vpon Iades.
 But then was then, and now is now, but let that passe,
 I am as thou seest me, what care I the deuill what I was.

Dissim.

Simpli.

You say you go to London, in faith haue with you then,
 Nay come and go with me good honest man.
 For if thou go with him, he will teach thee all his knauery,
 There is none will go with him, that hath any honestie.
 A bottles on thy motley beard, I knowe thee, thou art Dissimulation,
 And hast thou got an honest mans coat, to scumble this fashion.
 Ile tell thee what, thou wilt euen semble and cog with thine own father,
 A couple of false knaues together, a Theefe and a Broker.
 Thou makes townes folkes beleue, that thou art an honest man in the
 Thou doest nothing but cog, lie, and foist with hypocrisie. (cuntry.
 You shall be hanged together, and go alone together for me,
 For if I should go, the folkes would say, we were knaues all thre.

¶ Enter Symonie and Vferie hand in hand.

Symo.

Vferie.

Sym.

Vferie.

Sym.

Vferie.

Fr end Vferie, I thinke we are well neare at our iourneies end:
 But knowest thou whome I haue espied?

No.

Fraud our great frend.

And I see an other that is now come into my remembrance.

Who is that?

Harp M. Dany Dissimulation, a good helper, & our old acquaintance.

Howe

of the three Ladies of London.

Nowe all the Cardes in the stock are belte about,
 The foure knaues in a cluster comes rustling out.
 What fraud and Dissimulation happily found out,
 I meruaile what peece a worke you two goe about.
 Faith sir we met by chance, and to wardes London are bent,
 And to London we hie it is our chieft intent,
 To see if we can get entertainment of the Ladies or no.
 And for the selfe same matter euen thither we goe.
 Then we are luckely well met, and seeing we wishe all for one thing,
 I would we our willes and wishing might wiaine.
 Yes they will be sure to winne the Deuill and all,
 Or els theyle make a man to spew out his gall:
 O that wilde Vserie, he lent my father a little money, and for breaking
 Heooke the fee-simple of his house and mill quite away: (one day
 And yet he bozowed not halfe a quarter so much as it cost,
 But I thinke if he had had but a shilling it had bene lost:
 So he kild my father with sorow, and vndoeed me quite,
 And you deale with him sir you shall finde him a knaue full of spight.
 And Symony I see I, Symony too he is a knaue for the nounce.
 He loues to haue twenty liuings at once,
 And if he let an honest man as I am to haue one,
 Hele let it so deare that he shal be vndone:
 And he seekes to get Parsons liuings into his hand,
 And puts in some odd dunce that to hys payment will stand:
 So if the parsonage be worth forty or fifty pound a yeare,
 He will geue one xwentie nobles to mumble seruice once a month there.

Symony and Vsurie both.

What rascall is he that speaketh by vs such villony.

Sirs he was at vs carewhile too, it is no matter, it is a simple soule
 called Simplicite.

Enter Loue and Conscience.

But here come two of the Ladies therefore make readie.
 But which of vs all shall first breake the matter.
 Mary let Symony do it, for he finely can flatter.
 Nay sirs because none of vs shall haue preheminence about other:
 We will sing in fellowship together like brother and brother.
 Of troth agreed my maisters let it be so,
 Nay and they sing, he sing to.

The Song.

Good Ladies take pittie and graunt our desire.

Conscience reply.

Speake boldly and tell me what ist you require.

Their reply.

Your seruice good Ladies, is that we doe craue.

Her reply.

We like not, nor list not such seruantes to haue.

A.iii.

Their

Simpl.

Sym.

Fraud.

Vsery.

Dissim.

Sym.

Simpl.

Dissim.

Fraud.

Dissim.

Vsery.

Sym.

Simpl.

A pithie and pleasaunt Comœdie,

Their replie.

If you entertaine vs, we trustye will be:

But if you refraine vs, then moste vnhappye.

We will come, we will runne, we will bend at your beck:

We will plye, we will hye, for feare of your check.

Her reply.

You doe fayne, you doe flatter, you doe lye you doe prate,

You will steale, you will Robbe, you will kill in your hate.

I denie you, I desie you, then tease of your talking:

I refraine you, I disdaine you, therefore get you walking.

What fraud, Dissimulation, Vbery, and Symony,

Consci. How dare you for shame presume so boldly.

As once to thew your selues before Loue and Conscience,

Not yealding your lewd liues first to repentaunce:

Thinke you not that God will plague you for your wicked practises,

If you intend not to amend your vilde liues to amisse?

Thinke you not God knowes your thoughtes, words, and woorkes,

And what secret mischiefes in the heartes of you lurkes?

Then how dare you to offend his heavenly maiestie,

With your dissembling deceite, your flatterie and your vbery,

Fraud. Cut first, seeing Ladie Conscience is so scrippolous,

Let vs not speake to her, for I see it is frivulous:

But what say you Lady Loue, will you graunt vs saunour?

Loue. He no suche scruauntes, so ill of behaviour:

Seruauntes moze siter for Lucar then Loue,

And happie are they which refraine for to proue:

Shamelesse, pittilesse, gracelesse, and quite past honestie,

Then who of good conscience, but will hate your companie.

Vbery. Here is scrippolous Conscience, and nice Loue in deede,

Simpli. Tush if they will not other will, I know we shall speeche.

Consci. But Lady I stand still behinde, for I am none of their companie,

Simpli. Why, what art thou? oh I know thou art Simplicitee.

Consci. I sayth, I am Simplicitee, and would fayne serue you.

Simpli. No, I may haue no fooles to dwell with me.

Loue. Why, then Lady Loue will you haue me than.

Simpli. I Simplicitee thou shalt be my man.

Loue. But shall I be your good man?

Simpli. I my good man indrede.

Loue. I but I would be your good man, and sway by a wedding with good

Simpli. No, Loue may not marrie in any case with Simplicitee, (Speed.

Loue. But if thou wilt serue me, ile receaue thee willingly,

Simpli. And if thou wilt not, what remedie.

Loue. Yes I will serue ye, but will you goe into dinner for I am hungry,

Consci. Come Ladie Conscience, pleaseth you to walke home from this com- (pany?

Consci. With right good will for their sightes pleaseth not me.

Fraud. Exeunt, Lady Loue and Conscience.

Fraud. And Dissimulation the spitefull knaue of Spade.

Comed

of the three Ladies of London.

Come there any more knaues, come there any more:
I see fower knaues stand in a rowe.

Let Fraud runne at him, and let Simplicitee runne in, and
come out againe straight.

A way Dudge be gone quickly.
I wous doe thrust out my eyes with a Lady.

Exit Simplicitee.

Fraud.
Simpli.

Did you ever see Gentlemen so rated at before,
But it I killes not, I hope one day to turne them both out of doze.
We were arrantly flouted, rayled at, and skoft in our kinde,
That same Conscience is a bild terrour to mans minde:
Yet saith I care not, for I haue bozne many more then these,
When I was conuertiaunt with the Clergy beyond the Seas:
And he that will liue in this world must not care what such say,
For they are blossomes blown down, not to be found after May.

Vlery.

Sym.

Faith care that care will, for I care not a poynt,
I haue shift it hitherto, and whilest I liue I will leoberd a toynt:
And at my death I will leaue my inheritor behinde,
That shalbe of the right stampe to follow my minde:
Therefore let them piate till their heartes ake, and spyt out their enill,
She cannot quail me if she came in likenesse of the great demil.

Fraud.

Wasse Fraud thou hast a donghtie heart to make a hangman off,
For thou hast good I kille to helpe men from the coffe:
But we were arrantly flouted, yet I thought she had not known me,
But I perceiue though Dissimulation do disguise him, Conscience can see.
What though Conscience perceiue it, all the worlde cannot beside:
Such there be a thousand places where we our selues may prouide:
But looke first here cometh a iustie Lady towards vs in haste,
But speake to her if you will, that we may be all plaste.

Dissim.

Enter Lady Lucar.

I pray thee doe, for thou art the likeliest to speede.
Why then ile tout with a stomacke in hope of good speede.
Faire Lady, al I Gods of good fellowshyp kisse ye (I would say blisse ye,
Thou art beey pleasant & ful of thy roperipe (I would say Rectopick)
Ladie you toke me at the worke, I beseeche you therefore.
To pardon my bouldnesse, offending no more.
We do the matter is not great, but what wouldest thou haue?

Vlery.

Dissim.

Lucar.

Dissim.

Lucar.

How shall I call thee, and what ist thou doest craue?
I am called Dissimulation, and my earnest request,
Is to craue entertainment for me and the rest:
Whose names are Fraud, Vlery and Symony,

Dissim.

Great carers for your health, wealth, and prosperity.
Fraud, Dissimulation, Vlery, and Symonie,
Now truly I thanke you for vsfering your seruice to me:
You are all hartily welcome, and I will appoint straight way,

Lucar.

W. i.

Where

A pithie and pleasaunt Comedie

Where eche one in his office in great honour shall stay:
But Alserie didst thou neuer knowe my Graundmother the olde Lady
Lucar of Venice.

Vfery. Yes Madam I was seruant vnto her and liued there in blisse.

Lucar. But why camest thou into England, seeing Venice is a Citie,
Where Alserie by Lucar may lue in great glopy.

Vfery. I haue often heard your good graundmother tell,
That she had in England a daughter, which her tarre did excell:
And that England was suche a place for Lucar to bide,
As was not in Europe and the whole world beside:
Then lusting greatly to see you, the countrey, and she being dead,

Lucar. I made halke to come ouer to serue you in her stead.
Gramercie Alserie, and I doubt not but that you shal lue here as ple-
I and pleasanter too, it it may be, but Simonie from whence (santly,
came ye, tell me.

Sym. My birth, nurserie, and bringing vp hither to, hath bene in Rome, that
auncient Religious Citie:

On a time, the Monkes and Fryers made a banquet, whereunto they
inited me:

With certaine other some English Merchantes, whiche belike were
of their familiaritie.

So talking of many matters, amongst others, one began to debate,

Of the aboundant substance still brought to that state:

Some said the encrease of their substance and wealth,

Came from other Princes, and brought thether by stealth.

But the Friars and Monkes, with all the ancient company,

Said that it first came, and is now upholden by me Symony:

Whiche the English Merchantes gaue care to: then they flattered a little.

As English me can do for aduantage, whē increase it doth tutch. (so much

And being a shipboard mery, and overcome with drinke on a day,

The winde serued, they hoyll sayle, and so broughe me away:

And landing here, I heard in what great estimation you were,

Made bolde to your honour to make my repayre.

Lucar. Well Symonie I thanke thee, but as for Fraud and Dissimulation,

I know their long continuance and after what fashion:

Therefore Dissimulation, you shalbe my Steward,

In office that every mans case by you must be preferred.

And you Fraud shalbe my rens-gatherer, my leater of Leases and my
purchaser of Land.

So that many olde bybes will come to thy hand.

And Alserie because I knowe you be trustie, you shal be my
Secretary.

To deale amongst Merchantes, to bargin and exchange money.

And Symony because you are a lie fellow, and haue your tongue liberal,

I will place you ouer such matters as are Ecclesiasticall.

And though I appoint sundry offices where now you are in,

Yet toynly I meane to vse you together oft times in one thing:

All. Lady we rest at your command in ought we can or may.

Lucar. Then Maister Dany to my Dallas halke thee awaie,

And will crautie Conueyaunce my Butler to make ready,

The

of the three Ladies of London,

The best fare in my house to welcome thee and thy
companye.

But staie Disimulation, I my selfe will go with thee
Gentlemen He goe before, but pray in any case:
So soone as ye please resorte to my place.

Excunt, Dissim. & Lucar.

I warrant you Ladie, we will not long absent be,
Fellow Symonie this fell out patt, so well as heart could wish,
We are cunning Anglers, we haue caught the fattest fish.
I perceauie it is true that her graundmother tould,
Here is good to be done, by vse of fluer and gould:
And sith I am so wel settled in this Countrey,
I wil pinche al, riche and pooze that come to me.

Symc.
Vlery.

And Arra when I was at Rome, and dwelt in the Friarie,
They would talk how England yearly sent ouer a great masse of monie:
And that this little Island was moze worth to the Pope,
Then three bigger Realmes, which had a great deale moze scope.
For here were imoke pence, Peter pence, and Howle pence to be payde,
Besides muche other money that so the Popes vse was made:
Why it is but lately, since the Pope receiued this fine,
Not muche moze then 26. yeares, it was in Queene Maries time.
But I thinke England had neuer knowne what this geare had ment,
If Frier Bussen from the Pope had not hither bene sent:
For the Pope hearing is to be a little Island, sent him with a great
armie ouer.

Sym.

And winning the victory, hee landed about Rye, Sandwicke
or Dover.

Then he erected Lawes, hauing the people in subiection,
So for the most part, England hath payde tribute so long:
I hearing of the great store, and wealth in the Countrey,
Could not chuse but perswade my selfe the people loned Symonis.

But staie your talke till some other time, we forget my Ladie.

Vlery.
Symo.

O troth you say true: for she bad vs make haste,
But my talke me thought fauoured well, and had a good taste.

Excunt ambo.

Enter Mercadore like an Italian Merchant.

Merca.

I Iudge in my minde a bat me be not bare farr
From da place where dwels my Lady Lucar:
But he come can shently mane a soe he doe.

Enter Dissimulation.

Shentleman, I praye you heartily let me speake you,
Pray you doe you not know a shentleman dat Maister Daup doe call?
Yea mary doe I, I am he, and what would you withall?
Gooda my frend Maister Daup, help me I pray you hartily,
For a sum ma acquaintaunce a with Madona Lucar your Lady:

Dissim.
Merca.

B.ii.

Sir

A pithie and picaſaunt Comœdie

Sir vpon condition, I will therfore I would you ſhould know;
That on me and my fellows you muſt largely beſtow:
Whoſe names are Fraud, Mery, and Sym: my men of great credite and
And to get my Ladies good Will and theirs it is no ſmall thing: (calling)
But tell me can you be content to winne Lucar by Diſimulation?

Merca.

A good a my friend doe ſpa me no ſhush a queſtion,
For he dat I will liue in the world, muſt be of the world ſure,
And de world will haue his own, ſo long as the world indure.

Enter Lucar.

Diſſim.

I commend your wit Sir, but here comes my Lady.

Merca.

Come hither heere to tree Crownes for de ſpeke me.

Diſſim.

Well ſir I thanke you, I will goe ſpeake for you.

Lucar.

Maſter Dany Diſimulation what new acquaintance haue ye gott?

Diſſim.

Such a one Madam that vnto your ſtate hath great care: (there,
And ſurely in my minde the Gentleman is worthe,

Lucar.

To be well thought on for his liberallitie, bountie, & great care to ſeeke you.

Merca.

Gentleman you are hartly welcome, howe are you called, I pray you

Lucar.

Madona, me be a Merchant and be cald ſenior Mercadozus. (tell her)

Merca.

But I pray you tell me what Countreman.

Lucar.

Me be Madona an Italian.

Merca.

Yet let me trouble ye, I beſeeche ye whence came ye?

Lucar.

For ſaria boutra boungrace, me come from Turkie.

Merca.

Gramercie, but ſenior Mercadoze dare you not to vndertake,

Lucar.

Secretlie to conuey good commodities out of this countrey for my ſake?

Madona, me doe for loue of you tynck no paine to muſh,

And to doe any ting for you me will not grush:

Me will a forſake a my fader, Moder, King, Countrey & moze den dat.

Me will lie and forſweare me ſelfe for a quarter ſo much as my hat.

What is dat for loue of Lucar me dare or will not doe:

Me care not for all the world, the great Deuill, nay make my God angry

for you.

You ſay well Mercadozus, yet Lucar by this is not thowowly wonne,

Lucar.

But geue care and I will ſhew, what by thee muſt be done:

Thou muſt carry ouer Wheate, Peaſe, Barly, Dates, and Fitches and

all kinde of graine,

Whiche is well ſould beyond ſea, and bying ſuche Merchantes great

gaine.

Then thou muſt carie beſide Leather, Tallow, Beeſe, Bacon, Belmettell

and euery thing.

And for theſe good commodities, triſles to Englande thou muſt

bying.

As Bugles to make bables, coloured bones, glaſſe, beades, to make brace-

letes withall:

For euery day Gentlewomen of Englande doe aſke for ſuche triſles from

ſtall to ſtall.

And you muſt bying moze, as Amber, Ieat, Cozall, Chyſtall, and euery

ſuch bable,

That

of the three Ladies of London.

That is slight, prettie and pleasant, they care not to haue it profitable.
And if they demaund wherefoze your wares and merchandize agree,
You must say I car not take by a strawe, Timber wil make one fat,
Coraill wil lo be pale when you be sick, and Chastall wil staunch blood.
So with lying, flattering, and glosing you must bitter your ware,
And you shal winne me to your will, if you can decently sweare.

Take ye not hat me haue carried ouer coyne, Cedar, Beefe and Bacon Merca.
too all tis while:

And brought hedar many babies dese cuntry men to beguile?
Yes, shal me tell you Madona, me and my cuntrymans haue sent ouer,
bell mettell toz make ordinaunce, yea and ordinaunce it selfe beside,
Dat my cuntry, and oder cuntryes be so well furnisht as dis cuntry,
and has neuer beene spide.

Now I perceiue you loue me, and if you continue in this still, Lucar.
You shal not onely be with me, but command me when & where you wil.

Lady, for to do all dis, and moze toz you, me be content: Merca.

But I thinke some shall knaue wil put a bill in da Parliament.

For dat such a tings shal not be brought here.

With Mercadore, I warrant the, thou needest not to feare: Lucar.

What and one do there is same other wil flatter and say,
They do no hurt to the cuntry, and with a sleight fetch that bill away.

And if they do not so, that by acte of Parliament it be past,

I know you Merchants haue many a sleight and subtil cast.

So that you wil by stealth bring ouer great stoze:

And say it was in the Reame a long time befoze.

For being so many of these trifles here as there are at this day,
You may increase them at pleasure, when you find ouer sea.

And do but giue the searcher an odde bybe in his hand,

I warrant you he wil let you scape roundly with such things in and out

But Senor Mercadore, I pray you walke in with me, (the land

And as I find you kind to me, so wil I fauour ye.

We tanke my good Lady, But M. Dissimulation, here is for your Merca.
fellowes, fraude, Murp, and Symony, and say me giue it dem.

Exeunt Lucar and Mercadore.

I mary Sir, these bybes haue bene,

God faith I perceiue Dissimulation, Fraud, Usurie, and Symony shall Dissim.

In pture of Love & Conscience, though their harts it doth greue. (lue,

As menslers, be that cannot be cog, vnsensible, and flatter now a daies,

Is not woorthie to liue in the world, nor in the Court to haue praise.

¶ Enter Antifex an Artificer.

I beseech you good M. Dissimulation, be rend a poze man.

To serue Lady Lucar, and sure sir I consider it hercafter if I can. Artif. x

What consider me, doest thou thinke that I am a bybe taker?

God faith it lies not in me to further thy matter. Dissim.

Good M. Dissimulation helpe me, I am almost quite vndoone,

But yet my liuing hitherto with good Conscience I haue wanne. Antifex.

But my trys working, my early rising, and my late going to bed,

W.ij.

38

A pittie and pleasant Comoedie

It seemt able to find my selfe, wife and childzen drie heards
 For there be such a sort of straungers in this cantry,
 That worke fine to please the eie, though it be deceitfully,
 And that which is light, and seemes to the eie well,
 Shall sooner then a pece of good worke be proffered to sell.
 And our english men be growne so foolish and nice,
 That they will not giue a peny aboue the ordinarie price.

Dislim. Faith I cannot helpe thee, tis my fellow Fraude must pleasure thee;
 Here comes my fellow Fraud, speake to him, and ile do what I can.

¶ Enter Fraude:

Artif. I beseech you be good vnto me right honest Gentleman.
 Fraude. Why and whereto: what wouldest thou haue me do?
 Artif. That my poore estate you will so much prefer:
 As to get me to be a workman to Lady Lucar.
 And Sir I doubt not but to please you so well for your paine,
 That you shal thinke very well of me, if I in her seruice remaine.
 Dislim. Good fellow Fraude do so much, for I see he is very willing to lase,
 And some pece of worke to thee for thy paines he will giue.
 Fraud. Well vpon that condition I will, but I care not so much for his gifts,
 As that he will by my name declare how he came by his great thypists.
 And that he will sette out in euery kind of thing,
 That Fraud is a good husband, and great profit doth bring.
 Therefore the next pece of worke that thou doest make,
 Let me see how deceitfull thou wilt do it for my sake.
 Artif. Yes Sir I will Sir, of that be you sure,
 Ile honoz your name, while life doth endure.
 Fraud. Fellow Fraud, here comes a Citizen as I deeme.
 Fraude. Nay rather a Lawier, or some petty fogger he doth seme.

¶ Enter a Lawyer.

Lawyer Gentlemen, my earnest suite is to desire you,
 That vnto your Ladies seruice you would helpe me:
 For I am an Attorney of the Law, and plaeder at the Bar,
 And haue a great desire to plead for Lady Lucar.
 I haue bene earnest Sir, as is needfull in such a case,
 For feare an other come before me, and obtaine my place.
 I haue pleaded for Loue and Conscience till I was wearie,
 I had manie Cypants, and manie matters, that made my purse light, and
 my hart heauie.
 Therefore let them pleade for Conscience that list for me,
 Ile plead no more for such as brings nothing but beggerie.
 Dislim. Sir vpon this condition that you will keepe men in the Law,
 Ten or twelue peeres for matters that are not worth a straw.
 And that you will make an ill matter seme good, and firmable in dede,
 Faith I am content for my part you shall speede.
 Fraude. Nay fellow, thou knowest that Symony & Usury hath an ill matter in
 Now if thou canst handell the matter so subtil & fine, (law at this time,
 As

of the three Ladies of London.

Is to pleade that ill matter good and krmable at the Bar,
Then thou shalt shew thy selfe worthe to win Lady Lucar.
Therefore tell me if you can and will do it or no.

If you do it, be sure to get my Ladies good will ere you goe.

By my honestie well remembred, I had quite forgot,

It is about that, a fortnight ago fell out the matter I wot.

Truly Sir, I can make blacke white, and white blacke againe,
But he that will ge a Lawyer, must haue a thousand waies to faigne.

And manie times we Lawyers do one befre and an other,

And let good matters slip, but we agree like brother and brother.

Why Sir what shall let vs to wrest and turne the Law as we list?

Seeing we haue them printed in the palmes of our fist.

Therefore doubt you not, but make bold report,

That I came, and will plead their ill cause in good kind of sozt.

Of troth how likest thou this fellow Dissimulation?

Happy I like him wel, he is a cunning Clarke, and one of our professid.

But come Sir go with vs and we will prefer you.

Good M. I fraud remember me.

Leave thy prating, I will I tell thee

Good M. Dissimulation thinke on m.

Thou art too importunate and greedy.

Come after dinner, or some other time when we are at leysure.

Dissim Fraud. and Lawyer exeunt.

Come a'ter dinner or some other time, I thinke so indeed,

For full litle do they thinke of a poore mans need.

These fellows will do nothing for pittie and loue,

And thise happy are they that hath no need them to pzone.

God he knowes the world is growne to such a stay,

That men must vse fraud and Dissimulation too, or beg by the way.

Here's he ile do as the most doth, the fewest shall laugh me to scozne,

And be a fellow amongst good fellows to helpe by S. Lukes hojne.

Exit.

Enter Simplicite and Sinceritie.

Good coosen Simplicite do some what for me.

Yes faith coosen Sinceritie, ile do any thing for thee.

What wouldest for me do for thee canst tell that?

Was I cannot tell what shouldest do for me, except thou wouldest giue
me a new hat.

Alas I am not able to giue thee a new.

Why I maruell then how thou dost doe.

Dost thou get thy liuing amongst beggars from doze to doze?

And coosen Sinceritie, I had thought thou wast not so poze.

Nay coosen Simplicite, I got my liuing hardly, but yet I hope lust,

And with good Conscience too, although I am restrained from my lust.

But this is it coosen Simplicite, I would request you to do for me:

Which is, to get Lady Loue, and Lady Conscience hand to a letter:

That by their meanes I may get some Benefice to make mee true the
better.

Yes Ile doe so much for thee coosen, but hast thou any here?

B. iij.

Dissim.

Lawier

Fraude.

Dissim.

Artifex.

Fraude.

Artifex.

Dissim.

Fraude.

Artifex.

Sincer.

Simpli.

Sincer.

Simpli.

Sincer.]

Simpli.

A pithie and pleasant Comœdie

Sincer. Behold, they are ready drawne, if affined they were.

¶ Let Simplicite make as though he read it, and looke quils
ouer, meane while let Conscience enter.

Sympli. Let me see coslen, for I can reade:

Was tis brauely done, didst thou it in dede?

Whistras Conscience, I haue a matter to bequest you too.

Consci. What is it? I doubt not but tis some wile thing if it be for you.

Sympli. Why my coslen Sinceritie, wad before to scribe these papers here,
That he may get some preferment, but I know not where.

Consci. Be thele your letters: what would you haue me do, and how shal I cal

Sincer. Lady, my name is Sinceritie.

Consci. And from whence come yee?

Sincer. I came from Oxford: but in Cambridge I,

Hauing nothing, thought good if I could, to make better my state.

But if I had in stude of Diuinitie, the Lawe, Arithmetike, Astrologie,

Philosofophie, Palmestrie, Trithmeticks, Logicke, Musike, Physicke, or
any such thing,

I had not doubted then, but to haue had some better liuing.

But Diuines that preach the word of God sincerely and truly,

Are in these dayes little or nothing at all let by.

God grant the good Preachers be not taken away for our bntthankfulness,

There was neuer more preaching and lesse following, the people lue so
amisse:

But what is he that may not on the sabbath day attend to heare Gods worde?

But we wil rather rume to bowles, sit at the alehouse, then one houre af-

Telling a tale of Robin hood, sitting at Cardes, playing at
kettels, or els some other vaine thing:

That I feare Gods vengeance on our heades it will bring,

God graunt amendment, but Lady Conscience I pray,

In my behalte bidde I learne what ye may.

Sympli. As my coslen can say his booke well, I had not thought it,

Hes soophy to haue a Benedice, and it will hit.

Consci. God be blessed Sinceritie, for the good comfort I haue of the:

I would it lay in vs to pleasure such beleue me.

We will do what we can: But ultra posse non est esse, you know,

It is I lear that hath brought vs poore soules so low.

For we haue sold our house, we are brought so poore:

And feare by her shortly to be shut our of doore.

Yet to subscribe our name we will with all our hart,

Perchaunce for our sakes some thing she will impart.

Come hither Simplicite, let me write on thy backe.

Sympli. Here is the right picture of that fellow that sits in the corner.

¶ Enter Hospitalitie while she is a writing.

Hospi. Lady, me thinks you are dulle.

Consci. I haue done sir, I was setting my hand to a letter to Lucar for our
transd

of the three Ladies of London.

second Sinceritie.

But I would Ladie Loue were here too.

She is at home with me, but if you please so much in her behalf I will Hospi.

I pray hartily, and it shall suffice the turne well inow: (Doo. Consci.

Good Simplicitie, once more thy bodie do bow.

I thinke I shall serue to be a washing blocke for you.

I would do it for you, but I am afraid yonder boy will mocke me.

So I warrant thee.

Here take thy letters Sinceritie, and I wish them prosperous to thee.

I yelde you most hartie thanks my good Ladie.

Ladie Conscience, please it you to walke home to dinner with me?

I geue you thanks my good friend Hospitalitie.

But I pray you sir, haue you invited to dinner any straunger?

No sure, none but Ladie Loue, and 3. or 4. honest neighbors.

Was my Ladie is gotten to dinner already,

I beleue she rose at ten a clocke she is so hungrie.

What and I should come to dinner, hast thou anie good cheere?

I haue bread and beere, one ioint of meat, and welcome thy best fare.

Why, art thou called Hospitalitie, and hast no better cheere then that?

Ile tell thee, if thou hast no more meat for so many, theile nere be fat.

What if my cosen, nay I my selfe alone, to dinner should come?

Where should my Lady and the rest dine? for I could eate vp every crum.

Thou art an olde miser, dost thou kepe no better fare in thy house?

Hast no greate Bagge Pudding, nor Hogges face, that is called

Howle?

My frende, Hospitalitie doth not consiste in great fare and banquetting, Hospi.

But in doing good vnto the Poore, and to yelde them some refreshing.

Therefore if thou and Sinceritie will come and take part,

Such as I haue Ile geue you with a free and willing hart.

Exeunt Hospitalitie and Conscience.

He speaks well cosen, lets go to dinner with him.

Simpli.

The olde man shall not thinke but we will pleasure him.

Faith he might haue richer fellows, then we to take his part,

But he shall neuer haue better eating fellows if hee would be swelte his hart.

Here be them will eate with the proudest of them.

I am sure my mother said I could eate so much as five men.

Nay I haue a gift for eating I tell yee.

For our Waiues would neuer beleue I put all the meate in my bellie.

But I haue spide a knaue, my Ladie Lucars cogging man,

Geue me your letters cosen, ile prefer ye if I can.

¶ Enter Dissimulation.

Dissimulation, out vpon him, he shall be no spokeman for me.

Sincer.

Why then you are a foole cosen Sinceritie,

Sympli

Geue me am, I tell ye, I know yele do it for me.

C.

Seeing

A pichle and pleasant Comœdie

Sinceri. Seeing thou wilt haue it, here receiue it, but yet it grieues my hart,
That this dissembling wench should speake on my part.
Simpli. Heare ye sir, I would bequest to liuer this letter,
To your good whole some mistris Ladie Lucar.
Dissim. Where hadst thou it tell me?
Simpli. Marie of my conuen Sinceritie.
Dissim. Why I haue nothing to do in it, tis not to me thou shouldst come,
I haue not to doe with Sincerities matters, tis my fellowe Symonies
roine.
Sinceri. Thou art a kinne to the Lawyer, thou wilt do nothing without a fee,
But thou, fra. de, a iurie, no; yet Symonie, shall doe nothing for me,
And thou wilt do it do it, and thou wilt not chuse,
Both the and their dealing I hate and refuse.
Dissim. Why, and I am not bound to the so farre as kinne gos,
And therefore in despite of the and thy cosen there thy letters be,
What, thinkest thou by captious words to make me do it?
Let them bekiner your Letters that hath a stomacke to it.
Simpli. Fast hee then has such a testren and proud sembling kinne,
That hee do nothing les some byberie hee have.
There a great many such promoting kinnaues, that gets their liuing,
With nothing els but facing, lying, swearing, and flattering.
Why hee has a face like a blacke Dogge, and blusbeth like the backe side
of a chimney,
Twas not for nothing thy Godfathers a coggling name gane the,

Enter Ladie Lucar.

But here comes his Mistresse Ladie Lucar,
How cosen Ile liuer your letter.
Mistresse Ladie Lucar haues a letter for ye.
Lucar. Hast thou a letter for me?
Simpli. I by Saint Marie.
How say you cosen, shee reads your letter,
And you can flatter perhaps ye shall speede better.
Sinceri. Thou speakest the truth Simplicitie, for flatterers now a daies,
Like Gentlemen-like, and with prating get praise.
Lucar. Sir, I haue read the tenure of your letter, wherein I finde,
That at the request of Love and Conscience I should shew my self kind
In bestowing some spirit uall liuing on ye, parsonage, or Benefice,
Hee saies it stands greatly in neede, as appeares by this.
And trust me I would do for you, but it lies not in mee,
For I haue referred all such matters to my seruant Symonie.
You must speake to him, and if you can get his good will,
Then be sure of mine, their minds to fulfill.
Sinceri. Ladie, I shall neuer get his good will, because I want abilitie,
For he will do nothing except I bring monie.
And if you grant it not, then tis past all doubt,
I shall be neuer the better, but go quite without.
Dissim. Madam, I can tell what you may giue,

Not

of the three Ladies of London,

Not hurting your selfe whereby he may liue.
And without my fellowe Symonies consent,
If to followe my minde you are anie whit bent.

Pray thee what is it for thou knowest while for their house I am in bargaining, Lucar.

And it be neuer so little, I must see me to do some thing.

Why, haue not you the parsonage of S. Nichol to bestowe? Dissim.

If you giue him that, Symonie shall neuer knowe.

Indeed thou saiest true: drawe neere Sinceritie, Lucar.

For, for their sakes I will bestowe frankly on thee.

Ile giue thee the Parsonage of S. Nichol, to pleasure them withall,

And such an other to it, if thou watch till it fall.

My Ladie askes you when you will take possession of your house, and Simpli.
And the rest of the money.

What are they so hastie: belike they spent it merrily.

Faith no, for they would eate it if they could get it, when they are a Lucar.
Hungarie. Simpli.

But you may be happye, for you haue sped well to day, (speaking to Sinceritie.

You may thanks God and good companie that you came this way.

The Parsonage of S. Michels, bir Ladie if you haue nothing els,

You shall be sure of a living, besides a good ring of Bells.

Cossen ile tel thee what thou shalt do, sell the bells, and make monie.

Thou maiest well be Simplicitie, for thou shewest thy follie.

I haue a Parsonage, but what of S. Nichol, and Nichol is nothing,

Then where is the Church, or any Bells for its ring?

Thou vnderstandest her not, she was set for to flout,

I thought comming in their names I should go without.

Its easie to see that Lucar loues not Loue and Conscience:

But God I trust will one day paye her iust recompence.

Cossen, you saide that some thing to me you would giue,

When you had gotten preferment of Lucar to liue:

And I trust you will remember your poore cossen Simplicitie, by

You know to Lady Conscience and ery bodie I did speake for you.

God Simplicitie holde thy peace, my state is yet naught,

I will helpe thee sure, if euer I get ought.

But heere comes Sir Nicholas Nemo, to him I will go,

And see if for their sakes he will any thing bestow.

¶ Enter Sir Nicholas Nemo.

You come from Loue and Conscience, as seemeth me here,

My speciall good freends, whome I account of most deere.

And you are called Sinceritie, your state shewes the same:

You are welcome to me for their sakes, and for your owne name.

And for their sakes you shall see what I will do for you,

Without Dissimulation, Fraude, A surie, or Symonie:

For they will do nothing without some kind of gaine,

Such cankered corruption in their harts deth remaine.

But come in to dinner with me, and when you haue dinde,

C.ij.

you

Nemo.

116173

A pithie and pleasant Comœdie

- you shall haue. Presently go out.
- Sinceri. You shall haue, but what? a lining that is blowne downe with the winde.
- Simpli. Now coulde I dismember your friends, seeing two linings you haue. One that this man promiseth, and an other that Lady Lucar gaue. Was youl be a tolly man, and you had thre or foure more, Lets beg apace coulde and we shall get great stoze. Do thou get some more letters, and ile get them scribed of Mistris Loue and Conscience,
- And wele go beg linings together, wele beg no small pence. How laet thou coulde Sinceritie, woulde do so much, If we can speake faire and seemle, we shalbe plague rich.
- Sinceri. Good Simplicite content thee, I am neuer the better for this, I must of force leaue off, for I see how baime it is. It bootes not Sinceritie to me for reliefe, So few regard that to me is a grate. This was Nicholas Nemo, and no man hath no place, Then how can I speake well in this heauie case. If no man bid me to dinner, when shall I dine? Where shall I finde him, where, when, and at what time? Wherefore the reliefe I haue had, and shall haue, is small, But to speake truth, the reliefe is nothing at all. But come Simplicite, let vs go see what may bee had,
- Simpli. Sinceritie in these daies was sure borne to be sad. Come lets go to dinner coulde, for the Gentleman I thinke hath almost dinde.
- Since. But and I get bittals enough, I warrant you I will not be behinde.
- Simpli. What if thou canst not get it, then how wilt thou eate?
- Sinceri. Why on this fashion, with both hands at once, ye shall see when I get meate.
- Simpli. Why his name was Nemo, and Nemo hath no being.
- Sinceri. I beleue coulde you be not hungry, that you stand prating. Faith ile go do him a pleasure, because he hath neede, Why and he will needes haue his meate eate, a shall see how ile feede. I beleue he will not bid me come againe to him, Was and he do, a shall find a fellow that has his eating.
- Exeunt ambo.

Enter Vsury and Conscience.

- Vsury. Lady Conscience, is there any bodie within your house can you tell?
- Consci. There is no bodie at all be ye sure, I know certainly well.
- Vsury. You know when one comes to take possession of any peece of Land, There must not bee one within, for against the order of Lawe it both stand.
- Therefore I thought good to aske you, but I praye you thinke not amide: For bothe you, and almost all others knowes, that an olde custome it is.

Wu.

of the three Ladies of London.

You say truth, take possession when you please, good leave I tender ye, Consci.
Doubt you not, there is neither man, woman nor child, that will or
shall hinder you.

Why then I will be bould to enter.

Exit.

Vlery.

Who is moze bould then Vlery to venter?

Consci.

He maketh the matter dangerous where is no neede at all,
But he thinkes it not perillous to seeke euery mans fall:
Both he and Lucar hath so pincht vs, we know not what to doe,
Were it not for Hospitalitie, we knewe not whither to goe.
Great is the miserie that we poore Ladies abide,
And much moze is the crueltie of Lucar and Vlery beside.
O Conscience thou art not accompted of, O Loue thou art little set by,
For almost euery one, true loue, and pure conscience doth deny:
So hath Lucar crept into the bosome of man, woman, and child,
That euery one doth practise his deare friend to beguile.
What God graunt Hospitalitie be not by them ouerprellt,
In whome all our state and chiefest comfort doth rest:
But Vlery hates Hospitalitie, and cannot him abide,
Because he for the poore and comfortlesse doth prouide.
Here he comes, that hath vndone many an honest man,
And daily seekes to destroy, deface, and bring to ruine if he can.
Now sir, haue you taken possession as your deare Lady wold you?

Enter Vsurie.

I haue done it, and I thinke you haue receaued your money,
But this to you: my Lady wold me to bid you prouide some other house
out of hand.

Vlery.

For she wold not by her will, haue Loue and Conscience to dwell in
her land.

Wherefore I wold wish you to prouide ye,
So ye should saue charges, for a lesse house may serue.

Consci.

I pray you hartly let vs stae there, and we wil be content
to geue you ten pound a yeare, which is the olde rent.

Vlery.

Tenne pound a yeare, that were a stae least:

If I should take the olde rent to follow your request,
Pay after fortie pounde a yeare, you shall haue it for a quarter:

And you may thinke too, I greatly befriend ye in this matter:

But no longer then for a quarter to you ile let it,

For perhaps my Lady shall sell it, or els to some other will let it:

Consci.

Well, tith we are drinen to this hard and bitter dist,

We accept, it and are contented to make bare and hard shift.

Vsurie.

Then get you gone, and see at a day your rent be readie.

Consci.

We must haue patience perforce seeing there is no remedie.

Exit Conscience.

What a foole was I, it repentes me I haue let it so reasonable,
I might so well haue had after threescore, as suche a trifle:

Vlery.

For

A pithie and pleasaunt Comcedie

For seeing they were distressed, they would haue geuen largely:
I was a right sor, but ile be ouerseene no moze beieue me.

Enter Mercadore.

- Merca.** If my good a friend a maister Vserie, be my troat you be very well
mette:
He be muche behoulding vnto you for your good will, me be in your
debt.
But a me take a pour part so much against a scalde olde chirie called
Hospitalitie:
Did sprake against you, and sayes you bzing good honest men to beg-
gerie.
Vsury. I thanke Sir, did he speake suche euill of me as you now say?
Merca. I doubt not but to reward him for his trecherie one day.
Vsury. But I pray tell a me how fare a my Ladie all dis while?
Merca. Marie verie Sir, and here she comes if my selfe I do not beguile.

Enter Lucar.

- Lucar.** What seneoz Mercadore I haue not seene you many a day.
Merca. I maruel what is the cause you kept so long a way?
Shall me say to you Madama dat me haue had much busynesse for you
in hand,
For send away good commodities out of dis little Countrey Eng-
land:
We haue nowe sent ouer Brasle, Copper, Pewter, and many other
ting:
And for dat me shall ha for Gentlemenmans fine trilles, that great pro-
fitte will bzing.
Lucar. I perceaue you haue bene mindefull of me for whiche I thanke
you:
But Vserie tell me, how haue you spedde in that you went about?
Vsury. Indifferently Lady, you neede not to doubt,
I haue taken possession, and because they were destitute:
I haue leat it for a quarter my tale to conclude.
Wherry I haue a little raised the rent, but it is but after forty pound by
the yeare:
Lucar. But if it were to let now, I would let it more deare.
Indeepe tis but a trifle, it makes no matter,
Merca. I force it not greatly, being but for a quarter.
Madona me tell ye vat you shall doe, let dem to straunger dat are
content
To dwell in a litle roome, and to pay muche rent:
For you know da french mans and fleminges in dis countrey be many,
So dat they make shifte to dwell ten houses in one very gladly:
And be content a for pay fittie or thre score pound a yeare,
Lucar. For dat whiche da English mans say twenty marke is so deare.
Why senior Mercadore thinke you not that I

Haue

of the three Ladies of London,

Have infinite numbers in London that my want doth supply.
Beside in Wistow, Norwich, Dorchester, Caunterbury,
Dour, Sandwich, &c, Dorchester, Plummoth, and many moe,
That great rentes vpon little roome doe bestow.
Yes I warrant you, and truly I may thanke the straungers for this,
That they haue made houses so deare, whereby I liue in blisse.
But senior Mercadoze, dare you to trauell vndertake:
And goe amongst the Moors, Turkes, and Pagans for my sake?
Madona, me dare a gue to de Turkes, Moors, Paganes and
more too.

Merca.

What doe me care and me goe to da great deuill for you?
Command a me Madam, and you shall see plaine,
Dare for your sake me refuse a no paine.

Lucar.

Then senior Mercadoze I am forthwith to send ye
from hence, to search for some new toyes in Barbary or Turkey,
Such trifles as you thinke will please wantons best:
For you know in this Countrey tis their chiefest request.

Merca.

Indee de Gentlewoman here buy so much vaine toyes,
Dat me straungers laugh a to tinke wherein day haue their Ioyes:
Fayt Madona me will searche all da straunge countreys me can tell,
But me will haue such tinges dat please dese Gentlewoman's bell.
Why then let vs prouide thinges readie to haste you away.
A voutre commaundamento Madona me obay.

Lucar.

Merca.

Exeunt.

Enter Symony and Peter please man like a Parson.

Now proceede with your tale and ile heare thee.

Symo.

Peter.

And so as I was about to tell you:

This same Presco, and this same Cracko be both my parishioners nowe,

And as they fell out meruailously together about you:

The same Cracko tooke your part, and said that the Clergie

Was byholden by you, and maintained very worshipfully:

So sir, Presco he woulde not graunt that in no case,

But said that you did corrupt the clergy, and dishonor that holy place.

Now sir I was wearie to heare them at such great strife,

For I loue to please men so long as I haue life:

Therefore I beseeche your maiesterhip to speake to Lady Lucar,

That I may be her Chaplin, or els to serue her.

Sym.

Peter.

What is your name?

Sir Peter.

Symo.

What more?

Peter.

Forsooth Pleaseman.

Symo.

Then your name is sir Peter Pleaseman.

Peter.

I forsooth.

And please woman too now and then.

Symo.

You know that home is indifferent.

Peter.

Now surely a good scholler in my iudgement,

Symo.

I pray at what Vniuersitie were ye?

Of no Vniuersitie truly:

Peter.

C. lili.

May

A pithie and pleasaunt Comœdie

Mary I haue gone to schoole in a Colledge, where I haue studied
two or a three places of Dinitie:

Symo. And all for Lady Lucars sake, for you may steadfastly belene me.

Peter. May I belene ye, but of what religion are you can ye tell?

Sym. Mary sir of all religions, I know not my selfe very well.

Peter. You are a Protestant now, and I thinke to that you will graunt.

Peter. Indeede I haue bene a Catholike, mary nowe for the most part a
Protestant.

But and if my seruice may please her, harke in your care sir,

I warrant you my Religion shall not offend her.

Symo. You say well, but if I helpe you to suche great preferment,

Would you be willing, that for my paine I shall haue yearly hale the
gaine.

For it is reason you know, that if I help you to a living,

That you should vnto me be somewhat beholding.

Peter. I sir and reason good, I leaue as your maisterhip please.

I care not what you doe, so I may liue at ease.

Symo. When this man is answered: Sir Peter pleasesman, come in
with me.

And ile preferre ye straight way to my Ladie.

Peter. Oh Sir I thanke ye. Exeunt.

Enter Simplicie, with a basket on his Arme.

Simpli. You thinke I am going to market to buy roost meat, do ye not?

I thought so, but you are beceiued: for I wot what I wot.

I am neither going to the Butchers to buy Beale,utton, or Beefe.

But I am going to a bloudsucker, and who is it: faith I serie that
theefe.

Why sirs, twas no marckle he vndood my father that was called
plaine dealing.

When he has vndone my Lady and Conscience too with his bsering.

Ile tell ye sirs, trust him not, for hele flatter bonacion and soze,

Uill he has gotten the Bakers vantage, then hele turne you out of doore.

Enter Dissimulation.

Dissim. Simplicie, now of my honestie very heartily woe I met.

Simpli. What Simblacion sweare not, for thou swearest by that thou couldst
not get.

Thou haue honestie now: thy honestie is quite gone:

Mary thou hadst honestie at xi. of the clock, and went from thee at none:

Why how canst thou haue honestie, when it dare not come nye thee?

I warrant Simblacion: hee that has lesse honestie then thou may desie
thee:

Thou hast honestie irreuerence, come out dogge, where art thou?

Even as must honestie as had my mothers great hoggish fow:

No faith thou must put out my eye with honestie, and thou hadst it here,

hast not left it at the Alehouse, in gage for a pot of strong beere?

May

of the three Ladies of London.

Pray thee leane prating Simplicitee, and tell me what thou hast there? Dissemi.
 Why, tis nothing for thee, thou doest not deale with such kind of ware. Simpli.
 Sirra there is no beceite in a bagge pudding, is there: no? in a plaine

pudding thy:
 But there is beceite and knauerie too in thy fellowe that is called A surie.
 Sirra Ile tell thee, I wonnot tell thee, and yet Ile tell thee, nowe I

member me too:
 Canst tell, or wouldst thou knowe whither with this parliament I go?
 Faith euen to such will thy fellowe A surie I am sent,
 With my Ladie Loues gowne, and Lady Conscience too, for a quarters

rent. Dissemi.
 Has paye Ladie Loue, art thou bidden so lowe?
 Some little pittance on thee Ile bestowe.

Holde Simplicitee, carrie her thre or foure Duckats from me,
 And command me to her euen verie hartily.

Ducke egges, yes Ile carrie em, and eue as many as this woulde Simpli.
 holde:

Cush thou knowest not what I meane, take this, tis golde. Dissemi.

Was tis golde in deede, why, wilt sende awaie thy golde, hast no moze Simpli.
 neede:

I thinke thou art growne plague rich with thy dissembling trade,
 But ile carrie my Lady the golde, for this will make her well apaide.

And sirra, carrie Lady Loues gowne backe againe, for my fellowe Dissemi.
 A surie

Shall not haue her gowne, I am sure so much he will bestreend mee.

But what shall Conscience gowne doe, shall I carrie that backe againe Simpli.

Pay, let Conscience gowne and skin to A surie go. (two) Dissemi.

I: no body cared for Conscience moze then I,

They would hang her by like Bacon in a chunnep to dye.

Faith I told thee thou caredst not for Conscience: no? honestie: Simpli.

I thinke in deede it will neuer be the death of thee.

But Ile go conspatch my arrant so soone as I can I tell ye,

For now I ha gold, I would faine haue some good meat in my bellie.

Exit.

Pay Ile hie me after, that I may send backe Ladie Loues gowne, Dissemi.

For I would not haue Loue bought quize out of towne.

Why for Conscience tut, I care not two strawes,

Why I should take care for her, I know no kind of cause.

Exit.

¶ Enter Hospitalitie.

Oh what shall I say: A surie hath vndone me, and nowe he hates mee Hospi-
 to the death,

And takes by all meanes possible for to bereaue me of breath.

I cannot rest in anie place, but he hunts and followes me euerie where,

That I know no place to abide, I lue so much in feare.

But out alas, here comes he that will shorten my daies.

¶ Enter Vsurie.

D.

I haue

A pithie and pleasant Comcedie

Vsurie.

O haue I caught your olde gray bearde, you be the man whome the people so praise:
You are a franke Gentleman, and full of liberalitie,
Why, who had at the pratie in London or England, but M. Hospitalitie:
But Ile shal suffer you: nowe Ile holde you a groat.

Hospi.

What wilt thou kill me?

Vtery.

No, Ile do nothing but cut thy throat.

Hospi.

O helpe, helpe, helpe, for Gods sake.

¶ Enter Conscience running apace

Consci.

What lamentable crie was that I heard one make?

Hospi.

O Ladie Conscience, now or neuer helpe me.

Consci.

Why, what wilt thou do with him A surie?

Vtery.

What will I do with him: may cut his throat, and then no more.

Consci.

O dost thou not consider that thou shalt deerey answere for hospitalitie that good member, refraine it therefore.

Vtery.

Refraine me no refraining, nor answere mee no answering.

The matter is answered well enough in this thing.

Consci.

For Gods sake spare him, for cuntry sake spare him, for pitie sake spare him, for Loue sake spare him, for Conscience sake forbeare him.

Vtery.

Let cuntry, pitie, Loue, Conscience, and all go in respect of my selfe,

He shall die, come ye feeble wretch, Ile dresse ye like an else.

Consci.

But yet A surie, consider the lamentable crie of the poore, for lacke of hospitalitie, fatherles children are turned out of doore.

Consider againe the complaint of the sicke, blind and lame,

That will crie vnto the Lorde for vengeance on thy head in his name.

Is the feare of God so farre from thee that thou hast no feeling at all?

O repent A surie, leaue hospitalitie, and for mercie at the Lorders hande call.

Vtery.

Leaue prating Conscience, thou canst not mollifie my hart,

He shall in spite of thee and all other soeie his deadly smart.

Yet Ile not commit the murder openly,

But hale the villaine into a corner, and so kill him secretly.

Come ye miserable dudge, and receiue thy death.

Hale him in.

Hospi.

Helpe good Ladie, helpe, he will stop my breath.

Consci.

Alas I would helpe thee, but I haue not the power.

Hospi.

Farewell Ladie Conscience, you shall haue hospitalitie in London nor Eng'land no more.

Consci.

O helpe, helpe, helpe, some good bodie.

¶ Enter Dissimulation and Simplicie hastily.

Dissim.

Who is that that calles for helpe so hastily?

Consci.

Out alas thy fellowe A surie hath killed hospitalitie.

Simpli.

Now Gods blessing on his hart, why twas time that he was dead, he was an olde charle, with neuer a good teeth in his head.

And he nere kept no good chaire that I could see:

For

Of the three Ladies of London.

For if one had not come at dinner time, hee shoulde haue gone away
hungrie.
I could neuer get my bellie full of meate,
He had nothing but beefe, bread, and cheese for me to eate.
I shoulde I would haue had some pyes, or bagge puddings with great
lumpes of fat:
But I warrant ye he did keepe my mouth well enough from that.
Faith and he be dead he is deade, let him go to the deuill, and he will,
Or if he will not go thither, let him euen lie there still.
He nere make wamencation for an olde churche,
For hee has bene a great while, and nowe tis time that he were out of
the worlde.

Enter Lucar.

What Conscience, thou lookest like a poore pidgeon yuld of late.
What Lucar, thou lookest like a whore full of deadly hate.
Alas Conscience I am soue for thee, but I cannot weepe.
Alas Lucar I am soue for thee, that thou canst no honestie keepe.
But such as thou art, such are thy attenders on thee,
As appeares by thy seruant Alsurie, that hath killed that good member
Hospitalitie.
Faith Hospitalitie is killed, and hath made his will,
And hath giuen Dissimulation three trees vpon an high hill.
Come hither Dissimulation, and bidde you hence so fast as you may,
And helpe thy fellowe Alsurie to conuay himselfe out of the way.
Further, will the Iustices, if they chaunce to see him, not to know him,
Or knowe him, not by any meanes to hinder him.
And they shall commaund thise so much at my hand,
Go trudge, runne out away, how doest thou stande
Nay good Lady, sende my fellowe Symonie,
For I haue an earnest salte to pee.
Then Symony go do what I haue wold.
I ranne Adam, your mind shall be fulfilled. exit.
Well well Lucar, Audeo, et taceo, I see and say nothing:
But I feare the plague of God on thy head it will bring.
Good Ladie graunt that I oue be your waiting Maide,
For I thinke being brought so lowe, she will be well apaide.
Speakest thou in good earnest, or doest thou but dissimble?
I knowe not how to haue thee, thou art so variable.
Ladie, though my name bee Dissimulation, yet I speake bona fide
nowe,
If it please you my petitions to allowe.

Lucar.
Consci.
Lucar.
Consci.

Simpli.

Lucar.

Dissim.

Lucar.
Symo.
Confi.

Dissim.

Lucar.

Dissim.

Enter Symony.

Stand by, I leaue the arene. What newes Symonie,
Bringest thou of thy fellowe Alsurie?
Nay Adam good newes: for Alsurie lies close
D.ij.

Lucar.
Symo.

hid

A pittie and pleasant Comedie

hid in a rich mans house, that will not let him loose,
 Untill they see the matter brought to a good ende,
 For I haue in this cuntry hath many a good frende.
 And late I sawe Hospitalitie carried to burying.

Lucar. I pray thee tell me; who were they that followed him?
 Symo. There were many of the Cleargie, and many of the Nobilitie,
 And many right worshipfull rich Citizens,
 Substantiall, gracious, and vertie welthe farmers.
 But to see how the poore followed him it was a wonder,
 Neuer yet at any buryall I haue seene such a number.

Lucar. But what say the people of the murder?
 Sym. Many are soze and say tis great pittie that he was slaine,
 But who be they: the poore beggarly people that so complaine:
 As for the other, they say twas a cruell bloodie fact,
 But I perceiue none will hinder the murderer for this cruell act.

Lucar. 'Tis well, I am glad of it, nowe Dissimulation if you can get Lones
 good will,

I am contented withall my hart to graunt thee butill.
 Dissim. I thanke you good Ladie, and I doubt not but she
 With a little intreatie will thereto agree.

Simpli. Nowe I haue it in my breeches, for I can tell,
 That I and my Ladie with mistruste Lucar shall dwell.

But if I be her seruing fellowe, and dwell there,
 I must learne to tog, lie, foist and sweare.
 And sure I shall neuer learne, marie and twere to lie a bed all day,
 I know to that kind of liuing I can giue a good say:
 Or if twere to eate ones meate, then I knew what I had to doe:
 How say ye Sirra, can I not, ile be iudge by you?

Lucar. Now to you little mouse, did I not tell you before,
 That I should ere twere long turne you both out of doore?
 How say you pretie soule, ist come to passe, pea or no?
 I thinke I haue puld your peacocks plumes somewhat lowe.
 And yet you be so stout as though you felt no grieft,
 But I know ere it be long you will come puling to me for relieft.

Consci. Well Lucar well, you know pride will haue a fall:
 What auantageth it thee to win the world, and lose thy soule withall?
 Yet better it is to liue with litle, and keepe a conscience cleare,
 Which is to God a Sacrifice, and accounted of most deare.

Lucar. Nay Conscience, and you be bookish I meane to leaue ye,
 And the cold ground to comfort your feet I bequeath ye.
 We thinke you being so dappely learned, may do well to keepe a schoole,
 Why, I haue seene so cunning a Clarke in time to proue a foole.

Exeunt Lucar and Symony.

Simpli. Sirra, if thou shouldest marry my Lady thou wouldest keepe her brane,
 For I thinke now thou art a plague rich knaue.

Dissim. Rich I am, but as for knaue keepe to thy selfe,
 Come giue me my Ladies gowne thou asse headed elfe.

Simpli. Why ile go with thee, for I must dwell with my Ladie.

Dissim. Packe hence away, Iacke Drums intertainement, she will none
 of

of the three Ladies of London,

of thee.

Exit.

This is as my cosen and I went to M. Demos house,
There was no bodie to bid a dog drinke, or to chaunge a man a louse.
But Ladie Conscience (nay whose there) scratch that name away,
Is she a Lady that is turned out of all her beray:
Do not be cald no more Ladie, and if you be wise,
For everie bodie will mocke you, and say you be not woozth twoo
butter flies.

Simpli.

What remedie Simplicite: I cannot do withall.

Consci.

But what shall we go do, or whereto shall we fall?

Simpli.

Why to our vittaites, I know nothing els we haue to do,
And marke if I cannot cate twetle times as much as you.

Consci.

If I go lie in an Inne, I shall be soze graued to see,
The deceit of the Diller, the powling of the Tapster, as in most houses
of lodging they be.

If in a Brewers house, at the ouer plentie of water, and scarcenes of
mault I should greue,

Whereby to enrich themselves, all other with vsauorie thinne drinke
they deceiue.

If in a Canners house, with his great deceit in tanning,

If in a Weaners house, with his great cosening in weauing.

If in a Bakers house, with light bread, and very euill working:

If in a Chaunders, with deceitfull waights, false measures, selling for
a halfe peny that is scant woozth a farthing.

And if in an Alehouse, with the great resort of poore bntyzistes,
that with swearing at the Cardes consume their liues,

hauing greater delight to spend a shilling that way,

then a groat at home to sustaine their needie children and wiues.

For which I iudge it best for me to get some solitarie place,

Where I may with patience this my heauie crosse embrace.

And learne to seeke brome, whereby to get my liuing,

Using that as a quiet meane to keepe my selfe from begging.

Wherefore Simplicite if thou wilt do the like,

Settle thy selfe to it, and with true labour thy liuing do seeke.

Exit Conscience.

No faith misars Conscience, Ile not, for and I should seeke brome,

Simpli

The Maides would cosen me to competually with their olde shone.

And too I cannot worke, and you would hang mee out of the way,

For when I was a miller, Will did grind the meale while I did play.

Therefore Ile haue as easie an occupation as I had when my father
was aliue,

Faith Ile go euen a begging, why tis a good trade, a man shall bee sure to
thriue.

For I am sure my prayers will get bread and chesse, and my singing will
get me drinke,

Then shall not I doe better then Misars Conscience? tell mee as you
thinke.

Therefore God Panne in the kitchin, and God Dotte in the butterie,

Come and rell us, that I may sing with the more meliostie.

W.ij.

But

A pithie and picaſaunt Comœdie

But first marke my cauled countenance when I begin,
 But ponder is a fellow that gapes to bite me or els to eate that which I
 sing.
 Why thou art a foole canst not thou keepe thy mouth strait together?
 And when it comes snap at it as my fathers dogge woud doe at a liuer.
 But thou art so greedie,
 That thou thinkest to eate it before it come nye thee.

Simplicite sings-

Simplicite sings it, and sperience doth proue,
 No biding in London for Conscience and Loue.

The Countrey hath no pearce,
 where Conscience comes not once a yeare:
 And Loue so welcome to euery towne,
 as winde that blowes the houses downe.
 Sing downe adowne, downe, downe, downe.

Simplicite sings it and sperience doth proue,
 No dwelling in London, no biding in London for Conscience and Loue.
 Simpli. Now firste hath eaten by my song and ye haue ye shall eate no more
 to day,
 For euery body may see your belly is growne bigger with eating by our
 play:
 He has fild his belly, but I am neuer a whit the better,
 Therefore ile go leaue some vittalles, and remember for eating by my song
 you shall be my debter.

Enter Mercadorus the Merchaunt and Gerontus a Iewe.

Geron. But firste Mercadorus tell me, did ye serue me well or no?
 That hauing gotten my money woud seeke the countrey to forgoe:
 You know I lent you two thousand duckets for thre monethes space,
 And eare the time came you got an other thousand by flatterie and your
 smooth face.
 So when the time came that I should haue receaued my money,
 You were not to be found but was fled out of the countrey:
 Surely if we that be Iewes should deale so one with an other,
 We should not be trusted againe of our owne brother:
 But many of you Chyrtians make no conscience to falsifie your sayth and
 breake your day.
 I should haue bene paid at the monthes end, and now it is two yeare
 you haue bene away.
 Well I am glad you be come againe to Turky, now I trust I shall re-
 ceue the interest of you so well as the principall.
 Merca. A good a maister Geronto pra hartly bare a me a litle while,
 And me shall pay ye all without any deceite or guile:
 We haue a much businelle for by pper knackes to send to England,
 So I bare a me foure or fife daies, meile dispatch your money out of
 Senio

of the three Ladies of London.

Senior. We readore, I know no reason why, because you haue dealt
with me so ill,
Sure you did it not for neede, but affect purpose and will:
And I tell ye to beare with ye foure or fve dayes goes soze at a nist my
minde,
Least you should steale away and forget to leane my meney behind.
Dra hartly doe tike a no such ting my good friend a me,
We me trot and fast mele pay you all euery peny.
Well Ile take your faith and troth once moze, ile trust to your honesty
In hope that for my long taryng you will deale well with me:
Tell me what ware you would buy for England, such necessities
as they lacke.
I no lack some prettie fine toy or some fantaslike new knack,
For da Gentlewomans in England buy much tinges for fantasie:
You pleasure a me fir what me meane a bare buy.
I vnderstand you fir, but keepe iutch with me, and ile bring you to
great stoze,
Such as I perceaue you came to this countrey for:
As Muske, Amber, sweete Powders, fine Odors, pleasaunt perfumes,
and many such toys:
Wherein I perceaue consisteth that countrey gentlewomans Toyes.
Besides I haue Diamondes, Rubyes, Emerodes, Saphyrs, Smara-
dines, Opales, Onacles, Iasikes, Aggattes, Turbasir, and almost of
all kinde of precious stones:
And many moe fit thinges to sucke away mony from such greene headed
wantons.
Fatta my good frend me tanke you most hartly alway,
We shall a content your debt within dis two or tree day.
Well looke you doe keepe your promise, and an other time you shall
command me:
Come, goe we home where our commodities you may at pleasure see.

Geron.

Merca.

Geron.

Merca.

Geron.

Merca.

Geron.

Enter Conscience with broomes at her back sing-
ing as followeth.

New broomes, greene broomes, will you by any,
Come maydens, come quickly, let me take a peny.
My broomes are not steeped,
but very well bound:
My broomes be not crooked,
but smooth cut and round.
I wish it should please you,
to buy of my broome:
Then would it well eate me,
if market were done.
Haue you any olde bootes,
or any olde shoone:
Powch-ringes or Buskins,
to cope for new broome.
If so you haue maydens,
I pray you bring hether:
That you and I frendly,
may bairgen together.

New broomes, greene broomes, will you buy any:
Come Maydens, come quickly, let me take a peny.

Consci.

A pithie and picaſaunt Comedie

Conſcience ſpeaketh.

Thus am I diſtuen to make a vertue of neceſſitie
 And ſeeing God almightie will haue it ſo, I embrace it thank fully:
 Deſiring God to mollifie and leſſen Aſerie's hard heart,
 That the poore people, feele not the like penurie and ſmart:
 But Aſerie is made tollerable amongſt Chriſtians as a neceſſary thing.
 So that going beyond the limites of our law, they extorte, and many to
 miſerie bring.
 But if we ſhould follow Gods law we ſhould not receiue above that wee
 lend.
 For if we lend for reward, how can we ſay we are our neighbors friends:
 How bleſſed ſhall that man be that lendes without abuſe:
 But theſe accuſed ſhall be he that greatly conuict be:
 For he that cannt ſerue much vnſatiſfied is his minde,
 So that to penurie and crueltie, he holy is inclinde:
 Wherewith they ſay oppreſſe the poore by diuers ſundry waies,
 Whiche makes them cry vnto the Lord to ſhorten cutthroates daies:
 Paule calleth them theues that doth not geue the needie of their ſtoze,
 And theſe accuſt are they that take one penny from the poore:
 But while I ſtand reaſoning thus I forget my market cleane,
 And ſith God hath ordained this way, I am to vſe the meane.

Sing'agayne.

Haue ye any olde ſhoes, or haue ye any bootes, haue ye any buſkines, or will
 ye buy any brome.
 Who bargaen or chop with conſcience, what will ſo customer
 come?

Enter Vſerie.

Vſury. Who is it that cries bromes, what conſ. ſelling bromes about ſtreet?
 Conſci. What Aſerie, it is great pite thou art vnchanged yet.
 Vſury. Welcome me Conſcience, it grieues me thou art brought ſo low.
 Conſci. Welcome me Aſerie it grieues me thou waſt not hanged long agoe,
 For if thou hadſt bene hanged befoze thou ſlewſt hoſpitalitie,
 Thou hadſt not made me and thouſandes moze to feele like pouertie.

Enter Lucar.

Lucar. We thought I heard one cry bromes along the doze.
 Vſury. I marrie I ſadain it was Conſcience, who ſeemes to be offended at
 at me berie ſoze.
 Lucar. Was Conſcience art thou become a poore brome wiſe?
 Conſci. Was Lucar wilt thou continue a harlot all daies of thy liſe?
 Lucar. Was I thinke it is a greefe to thee that thou art ſo poore.
 Conſci. Was Lucar I thinke it is no paine to thee that thou ſtill plateſt the
 whoze.
 Lucar. Well well Conſcience that ſharpe tonge of thine hath not bene the
 furtheraunce.

of the three Ladies of London,

If thou hadst kept thy tongue, thou hadst kept thy friend, and not haue
had such hinderance:

But wottest thou who shalbe married to morrow?

Howe with my Dissimulation,

For I chuse to bid the yefe, they are by this time well nye gone:

And hauing occasion to die broomes, I care not if I buy them all.

Then geue me a Shilling and with a good Will haue them you
shall.

Consci.

Alerie carrie in these broomes and geue them t o the maide,
For I know of such stoe the Will be well apaid.

Lucar.

Exit Vlerie with the broomes.

Should Consc. though thy broomes be not worth a quarter so much,
Yet to geue thee a peece of gold I doe it not grutch:

And if thou wouldst follow my mynd, thou shouldst not liue in such fezt,

But passe thy dayes with pleasure stoe of euery kinde of sport.

I thinke you lead the worlde in a string, for euery body followes
you.

Consci.

And sith euery one doth it, why may not I doe it too,

For that I see your tree hart, and great liberallitie:

I maruell not that all people are so willing to follow ye.

Then sweete coule marke what I would haue thee doe for me,

That is to decke by thy paoze Cottage handsomely:

Lucar

And for that purpose I haue tye thousandes Crownes in stoe,

And when it is spent thou shalt haue twise as much more,

But onely see thy roomes be neat when I shal thither re-^uit:

With familiar friendes to play and passe the time in sport:

For the Debate, Cunsable, and spirituell neighbours doe spy, pry, and
eye about my house:

That I dare not be once merrie withra, but still mufe like a mouse.

My good Ladie Lucar I will fulfil your minde in euery kinde of
thing.

Consci.

So that you shalbe welcome at all houres when e soeuer you doe
thing:

And all the dogges in the towne shall not barke at your doings I trow,

For your full pretence and intent I doe threoghly know:

Even so well as if you had opened the very secrettes of your heart:

For wotste I doubt not but to tell in your fauour by my delect:

But here comes your man Alerie.

Enter Vlerie.

Ile send him home for the money,

Lucar.

Alerie steppe in and bring me the boxe of all abomination that standes
in the window:

It is litte and round painted with diuers colours and is prettie to the
shoe

Whan is there any superscription there on?

Vlerie.

Haue I not tolde you the name: I haue get you gone.

Lucar.

Well my wenche I doubt not but our pleasures shall exell,

C. 1.

seeing

A pithie and pleasaunt Comcedie

Saying thou hast got a corner sit where few neighbours dwell,
And they be of the poorest sort which fits our turne so right:
Because they dare not speake against our sportes and sweete delight,
And if they should (alas their wordes) would nought at al be wayd,
And so to speake before my face, they wil be al afraid.

Enter Vserie with a paynted boxe of
incke in hys hand.

Vlury. Madam I deeme the same be it, so farre as I can gesse.
Lucar. Then saiest the trueth tis it in deede, the outside shewes no lesse.
But Vserie I thinke Dissimulation hath not seene you since your
comming home:
Therefore goe see him, he will reioyce when you to him are shorne,
Vlury. It is a busie time with him, help to further him if you can.
He may commaund me to attend at boord to be his man.

Exit Vserie.

Here let Lucar open the boxe and dip her finger in
it, and spoote Conscience face, saying
as followeth.

Lucar. Should here my secret, and them ouer to see if any want,
The more I see behold this face, the more my minde doth vaunt:
This face is of fauor, these cheekes are redde and white,
These lips are cherry red, and full of deepe delight.
Quick rolling eyes, her temples hygh, and forehead white as snowe,
Her eye-browes seemely set in frame, with dimpled chinne below:
How beautie hath adorned thee with euery seemely heu,
In limmes, in looks, with all the rest, proportion keeping dew:
Sure I haue not seene a finer soule in euery kinde of part,
I can not chouse but kisse thee with my lippes that loue thee with my
heart.
Coni. I haue tould the crownes and here are tust so many as you to me did
say.
Lucar. Then when thou wilt thou maist depart, and homewardest take thy
way.
And I pray thee make haste in decking of thy come,
That I may finde thy lodging fine, when with my friend I come.
Consci. He make speede, and where I haue with byzomess oft times bene
roming:
I meane hencefoorth not to be seene, but sitte to wathe your com-
ming.

Exit Conscience.

Lucar. O how tofull may I be, that such successe doe finde,
Po mariuell, for pouertie and desire of Lucar doe force them follow my
minde:

Now

of the three Ladies of London.

How may I reioyce in full contentation,
That shall marry Loue with Dissimulation:
And haue spotted Conscience with all abhominacion,
But I forget my selfe, for I must to the wedding,
Both hauntingly and flauntingly, although I had no bidding.

Exit Lucar.

Enter Dissimulation and Coggin hys
man, and Symony.

Sir although you be my maister I woulde not haue you to vphrayde Cog.
my name,
But I woulde haue you vse the right skill and title of the same:
For my name is neither scogging, nor scragging, but auncient Cogging:
Sir my Incestors were one of the foure weythes,
And your selfe are of my neare kinne.
Indeede thou sayst true for Coggin is a kinsman to Dissimulation, Dissim.
But tell me haue you taken the names of the guesstes:
Yea sir. Cog.
Let me heare after what fashien. Dissim.

The names of the guesstes tolde
by Coggin.

There is first and foremost maister Forgery, and maister Flatterie, Cons
Maister Perurie and maister I naine:
Maister Crueltie, and maister Pickanie, maister Wybery and mayster
Treacherie:
Maister Wincke at Wozong, and maister Headstrong, mistress praisie These
And maister deepe Deceit, maister Abhominacion, and maister Fornica-
cation his wife, Ferdinando false-waight, and Frisitt false-measure
his wife.
Stay, Fornication and Frisitt false-measure they are often familiar Dissim.
With my Lady Lucar, and one of them she accounts her friend:
Therefore they shall sit with the Wyde in the middell, and the men at
eche end:
Let me see, there are sixtene, euen as many as well neare is able
To dine in the sommer parlor at the playing table:
Beside my fellow Fraud, and your fellow Symony,
But I shall haue a great misse of my fellow Userie. Symo
Take no care for that, he came home yesterday euen no longer,
His pardon was quickly begged, and that by a Courtier:
And sirra, since he came home he had like to haue slaine good neigh-
bourhood, and liberalitie,
Had not true friendship kept betwene them very sodenly:
But sirra he hit true friendship with a blow on the care,
That he keepe out of all mens sight, I thinke for shame or for feare.

E. II.

How

A pithie and pleasaunt Comœdie

- Diffim. How of my trash it is a prettie test, hath he made true friendship hide his head?
- Symo. Sure it is be so good neighbourhode and liberalitie for feare are fled.
- Diffim. What fellow Simulation tel me what Duett shall marry ye?
- Symo. Why that hal an olde trend of mine Master Doctor Hypocrisie.
- Diffim. Why will you take care for Duett Pleasure to supply that want?
- Symo. Indeede the Doctor is a good Duett, but Doctor Hypocrisie is most ancient.
- But cousin Coggin, I pray you goe to invite the gesses,
And tell them that they neede not disturbe their quietnes:
Desire them to come at dinner time and it shall suffice,
Because I know they will be loth so early to rise.
But at any hand will Doctor Hypocrisie,
That he meete us at the Church very early:
For I would not have all the world to wonder at our match,
It is as the proverbe, tis good having a hatch before the doze, but tis
have a dove before the hatch.
- Cog. But I will about it as fast as I can hie,
He will so chat scalde balbe anase Doctor Hypocrisie.

Exit Cog.

- Symo. But fellow Simulation how darest thou marry with Loue, bearing no loue at all?
- For thou doest nothing but dissemble, then thy loue must needes be small:
- Thou canst not loue but from the teeth forward,
Sure the wife that marries thee shall lightly be pre'ard:
- Diffim. Tush tush, you are a merry man, I warrant you I know what I do,
And can yeald a good reason for it I may say unto you.
What and if the world should change and runne all on her side?
Then might I by her meanes still in good credite abide:
Thou knowest loue is ancient and lues peaceably without any strife.
- Then sure the people will thinke well of me because she is my wife.
- Symo. Trust me thou art as craftie to have an eye to the mayne chance:
As the Tapler that out of seven yardes stole one and a halfe of distance.
He served at that time the de-vill in likeness of Saint Lazarine,
Such Taplers will thieve that out of a doublet and a pape of hose,
can steale their wife an Ippone:
- The Devil steales thre fingers were to short,
The Venetians came nothing neare the knee.
- Diffim. Then for to make them long enough I pray thee what didst hee?
- Symo. Two peeces set an handfull broad to lengthen them withall,
Yet for all that below the knee by no meanes they could fall.
He seeing that desired the partie to buy as much to make an other paire
The partie did. yet for all that he stole a quarter there.
- Diffim. How sure I can him thanke he could his occupation:

Of the three Ladies of London.

My fellowe Fraude would laugh to heare one drest of such a fashion.
 But fellowe Symony, I thanke you hartly for comparing the Tayloz
 to me,
 As who should say, his knaerie and my pollicie did not agree.
 Not so, but I was the willinger to tell thee, because I know it to bee Symo.
 a true tale,
 And to see howe Artificers doe extoll Fraude, by whome they beare
 their sale.
 But come et vs walke, and talke no more of this,
 Your pollicie was very good, and so no doubt was his.
 Exeunt.

¶ Enter Mercadorus reading a letter to himselte, and
 let Geronius the Jewe followe him, and
 speake as followeth.

Senior Mercadore, why doe you not pay mee: thinke you I will bee Geron.
 mockt in this sort?
 This is thre times you haue slowted mee, it seemes you make thereat
 a sport.
 True pay me my money, and that euen nowe presently,
 Or by myghtie Mahomet I sweare, I will forthwith arrest yee. Merca.
 I haue payd a bare wit me tre of foure daies, mee haue much busineste
 in hand:
 We be troubled with letters you see here, dat comes from England.
 Each this is not my matter, I haue nothing therewith to do, Geron.
 Pay me my money or Ile make you, before to your lodging you go.
 I haue Officers stand watching for you, so that you cannot passe by,
 Therefore you were best to pay me, or els in prison you shall lie.
 Arrest me thou shalt knowe, many do and if thou dare, Merca.
 We will not pay de one peny, arrest me, doo, me do not care.
 We will be a Turke, me came hedar for dat cause,
 Darefoze me care not for de so much as two strawes.
 This is but your wordes, because you would de feate me, Geron.
 I cannot thinke you will forsake your fait so lightly.
 But seeing you daine me to doubt, Ile trie your honestie:
 Therefore be sure of this, Ile go about it presently. Exit.
 Many farewell and be hangd, sitten scald drunken Jew.
 I warrant yee me shalbe able very well to pay you. Merca.
 My Lady Icar haue sent me here dis letter,
 Praying me to coslen de Jewe for loue a her.
 Darefoze me go to get a some Turkes apparell,
 Dat me may coslen de Jewe, and end dis quarrell. Exit.

¶ Enter three Beggars, that is to say, Tom
 Beggar, wily Will, and Simplicie
 finging.

A pithie and pleasant Comcedie

The Song.

To the wedding, to the wedding, to the wedding go we,
To the wedding a begging, a begging, all three.

TO M Beggar shall braue it, and wily Will to,
Simplicite shall knaue it where euer we go:
With lustely Brauado, take care that care will,
To catch it, and snatch it, we haue the braue skill.

Our fingers are lime-rigges, and Barbars we be,
To catch sheetes from hedges most pleasant to see:
Then to the alewife roundly we set them to sale,
And spend the money merily vpon her good ale.

To the wedding, to the wedding, to the wedding go we,
To the wedding a begging, a begging all three.

FINIS.

Tom. Now truely my maisters, of all occupations vnder the sunne, begging
is the best,

For when a man is wearie, then may he lay him downe to rest.
Tell me, is it not a Lozdes life in Sommer to loule one vnder a hedge,
And then leauing that game, may go clepe and coll his Whadger?
Or els may walke to take the wholesome ayre aboute for his delight,
Where he may tumble on the grasse, haue stowts suels, and see manie a
pottle light.

Why, an Emperour for all his wealth can haue but his pleasure,
And surely I would not lose my charter of libertie, for all the Kinges
treasure.

Will. Shall I tell thee Tom Beggar? by the faith of a Gentleman, this
auncient freedom I would not forgoe,

If I might haue whole Mynes of money at my will to bestowe.
Then a mans mind should be troubled to keepe that he had,
And you knowe it were not for me, it would make my valiant mind mad.
For now we neither pay Church money, subsidies, assistance, let, nor lot.
All the payings we pay, is to pay the good ale pot.

Simpli. But fellowe Beggars, you cotten me, and take away all the best meat,
And leaue me nothing but browne bread, or sinne of fish to eate.
When you be at the Alehouse, you drinke by the strong ale, and giue me
small beere:

You tell me tis better then the strong, to make me sing cleare.
And be you know with my singing I get twise so much as ye,
But and you serue me so, you shall sing your selues, and beg alone for me.

Tom. We stand prating here, come let vs go to the gate,
Has I am greatly afraid we are come somewhat too late.
Good gentle Wh. Master, your reward do bestowe,
On a poore lame man, that hath but a paire of legges to goe,

For

of the three Ladies of London.

For the honour of God good Whas Porter, geue somewhat to the blind Will.
That the way to the Alehouse in his deepe cannot find.
For the good Lords sake take compassion on the poore.

Tom.

Enter Fraud with a basket of meat on his arme

How now Sirs, you are vengeance hastic, can ye not carrie?
But stand bauling so at my Ladies doze.
Here take it amongst you, yet were a good almes doede to geue you nothing,

Fraude

Because you were so hastic, and kept such a calling.

I beseech ye not so Sir, for we were verie hungrie,
That made vs so earnest, but we are sope we troubled yee.

Tom.

Looke how greedie they be, like dogs that fall a snatchyng,
You shall see that I shall haue the greatest almes, because I saide no-
thing.

Simpli

Fraude knowes me, therefore hele be my frend I am sure of that,
They haue nothing but leane beefe, ye shall see I shall haue a pece that
is fat.

Whither Fraude you haue forgot me, pray ye let me haue my share.

Faith all is gone, thou comest too late, thou seest all is giuen there.
By the faith of a Gentleman I haue it not, I would I were able to
geue thee more.

Fraude.

O Sir, I sawe your armes hang out at a Table doze.

Simpli.

Indeed my armes are at the Painters, belike he hung them out to dye,
I pray thee tell me what they were, if thou canst them descrie.

Fraude.

May there was neuer a scutcheon, but there was 2. trees rampant,

Simpli.

And then ouer them lay a sower tree passant,

With a man like you in a greene field pendant,

Hauiug a hempen halter about his necke, with a knot vnder the left eare
because you are a younger brother.

Then Sir, there stande on eche side holding by the crease,

A worthie Officers hand in a ditch of greafe:

Besides all this, on the helmet stande the hangmans hand,

Ready to turne the Ladder whereon your picture did stand:

Then vnder the helmet hung Tables like chaines, and for what they are
I cannot deuise,

Except it be to make you hang fast, that the Crowes might picke out
your eies.

What a swad is this? I had bene better to haue sent him to the backe
doze,

Fraude.

To haue gotten some almes amongst the rest of the poore:

Thou prattst thou canst not tell what, or els art not well in thy wit,

I am sure my armes are not blazd so farre abroad as yet.

O yes Sir, your armes were knowne a great while ago,

Simpli.

For your elder brother Decrete did giue those armes too.

May the difference is all, which is the knot vnder the left eare:

The Deinter saies when he is hang, you may put out the knot without
feare.

I am sure they were your armes, for there was written in Romaine
letters about the hempen collar,

Exen

A pithie and pleasant Comœdie

Given by the worthe valiant Captaine Maister Fraud the Ostler.
Now God be wile ye sir, I le get me euen close to the backe doze.
Farewell Tom Beggar, and wylie Will, I le begge with you no moze.

Exit.

- Tom. O farewell Simplicitie, we are verie loth to lose thy companie.
Fraude. Now he is gone giue care to me. You seeme to be found men in euerie
wynt and sum,
And can ye lue in this sozte, to goe by and downe the country a lezginge.
O lase minds I trow, I had rather hacke it out by the high way side,
Then such miterie and penurie still to abide.
Hrs, if you will be rulde by me, and do what I shall say,
I le bring ye where we shall haue a notable fine pray.
It is so Hrs, that a Merchant, one Mercadorus, is comming from
Turky,
And it is my Ladies pleasure that he robbed should be,
She hath sayne that we shalbe all sharers alike,
Tom. And vpon that willed me some such companions as you be to seeke.
O worthe Captaine Fraude, you haue woone my noble hart:
You shall see how manfully I can play my part.
And heeres wylie Will, as good a fellowe as your hart can wish,
To go a fishing with a cranke through a windowe, or to let tuncetwiggess
to catch a pan, pottle, or dish.
Will. He saues care, for I tell you I am one that will not geue backe,
Nor for a double shot out of a blacke Jacke.
O sir you bring us a bed when ye talke of this geare,
Fraude. Come, shall we go worthe Captaine? I long till we be there.
I let us about it, to provide our weapons ready,
And when the time serues, I my selfe will conduct you.
Tom. O valiantly spoken, come wylie Will, two pots of ale wele bestowe;
On our Captaine copagiously for a parting blowe.

Exeunt.

Enter the Iudge of Turkie, with Gerontus and Mercadorus.

- Iudge. Sir Gerontus, because you are the plaintife, you first your minde
shall say,
Declare the cause you did arrest this Merchant yesterday.
Geron. Then learned Iudge attende. This Mercadorus sa me you see in
place,
Did borrowe two thousand Duckets of mee, but for a fine weeks space.
Then Sir, before the day came, by his flatterie he obtained one thousand
more,
And promist mee at two monthes ende I should receiue my stoze:
But before the time expired, he was clossly fled away,
So that I neuer heard of him at least this two yeres day:
Till at the last I met with him, and my money did demande,
Who swore to me at fine daies end, he would pay me out of hand.
The fine daies came, and thre daies more, then one day he requested,

3

of the three Ladies of London.

I perceiuing that he flouted me, haue got him thus arrested:

And now he comes in Turkish weeds to defeat me of my money,

But I trow he wil not forsake his faith, I deeme he hath moze honestie, Iudge.

Sir Gerontus you knowe, if any man forsake his faith, king, countrie,

and become a Mahomet,

All debtes are paide, tis the lawe of our Realme, and you may not gaine-
say it.

Most true (reuerent Iudge) we may not, noz I will not against our
Lawes grudge. Geron.

Senior Mercadozus in this true that Gerontus hath tell?

Iudge.

My Lord Iudge, be matter, and be circumstance be true me know well.

Merca.

But me will be a Turke, and for dat cause me came here.

Then it is but a follie to make many wordes. Senior Mercadozus
draw neere. Iudge.

Lay your hand vpon this booke, and say after mee,

With a good will my Lord Iudge, me be all readie.

Merca.

Not for any deuotion, but for Lucars sake of my monie.

Geron.

Say I Mercadozus, do vterly renounce before all the world, my dutie
to my Prince, my honour to my parents, and my good will to my cuntry:

Iudge.

Furthermoze I protest and sweare to be true to this countrie during life,
and therevpon I forsake my Christian faith.

Merca.

Stay there most puissant Iudge. Senior Mercadozus, consider what
you doo, Geron.

Say me the principall, as for the interest, I forgive it you:

And yet the interest is allowed amongst you Christians, as well as to
Turky,

Therefore respect your faith, and do not seeme to deceiue me.

Merca.

No point da interest, no point da principall.

Geron.

Then pay me the one halfe, if you will not pay me all.

Merca.

No point da halfe, no point denere, me will be a Turke I say,

We be wearie of my Christians religion, and for dat me come away.

Well saying it is so, I would be loth to heare the people say, it was long
of me Geron.

Then forsakest thy faith, wherefoze I forgive thee franke and free:

Protecting before the Iudge, and all the world, neuer to demand peny
noz halfe peny.

O Sir Gerontus, me take a pour proffer, and tanke you most hartly.

Merca.

But seneo Mercadozus, I trow ye will be a Turke for all this.

Iudge.

Seneco no, not for all da good in da world, me forsake a my Christ.

Merca.

Why then it is as Sir Gerontus saide, you did moze for the greedines of
the mony, Iudge.

Then for any zeale of good will you bare to Turky.

O Sir, you make a great offence,

Merca.

You must not iudge a my conscience.

One may iudge and sprake truth, as apperes by this,

Iudge.

I trus sake to excell in Christianity, and Christians in Jewisnes. (Exit

Well bell, but me tanke you Sir Gerontus with all my very hart.

Merca.

Much good may it do you Sir, I repent it not for my part.

Geron.

But yet I would not haue this bolden you to serue an other so,

Take to pay, & keepe day with men, so a good name on you wil go. (Exit.

You

E.

A pichie and pleasant Comcedie

Merca. You say bel Sir: it daf me good, dat me haue coofend be Jewe,
faith I would my Ladie Lucar de whole matter nowe knewe.
What is dat me will not do for her swæte sake,
But now me will provide my iourney toward England to take.
Ade be a Turke, no, it will make my Ladie Lucar to smile,
When she knowes how me did da scall Jewe beguile.
Exit.

Enter Lucar, and Loue with a visard
behind.

Lucar. Mistrisse Loue, I merruell not a little what coy conceste is crepte into
your head,
That you seeme so sad and sorrowfull since the time you first did wed.
Tell me sweete wench what thou aylest, and if I can ease thy grieve,
I will be prest to pleasure thee in yelding of reliefe.
Sure thou makest me for to thinke some thing hath chaunst amisse,
I pray thee tell me what thou aylest, and what the matter is.
Loue. My grieffe alas I shame to show, because my bad intent,
Hath brought on me a iust reward, and eke a straunge euent.
Shall I be counted Loue: nay rather lasciuious Lust,
Because vnto Dissimulation I did repose such trust.
But now I mone too late, and blush my hap to tell,
My head in monstrous sozt alas, doth moze and moze still swell.
Lucar. Is your head then swollen good Mistrisse Loue, I pray you let me see,
Of troth it is, behold a face, that seemes to smile on me:
It is faire and well fauoured, with a countenance smooth and good,
Wonder is the worst, to see two faces in a hood.
Loue. Come lets go, wele finde some sports to spurne away such toys,
Were it not for Lucar, sure Loue had lost her toys.
Exeunt.

Enter Serviceable Dilligence the Constable,
and Simplicite, with an Officer to whip
him, or two if you can.

Simpli. Why, but must I be whipt M. Constable in dede?
You may saue your labour, for I haue no need.
Dilli. I must needs see thee punished, there is no remedie,
Except thou wilt confesse, and tell me,
Where thy fellows are become that did the robbrie.
Simpli. In dede M. Constable, I do not knowe of their stealing,
For I did not see them since we went togither a begging:
Therefore pray ye Sir, be miserable to me, and let me go,
For I labour to get my liuing with begging you know.
Dilli. Thou wast scene in their companie a little before the dede was
done,
Therefore it is most likely thou knowest where they are become.

Why

of the three Ladies of London.

Why maister Constable if a sheepe goe among Wolves all day:
Shall the sheepe be blamde if they steale any thing away. Simpli.
I marrie shall he, for it is a great presumption,
That keeping them companie he is of like profession, Dilli.
But dispatche first, strip him and whip him:
Stand not to reason the question.
Indeede twas Fraud so it was, it was not I,
And here he comes him selfe, aske him if I lye. Simpli.

Enter Fraud.

What saiest thou Willaine? I would aduise thee hold thy tongue, Dilli.
I know him to be a wealthy man and a Burges of the Towne:
Sir and it please your maisterhip, heres one slanders you with felony,
He sayth you were the chiefe doer of a robberie.
What sayes the rascall? but you know, Fraudes.
It standeth not with my credite to braule:
But, good maister Constable for his slaundersous repost,
Pay him double, and in a greater matter command me you shall.
Exit.

Maister Constable must the countenance carry out the knaue, Simpli.
Why then if one will face folkes out, some fine reparation he must haue.

Bedle put off his Clothes.

Come sir tack sauer: make quicke dispatche at once,
You shall see how finely we will fetch the skin from your bones.
Pay but tell me whether you be both right handed or nor Simpli.
What is that to thee, why wouldest thou so faine know? Bedle.
Marrie if you should be both right handed, the one would hinder Simpli.
the other,
Then it would not be done finely according to order:
For if I be not whipt with credite it is not worth a pinne,
Therefore I pray maister Constable let me be whipt vpon my skirme.
Whereon dost thou think they would whip thee, I pray thee declare? Dilli.
That thou puttest vs in minde, and takest such great care.
I was afraid you woulde haue woyn out my clothes with whipping. Sympli.
Then afterward I should goe naked a begging.
Haue no doubt of that: we will saue thy clothes, Bedle.
Thou shalt iudge that thy selfe, by feeling thy blowes.

Lead him once or twice about, whipping
him, and so Exit.

Enter Iudge Nemo the clarke of the Sies, the Crier,
and seruiceable Dilligence, the Iudge and Clarke being
sett, the Crier shall sound three times.

f. it.

Seruiceable

A pichie and pleasant Comedie

Judge. **Servicable Dilligence**, bring hither such prisoners as are in your care.
Dilli. **Why** dilligence shall be applied very willingly. (Kodie,
Pleaseth it you, there are but three prisoners so farre as I knowe,
Which are **Lucar** and **Conscience**, with a deformed creature much like
Bistrans the base daughter of **Iuno**.
Judge. **For** where is that wretched Dillimination?
Dilli. **He** hath transfozmed himselfe after a straunge fashion.
Judge. **For** fraude: where is he become?
Dilli. **He** was seene in the streets walking in a Citizens gowne.
Judge. **What** is become of **Iunior**?
Dilli. **He** was seene at the Exchange very lately.
Judge. **Tell** me, when have you heard of **Symony**?
Dilli. **He** was seene this day walking in **Paules**, having conference and very
great familiaritie with some of the **Clergie**.
Judge. **Fetch** **Lucar** and **Conscience** to the Barre.
Dilli. **Behold** worthy Judge, here ready they are.

¶ Enter **Lucar** and **Conscience**.

Judge. **Stand** forth: **Dilligence** deuide them a sonder.
Clarke. **Lucar**, thou art indicted by the name of **Lucar**,
To have committed adulterie with **Mercadozus** the Merchant, and
Creticus the Lawyer.
Thou art also indicted for the robbery of **Mercadoze**:
Lastly, and chiefly, for the consenting to the murder of **Hospitalitie**.
What saiest thou, art thou guiltie or not in these causes?
Lucar. **Not** guiltie, where are mine accusers, they may shame to shew thier faces.
In despite of the teeth of them that dare: I speake in dishaune. (ceas
Judge. **Impudent**, canst thou deny deedes so manifestly knowne.
Lucar. **In** deniall standes triall: I shame not, let them be showne,
It grinde my gall, they should slander me on this sorte:
They are some olde canker'd currish corrupt carles that gaue me this re:
My soule craves reuenge on such my sacred foes, (part
And reuengement I will haue, if body and soule I lose.
Judge. **Thy** hatefull heart declares thy wicked life,
In the abundance of thy abhominacion all evils are ripe:
But what saiest thou **Conscience** to thy accusation, (abomination.
That art accused to haue bene baynd vnto **Lucar**, and spotted with all
Consci. **What** should I say, nay what would I say in this our naughty lying
Lucar. **Good** **Conscience** if thou loue me say nothing.
Clarke. **Dilligence**, suffer her not to stand prating.
Let him put her aside.
Judge. **What** letter is it in thy bosome **Conscience**? **Dilligence** teache it hither.
Make as though ye read it.
Conscience speake on, let me heare what thou canst say,
For I know in Anglenesse thou wilt a truth bewray.
Consci. **My** good Lord I haue no way to excuse my selfe,
She hath corrupted me by flatterie, and her accursed pelfe:
What need further triall, for I **Conscience** am a thousand witnesses.

Of the three Ladies of London.

I cannot chuse but condemne vs all in lining amisse,
Such terror doth affright me, that lining, I wish to dye:
I am afrayd there is no sparke left for me of Gods mercy.

Iudge.
Confi.

Conscience where hadst thou this letter?
It was put into my bosome by Lucar.
Willing me to keepe secret our lasciuious living,
I cannot but condemne vs all in this thing.

Iudge.

How now mallepant stand you still in defence or no?
This letter declares thy guiltie Conscience, how sauest thou (is it not so?)
Tell me, why standest thou in a make? speake quickly:
Hadst thou thy tongue so liberrall, and now stand to studge?

Lucar
Iudge

O Conscience thou hast kild me, by thee I am ouerthrowne,
It is happie that by Conscience thy abhominacion is knowne,
Wherefore I pronounce iudgement against thee on this wise.
Thou shalt passe to the place of darknesse, where thou shalt heare fearful

cries.
Weeping, wailing, gnawing of teeth, and torment without end,
Burning in the lake of fire and brimstone because thou canst not amend:
Wherefore Dilligence conuey her hence, throw her down to the lowest hel,
Where the infernall spirits and damned ghostes do dwell.
And bring forth Loue.

Exit Lucar and Dilligence.

Let Lucar make ready for Loue quickly, and come
with Dilligence.

Declare the cause Conscience at large, how thou comest so spotted,
Whereby many by thee hath bene greatly infected:
For vnder the colour of Conscience thou deceauest many,
Causing them to defile the temple of God, whiche is mans body:
A cleane conscience is a sacrifice: Gods own resting place,
Why wast thou then corrupted so, and spotted on thy face?

Confi.

When Hospitalitie had his throte cut by Ulerie,
He oppressed me with crueltie, and brought me to beggerie:
Turning me out of house and home, and in the end,
My gowne to pay my rent, to him I did send:
So driuen to that extremitie, I haue fallen to that you see,
Yet after iudgement I hope of Gods mercy.

Iudge.

O Conscience, shall raskered quoye corrupt thy heart?
Or shall want in this world cause thee to feele euermaking smart?
O Conscience what a small time thou hast on earth to line,
Why dost thou not then, to God all honoz geue?
Considering the time is euermaking that thou shalt line in blisse,
If by thy life thou rise from death, to iudgement, mercy, and forgiveness:

Enter Loue with Dilligence.

Stand aside Conscience: bring Loue to the barre,

f. iii.

What

A pithie and pleasant Comcedio

Loue. What saiest thou to thy deformitie, who was the cause?
Ladie Lucar.
Iudg. Did Lucar chuse thee so, that thou gauest thy selfe ouer vnto lust:
 And did proud all expences cause thee in Dissimulation to trust:
 Thou wast pure (Loue) and art thou become a monster,
 Bolstering thy selfe vpon the lasciuiousnes of Lucar?
Loue answer for thy selfe, speake in thy defence.
Loue. I cannot chuse but yeeld, confounded by Conscience.
Iudg. Then iudgement I pronounce on thee, because thou followed Lucar,
 Whereby thou hast sold thy soule, to feele like torment with her.
 Which torments comprehended are in the wombe of Conscience,
 Who raging still, shall nere haue end, a plague for thine offence.
 Care shall be thy comfort, and sorow shall thy life sustaine,
 Thou shalt be dying, yet neuer dead, but pining still in endless paine.
 Diligence, conuay her to Lucar, let that be her reward,
 Because vnto her cankered Lume she gaue her whole regard.
 But as for Conscience carry her to prison,
 There to remaine vntill the day of the generall session:
 Thus we make an ende,
 Reminding that the best of vs all may amend:
 Whiche God graunt, to his good will and pleasure,
 That we be not corrupted with the vnfortunate desire of vanishing
 earthly treasure:
 For Couetousnesse is the cause of wresting mans Conscience,
 Therefore restraune thy lust, and thou shalt honne the offence.

FINIS. Paule Bucke.



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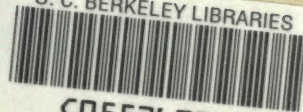
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