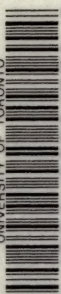


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 00301570 8

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The
Three Lords and Three Ladies
of London

By R. W.

1590

Date of the only known Edition 1590

(B.M. C. 34. b. 31.)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1912



The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 119]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The
Three Lords and Three Ladies
of London


By R. W.

1590

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
MCMXII

124822
8 ||| ||2



PR
2411
T4
1590a

The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London

BY R. W.

1590

The B.M. copy, from which this facsimile is taken, is imperfect, lacking signature D 1—4v. These 8pp. have been supplied from the Bodleian copy, which, generally speaking, is not such a good example. There are other copies in the Bridgewater and Devonshire collections.

“The Three Lords and Three Ladies of London” is practically a continuation of “The Three Ladies of London” (q.v.), also by R. W., who is usually identified with Robert Wilson the Elder, the author of other plays of the period (see “Dictionary of National Biography”): all have now been issued in this series.

Mr. J. A. Herbert’s report of this facsimile is that it is “reproduced with admirable fidelity.” Of the woodcut on title-page he says, “a very good facsimile. The original is much faded and pale—a condition that hardly could be, if it should be, represented here.”

JOHN S. FARMER.

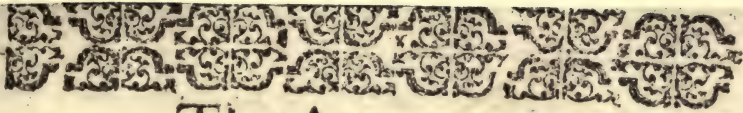
The pleasant and Statelie
Morall, of the three Lordes
and three Ladies of London.

With the great Joy and pompe, Solempnized at their Mar-
riages: Comically interlaced with much honest Mirth, for
pleasure and recreation, among many Morall obser-
uations and other important matters.
of due Regard. by R. W.



LONDON.

Printed by R. Ihones, at the Rose
and Crowne neere Holburne Bridge, 1596.



The Actors names.

Pellicie, }
Pompe, } the three Lordes of London. { Wit.
Pleasure, } { Wealth. } their pages.
 } { Wil. }

Nemo, a graue old man.

Loue, }
Lucre, } three Ladies of London.
Conscience, }

Honest Industrie, }
Pure zeale, } three Pages.
Sinceritie, }

Pride, }
Ambition, } three Lordes of Spaine, { Shame,
Tyranny, } { Treachery, } their pages,
 } { Terror, }

Desire, }
Delight, } three Lordes of Lincolne.
Deuotion, }

Sorrowe, a Fayler.

Simplicity, a poore frisk man of London.

Painefull Penurie, his wife.

Dilligence, a Post, or an Officer.

Fealtie, }
Shealtie, } two Heraldes at Armes.

Fraud, }
Vsurie, } foure Gallantes.
Disimulation, }
Simony, }

Falshood, }
Double dealing, } two that belong to Fraud and Disimulation.



Enter for the Preface, a Lady very richly attyred, representing London, having two Angels before her, and two after her with bright Rapiers in their handes.

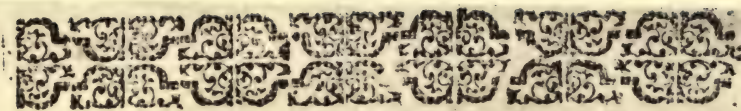
London speaketh.

LO, Gentles, thus the Lord dooth London guard,
Not for my sake, but for his owne delight:
For all in vaine the Centonels watch and ward,
Except he keepe the Citie day and night.
Now may my foes in vaine both spurn and spight,
My foes I meane, that London represent,
Guarded from heauen by Angels excellent.

This blessing is not my selfe benefit,
All England is, and so prefer'd hath bene,
Not by mans strength, his pollicie and wist,
But by a power and prouidence vnseene.
Euen for the loue wherewith God loues our Queen:
In whom, so; whom, by whom we do possesse
His grace, more good, than London can expresse.

And that hath bred our plenty and our peace,
And they doo breed the sportes you come to see,
And joy it is, that I enjoy increase,
My former truites were louely Ladies three;
Now of three Lords to talke is Londons glee.
Whose dees I wish may to your liking frame,
So; London bids you welcome to the same.

Finis.



The pleasant and statelie Morall of the three Lords of London.

Enter the three Lordes and their pages: First, Pollicie with his page
 ¶ it before him, bearing a shield: the ympreze, a Coytoys,
 the word, *Providens securus*. Next Pompe, with his page ¶ wealth
 bearing his shield, the word, *Glorie sauns peere*: the ympreze a Lil-
 lie. Last, Pleasure, his page ¶ ail, his ympreze, a fawnton, the
 word, *Pour temps*: Pol, attired in blacke, Pompe in rich roabes,
 and Pleasure in collours.

Pollicie.

BEre I aduance my shield and hang it by,
 To challenge him who euer bare denie,
 What one of those three London Ladies rare
 Dought not of right be matcht with Pollicie:
 A London Lord, the which I represent.

Pom. And pompe prouides his challenge in his
 (Glorie sauns peere) claiming the one of them, (word,
 Not by compulsion, but by common right,
 Yet maugre men my shield is here aduanc'd
 For one matchlesse, a London Lady best
 Besameth Pompe (a London Lord) to haue.

Plea. Pleasure hath sear'd as dooth his ympreze how,
 To looke alooffe on eacch by Ladies all,
 Yet neuer could my curious eie discerne
 A Dame of woorth, for Londons Pleasures loue,
 But one, and she dooth shine as siluer Doue.
 Of selte byed soile, of London is her rare,
 For whom in challenge I my shield aduance.

Pol. Thus each in honoz of his Mistresse
 And in regard of his wel daring mind,
 Hath here ympreze the challenge of his right:
 But Lordings both, and byethen byed and swaine,

The statlic Morall of

A'caution must be had in this conceit,
 That all our thoughtes aspire not to one heauen,
 For all our ships do saile for one selfe haue,
 I meane that all our suites and seruices
 We tend and tender to one onely Dame,
 All choosing one, refusing th'other two.

Pom. A great mislike amongst vs that might bzeede,

Plea. I seeke but one and her vnto my selfe.

Pom. And one with I sauns partner of my loues.

Pol. It stands with honour to be sole or none.

Pom. Whom louest thou pleasure?

Plea. Hearke ye.

Whisper in his care.

Pom. Tush, ye lie.

Wil. If my maister were a souldier, that word wold haue the stab.

Wit. Wel Wil, til you'il be a saucie Scab.

pom. Why Pleasure? Pompe hath chosen Lucre lone.

plea. Why pompe? But pleasure honozs Lucre most.

pol. And pollicie may Lady Lucre gaine

Before you both: but let vs not contend,
 For Nemo dooth the Ladies prisoners keepe,
 Though they were slaandered late with Liber tis
 And marriage to thre sacre hozne Forriners.
 When first it fits we practife their release,
 And se them, and by sight our liking place,
 For yet we loue as Gossips tell their tales,
 By hearsay: Fame, not Fanour hath vs yet enclam'd.

pom. Lord pollicie with reason hath discust
 pleasure consent, and so our loue shall hold.

ple. Pe neuer found that Londons Pleasure err'd
 From reason, or from pompe and pollicy.

pol. Come on sir boy, attend you wel your charge, To his page Wit.

Wait in this place to watch and ward this shield,

If any man in honoz of his loue,

So hardy be with stroke of sword to attaint
 This shield, and challenge him that hereby challengeth,

Say for thy Lord as should a trusty Page,

That pollicie doth dare him to perfourme

A bardier taske than common challengers,

If he demaund what pollicy may be,

the three Lords of London,

A Lord of London say, one of the three.

pom. And you (sir boy) for pompe perform the like,

To Wealth

Bid him that dare this Pompeze batter once,

Be well advise he be no beggers byat,

For base of courage, nor of bad conceit:

To match himselfe with such magnificence,

As fits Lord pompe of London for his lous:

Call if he come that can encounter me,

Or mooue me not for ech enuious swad.

plea. Will, be not wanton nor of waitward mood,

To Wil.

Waite as doo these, vse saith and diligence,

And marke him well that dare disvaine this shield,

Which Londons Lord that pleasure hath to name,

Hath here aduanc'd in honoz of his Dams.

I bid thee marke him well, what e'er he be,

That Londons pleasure dooth in malice scozne,

For he's a Kascal, or a straunger boyne.

Good boy marke well his lecture and his looke,

His eye, his gate, his weapon and attire,

And dog him to his lodging, or his denne,

For I will make him scomme and scozne of men,

So better boy than Wil, when Wil is please,

Be please my boy, and so be my good Wil.

pol. And so good boyes farewel, look to your charge,

Watch well good Wit, who scozeth Londons pollicy,

Be warie Wit, for thou canst well discerne.

pom. Wealth watch for pompe for thou canst wel defend

plea. Wil can do something too when pleaseth him.

Wit. Wil is a good boy where better is none.

Exeunt the 3
Lords.

Wil. Pay Wit were the best boy if wil were gone.

Wea. Pay wealth is the best boy, firs let that alone.

VVit. I wisse he saith true wil, this wealth's a gay lad,

Wil. I care not for him, curmudgenly Swad.

Wea. Wel, misse me a while & you'll go neer to be sad.

VVit. Wil, ye are wil-foole, if of him ye be not glad.

VWil. Pay wit if thou want him, thou'lt go neer to be mad.

VWea. To keepe vs still quiet, I would other talke we had,

VVit. I hope we'll not fall out being none but we three.

The Itatelic Morall of

- Wea. If Wealth were away, Wit and Wil would agree,
 Wil. Nay, Wit and wil are at strife, when ther's no body but we.
 VVit. Let passe, and of our shields (irs) let's make a litle glee,
 Wil, what giues thy maister here: a Buzzard or a Kye.
 wil. Wit, you shoue your selfe a Gentleman by getting so right,
 A Buzzard: thou Buzzard, Wit, hast no moze skil
 Then take a Faulcon for a Buzzard.
 Wit. Be quiet good Wil:
 It was but for sport, for I know the bird els,
 Wea. Thou mightest see it was no Buzzard man by the beils:
 wit. What's the reason of this Faulcon, I pray the Will thou.
 Wil. Thou knowst that a Faulcon soares hie, and stoupes low,
 So doeth pleasure.
 Wit. And what's the word?
 Wil. Pour temps, for time.
 Wit. A verie pretis one, I would it were in rime.
 Wea. In rime VVit, why so?
 Wit. Because it wantes reason.
 Wil. Looke for my fist VVit, if ye rap out such treason.
 VVit. Treason, to what, boy?
 Wil. To my maisters bird.
 Wit. How Wil my thombe wags, it was but to his word.
 Wil. It is a pleasant Gentleman, this yoong mast. Wit,
 Pour maister hath something to, I pray ye what's it.
 VVit. Looke wil, and gesse.
 Wil. It is a Load in a shell.
 Wea. I had as leue ye had said, a Frog in a well.
 VVit. Is't not a great Butterfly, Wil, canst thou tell?
 Wil. What is it in sadnet?
 VVit. A Toxtoys my boy, whose shell is so hard, that a loaden cart
 may goe ouer and not breake it, and so she is safe within, and where-
 soeuer shee goes, she beares it on her backe, needing neither other
 succour or shilter but her shell: the woord underneath her is Proui-
 dens securus, the prouident is safe, like to the Toxtoys, armed
 with his owne defence, and defended with his owne armour: in
 shape somewhat rounde, signifying compasse, wherein alwaies the
 prouident forsee to keepe themselves within their owne compasse,
 my boy.

Wil. Wit

the three Lords of London.

wil. Wittily spoken, now wealths maist. hath got a Daffadownilly,
VVe. If VVill had not bene wilfull, now he might haue saide
a Lilly, whose glozie is without comparison, and beautie matchlesse,
for Salomon the most sumptuous King that ever was, was neuer
comparable in glozie with the Lilly, neither is ther any cittles match-
able with the pompe of London, mistake me not good holes, that this
pompe tendes to pride, yet London hath ynough, but my Lord pompe
doeth rightly represent the statelie magnificence and sumptuous es-
tate without pride or vaine glozie to London accomodate, and there-
fore the woord is well applied to the ympeze (Glorie sauns peere) for
that the Lillie is neither proud of the beautie, nor vainglorious of the
pompe: so moze is London, but if it be toful of any thing, it is of the
peace and plentie, both flowing from two such fountaines as becomes
not vs to name. So therefore, my good holes, know that my Mai-
ster is rather Magnificence than pompe in bad sence, and rather pompe
than Pride in the best sence.

wil. And my Lord is not pleasure sprong of Voluptuousnes, but
of such honozable and honest kind conceit, as heauen & humanitie wel
brookes and allowes pleasure pleasing not perntions.

wit. Who would haue thought that wil had bene philosophous,
But what means the woord pour temps in the shield, for time?

wil. Wit, that I cal the foole: the best pleasure of al lasts but a time,
For of all pleasures most pleasing to sight,
Wee thinke there is none to the Faulcons hie sight,
Yet diseases end it, the breach of a wing,
May, the breach of a fether spoiles that sweet thing:

wit. And so my maister hath the bantage wil ye. or no,
pompe and pleasure may be it.

Wil. May not pollicy be bad?

wil. Wit, wel ouertaken by VVil that craftie Lad.

wit. A craftie Goose, the Cander gives him health,
Bad pollicie's seldome found in so Christian a common wealth,
As London is I trust, where my maister is a Lord.

wil. And ours so too.

wil. Wel, let vs accord, for wit's a good thing, yet may be ill applid

wit. And so may wealth, be it imploied in pride,

And wil woork of all, when it disbaines a giuie.

wil. A Jack an Apes hath wit.

The stately Morall of

Wit. And so he hath Wil.

Wea. But he neuer hath wealch: now ye are both still.

Wit. Yes, he weares a chaine.

Wil. Well spoke, and like a bear ward.

Wea. If ye be Non plus let the matter fall.

Wil. Wit, dost thou see: thus goes wealch away with al.

Wit. Let's reason no further for we shal haue glee,

Here is a challenger to our Shields, step we aside.

Enter Simplicitic in bare blacke, like a pooze Cittizen:

Wil. He will eate them I thinke, for he gapes verie wide.

Wea. Say nothing to him, and ye shal see the foole goe by.

Wil. Sirra, gape not so wide for feare of a lie.

Simp. Fly, flamm flutt: why? Can a lie doo hurt?

Wit. Pea, haue ye not heard that the fly hath her spleene

And the Ant her gall?

Sim. My Uncle hath so I weene, for its an angric old sellow

When his gall runs ouer: children good day,

Whose pretie lads are you thre?

Wit. Thre, are ye sure?

Sim. He not sweare till I haue told you: one, two, thre.

Wil. I beswete thee.

Sim. Oee boy, why? I am besweted already, for I am married.

Wea. When thou hast a wife?

Sim. Pea, I would thou hadst her, if thou couldst stay her tongue,

Wea. I thy wife man? Why, I am too yoong.

Sim. And I am too old, but in good ernest good boies, be not angric,
that I cal you boies, for ye are no men yet, ye haue no beardes
And yet I haue seene boies angric for being called boies:
Forsooth they would be called youths: wel, yet a boy is a boy
And a youth is a youth: wel, if ye be not ashamed of the boy,
Good boies, whose boies are ye?

VVit. No whit ashamed sir of that that we are, nor ashamed at
all of those whom we serue, for boies we be, and as we be, we serue
the thre Lordes of London, to sweet, pollicie, pompe, and pleasure.

Sim. A pretie spoken Child and of a pretie wit.

VVit. VVir's his name indeed, are ye one of his Godfathers, yee
bit it so right?

Sim. It

the three Lords of London.

Sim. It is more then I know, then is thy name wit boy? How of mine honestie welcome, for I haue wanted thee a great while.

VVit. Welcome sir, how so? why do ye entertaine me so kinde? I cannot dwell with you for I haue a maister already.

Sim. So haue I too, but he learnes me litle wit: my wife I mean. Wel, at this while I stand heere my wares are not abroad, and so I may loose both my customers and market.

VVea. What wares sir, haue ye wares? what wares do ye sell?

Sim. Cruely Child, I sel Ballades: soft, whose wares are these that are by alr:ady? I paid rent for my standing, and other folkes wares shall be placed afoze mine, this is wise indeed.

VVit. O, the finenes of the wares (man) deserue to haue good place.

Sim. They are fine indeed, who sels them, can ye tell? Is he fr&?

VVit. Our maisters be, we wait on this ware, and yet we are no chapmen.

Sim. Chapmen, no that's true, for you are no men, neither Chapmen no; chopmen, no; chipmen no; chipmen, but if ye be chappers, choppers or chippers, ye are but chapboyes, and chapboyes ye are double.

VVit. Double, how is it? Teach me that and you wil make me laugh a litle.

VVea. And me a litle:

VVit. And me a litle:

Sim. Then your thzee litle laughes will make one great laugh:

VVit. True, for if thzee fooles were one soole, that were a great soole. But how are we double chapboies? Point to Simplicity,

Sim. Because ye haue two chaps, an vpper chap and a nether chap.

wil. Ha, ha, ha:

wit. Ha, ha, ha:

wca. Ha, ha, ha:

simp. You said you would laugh but a litle, but you laugh a great deale, why doo ye laugh so much?

wil. Because your wit was so great in expounding your meaning

sim; Yee, you may see it is a good thing to haue wit.

wit. I thanke you sir.

wca. And what say you to wealth?

sim. wealth? Parte wealth is better:

wca. I thanke you sir.

wil. And how say ye to wil?

The stately Morall of

Sim. Inded, good will is a great matter,
wil. Yea betwene a maid and a bachelor.

Sim. Why? you are not in loue boy?

Wil. yes but I am, and in charity too.

Sim. Charitie: alas poore child, thou in charity, ha, ha, now must
I laugh.

wit. But you laugh a great while, and you laugh her's loud,

Sim. Then I owe you nothing for laughing, & you hear me the better
Wea. But now laugh not we.

Sim. No, you may be madde, coddle: toel heres three passing fine
lads, if a man were able to keepe them all: let me see wealth, oh that's a
sweet lad: then wit, oh that's a fine lad: Wil, oh that's a prettie lad. Wil,
wit, and wealth, God lend ye health, I would I could giue these
maisters of two of them. If I had Fraud here that serued Lady Lu-
cre, he would teach me: he would teach me to tice one of them from his
maister: which of them now, if a man should steale one? wil. Nay, I
care not for wil outsep he be good wil: VVit, a prettie child, but a man
can not liue by wit: wealth, yea marie sir, I would I could win that
wealth, for then I had neither wil, nor wit, nor I had sell no Ballads
but liue like a moule in a mill and haue another to grinde my meals
for me, He haue a sing at one of them anone.

Wea. De you not forget your selfe gaffar.

wit. Haue you not wares to sell gaffar?

wil. When doo you show gaffar?

Sim. Well remembred prettie lads, ye may see, children can teach
old folks, I am an unthrift indeed: wel, my wares shall out now. But
sirs, how sell ye your wares, how many of these for a groat?

wea. Our wares are not to be sold.

Sim. Not for siluer nor gold: why hang they then in the open market?
wil. To be seene, not bought.

Sim. Then they are like ripe plunnes upon a rich mans tree: that
let mens teeth water when they be not to bee bought: but what
call ye these things?

wit. Scatchions.

Sim. Cuthens, alas it were pittie to sit on such fine cuthens: but
come my boies if you'll buy any of my wares, her's my stall, and. He
open and show stait.

VVea. What daintie fine Ballad haue you now to be sold?

Sim. Marie

the three Lords of London.

Sim. Marie child, I haue chipping Norton a mile from Chappell
of the heath, A lamentable ballad, of burning the Popes dog: The sweet
Ballade of the Lincoln-shire bagpipes, And Peggy and Willy, But
now he is dead and gone: Mine own sweet Willy is laid in his graue
la, la la, lan ti dan derry, dan da dan, lan ti dan, dan tan derry, dan do.

Wit. It is a dolefull discourse, and sung as dolefully.

Sim. Why, you can not mend it, can ye?

Wit. What wil you lay on that? For I my selfe dare lay six groates
to six of your balde Ballades, that you your selfe shall say I sing bet-
ter than you.

Sim. What a brag boy is this to comparison with a man, but boy
boy, I will not lay six Ballades to six groates, but I will lay six Wal-
lades to six terkes at your buttockes, that you shall not sing so well
as I.

Wit. That I shall not? No, possible you wil not let me sing.

Sim. I not let you? Is that spoken like wit? It is spoken like a
Woodcocke, how can I stay thee if thou wilt sing out thy throat?

Wit. Well then, to our bargaine, six Ballades to six stripes, and
who shall keepe stakes?

Sim. Neither of your companions, for that's alke my fellow if I
be a thafe.

Wit. Will you keepe the stakes your selfe?

Sim. Best of all, for I meane plainely and will pay if I loose, her's
my six Ballades, they bee ready: now how shall I come, by your six
stripes boy?

Wit. Downe with your braches, He fetch a rod and deliuer them
traight.

Sim. Nay then I care not if thou keepe stakes.

Wit. You speak too late gaffar, hauing challenged prebeminence.

Sim. When let's lay no wager but sing for good fellowshipp.

Wit. Agreed, who shall begin?

Sim. O boy, who is the elder? Hast thou not heard giue flounders
to thy elder?

Wit. You mistake the fish, trust me I am sure tis giue place, but
begin with good grace.

Here simp. sings first, and Wit after, dialoguewise,
both to musicke if ye will.

Wit. Nowe sirs, which sings best?

C

Sim. Tully

The staelie Morall of

Sim. **Call,** your copesmates shal not iudge: friends, what say you,
 which of vs sings best? to one of the auditory.

wil. To say trueth, ther's but had choice,

How wil you sel the ballad you sang, for Ile not buy the voice.

Sim. Why wilt thou not buy my voice?

wil. Because it wil cost me moze money to buy sallet oile to keep it
 fro rusting, than it is worth: but I pray ye honest man, what's this?

Sim. Read and thou shalt see.

wil. I cannot read.

Sim. Not read & brought by in London, wentst thou neuer to scholl
wil. Yes, but I would not learn.

Sim. Thou wast the moze sole: if thou cannot read Ile tel thee, this
 is Tarltons picture: didst thou neuer know Tarlton?

Wil. No: what was that Tarlton? I neuer knew him.

Sim. What was he: a prentice in his youth of this honorable ci-
 ty, God be with him: when he was young he was leaning to the trade
 that my wife vseth now, and I haue bred, wide lice shirt, water-
 bearing: I wis he hath tolt a Tankard in Cornhil er now, if thou
 knewest him not I wil not cal the Ingram, but if thou knewest not
 him, thou knewest no body: I warrant her's two crackropes knew
 him.

Wil. I dwelt with him.

Sim. Didst thou: now giue me thy hand, I loue thee the better.

Wil. And I to sometimes.

Sim. you child, did you dwel with him sometime?
wil dwelt with him indeed, as appeared by his rime,
 And serued him well, and wil was with him now & than, but loft, thy
 name is wealth, I think in earnest he was litle acquainted with thee
 & it was a fine fellow as ere was bozne,
 there will neuer come his like while the earth can cozne:
 & passing fine Tarlton I would thou hadst liued yet.

Wea. He might haue some, but thou shouldest smal wis,
 there is no such finenes in the picture that I see.

Sim. And thou art no Cinque Pozt man, thou art not wit free,
 the finenes was within, for without he was plaine,
 But it was the merriest fellow and had such testes in those,
 that if thou hadst seene him, thou wouldst haue laughed thy hart soze.
wil. Because of thy praise, what's the price of the picture.

Sim. Ile

the three Lords of London.

sim. He tell thee my lad, come hether, if thou wilt be ruled by me thou shalt pay nothing, He giv, it this, if thou wilt dwell with mee, and I promise thee this counsell is for thy prefarming, hadst not thou better serue a free man of the Citie, and learne a trade to live another day, than to be a serving boy in thy youth and to have no occupation in thine age, I can make thee free if thou wilt be my presentice.

wea. Why, wealth is free every where, what need I serue you? My Lord is a freeman if that may doo me good.

sim. I cry ye mercy O. boy, thou your maister is free of the lords company and you serue him that ye may be a Lord when ye come out of your yeares.

wit. Wealth is a proud boy, gaffar what say you to wit?

sim. Thy name is wit, wilt thou dwell with me?

wit. If I like your name and science, perchance wee'll agree

simp. Nay, my name & mine honettie is al one, it is wel knowen He's a very soke that cannot beguile me, for my name is simplicity.

Wil. Coads gaffar woe not you a meal-man once and dwell with

sim. Yes, for want of a better.

(Lady Conscience)

wil. What, a better man?

sim. No, for want of a better mistresse, she was as very a soke as I We dwell so long together that we went both on begging.

Wit. Indeed they that vse a god conscience cannot certainly be rich.

But He not dwell with ye, you are too simple a maister for me.

Wil. No? He not dwell with you for all this world's treasure?

sim. No, why whom serue you Wil?

Wil. I serue my Lord pleasure.

sim. And whom serue you wit?

Wit. I serue my Lord pollicie.

simp. And whom serue you wealth?

wea. I serue my Lord pompe.

sim. You should be serued al with my Lord Birchley if you wer wel serued, these lads are so lordly that louts care not for them: for wealth serues Pomp, Wit serues pollicie, and wil serues pleasure, wealth, wilt you buy this picture for your Lord? Shew Tailors picture,

wea. No, it's too base a Present for pompe.

Wit. And pollicie seldom regards such a trifle.

Wil. Come on gaffar, come on, I must be your best chapman,

The statelic Morall of

He buy it for pleasure, hold, there is a great.

sim. Gramercie good wil, my wife shal loue thee still,

And since I can neither get Wit nor wealth,

Let my wife haue her wil, and let me haue my health.

God forgive me, I thinke I neuer name her, but it confuses her, look

where she comes, be mannerly boies that she knocke ye not with her

staffe: keape your owne counsell, and I le make ye laugh.

What doo yee lacke, what lacke ye.

Stand away these boies from my wares,

Get ye from my stall, or I le wzing you by the eares.

Let my customers see the wares: what lack ye what would ye haue bought.

Enter painfull Penurie, attired like a waterbea-

ring woman with her Tankard.

Pen. You haue customers inow and if they were ought,

What do ye with these boies here to filch away your wares?

You show all your wit, you'it ne'er haue moze care.

Wil. Content ye good wise, we doo not filch, but buy.

Pen. I meant not you, yoong maister, Gods blessing on your heart

You haue bought indeed sir I see, for your part.

Be these two yoong Gentlemen of your companie,

Buy Gentlemen, buy ballads to make your friends merrie.

wit, To stand long with your burden, me thinks you shuld be weary.

Pen. Erue Gentlemen, but you may see pooze painfull penury

Is faine to carry thze Tankards for a penie.

But husband I say, come not home to dinner, its Ember day,

You must eate nothing till night, but fast and pray.

I shall loose my draught at Conduit, and therefore I le away.

Yoong Gentlemen God be with ye.

sim. Wife, must I not dine to day?

Pen. No sir by my fay.

Exit Penurie.

sim. If I must not eat, I meane to drinke the moze.

What I spare in bread, in ale I le set on the skoze.

How say ye my lads? And doo I not speake wisely?

Wit. He thinks ye doo, and it's pretty, that simplicity

Hath gotten to his wife plaine painfull Penurie.

sim. Hea, I thanke God though she be pooze and scarce cleanly,

yet she is homely, careful and comely.

One call

the three Lords of London.

One cal within. Wit, wealth and wil, come to your Loyds quickly:
wil, But the Dencensions hang still:

One within. yea, let them alone.

wit. Farewel Matter simplicity.

Exeunt.

sim. Farewel good D. boies ene hartily, ene hartily, hartily.

And heare ye wil, I thanke you for your hanel truly.

Wretch lads, heark ye first howe: wil, wit, wealth.

Enter VVit.

wit. What's the matter you call be backe to so bairly.

sim. I forgot to aske you whether your three Loyds of London be
courtiers or Cittizens?

wit. Cittizens bozne and courtiers brought vp: Is this all? Fare-
well. Exit.

sim. Cittizens bozne and Courtiers brought vp, I thinke so, for
they that be bozne in London are halfe Courtiers before they see the
Court, for finesse and manerlinesse of passing, my maners and misbe-
hauour is mended halfe in halfe since I gaue over being a meal-man
and came to dwell in London: ye may see Time dooth much, Time
weares out yron hozhoos: Time teares out milstones: Time sea-
sons a pudding well, and Time hath made mee a free man, as free to
beare water and sell Ballades, as the best of our copulation: I would
haue thought once my hozle should haue bene free as soon as my selfe,
and sooner too, for he would haue stombled with a sacke of meale and
lien along in the channell with it when hee had done, and that some
cals freedom, but it's but a durtle freedom, but ye may see, bad hoz-
ses were but tades in those dates: But soft, here comes customers:
What lacke ye, what is't ye lack, what lacke ye? Come along and buy
nothing: fine Ballades, new Ballades, what lack ye?

Enter Nemo and the three Loydes.

Ne. My Loydes come on, what suits haue you to me?

Pol. Renowned Nemo, the most onellie one

That drawes no breath but of th'eternal aire,

That knowest our suit before we bound to speak,

For thou art the very Dyacle of thoughts:

Whose vertues doo encompasse thee about,

As th'aire surrounnes this manlie globe of earth.

The stately Morall of

Who hath in power what euer pleaseth thee,
And canst bestow much more than we may craue,
To thee we seeke, to thee on knees we sue,
That thou wilt deigne from chzaldom to release,
Whose lonely Dames, that London Ladies are.

Ne. What, those thyz carsters long agoe condemn'd
Loue, Lucre, Conscience, wel deseruing death,
Being corraupt with all contagion:

The spotted Ladies of that stately towne.

Pol. Loue, Lucre, Conscience we of thee desire,
Which in thy selfe hath all perfection,
Accomplished with all integritie:

And needest no helpe to doe what pleaseth thee,
Who holdest Fame and Fortune both thy dancs,
And dost compell the Destinies draw the coach:
To thee we sue, sth power thou hast thereto,
To set those Ladies at their libertie.

plea. At libertie, thou spotlesse Magistrate,
What of the cause dost carie all regard,
Carelesse of byibes, of birth and parentage,
Because thy selfe art onely bozne to blisse,
Blesse vs so much that Loydes of London are,
That those thyz Ladies bozne and byed with vs
May by our suites, release of chzaldoms And.

Ne. Release my Loyds: why seeke ye their releafe?
That haue perpetuall prison for their doome.

Pol. But Nemo can from thence redeme them all.

Ne. Their deeds were cause, not Nemo of their chzal.

Pom. Yet Nemo was the Judge that sentence gaue.

Ne. But Nemo neuer spill'd, whom he could saue:

plea. Thou from perpetuall prison maist' release.

Pol. Death hath no power gainst him to strike a stroke

Pom. Thou onlie milde and courteous Sr, vouchsafe

To graunt our suit, and set those Ladies free.

Ne. What's your purpose in this earnest suit?

Plea. To marke them, and make them honest wicwes.

Ne. But may it be that men of your regard,

Loyds of such fortune, and so famous place,

the three Lords of London

Will linke your selues with Ladies so foyle; me,
And so disseined with moze then common crimes?

Pol. Wharings both make amends for many a miss;

Pom. And loue both cover heaps of combous evils;
plea. And both forget the faults that were before.

Ne. Meane as you say, ye needs to say no moze.

pol. In token that we meane what we haue said,

As here our shieldes the prizes of our loue:

To challenge all except thy selfe that dare

Denie those Ladies to be ours by right.

Ne. Woo them & win them, win them & wear the tow,

I shall both comfort and discourage you my Lords,

The comfort's this, of all those former crimes

Wherewith the world was wont those dames to charge

I haue them cler'd and made them all as free

As they were borne: no blemish left to see,

But the discourage (gentle Lords) is this,

The time of their insurance hath bene long,

Wherby their cloathes of cost and curious stuffe

Are woone to rags, and giue them much disgrace.

Pom. Alas good Ladies, was there none that sued

For their release, before we took't in hande

Ne. Yes, diners for faire Lucre sought release,

And some for Loue would faine haue paid the fine,

But stillis Conscience sat without regard,

In Sorowes dungeon, fighting by her selfe:

Which when I saw that some did sue for Loue,

And most for Lucre, none for Conscience:

A bow I made, which now I shall perforce,

Till some should sue to haue release for all,

Judg'd as they were, they should remaine in thrall:

But you that craue their freedoms all at once

Shall haue your suit, and see them here ere long.

A litle while you must haue patience,

And leaue this place: go in my Lordes before.

Pom. Becommeth vs to waite on Nemo still,

Ne. Not so: but Lordings, one condition moze

You promise me, sith they are in my power,

The stately Morall of

I shall dispose them when they are releas'd
Upon you three, as I shall thinke it best.

Pom. Doe but commaund and we shall all subscribe.

Nc. Then goe your ways, for I haue here to do. Exeunt 3. Lords

Enter Sorrow.

Sorrow draw neere, to morrow being thou foorth
Loue, Lucre, Conscience, whom thou hast in thral,
Upon these stones to sit, and take the aire,
But let no watch or spyall what they doo.

Exeunt ambo.

Enter Fraud, Vsurie, Dissimulation, Simony and Simplicity.

Frau. How happie may we call this merie day my mates,
Wherein we meet, that once were desperate, I thinke, euer to haue
seene one another, when Nemo that vpight Judge had by impri-
soning our Mistresses, banished vs (by setting such dilige't watch for vs)
out of London, and almost out of the world. But liue we yet? And
are we met? and neere our old seat? Vsurie is it thou? Let me see, or
hath some other stolne thy face? Speakest thou man?

Vsu. No Fraud, though many haue counterfeited both thee & me,
We are our selues yet, and no changlings I see:

And why shouldst thou aske me man if I liue:

The silly Ass can not feed on harder forrage than vsurie,

She vpon thistles, and I vpon a browne crust of a moneth old.

Simp. So that Vsurie and an ass are two of the profitablest beasts
that a man can keepe, yet th'one hath sharper teeth than th'other.

Frau. But what meanes Dissimulation? He droopes me thinks,
What cheere man? Why couldest thou frolicke a fit, art thou not glad of this
meeting? What's the cause of thy melancholy?

Dif. Not melancholike, but musing how it comes to passe that
we are thus fortunat to meet as we doo.

Simo. He tell thee why we meet, because we are no mountaines.

Simp. But ye are as ill, for ye are monsters.

Simo. And men may meete though mountaines cannot.

Frau. In token that this meeting is ioyfull to vs all,
Let vs embrace altogether with hart's ioy and affection.

Simp. I see many of these old prouerbes prooue true, tis merris
when knaues meet:

Frau. How

the three Lords of London,

Frau. How sir, whats that?

Sim. If a man had a casting net, he might catch all you?

Frau. Art not thou Simplicity?

Simp. Goodman Simp. for I am married, & it like your maister ship,
And you are mask. Fraud too, a pox on your wooship.

I see, a fox and a false knaue haue all one luck, the better for bannings,
And many of you crafty knaues liue merilyer than we honest men.

Frau. Sirra, bziide your tongue if you'il be welcom to our cempaign,
No girdes nor old grudges, but congratulate this making,
And sirra, if you say it, let's tel how we haue liued since our parting:

Simp. O it is great pity.

Vfu. What: to tell how we haue liued:

Simp. No, that ye do liue.

Frau. Yet againe Sirra. Vsfury, as for thee it twers folly to aske, for
thou liuest but too wel, but Disimulation and simony, how haue you
two liued: discourse I pray you hartily.

Simp. Faith euen like two mice in an amberle that eat vp all the
meat, and when they haue done, gnaw holes in the cupbozd.

Dis. Fraud, after my scaping away at the Sessions where I shifted
as thou knowest in thye sundry shayes, one of a Frier, and they can
dissemble: another like a woman, and they doo little else: the third as
a Saint and a Denill, and so is a woman. I was banished out of Lon-
don by Nemo, to the countrie went I, amongst my olde friendes and
neuer better loued than among the russet coates: once in a moneth I
sole in of the market day to Leadenhall and about, and sometime to
VVestminster hall. Now hearing some speach, that the Ladies should
be sued for, for I arne come in hope of my old infertainment, supposing
my selfe not knowen of many, and hoping the thre Lords wil pro-
uall in their suit, and I to serue one of them.

Simp. We shall doo well that giues thee a coat, but he should doo bet-
ter, that could take of thy skinne.

Simo. And I haue bene a traueler abroad in other realms, for here
I am so cried out against by preachers (and yet some ministers that
be none, could be content to ble me) that I was glad to be gone nowe
in some other landes, and not verie far of, I am secretly fostered, sa-
uing in Scotland, and the low Countries, they are reformed, they can
not abide me. Well now and then hither I came stealing ouer sea, and
bearing as you here intend as you doo.

The staelic Morall of

Frau. And for mine otone part, amongst artificers and amongst a few bad conscienced Lawyers, I haue found such entertainment, as dooth passe, yet would I with Lucre saine be as I was.

Simp. Fraud is as ill as a cut-purse, by the masse.

Vsu. And for Vsury, the longer I liue, the greater lone I find yet would I be with Lucre, again to please my mind.

Frau. Her's a good fellow too, one of our acquaintance, how hast thou liued Simplicity?

Simp. Poze honestly then all the rest of thy company: for when I might beg no longer, as begging was but bad, for you celson'd me once of an alms, I sel to tankard bearing, & so got a wife of the same science, painful penury, then got I my freedom, and selling my shoulder growd woaris of the tankard, set vp an easier trade to sel ballads.

Frau. Hadst thou a stock to set by withal?

Simp. Witte inough to tell you, I, & yonder's my skal, but betwars I loose nothing, for if I do, I le lay it straight to some of you, for I saw none so like theeues I promise you, since I set vp.

Frau. Be are a wiseman when your nose is in the cup, but soft who comes here? step wee close aside, for these be the three Ladies for my life brought out of prison by their keeper, let vs be whist and we shall heare and see all, forra you must say nothing.

Enter Sorrow and the three Ladies, he sets them on three stones on the stage.

Simp. not til ye speak for I am affraid of him that's with y women.

Con. O Sorrow when? when sorrow wilt thou cease
To blow the sparke that burnes my troubled soule?
To kede the worme that stings my fainting breast,
And sharp the stele that goares my dieng heart?
My thoughtes are thoznes, my teares hot drops of lead,
I plaine, I pine, I die, yet neuer dead.

Lou. this the case of Conscience for her sin:
And sin the food wherewith my worme was fed,
That stings me now to death, yet neuer dead.

Loue. Yet neuer dead, and yet Loue doeth not lue,
Loue that to losse in life her soule lent,
Folly the food whereon her frailtie fed,
Frailtie the milke that natures beaast did giue,

Life

the three Lords of London,

Life, losse and follie, traittie, soode and kinde,
Whozme, sting, thoznes, fire and tozment to the mind,
Life but a breath, and follie but a flower,
Frailtie claie, dust the soode, that fancie scoznes,
None a sweete bait to coner lesse sover.

Flesh breeds the fire that kindles lustfull thoznes,
Lust, fire, batt, scozns, dust, flower, and feeble breath
Die, quench, deceine, flis, fade, and yeld to death,
To death: O good, if death might finish all,
We die each day, and yet for death we cal.

Lucre. For death we call, yet death is still in sight,
Lucre both scald in drops of melting gold,
Accusing Koss, calls on eternal might,
Where flames consume, and yet we freeze with cold:
Sorrow adds Sulphur vnto furies heat,
And chops them yre, whose chattering teath do beat,
But sulphur, snow, flame, frost noz hideous crieng
Can caule them die, that euer are in dying,
Noz make the paine diminish or increafe,
Sorrow is flacke, and yet wil neuer cease.

Sor. When Sorrow ceaseth, Shame shal then begin,
With those that wallow sencelesse in their sin:
But Ladies I haue drauen you from my Den,
To open afre to mitigate some mone.
Conscience, sit downe vpon that sweating stone,
And let that flint (loue) serue thee for a seate,
And Ladie Lucre, on that stone rest you,
And Ladies thus I leaue you here alone,
Poure ye, but moane not. I shal absent be.
Yet good it were sometime to thinke on me.

Exit

Con. Comfort it is to thinke on sorrow past.

Loue. Sorrow remains when ioy is but a blast.

Luc. A blast of wind is wo:ldes felicitie.

Con. A blasting wind and full of miserie.

Loue. O Conscience, thou hast most tozmented me.

Luc. He hath thy wo:rn O Conscience, strong to deép.

Con. But more my selfe in thoughtes tozmented haue
Than both of you in sorrowes sullen caus.

The stacie Morall of

From whence drawn forth I find but little rest,

I seat vnzast, wet, and scalding hot,

On this hard Stone hath sorrow me assignde,

Loue, and on my seat my selfe I frozen find.

No flint moze harde, no yce moze cold then this.

Lucre. I think my seat some mineral Stone to be.

I cold from it, it drawes heat from me.

Ladies consent, and we our seates will vie w.

Con. Dare we for shame our stained faces shew.

Loue. My double face is single growen againe.

Lucre. My spots are gone, my skin is smooth and plaine.

Con. Doffe we our veiles and greet this gladfom light.

The chaster of glome sorrowes heaute might.

Loue. Haile cheerful aire and clearest chyztal skie.

Lucre. Haile shining sunne and fairest Armament,

Comfourt to those that time in wooe haue spent.

Con. Upon my weeping Stone is set remoyse in bryzen

Loue. And on this flint in lead is Charity. (letters.)

Lucre. In golden letters on my Stone is Care.

Con. When Lucre sits vpon the Stone of care.

Lucre. And Conscience on the Marble of remoyse.

Loue. Loue on the flint of frozen Charitie,

Ladies alas, what tattered soules are we?

Con. Sorrow our hearts, & time our cloaths hath torn

Lucre. Then sit we down like silly soules sorrowne,

And hysde our faces that we be not knowen,

For sorrowes plagues formented me no moze,

Than wil their sight that knew me heretofore.

Loue. then wil their sight that knew vs heretofore

Draw ruth and help from them for our reliefe:

Con. For our reliefe: for Conscience and for Loue,

No help, smal ruth that our distresse may moue:

Loue, O Conscience thou wouldst lead me to dispaire,

But that I see the way to hope is faire.

and Hope to heauen directs a readie way,

And heauen to help is prest, to them that pray:

Lucre. That pray with faith, and with vnfauld remoyse

For true beleeft and teares make prayer of sorze:

Con, then

the three Lords of London.

Con: When deile our selues, and silent let vs stay,
till heauens shall please to send some friends this way: Sir all downe

Frau. Ladies vnmask'd, blush not for base attire,
Here are none but friends and seruants all, deere Lady Lucre,
Deerer vnto vs than daily breath we draw from sweetest aire:
Dearer then life, dearer then heauen it selfe,
Doigne to discover those alluring lampes,
Those louely eyes moze cleare than Venus Star,
Whose bright aspectes woordes wonder do produce,
Anuelle I say that beauty moze diuine,
than Nature (saue in thee) did euer paint:
that we twayne haues vnto our mistresse, may
Once moze behold those stately louely lookes,
And do those duties which vs wel beemes,
Such duties as we all desire to doe.

Con. I know that tongue Lucre, beware of Fraud.

Luc. Of Fraud? Indeed by speech it should be he. Fra. what seekst thou
Frau. Lucre, to honoz thee with wit, with worth, with life, with al I
haue, to be thy seruant as I was before,
to get thee clothes, and what thou wantest els.

Lucre. No Fraud, farewell, I must be wonne no moze,
to keepe such seruants as I kept before.

Simo. Sweet Lady Lucre, me thou maiest accept:

Lucre. How art thou called?

Simo. Simon.

Lucre. I? No, Sir, Conscience saith.

Con: No Lucre, now beware, saile not thy saith,

For Simoni's subiect to perpetuall curse:

Dis. As you two haue sped, I would desire to speed no woyle,

Frau. Make you a suit, you may chance to speed better:

Dis. Not I, for of al, my tongue is best known,

But if I speak, it shall be to her that was once mine owne:

Good Ladie Loue, thou litle knowest the grieffe

that I thy friend sustaine for thy distresse,

And less beleueest what care I haue of thee:

Looke vpon good Loue, and to supply thy wants,

Aske what thou wilt, and thou shalt haue of me,

Of me that for moze in thy libertie,

The steele Morall of

Chan in this life out light that comforte me.

Loue. O gall in bunnie, serpent in the grasse,
O bifold fountaine of two bitter streames,
Disimulation fed with Vipers flesh,
Whose wordes are oyle, whose daides the darts of death:
Thy tongue I know, that tongue that me beguil'd,
Thy selfe a Deuil, makest me a Monster vile.
From thee well knowne, well may I blesse my selfe,
Where bought repentance bids me shun thy snare.

Con. O happy Loue, if now thou can beware.

Simp Marie, but heare ye motley beard, I thinke this blindfold butz
zardly hedge-wench spake to ye, she knowes ye though she see ye not,
harke ye, you women, if you'll go to the alehouse, she bestow two pots
on ye, and we'll get a paire of Cardes and some company, and winne
twenty pots more, for you play the best at a game call'd smelling of
the foure knaues that ever I saw.

Vsu. Foure: soft, yet they haue not smelt thê.

Simp. No, I am one more than is in the deck, but you'll bee smeld
as soone as ye begn to speake. she see what they'll say to me. hear ye
you woman, winces, widowes, maides. mens daughters, What
shall I cal ye these four fellowes (harke ye, what I cal ye casty knaues)
make me beleue that you are the thre that were the thre faire La-
dies of London.

Con. Gentle Simplicity we are unhappy they.

Sim. Now ye bad fellowes, which of ye had such a word as gentle sim:

Vsu. Bad fellowes yee Mascalle: If ere you bying me pawne she
pinch yee for that word.

Sim. I cry you mercie O. Inuarie, O. vsurie I meant not you,

Frau. If you meane vs, we may be euen with yee too.

Simp. Eue, I knew you an Ostler, and a theefe beside,
you haue rub'd my horse heels er now for al your part: but Ladies, if ye
be the thre ladies which of ye dwelt in Kent Street: one of ye did, but I
know not which is she. ye loke all so like hrom-wench'es, I was once
her seruãt. she nere be ashamed of her though I be rich, & I she be poore,
yet I she that hath bene my tame, or he that hath bin my maister come
in place. she speak to the sure, she do my duty, which is Lady Conser

Con. Euen I am the Simplicity.

Sim. I am glad ye are out of prison, I thought ye had forgot me;

the three Lords of London.

I went a begging from you till the bedles snapt me by, now I am free
and keepe a stall of Ballades, I may buy and sell, I would you had as
good a gown now as I carried onces of yours to patron to Vsury here.

Con. Gramercy god Simp. wilt thou be with me now?

Simp. No I thank you hartily, He beg no moze, I can not be with
ye though I would for I am maried to painful penury: Loke now my
proud stately maisters, I may if I wil, & you would if ye might.

Frau. No, not dwell with such a beggar as Conscience.

Simp. No, Fraud nere loued Conscience since he was an Officer.

Vsu. Who cares for Conscience but dies a begger?

Sim. That wil not Vsury do, he wil first take 3. score pound in the
hundred.

Dis. loue, looke on me and I will giue thee cloathes.

loue. I will no moze by thee be so disguised.

Simp. Ye doe the worse, for his face looks like a cloakbacke:

Dis. In thy afflictions I had once a place:

loue. Those fond afflictions wrought me soule disgrace,

Dis. He make amonds, if ought amisse were done:

loue. Who once are burn'd, the fire will euer shun.

Dis. And yet once burn'd to warme againe may prooue:

loue. Not at thy fire, I will be perfect loue?

Simp. I promise you the wenches haue learn'd to answer wittily.

Her's many faire proffers to Lucre, and loue.

But who cloaths poore Conscience, she may sit long enough:

Vsu. I will cloath her straight: Vsurie takes Frauds cloak, & casts it on

Simp. Will you maister Vsurie, that's honestly spoke.

Consc^{ts}

Ha, that's no gramercie to cloath her with another mans cloake,

But I see you haue a craft in the doing. Vsury,

Vsury couers Conscience with Frauds cloake verie cunningly.

Con. Alas who loades my shoulders with this heauie weed,

He, how it sinks, this is perfwam'd indeed,

Fra. Marie geppes goody Conscience, indeed I do you wrong,

But He quickly right it, my cloake shal not comber you long.

Vsu. All this while Lucre knowes not I am here,

But now wil I to her, marke how I speed.

Lady, the fairest that Nature ever formed,

Lodestone of Loue, that draws affections vartes.

The only object to all humane eyes,

The starchy Morall of

And sole desired Daintie of the world,
thy Bassall here, a vertus in thy needs
Whom thou by license of the law maist vse,
tenders himselfe, and all his seruices
to doe thy will in iustie as to soze,
Glad of thy freedomie as his proper life.

Simp. Lady Lucre, you loue an apple, take heed the Caterpillar
consume not your fruit.

Lucre. Why who is it that maketh this latest suite

Simp. 'Tis vsurie. aloud in her eare.

Lucre. Great is the seruice he hath done for me,
But Vsury now I may not deale with thee.

Vsu. the Law allowes me Madam, in some sort.

Con. But God and I would haue thy boundes cut thozt.

Vsu. For you I recke not, but if God me hate,

Why dooth the Law allow me in some rate?

Con. Vsury slanders both Law and State,
the Law allowes not though it tolerate,
And thou art sure be shut out at heauen gate.

Vsu. You were euer nice, no matter what you praye:

Simp. When it will be with him as it is at a great mans house in
dinner time: he that knockes when the dooze is shut comes too late,

Lucre. Well Vsurie, Fraud, and Simony

Disimulation hearken vnto me,
My tongue (although in memozie it be greene)

Cannot declare what hozrors I haue seene,

He can it enter into mortall eares

Unmortalized: the furies, fires and feares,

the thrikes, the grones, the tortures and the paines,

that any soule for each of you sustaines.

No pen can write, how Conscience hath me scourg'd,

When with your faults my soule she euer brg'd:

Arithmeticke dooth fail to number all,

the plagues of sorrow in the Den of thral:

then tempt me not, noz trouble me no moze,

I must not vse you as I did befoze,

If you be found within faire Londons gate,

You must to pylson, whence we came of late.

Confidence

the three Lords of London,

Conscience will accuse ye if ye be in sight.

Frau. That scurns Conscience works vs all the spight?

Enter Nemo,

Vlu. Well Lucre, yet in that we haue delight.

Dif. Yonder come some, we must take our flight. Exeunt omnes

Simp. Birdes of a feather will flie together, but when they be taken
then are they baken, yonder comes a customer, I's to my Mail:

Loue, Lucre, and Conscience, blindman buffe to you all.

Nc. Conscience, Loue, Lucre, Ladies al what chere
How vs ye like the seates you sit vpon.

Con. O pure unspotted Nemo sole paragon,

Of Loue, of Conscience and perfection,

The Parble of Remozse I sit vpon
Sweats scalding drops, like bitter bynith teares.

Nc. So should remozse when Conscience fails her gill
But gentle Loue how salest thou thy sint?

Louc. O Harp and cold, I freeze vnto my seat,

The Flint holds fire, and yet I fele no heat,

But am benumb'd and frozen euerie ioint:

Nc. O Loue, so cold is charitie in these times:
Lucre, how sit you?

Lu. Upon a heauy stone, not halfe so cold, not halfe so hot as thes,

But of some secrete powder, soz I do find and sensibly I fele.

That I from it exhale an earthly cold,

And it from me dooth draw a kindly heat.

Nc. Such sozce hath Care of Lucre in it self,

To cole the heart and draw the vital spirits,

And such the true condition of you thre:

Remozse of Conscience, Charitie of Loue,

And Care of Lucre, such your vles be:

But Ladies now your sozrow lay aside,

Frollick faire Dames, an vnerpected good

Is imminent through me vnto you all:

Thre Lords there be your native countymen,

In London bred, as you your selues haue bene.

Which couet you soz honorable wines,

And presently will come to visite you,

The staelie Morall of

We not abashed at your base attire,
I shall prouide you friends to decke you all.
If I commaund, stand vp, els sit yea fill. Enter the 3. Lords,
Lo, where they come: my Lordes the Dames be here.
pol. Why are they wimpled: that they not vnmakke them.
Ne. It is for your sake, for Pollicie they doo it:
Pom. Much may their fortune and their feature be,
But what it is we cannot thus discerns.
Ne. You shall in time know Pomp, be yet content.
plea. Their fame is moze then cause or reason would,
May one of these be pleasures paragon?
Ne. Pleasure, be pleas'd and vse no pzeludice.
Madames stand vp, mislike not thair attire,
That shal be mended as your selues desire.
Pol. Their port, and their proposition wel contentes:
Pom. Right staelie dames, if they were wel attir'd:
Plea. May we not see their beautie what it is?
Ne. Yes Lordings yes, Lucre, list vp thy vells.
Pol. Of beautie excellent.
Pom. Of rare perfection.
Plea. A daintie face,
Ne. Anmaske Loue.
Pol. Swete loue indeed.
pom. A louely face.
Plea. A gallant grace.
Ne. Conscience, vnconer.
pol. Beautie diuine.
Pom A face angelicall.
Plea. Swete creature of the world:
Ne. Enough for once, Ladies sit downe againe:
As cunning chapmen do by curious wares, to the audience.
Which seldome shouen do most inflame the mind,
So must I deale, being daintie of these Dames,
Who seldome seen shal best allure these Lords:
A while my Lords, I leane you with these thre,
Conuerse, confer on good conditions,
I will right soone returne with such good friends:
As it concernes to cloath these daintie ones.

the three Lords of London,]

If any in my absence visit them,
Knowe their intent, and be your skill therein. Exit

pol Ladies, to call to mind your former lines
Where to recount your selves on a row,
Omitting then what you have bene or bee,
What you may be Ile speak, so it please you,
Wines to us this, Ladies to London Lords,
pompe, Pleasure pollicie, men of such regard,
As shall you guard from evil, once matched with us,
And Pollicie presents this good to you.

pol. With Londons Pompe may one of you be ioin'd,
Possessing more than fortune can afford,
fortune's a foole, but heavenly providence
Guards Londons pompe, and her that shall be his:
plea. And Londons pleasure, peerles in delights,
Will deigne to make one of these Dames his owne,
Who may with him in more contentment live,
Than euer did the Queene of Echiope.

Con. Though silence Lordes, our modestie intyre,
Nemo can tel the secretes of our thoughtes,
Nemo that womens minds can constant keepe,
He shall for vs you answere good my Lordes,
I speak for al, though it be seeming me. Enter Falshod & doub. dealing
pol. You speak but well: My Lordes step we aside
To note these fellows, what they do intend.

Pom. Nemo can tel, for he doth follow them. Enter Nemo
Falsh. Ladies to you, to some of you, we come,
Sent from such friends as much affect your good,
With garmentes, and with complements of cost
Accordant well to dames of such degree: I come to Lucre.

D. Dea. I to loue am sent with no lesse cost then could be got for robe
Which with my message I deliuer would,
Could I discern which of these Dames were free,

Loue. friend, I am Loue, what bringest thou there to mee

Con. Beware good Loue, from whom and what thou takest.

Ne. No whispering friend, but shew it openly,
The matter good, you need not be ashamed:

The Satelic Morall of

From whom comest thou?

D. Dea. That I conceite from any but from loue,

Ne. From whom comest you first

Falsh. That thal lucre know, and none but she.

Ne. Then speak aloud, for whispering here is barr'd.

Falsh. Then netther wil I do noz speak at al.

Ne. Then I wil speake and tel what you are both,

Thy selfe art Falshood, and art sent from Fraud,

To compass Lucre with a cloake of craft,

With lawne of lies, and calle of golden guile.

Pol. Packe you my friend, for if you stay a while

You shal returne no moze to him that sent you.

Ne. Thou from Disimulation art sent,

And bying it a gown of glosing, linc'd with lust,

A Wardingale of vaine boast, and fan of flatterie,

A Ruffe of riot, and a cap of pride,

And double dealing is thy name and office both.

D. Dea. Falshood, let's go, we are disciplin'd.

Falsh. Lucre, thou loofest here a princely gift.

Ne. lucre consumes being won by Fraud or thift,

Thus Loyds you see how these are qualified,

And how these Ladies shun that sharp rebuke,

Which some deserue by taking of such toies,

As women weake are tempted some with giffes,

But here they come that must these Ladies deck.

lucre, arise, come from the Throne of Care.

Exeunt am-
bo.

Enter honest Industrie, pure Zeale, & Sincerity:

ho. Indust. Fair lucre, lo what honest Industry

To thee hath brought, to decke thy dautie self,

Lucre by honest Industrie atchieu'd

Shall prosper, flourish, and continue long,

Come to thy chamber to attire thee there.

Ne. Thou maiest depart with honest Industrie.

P. Zeal. And Loue arise from Charities cold flint,

Pure Zeale hath purchas'd robes to couer Loue,

Whiles loue is single, Zeale shal her attire

With kind affect ion, moztifying lust,

Exit Lucre
with ho. In-
dustrie.

Come

the three Lords of London.

Comeloue with me these garments to put on:

Ne. loue, follow zeal and take his ornaments. Exit Loue with p. zeale

Sincer. Rise Conscience from that Marble of Remorse,

That weeping Stone that scaldes thy parched skinne,

Sincerity such robes for thee hath brought,

As best becomes good Conscience to adorne:

Come follow, that thou maist goe put them on,

For Conscience clothed by sinceritie,

Is armed well against the enemye,

Ne. Follow him Consc. feare not, thou art right. Exit Con. with Sin

pol. Most reuerend Nemo thanks for this good sight,

lucre is clothed by honest Industrie,

Pom. loue by pure zeale. ;

plea. And Conscience by sincerity.

Ne. Lordings, thus haue you seene them at the first,

And thus you see them, trust me, at the worst,

Depart we now, come hence a day or two,

And see them deckt as daintie Ladies should,

And make such choise as may content you all.

pol. Thanks righteous Nemo to the London Lordes

Only to this our selues acknowledge bound. Exeunt omnes

Enter painful Penury and Simplicity.

pen. Come on gentle husband, let vs lay our heades together, our
purfes together, and our reckonings together, to see whether wee
win or loose, thine or not, goe forward or backward, doe you keepe a
booke or a skoze?

Sim. A skoze wife? you meane for the Alehouse, doe you not? I
would haue her examine me thereof no further, for I am in too farre
there, more then I would she should know.

pen. I meane no alehouse skoze, but a note of your wares, let me
see, first you began to set by with a Kotall, how much money haue
ye? what ware, and what gaine?

Sim. I haue five shillings in money, two shillings in wares, or
thereabout, and I owe two shillings and eight pence vpon the skoze,
how much is that? five shillings, two shillings, and two shillings and
eight pence.

pen. That is nine shillings and eight pence, so we are worse by a

The stately Morall of

a groat then when we began, wel once again He set ye vp, here is four
groates I haue got by bearing water this worke, make by your stock,
and run no moze behind Who comes here?

Enter Fraud like an Artificer.

Simp. What lacke ye? What do ye lack?

Frau. De lacka da moonee pour de seene berie seene franche knack
da seene gold buttone, de byaue bugla lace, a da seene gold rings, you
be free man, mee vn' forriner, you buy a me ware, you gaine teene
pound by lay out teene shellenga.

Sim. Wife. what hard luck haue we that cannot make x. shillings
now to gain x. pound: why, x. pound would set vs by for euer.

pen. Husband see the ware, & if ten shilling wil buy it, it shal go hard
but we wil make that money: friend, how my husband pour wares

Frau. Loke you dere mastra de seene buttone de la gold, de rings
de gold, de bugla beane, two shelleng vne dozen de buttone, vne shel-
lenga vne King, tis woorth x. shelleng, but mastra & matressa mee ma-
sa make money to go ouer in my owne countrey, but mee loole teene
pound pour half to goe next tyde or to mozrow.

pen. Here is five shillings buy them of this Craunger.

simp. friend you haue not stolne them. but you make them, well,
He buy them if the open market, and then I care not, here is ten shil-
lings, deliuer me the wares.

Frau. Der mastra, oh pouer necessites make mee sel pour graund,
graund losse, you shal gem x. pound at least, goz boye.

simp. What's your name?

Frau. Merchant, I think I am enen with ye now for calling me a
stler, you'il thizine wel with such bargaines, if ye buy, yee knowe not
what, Fraud hath sited ye with woyle than your ballaves.

pen. You'il warrant them gold Cirra,

Frau. Wee, so good goll as you pay for: Adieu Pounfier. Exit.

simp. Adieu Pounfier: Adieu foole, sel such gold buttons & ringes
for so litle money, good Lord what pen woorths thes Craungers can af-
for: now wife let me see, x. pound, when we haue ten pound, we'il haue
a large shop, and sell all maner of wares, and buy moze of these, and
get ten pound moze, and then ten pound, and ten pound, and twenty
pound, then thou shalt haue a taffata hat and a garbed gown, and I a
gown and a new cap, and a silk doublet, and a faire house.

pen I

the three Lords of London.

Pen. I thanke ye husband, wel, till then looke wel to your wares,
and ple ple my waterbearing and saue and get, and get and saue till
we be rich, but bring these wares home euery night with ye:

simp. Eulth, I shall sel them afoze night for ten pound, go to wife,
go to, I may tel you I am glad this french fellowe rams with these
wares, we had saue to eramining the Ale-shoze els, and then wes had
saue out, and the alewife and my wife had scolded: Wel, a man may
see, he that's obtained to be rich, shall be rich: go to woman. Exeunt

Enter Nemo and the three Lordes, as though
they had bene chydng.

Ne. From whence good Lordes grew this hot argument?

pol. Thou knowest already, yet if thou wilt heare,

For this we strue: fond pleasure makes account
summing his bills without an auditoze,

That Ladie Lucre ought of right be his.

plea. So I affirme, and so I will maintaine

That pleasure ought by right Dame Lucre haue,

To beare the charge of sportes and of delights.

pom. Pay to support the haughty magnificence

And lordly Pompe of Londons excellence,

Befits it rather Lucre than with me,

By whom her honoz shall be most advanced.

pol. More fit for pompe than pleasure, but most fit

That Pollicie with Lucre should be matched,

As guerdon of my studies and my cares.

And high employments in the common wealth:

plea. What pleasure can be sostered without cost:

pom. What Pompe or port without respect of gaine:

pol. What pollicie without preferment liues:

ple. Pleasure must haue Lucre:

pom. pompe hath need of Lucre:

pol. pollicie merits lucre:

ple. Pleasure dies without Lucre,

pom. Pompe decays without Lucre,

pol. pollicie droopes without lucre:

Ne, Thus Lordes you shoue your imperfections:

The steely Morall of

Subiect to passions, straining honours boundes,
Be wel aduisde, you promised to be rulde,
And haue those Dames, by me disposed to you,
But since I see that humaine humoers oft
Makes men forgetfull of their greater good.
Be here a while, Dame lucre shall be brought
By me, to choose which Lord she liketh best,
So you allow her choice with patience.

Exit.

Plea. So, we abide thy doome til thy returne,

Pom. If lucre be not mad she wil be mine,

Pol. If she regard her good she wil be mine.

Plea. If she loue happy life, she wil be mine,

Women loue Pleasure,

pom. Women loue Pompe.

pol. Women vs Pollicie: and here she comes that must
decide the doubt,

Enter Nemo with Conscience all in white.

Ne. Conscience content thee with a quiet conceit,
Conceale thy name to work a speciall good,
Thou art not knowne to any of these Lordes,
By face or feature, til they heare thy name,
Which must be lucre for a fine deuice,
And Conscience cleare indeed's the greatestt gaine,
Lo, Lordings here faire lucre whom ye loue:
lucre, the choice is left vnto thy selfe,
Which of these three thou wilt for husband choose.

Con. The modestie that dooth on r ser befeems
Forbids my tongue therein to tell my thought,
But may it please my Lordes to pardon me,
Which of you three shall deigne to make such choice,
Him shall I answer to his owne content,

pol. If lucre please to match with Pollicie,
She shall be mistresse ouer many men.

Pom. If lucre like to match with Londons Pomp,
In steely port all others she shall passe.

plea. If pleasure may for wise faire lucre gains,
Her life shall be an earthy Paradise.

Ne, Lo,

the three Lords of London,

Ne. Lo, Lucre, men, and pozt, and pleasant life
Are here propounded, Which wilt thou accept?

Con. Lord pollicie, Loue were the only choise
He thinks for you, that all your cares employ
And studies for the loue of common wealth,
For you Lord pleasure, Conscience were a wise,
To measure your delights by reasons rule,
In recreation Conscience helpe to vse:

plea, Were Conscience halfe so sweete as is thy selfe,
Wer would I seek with suites and seruices.

Ne, No lesse accomplisht in perfection
Is Conscience, then this Ladie I protest,
plea, But on this Dame hath pleasure fixt his hart,
And this or death the period of his loue.

Con. Lucre with pompe most aptly might combine
ple. Lucre, or Loue if case thou wilt be mine,
Let passe thy name, thy selfe doe I desire,
Thee will I haue except thy selfe denie,
With thee to liue, or els for thee to die.

Ne. What if I denie?

ple. Then wil I haue her.

pol. If we denie?

ple. So much the rather.

pom. The rather in de spight of vs: Not so.

Ne. My Lords, no quarrell, let this Lady goe,

And if ye trust me. He content ye both,
pleasure, this is not lucre:

ple. She's Lucre vnto me: but be the Loue or Conscience, this is the,

pol. Whom you wil. haue?

ple. Spight of the Deuil, I wil.

Con, Must it not be my Lord if I agree?

ple. Agree.

Con. Some further prooue it fits of you to see:

ple. Receiue a pawn, my hart, my hand, and oth,
To be thy owne in loue, in faith, and troth.

Con. Thus you are fast, and yet my selfe am free:

ple. I know in ruth thou wilt me not refuse:

Con, I know not that, but other He not choose.

The stately Morall of

Ne. It is enough, Lord pleasure, do not feare,
Conscience will vse you as becomes her best.
plea, And art thou Conscience? welkommer to me than
either loue or Lucre,

Con. God send grace I be,

Ne. My Lords be pleasde, ere long shal you be sped,
As much to your contents as pleasure is,
Say but the word, my selfe shal soone present
Lucre and loue, wel worthy such as you.

pol, Right thankfully these fauours we'll receiue,

Enter Diligence, in hast

Dil. My Lords, if your affaires in present be not great
Greater than any, saue regard of life,
Yea euen the greatest of the common wealth,
Prepare ye to withstand a stratagem,
Such as this Land nor London euer knew,
The Spanish forces Lordings are prepar'd,
In brauerie and boast, beyond all bombes
Tinnade, to win, to conquer all this land.
They chieflie aime at Londons stately pompe,
At Londons pleasure, wealth and pollicy,
Intending to dispoile her of them all,
And ouer all those louelie Ladies thee.
Loue, lucre, Conscience, peerlesse of the rarest price,
to tyzannize and carie hardest hand.

From Spain they come with Engine and intent
to slay, subdue, to triumph and to iument:

My selfe (so heauen would) spiall of them had,
And Diligence, deere Lords, they call my name.

If you vouchsafe to credit my report,
You do me right, and to your selues no wrong,
Provided, that you arme you, being warn'd,

pol. Diligence, thy seruice shall be knowen,
and well rewarded: Nemo, for a time
Conceale this Dame, and line secure vsane,
Let vs alone whom most it dooth concerne,
to meete and match our ouer waning foes.

Pom. Nemo keepe close, and Conscience pray for vs.

the three Lords of London,

Be gone and recommend vs to our God.

Con. My Lordes, if euer, show your honors note,
These proud usurping Spanisly tyrants come,
To reave from you what you doo most regard,
To take a vsy your credit and your fame,
to race and spoile our right renowned towne:
And if you loue oz lucre doo regard,

Do haue of Conscience any kind of care,
The world shall witness by this action,
And of the loue that you to vs pretend,
In this, your valour shall assurance giue:
Woꝛd would I speake, but daunger's in delay,
You know my mind, and heauens recoꝛd my thoughtes,
When I with praiers for you will penetrate,
And will in heart be present in your sight:
How pleasure, show what you wil doo for me.

ple. I will be turn'd to paine for thy sweet sake.

pol. Faire Conscience feare not, but assure thy selfe

What kind affliction we so euer beare
to Loue and Lucre, in this action

Chiefly for the our seruice shall be done.

pom. For Conscience sake moze than for Lucre now,

pol. For Loue and Consciēce, not dispising Lucre.

ple. Onely for Conscience will I hazard all.

Ne. And I from hence will her conuey a space,

Will you return with happy victoꝛy. Exeunt Ne. & Con.

Con. Farewel my Lordes, for me my Lordes, for me.

pol. Diligence, what number may there be?

Dil. A mighty hoste, and chiefie led by thꝛee,

Who bzane it out in tholw, as men assured

Of victoꝛie, sauns venture, oz repulse.

pol. How néere be they?

Dil. So néer my Lordes, that ech delay is death,

Stand on your guard, they come as challengers,

to bzuse your shieldes, and beare away your prize,

Pointing the seas, and measuring the land

With strong imaginations of successe,

pol. Wel, Diligence go get in readines

The stately Morall of

Open and munition, bid our pages plie
 To see that all our furniture be wel,
 Wit, Wealth and Wil to further wars be fit, Exit Dill
 My Lords, I would I might advise ye now,
 To carrie as it were a carelesse regard,
 Of these Castilians, and their accustomed brauado:
 Lord Pomp, let nothing that's magnificall,
 Or that may tend to Londons graceful state
 Be vnperform'd, As shoules and solemne feastes,
 Matches in armour, triumphes, Cresset-lightes,
 Bonefiers, belles, and peales of ordinance.
 And pleasure, see that plases be published,
 Mai-games and maskes, with mirth and minstrelle,
 Pageants and schol-feastes, beares, and puppet plases,
 My selfe will muster vpon Milesend grane,
 As though we saw, and fear'd not to be seene:
 Which will their spies in such a woonder set,
 To see vs recke so litle such a foe,
 Whom all the world admires, saue onely we:
 And we respect our sport more than his spite,
 That Iohn the Spaniard will in rage run mad,
 To see vs bend like Dakes with his vaine breath.
 In this deuice such liking I conceiue,
 As London shall not lack what pompe can doe,
 And well I know that worthy Citizens
 Doe carie mindes so franke and bountifull,
 As for their honoz they will spare no cost:
 Especially, to let their enemy know.
 Honoz in England, not in Spaine doth grow.
 And for the time that they in pleasure spend,
 'Tis limitted to such an honest end,
 Namely, for recreation of the mind,
 With no great cost, yet liberall in that kind,
 That pleasure bowes with all delightes be can
 To doe them good, till death to be their man.
 Of pollicy they shall haue at large:
 When let vs go and each man to his charge)

Exeunt the three Lords,

Enter

the three Lords of London.

Enter Simplicity led in by Vsurie.

Simp. I sir: Why alas I bought them of a stranger, an old French man for good gold, and to be worth ten pound, for so he told me, I haue good witness, for my owne wife was by, and lent mee part of the money.

Vsu. And what did they cost you?

Simp. Ten Shillings every penny.

Vsu. What argues you are guilty: Why? could ye buy so many rings and buttons of gold thinke ye for ten Shillings? Of whome did ye buy them?

Simp. Of an olde French man, the olde French disease take him.

Vsu. And where dwels that old French man?

Simp. In Fraunce I thinke, for he told me he was to goe ouer the next tide, or the next day, my wife can tell as wel as I, if ye thinke I lie, for she was by.

Vsu. A good answere, he dwels in Fraunce and you dwel here, and for uttering copper for gold you are like to loose both your eares vpon the pillorie, and besides loose your freedom.

Simp. Nay, if I loose my eares, I care not for my freedom, keepe you my freedom, so I may keepe my eares, is there no remedy for this sp. Vsurie?

Vsurie. None, except you can find out that old French man.

Simp. Peraduenture I can, if you'll let mee go into Fraunce to seeke him:

Vsu. So we may loose you, and neuer see him, nay that may not be.

Simp. You haue a good pawne there, good maister Vsurie be good vnto me.

Vsu. Nay, now Ile pinch ye, you villaine, ye know how ye haue euer vsed me, but now off goes your eares at least.

Sim. Nay, good maister Vsurie take all my goodes and let me go,

Enter Fraud, Dissimulation, Simonic in canuas coates like Sailers.

Frau. What's the matter Vsurie, that this poore knaue cries so:

Simp. O Maister Fraud, speake to him to let me goe:

Frau. Fraude: Ye villaine, cal me not by my name, and ye shall see I wil speak to him to let ye goe fra: Vsurie, of al old fellowship let this

The stately Morall of

poore knaue packe, if the matter be not too hainous.

Vsu. So he, his fault is odious, look here what stuffe hee would be-
ter for gold, flat copper, & he saith, he bought them of an old frenchman.

Frau. But thou didst not sel them, didst thou?

Sim. So sir, I would haue but laid them to pasture for sixe pounds
to him.

Frau. That was more than they be worth, I promise thee a foule
matter, well, thou must loose thy ware and be glad to escape, so Vsurie,
at my request ye shall let the poore man goe.

Vsu. Well, for this once I will, sirra, get ye packing, and take heed
of such a peece of worke againe while ye liue.

Sim. There is diuers peeces of worke in that box, pray ye giue me
some of my goods againe, a ring or something.

Vsu. Not an inch, and be glad ye scape as ye doe, —

Sim. Alas, I am vndone, there's all the wealth & stock I haue.

Frau. Do ye long to lose your eares, be gone ye foolish knaue.

Sim. I thanke ye Master Fraud: He not goe so far, but He be nere
to heare and see what the meaning of these fellowes in this canuas
should be, for I know Fraud, Dissimulation, and simony to be those
thre: here I think I am vnseene. Simplicity hides him near them.

Frau. Vsury, thanke me for this good bestie, for it is I that holp
ye to it, for I sould them to him for gold indeed in the shape of an
old french artificer, come giue me halfe for I deserue it, for my part
was the first beginning of this Comedie, I was euer affraid, least the
foole should haue knowne me, for ye see now though disguise, hee cal-
me by my name.

Sim. Did a so? I am glad I haue found the french man, now He
raise the strar, but He haue my wares againe, & proue ye as ye were,
euer both false knaues I beleue. Exit sim.

Frau. Kill him, stab him, out villaine, he will betray vs all.

Vsu. What a swie were you to speake before he was gone, now you
haue lost your part of this tw, for he will goe complaine, you will be
sought for, and I made to restore these things againe.

Frau. Not if thou be wise, thou wilt not tarie the reckoning, for
seest thou not vs thre? Dissimulation simony and my selfe?

Vsu. Yes: What means these canuas suites? Will yee be
Sallers?

Frau. Vsury make one, this is our intent: let's see that none heare
vs

the three Lords of London.

vs now: the Spaniards are coming thou hearest with great power, here is no living for vs in London, men are growen so full of confidence and religion, that Fraud, Disimulation and Simony are disci- phered, and being disci phered are also dispised: and therefore wee will slip to the sea, and meet and ioine with the enemy, and if they con- quere as they may, for they are a great armie by report, our credite may rise againe with them, if they faile and retire, we may either goe with them and liue in Spaine, where we and such good fellows are tollerated and vsed, or come sily againe hether, so long as none knows but friends.

Vsu. But wilt you do thus you two?

Dis. And thou too I hope, why, what should we do?

Vsu. Whatsoeuer ye doe, be not traitors to your native countrie.

Simo. 'Tis not our native countrie, thou knowest, I Simony am a Roman, Disimulation a Hongrel, halfe an Italian, halfe a Dutchman Fraud so too, halfe French, and halfe Scottish: and thy parentes were both Jewes, though thou wert borne in London, and here Vsury thou art cried out against by the preachers: ioine with vs man to better thy state, for in Spain preaching toucheth vs not.

Vsu. To better my state, nay, to alter my state, for here where I am, I know the government, here can I liue for all their threating, if strangers preuaile, I know not their lawes nor their vsage, they may be oppressors, & take all I haue, and it is like they are so, for they say that's not their owne. Wherefore here will I stay sure, to keepe what I haue, rather than be a traitor vpon hap and had I will: and say you if ye be wise, and pray as I pray, that the preachers and all other god men may die, and then we shall flourish, but neuer trust to strangers curtesie.

Fra. We shall trust but to our friends & kin, so'll not go with vs, yet for old acquaintance hap counsel, betray vs not, for we'll be gone to sea, I am affraid yea foolish knane haue belated the streets for vs.

Vsu. Let me go afore ye, if any such thing be, I'll giue ye inkling. Exit

Fra. Do, farewell Vsury: and as he goes one way, we'll go another, follow sirs, neuer trust a slyzinker, if he be your owne brother.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the three Lordes with their Pages and Fealties & Herald befoze them, his coat hauing the armes

of London before, and an Oliue tree behind.

The stately Morall of

pol: Fealty, thou faithfull Herald of our towne,
Thou true truce-keeper, and sure friend in peace,
Take downe our shields, and giue them to our hoies:
How Fealty, prepare thy wits for war, he deliueis them
To parlie with the proud Castillians
Approching fast the frontiers of our coast:
Wit, here, my Page in euerie message shall
Attend on thee, to note them and their daedes:
I nãd not tel the, they are pride and proud,
Traunters, baine-glorious, tyrants, truce-breakers,
Ennious, irerfull, and ambitious,
For thou hast found their facing and their brags,
Their barks, their coffers, and their wealth, their rage,
But let me tell thee what we crane of thee,
To scanne with iudgment what their leaders be,
To note their presence and obserue their gracs,
And truly to aduertile what they seeme,
Whether to be experienced in armes,
Or men of name those thre that lead the rest,
The rest referre we to thy owne conceit,
Feal, I hope in this my dutie to discharge, as heretofore

Simplicity, make a great noise within, and enter with thre or four weaponed.

Simp. Clubs, clubs, nay come neighbours come, for here they be,
here I left them, arrant theeues, rogues, cosoners, I charge ye as you
wil answer, prehend them, for they haue vndone me, and robb'd me,
and made me the poorest free man that euer kept a ballad stali:

A Constable, I charge ye keepe the peace and lay downe your weapons:
To the three Lords.

pol, Who rais'd this tumult? Speake, what meanes this stir?

Simp. O I am vndone, robb'd, spoil'd of all my stocke, let me see,
where be they? Keepe euerie street and dooze, famine all that comes
for Fraud that cosoner.

pol, Paissers, what meane you in these troublous times to keepe
this coile?

Const, Alas my Lo; d, her's a pooze man rob'd, or cosoned.

Sim. I

the three Lords of London,

Simp. I am rob'd of my boies, my pretie boies, I am vndone, sawe
ye no theeves, no; no craftie knaves, what be all these?

Wit. Simplicity, away, these be our Lordes, offend them not for
feare.

Simp. I seeke not them, I seeke for Fraud that rob'd me,
plea. Go seeke els where, for here's no place for such.

Pol. My friends depart, and qualifie this Air,
And let peace kept within the walles I charge ye.

Const. I wil my Lord, come Simp. we came too late to find your
losses. *Exeunt.*

Simp. Pray for me my boies, I thinke I shal hang my selfe I come
ouer too late to speeke.

pol. Now Lordes, let Honors fire enflame our thonghtes,
And let vs arme our courage with our cause,
And so dispose our selues to welcome them,
Doe me the fauour (if I may intreat)
To be the first to front the foe in face,
The Vanguard let be Pollicies this once,
Pompes the maine battaille, pleasures the Rereward:
And so bestow vs if you thinke it good.

Pom. I think it good, and time that it were done.

Plea. I think it good, and with the enemy come.

Enter Diligence.

Dil. And here they come, as haue as Philips sonne,
And his Ephelion, wont to be arraid
In glittering gold, and party coloured plumes,
With curious pendants on their Lances first,
Their Shildes Pimpres'd with gilt copertiments,
Their Pages carelesse, plaieng at their backs,
As if with conquest they triumphing came.

Pol. If they be conquer'd greater is their shame,
But Diligence go post alongst the coast,
To tell the newes, and loke to welcome them,
Let vs alone: My Lordes you heare the newes,
More words were vaine, I know ye wel resolu'd. *Exit Dil.*

Pom. And here they come, Oh proud Castillians.

The statelie Morall of

Enter first **Shealty** the Herald: then **Wilde**, bearing his shield himself, his ympreze, a **Beaurocke**: the worde, *Non par illi* His Page **Shame** after him with a **Launce**, hauing appendent gilt, with this word in it, *Sur lé Ciel*. **Ambition**, his ympreze, a blacke Horse saliant, with one hinder foote vpon the Globe of the earth, one fore foote stretching towards the cloudes, his woorde, *Non sufficit orbis*: His page **Treacherie** after him, his pendent **Argent** and **Azure**, an armed **Aime** catching at the Sun beames, the woorde in it, *Et gloriam Phœbi*. Last, **Tyrannie**, His ympreze, a naked Childe on a speares point bleeding, his woord, *Pour sangue*, His page, **Terror**, his pendent **Gules**, in it, a **Tygers** head out of a cloud, licking a bloody heart: The woord in it, *Cura Cruor*. March once about the stage, then stand and viewe the Lords of London, who shall march towards them, and they giue backe, then the Lords of London wheele about to their standing, and th'other come againe into their places, then **Pollicie** sendes **Fealtie**: their Heraldes coate must haue the armes of **Spaine** before, and a burning ship behind.

pol. My Lordes, what meane these gallants to perfourne,
Come these Castilian Cowardes but to bzaue?
Doo all these mountaines moue to bzaue a mouse?
Fealty, goe fetch their answer resolute
How they dare be so bold, and what they dare doo here.

Shea. What wouldst thou Herald? As Feal. is going towards the, they

Fea. Parle with those thy, Herald. (send forth Shea.

Shea. They scozne to grace so meane a man as thou
With parlie or with presence.

Fea: Do they scozne? what, are thy masters, Monarchs euerie one?
Or be they Gods? or rather be they Devils?
Scozne they a Heraldes presence and his speeche?
Name them, that I may knowe their mightines,
And so auoid of duties some neglect.

Shea. Monarches in minds, and Gods in high conceites,
That scozne you English, as the scomme of men,
Whom I ne dare without their license name,
Fore whom thy duties all are few and base,

Fea. Imperious Spaniard, doo a Herald right.

The

the three Lords of London.

Thy selfe art one, their Croweb man if thou be,
Be thou my Tranke, that I my message may
through thee conueigh to them from London Lords.

Shea, Base English grome, from beggars sent belike,
Who for their mate the malapert account,
Dare I (think I thou) these Lords magnificent,
Without their speciall pleasure vnderstood,
Dance moone with message, or with show of speache?

Fea. Hoze seruite thou to loose a Heraldes due,
That is in field a kinges companion,
But if thou dare not my Ambassage doo,
Stand by and stop not my accesse to them.

Shea. Rather wil I returne and know their mindes!

Pol. How boy, what newes. (When Shea goes to the 3. Wit goes to the 3.)

Wit. The fearful Herald of yen famous crue (Lords of Lond.)

Durst not your message to his maisters tell,

Yet Fealcie with continuellions wordes,

(Yet was the Spaniard braue and hot in tearmes)

Enfozred him for their answers resolute. The Span. whisper with their Her.

Pom. Which now belike our Herald shall recetue,
For theirs comes to him.

Shea. It plealeth them to be magnifical,

And of their speciall graces to vouchsafe

A counteruilew of Pages, and of Shields,

And countermessage by vs Heraldes done:

A fauour which they seldome graunt to fors,

Go thou for thofe, I meete thee will with these:

Fea. My Lords yen brauing Spaniards with

A counteruilew of Pages and of Shields,

But what they meane or be I know not yet:

Haply you may by their ympyzees vieu,

Or I by parlle some coniecture giue,

So please it you your pages and your shields

With me to send, their Herald comes with theirs.

pol. Our shields I reck not, but to send our Wealth

Fea. Accompanied with Wit and Will, no peril:

Pom. It is my wealth, but keep him if they dare,

Go fetch him double if they doo my Lords,

The statelic Morall of

Plea. Boies, take our shields and speares, for they come on.
Wit. Waile Spaniard, couch thy Lance and pendent both,
 Knowest where thou art? Here wil we beare no bzaues

When the English boies meet the other, cause them to put downe the
 tops of their Lances, but they beare vp theirs.

Wea. Downe with your point, no lost bozns Lances here
 By any stranger be he foe or friend.

Wil. What dost thou note the couching of thy Lance,
 Mine had ere this els goar'd your Spanish skin.

Feal. What done my boies, but now all reuerence.

Shea. Advance againe your Launces now my boies. hold vp again
 S. Hyde. Dicit nobis ideo qui ades, quid sibi velit isthæc Emble-
 mata? Dicit (inquam) lingua materna: nos enim omnes belle intelli-
 gimus, quamuis Anglicè loqui dedignamur.

Fea. Then know Castilian Cavaleros this,
 The owners of these Emblemes are thzee Lordes
 Whose thzee that now are victwing of your shields,
 Of London, our chiefe citie are they Lordes,
 Pollicie, pompe, and pleasure be their names:
 And they in honour of their mistresses,
 Loue, Lucre, Conscience, London Ladies thæ,
 Emblazoned these Scutchens, challengeing
 Whom durst compare, or challenge one of them,
 And Pollicie a Tortoys hath Emprz'd,
 Encompass with her shel, her native walles,
 And prouidens securus is his word:
 His page is Wit, h's Maistrisse Lady Loue.
 pomp in his shield a Lilly hath pourtra'd,
 As paragon of beautie, and bone grace:
 Glorie sauns peere his word, and true it is,
 With Londons Pompe Castile cannot compare,
 His Page is wealth, his maistrisse Lucre hight.
 Pleasure, the daintie of that famous towne,
 A Faulcon hath emblazon'd, searing hie,
 To shoue the pitch that Londons Pleasure lies:
 His word Pour temps, yet nener scoupes to traine,
 But vnto Conscience, chosen for his deere,

the three Lords of London:

His Page is Will, and thus th'effect you heare.

S. Pride. Buena buena per los Lutheranos Angleses,

Fea. Mala, mala per Catholicos Castellianos,

Pol. Loqueris Anglicè?

Shea. Maximè Domine.

Pol. Agedum, Go to then and declare thy Lords, their
shields, their pages, and their purpose.

Speak man, feare not, though Spain vse messengers il,

Ths Englands guise to entreat them curteously.

Shea. Three Cavalieros Castellianos here,

Without Compeeres in compasse of this world:

Are come to conquer, as ful wel they shal

this mol-hill Isle, that litle England hight,

With London that proud paltrie market towne,

And take those Dames Loue, Lucre, Conscience

Prisoners, to vse oz soze as pleaseth them.

The first (now quake) is Spanissh Maiesty,

That for his ympzeze giues Queene Iunoes Bird,

Whose traine is spangd with Argus hundzed eyes,

the Quæne of Gods scoznes not to grace him so.

His woord is Non par illi, none his like:

Yet is his page oz hench-man Modesty,

Lucre the Lady that shal be his prize:

And in his pendent on his Lances point,

Sur le Ciel his woord, aboue the heauens.

pol. Whilome indeed aboue the heauens he was,

Could he haue kept him in that blessed state,

From thence for pride he fell to pit of paine,

And is he now become the pride of Spaine?

And so his page not Modesty but Shame.

Wel, on the rest.

Shea. Don Honor is the next grand peere of Spain,

Whose ympzeze is a Courser saltant,

Of colour Sables, darkening aere and earth,

Pressing the Globe with his disdainfull foot,

And saltant to aspire to rowling skis,

Non sufficit orbis is his haughtie woord,

The world sufficeith not high Honors thoughtes,

The stately Morall of

And on the pendent fired on his Lance,
A hand is catching at the sunnie beames:
& gloriam Phœbi, and the Sunns bright coach,
Honor would guide, if he might haue his wil.

His Page is Action tempering stil with state.

pol. Himselfe Ambition, whom the heauens do hate,
Shea, and Loue the Lady that he hopes to gaine,

pol. His thoughts distract from soule distempered brain

Proues him the verie firebrand of Spain :

And in his shield his blacke disordered brast,
Spealing the skies, scornfull to tread the ground,
And both his words, proud words prooue perfectly
Action his page to be but Treachery,

Euer attendant on Ambition: but to the third.

Sheal. The third graund Cavaliero is Government,
Seuere in Justice, and in iudgment deepe:

His ympreze is a naked Infant goar'd
Upon a Lance, signifying, severitie.

His word, pour sangue, for blood of enemies

He hentes his forces: on his pendent is

A Tyger licking of a bleeding heart:

And Cura Cruor is the word thereon,

His care's for blood of those that dare resist:

Yet hight his Page that followes him, Regard,
and he for Conscience to this conquest comes.

pol. The Government of spaine is Tyrannie,
as doo his ympreze and his words declare,

His Page is Terror: for a Tyrant feares

His death, in diet, in his bed, in sleepe,

In conscience: spight the Spanish tyrannie

Hath shed a sea of most vnguiltie blood: Wel, what's the end?

Shea. The end is best you yeeld, submitting you to mercy of these
Pom. Before we fight: lest fir, ye haue to fall. (Lords.

Castilians, know that Englishmen wil knock, but say,

Dooth Spanish Pride for Londons Lucre gape,

ple. And would their Tyranny Conscience captiue haue?

pol: Dooth their Ambition Londons loue affecte

sheal. All this they will, and pray upon your towne,

And

the three Lords of London.

And give your landes away before your face:
alas, what's England to the power of spaine?
a Polehil, to be placed where it pleaseth them.

pol. But in this Polehil many Distempres be,
All which will King before they be remou'd,
What is thy name?

sheal, Shealty,

pol. An Irish word, signifieng liberty, rather remissnes,
loosnes if ye wil, why hath thy coat a burning ship behind?

shea. to signify þ burning of your flæt by vs Castillians.

pol: It rather means your common wealth's on fire,
about your eares, and you were best looke home,
a common wealth's compared to a ship,

If yours do flame, your country is hot, beware.

Feal. I see Castillians, that you maruel much
at this same Embleme of the Olive tree
Upon my backe: Lo this it signifies.

Spaine is in warres, but London liues in peace,

Your native fruit dooth wither on your soile,
and prospers where it neuer planted was.

This Londons Fealty dooth anouch for traueth,

Herald of war, and Porter of their peace,

Command ye me no seruice to my Lords.

S. Pride. Quid tibi cum domini mox seruiet miseri nobis: discede,

Feal. Quid mihi cum dominis seruietis miseri meis?

pol. shealty, say vnto yen Thrasos thre.

The Lordes of London dare them to the field,

Witteng their pride and their Ambition,

Scorning their Tiranny, and yet fearing this,

That they are come from home and dare not fight,

But if they dare in ioint or several armes,

Battaille or combat, him that Lucre seeks,

Your Spanish pride, him dare I from the rest.

ple. What bloodie surre, your Spanish Tyranny,

What Londons Conscience would soze with crueltie,

I challenge him for Conscience sake to fight,

a Lord of London, and I pleasure fight.

And shealty, when Citizens dare them thus,

The stately Morall of

Judge what our Nobles and our courtiers dare;

Pol. Say if thou wilt that Londons pollicy
Discernes that proud Ambition of spaine,
And soz he comes enflamde with Londons loue,
In combat let him conquere me and haue her,
this is Loues fauour, I her seruant am.

pom. This Lucre's fauour, Pomp soz her will fight.

Plea. this Conscience fauour, she my mistress is.

shea. You craven English on your donghills crows.

Pom. You Spanissh ffeiants crow vpon your pearch,

But when we fire your coates about your eares,
And take your shippes befoze your walled townes,
We make a donghill of your rotten boanes,
And cram our chickens with your graines of gold:

shea. You will not yeld:

ple. Yes, the last moneth.

shea. Farewel.

Retire Heraldes with the pages to their places.

S. Pride. Vade.

pol. Herald, how now?

Fea. Ten proud Castillians looke soz your service.

Pom. So do we soz theirs: but Fealtie, canst thou declare to me the
cause why all their pages follow them, when ours in shoues do euer
goe befoze.

Fea. In war they followe, and the Spaniard is warring in misse.

pol. But that's not now the cause, yea thzee are Pride, Ambition
Tyranny.

shame followes pride, as we a prouerbe haue,

pride goes befoze, and shame comes after,

Treachery euer attendes vpon Ambition:

and Terrour alwates with a fearfull watch,

Doth wait vpon il conscienced Tyranny:

But why stay we to giue them space to bzeath:

Come, Courage, let vs charge them all at once.

Let the three Lordes passe towards the Spaniards, and the Spaniardes
make show of comming forward and sodainly depart.

Pom. What bzauing cowards these Castillians be,
My Lordes let's hang our Scutchens by againe,

And

the three Lords of London.

And should our selves but not farre off vnsane,
To proue if that may draw them to some deed,
Be it but to batter our pynnyed shieldes.

plea. Agræd, here Fealty, hang them by a space:

They hang vp their shieldes, and step out of sight. The Spaniardes come and flourish their rapiers neer them, but touch them not, & the hang vp theirs, which the Lords of London perceiuing, take their owne and batter theirs: The Spaniards making a litle showe to rescue, do suddenly slippe away and come no more.

pol. Facing, faint-hearted, proud and insolent,
That beare no edge within their painted sheaths,
That durst not strike our illie patient shieldes.

Pom. We haue they set their owne, see if we dare
Batter on them, and beat their brauing Lordes.

ple. Let them not ponder hang vnhackt, my Lordes.

Pol. With good aduise, that we be not surpris'd, and good enough!

pom. My selfe wil on set giue on Prides, at your Peacocks Sir.

plea. At Tyrannies wil I bestow my blow, withing the maister.

Pol. I at Ambitions strike, haue at his pampered Jade.

Enter S. Pride.

S. Pride. Fuoro Viliagos, fuoro Lutheranos Angleses, fuoro
sa, sa, sa.

Pol. Their shieldes are ours, they fled away with shame,
But Lordings, whiles the stratagem is fresh,
And memoire of thir misfortune greene,
Their hartes yet fainting with the nouell grieke,
Let vs pursue them fleeing, if you say it,
Daply, we may p̄uent their passage yet.

pol. With speed and haste the matter must be done,

ple. Therefore you Pollicie shall our leader be.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter three Ladies and Nemo.

Nc. The day is ours, faire Ladies let vs toy,
The ioyfull day that all men may reioice,
Yet onely I am thankfull for this good.
And your good day at hand approacheth fast.
Wherein you shall be ioude to th̄e such Lordes,

The statelie Morall of

As all the cities vnder heauens bright cope,
Cannot with all their glorie match in worth,
Lucre. Lord Pomp a victor comes to thee:
Loue, loke thou for Lord pollicy as well:
And Conscience for her well reformed fere,
pleasure, that onely made his choise of her.
Upon that day triumphant shall we feast,
Wherein (Madames) your honours will be least.

Lucre. Against their coming might my reed be hard,
Where would we garlands of Laurell greene,
To welcome them, more for the common good,
Than for affection private that we beare.

Loue. To meet them coming will not be amisse,
But what know we how they will take such woork,
Con. Report may be much more than there is cause,
We may them mete and grat with ioyfull heartes,
And make them garlands when we know their mindes.

Enter the three Lords with the Spanissh

Shieldes and Diligence

Ne. And here they come with new ymprezed shieldes,
By Lords wel met, and welcome from your foes.
Lucre. Lord pomp, wel met, and welcome home againe.
Loue. Lord pollicy, wel met, and welcome home againe.
Con. Lord pleasure, welcome with unfained heart.
ple. faire ioy and Lady xx. thousand thanks.
pol. faire Loue, and Lady, twice as many thanks.
Pom. faire and beloued Lucre, though I speake last,
As kindly I thy welcome do accept,

As heart can thinke, pen write, or tongue can tell:
Ne. How speak my Lords how haue ye sped?
pol. Right wel: thanks vnto him y gave the day to vs,
The pride of Spaine was cloak'd with Hostilitie,
And Shame his page, (nicknamed) Pobelitie,
Spanissh Ambition, Honor would be cal'd,
And Treacherie his page, term'd Action.
Their Tyranny was cleped Government,
Terror his page, was (falsly) nam'd Regard,
But God above hath giuen them their reward.

They

the three Lords of London,

They with dishonour left their shields behind,
The onely prizes purchast by vs now,
And those faire Ladies we present to you,
Lone, this is thine, and he that giues it thee.

Ne. In lieu whereof your gift and her I giue
Againe to you, that merite moze than both.

pol. The greatest gift and good could me befall.

pom. Fair lucre, loe, my present and my self.

Lucre. Which I with Nemos license gladly take.

Ne. Take her Lord pomp, I giue her vnto thee,
Wishing your good may ten times doubled be.

pom. The wished good this world could giue to me.

ple. Of dutie I (my deere) must giue thee this,
that art my comfort and my earthly blisse.

Ne. Now Lords, I hope you are contented all,
pomp with his Lucre, pollicie with Loue:
pleasure with Conscience, toy fall you from aboute:

And thus to you my promise is perform'd,

And I expect that yours aswell be kept.

That present preparation may be made
to honour those with holy marriage rites,
that I in presence of the world may giue
these as my daughters vnto you my sonnes.

Pol. By my consent one day shall serue vs all,
Which shall be kept for euer festiuall.

pom. And on that day in honoꝝ of these Dames,
these shields in triumph shall be borne about.

plea. with pageants, plaies, and what delights may be
to entertaine the time and companie.

Ne. So it please you Lordings, me thinks it wer meet,
that the Ladies tooke care to prouide their owne toles.
My selfe needs to helpe them, who know their mindes well,
for I can keepe women both quiet and constant.

pol. It pleaseth vs well that you will take the paines.
faire ones, for a while we betake you to your busines.

Pom. Ladies, adue. the Lords bring the to the doore, & they go out & Ne.

ple. Beloued, farewell. Fra. giues Pol. a paper, which he reads & then saies

pol. It comes by this writing sir, you would serue me,
As your name Skil: whom did you serue last?

The statelic Morall of

Fra. An ill maister, my Lord, I serued none but my selfe.

pol. Haue ye neuer serued any heretofore?

Fra. Yes, diuers my Lord, both beyond sea and here with your patience, my god Lord, not offending the same, I thinke I am your poore kinsman, your Lordship, pollicy, and I Skil, if it like ye.

pol. You say verie well, and it is verie like, I will answere yee anon.

Dis. giues Plea. a paper which he reades, and saies.

ple. Is your name faire semblance that with to serue me.

Dis. Please it your Lordship, fair semblance, I am wel seen, though I say it, in sundry languages, met for your Lordship, or any noble seruise, to teach diuers tongues, and other rare things.

Plea. I like ye verie well, stay a while for your answere,

Enter Vsurie and giues ap aper to Pompe which

he reades, and saith,

pom. Maister Vsury, I thanke ye that ye offer me your seruice, it seemes to be for your old maistresse sake, Lady lucre, stay but a while, I will answere you with reason.

The three Lords go together, and whisper, and call Diligence,

Diligence goes out for a marking yron, and returns,

Fra. How now my hearts, think ye we shal spee.

pol. Diligence, Come hether.

Vsu. I cannot tell what you shal, but I am sure I shal.

Dis. I am as like as ante of ye both.

Vsu. Fraud.

Dis. Whist man, he's Skil.

Vsu. Skil, Why dost thou seeke to serue Lady Loue?

What profite wil that be?

Fra. Tut hold the content, Ile serue but a while, and serue mine owne turne and away.

pom. Maister Vsury come hether, you desire to serue me, you haue done Lady Lucre good seruice you say, but it was againt God and Conscience you did it, neither euer in your life did ye ante thing for Loue: Well to be thort, serue me you shall not, and I would I could banish you from London for euer, or keepe you cloase prisoner, but that is not in me, but what is or may be, that strait you shall see: By pollicies counsell this shall be done, Diligence bying that yron, helps me my Lords.

Enter

the three Lords of London.

Enter Diligence.

pol. Give me the yron Pomp, Cosen Skil help to hold him,
Fraud laies hold on him but Dis, slip away.

Sirra, pollicy gives you this marke, doo you see,
A litle r. standing in the midd' of a great. C,
Meaning thereby to let all men understand,
that you must not take above bare r. pound in the hundred at any hand,
And that so much so, and so be packing quietly:
And know that Londons Pomp is not sustained by vsury,
But by well ventured marchandize and honest industrie.
Vsu. I would I had never seene ye, if this be your curtesie.

Exit Vsurie.

pol. Now Cosen Skil, alas, altho Fraud,
No kinsman to Pollicie, noz friend to the state.
In stead of serving me, Diligence take him to Pelwgate,
Aske not whete, sir, but Diligence if he doe strua,
Raise the straxt he's unweaponed, and thou hast a weapon on:
And now Lozdes when ye will, about our affaires, let's be gone,
ple. Agrad, but what's become of faire semblance my man.
pom. A craftie villaine, perceiving how we meant to Vsurie, slip
away.

Enter Simplicitic in hast, and glue the Lozds a
paper to read.

Simp. All hail, all raine, all frost, & all snow, be to you thre Lozdes
of London on a row:

Read my supplantation and my suit yee shall know,
Cuen for Gods sake above, and thre Ladies sakes below.

Frau. O Diligence, Do me favour, you know I am a gentleman.

Dil. Step aside til my Lozdes be gone, He doo for you what I
can. slip aside.

pom. What's here my boy, what's here? pleasure, this suit is sure
to you, 'or it's mad stuffe, and I know not what it meanes.

ple. Neither doe I: Sirra, your wryting is so intricate, that you must
spake your mind, other wise, we shall not know your meaning.

pol. You sue for thre things here, and what be they tell them:

simp. Cannot you thre tell, and the suit to you thre? I am glad a
simple fellow yet, can go beyond you thre greates Lozdes of London.

The stately Morall of

Why my sake, looke yee, is such a suite, as you are bound in honoz to heare, for it is for the puppet like wealthy, I would haue no new oz ders, noz new sciences set by in the citie, whereof I am a pooze freeman, and please ye, as ye may read in my bil ther, simplicity fra man. But my Lords, I would haue thze old trades, which are not for the common wealth, put downe.

Ple. And after all this circumstance, sir what be they?

simp. they be not thze what lacke yees, as what do yee lacke, fine Lockerome, fine Cannas, oz fine Holland cloath: oz what lacke ye, fine Ballades, fine Sonets: oz what lacke ye, a purse oz a glasse, oz a paire of fine kniues: but they be thze, haue ye anies, which mee thinks are neither sciences noz occupations, and if they be trades, they are very malapert trades, and moze than reason.

pol. As how sir? Name them.

sim. Will you banish them as readily as I can name them?

the first is, haue ye any old yron, old male, oz old harnes?

pom. And what fault find ye with this?

simp. What fault? I promise ye a great fault, what haue you oz any man els to doo to aske me if I haue any old yron? What if I haue, oz what if I haue not? Why should you be so fancie to aske?

plea. Why foole, tis for thy good to giue the money for that, that might lie and rust by thee.

simp. No my Lord, no, I may not call you foole: it is to marke the houses where such stuffe is, that against rebels rise, there is harnes and weapon ready for them in such and such houses, and what then? the rustie weapon both wound past surgerie, and kills the Quens god subiects: the rest of the old trash wil make them guns too, so it is god luck to find old yron, but tis naught to keep it, and the trade is crafty, and now my L. pollicy, I speak to you, t'were wel to put it downe.

pol. Wisely said, which is your seconde? Is that as perillous?

simp. Yea, and woze: It is, haue ye any ends of gold and siluer: this is a perillous trade, conetons, and a sicement to murder, for, marke ye, If they that aske this should be euill gluen, as Gods forbod. they see who hath this gold and siluer, may not they come in the night bzeake in at their houses, and cut their throates for it? I tell ye, gold and siluer hath caused as much mischief to be done as that, down with it.

pom. they that haue it need not shew it.

Sim, tush, they need ask no such question, many a man hath delight

the three Lords of London.

to **Wel** what he hath, the trade's a ticing trade, do woe with it:

pol. How your third sir:

Sim. that is the craftiest of all, wherein I am discub'd, for that goes vnder the colour of simplicity, haue ye any wood to cleaue?

ple. A perillous thing, what hurt is there in this sir?

Sim. Do you not perceine the subtiltie? why sir, the Woodmongers hires these pooze men to goe by and dolwne with their becles & wedges on their backs, crieng, haue ye any wood to cleane, and laugh to see them trauell so loden with wood and yron: now sir, if the pooze men got two or thre dales and be not set a worke (as sometimes they doe) the Woodmongers pay them and gaine by it, for then know they there's no wood in the citie, then raise they the price of billets so hie, that the pooze can buy none. Now sir, if these fellows were barr'd from asking, whether there were wood to cleaue or not, the woodmongers need not know but that there were wood, and so billets and fagets would be sold al at one rate, dolwne with this trade, we shall sit a cold els my Lords.

ple. I promise you a wise suit, and done with great discretion.

sim. Yea, is it not? might ye not do wel to make me of your counsel I beleue I could spie moe faults in a weeke, than you could mend in a moneth:

pol. Wel, for these three faults the time serues not now to redresse:

sim. So marie, for you thre must be married sodainly, and your feast must be dyed:

pol. Against which feast, repaire you to Diligence, and hee shall appoint you furniture and money, and a place in the show, till when farewell. Exeunt

sim. Farewell my Lords, farewell my thre Lords, and remember that I haue set ech of yee a fault to mend: wel, Ile go seek **Dil.** Diligence that he may giue me forty pence against the feast sir reuerence: Exit

Dil. what is it **Frau.** Fraud, ye would demaund of me? **Dil.** & **Frau.** step out

Frau. Sir this you know, though your selfe be a man of good reckoning yet are yee knowen an officer vnto these thre Lords, and what discredit it were to me, being a noted man to passe through the streets with you being officer, or if any of my friends should suspect me with you, and dog vs, and see me committed to Newgate, I were utterly discredited, here is a putte sir, and in it two hundred Angels, looke sir, you shall sell them.

The stately Morall of

Dil. Here are lo indeed, what meane yee by this, I will not take these to let ye escape.
deliuer Fraud the purse againe.

Fra. I meane not so sir, nor I wil not giue halfe of them to be suffered to scape, for I haue done no offence, though it please them to imprison me, and it is but on commandement, I shal not stay long, but I will giue you this purse and gold in pawne to be true prisoner, onely giue me leaue to goe some other way, and home to my lodging, for my bootes and other necessaries, for there I leaue woord I am ridden out of towne, and with al the hast that possibly I may, I wil meet you at Pelwgate, and giue you an Angell for your curse: there is the purse.

Fraud giues him a purse like the other.

Dil. I hazard (as you know) my Lords displeasure herein, and yet to pleasure you I will venture this once, but I pray ye make hast that I be not shent, I would not for ten Angels it were knowen.

Fra. If I take aboute an hower, take that gold for your tarieng.

Exit.

Dil. I do not feare that you'l forfeit so much for so litle cause. Exit.

Enter Nemo with Desire, Delight, and Deuotion, the three
Lords of Lincolne.

Ne. My Lords of Lincolne, haue you such tytle and such interest

To Loue, Lucre, and Conscience, as ye say?

Who gaue you leaue to haue access to them?

I am their father by adoption,

I neuer knew of Loue twixt them and you:

And to perpetuall prison they were doom'd,

From whence I onely might deliuer them.

Which at the suit of three most matchlesse Lordes,

Their countymen, in London byed as they,

I haue perform'd, and freed them from their bonds,

And yet haue bound them in their freedome too

To Pollicie, to pleasure, and to pomp,

Three Lords of London, whose they are in right,

Contracted wiues, and done by my consent,

And euen to morrow is the mariage day,

Except your comming stay or break it off,

I wil go call their Lords to answer you,

The (vnder couert Baron) medle not.

Exit.

Desire. Fetch

the three Lords of London.

Desire. Fetch them Lord Nemo, we will here attend,
Delight. Attend we may, but unto little end,
The Ladies are in hucksters handling now,
Deuo. I would I had my time in praies spent,
That I in woing Conscience did consume.

Enter the three Lordes of London and Nemo.

Desire. Here come the Lordes, let's show good counte-
nance man.

Pom. Yet more adoe befoze we can inioy
The ioies of marriage with our mistresses?
Be these the Lordes that tytle doo pretend?
My Lordes of Lincolne, so we heare you be.
What are your names?

Del. Deuotion, Desire, and Delight.

pom. Which comes so, Lucre?

Desire. I Desire.

ple. Which so, Conscience?

Deuo. I Deuotion.

pol. Which so, Loue?

Del. I Delight.

pol. You shall be answered straight.

ple. I can answer them quickly: ye cannot haue them,
no, ye shall not haue them.

pol. Stay pleasure, soft: My Lord Desire, you Lucre seeke,
Desire of lucre (be it without reproch to you my Lord) is couetousnes
which cannot be seperated long from that; read my Lord.

Point to the stone of Care;

Desire. In golden letters on this stone is wrytten Care.

pol. Care with desire of lucre well agrees, the rather so that
Londons Lucre may not be seperated from Londons Pompe, so you
may take that stone if ye will, but the Lady you cannot haue.

Desire. And a stone is a cold comfoz in steed of Lucre.

pol. Deuotion to Conscience (I speake now to you my Lord that
are learned) is sozrow soz sinne, o, in one word read.

point to the stone of Remorse.

Deuot. On this sweating stone in brasse is set Remorse.

pol. And that is your portion, so, Conscience is bestowed on Lon-
dons

The staelie Morall of

cons Pleasure, because London makes a conscience what pleasures they use and admit, and what time they bestowe therein, and to what end: so my Lord Deuotion, either that or nothing.

Deuo. A stone is a hard lot in stead of a Ladie.

pol. My Lord Delight, that do delight in Loue, you must I leue, for making choise of mine. Loue is my portion, and that flint is yours.

Del. Here in lead is written, Charitie. and what of this?

pol. If you be (as I doubt not) honest delight in loue, then in the best fruce, you can haue but Charitie. if you be (which I suspect not) other Delight in Loue, you must be noted for Concupiscence, and that you will blush to be: wel Charitie is your best, then that is your portion: For, marke ye, Londons pollicy ioines with Londons Loue: to shew, that all our pollicie is for lone of Londons common wealth: and so our loue cannot be seperate from our pollicy, you heare this.

Delight. A flint's a hard change for to faire a wife.

pol. And thus Lords, Desire of Lucre may take Care, Deuotion of Conscience may haue Remorse, and Delight of Loue may haue Charitie, other recompence none.

ple. And so we thre leaue you thre with Care, Remorse, & charity.

Exeunt.

Desire. With Care and Remorse I swear, ye deo leaue vs, but what charitie I cannot tell.

Deuot. Wel, yet must we vse Charity though we fall of our desire, and we are answered with such reason as is not to be gainsaid.

Del. Indeed my Lord your calling is to perswade to Charity, but if I vse patience, it shall be perforce.

Deuo. Yet being so wisely warn'd, me thinks we should be arm'd And take this in worth, that the world wonder no further, I will take by my hard burden of Remorse and be gone.

Exit

Desire. It is good to follow examples of good, He take this heauy burden of Care, and follow as I may.

Exit

Del. Because He not be singular, He frame my selfe to follow, taking this cold portion of Charitie as my share.

exit

Enter Simplicity with Diligence.

Simp. Come on D. Diligence, I haue bene saking ye, as a man should seek a load of hay in a needles eye.

Dil. And why hast thou sought me (I pray thee) so earnestly?

Simp. Why?

the three Lords of London.

Simp. Why? for this ointment, these shels, these pictures, do ye not know this Countus mountus cum this da mihi?

Dil. What money, why? Do I owe thee any money?

Simp. Owe me? Tush, no man, what do ye talke of owing? Come, and yet I must haue some certayne sigillatum & deliberatum in praesentia: Doo you not vnderstand it? Forty pence and furniture by my Lord pompes pointment, against the wedding day: to bee one of the show-makers, I doe not say show-makers, and yet they be honest men.

Dil. I vnderstand thee now, and thou shalt want neither money nor furniture for that. sawest thou not Fraud lately?

Sim. No, a for ferit him, for if I could find him, I would make him fast ynough for cosoning me of ten Shillings for certain copper buttons and rings, I thought to haue bene a haberdasher, and he hath made me worse than a hay-maker.

Dil. I may say to thee in counsell, but He haue no words of it, hee hath ouerreaht me too: but if thou spee him first, let me vnderstand, and if I see him first thou shalt haue knowledge, for He tell thee, but laugh not, he shewed me a purse with a hūzred pound in Angels, which he would deliuer me in pawne to be my true prisoner, because for his credite, he was loth to goe with me through the streets to Newgate: I refused it at first, but at last by his intreatie I was content to take his pawne, and thinking he had giuen me the right purse of golde, he had another like it, which he gaue me with counters, and so went away, I neuer did see him since, but mum, no words of it.

Simp. No words quoth a, that's a stale iest, would you be coson'd for

Dil. Well, so it is now, come follow me for thy furniture and money. excuse

Enter Disimulation and Fraud in caps, and as the

rest must be for the showe.

Dil. The coast is cleare, come follow Fraud and feare not, for who can discipher vs in this disguise, thus may we shinke into the showe with the rest, and seee and not be seene, doing as they doo, that are attired like our selues.

Fra. What is, to stand amongst them, and take as they take, to cheere or any thing to furnish the showe, now if we can passe but this day vnsene, let to morrow shift for it selfe as it may, I promise thee Disimulation thou art verte so; mall.

The statelie Morall of

Dis. Not moze than thy self Fraud, I would thou sawest thy picture
Frau. Picture here, picture there, let's follow our business. Exeunt.

Enter a Wench singing.

Strowe the faire flowers and herbes that be greene,
To grace the gaiest wedding that euer was scene.

If London list to looke, the streetes were nere so cleene,
Except it was when best it might, in welcome of our Queene:
Three louely Lords of London shall three London Ladies wed,
Strowe sweetest flowers vpon the stones, perfume the bridall bed,
Strowe the faire flowers, &c.

Enter first Diligence with a Truncheon, then a boy with Pollicie
Launce and shield, then Pollicie and Loue hand in hand: then
Fraud in a blew gowne, red cap and red sleeues, with Ambitions
Lance and shield, then a boy with Pomps Launce and shield, then
Pompe and Lucre hand in hand: then Dissimulation with Hydres
Launce and shield, then a boy with Pleasures Lance and shield:
then Pleasure and Conscience hand in hand: then Simplicitie
with Trauntes Lance and shield: they al going out, *Admo* staies
and speakes,

Ne. These Lozdes and Ladies thus to church are gone,
An honoured action to solemnize there,
With greater joy wil they return anone,
Than Caesar did in Rome his Laurell weare.
Lord pollicy hath Loue vnto his fere,
Lord pompe hath Lucre to maintaine his port,
Lord pleasure Conscience to direct his sport.

Vfury is marked to be knowen,
Dissimulation like a shadow flates,
And Simony is out of knowledge growen,
And Fraud vnfound in London but by fits.
Simplicity with painefull penurie fits,
For Hospitality that was wont to feed him,

the three Lords of London.

As slain long since and now the poore doe need him.

That Hospitality was an honest man,
But had few friends (alas) if he had any,
But Vfurie which cut his throat as than
Was succoured, and sued for by many.
Whose Liberality had bene by thy side,
When Hospitality, thou hadst neuer died.
But what meane I, one of the marriage traine,
To mourne for him wil nere be had againe.
His Ghost may walke to mocke the people rude:
Ghosts are but shadowes, and doe sense delude:
I talke too long, for loe this louelic crue
Are comming backe, and haue perform'd their due.

Returne as they went, sauing that the blew gownes that bare shields,
must now beare torches: Simplicitie going about, spies Fraud,
and falleth on his knees before Pleasure and Conscience, saing,

Simp. O Lady Conscience that art married to Lord pleasure,
Help thy seruant simplicity to reconer his lost treasure:
I hone my Lords, all for Loue and Lucre sake,
Euen as you are true Lordes, help a false lout to take,
plea. Thou shalt haue helpe, speake, what is the matter:
simp. See you yen fellow with the torch in his hand:
One the falsest villaine that is in this land,
Let him be laid hold on that he run not away,
And then yee shall heare what I haue to say.
ple. Diligence bzing him hether, good Lordes and Ladies stay,
simp. O Passier Fraud, welcome to the butts,
Now Ile haue my ten shillings in spite of your guts,
The French Canker consumes ye, you were an old Frenchman,
Da goll buttoone, goll renga, bugla lase, you colou'd me than,
My Lords I beseech ye that at tyborne he may totter,
For in stead of gold, the villaine sold me copper.
plea. Is this true O. Skil?

Fra. It is true in a sort my Lord, I thought to bee pleasant with
him being my old acquaintance, and disguis'd my selfe like an old French

The stately Morall of

Artificer and hauing a few copper knacks, I sold them to him to make sport for ten shillings, which money I am content to pay him againe soe shall he haue no losse though he haue made a litle sport.

ple. First giue him an Angell befoze my face. Simplicity, art thou pleased?

Sim. Truly I am pleas'd to take a good Angell for ten shillings, speciously of such a debtor as *D.* Fraud: but now I am to bee pleas'd other wise, that is, to see him punished, I promise yee the people loue him wel, for they would leaue work and make halfe holioay to see him hanged.

ple. That his punishment may please thee the better, thou shalt punish him thy selfe: he shall be bound fast to yea post, and thou shalt bee blindfold, and with thy torch shalt run as it were at tilt, charging thy light against his lips, and so (if thou canst) burne out his tongue, that it neuer speake more guile.

Sim. *D* Singulariter Nominatio, wise Lord pleasure: Genetiuo bind him to that posse, Datiuo, giue me my torch, Accusat. for I say he's a cosoner. Vocat. *D* giue me roome to run at him. Ablat. take and blind me. Pluraliter, per omnes casus. Laugh all you to see mee in my choller adust to burne and to boyle that false Fraud to dust,

Bind Fraud, blind Simplicity, turne him thrise about, set his face towards the contrarie post, at which he runnes, and all to burnes it, Dis. standing behind Fraud, vnbinding him, and whiles all the rest behold Simp. they two slip away: Pleasure missing Fraud saith,

plea. Wisely perfourm'd, but soft sirs, where is Fraud? *D* noble villain, gone whiles we beheld the other: Who loosed him? Who let him slip? wel, one day he will pay for all: vnbinding Simplicity.

Simp. How now, haue I heated his lips? haue I warm'd his nose? and scorched his face? Let me see, how lookes the villaine? haue I burned him?

Dil. Thou hast done more, for thou hast quite consumed him into nothing, looke here is no signe of him, no not so much as his ashes.

Simp. Were few ashes if there be any, ye may see what a hot thing anger is, I thinke that the Torch did not waste him so much as my wrath: wel, at London, nay, all England is beholding to me, for putting Fraud out of this world, I haue consum'd him & brought him to nothing

and

the three Lords of London:

¶ He tread his ashes vnder my feet, y no more Frauds that euer spring
of them: But let me see, I shal haue much anger, for the Wauers wil
misse him in their letter, the Tailors in cutting out of garments, the
Shoo-maker in closing, the Tappers in filling pots, and the verie oi-
sermen to mingle their oysters at Billingsgate, yet it is no matter the
world is well rid of such a craftie knave.

plea. Well now thou art satisfied, I wish all here as wel contented,
And we my Lords that praise this happie day,
Fall wee on knees and humbly let vs pray,

pon. First that from heauen vpon our gracious Queene,
All manner blessings may be multiplied,
That as her raigne most prosperous hath bene,
During wozlcs length so may it stil abide,
And after that with saintes be glorified
Lord grant her here health, hearts ease, ioy and mirth.
And heauen at last, after long life on earth.

pol. Her counsel wise, and Nobles of this land
Blesse, and preserue O Lord with thy right hand.

plea. On all the rest that in this Land doo dwell,
Chiefly in London, Lord poure downe thy grace,
Who lining in thy feare and dying well,
In heauen with Angels they may haue a place.

FINIS.

JUN 3 1988

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

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

