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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Wily Beguild

Date of Earliest Known Edition . . . 1606

[Dyce Bequest, South Kensington]

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 192]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Wily Beguild

1606

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Wily Beguild

1606

This facsimile is from a copy of the earliest known edition, which forms part of the Dyce Bequest to the South Kensington authorities.

Other editions appeared in 1623, 1635 and 1638.

The B.M. has copies of the 1623 edition (Press-mark, 643, c. 61) and also of an undated impression (Press-mark, 643, c. 60), printed, like the 1606 edition, for Clement Knight.

The Dyce Copy is a remarkably good example, and has special interest for scholars, inasmuch as the edges of the leaves have come down to us absolutely untrimmed, showing the original, in this respect, as it left the binder's hands—a very rare thing indeed.

The reproduction is marked as of the usual high quality as regards the work of both photographer and printer.

JOHN S. FARMER.

A
PLEASANT
COMEDIE,
Called
WILY BEGVILDE.

The Chiefe Actors be these:

A poore Scholler, a rich Foole, and a
Knaue at a shifte.



G. V. 2

AT LONDON,
Printed by H. L. for CLEMENT KNIGHT:
and are to be solde at his Shop, in Paules
Church-yard, at the signe of the Holy Lambe.

1606.



Gripe: an Usurer.

Ploddall: a Farmer.

Sophos: a Scholler.

Churms: a Lawyer.

Robin goodfellow.

Fortunatus: *Gripes* Son.

Lelia: *Gripes* daughter.

Nurse.

Peter Ploddall: *Ploddalls* sonne.

Pegge: *Nurses* daughter.

Wil Cricket.

Mother Midnight.

An old man.

Syluanus.

Clearke.

SPECTRUM.

THE PROLOGVE.

VV Hat hog, where are these paltrie Plaiers? stil poaring in their papers and neuer perfect? for ihame come forth, your Audience stay so long, their eies waxe dim with expectation.

[*Enter one of the Players.*]

How now my honest Rogue; what play shall wee haue here to night?

Play. Sir you may looke vpon the Title.

Prolog. What, *Spectrum* once again? Why noble *Cerberus*, nothing but patch-pannell stuffe, olde gally-mawfreies and cotten-candle eloquence? out you bawling bandogge fox-furd slaue: you dried stockefish you, out of my sight. [*Exit the Player.*]

Well tis no matter: Ile set mee downe and see't, and for fault of a better, Ile supply the place of a scawy Prologue.

Spectrum is a looking glasse indeede,
Wherein a man a History may read,
Of base conceits and damned roguerie:
The very sinke of hell-bred villeny.

Enter a Juggler.

Juggler. Why how now humorous *George*? what as melancholy as a mandetree?

Will you see any trickes of *Leigerdemaine*, flight of hand, cienly conuayance, or *deceptio visus*? what will you see Gentleman to drine you out of these dumps?

Prol. Out you soult gurnet, you Woolfild, be gon I say and bid the Players dispatch and come away quickly, and tell their fiery Poet that before I haue done with him; He make him do penance vpon a stage in a Calues skin.

Juggler. O Lord sir ye are deceiued in me, I am no tale-carrier, I am a Juggler.

I haue the superficial skill of all the seuen liberall sciences at my fingers end.

He shew you a tricke of the twelues, and turne him ouer the thumbes with a trice.

He make him fly swifter then meditation.

He shew you as many toies as there be minutes in a moneth; and as many trickes as there be motes in the sunne.

Prol. Prithee what trickes canst thou doe?

Juggler. Marry sir I wil shew you a trick of cleanly conuayance.

Hei fortuna furim nunquam credo, With a cast of cleane conuayance, come aloft *Iack* for thy masters aduantage (hees gone I warrant ye.)

Spectrum is conuicied away: and *wily* *beguiled*, stands in the place of it.

Prol. Mas an tis well done, now I see thou canst doe something, holde thee thers twelue pence for thy labour.

Goe to that barme-froth Poet and to him say,

He quite has lost the Title of his play,

His Calue skin iests from hence are cleane exil'd.

Thus once you see that *Wily* is beguil'd. *Exit the Juggler.*

Prol.

THE PROLOGVE.

Prol. Now kind Spectators, I dare boldly say,
You all are welcome to our Authors play :
Be still a while, and ere we goe,
Weele make your eies with laughter flowe.
Let *Momus* mates iudge how they list,
We feare not what they babble :
Nor any paltry Poets pen,
Amongst that rascall rabble.
But time forbids me further speech,
My tongue must stop hir race :
My time is come, I must be dumbe,
And giue the Actors place.

Exit.





WILY BEGVILDE.

Enter Gripe, solus.



Heavy purse makes a light heart : O the consideration of this pouch, this pouch !

Why hee that has money, has hearts ease and the world in a string.

O this red chink, and siluer coine, it is the consolation of the World.

I can sit at home quietly in my chayre, and send out my angels by sea, and by land, and bid fly villanes & fetch in ten in the hundred, I and a better penny too. Let me see, I haue but two children in al the world to bestow my goods vpon, *Fortunatus* my son & *Lelia* my daughter. For my son, he follows the wars, and that which he gets with swaggering, he spendes in swaggering : but Ile curbe him, his allowance whilest I liue shall bee small, and so hee shall bee sure not to spend much : And if I die I will leaue him a portion, that (if he will be a good husband and follow his fathers steps) shall maintaine him like a gentleman : and if he will not, let him follow his owne humor til he be weary of it, and so let him go: now for my daughter she is my only idy, & the staff of my age, and I haue bestowed good bringing vp vpon hir (barlady) : why she is een modesty it self, it does me good to look on hir. Now if I can harken out some wealthy mariage for hir, I haue my only desire.

Mas, and well remembered, heer's my neighbour *Ploddwill* hard by, has but one only sonne, and (let me see) I take it, his Lands are better than fise thousand pounds; now if I can make a match betweene his sonne and my daughter, and so

ioine

WILY BEGVILDE.

ioine his Land and my mony together, O twil be a blessed vnion. Well Ile in, and get a Scriuener, Ile write, to him about it presently: But stay heere come M. *Churms* the Lawer, Ile desire him to do so much.

Enter Churms.

Churms. Good morrow M. *Gripe.*

Gripe. O good morrow M. *Churms.*

What sayes my two debtors, that I lent 200. pound to? wil they not pay vse and charges of suitt?

Churms. Faith Sir I doubt they are bankrupts: I would you had your principall.

Gripe. Nay Ile haue all, or Ile imprison their bodies: But M. *Churms* ther is a matter I would faine haue you do, but you must be very secret.

Churms. O sir feare not that Ile warrant you.

Gripe. Why then this it is: my neighbour *Ploddall* hereby; you know is a man of very faire Land, and hee has but one son, vpon whom he means to bestow all that hee has: Now I would make a-match between my daughter *Lelia* and him; what thinke you of it.

Churms. Marrie I thinke twould be a good match, but the young man has had very simple bringing vp.

Gripe. Tush, what care I for that? so he haue lands and liuing inough, my daughter has bringing vp will serue them both. Now I would haue you to write me a Letter to good-man *Ploddall* concerning this matter, and Ile please you for your paines.

Churms. Ile warrant you sir, Ile doe it artificially.

Gripe. Doe, good M. *Churms*, but be very secret, I haue some businesse this morning, and therefore Ile leaue you a while, and if you will come to dinner to mee anone, you shall be very heartily welcome. *Exit Gripe.*

Churms. T thanks good sir Ile trouble you.

Now twere a good iest if I could cosen the olde Churle of his daughter, and get the wench for my selfe.

Sounds I am as proper a man, as *Peter Ploddall*: and though his father bee as good a man as mine, yet farre fetcht and deare

deare bought is good for Ladies, and I am sure I haue been
as farre as *Cales* to fetch that I haue.

I haue bene at *Cambridge* a Scholler, at *Cales* a Souldier,
and now in the Country a Lawyer, and the next degree shall
be a Connicatcher:

For Ile goe neere to cosen olde father share-penny of his
daughter, Ile cast about Ile warrant him;

Ile go dine with him, and write him his Letter,

And then Ile go seek out my kind companion *Robin Good-*
fellow, and betwixt vs weele make hir yeeld to any thing.

Weele ha the common law oth to hand, and the ciuill lawe
oth tother:

Weele tosse *Lelia* like a tennis ball.

Exit.

Enter olde Ploddall, and his son Peter, an olde man Plod-
dals Tenant, and Wil Cricket his sonne.

Ploddall. Ah Tenant, an ill husband (barlady): thrife at
thy house and neuer at home?

You know my minde, will you giue tenne shillings more
rent?

I must discharge you else.

Oldman. Alas Landlord, will you vndoeme? I sit of a
great rent alreadie, and am very poore.

Will. Cr. Very poore? yare a very Ass. Lord how my
stomach wambles at that saweword (very poore) ! Father,
if you loue your sonne *William*, neuer name that same word
very poore:

For Ile stand to it, that its pettilasseny to name very poore to
a man thats oth top of his marriage.

Oldman. Why son, art oth top of thy marriage, to whom
I prithee?

Will. Marrie to prittie *Peg*, mistresse *Lelia*s nurses daugh-
ter.

O tis the daprest wench that euer danc't after a Taber and
pipe.

For shee will so hecle it, and toe it, and trip it,

O hir buttockes will quake like a custard.

B

P. Ploddall.

P. Ploddall. Why *William*, when were you with hir?

Wil. O *Peter* does your mouth water at that?

Truly I was neuer with hir, but I know I shall speed.
For tother day she lookt on me and laught, and thats a good
signe (ye know): and therefore old siluer top, neuer talke
of charging or discharging.

For I tell you I am my fathers heire: and if you discharge
me, Ile discharge my pestilence at you. For to let my house
before my lease be out, is cut-throatery: and to scrape for
more rent is polepennery.

And so fare you well good *Grandfire V fury*; come father
lets be gone.

Exeunt Wil. and his Father.

Ploddall. Well, Ile make the beggerly knaues to packe
for this:

Ile haue it euery crosse, income and Rent too. *Enter Chr.*
But stay here comes one: O tis *M. Churms.* *Enter with a Let.*
I hope he brings me some good newes.

M. Churms yare well met, I am een almost staru'd for mo-
ney.

You must take some damnable course with my *Tenants*,
theile not pay.

Churms. Fayth Sir, they are growne to bee captious
knaues.

But Ile moouue them with a *Habeas corpus.*

Ploddall. Doe, good *M. Churms*, or use any other ville-
nous course shall please you.

But what newes abroad?

Churms. Faith little news: but heer's a Letter which *M.*
Gripe desired me to deliuer you. And though it stand not
with my reputatiō, to be a carrier of Letters, yet not know-
ing how much it might concerne you, I thought it better
something to abase my selfe, then you should be any waies
hindered.

Ploddall. Thankes good sir, and Ile in and reade it.

Exeunt Ploddall and his sonne. Manet Chu.

Churms. Thus men of reach must looket to liues;
I cry content, and murder where I kisse,

Gripe

Gripe takes me for his faithfull friend,
 Imparts to me the secrets of his heart;
 And Ploddall thinkes I am as true a friend,
 To every enterprife he takes in hand,
 As euer breath'd vnder the cope of heauen:
 But damme me if they finde it so,
 All this makes for my suaille,
 Ile ha the wench my selfe, or else my wits shall faile. *Exit.*

Enter Lelia and Nurse gathering of Flowers.

Lelia. See how the earth (this fragrant spring) is clad,
 And mantled round in sweets Nymph *Flora* robes.
 Here groweth th' alluring Rose,
 Sweet Marigolds, and the lovely Hyacinth:
 Come Nurse, gather:
 A crowne of Roses shall adorne my head,
 Ile pranke my selfe with flowers of the prime,
 And thus Ile spend away my primerose time.

Nurse. Rustie, tustie, are you so frolicke?

○ that you knew as much as I doe, t would coole you.

Lelia. Why what know'st thou Nurse? prithee tell me.

Nurse. Heavy newes yfaith mistresse,
 You must be matcht & married to a husband; ha, ha, ha, ha,
 a husband yfaith.

Lelia. A Husband, Nurse? why thats good newes if hee
 be a good one.

Nurse. A good one quotha? ha, ha, ha, ha: why Wo-
 man I heard your father say, that he would marrie you to
Peter Ploddall, that Puckefist, that snudge snowte, that
 Cole carrierly Clowne. Lord, t would be as good as meate
 and drinke to me, to see how the foole would wooe you.

Lelia. No, no, my Father did but ielt: thinkest thou that
 I can stoope so lowe to take a browne bread crust, and wed
 a Clowne thats brought vp at the Cart?

Nurse. Cart quotha? I, heele cart you, for he cannot tell
 how to court you.

Lelia. Ah Nurse, sweet *Sopho* is the man,

Whose loue is lockt in *Lelias* tender breast,
This hart hath vow'd, (if heauens doe not denie,)
My loue with his intoomb'd in earth shall lye,

Nurse. Peace Mistresse, stand aside, here comes some
body.

Enter Sophos.

Sophos, *Optatis non est spes ulla potiri:*
Yet *Phæbus* send downe thy tralucēt beames,
Behold the earth that mournes in sad attire,
The flowers at *Sophos* presence gins to droope,
Whose trickling teares for *Lelias* losse
Do turne the Plains into a standing Poole:
Sweete *Cynthia* smile, cheere vp the drouping Flowers,
Let *Sophos* once more see a sunne-shine day,
O let the sacred center of my heart,
I meane faire *Lelia* Natures fairest worke,
Be once againe the obiect to mine eyes.
O but I with in vaine, whilst hir I wish to see,
Hir Father he obscures hir from my sight,
He pleades my want of wealth,
And saies it is a barre in *Venus* Court.
How hath fond fortune by hir fatall doome,
Predestin'd me to liue in haplesse hopes,
Still turning false hir fickle wauering wheele!
And Loues faire goddesse, with hir *Circian* cup,
Inchanteth so fond *Cupids* poisoned darts,
That loue the only Loadstarre of my life,
Doth drawe my thoughts into a labyrinth,
But stay:
What do I see, what do mine eyes behold?
(O happie sight) it is faire *Lelias* face.
Haile heauens bright nymph the period of my grief,
Sole guidresse of my thoughts and author of my ioy.
Lelia. Sweet *Sophos* welcome to *Lelia*,
Faire *Dido* *Carthaginians* beautious Queene,
Not halfe so ioyfull was when as the *Troian* Prince,
Eneas, landed on the sandie shores

Of *Carthage* confines as thy *Lelia* is,
To see her *Sophos* here arriu'd by chance.

Sophos. And blest be chance that hath conducted me,
vnto the place where I might see my deare,
As deare to me as is the dearest life.

Nurse. Sir, you may see that Fortune is your friend.

Sophos. Yet Fortune fauours fooles,

Nurse. By that conclusion you should not be wise.

Lelia. Foule Fortune sometime smiles on vertue faire.

Sophos. Tis then to shew her mutabilitie:

But since amidst ten thousand frowning threats
Of fickle fortunes thrice vnconstant wheele,
She daines to show one little pleasing smile,
Lets do our best false Fortune to beguile,
And take aduantage of her euer changing moodes.
See, see, how *Tellus* spangled mantle smiles,
And birds do chant their rurall sugred notes
As rauisht with our meetings sweet delights.
Since then ther fits for loue both time and place:
Let loue and liking hand in hand embrace.

Nurse. Sir the next way to win her loue, is to linger her
leysure.

I measure my mistresse by my louely selfe, make a promise
to a man, and keep it, I haue but one fault, I neere made prom-
ise in my life, but I sticke to it tooth and naile: Ile pay it
home yfaith.

If I promisemy loue a kisse, Ile giue him two: marrie at
first I will make nice, and crie fie, fie, and that will make
him come againe and againe,

Ile make him breake his winde with come againes.

Sophos. But what saies *Lelia* to her *Sophos* loue?

Lelia. Ah *Sophos*, that fond blind boy,
That wrings these passions from my *Sophos* hart,
Hath likewise wounded *Lelia* with his dart,
And force perforce I yeild the fortresse vp:
Here *Sophos* take thy *Lelias* hand,
And with this hand receiue a loyall hart.

High *Ioue* that ruleth heauens bright Canopic,
Grant to our loue, a wisht felicitie.

Sophos. Asioyes the wearie Pilgrim by the way,
When *Phebus* waues vnto the westerne deepe,

To sommon him to his desired rest:

Or as the poore distressed Mariner,

Long tost by shipwracke on the foming waues,

At length beholds the long wisht haue,

Although from farre, his heart doth dance for ioyt

So Loues consent at length my mind hath eas'd,

My troubled thoughts, by sweet content are pleas'd.

Lelia. My father reckes not vertue,

But vowes to wed me to a man of wealth,

And sweares, his gold shall counterpoise his worth.

But *Lelia* scorn's proud *Mammon's* golden mines,

And better likes of learnings sacred lore,

Then of fond Fortunes glistening mockeries:

But *Sophos* trie thy wits, and vse thy vtmost skill

To please my father, and compasse his good will. (tent)

Sophos. To what faire *Lelia* wills, doth *Sophos* yeeld con-

Yet that's the troublous gulfe my silly ship must passe.

But were that venture harder to atchieue

Then that of *Iason* for the golden fleece,

I would effect it for sweet *Lelias* sake,

Or leaue my selfe as witness of my thoughts.

Nurse. How say you by that, mistresse? hee doe any
thing for your sake.

Lelia. Thankes gentle loue.

But least my father should suspect,

Whose ielous head with more than *Argus* eyes,

Doth measure euery gesture that I vse,

Ile in and leaue you here alone,

Adieu sweet friend vntill we meet againe,

Come *Nurse* follow me.

Exeunt Lelia and Nurse.

Sophos. Farewell my loue, faire fortune be thy guide.

Now *Sophos*, now bethinke thy selfe.

How thou maist win her fathers will to knit this happie

Alas

Alas thy state is poore, thy friends are few,
 And feare forbids to tell my fates to friends:
 Well, Ile trie my Fortunes;
 And finde out some conuenient time,
 When as her fathers leyfure best shal serue
 To conferre with him about faire *Lelias loue*. *Exit Sophos,*

*Enter Gripe, olde Ploddall, Churms and
 Will. Cricket.*

Gripe. Neighbour *Ploddall*, and Master *Churms*, yare
 welcome to my house.

What newes in the Countrie, neighbour? you are a good
 husband, you ha done sowing barley I am sure.

Ploddall. Yes sir ant please you, a fortnight since.

Gripe. Master *Churms*, what saies my debtors? can you
 get any money of them yet?

Churms. Not yet sir, I doubt they are scarce able to pay,
 You must eene forbear them a while, theyle exclaime on
 you else.

Gripe. Let them exclaime and hang and starue and beg,
 let me ha my monie.

Ploddall. Heres this good fellow too, Master *Churms*,
 I must eene put him and his father ouer into your hands,
 theyle pay me no Rent.

Will. Criv. This good fellow quotha? I scorne that base,
 broking, brabbling, brauling, bastardly, bottlenof'd, beetle-
 brow'd, bean-bellied name.

Why, *Robin Goodfellow* is this same cogging, petifogging,
 crackeropes Calue-skin companion:
 Put me and my father ouer to him? olde Siluer top and you
 had not put me before my father, I would ha——

Ploddall. What woulst ha done?

Will. I would haue had a snatch at you, that I would.

Churms. What art a dogge?

Will. No: if I had beene a dog, I would ha snapt of your
 nose ere this; and so I should haue cofend the Diuell of a
Marriebone.

Gripe.

Gripe. Come, come, let me end this controuersie.
Prithee go thy waies in, & bid the boy bring a cup of Sacke
here for my friends.

Will. Would you haue a sacke Sir?

Gripe. A way foole, a cup of Sacke to drinke.

Will. O I had thought you would haue had a sacke to
haue put this lawcracking cogfoyft in, in stead of a paire of
stockes.

Gripe. Away foole, get thee in I say.

Will. Into the buttrie you meane?

Gripe. I prithee doe.

Will. Ile make your hogthead of Sacke rue that word.

Exit Will. Cricket.

Gripe. Neighbour *Ploddall*, I sent a Letter to you, by Ma-
ster *Churms*, how like you of the motion?

Ploddall. Marrie I like wel of the motion: my sonne I tel-
you is eene all the stay I haue: and all my care is, to haue him
take one that hath something: for as the world goes now, if
they haue nothing they may begge.

But I doubt hees too simple for your daughter. For I haue
brought him vp hardly, with brown bread, fat bacon, pud-
dinges and souce, and (barlady) wee thinke it good
fare too.

Gripe. Tush man, I care not for that, you ha no more chil-
dren: youle make him your heire, and giue him your lands,
will you not?

Ploddall. Yes, hees eene all I haue, I haue no body else to
bestow it vpon.

Gripe. You say well.

*Enter Wil. Cricket and a Boy with Wine
and a napkin.*

Wil. Nay here, you drinke afore you bargaine.

Gr. Mas, an tis a good motion: } He fills the wine & giues
Boy, fill some wine. } them the napkin.

Here Neighbour and M. *Churms* I drink to you.

Bosh. We thanke you Sir.

Will.

Wil. Lawer wipe cleane: do you remember?

Churms. Remember, why?

Wil. Why since you know when.

Churms. Since when?

Wil. Why since you were bumbasted, that your lubberly legges would not carrie your lobcocke bodie; When you made an infusion of your stinking excrements, in your stinking implements:

O you were plaguy frayd, and fowly raide.

Gripe. Prithce peace *Will.* Neighbour *Ploddall*, what say you to this match: shall it go forward?

Ploddall. Sir, that must be as our children like.

For my sonne, I thinke I can rule him;

Marrie, I doubt your daughter will hardly like of him, for God wot hees very simple.

Gripe. My daughters mine to command, haue I not brought her vp to this?

She shal haue him: Ile rule the roste for that,
Ile giue her pounds and crownes, gold and siluer:

Ile way her downe in pure angell gold,

Say man, ist a match?

Ploddall. Faith, I agree.

Churms. But Sir, if you giue your daughter so large a dowrie, youle haue some part of his land conueied to her by iointure.

Gripe. Yes marrie that I will:
And weele desire your helpe for conueiance.

Ploddall. I, good Master *Churms*, and you shall be very well contented for your paines.

Will. I marrie, that it he lookt for all this while.

Churms. Sir, I will do the best I can.

Will. But Landlord: I can tell you newes yfaith,
There is one *Sophos*, a braue genman, heele wipe your sonne *Peters* nose, of *Mistresse Lelia*, I can tell you he loues her well.

Gripe. Nay, It rowe:

Will. Yes I know, for I am sure I saw them close together

ther at Pup noddie, in her Closet.

Gripe. But I am sure she loues not him.

Will. Nay, I dare take it on my death she loues him,
For hees a scholler: and ware schollers, they haue tricks for
louey faith, for with a little Logicke & *pitome colloquium*
theile make a wench do any thing:

Landlord, pray ye be not angrie with me, for speaking my
conscience.

In good faith, your sonne *Peters* a verie Clowne to him:
Why, hees as fine a man as a wench can see in a sommers
day.

Gripe. Well, that shall not serue his toorne, He crosse
him, I warrant ye.

I am glad I know it, I haue suspected it a great while.

Sophos? why, whats *Sophos?* a base fellow.

Indeed he has a good wit, and can speake well,

Hees a scholler forsooth: one that has more wit then mony,

And I like not that: he may beg for all that.

Schollers? why what are schollers without money?

Ploddall. Faith, eene like puddings without suet.

Gripe. Come, Neighbour, send your sonne to my house,
For he shall be welcome to me:

And my daughter shall intertaine him kindly.

What? I can, and will rule *Lelia*.

Come lets in, He discharge *Sophos* from my house pre-
sently. *Exeunt Gripe and Ploddall and Churms.*

Will. A horne plague of this money,

For it causes many hornes to bud:

And for money many men are hornd.

For when maids are forc't to loue where they like not,

It makes them lye where they should not.

He be hangd, if ere mistresse *Lelia* will ha *Peter Ploddall*,

If weare by this button cap (do you marke)

And by the round, found, and profound contents (do you
vnderstand)

Of this costly Codpeece, (being a good proper man as ye
see) that I could get her as soone as he, my selfe:

And if I had not a moneths mind in another place,
 I would haue a fling at her thats flat:
 But I must set a good holiday face on,
 And go a wooeing to prittie *Pegge*: well, Ile too her yfaith
 While tis in my mind; But stay, Ile see how I can woo be-
 fore I goe: they say, Vle makes perfectnesse:
 Looke you now, suppose this were *Pegge*,
 Now I set my cap oth to side on this fashion (do ye see?)
 then say I,
 Sweet hony, bonny, suger candie, *Pegge*,
 Whose face more faire, then Brocke my fathers Cow,
 Whose eyes do shinelike bacon rine,
 Whose lips are blew of azure hew,
 Whose crooked nose downe to her chin doth bow.
 For you know I must begin to commend her beautie,
 And then I will tell her plainely, that I am in loue with her,
 ouer my high shooes, and then I will tell her that I do no-
 thing of nights but sleepe and thinke on her, and specially
 of mornings:
 And that does make my stomacke so rise, that Ile be sworn,
 I can turne me three or foute bowles of porredge ouer in a
 morning afore breakefast.

Enter Robin-Goodfellow.

Robin Goodfellow. How now sirra, what make you here,
 with all that timber in your necke?

Will. Timber? Sounds, I thinke he be a witch,
 How knew he this were Timber?
 Mas Ile speake him faire, and get out ons companie: for I
 am afraid on him.

Robin. Speake man, what art afraid? what makest here?
Will. A poore fellow Sir, ha bin drinking two or three
 pots of ale at an alehouse, and ha lost my way Sir.

Robin. O, nay then I see thou art a good fellow,
 See'st thou not Master *Churms* the Lawyer to day?

Will. No Sir, would you speake with him.

Robin. I marrie would I.

Will. If I see him, Ile tell him you would speake with him.

Robin. Nay, prithee stay, who wilt thou tell him would speake with him?

Will. Marrie you Sir.

Robin. I, who am I?

Will. Faith Sir I know not.

Robin. If thou see'st him, tell him *Robin Goodfellow* would speake with him.

Will. O, I will Sir.

Exit. Wil. Cr.

Robin. Mas, the fellow was afraid,
I play the Bugbeare wherefoere I come,
And make them al afraid,
But here comes Master *Churms*.

Enter Churms.

Churms. Fellow *Robin*, God saue you, I haue beene seeking for you in euerie Ale-house, in the Towne.

Robin. What, Master *Churms*? Whats the best newes abroad? tis long since I see you.

Churms. Faith little newes: but yet I am glad I haue met with you.

I haue a matter to impart to you, wherein you may stand me in some stead, and make a good benefit to your selfe: if we can deale cunningly, twill be worth a double fee to you, (by the Lord.)

Robin. A double fee? speake man, what is't?
If it be to betray mine owne father, Ile doot for halfe a fee:
And for cunning let me alone.

Churms. Why, then this it is.
Here is Master *Gripe* hard by, a Clyent of mine, a man of mightie wealth, who has but one daughter, her Dowrie is her waight in gold.
Now Sir, this old penny father would marry her, to one *Peter Ploddall*, rich *Ploddalls* sonne and heire,
Whom though his father meanes to leaue verie rich,
Yet hees a verie Idiot and Browne bread Clowne.

And

And one I know the wench does deadly hate,
 And though their friends haue giuen their full consent,
 And both agreed on this vnequall match.
 Yet I know that *Lelia* wil neuer marrie him;
 But theres another riual, in hir loue, one *Sophos*,
 And hees a Scholler,
 One whom I thinke faire *Lelia* dearely loues,
 But hir Father hates him as he hates a toad,
 For hees in want, and *Gripe* gapes after golde,
 And still relies vpon the olde sayd Saw;
Sinbulattuleris &c.

Robin. And wherein can I doe you good in this?

Churms. Marrie thus Sir:

I am of late growne passing familiar with *M. Gripe*,
 And for *Ploddall* he takes me for his second selfe;
 Now Sir, Ile fit my selfe to the olde crummy *Churms*
 ritors, and make them belieue Ile perswade *Lelia* to marry
Peter Ploddall, and so get free accessse to the wench at my
 pleasure:

Now oth other side Ile fall in with the Scholler, and him Ile
 handle cunningly too;
 He tell him that *Lelia* has acquainted me with hir loue to
 him:

And for because hir Father much suspects the same,
 Hemewes hir vp as men do mew their hawkes,
 And so restraines hir from hir *Sophos* sight.
 He say, because she doth repose more trust,
 Offsecric in me, then in another man,
 In courtesie she hath requested me,
 To do hir kindest greetings to hir Loue,

Robin. An excellent deuise, ysfaith.

Churms. I Sir, and by this meanes, Ile make a very gull of
 my fine *Diogenes*.

I shall knowe his secrets euen from the very bottome of his
 heart:

Nay more Sir, you shall see me deale so cunningly, that he
 shall make me an instrument to compass his desires

When God knowes I meane nothing lesse.

Qui dissimulare nescit, nescit vivere.

Robin. Why this will be sport alone,
But what would you haue me doe in this action?

Churmes. Marry as I play with to hand, play you with
tother.

Fall you aboard with *Peter Ploddall*,

Make him belieue youle worke miracles,

And that you haue a powder will make *Lelia* loue him.

Nay what wil he not belieue, and take all that comes (you
know my mind.)

And so weele make a gull of the one, and a goose of the o-
ther.

And if wee can inuent any deuise, to bring the schooller in
disgrace with hir: I do not doubt but with your helpe to
creep between the bark and the tree, and get *Lelia* my selfe.

Robin. Tush man, I haue a deuise in my head already to
doe that:

But they say hir brother *Fortunatus* loues him dearly.

Churmes. Tut hees out of the Countrey,

He follows the drumme and the flagge.

He may chance to be kild with a double Canon before hee
come home againe:

But whats your deuise?

Robin. Marrie Ile do this;

Ile frame an Inditement against *Sophos*, in manner and
forme of a Rape, and the next Law day you shall preferre
it; that so *Lelia* may loath him,

Hir Father still deadly hate him,

And the young Gallant hir brother vtterly forsake him.

Churmes. But how shall we proouice it?

Robin. Sounds weele hire some Strumpet or other to be
sworne against him.

Churmes. Now (by the substance of my soule) tis an ex-
cellent deuise.

Well, lets in, Ile first try my cunning otherwise, and if all
faile, weele trie this conclusion. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Mother Midnight, Nurse and Pegge.

Mother M. Yfaith *Marget* you must eene take your daughter *Pegge* home againe,
For sheele not bee rul'd by mee.

Nurse. Why *Mother*? what will she not doe?

Mother M. Faith she neither did nor does, nor will do any thing:

Send hir tuth market with eggs: sheele sell them and spend the money,

Set hir to make a pudding, sheele put in no suet,
Sheele run out of nights a dancing, and come no more home till day peepe:

Bid hir come to bed, sheele come when she list.

Ah tis a nastie shame to see hir bringing vp.

Nurse. Out you Rogue, you arrant &c.

What know'lt not thy Granam?

I know hir to be a teatie olde foole,

Shees neuer well, grunting in a corner.

Mother M. Nay sheele campe (I warrant ye) O she has a tongue.

But *Marget* eene take hir home to your Mistresse, and there keepe hir: for Ile keepe hir no longer.

Nurse. Mother pray yee take some paines with hir, and keep hir a while longer; and if she doe not mend, Ile beat hir blacke and blew, yfaith Ile not faile you Minion.

Mother M. Faith at thy request, Ile take hir home and try hir a weeke longer.

Nurse. Come on hufwife please you Granam, and beea good wench, and you shall ha my blessing.

Mother M. Come follow vs good Wench.

Exeunt Moth. Mid. and Nurse: Manet Peg.

Pegge. I, farewell, faire weather after you,

Your blessing quotha? Ile not giue a single halpennie fort,
Who would liue vnder a Mothers nose & a Granams tong?
A Maid cannot loue, or catch a lip clip, or a lap clap, but
heers such tittle tattle, and doe not so, and be not so light,
and be not so fond, and do not kisse, and do not loue, and

I cannot tell what,
 And I must loue an I hang fort:
 A sweet thing is loue [Shee sings.
 That rules both heart and mind,
 There is no comfort in the World
 To Women that are kinde.
 Well Ile not stay with hir : stay quotha ?
 To be yold and iold at, and tumbled, and tumbled, and toft
 and tourn'd as I am by an olde Hagge,
 I will not, no I wil not yfaith.

[Enter Will Cricket.]

But stay, I must put on my smirking lookes and smiling
 countenance.

For here comes one makes sominatiō sūt to be my sprus'd
 husband.

Will. Lord, that my heart would serue me to speake to
 hir, now she talks of hir sprus'd husband.

Well Ile set a good face ont,

Now Ile clap me as close to hir as *Iones* buttockes of a close
 stoole, and come ouer hir with my rowling, rattling, rüñ-
 bling eloquence.

Sweet *Pegge*, honny *Pegge*, fine *Pegge*, daintie *Pegge*, braue
Pegge, kind *Pegge*, comely *Pegge*, my nutting, my sweeting,
 my Loue, my doue, my honnie, my bonnie, my ducke, my
 deare and my deareling :

Grace me with thy pleafant eyes,

And loue without delay :

And cast not with thy crabbed lookes

A proper man awaic.

Pegge. Why *William* whats the matter?

Will. Whats the matter quotha?

Faith I ha been in a faire taking, for you, a bots on you.
 For tother day after I had seene you, presently my belly
 began to rumble :

Whats the matter, thought I?

With that I bethought my selfe, and the sweete comporte-
 nance

nance of that same sweet round face of thine came into my mind:

Out went I, and Ile bee sworne I was so neere taken, that I was faine to cut all my points.

And dost heare *Pegge*?

If thou dost not grant mee thy good will in the way of marriage;

First and formost Ile run out of my cloathes, and then out of my wits for thee.

Pegge. Nay *William* I would bee loth you should doe so for me.

Will. Will you looke merrily on me and loue me then?

Pegge. Faith I care not greatly if I doe.

Will. Care not greatly if I doe? what an answers that?

If thou wilt say, I *Pegge* take thee *William* to my spruce husband.

Peg. Why so I wil, but we must haue more company for witnesses first.

Will. That needes not: heers good store of yong men & maides here.

Pegge. Why then heers my hand.

Will. Faith thats honestly spoken: say after me.

I *Pegge* *pudding* promise thee *William* *Cricket*,

That Ile hold thee for mine owne sweet Lilly,

While I haue an head in mine eye, and a face on my nose, a

mouth in my tongue, and all that a woman should haue,

from the crowne of my foote, to the sole of my head,

Ile claspe thee and clip thee, coll thee and kisse thee,

Till I be better then naught, and worse than nothing:

When thou art ready to sleepe, Ile be ready to snort:

When thou art in health, Ile be in gladnesse:

When thou art sick, Ile be ready to dy:

When thou art mad, Ile run out of my wits:

And thereupon I strike the good lucke,

Well sayd yfaith:

O I could find in my hose to pocket thee in my heart.

Come my heart of golde, lets haue a daunce at the making

vp of this match :

Strike vp *Tom Piper.*

They dance.

Come *Pegge* Ile take the paines to bring thee homeward,

And at twylight, looke for me againe.

Exeunt.

Enter *Robin Goodfellow*, and *P. Ploddall.*

Robin. Come hither my honest friend: *M. Churms* tolde me you had a suit to me,

Whats the matter?

Peter. Pray ye Sir is your name *Robin Goodfellow*?

Robin. My name is *Robin Goodfellow.*

Peter. Marrie Sir I heare yare a very cunning man Sir; And firreuerence of your worship Sir, I am going a wooing to one *M. Lelia's* Gentlewoman here hard by, Pray ye Sir tel me how I should behaue my selfe, to get hir to my wife.

For Sir there is a Scholler about hir:

Now if you can tell mee, how I should wipe his nose of hir, I would bestow a fee of you.

Robin. Let mee seet, and thou shalt see what Ile say to thee.

He giues him money.

Well, follow my counsaile and Ile warrant thee,

Ile giue thee a loue powder for thy wench,

And a kinde of *Nux vomica* in a potion, shall make hir come off yfaith.

Peter. Shall I trouble you so farre to take some paines with me?

I am loth to haue the dodge.

Robin. Tush feare not the dodge;

Ile rather put on my flashing red nose, and my flaming face, and come wrapt in a Calue skin and crie bo ho:

Ile fray the Scholler I warrant thee.

But first go to hir, try what thou canst doe,

Perhaps sheele loue thee without any further a doe,

But thou must tell hir, thou hast a good stocke, some 100. or 200. a yeare, & that will set hir hard I warrant thee.

For

For bith Mas, I was once in good comfort to haue cosend a
Wench:

And wots thou what I tolde hir?

I tolde hir I had a hundred pound land a yeare, in a place
where I haue not the breadth of my little finger.

I promised hir to infeoffe hir in 40. pounds a yeare of it: &c
I think of my conscience, if I had had but as good a face as
thine,

I should haue made hir haue curst the time that euer she see
mee.

And thus must thou doe, cracke, and lye, and face,

And thou shalt triumph mightily.

Peter. I need not do so, for I may say and say true,
I haue lands and living inough for a country fellow.

Robin. Barlady so had not I, I was faine to ouerreach as
many times I doe.

But now experience has taught me so much craft, that I ex-
cell in cunning.

Peter. Well Sir, then Ile be bold to trust your cunning,

And so Ile bid you farewell and goe forward,

Ile too hir, thats fiat.

Robin. Do so: and let me heare how you speede.

Peter. That I will Sir.

Exit Peter.

Robin. Well, a good beginning makes a good end,
Heers ten groats for doing nothing,

I con M. *Churmes* thanks for this,

For this was his deuise:

And therefore Ile goe seeke him out, and giue him a quart
of wine,

And know of him how he deales with the scholler. *Exit.*

Enter Churmes and Sophos.

Churmes. Why? looke you Sir, by the Lord I can but
wonder at hir Father,

He knowes you to be a Gentleman of good bringing vp:

And though your wealth be not answerable to his;

Yet by heauens I thinke you are worthy to doe farre bet-

ter then *Lelia*, yet I know she loues you dearely.

Sophos. The great Tartarian Emperour *Tamor Cham*,
Ioyd not so much in his imperiall Crowne,
As *Sophos* ioyes in *Lelias* hop't-for loue,
Whose lockes would pierce an Adamantine heart,
And make the proud beholders stand at gaze,
To draw Loues picture from hir glancing eye.

Chur. And I wil stretch my wits vnto the highest straine
To further *Sophos* in his wisht desires.

Sophos. Thankes gentle Sir. [Enter *Gripe*.]
But truce a while, here comes hir Father,
I must speake a word or two with him, [speakes to himselfe.]

Churms I heele giue you your answer (I warrant ye)

Sophos. God faue you Sir.

Gripe. O M^r. *Sophos* : I haue longd to speake with you
a great while,
I heare, you seeke my daughter *Lelias* loue,
I hope you will not seeke to dishonest me, nor disgrace my
daughter.

Sophos. No Sir: a man may aske a yes,
A Woman may say nay,
Shee is in'choise to take hir choise:
Yet I must confesse I loue *Lelia*.

Gripe. Sir I must be plaine with you : I like not of your
loue,
Lelias mine, Ile choofe for *Lelia*,
And therefore I would with you not to frequent my house
any more,
Its better for you to ply your booke, and seeke for some
preferment that way, than to seeke for a wife before you
know how to maintaine hir.

Sophos. I am not rich, I am not very poore,
I neither want nor euer shall exceede,
The meane is my content, I liue twixt two extreames.

Gripe. Well, well, I tell yee, I like not ye should come to
my house, and presume so proudly to match your poore
pedigree with my daughter *Lelia*, and therefore I charge
you

you to get you off of my ground: and come no more at my house:

I like not this learning without liuing, I.

Sophos. He needs must goe that the diuell driues.

Sic virtus sine Censulanguet.

Exit Sophos.

Gripe. O Ma. *Churms*, cry you mercy Sir, I saw not you: I think I haue sent the scholler away with a flea in his care.

I trow heele come no more at my house.

Churms. No, for if he doe you may indite him for coming of your ground.

Gripe. Wel, now Ile home, and keepe in my daughter, She shal neither go to him, nor send to him, Ile watch her (Ile warrant her,)

Before God Master *Churms*, it is the pceuiſhest girle, that euer I knew in my life, shee will not be rul'd I doubt.

Pray ye sir, do you inſeuer to perswade her to take *Peter Ploddall*.

Churms. I warrant ye, Ile perswade her: feare not.

Exeunt.

Enter Lelia and Nurse.

Lelia. What sorrow seifeth on my heauy heart?
 Consuming care possleth euerie part:
 Heart-sad *Erinnis* keeps his mansion Here,
 Within the Closure of my wofull breast;
 And blacke despaire with Iron Scepter stands,
 And guides my thoughts, downe to his hatefull Cell.
 The wanton windes with whistling murmure beare
 My pearcing plaints along the desert plaines,
 And woods and groues do eccho forth my woes,
 The earth below relents in Cry stall teares,
 When heauens aboute by some malignant course
 Of fatall starres are authors of my grieſe.
 Fond Loue, go hide thy shafts in Follies den,
 And let the world forget thy Childish force,

O else flye, flye, pearce *Sophos* tender breast,
That he may helpe to sympathize these plaints
That wring these teares from *Lelias* weeping eyes.

Nurse. Why, how now Mistresse; what, is it loue that
makes you weepe, and tosse and tourne so a nights when
you are in bed?

Saint Leonard grant you fall not loue sicke.

Lelia. I, thats the point, that pearceth to the quicke,
Would *Atropos* would cut my vitall threed
And so make lauisli of my loathed life:
Or gentle heauens would smile with faire aspect,
And so giue better fortunes to my loue.

Why, ist not a plague to be a prisoner to mine own father?

Nurse. Yes, ants a shame for him to vse you so too.

But be of good cheare Mistresse: Ile go to *Sophos* euery day
Ile bring you tidings and tokens too from him (Ile war-
rant yee,) and if he wil send you a kisse or two, Ile bring it,
let me alone, I am good at a dead list.

Marry, I cannot blame you for louing of *Sophos*.

Why, hees a man as one should picture him in waxe.

But Mistresse, out vpon, wipe your eyes.

For here comes another wooer. *Enter Peter Ploddall*.

Peter. Mistresse *Lelia*, God speed you.

Lelia. Thats more then we neede at this time, for we are
doing nothing.

Peter. I were as good say a good word as a bad.

Lelia. But its more wisedome to say nothing at all, then
speake to no purpose.

Peter. My purpose is to wiue you.

Lelia. And mine, is neuer to wed you,

Peter. Belike, yare in loue with some body else.

Nurse. No, but shees lustily promisd:

Heare you: you with long rifle by your side, do you lacke
a wife?

Peter. Call you this a rifle? its a good backe sword:

Nurse. Why, then you with backe sword, lets see your
backe.

Peter.

Peter. Nay, I must speake with Mistresse *Lelia* before I goe.

Lelia. What would you with me?

Peter. Marry, I haue heard verie wel of you, and so has my father too.

And he has sent me to you on a woeing,
And if you haue any minde of marriage,
I hope I shal maintaine you as wel as any husbandmans wife in the Countrie.

Nurse. Maintaine her with what?

Peter. Marrie, with my Lands and liuings my father has promis'd me.

Lelia. I haue heard much of your wealth: but I neuer, knew your manners before now.

Peter. Faith, I haue no Mannors, but a prittie homestall, and we haue great store of Oxen, and Horses, and Carts, and Plowes, and household stufte bomination: And great flocks of sheepe, and flocks of Geese, and Capons, and Hens, and Duckes; O, we haue a fine yarde of Pullen.

And thanke God: heres a fine weather for my fathers Lambes.

Lelia. I cannot liue content in discontent.

For as no mulicke can delight the eares,
Where all the parts of Discords are composed:
So wedlocke bands will still consist in iarres,
Where in condition theres no sympathye.
Then rest your selfe contented with this answer,
I cannot loue.

Peter. Its no matter what you say. For my father tolde me thus much before I came, that you would be something nice at first: but he bad me like you nere the worse for that, for I were the liker to speede.

Lelia. Then you were best leaue of your suit till some o-ther time: and when my leasure serues me to loue you, Ile send you word.

Peter. Will you? wel then Ile take my leaue of you, and
if

if I may heare from you, Ile pay the messenger well for his paines.

But stay: Gods death, I had almost forgot my selfe.
Prayee let me kisse your hand ore I goe.

Nurse. Faith Mistresse, his mouth runs awater for a kisse: a little would serue his turne belike.

Let him kisse your hand.

Lelia. He not sticke for that. *He kisseth her hand.*

Peter. Mistresse *Lelia*, God be with you.

Lelia. Farewell *Peter.* *Exit Peter.*

Thus *Lucre*, set in golden Chaire of state,
When learning's bid, Stand by, and keepe a loofe:

This greedie humor fits my fathers vaine,
Who gapes for nothing but for golden gaine. *Enter Churms.*

Nurse. Mistresse take heede you speake nothing that
will beare a ction, for here comes Master *Churms* the Pet-
tifogger.

Churms. Mistresse *Lelia* rest you merrie,
Whats the reason you and your *Nurse* walke here all
alone?

Lelia. Because, Sir, wee desire no other companie but
our owne.

Churms. Would I were then your owne,
That I might keepe you companie.

Nurse. O Sir, you and hee that is her owne are faire a-
sunder.

Churms. But if shee please, we may be neerer.

Lelia. That cannot bee: mine owne is neerer then my
selfe.

And yet my selfe, alas, am not mine owne:
Thoughts, feares, despaires, tenne thousand dreadfull
dreames:

Those are mine owne, and these do keepe me companie.

Churms. Before God, I must confesse, your father is too
cruell,

To keepe you thus sequestred from the world,
To spend your prime of youth, thus in obscuritie,

And

And seeke to wed you to an Idiot foole
 That knowes not how to vse himselfe:
 Could my deserts but answere my desires,
 I sweare by Sol faire *Phæbus* siluer eye,
 My heart would wish no higher to aspire,
 Then to be grac't with *Lelias* loue.
 By *Iesus*, I cannot play the dissembler,
 And wooe my loue with courting ambages,
 Like one whose loue hangs on his smooth tongues ende,
 But in a word, I tell the summe of my desires,
 I loue faire *Lelia*.

By her my passions daily are increas'd,
 And I must die, vnlesse by *Lelias* loue they be releas'd.
Lelia. Why Master *Churms*, I had thought you had been
 my fathers great Counsellor in all these actions.

Churms. Nay, Damne me if I be:
 By heauens, sweet Nymph I am not.
Nurse. Master *Churms*, you are one can doe much with
 her father: and if you loue her as you say, perswade him to
 vse her more kindly, and giue her libertie to take her choise,
 for these made mariages prooue not well.

Churms. I protest I will.

Lelia. So *Lelia* shal accept thee as her friend:
 Meane while, *Nurse* lets in:
 My long absence I know, will make my father muse.

Exeunt Lelia and Nurse.

Churms. So *Lelia* shal accept thee as her friend?
 Who can but ruminare vpon these words?
 Would she had said, her loue:
 But tis no matter: first creepe and then goe,
 Now her friend: the next degree is *Lelias* loue.
 Well, Ile perswade her father to let her haue a little more li-
 bertie.

But soft: Ile none of that neither,
 So the Scholler may chance cosen me.
 Perswade him to keepe her in still:
 And before shee haue *Peter Ploddall*, shee haue anybo-
 die

die, and so I shal be sure that *Sophos* shal neuer come at her.
 Why Ile warrant ye, shee le be glad to run away with me at length.
 Hang him, that has no shifts.
 I promis'd *Sophos*, to further him in his suite:
 But if I do, Ile be peckt to death with hens.
 I swore to *Gripe*, I would perswade *Lelia*, to loue *Peter Pled-dall*.
 But God forgie me, twas the furthest ends of my thought.
 Tut, whats an other euerie man for himselfe.
 Ile shift for one, I warrant ye.

Exit.

Enter *Fortunatus*, Solus.

Fortu. Thus haue I past the beating billows of the sea,
 By *Ishacs* rocks, and watry *Neptunes* bounds,
 And waisted safe, from *Mars* his bloudie fields
 Where trumpets sound *Tantara* to the fight,
 And here arriu'd for to repose my selfe,
 Vpon the borders of my natie soyle.
 Now *Fortunatus* bend thy happie course,
 Vnto thy fathers house, to greet thy dearest friends.
 And if that still thy aged sire suruiue
 Thy presence wil reuiue his drouping sprites, (bloud,
 And cause his withored cheekes bee spent with youthfull
 Where death of late was portraid to the quicke.
 But soft, who comes here? (Stand aside.)

Enter *Robin Goodfellow*.

Robin. I wonder I heare not of *Master Chaurms*,
 I would faine know how he speedes,
 And what successe he has in *Lelias* loue:
 Well, if he coulen the Scholler of her,
 T would make my worship laugh:
 And if he haue her, hee may say god a mercy *Robin Good-*
fellow.
 O ware a good head as long as you liue.
 Why, *Master Gripe* he casts beyond the moone,

And

And *Churms* is the only man, he puts in trust with his daughter, and (Ile warrant) the old Churle would take it vpon his saluation, that he wil perswade her to marry *Peter Ploddalls*.
 But Ile make a foole of *Peter Ploddalls*,
 Ile looke him ith face and picke his purse,
 Whil't *Churms* cosen him of his wench,
 And my old gandfir Holdfast of his daughter.
 And if he can do so:

Ile teach him a tricke to cosen him of his gold too.
 Now for *Sophos*, let him weare the willow garland,
 And play the melancholie Malecontent
 And plucke his hat downe in his fullen eyes,
 And thinke on *Lelia*, in these desert groues:
 Tis ynough for him to haue her, in his thoughts;
 Although he nere embrace her in his armes.
 But now, theres a fine deuise comes in my head,
 To scarre the Scholler:

You shall see, Ile make fine sport with him.
 They say, that euery day he keepes his walke
 Amongst these woods and melancholy shades,
 And on the barke of euerie senselesse tree
 Ingraues the tenour of his haples hope.
 Now when hees at *Venus* altar at his Orisons;
 Ile put me on my great carnation nose
 And wrap me in a rowling Calueskin suite,
 And comelike some Hob goblin or some diuell,
 Ascended from the grieisly pit of hell:
 And like a Scarbabe make him take his legges:
 Ile play the diuel, I warrant ye. *Exit Robin Goodf.*

Fortunatus. And if you do: (by this hand) Ile play the coniuiner.

Blush *Fortunatus*, at thy base conceit,
 To stand aloofe, like one thats in a trance,
 And with thine eyes behold that miscreant Impe
 (Whose tongue more venome then the serpents sting)
 Before thy face thus taunty thy dearest friends,
 I, thine owne father with reproachful tearmes,

Thy Sister *Lelia*, thee is bought and sold,
 And learned *Sophos*, thy thrice vowed friend,
 Is made a stale by this base curfed Crew
 And damned den of vagrant runagates.
 But here in sight of sacred heauens I sweare,
 By all the sorrowes of the *Stygian* soules,
 By *Mars* his bloudie blade and faire *Bellonas* bowers
 I vow, these eyes shal nere behold my fathers face,
 These feete shal neuer passe these desert plaines:
 But Pilgrim like Ile wander in these woods
 Vntill I find out *Sophos* secret walkes,
 And found the depth of all their plotted drifts,
 Nor will I cease vntill these hands reuenge
 Th'inurious wrong thats offred to my friend,
 Vpon the workers of this stratageme.

Exit.

Enter Pegge, Sola.

Pegge. Yfaith, yfaith, I cannot tell what to doe,
 Iloue, and Iloue, and I cannot tell whoe, Our vpon this
 loue,
 For wat you what? I haue suitors comes huddle, twoes vp-
 on twoes, and threes vpon threes, and what thinke you
 troubles me?
 I must chat and kisse with all commers, or else noe bar-
 gaine.

Enter Wil Cricket, and kisses hir.

Will. A bargain yfaith: ha my sweet honnie sops how
 doost thou?

Pegge. Well I thanke you *William*, now I see yare a man
 of your word.

Will. A man of my word quotha? why I nere broke pro-
 mise in my life that I kept.

Pegge. No *William* I know you did not,
 But I had thought you had forgotten me.

Will. Dost heare *Pegge*? if ere I forget thee,
 I pray God I may neuer remember thee.

Pegge.

Pegge. Peace here comes my Granam Midnight.

Enter Mother Midnight.

Mother M. What *Pegge*? what ho? what *Pegge* I say?
what *Pegge* my wench?

Why where art thou trowe?

Pegge. Here Granam, at your elbow.

Mother M. What mak'st here this twatter light?

I thinke thart in a dreame,
I thinke the foole haunts thee.

Will. Sounds, foole in your face: foole? O monstrous in-
titulation:

Foole? O disgrace to my person: sounds, foole not me, for I
cannot brooke such a colde rasher I can tell you: giue me
but such an other word, and Ile be thy tooth-drawer een of
thy butter tooth, thou toothlesse trot thou.

Mother M. Nay *William* pray ye be not angry, you
must beare with olde folkes,
They be olde and teastie, hot and hastie: set not your wit
against mine *William*,
For I thought you no harme by my troth.

Will. Well, your good words haue something laide my
coller.

But Granam shall I be so bolde to come to your house now
and then to keep *Pegge* company?

Mother M. I, and bestrowe thy good heart and thou
doost not,

Come, and weele haue a piece of a barley baggpadding or
something,

And thou shalt be very heartily welcome that thou shalt,
And *Pegge* shall bid thee welcome too: pray ye maide bid
him welcome and make much on him, for by my vay hees
a good proper springgold.

Pegge. Granam: if you did but see him dance twould
doe your heart good:

Lord, twould make any bodie loue him, to see how finely
heele foote it.

Mother M. *William*, pritheee goe home to my house
with

with vs, and taste a cup of our beere, and learne to knowe the way, againe another time.

Will. Come on Granam, Ile man you home y faith:
Come Pegge. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gripe, olde Ploddall, and his sonne Peter and Churmes the Lawyer.

Ploddal. Come hither *Peter*, hold vp your head: wheres your cap and leg sir boy, ha?

Peter. By your leaue master *Gripe*.

Gripe. Welcome *Peter*, giue me thy hand: thart welcomes Barlady, this a good proper tall fellow, Neighbour? call you him a boy?

Ploddall. A good prittie squat square springold Sir.

Gripe. *Peter*, you ha seene my daughter I am sure: how do you like hir?

What sayes she to you?

Peter. Faith I like hir well, and I haue broken my mind to hir, and she would say neither I nor no;

But, thanke God Sir, we parted good friends,
For she let me kisse hir hand and bad Farewel *Peter*.

And therefore I thinke I am like enough to speed: how think you Master *Churms*?

Churms. Marry I thinke so too,
For shee did show no token of any dislike of your motion,
did she?

Peter. No not a whit Sir.

Churms. Why, then I warrant ye:

For we hold in our Law, that *Idem est non apparet & non esse.*

Gripe. Maister *Churms*, I pray you do so much. as call my daughter hither,
I wil make her sure here to *Peter Ploddall*, and Ile desire you to be a witnesse.

Churms. With all my heart Sir.

Exit Churms.

Gripe. Before God, neighbour, this same Master *Churms* is a very good Lawer: for Ile warrant, you cannot speake any

any thing, but he has law for it *ad vnguem*,
Ploddall. Marrie eene the more ioy on him,
 And hees one that I am very much beholding to :
 But here comes your daughter.

Enter Churms, Lelia and Nurse.

Lelia. Father did you send for me?

Gripe. I wench I did, come hither *Lelia*, giue mee thy hand.

Mr. Churms, I pray you beare witnesse,
 I here giue *Lelia* to *P. Ploddall*. *She pluckes away hir hand.*
 How now?

Nurse. Sheele none shee thanks you Sir.

Gripe. Will she not? why how now I say?
 What you pewling peeuish thing, you vntoward baggage?
 Will you not be rul'd by your Father?
 Haue I tane care to bring you vp to this?
 And will you do as you list?

Away I say, hang, starue, begge; be gone, packe I say :
 out of my sight,

Thou nere getst penny-worth of my goods, for this:

Thinke ont, I do not vse to iest :

Be gon I say; I will not heare thee speake. } *Exeunt Lelia,*
 } *and Nurse.*

Churms. I pray you Sir patient your selfe : hees young.

Gripe. I hold my life this beggetly Scholler hankers a-
 bout hir still, makes hir so vntoward :

But Ile home, Ile set hir a harder task:

Ile keep hir in, and look to hir a little better then I ha done,

Ile make hir haue little mind of gadding, I warrant hir.

Come Neighbour, send your sonne to my house, for hees

welcome thither, and shall be welcome, and Ile make *Lelia*

bid him welcome too ere I ha done with hir :

Come *Peter* fellow vs. } *Exeunt all, but Churms.*

Churms. Why this is excellent, better and better still,

This is beynd expectation :

Why now this gear begins to worke,

But beshrew my heart, I was afraid that *Lelia* would haue

yeelded, whē I saw hir father take hir by the hand & cal me

for

for a witnesse, my heart began to quake.
 But to say the truth thee had little reason to take a Cullian,
 lugloafe, milkefop slauer;
 When she may haue a Lawyer, a Gentleman, that stands
 vpon his reputation in the Country:
 One whose diminutiue defecte of Law may compare with
 his little Learning.
 Well: I see that *Churmes* must be the man must carrie *Lelia*
 wherwalls done.

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

Robin. How now Master *Churmes*, what newes abroad?
 Me thinke you looke very spruce: yare very frolicke now a
 late.

Churms. What fellow *Robin*, how goes the squares with
 you?

Yare waxen very proude alate, you will not know your
 olde friends.

Robin. Faith I ceene came to seeke you, to bestow a quart
 of wine of you.

Churms. Thats strange: you were nere wont to be so li-
 berall.

Robin. Tush man, one good turne askes another: cleare
 gaines man, cleare gaines:

Peter Ploddall shall pay for all: I haue guld him once,
 And he come ouer him againe and againe, I warrant ye.

Churms. Faith, *Lelia* has een giuen him the doff off here,
 and has made hir father almost starke mad.

Robin. O all the better: then I shall bee sure of more of
 his custome.

But what successe haue you in your suit with hir?

Churms. Faith all hitherto goes well,
 I haue made the motion to hir,
 But as yet we are growne to no conclusion:
 But I am in very good hope.

Robin. But doe you thinke you shall get hir fathers good
 will?

Churms. Tut, if I get the wench I care not for that:
 That

That will come afterward:
 And Ile be sure of something in the meane time,
 For I haue outlaw'd a great number of his debtors,
 And Ile gather vp what money I can amongst them,
 And *Gripe* shall nere know of it neither.

Robin. I, and of those that are scarce able to pay,
 Take the one halfe and forgiue them the other, rather then
 sit out at all.

Churrnes. Tush let me alone for that:
 But sirra I haue brought the Scholler into a fooles Paradise:
 Why he has made me his spokesman to *M. Letia*,
 And Gods my Iudge I nere so much as name him to hir.

Robin. O both Mas well remembred,
 Ile tell you what I meane to doe,
 Ile attire my selfe fit for the same purpose,
 Like to some hellish Hag or damned fiend,
 And meete with *Sophos* wandring in the woods,
 O I shall fray him terribly.

Churrns. I would thou couldst scarre him out of his wits:
 Then should I ha the wench cocke sure,
 I doubt no body but him.

Robin. Well, lets go drinke together,
 And then Ile go put on my diuclish roabes,
 I meane my Christmas Calues kin sute,
 And then walke to the woodes,
 O Ile terrifie him I warrant ye.

Enter Sophos, solus.

Sophos. Will heauens still smile at *Sophos* miseries,
 And giue no end to my vncessant mones?
 These Cipresse shades are witness of my woes,
 The senselesse trees do grieue at my lamentes,
 The leaue branches drop sweete *Myrrhas* teares,
 For loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe,
 And fullen *Saturne* pregnant at my birth,
 With all the fatall starres conspir'd in one,
 To frame a haplesse constellation,

F

Pre-

Prefaging *Sophos* lucklesse destinie.
 Here, here, doth *Sophos* turne *Ixioms* restlesse wheele,
 And here lies wrapt in labyrinths of loue,
 Of his sweete *Lelias* loue whose sole *Idea* still
 Prolongs the haplesse date of *Sophos* hopelesse life:
 Ah, said *I* life? a life farre worse then death.
 Then death? *I* then ten thousand deaths,
I daily die, in that *I* liue loues thrall,
 They die thrise happie, that once die for all.
 Here will *I* stay my weary wandring steps,
 And lay me downe vpon this solid earth, *He lies downe.*
 The mother of despaire and balefull thoughts,
I, this befits my melancholy moodes:
 Now now me thinkes *I* heare the prettie birds,
 With warbling tunes record faire *Lelias* name,
 Whose absence makes warme bloud drop from my heart,
 And forceth watrie teares from these my weeping eyes,
 Me thinkes *I* heare the siluer founding streames,
 With gentle murmur summon me to sleepe,
 Singing a sweete melodious lullabie:
 Here will *I* take a nap and drownemy haplesse hopes,
 In the Ocean seas of Neuer like to speed.

*He falls in a slumber and Mus-
sike soundes.*

Enter Syluanus.

Syluanus. Thus hath *Syluanus* left his leauic bowers,
 Drawne by the sound of Ecchoes sad reports,
 That with shrill notes and high resounding voice,
 Doth pearce the very Cauerns of the earth,
 And rings through hills and dales the sad laments
 Of virtues losse and *Sophos* mournfull plaints.
 Now *Morphens*, rowse thee from thy sable den,
 Charme all his senses with a slumbering trance,
 Whil'st old *Syluanus* send a louely traine
 Of Satyrs, *Driades*, and watrie Nymphes,

Out

Out of their bowers to tune their siluer strings,
 And with sweete sounding musicke sing,
 Some pleasing Madrigalles and Rowndelayes,
 To comfort Sopbos in his deepe distresse. *Exit Syluanus.*

Enter the Nymphes and Satyres singing.

THE SONGE.

1

*S*atyres sing, let sorrow keepe hir Cell,
 Let warbling Ecchoes ring,
 And sounding musicke yell
 Through hills, through dales, sad griebe and care to kill
 In him long since alas hath grien'd his fill.

2

Sleepe no more, but wake and linc content,
 Thy griebe the Nymphes deplore,
 The Syluan gods lament
 To heare, to see thy mone, thy losse thy loue:
 Thy plaints, to teares, the stinky rockes do moone.

3

Griue not then, the *Queene of Lone* is milde,
 Shee sweetly smiles on men,
 When reasons most beguil'd:
 Hir looks, hir smiles, are kind, are sweet, are faire,
 Awake therefore and sleepe not still in care.

4

Lone intends, to free thee from annoy,
 His Nymphes *Syluanus* sendes,
 To bid thee linc in ioy,
 In hope, in ioy, sweet loue delights imbrace,
 Faire loue hir selfe will yeeld thee so much grace.

Exeunt the Nymphes and Satyres.

F 2

Sopbos.

Sophos. What do I heare? what harmony is this?
 With siluer found that glutteth *Sophos* eares?
 And drives sad paffions from his heauy heart,
 Prefazing some good future hap shall fall,
 After these blustering blasts of discontent:
 Thanks gentle Nymphes and Satyres too adiew,
 That thus compassionate a loyall louers woe,
 When heauens sit smiling at his dire mishaps.

Enter Fortunatus.

Fortunatus. With weary steps I trace these desert groues
 And search to find out *Sophos* secret walkes,
 My truest vowed friend and *Lelias* dearest loue.

Soph. What voice is this sounds *Lelias* sacred name? *Heriseth.*
 Is it some Satyre that hath vew'd hir late,
 And growne in a mou'd of hir gorgeous hew?

Fortunatus. No Satyre *Sophos*, but thy ancient friend,
 Whose dearest blood doth rest at thy command.
 Hath sorow lately beare'd thy watry eyes,
 That thou forgetst the lasting league of loue,
 Long since was vow'd betwixt thy selfe and me?
 Looke on me man: I am thy friend.

Sophos. O now I know thee, now thou nam'st my friend:
 I haue no friend to whom I dare
 vnload the burthen of my grieffe,
 But onely *Fortunatus*, hees my second selfe,
Mi Fortunato ter Fortunato venis.

Fort. How fares my friend? me thinks you look not well:
 Your eyes are sunk, your cheekes looke pale and wan,
 What meane this alteration?

Sophos. My mind sweet friend is like a mastlesse ship,
 Thats huld and tost vpon the surging seas,
 By *Boreas* bitter blasts and *Eoles* whistling winds,
 On Rockes and sands, farre from the wished port
 Whereon my lilly ship desires to land;
 Faire *Lelias* lone that is the wished haue,
 Wherein my wandring mind would take repose,
 For want of which my restless thoughts are tost:

For

For want of which, all *Sophos* loves are lost.

Fort. Doth *Sophos* loue my sister *Lelia*?

Sophos. She, she, it is whole loue I wish to gaine:
Nor neede I wish, nor do I loue in vaine,
My loue thee doth repay with equall meede:

Tis strange youle say that *Sophos* should not speed.
Fortunatus. Your loue repaid with equall meede?

And yet you languish still in loue? tis strange:
From whence proceeds your griet? vnfold vnto your friend,
A friend may yeeld reliefe.

Sophos. My want of wealth is author of my grieffe,
Your father sayes, my state is too, too lowe.
I am no hobbie bred; I may not soare so high, as *Lelias* loue:
The loftie Eagle wil not catch at flies.

When I with *Icarus* would soare against the Sun
He is the onely sicrie *Phaeton* denies my course,
And seares my wairen wings, when as I soare aloft:
He mewes faire *Lelia* vp from *Sophos* sight,
That not so much as paper pleades remorse:
Thrice three times *Sol* hath slept in *Thetis* lap,
Since these mine eyes beheld sweet *Lelias* face.
What greater grieffe? what other Hell then this?
To be denied to come where my beloued is.

Fortunatus. Do you alone loue *Lelia*?
Haue you no riualls with you in your loue?

Sophos. Yes, onely one, and him your father backs,
Tis *Peter Ploddall*, rich *Ploddalls* sonne and heire,
One, whose bate rusticke rude desert
Vnworthy farre to win so faire a prize,
Yet meanes your father for to marr a match,
For golden *Eucre* with this *Corydon*
And *Corne* at vertues losse: hence growes my grieffe.

Fortunatus. If it be true I heare, there is one *Churms*, beside,
Makes suit to win my sister to his bride.

Sophos. That cannot be: *Churms* is my vowed friend,
Whose tongue relates the tenour of my loue
To *Lelias* eares, I haue no other meanes.

Fortu. Well, trust him not : the Tiger hides his claws
When oft he doth pretend the greatest guiles.

But stay : here comes *Lelias Nurse.* [Enter Nurse.]

Sophos. Nurse, what newes?
How fares my loue?

Nurse. How fares shee quotha? Marrie shee may fare
how she will for you: Neither come to her, nor send to her
of a whole fortnight?

Now I swear by my maydenhead, if my husband should
haue seru'd me so, when hee came wooing to me: I would
neuer haue lookt on him with a good face as long as I had
liued.

But he was as kind a wretch, as euer laid lips of a woman:
He would ha come through windowes or doores, or wals,
or any thing, but he would haue come to me.

Marrie, after we had bene married a while, his kindnesse
began to flake, for Ile tell you what hee did:

He made me beleue, he would go to greene goose faire, and
Ile bee sworne hee tooke his legges and ranne cleane a-
way:

And I am afraide youle prooue eene such another kinde
peece to my Mistresse: for she sits at home in a corner weep-
ing for you, and Ile be sworne shees ready to die vppward
for you:

And her father oth to the side, he yoles at her, and ioles at
her: and shee leades such a life for you it passes, and youle
neither come to her, nor send to her:

Why, shee thinkes you haue forgotten her.

Sophos. Nay, then let heauens in sorrow end my dayes
And fatall Fortune neuer cease to frowne,
And heauen and earth, and all conspire to pull me downe,
If blacke obliuion seise vpon my heart

Once to estrange my thoughts from *Lelias loue.* (*Sophos,*

Fortunatus. Why *Nurse,* I am sure that *Lelia* heares from
Once a day at least by *Charms* the Lawyer,
Who is his onely friend.

Nurse. What, yong Master? God bleesse mine eye fight:
Now

Now by my mayden head yare welcome home,
I am sure my Mistresse will be glad to see you.

But what said you of Master *Churms*?

Fortu. Marrie, I say hees a well willer to my sister *Lelia*,
And a secret friend to *Sophos*.

Nurse. Marrie the Diuel he is: trust him and hang him.
Why, hee cannot speake a good worde on him to my olde
Master, and he does so ruffle before my Mistresse with his
barbarian eloquence, and strut before her in a paire of *Pol-
lonian* legges, as if hee were gentleman Vther to the great
Turke, or the Diuell of *Dowgate*:

And if my Mistresse would be rul'd by him, *Sophos* might
go snick vp: But he has such a buttermilke face, that shoole
neuer haue him.

Sophos. Can falshood lurke in those inticing lookes?
And deepe dissemblance lie where truth appeares?

Fortunatus. Iniurious villaine to betray his friend!

Nurse. Sir, do you know the Gentleman?

Fort. Faith not well.

Nurse. Why Sir, hee lookes like a red herring at a No-
blemans table on *Easter* day, and, he speakes nothing but
Almond butter and suger Candie.

Fortu. Thats excellent.

Sophos. This worlds the *Chaos* of confusion:
No world at all but Masse of open wrongs,
Wherein a man, as in a Map man see
The high road way from woe to miserie.

Fort. Content your selfe, and leaue these passions,
Now do I found the depth of all their drifts,
The Diuels deuise and *Churms* his knauerie,
On whom this heart hath vowed to be reueng'd.
Ile scatter them: the plots alreadie in my head.

Nurse hie thee home, commend me to my sisters:
Bid her this night send for Master *Churms*,
To him she must recount her many griefes,
Exclaime against her fathers hard constraint,
And so cunningly temporize with this cunning *Catso*,
That

That he may thinke she loues him as her life.
 Bid her tell him, that if by any meanes
 He can conuey her forth her fathers gate,
 Vnto a secret friend of hers;
 The way to whom lye by this Forrest side,
 That none but he shall haue her to his bride.
 For her departure let her point the time
 To morrow night: when *Vesper* gins to shine,
 Here will I be, when *Lelia* comes this way
 Accompanied with her gentleman *Vther*,
 Whose amorous thoughts do dreame on nought but loue;
 And if this *Bastinado* hold,
 Ile make him leaue his wench with *Sophos* for a pawne:
 Let me alone to vse him in his kind,
 This is the trap which for him I haue laid,
 Thus craft by cunning once shall be betraid,
 And for the Diuell, Ile coniure him:
 Good *Nurse* be gon: bid her not faile,
 And for a token, beare to her this Ring
 Which well shee knowes, for when I saw her last
 It was her fauour, and she gaue it me.

Sophos. And beare her this from me:
 And with this ring bid her receiue my heart.
 My heart? alas, my heart I cannot giue,
 How should I giue her that which is her owne?

Nurse. An your heart be hers, her heart is yours,
 And so change is no robbie.
 Well, Ile giue her your tokens, and tell her what yee
 say.

Fortunatus. Do, good *Nurse*: but in any case let not my
 father know that I am here, vntill we haue effected all our
 purposes.

Nurse. Ile warrant you, I wil not play with you,
 As Master *Chourms* does with *Sophos*,
 I would ha my eares cut from my head first. *Exit Nurse.*

Fortunatus. Come *Sophos*, cheare vp your selfe man,
 Let hope expell these melancholic dumps,

Meane

Meane while, lets in,
 Expecting how the euent of this deuise wil fall,
 Vntill to morrow at th'appointed time,
 When weele expect the comming of your loue.
 What, man, Ile worke it through the fire,
 But you shall haue her.

Sophos. And I wil study to deserue this loue. *Exeunt.*

Enter William Cricket, Solus.

Will. Looke on me, and looke of Master *Churms*,
 A good proper man:
 Marrie Master *Churms* has something a better paire of legs
 indeede:

But for a sweet face, a fine beard, comely corps,
 And a Carowing Codpeece,

All *England* if it can

Show mee such a man,

To win a wench by gis,

To clip, to coll, to kisse

As William Cricket is.

Why, looke you now: If I had been such a great long, large,
 Lobcockt, loseld lurden, as Master *Churms* is;

Ile warrant you, I should neuer haue got *Pegge*, as long as
 I had liu'd: for (do you marke) a wench will neuer loue a
 man that has al his substance in his legges.

But stay: here comes my Landlord,
 I must go salute him.

Enter olde Ploddall, and his sonne Peter.

Ploddall. Come hither *Peter*, when didst thou see *Rg-*
bin Goodfellow? Hees the man must do the feate.

Peter. Faith father, I see him not this two daies; but Ile
 seeke him out: for I know heele do the deed, and she were
 twentie *Lelias*.

For father hees a verie cunning man: for, giue him but ten
 groates, and heele giue me a powder, that will make *Lelias*
 come to bed to me:

G

And

And when I haue her there: Ile vse her well ynough.

Ploddall. Will he so? *Marrie*, I will giue him vortie shillings, if he can do it.

Peter. Nay, heele do more then that too,
For heele make himselfe like a diuell; and fray the Scholier
that hankers about her, out ons wits.

Ploddall. *Marrie* Iesus blesse vs: will hee so?
Marrie thou shalt haue vortie shillings to giue him, and thy
mother shall bestow a hard cheese on him beside.

Will. Landlord, a pox on you, this goød morne,

Ploddall. How now foole? what, dost curse me?

Will. How now foole? how now Caterpillar?

Its a signe of Dearth, when such Vermine creepe hedges
so early of morning.

Peter. Sirra, Foule manners, do you know to whome
you speake?

Will. Indeed *Peter*, I must confesse I want some of your
woeing manners, or else I might haue tournde my faire
bush tayle to you instead of your father: and haue giuen
you the ill salutation this morning.

Ploddall. Let him alone *Peter*, Ile temper him well
ynough.

Sirra, I heare say you must be married shortly,
Ile make you pay a sweete fine for your house, for this.
Ha? *Sirra* am not I your Landlord?

Will. Yes, for fault of a better, but you get neither sweet
fine, nor sower fine of me.

Ploddall. My masters, I pray you beare witnessse:
I do discharge him then.

Will. My masters, I pray you beare witnessse,
My Landlord has giuen me a general discharge,
Ile be married presently, my fines paid: I haue a discharge
for it. *He offers to goe away.*

Ploddall. Nay prithes stay.

Will. No Ile not stay, Ile goe call the clearke,
Ile be cried out vpon ith Church presently,
What ho? What *Cleark* I say? where are you? *Enter Cleark.*
Cleark.

Clarke. Who calls me? what would you with me?

Marrie Sir, I would haue you to make proclamation, that if any manner of man, oth Towne, or oth Country, can lay any claime to *Peege Pudding*, let him bring worde to the Crier, or else *William Crickett* will wipe his nose of her.

Clarke. You meane you would be askt ith Church?

Will. I thats it: a bots ont, I cannot hit of these marrying tearmes yet:

And Ile desire my Landlord here and his sonne, to be at the Celebration of my marriage too:

Yfaith *Peter*, you shal cramme your gutsful of Cheefecakes and Custards there.

And sirra *Clarke*, if thou wilt say Amen stoutly:

Yfaith my powderbeefe slaue,

Ile haue a rumpe of beete for thee, shal make thy mouth stand oth tother side.

Clarke. When would you haue it done?

Will. Marrie eene as soone as may be: let me see:

I wil be askt ith Church of Sunday at morning prayer, and againe at Euening prayer: & the next holiday that comes I will be askt ith fore noone, and married ith after noone: For (do you marke) I am none of these sneaking fellows that wil stand thrumming of Caps, and studying vpon a matter, as long as *Hunkes* with the great head has beene about to show his little wit in the second part of his paultrie poetrie: but if I begin with wooing, Ile ende with wedding.

And therefore good *Clarke*, let me haue it done with all speede: for I promise you, I am verie sharpe set.

Clarke. Faith you may be askt ith Church on Sunday at morning prayer, but Sir *Iohn* cannot tend to do it at Euening prayer: For there comes a Company of Players tuth Towne, on Sunday ith after noone; and Sir *Iohn* is so good a fellow, that I know heele scarce leaue their companie, to say Euening prayer.

For (though I say it) hees a verie painefull man, and takes so great delight in that facultie, that heele take as great pains a-

bout building of a Stage or so, as the basest fellow among them.

Will. Nay, if he haue so lawfull an excuse, I am content to deferre it one day the longer:

And Landlord, I hope, you and your Sonne *Peter* wil make bold with vs, and trouble vs.

Ploddall. Nay *William*, we would be loath to trouble you: but you shal haue our companiethere.

Will. Faith you shal be very heartily welcome, and wee wil haue good merry rogues there that wil make you laugh till you burst.

Peter. Why *William*, what company doe you meane to haue?

Will. Marrie, first and formost, there wil bee an honest Dutch Cobbler, that wil sing (I wil noe meare to *Burgaine* goe) the best that euer you heard

Ploddall. What, must a Cobbler be your chiefe guest? Why hees a base fellow.

Will. A base fellow? you may be asham'd to say so, For hees an honest fellow, and a good fellow:

And he begins to carrie the verie badge of good fellowship vpon his nose; that I do not doubt, but in time he wil prooue as good a Copper companion as *Robin Goodfellowe* himselfe.

I and hees a tall fellow, and a man of his hands too, For Ile tel you what: tie him tuth Bull-Ring, and for a bag-pudding, a Custard, a Cheescake, a hogges cheeke, or a Calues head, turne any man ith towne to him; and if he do not prooue himselfe as tall a man as he, let blind *Hugh* bewitch him, and tourne his bodie, into a barrel of strong Ale, and let his nose be the Spigat, his mouth the Fisset, and his tongue a Plugge for the bunge hole.

And then there wil be *Robin Goodfellow*, as good a drunken rogue as liues: and *Tom Shoomaker*; and I hope you wil not deny that hees an honest man, for hee was Constable oth Towne.

And a number of other honest rascals, which though they

are growne bankroutes and liue by the reuerſion of other mens tables:

Yet (thanks beeto God) they haue a penny amongſt, at all times at their neede.

Ploddall. Nay, if *Rogbin Goodfellow* be there, you ſhall be ſure to haue our company.

For hees one that we heare very well of;
And my ſonne here has ſome occaſion to vſe him:

And therefore if we may know when tis,
weele make bolde to trouble you;

Will. Yes Ile ſend you word.

Ploddall. Why then farewell, till wee heare from you.

Exeunt Ploddall and his ſonne.

Wil. Wel *Clarke*, youle ſee this matter brauely performed:
let it be done as it ſhould be.

Clarke. Ile warrant ye, feare it not.

Will. Why then go you to *Sir Ihon*, and Ile to my wench,
and bid hir giue hir Maidenhead warning to prepare it ſelf:
for the deſtruction of it is at hand. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lelia, Sola.

Lelia. How loue and fortune both with egermoode,
Like greedy hounds do hunt my tired hart;
Rows'd forth the thickets of my wonted ioyes!
And *Cupid* windes his ſhrill note bugle horne,
For ioy my ſilly hart ſo neere is ſpent.
Deſire that eager *Curre* purſues the chace,
And Fortune rides amaine vnto the fall:
Now forrow ſings, and mourning beares a part,
Playing harſh deſcant on my yeelding heart.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe, what newes?

Nurſe. Faith a whole ſacke full of newes:
You loue *Sophos* and *Sophos* loues you;
And *Peter Ploddall* loues you, and you loue not him,
And you loue not *Maſter Churmes*, and he loues you,

And so heers loue and no loue,
 And I loue and I loue not,
 And I cannot tell what :
 But of all, and of all, Master *Churmes* must bee the man you
 must loue.

Lelia. Nay, first Ile mount me on the winged wind,
 And fly for succour to the farthest *Inde*.

Must I loue Master *Churmes* ?

Nurse. Faith you must and you must not.

Lelia. As how I pray thee ?

Nurse. Marry I haue commendations to you.

Lelia. From whom ?

Nurse. From your brother *Fortunatus* .

Lelia. My brother *Fortunatus* ?

Nurse. No : from *Sophos*.

Lelia. From my Loue ?

Nurse. No from neither.

Lelia. From neither ?

Nurse. Yes from both.

Lelia. Prithee leaue thy foolery, and let me knowe thy
 newes.

Nurse. Your brother *Fortunatus*, and your loue, to mor-
 row night will meet you by the forrest side,
 There to conferre about I knowe not what :
 But tis like, that *Sophos* will make you of his priuy councill,
 before you come againe.

Lelia. Is *Fortunatus* then returned from the warres ?

Nurse. He is with *Sophos* every day,
 But in any case you must not let your Father know,
 For he hath sworne he will not be discried,
 Vntill he haue effected your desires :
 For he swaggers and sweares out of all crie,
 That he will venture all,
 Both fame and bloud, and limme and life,
 But *Lelia* shall be *Sophos* wedded wife.

Lelia. Alas *Nurse*, my fathers iecalous braine
 Doth scarce allow me once a month to goe,

Beyond

Beyond the compasse of his watchfull eyes,
 Nor once affords me any conference,
 With any man except with M^r. *Churms*,
 Whose craftie braine beguiles my father so,
 That he reposes trust in none but him:
 And though he seekes for fauour at my hands,
 He takes his marke amisse and shootes awrie.

For I had rather see the diuel himselfe,
 Then *Churms* the Lawyer:
 Therefore how I should meete them by the Forrest side,
 I cannot possibly deuise.

Nurse. And Master *Churms* must be the man must work
 the meanes,

You must this night send for him:
 Make him beleue you loue him mightily,
 Tell him you haue a secret friend dwels farre away beyond
 the Forrest.

To whom if he can secretly conuay you from your father,
 Tell him you wil loue him, better then euer God loued him.
 And when you come to the place appointed,
 Let them alone to discharge the knaue of clubs.
 And that you must not faile,
 Here receiue this ring, which *Fortunatus* sent you for a to-
 ken,

That this is the plot that you must prosecute,
 And this from *Sophos* as his true loues pledge.

Lelia. This ring my brother sent I know right well,
 But this my true loue pledge I more esteeme
 Then all the golden mines the solide earth contains:
 And see, in happy time here comes M. *Churms*. [*Enter Chur.*
 Now loue and fortune both conspire,
 And sort their driftes to compasse my desire.
 M. *Churms* yare well met, I am glad to see you.

Churms. And I as glad to see faire *Lelia*,
 As euer *Paris* was to see his deare,
 For whom so many Troianes bloud was spilt;
 Nor thinke, I would do lesse then spend my dearest bloud,

To gaine faire *Lelias* loue, although by losse of life.

Nurse. Faith mistress, he speakes like a gentleman :

Let me perwade you,

Benot hard hearted :

Sophos ? why whats hee ?

If hee had lou'd you but halfe so well, he would ha come
through stone walles, but he would haue come to you ere
this.

Lelia. I must confesse, I once lou'd *Sophos* well,
But now I cannot loue him, whom all the world knowes to
be a dissembler.

Churmes. Ere I would wrong my loue with one dayes
absence;

I would passe the boyling *Hellespont*,
As once *Leander* did for *Heroes* loue,
Or vndertake a greater taske then that,
Ere I would be disloyall to my Loue.

And if that *Lelia* giue hir free consent
That both our loues may sympathize in one,
My hand, my heart, my loue, my life and all,
Shall euer tend on *Lelias* faire command.

Lelia. Mr. *Churmes*, mee thinkes tis strange, you should
make such a motion:

Say I should yeeld, and grant you loue;
When most you did expect a sunne shine day,
My fathers will would mar your hop't for hay,
And when you thought to reap the fruits of loue,
His hard constraint would blast it in the bloom.
For he so dotes on *Peter Pioddals* pelfe,
That none but he for sooth must be the man,
And I will rather match my selfe,
Vnto a groome of *Plusoes* grieuely denne,
Then vnto such a silly golden asse.

Churmes. Brauely resolu'd yfaith.

Lelia. But to be short:

I haue a secret friend that dwels from hence,
Some two dayes iourney, thats the most,

And

And if you can, as (wel I know) you may, conuay methither
secretly :

For company I desire no other then your owne,
Here take my hand :

That once perform'd my heart is next.

Churmes. If on th'adventure all the dangers lay,

That *Europe* or the westerne world affords,

Were it to combate *Cerberus* himselfe,

Or scale the brazen walles of *Plutoes* court;

When as there is so faire a prize propos'd,

If I shrinke backe or leaue it vnperform'd,

Let the World canonize me for a Coward :

Appoint the time and leaue the rest to me.

Lelia. When nights blacke mantle ouerspreads the sky,

And dayes bright lampe is drenched in the west,

To morrow night I thinke the fittest time,

That silent shade may giue our safe conuoy,

Vnto our wished hopes vnseene of liuing eye.

Churms. And at that time I will not faile.

In that or ought may make for our auail.

Nurse. But what if *Sophos* should meet you by the for-
rest side:

And incounter you with his single rapier?

Churms. *Sophos*? a hop of my thumbe, a wretch, a wretch.

Shoulde *Sophos* meete vs there accompanied with some
Champion,

With whome twere any credit to encounter,

Were he as stout as *Hercules* himselfe,

Then would I buckle with them hand to hand :

And bandy blowes as thicke as hailestones fall,

And carrie *Lelia* away in spite of all their force.

What? loue will make Cowards fight

Much more a man of my resolution.

Lelia. And on your resolution Ile depend,

Vntill to morrow at th'appointed time, when I looke for
you :

till when Ile leaue you, and go make preparation for our

H

journey,

journey.

Exeunt Lelia and Nurse:

Churms. Farewell faire loue, vntill we meet againe.
Why so : did I nottelyou she would be glad to run away
with mee at length?

Why this fallies out, een as a man would say, Thus I would
haue it.

But now I must go cast about for some money too,
Let mee see : I haue outlaw'd three or foure of *Gripes* deb-
ters.

And I haue the bonds in mine owne hands :

The summe that is due to him, is some two or three hun-
dred pounds :

Well, Ile to them : if I can get but one halfe,
Ile deliuer them their bonds, and leaue the other halfe to
their owne consciences; and so I shall be sure to get mony to
beare charges :

When all failles wel fare a good wit.

But soft, no more of that :

Here comes *Mr. Gripe*,

Enter Gripe.

Gripe. What *Mr. Churms*? what alone? how fares your
body?

Churms. Faith Sir, reasonable well: I am eene walking
here to take the fresh ayre.

Gripe. Tis very holesome this faire weather,

But *Mr. Churms*: how like you my daughter?

Can you doe any good on hir? wil she be rul'd yet?

How stands she affected to *P. Ploddall*?

Churms. O very well Sir : I haue made hir very confor-
mable.

O let me alone to perswade a woman :

I hope you shall see hir married within this weeke at most,
I meane to my selfe. *[He speakes to him selfe.]*

Gripe. Master *Churms*. I am so exceedingly beholding
to you,

I cannot tell how I shall requite your kindnesse,

But

But it h mean time heers a brace of angels for you to drink,
 for your paines,
 This newes has eene lightned my heart,
 O Sir, my neighbour *Ploddall* is very wealthie.
 Come *M. Churms*, you shall go home with me,
 Weele haue good chear & be merry for this, to night, yfaith.
Churms. Wel : let them laugh that winne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pegge and hir Granam.

Pegge. Granam, gine me but two crownes of red golde,
 And Ile gine you two pence of white siluer,
 If *Robin* the diuel be not a water witch.

Moth. M. Marrie, Iesus blese vs: why prithees?

Pegge. Marrie Ile tel you why.

Vpon the morrow after the blessed newe yeare,
 I came trip, trip, trip, ouer the Market hil,
 Holding vp my petticoate to the calues of my legs,
 To show my fine coloured stockins,
 And how finely I coulde foote it in a paire of newe corkt
 shooes, I had bought:
 And there I spyed this *Monnsier Muffe*, lie gaping vp in-
 to the skies,

To know how many Maides would be with childe in the
 towne all the yeare after :

O tis a base vexation slaue,

How the country talkes of the large ribd varlet!

Mother M. Marry out vpon him : what a Friday fac't
 slaue it is!

I thinke in my conscience, his face neuer keepes Holiday.

Pegge. Why his face can neuer be at quiet,

He has such a cholericke nose,

I durst ha sworne by my maiden-head,

(God forgie me that I should take such an oath)

That if *William* had had such a nose, I would neuer ha lov'd
 him.

Enter Will. Cricket.

Will. What a talking is here of noses and faces?

H 2

Come

Come *Pegge*, wee are toward marriage; let vs talke of that may doe vs good : Granam, what wil you giue vs toward howse-keeping?

Moth. M. Why *William*, we are talking of *Rob. Goodfellow*.
What thinke you of him?

Will. Marrie I say he lookes like a tankerd bearer,
That dwels in Petticoate lane, at the signe of the Meare-
maides;

And I sweare by the bloud of my codpiece,
An I were a woman I would lug off his laue eares,
Or run him to death with a spit : and for his face,
I thinke tis pitie there is not a lawe made,
That it should be felonie to name it in any other places,
then in baudie houses :

But Granam what wil you giue vs ?

Moth. M. Marrie I wil giue *Pegge* a pot and a pan,
Two platters, a dish and a spoone, a dogge, and a cat :
I throw sheele prooue a good huswife,
And loue hir husband well too.

Will. If she loue me Ile loue hir, yfaith my sweet honny
combe, Ile loue thee, *A per se A.*
We must be askt in Church next Sunday, and weel be mar-
ried presently.

Pegge. Yfaith *William* weele haue a merry day ont.

Mother M. That wee will yfaith *Pegge* : weele haue a
whole noise of fiddlers there :

Come *Pegge* lets hie vs home, weele make a bag-pudding to
supper,

And *William* shall go and sup with vs.

Will. Come on yfaith.

Exeunt.

Enter Fortunatus and Sophos.

(loue ?

Fort. Why how now *Sophos*, al a mori? stil languishing in
Will not the presence of thy friend preuaile?

Nor hope expell these fullen fits?

Cannot mirth wring, if but a forged smile,

From those sad drouping lookes of thine?

Rely

Relye on hope, whose hap will lead thee right,
To her, whom thou dost call thy hearts delight;
Looke cheerely man: the time is neere at hand,
That *Hymen* mounted on a snow white coach,
Shal tend on *Sophos* and his louely bride.

Sophos. Tis impossible: her Father, man, her father,
Hees al for *Peter Ploddall*.

Fortunatus. Should I but see that *Ploddall* offer loue,
This sword should pearce the pesants breast,
And chase his soule from his accursed corps
By an vnwonted way vnto the grieffly lake.
But now the appointed time is neere,
That *Churms* should come with his supposed loue:
Then sit we down vnder these leauie shades | They sit down.
And waight the time of *Lelias* wisht approach.

Sophos. I: here Ile waight for *Lelias* wisht approach,
More wisht to me, then is a calme at seas,
To shipwrackt soules, when great God *Neptune* frownes.
Though sad despaire hath almost drown'd my hopes,
Yet would I passe the burning vaults of *Orke*,
As erst did *Hercules* to fetch his loue,
If I might meete my loue vpon the strand | Enter Robin
And but enioy her loue one minute of an hour. | Goodfellow.
But stay: what man, or diuell, or hellish fiend comes here,
Transformed in this ougly vncouth shape?

Fortunatus. O, peace a while: you shal see good sport a-
none.

Robin. Now I am cloathed in this hellish shape,
If I could meete with *Sophos* in these woods,
O, he would take me for the Diuell himselfe,
I should ha good iaughing, beside the fortie shillings *Peter*
Ploddall has giuen mee: and if I get noe more I am sure of
that.

But soft: now I must trie my cunning, for here he sits.
The high commander of the damned soules
Great *Dis* the Duke of Diuels and Prince of *Limbo Lake*,
High Regent of *Acheron*, *Styx* and *Phlegeton*,

By strict command from *Pluto*, Hells great Monarch,
 And faire *Proserpina* the Queene of Hell,
 By full consent of all the damned Haggess
 And all the fiends that keepe the *Stygian* plaines,
 Hath sent me here from depth of vnder ground,
 To sommon thee to appeare at *Plutoes* Court.

Fortunatus. A man or Diuell? or what so ere thou art,
 Ile trie if blowes will driue thee downe to hell.

Belike thou art the Diuels Paritor,
 The basest officer that liues in Hell,
 For, such thy words imports thee for to be :

Tis pittie you should come so farre without a fee.

And because I know mony goes lowe with *Sophor*,
 Ile pay you your fees: [*Hee beates him,*] take that, & that,
 and that:

Robin. O good Sir, I beseech you, Ile do any thing

Fortunatus. Then downe to Hell, for sure thou art a
 Diuell.

Robin. O hold your hands, I am not a Diuell by my
 troth.

Fortunatus. Sounds, dost thou crosse mee? I say thou
 art a Diuell. [*Beate him againe.*]

Robin. O Lord sir saue my life: and Ile say as you say, or
 any thing else youle ha me doe.

Fortunatus. Then stand vp and make a preaching of
 thy Pedigree, and how at first thou leard'st this diuelish
 trade: vp I say. [*Beate him.*]

Robin. O I wil Sir:

[*Stands vpon a stoole.*]

Although in some places, I beare the title of a scurvy gen-
 tleman:

By birth I am a boatwriters son of *Hull*,
 My father got me of a refus'd hagge,
 Vnder the olde ruines of *Boobies* barme,
 Who as she liu'd, at length she likewise died,
 And for her good deedes went vnto the Diuell.
 But, Hell not wont to harbour such a guest,
 Her fellow fiends do daieily make complaint

Vnto

Vnto grim *Pluto*, and his lovely *Queene*,
 Of her vnruely missebehaviour:
 Intreating that a passport might be drawne
 For her to wander till the day of doome,
 On earth againe to vex the mindes of men,
 And swore she was the fittest fiend in Hell
 To driue men to desperation.
 To this intent her passport straight was drawne,
 And in a whirle wind forth of Hell she came;
 Ore hills she hurles, and scowres along the plaines:
 The trees flew vp bith rootes, the earth did quake for feare,
 The houses tumble downe, she playes the Diuell and all:
 At length not finding any one so fit
 To effect her diuellish damned charge as I:
 She comes to me, as to her onely childe,
 And me her instrument on earth she made,
 And by that meanes I learnd this diuellish trade.

Sophos. O monstrous villane!

Fortunatus. But tell me: whats thy course of life, & how
 thou shiftest for maintenance in the world?

Robin. Faith Sir, I am in a manner a promoter,

Or more fitly term'd a promoting knaue:

I creepe into the presence of great men,

And vnder colour of their friendships,

Effect such wonders in the world

That babes wil curse me, that are yet vnborne.

Of the best men, I raise a common fame,

And honest women rob of their good name:

Thus dayly tumbling in comes all my thrift,

That I get best is got but by a shift:

But the chiefe course of all my life,

Is to set discord betwixt man and wife.

Fortunatus. Out vpon thee *Canniball*, [*He beates him.*]

Dost thou thinke thou shalt euer come to heauen?

Robin. I little hope for heauen or heavenly blisse:

But if in hell doth any place remaine,

Of more esteeme then is another roome,

I hope, as guerdon for my iust desert,
To haue it for my detestable acts.

Fort. Wert not, thy tongue condemnes thy guiltie soule,
I could not thinke that on this liuing earth
Did breath a villane so audacious.

Go get thee gone, and come not in my walke. [*Beate him.*
For if thou dost, thou comest vnto thy woe.

Rob. The diuel himself was neuer coniu'r'd so. [*Exit Rob.*

Sophos. Sure hees no man, but an incarnate diuel,
Whose ougly shape bewrayes his monstrous mind.

Fortinarius. And if he be a diuel, I am sure hees gone:

But *Churms* the Lawyer will be here anone,
And with him comes my sister *Lelia*:
Tis he I am sure you looke for.

Sophos. Nay, she it is that I expect so long.

Fort. Then sit we down vntil we heare more newes:

This but a prologue to our play ensues. [*They sit downe.*
But see where *Churms* and *Lelia* comes along: } *Enter Churms*
He walks as stately as the great Baboone. } *and Lelia,*

Spounds, he lookes as though his mother were a midwife.

Sophos. Now gentle *Ioue*, great Monarke of the world,
Grant good successe vnto my wandring hopes. (*deepe*

Churms. Now *Phabus* siluer eye is drencht in weetsaine

And *Luna* gins to show her splendant raies,

And al the harmlesse quiresters of wood

Do take reprof, saue onely *Philomeles*:

Whose heaue tunes do euermore record,

With morneful laies the losses of her loue.

Thus farre faire loue we passe in secret sort,

Beyond the compasse of thy fathers bounds,

Whilst he on down-soft bed securely sleepe

And not so much as dreames of our depart,

The dangers past, now thinke on nought but loue,

Ile be thy deare, be thou my hearts delight:

Sophos. Nay first, Ile send thy soule to cole blacke night,

Churms. Thou promis'd loue: now seale it with a kisse.

Fort. Nay soft Sir, your mark's at the fairest.

Forswear

Forswear her loue, and seale it with a kisse,
Vpon the burnisht splendor of this blade;
Or it shal rip the intrailcs of thy pefant hart.

Sophos. Nay, let me do it, thats my part.

Churms. You wrong me much to rob me of my loue.

Sophos. Auant, base braggard: *Lelias* mine.

Churms. She lately promis'd loue to me.

Fortunatus. Peace, Night-Rauen, peace, Ile ende this con-
trouerfie.

Come *Lelia*, stand betweene them both,
As equall Iudge to ende this strife:
Say which of these shal haue thee to his wife:

I can deuise no better way then this,
Now choose thy loue: and greete him with a kisse,

Lelia. My choice is made: and here it is. [*She kisses Sophos.*]

Sophos. See here the mirrour of true constancie:
Whose stedfast loue deserues a Princes worth.

Lelia. Master *Churms* are you not well?
I must confesse I would haue chosen you,
But that I nere beheld your legs till now:

Trust me I neuer lookt so low before,
Churms. I know you vse to looke aloft.

Lelia. Yet not so high as your crowne.

Churms. What if you had?

Lelia. Faith I should ha spied but a Calues head.

Churms. Sounds, cosend of the wench and scoft at too?
Tis intolerable: and shal I loofe her thus?
Howt mads me, that I brought not my sworde and buckler
with me!

Fort. What, are you in your sword & buckler tearms?
Ile put you out of that humor:

There *Lelia* sends you that by me, [*Beates him.*]

And that, to recompence your loues desire:
And that, as payment for your wel earn'd hire.

Go get thee gon, and bcast of *Lelias* loue.
Churms. Where ere I goe Ile leaue with her my curse,
And raile on you with speeches vilde.

Fortunatus. A craftie knaue was neuer so beguil'd.
 Now *Sophos* hopes haue had their luckie haps,
 And he enioyes the presence of his loue,
 My vow's perform'd, and I am full reueng'd
 Vpon this Hell-bred brace of curs'd Inps:
 Now rests nought but my fathers free consent
 To knit the knot that time can nere vntwist.
 And that, as this, I likewise wil performe,
 No sooner shal *Auroraes* pearled dew,
 Orespread the mantled earth with siluer drops
 And *Phœbus* blesse the Orient with a blush,
 To chase blacke night to her deformed Cell,
 But Ile reaire vnto my fathers house,
 And neuer cease with my inticing words,
 To worke his wil to knit this Gordian knor,
 Till when Ile leaue you to your amorous chatte,
 Deare friend adieu, faire sister too farewel,
 Betake your selues vnto some secret place:
 Vntil you heare from me how things fall out.

Exit Fortunatus.

Sophos. We both do wish a fortunate goodnight:

Lelia. And pray the Gods to guide thy steps aright.

Sophos. Now come faire *Lelia*, lets betake our selues
 Vnto a little Hermitage hereby:
 And there to liue obscured from the world
 Till fates and Fortune call vsthence away,
 To see the sunshine of our Nuptiall day.
 See how the twinkling Starres do hide their borrowed shine
 As halfe asham'd their luster so is stain'd,
 By *Lelias* beautilous eyes that shine more bright,
 Then twinkling Starres do in a winters night:
 In such a night did *Paris* win his loue.

Lelia. In such a night, *Aeneas* prou'd vnkind.

Sophos. In such a night did *Troilus* court his deare.

Lelia. In such a night, faire *Phyllis* was betrayd,

Sophos. Ile prone as true as euer *Troilus* was.

Lelia. And I as constant as *Penelope*.

Sophos

Sopho. Then let vs solace, and in lones delight,
And sweet imbracings spend the lue-long night.
And whilst loue mounts her on her wanton wings,
Let Descant run on Musicks siluer strings.

Exeunt.

A SONGE.

1

Olde Tithon must forsake his deare,
The Larke doth chaunte her chearefull lay:
Aurora smiles with merry cheere,
To welcome in a happy day.

2

The beasts do skippe,
The sweete birds sing:
The wood Nymphs dance,
The Echoes ring.

3

The hollow canes with ioy resounds:
And pleasure every where abounds:
The Graces linking hand in hand,
In loue haue knit a glorious band.

*Enter Robin Goodfellow, olde Ploddall, and
his sonne Peter.*

Ploddall. Heare you Master *Goodfellow*: how haue you
sped?

Peter. Ha you plaid the Diuel brauely, and scard the
scholler outons wits?

Robin. A pox of the Scholler.

Ploddall. Nay harke you: I sent you vortie shillings, and
you shal haue the cheefe I promisd you too.

I 2

Robin

Robin. A plague of the vortie shillings, and the Cheefe too.

Peter. Heare you, wil you giue me the powder you told me of?

Robin. How you vex me! powder quotha? Sounds I ha been powderd.

Ploddall. Son, I doubt thee wil proue a craftie knaue, and cofen vs of our money:

Weele go to Master Iustice and complaine on him, and get him whipt out oth Countrie for a Connicatcher.

Peter. I, or haue his eares naild to the Pillorie:

Comes lets goe.

Exeunt Ploddall and his sonne.

Enter Churms.

Churms. Fellow *Robin*, what newes? howe goes the world?

Robin. Faith, the world goes I cannot tell how: How speed you with your wench?

Churms. I would the wench were at the Diuel: A plague vpon I neuer say my prayers, and that makes me haue such ill lucke.

Robin. I think the scholler be haunted with some Demi-diuel.

Churms. Why, didst thou fray him?

Robin. Fray him? a vengeance ont, all our shifting knauerie's knowne:

We are counted very vagrants:

Sounds, I am afraid of euerie officer, for whipping.

Churms. We are horribly haunted: our behaiour is so beastly, that we are growen loathsome, our craft gets vs nought but knocks.

Robin. What course shal we take now?

Churms. Faith I cannot tell: lets eene run our Countrie, for heres no staying for vs.

Robin. Faith agreed: lets go into some place where wee are not knowne, and there set vp the art of knauerie with the second edition.

Exeunt.

Enter.

Enter Gripe, Solus.

Gripe. Every one tels me I looke better then I was wont,
My hearts lightened, my spirits are reuiued,
Why me thinkes I am eene young againe;
It ioyes my heart that this same pecuish girle my daughter
will be rul'd at the last yet:

But I shall neuer be able to make *M. Churmes* amend's for
the great paines he has taken, *Enter Nurse.*

Nur. Master, now out vpon, welladay: we are al vndone!

Gripe. Vndone? what sodaine accident hath chanc't?

Speake whats the matter?

Nurse. Alas that euer I was borne!

My Mistresse and *Mr. Churms* are run away together.

Gripe. Tis not possible: nere tell me. I dare trust *Master Churms* with a greater matter then that.

Nurse. Faith you must trust him whether you will or no,
for hees gone. *Enter Will. Cricket.*

Will. *M. Gripe*, I was comming to desire that I might
haue your absence at my wedding: for I heare say you are
very liberall growen alate.

For I spake with three or foure of your debtors this mor-
ning,

that ought you hundred pounds a piece:

And they tolde me, that you sent *M. Churms* to them and
tooke of some ten pounds,

And of some twentie, and deliuered them their bondes,
And bad them pay the rest when they were able.

Gripe. I am vndon: I am robd: my daughter, my mony!
Which way are they gone?

Will. Faith Sir, its all to nothing but your daughter and
M. Churms are gone both one way:

Marric your mony flies some one waies and some another:
And therefore tis but a folly to make hue and crie after it.

Gripe. Follow them: make hue and cry after them.

My daughter, my mony, alls gone, what shall I doe?

Will. Faith if you will be rul'd by me,

let tell you what you shall doe:

Now Sir to tell you the truth,
 The foole ye know has fortune to land:
 But *M. Lelias* mouth doth not hang for that kind of dyet.

Fort. And how then?

Will. Marrie then there was a certaine craking, cogging, pettisogging, buttermilke slaue Sir, one *Clourms* Sir, that is the very quintessence of all the knaues in the bunch; And if the best man of all his kin had been but so good as a yeoman mans sonne:

He should haue been a markt knaue by letters patents, And hee Sir comes me sneaking, and cosens them both of their wench, and is run away with hir: And Sir belike hee has cosend your father heere of a great deale of his mony too.

Nurse. Sir your father did trust him but too much; But I alwaies thought he would prooue a crafty knaue.

Gripe. My trusts betrai'd, my ioyes exil'd:
 Griefe kills his heart, my hopes beguil'd,

Fort. Where golden gaine doth bleare a fathers eyes,
 That pretious pearle fetcht from *Pernassus* mount,
 Is counted refuse, worse then *Bullen* brailles,
 Both ioyes and hope hang of a silly twine,
 That still is subiect vnto fitting time:
 That tournes ioy into griefe, and hope to sad despaire,
 And ends his dayes in wretched worldly care.
 Were I the richest Monarch vnder heauen,
 And had one daughter thrice as faire,
 As was the Grecian *Menelans* wife,
 Ere I would match hir to an vntaught swaine,
 Though one whose wealth exceeded *Craesus* store,
 Hir selfe should choote, and I applaud hir choise,
 Of one more poore then euer *Sophos* was,
 Were his deserts but equall vnto his.
 If I might speake without offence;
 You were to blame to hinder *Lelias* choice.
 As she in Natures graces doth excell:
 So doth *Minerua* grace him full as well.

Nurse

Nurse. Now, by cocke and pie, you neuer spoke a truer word in your life, hees a very kind gentleman:

For last time he was at our house he gaue me three pence.

Will. O nobly spoken: God send *Pegge* to prooue as wife a woman as hir Mother, and then we shall be sure to haue wise children.

Nay if he be so liberall: olde *Gransire* you shall giue him the good-will of your daughter.

Gripe. She is not mine: I haue no daughter now. That I should say I had, thence comes my grieft:

My care of *Lelia*, past a fathers loue,

My loue of *Lelia* makes my losse the more.

My losse of *Lelia* drowns my heart in woe:

My hearts woe makes this life a liuing death:

Care, Loue, Losse, Hearts-woe, liuing death,

Ioyned all in one, to stop this vitall breath.

Curst be the time I gap't for golden gaine,

I curse the time, I crost hir in hir choice.

Hir choyce was virtuous, but my wil was base,

I sought to grace hir from the *Indian Mines*,

But she sought honour from the starrie Mount:

What franticke fit possest my foolish braine?

What furious fancie fired so my heart,

To hate faire *Virtue* and to scorne desert?

Fortunatus. Then father giue desert his due,

Let *Natures* graces and faire virtues giftes,

One sympathie and happy consort make,

Twixt *Sophos* and my sister *Lelias* loue:

Conioyne their hands, whose hearts haue long bene one,

And so conclude a happy vnion.

Gripe. Now tis too late:

What *Fates* decree, can neuer be recall'd:

Hir lucklesse loue is fall'n to *Churros* his lot,

And he vsurps faire *Lelias* nuptiall bed.

Fortunatus. That cannot be: feare of pursuit must needs prolong his nuptiall rights.

But if you giue your full consent,

That

That *Sopho* may enjoy his long wisht loue,
 And haue faire *Lelia* to his lovely bride,
 Ile follow *Churmes* what ere betide.
 Ile be as swifte as is the light foote Roe,
 And ouertake him ere his iournies end:
 And bring faire *Lelia* backe vnto my friend.

Gripe. I heers my hand: I do consent,
 And thinke hir happie in hir happie choice,
 Yet halfe foreiudge my hopes will be deceiu'd.
 But *Fortunatus*: I must needs commend,
 Thy constant mind thou bear'st vnto thy friend.
 The after ages wondring at he same:
 Shall saie'ts a deede deseruing lasting fame.

Fort. Then rest you here til I returne againe,
 Ile go to *Sopho* ere I goe along:
 And bring him here to keepe you company.
 Perhaps he hath some skill in hidden arts,
 Of Planets course, or secret magicke spells,
 To know where *Lelia* and that Foxe lies hid,
 Whose craft so cunningly conuaid hur hence, *Exit Fostu*.

Gripe. I: here Ile rest an houre or twaine,
 Till *Fortunatus* doe returne againe,
Will. Faith Sir, this same *Churms* is a very scuruy Lawyer:
 For once I put a case to him: and me thought his law was
 not worth a pudding.

Gripe. Why what was your case?

Will. Marry Sir, my case was a gooses case:
 For my dog wirried my neighbours sow, and the sow died,

Nurse. And hee sued you vpon wilfull murther?

Will. No: but he went to law with me, and would make
 me either pay for his sow, or hang my dogge:

Now Sir to this same Retourner I went.

Nurse. To beg a pardon for your dogge?

Will. No: but to haue some of his wit for my mony,
 I gaue him his fee, and promised him a goose beside, for his
 counsaile.

Now Sir his counsaile was to denie all was askt me,

K

And

And to craue a longer time to answer,
 Though I knew the case was plaine,
 So Sir I take his counsaile: and alwaies when he sends to me
 for his goose, I denie it, and craue a longer time to answer
Nurse. And so the case was yours, & the good goose was his &
 And so it came to be a gooses case.

Will. True: but now we are talking of geese,
 See where Pegge and my Granam Midnight comes.

Enter M. Midnight and Pegge.

Morb. M. Come Pegge, be sure your stumps: make thy
 selfe smugge, wench thou must be married to-morrow:
 Lets goe seeke out thy sweete heart,
 To prepare all things in readinesse.

Pegge. Why Granam, looke where he is.

Will. Ha my sweet Tralilly, I thought thou couldst find
 me amongst a hundred honest men,
 A man may see that loue will creepe where it cannot goe.
 Ha my sweet and too sweet: shall I say the tother sweet?

Pegge. I, say it and spare not.

Will. Nay I will not say it, I will sing it.

Thou art mine owne sweete heart,

From thee Ile neuer depart

Thou art my Ciperillie:

And I thy Tring did owne dilly,

And sing hey ding a ding ding:

And do the tother thing,

And when tis done not misse,

To giue my wench a kisse

And then dance canst thou nochtie?

Hobraue *William Cricket!*

How like you this Granam?

Mother M. Marrie Gods benison light on thy good
 hart, fort:

Ha, that I were young againe!

Yfaith I was an olde doer at these loue songs when I was a
 girl.

Nurse. Now by the Marry mattens, Pegge thou hast got
 the

the merriest woer in all Womanshire.

Pege. Faith, I am none of those that loue nothing but
Turn dum diddle,
If he had not bene a merrie shaver, I would neuer haue had
him.

Will. But come my wimble lasse, let al these matters passe:
And in a bouncing brauation, lets talke of our copulation:
What good cheere shal we haue to morrow?

Old Grandfir Thickskin, you that sit there, as melancholy
as a mantletree, what will you giue vs towards this merrie
meeting?

Gripe. Marry, because you told me a merrie gooses case:
Ile bestow a fat goose on ye: and God giue you luck.

Mother M. Marry wel said old master: eene God giue
them ioy indeed, for by my vāy, they are a good sweete
yong couple.

Will. Granam stand out oth way, for *Enter Fortuna.*
here come gentlefolke wil run ore ye else. *∟ Soph. & Lelia.*

Nurse. Master, here comes your sonne againe.

Gripe. Is *Fortunatus* there?

Welcome *Fortunatus* just wheres *Sophos*?

Fortunatus. Here *Sophos* is, as much ore-worne with loue,

As you with grieffe for losse of *Lelia*.

Sophos. And ten times more if it be possible.

The loue of *Lelia* is to me more deare,

Then is a kingdome or the richest crowne

That ere adorns the temples of a king.

Gripe. Then welcome *Sophos*: thrice more welcome now

Then any man on earth to me or mine.

It is not now with me as late it was;

I lowrd at learning, and at vertue spurnd:

But now my heart and mind and all is tournd.

Were *Lelia* here, I soone would knit the knot

Twixt her and thee, that time could nere vntie,

Till fatall sisters victorie had wonne,

And that your glasse of life were quite outrun.

Will. Sounds, I thinke he be spur-blind. Why, *Lelia* stands

hard by him.

Lelia. And *Lelia* here falls prostrate on her knee,
And craues a pardon for her late offence.

Gripe. What *Lelia*, my daughter? stand vp wench:

Why now my ioy is full;

My heart is lightned of all sad annoy:

Now farewell grieffe, and welcome home my ioy.

Here *Sophos*, take thy *Lelias* hand:

Great God of heauen your hearts combine

In virtues lore to raise a happie line.

Sophos. Now *Phaeton* hath checkt his fierie steeds,

And quencht his burning beames that late were wont

To melt my waxen wings when as I soard aloft:

And louely *Venus* smiles with faire aspect

Vpon the Spring time of our sacred losses.

Thou great commander of the circled Orbs,

Grant, that this league of lasting amitie

May lye recorded by Eternitie.

Lelia. Then wisht content knit vp our Naptiall right:

And future ioyes our former griefes requite.

Will. Nay an you be good at that, He tel you what weele
doe.

Pegge and I must be married to morrow; and if you will,
weele goe all tuth Church together: and so saue Sir *John* a
labour.

All. Agreed.

Fortunatus. Then march along, and lets be gon,
To solemnize two marriages in one. *Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.





THE EPILOGVE.

Gentles, all compass in this circled rounde,
Whose kind aspects do patronize our sports &
To you I bend as low as to the earth,
In all the humble complements of curtesie.
But if there be, (as tis no doubt there is)
In all this round some Cinique censurers,
Whose onely skill consists in finding faults,
That haue like Midas mightie Asses eares,
Quicke iudgements that will strike at euerie stale,
And perhaps such as can make a large discourse
Out of Scoggins iests, or the hundred merrie tales:
Marrie if you go any further, tis beyond their readings,
To these I say, I scorn to lend a looke,
And bid them vanish vapours, and so let them passe.
But to the other sort, that heare with loue, and iudge with fauour,
To them we leaue, to censure of our play:
And if they like our playes Catastrophe,
Then let them grace it with a Plaudite. Exit.

FINIS.



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