

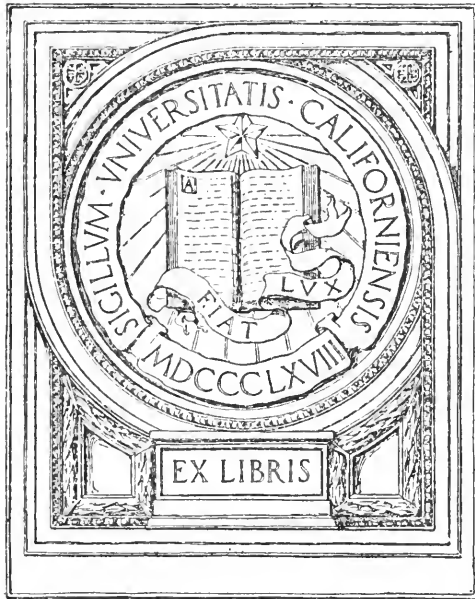
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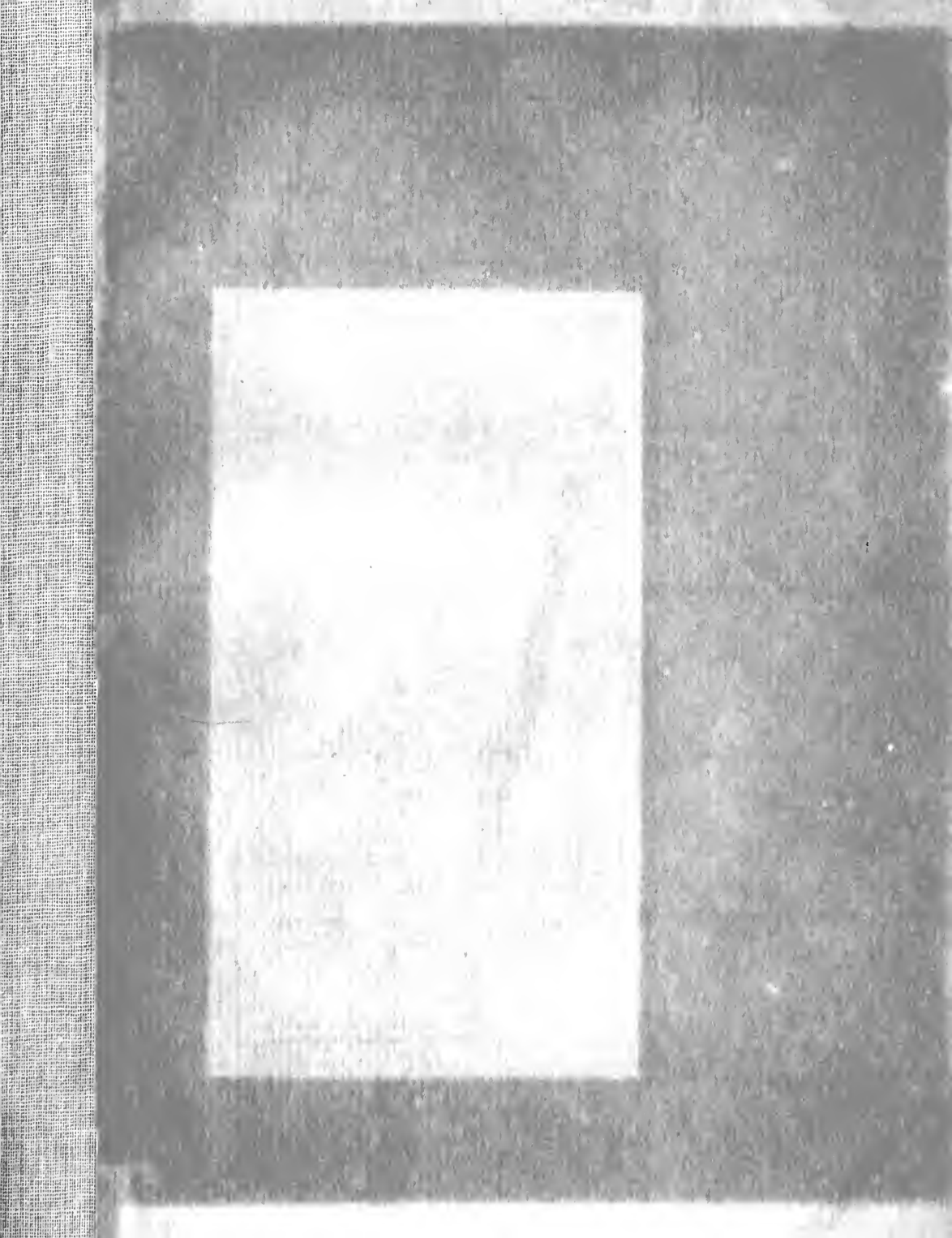
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WILY BEGUILLED

1606

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS

1912

This reprint of *Wily Beguiled* has been prepared
under the direction of the General Editor.

Feb. 1913.

W. W. Greg.

The Register of the Stationers' Company affords the following entry :

12 November./[1606]

Entered for his Copie vnder thandes of master Hartwell and Clement knighte. bothe the wardens A booke called Wylie beguilde. &c . vj^d/ [Arber's Transcript, III. 333.]

In pursuance of this entry an edition of the play appeared in quarto dated the same year. It was printed for Clement Knight by Humphry Lownes and bore his initials and device. Two further editions were printed for the same stationer, one by Thomas Purfoot in 1623, the other by W. W., i.e. William White, at an unknown date. On 12 Oct. 1629 Clement Knight transferred his interest in the play to Thomas Knight (Arber, IV. 220), for whom Elizabeth Alde printed an edition in 1630, while another printed anonymously for him in 1635 was to be sold by Edward Blackmore and Francis Coules. On 8 Mar. 1635/6 Thomas Knight in his turn transferred his interest to Thomas Alchorn (Arber, IV. 357), and in 1638 the latter had a final edition printed for him by I. B., i.e. John Beale. Of the edition of 1606 there are copies in the Bodleian Library, the Dyce collection, and that of the Duke of Devonshire. Copies of all the other editions are preserved in the British Museum. Of that printed by W. White only the one copy is now known. In this the date, which apparently was given, has been torn away. White is not known as a printer after about 1617, and internal evidence

also shows his edition to be earlier than Purfoot's, that is than 1623. Doubt might even exist as to the priority of the edition of 1606 were it not that the device upon the undated title-page is known to be pretty certainly not earlier than 1611. The first of the early bibliographers to give a date to *Wily Beguiled* was Chetwood, who gave 1613. It is just possible that this may have been taken from a copy of White's edition, though it is much more likely to have been a mere guess.

The edition of 1606 is a quarto printed in the usual roman type approximating in size to modern pica (20 ll. 83 mm.). All three copies mentioned above want the last leaf which was presumably blank, while that in the Bodleian also has H 4 and I 1 mutilated. The Bodleian and Dyce copies have been collated throughout for the present reprint, while that at Chatsworth has also been consulted. Certain variants have been discovered which show that in sheet H the Dyce copy has an uncorrected outer forme (the error in l. 2092 arising through the unlocking of the type in order to correct that in l. 2093), while in sheet I the Bodleian copy has an uncorrected outer forme, and the Dyce copy an uncorrected inner forme. In all these cases the Duke of Devonshire's copy agrees with that in the Dyce collection.

That the play is appreciably older than the first edition is generally admitted. Echoes of various plays found in the present piece confirm the

evidence of an allusion to the expedition to Cadiz (l. 68) in suggesting a date not long after 1596. The Latin *Lælia* was acted at Cambridge in 1595. Obvious imitations of the *Merchant of Venice* appear (ll. 2173 &c., 2271, 2278), and it is also possible to see allusions to *Romeo and Juliet* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, while clear parallels to the *Spanish Tragedy* have also been pointed out. The Prologue is addressed by the Juggler as 'humorous George', a fact that has suggested the ascription of the play to George Peele. For any such attribution, however, as well as for the proposed satyric interpretation of the piece, the evidence is too vague and confused to be considered here. Nevertheless the suggestion may be hazarded that the play was in its origin at least a Cambridge piece of the circle of Parnassus.

LIST OF DOUBTFUL READINGS, &C.

N.B.—The following is primarily a list of those passages in which the reading of the original is open to question, and of those in which different copies of the original have been found to vary. It also includes a number of readings which are evident typographical blunders of the original, this being necessary as a defence of the accuracy of the reprint. It makes, however, no pretence of supplying a complete list of errors and corruptions, still less of offering any criticism or emendation. For the sake of greater clearness the readings are quoted in a slightly different manner from that adopted in the earlier Malone reprints. The mere repetition of a reading out of the text is equivalent to 'sic'.

<p>Prol. 21-2 me- choly 28 him; lle Text 30 write, to 31 come 32 Lawer 89 sameword 94 <i>Old man.</i>]possibly<i>Oldman.</i> 182 tralucunt 252 waues 291 Sophos, 298 fortnight 392 trow: 431 c.w. An 533 Loue, 594 <i>speaker's name,</i> Pegge, <i>omitted</i> 596 ha s 605 you 699 lam 701 be haue 760 <i>Sophos,</i> 771 <i>Churmes</i> 839 m y 854 w e 88c-1 neuer, knew 901 <i>Lilea.</i></p>	<p>1014-5 daugh ter, 1159 <i>unguem,</i> 1196 awitnesse, 1243 M. <i>Lelia,</i> 1255 An d 1347 <i>not indented</i> 1358 vnload 1417 may denhead, 1471 man fee 1593 <i>speaker's name, Will, omit-</i> <i>ted</i> 1644 heard 1675 weele 1709 <i>Nurfe,</i> 1828 giue our (<i>read giue us or</i> <i>be our?)</i> 1848 till 1867 <i>Gripe,</i> 1877 have 1882 <i>Churmes.</i> 2009 thing; 2024 boatewrites fou] <i>possibly</i> <i>boatewritesfou</i> 2027 likewlse 2092 harmlesse] <i>so Dyce, Devon.:</i> <i>harmle sse Bodl.</i></p>
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<p>2093 repofe,] <i>so Bodl.</i>: reprofē, Dyce, Devon.</p> <p>2126 <i>Chnrms.</i></p> <p>2159 y our</p> <p>2182 <i>stage direction belongs after</i> l. 2198</p> <p>2238 <i>Robin.</i></p> <p>2251 taken,</p> <p>2260 Will.] <i>so Dyce, Devon.</i>: Will <i>Bodl.</i></p> <p>2280 c.w. (Marke] <i>so Dyce, De-</i> <i>von.</i>: Marke <i>Bodl.</i></p> <p>2320 M. <i>Lelias</i></p>	<p>2335 this] <i>so Bodl.</i>: his Dyce, Devon.</p> <p>beguil'd,</p> <p>2336 Where] <i>so Bodl.</i>: Whtere Dyce, Devon.</p> <p>2402 bear'stvnto</p> <p>2404 fait's] <i>i.e. say it is</i></p> <p>2460 oth thy</p> <p>2502 beſpur-blind.</p> <p>2504 knee.</p> <p>Page 3, sig. A 3, <i>page number</i> <i>omitted</i></p> <p>16, sig. C 1^r, r.t. <i>WILT</i></p>
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A list of characters, not in order of entrance, is given in the original at the head of the prologue. The Nurse is Mother Midnight's daughter, the Old Man is a tenant of Ploddall and father of Will Cricket. The characters in the prologue are: Prologue, a Player, and a Juggler.

The title-pages of the first four editions are here reproduced in facsimile. Those of the fifth and sixth are as follows :

A | Pleafant Comedic, | Called | *WILY BEGVILDE.* | The
chiefe Actors are thefe : |

A } *Poore Scholler.*
 } *Rich foole,*
 } and a
 } *Knave at a sbift.*

|| [lace ornament] || LONDON, | Printed for THOMAS KNIGHT,
and are to bee | fold by EDWARD BLACKMORE, | and FRANCIS
COULES. | 1635.

A | Pleafant Comedic, | Called | *WILY BEGVILDE.* | The
chiefe Actors are thefe : |

A } *Poore Scholler.*
 } *Rich foole,*
 } and a
 } *Knave at a sbift.*

|| [ornament] || LONDON. | Printed by I. B. for THO. ALCHORN,
M. DC. XXXVIII.

A
PLEASANT
COMEDIE,

Called
WILY BEGVILDE.

The Chiefe Actors be these:

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



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

1606.



<i>Gripe</i> : an Usurer.	<i>Peter Ploddall</i> : <i>Plodd-</i> <i>dals</i> sonne.
<i>Ploddall</i> : a Farmer.	<i>Perge</i> : Nurses daughter.
<i>Sophos</i> : a Scholler.	<i>Wil Cricket</i> .
<i>Charms</i> : a Lawyer.	Mother Midnight.
<i>Robin</i> goodfellow.	An old man.
<i>Fortunatus</i> : <i>Gripes</i> Son.	<i>Sylvanus</i> .
<i>Lelia</i> : <i>Gripes</i> daughter.	Clarke.
Nurse.	



SPECTRUM.

THE PROLOGVE.

VVHat hoe, where are these paltrie Plaiers? stil poa-
ring in their papers and neuer perfect? for shame
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-mawfries and
cotten-candle eloquence? out you bawling bandogge fox-
furd slave: you dried stockefish you, out of my fight. [*Exit*
the Player.]

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

A 2

Spectrum



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 followes 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 ioy, & 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 remembred, heer's my neighbour *Ploddell* 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

A
Pleasant Comedie,
Called,
WILY BEGVILDE.

The chiefe Actors be these.

Armed
with
musketts

{
Poore Scholler.
Rich Foole.
and
Knaue at a shift.
}



Imprinted in London by W. W. for Clement
Knight, and are to be sold at his shoppe in
Paules Church-yard, at the signe
of the holy Lamb



A
Pleasant Comedie,

Called
WILY BEGUILDE.

The chiefe actors are these,

{ *Poore Scholler.*
Rich foole.
and
Knaue at a shifr. }



Printed at London by *Tho: Purfoot*, for
Clement Knight, and are to be sold at his
shop in *Paules Church-yard*, at the
signe of the *Holy Lambe*. 1623.

(* *)

A
Pleasant Comedie,

Called
WILY BEGVILDE.

The chiefe Actors are these:

Poore Scholler.
Rich foole,
and a
Knaue at a shift.



LONDON,
Printed by ELIZABETH ALLDE, for THOMAS
KNIGHT, and are to be sold at his shop in *Pauls*
Church-yard, at the signe of the
Holy Lambe. 1630.

A
PLEASANT
COMEDIE,
Called
WILY BEGVILDE.

The Chiefe Actors be these:
A poore Scholler, a rich Foole, and a
Knaue at a shifte.



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

1606.



Gripe: an Vfurur.

Ploddall: a Farmer.

Sophos: a Scholler.

Churns: a Lawyer.

Robin goodfellow.

Fortunatus: *Gripes* Son.

Lelia: *Gripes* daughter.

Nurfe.

Peter Ploddall: *Plod-*
dals sonne.

Pegge: Nurfes daughter.

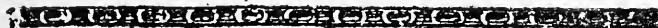
Wil Cricket.

Mother Midnight.

An old man.

Syluanus.

Clarke.



S P E C T R U M.

THE PROLOGVE.

Prol.

WHat hoe, where are these paltrie Plaiers? stil poaring in their papers and neuer perfect? for shame 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.

Prol. What, *Spectrum* once again? Why noble *Cerberus*,¹⁰ nothing but patch-pannell stufte, olde gally-mawfreies and cotten-candle eloquence? out you bawling bandogge foxfurd slawe: you dried stockefish you, out of my fight. [*Exit the Player.*]

Well tis no matter: Ile fet mee downe and fee't, and for fault of a better, Ile supply the place of a scuruy 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.

2c

Enter a Juggler.

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

Will you see any trickes of *Leigerdemaine*, slight of hand, cleanly conuayance, or *deceptio visus*? what will you see Gentleman to driue you out of these dumps?

Prol. Out you soust gurnet, you Woolfist, 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; Ile make him do penance vpon a stage in a Calues skin. 30

Juggler. O Lord fir 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.

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

Ile make him fly swifter then meditation.

Ile shew you as many toies as there be minutes in a moneth, and as many trickes as there be motes in the funne.

Prol. Prithee what trickes canst thou doe? 40

Juggler. Marry fir I wil shew you a trick of cleanly conueiance.

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

{ *Spectrum* is conueied 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, 50

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 fay,
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.

60

Exit.





WILY BEGVILDE.

Enter Gripe, solus.

Sc. i



Heauy 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 fend 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 10 but two children in al the world to bestow my goods vpon, *Fortunatus* my son & *Lelia* my daughter. For my son, he followes 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 ioy, & the staff 20 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 *Ploddall* hard by, has but one only sonne, and (let me see) I take it, his Lands are better than fiue thousand pounds; now if I can make a match betweene his sonne and my daughter, and so
ioine

ioine his Land and my mony together, O twil be a blessed vnion. Well Ile in, and get a Scriuener, Ile write, to him 30 about it presently: But stay heere come M. *Churmes* 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 suit?

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

Gripe. Nay Ile haue all, or Ile imprifon their bodies: But 40 M. *Churms* ther is a matter I would faine haue you do, but you must be very secret.

Churms. O fir 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 betweene 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. 50

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 fir, 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.* 60

Churms. Thankes good fir Ile trouble you.

Now twere a good iest if I could cofen 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 fure I haue been as farre as *Cales* to fetch that I haue.

I haue beene at *Cambridge* a Scholler, at *Cales* a Souldier, and now in the Country a Lawyer, and the next degree shal be a Connicatcher: 70

For Ile goe neere to cofen 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 toffe *Lelia* like a tennis ball.

Exit.

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

Ploddall. Ah Tenant, an ill husband (barlady): thrife at 81
thy house and neuer at home?

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

I must discharge you else.

Old man. Alas Landlord, will you vndoe me? I fit of a great rent alreadie, and am very poore.

Will. Cr. Very poore? yare a very Affe. Lord how my stomach wambles at that fameword (very poore)! Father, if you loue your sonne *William*, neuer name that fame word 90
very poore:

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

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

Will. Marrie to prittie *Peg*, mistresse *Lelias* nurfes daughter.

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

For shee will so heele it, and toe it, and trip it, 100
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 filuer top, neuer talke of charging or difcharging.

For I tell you I am my fathers heire: and if you difcharge me, Ile difcharge my pestilence at you. For to let my house before my lease be out, is cut-throatery: and to scrape for 110 more rent is polepennery.

And so fare you well good Grandfire Vfurty: 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 croffe, income and Rent too. } *Enter Chr.*
But stay here comes one: O tis *M. Churms.* } with a Let.
I hope he brings me some good newes.

M. Churms yare well met, I am een almost staru'd for money.

120

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

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

But Ile mooue them with a *Habeas corpus.*

Ploddall. Doe, good *M. Churmes*, or vse any other villenous 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 130 with my reputatiō, to be a carrier of Letters, yet not knowing 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 looke to liue,
I cry content, and murder where I kisse,

Gripe

Gripe takes me for his faithfull friend,
 Imparts to me the secrets of his heart ; 140
 And *Ploddall* thinkes I am as true a friend,
 To euery 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 auaille,
 Ile ha the wench my selfe, or else my wits shall faile. *Exit.*

Enter Lelia and Nurse gathering of Flowers.

Sc. iii

Lelia. See how the earth (this fragrant spring) is clad,
 And mantled round in sweete Nymph *Floraes* robes.
 Here growes th' alluring Rose, 150
 Sweet Marigolds, and the louely 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 primrose time.

Nurse. Rustie, rustie, are you so frolicke ?
 O that you knew as much as I doe, twould coole you.

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

Nurse. Heauy newes yfaith mistresse,
 You must be matcht & married to a husband ; ha, ha, ha, ha, 160
 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, twould be as good as meate
 and drinke to me, to see how the foole woulde wooe you.

Lelia. No, no, my Father did but iest : thinkest thou that
 I can stoope so lowe to take a browne bread cruft, and wed 170
 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 *Sophos* 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.

180

Sophos. *Optatis non est spes vlla potiri:*
 Yet *Phæbus* send downe thy tralucent 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 wish 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:

190

200

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* beauctious Queene,
 Not halfe so ioyfull was when as the *Troian* Prince,
Enæas, landed on the sandie shores

210

Of

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 wife.

Lelia. Foule Fortune sometime smiles on vertue faire. 220

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: 230
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 pro-
mise in my life, but I sticke to it tooth and naile: Ile pay it
home yfaith.

If I promise my 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, 240

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 yeeld the fortresse vp:
Here *Sophos* take thy *Lelias* hand,
And with this hand receiue a loyall hart.

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

250

Sophos. As ioyes 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 hauen,
Although from farre, his heart doth dance for ioy:
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 counterpoyse his worth;
But *Lelia* scorns proud *Mammon's* golden mines,
And better likes of learnings sacred lore,
Then of fond Fortunes glittering mockeries:
But *Sophos* trie thy wits, and vse thy vtmost skill
To please my father, and compasse his good will. (tent,

260

Sophos. To what faire *Lelia* wills, doth *Sophos* yeeld con-
Yet thats the troublous gulfe my filly 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 witnesse of my thoughts.

270

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 ieaious 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.*

280

Sophos. Farewell my loue, faire fortune be thy guide.
Now *Sophos*, now bethinke thy selfe (knot.
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 friend:
 Well, Ile trie my Fortunes;
 And finde out some conuenient time,
 When as her fathers leysure best shal ferue 290
 To conferre with him about faire *Lelias* loue. *Exit* Sophos,

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

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

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? 300

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. Cric. This good fellow quotha? I sorne that base,
 broking, brabbling, brauling, bastardly, bottlenof'd, beetle- 310
 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 wouldst 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 320
 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 cogfoyst in, in stead of a paire of stockes.

Gripe. Away foole, get thee in I say. 330

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 Master *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 somethings: for as the world goes now, if they haue nothing they may begge. 340

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

Gripe. Tush man, I care not for that, you ha no more children: 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. 350

*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 thē wine & giues
Boy, fill some wine. } them the napkin.

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

Both. We thanke you Sir.

Will.

Wil. Lawer wipe cleane: do you remember?

Churms. Remember, why?

Wil. Why since you know when.

360

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 stalking implements:

O you were plaguy frayd, and fowly raide.

Gripe. Prithee 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:

370

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 shall 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, thats 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, I trow:

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

ther at Pup noddie, in her Clofet.

Gripe. But I am fure 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
loue yfaith, for with a little Logicke & *pitome colloquium*
theile make a wench do any thing : 400
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 tourne, Ile 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, 410
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, Ile diſcharge *Sophos* from my houſe pre-
ſently. *Exeunt Gripe and Ploddall and Churms.* 420

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.

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

I ſweare by this button cap (do you marke)

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

Of this coſtly Codpeece, (being a good proper man as yee 430
ſee) that I could get her as ſoone as he, my ſelfe :

An

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 ont,
 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, Vse makes perfectnesse :
 Looke you now, suppose this were *Pegge*,
 Now I set my cap oth to sidge on this fashion (do ye see?)
 then say I, 44^o
 Sweet hony, bonny, fuger candie, *Pegge*,
 Whose face more faire, then Brocke my fathers Cow,
 Whose eyes do shine like 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: 45^o
 And that does make my stomacke so rife, that Ile be sworn,
 I can turne me three or foure bowles of porredge ouer in a
 morning afore breakefast.

Enter Robin-Goodfellow.

Robin Goodfellow. How now firra, 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. 46^o

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,
 Seest thou not Master *Churns* the Lawer 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? 470

Will. Marrie you Sir.

Robin. I, who am I?

Will. Faith Sir I know not.

Robin. If thou seest 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*.

480

Enter Churms.

Churms. Fellow *Robin*, God faue you, I haue beene seeking for you in euerie Ale-houfe, 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.) 490

Robin. A double fee? speake man, what ist? 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. 500
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, 510
 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 fayd Saw ;
Si nihil attuleris &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 Churls hu-
 mors, and make them belieue Ile perswade *Lelia* to marry 520
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 ;
 Ile tell him that *Lelia* has acquainted me with hir loue to
 him :

And for becaufe hir Father much suspects the same,
 He mewes hir vp as men do mew their hawkes,
 And so restraines hir from hir *Sophos* fight.
 Ile say, becaufe she doth repose more trust, 530
 Of secrecie in me, then in another man,
 In courtesie she hath requested me,
 To do hir kindest greetings to hir Loue,

Robin. An excellent deuise, yfaith.

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 compassse his desire ; 540

When God knowes I meane nothing lesse.

Qui diffimulare nescit, nescit vivere.

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

Churnes. 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 550
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 scholler in
disgrace with hir: I doe 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 fay hir brother *Fortunatus* loues him dearly.

Churnes. Tut hees out of the Countrey, 560
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. 570

Churnes. But how shall we prooue it?

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

Churnes. Now (by the substance of my foule) tis an ex-
cellent deuise.

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

Enter

Enter Mother Midnight, Nurfe and Pegge.

Sc. 7

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

580

Nurfe. 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 egs: sheele fell 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.

590

Ah tis a nastie shame to see hir bringing vp.

Nurfe. Out you Rogue, you arrant &c.

What know'ft 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 ha s a tongue.

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

Nurfe. 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.

Nurfe. Come on hufwife please you Granam, and bee a good wench, and you shall ha my blessing.

Mother M. Come follow vs good Wench.

Exeunt Moth. Mid. and Nurfe: *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. 620
 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 bominatiõ suit to be my sprus'd
 husband.

Will. Lord, that my heart would ferue me to speake to 630
 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 *Jones* buttockes of a close
 stoole, and come ouer hir with my rowling, rattling, rum-
 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 pleasant eyes, 640
 And loue without delay :
 And cast not with thy crabbed lookes
 A proper man awaie.

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- 650
 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 660
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 witnessers first.

Will. That needes not : heers good store of yong men & maides here. 670

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 worfe than nothing :

When thou art ready to sleepe, Ile be ready to snort : 680

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, 690
And at twylight, looke for me againe. *Exeunt.*

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

Sc. vi

Robin. Come hither my honest friend : *M. Churns* tolde
me you had a fuit 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, Iam going a woe-
ing to one *M. Lelia* a Gentlewoman here hard by, 700
Pray ye Sir tel me how I should be haue 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 seee, and thou shalt seee 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 710
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, 720

But thou must tell hir, thou hast a good stocke, some 100.

or 200. a yeare, & that will fet 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 : & 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. 730

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 liuing inough for a countrey 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 excell in cunning. 740

Peter. Well Sir, then Ile be bold to trust your cunning,
And so Ile bid you farewell and goe forward,
Ile too hir, thats flat.

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 750
of wine,

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

Enter Churmes and Sophos.

Sc. vii

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 the loues you dearely.

Sophos, The great Tartarian Emperour *Tamor Cham*, 760
Ioyd not so much in his imperiall Crowne,
As *Sophos* ioyes in *Lelias* hop't-for loue,
Whofe looks 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 higheft straine
To further *Sophos* in his wisht desires.

Sophos. Thanks gentle Sir. [Enter Gripe.]
But truce a while, here comes hir Father,
I must speake a word or two with him. [speakes to himselfe.] 770

Churns I heele giue you your anfwere (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 yea,
A Woman may say nay,
Shee is in choice to take hir choice: 780
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 wish 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, 790
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 Censu languet.

Exit Sophos. 800

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 eare.

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 peeuishest girle, that e- 810
uer I knew in my life, shee will not be rul'd I doubt.

Pray ye fir, do you indeuour to perswade her to take *Peter Ploddall*.

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

Exeunt.

Enter Lelia and Nurse.

Sc. viii

Lelia. What sorrow seifeth on my heauy heart ?

Consuming care possesseth euerie part :

Heart-sad *Erinnis* keeps his mansion Here,

Within the Clofure of my wofull breast ;

820

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 Cryftall teares,

When heauens aboue by some malignant course

Of fatall starres are authors of my griefe.

Fond Loue, go hide thy shafts in Follies den,

And let the world forget thy Childish force,

830

Or else flye, flye, pearce *Sophos* tender breast,
That he may helpe to fympathize 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 lauish of my loathed life: 840
Or gentle heauens would smile with faire aspect,
And so giue better fortunes to my loue.

Why, ist not a plague to be a prifoner 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 fend 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. 850

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 wifedome 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. 860

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

Nurse. No, but shees lustily promif'd:

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? 870

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

And he has sent me to you a wooing,
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 promised me.

Lelia. I haue heard much of your wealth : but I neuer, 880
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. 890

For as no musicke 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 answere,
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. 900

Lilia. Then you were best leaue of your suit till some other 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. 910
Let him kiſſe your hand.

Lelia. Ile 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 aloofe:
This greedie humor fits my fathers vaine,

Who gapes for nothing but for golden gaine. *Enter Chur.*

Nurſe. Miſtreſſe take heede you ſpeake nothing that
will beare action, for here comes Maſter *Churms* the Pet- 920
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 farre a-
funder. 930

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:

Theſe 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, 940
To ſpend your prime of youth, thus in obſcuritie,

And

And feeke to wed you to an Idiot foole
 That knowes not how to vse himfelfe :
 Could my deferts but anfwere my defires,
 I fweare by Sol faire *Phæbus* filuer eye,
 My heart would wifh no higher to afpire,
 Then to be grac't with *Lelias* loue.
 By Iefus, I cannot play the diffebler,
 And wooe my loue with courting ambages,
 Like one whofe loue hangs on his fmoother endes, 950
 But in a word, I tell the fumme of my defires,
 I loue faire *Lelia*.

By her my paffions daily are increaf'd,
 And I muft die, vnleffe by *Lelias* loue they be releaf'd.
Lelia. Why Mafter *Churms*, I had thought you had been
 my fathers great Counfellor in all thefe actions.

Churms. Nay, Damne me if I be :
 By heauens, fweet Nymph I am not.

Nurfe. Mafter *Churms*, you are one can doe much with
 her father: and if you loue her as you fay, perfwade him to 960
 vse her more kindly, and giue her libertie to take her choife,
 for thefe made mariages prooue not well.

Churms. I proteft I will.

Lelia. So *Lelia* fhall accept thee as her friend :
 Meane while, *Nurfe* lets in :
 My long abfence I know, will make my father mufe.

Exeunt Lelia and Nurfe.

Churms. So *Lelia* fhall accept thee as her friend ?
 Who can but ruminare vpon thefe words ?
 Would ſhe had faid, her loue : 970
 But tis no matter: firft creepe and then goe,
 Now her friend: the next degree is *Lelias* loue.
 Well, Ile perfwade her father to let her haue a little more li-
 bertie.
 But foft : Ile none of that neither,
 So the Scholler may chance cofen me.
 Perfwade him to keepe her in ftill :
 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, sheele be glad to run away with me at 980
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 Ploddall*.

But God forgiue me, twas the furthest end of my thought.

Tut, whats an othe? euerie man for himselfe.

Ile shift for one, I warrant ye.

Exit.

Enter Fortunatus, Solus.

Sc. ix

Fortu. Thus haue I past the beating billows of the sea, 991
By *Ithacs* rocks, and watry *Neptunes* bounds,
And waded 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 natiue foyle.
Now *Fortunatus* bend thy happie course,
Vnto thy fathers house, to greet thy dearest friends.
And if that still thy aged fire furuiue
Thy presence wil reuiue his drouping sprites, (bloud, 1000
And cause his withered cheekes bee sprent 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 *Churms*,
I would faine know how he speedes,
And what successe he has in *Lelias* loue :
Well, if he coufen the Scholler of her,
Twould make my worship laugh :
And if he haue her, hee may say god a mercy *Robin Good-* 1010
fellow.

O ware a good head as long as you liue.

Why, Master *Gripe* he casts beyond the moone,

And

And *Churns* 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 Ploddall*:

But Ile make a foole of *Peter Ploddall*,
Ile looke him ith face and picke his purse,
Whil't *Churns* cofen him of his wench,
And my old gandfir Holdfast of his daughter.
And if he can do so:

1020

Ile teach him a tricke to cofen 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 imbrace her in his armes.

But now, theres a fine deuife comes in my head,
To scare the Scholler:

1030

You shall see, Ile make fine sport with him.
They say, that euery day he keeps 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 Orifons;

Ile put me on my great carnation nose
And wrap me in a rowfing Calueskin suite,
And come like some Hob goblin or some diuell,
Ascended from the griesly pit of hell:

1040

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 coniuurer.

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 taunt thy dearest friends,
I, thine owne father with reproachful tearmes,

1050

Thy Sifter *Lelia*, shee 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* foules,
 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'iniurious wrong thats offred to my friend,
 Vpon the workers of this stratageme.

1060

*Exit.**Enter Pegge, Sola.*

Sc. x

Pegge. Yfaith, yfaith, I cannot tell what to doe,
 I loue, and I loue, and I cannot tell whoe, Out 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 kiffes hir.

Will. A bargain yfaith: ha my sweet honnie sops how
 dooft 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 fay?
what *Pegge* my wench?

Why where art thou trowe?

1090

Pegge. Here Granam, at your elbow.

Moth. M. What mak'ft 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 difgrace to my perfon: founds, foole not me, for I
cannot brooke fuch a colde rasher I can tell you: giue me
but fuch an other word, and Ile be thy tooth-drawer een of
thy butter tooth, thou toothleffe trot thou.

1100

Moth. M. Nay *William* pray ye be not angry, you
muft beare with olde folkes,

They be olde and teaftie, hot and haftie: fet not your wit
againft mine *William*,

For I thought you no harme by my troth.

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

But Granam fhall I be fo bolde to come to your houfe now
and then to keep *Pegge* company?

Moth. M. I, and befhrowe thy good heart and thou dooft not.

Come, and weele haue a piece of a barley bagpudding or
fomething,

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

Pegge. Granam: if you did but fee him dance twoulde
doe your heart good:

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

Moth. M. *William*, prithee goe home to my houfe
with

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

VWill. Come on Granam, Ile man you home yfaith :
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? 1130

Peter. By your leaue master *Gripe.*

Gripe. Welcome *Peter*, giue me thy hand: thart welcome;
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 feene 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; 1140

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 apparere & non* 1150
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 fame 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, 1160
 And hees one that I am very much beholding to:
 But here comes your daughter.

Enter Churms, Lelia and Nurfe. Sc. xi

Lelia. Father did you fend for me?

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

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

Nurfe. Sheele none shee thanks you Sir. 1170

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 Nurfe.* 1180

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

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

But Ile home, Ile fet hir a harder taske:

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, fend 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* follow vs. *Exeunt all, but Churmes.* 1190

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

This is beyond expectation:

Why now this geare begins to worke,

But befhrew my heart, I was afraide that *Lelia* would haue
 yeilded, whẽ I saw hir father take hir by the hand & cal me
 for

for awitneffe, my heart began to quake.

But to say the truth shee had little reason to take a Cullian,
lugloafe, milkesop slaue ;

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*
when alls 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 eene 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 Ile 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 ?

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

That

That will come afterward:
 And Ile be fure of fomething 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 thofe that are fcarfe able to pay,
 Take the one halfe and forgiue them the other, rather then
 fit out at all.

1240

Churmes. Tuff let me alone for that:
 But firra I haue brought the Scholler into a fooles Paradife:
 Why he has made me his spokeman to M. *Lelia*,
 And Gods my Iudge I nere fo much as name him to hir.

Robin. O bith Mas well remembred,
 Ile tell you what I meane to doe,
 Ile attire my felfe fit for the fame purpofe,
 Like to fome hellifh Hag or damned fiend,
 And meete with *Sophos* wandering in the woods,
 O I shall fray him terribly.

1250

Churmes. I would thou couldft fcarre him out of his wits:
 Then should I ha the wench cocke fure,
 I doubt no body but him.

Robin. Well, lets go drinke together;
 An d then Ile go put on my diuelifh robes,
 I meane my Christmas Calues skin fute,
 And then walke to the woodes,
 O Ile terrifie him I warrant ye.

Enter Sophos, folus.

Sc. xii

Sophos. Will heauens ftill fmile at *Sophos* miferies,
 And giue no end to my vnceffant mones?
 Thefe Ciprefse fhades are witneffe of my woes,
 The fenfeleffe trees do grieue at my laments,
 The leauie branches drop fweete *Myrrhas* teares,
 For loue did fcorne me in my mothers wombe,
 And fullen *Saturne* pregnant at my birth,
 With all the fatall ftarres conspir'd in one,
 To frame a hapleffe conftellation,

1261

Prefaging *Sophos* luckleffe destinie.
 Here, here, doth *Sophos* turne *Ixions* restleffe wheele, 1270
 And here lies wrapt in labyrinths of loue,
 Of his sweete *Lelias* loue whose sole *Idea* still
 Prolongs the hapleffe date of *Sophos* hopeleffe life :
 Ah, said I life ? a life farre worfe then death.
 Then death ? I then ten thousand deaths.
 I daily die, in that I liue loues thrall,
 They die thrife happie, that once die for all.
 Here will I stay my weary wandering steps,
 And lay me downe vpon this solid earth, *He lies downe.*
 The mother of despaire and balefull thoughts, 1280
 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 blood drop from my heart,
 And forceth watrie teares from these my weeping eyes,
 Me thinkes I heare the siluer sounding streames,
 With gentle murmur summon me to sleepe,
 Singing a sweete melodious lullabie :
 Here will I take a nap and drowne my hapleffe hopes,
 In the Ocean seas of Neuer like to speed. 1290
*He fals in a slumber and Mu-
 sicke soundes.*

Enter Syluanus.

Syluanus. Thus hath *Syluanus* left his leauie 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 hils and dales the sad laments
 Of virtues losse and *Sophos* mournfull plaints.
 Now *Morpheus*, rowse thee from thy sable den, 1300
 Charme all his senses with a slumbering trance,
 Whil'st old *Syluanus* fend a louely traine
 Of Satyrs, Driades, and watrie Nymphes,

Out

Out of their bowers to tune their filuer strings,
 And with sweete founding musicke sing,
 Some pleasing Madrigalles and Rowndelayes,
 To comfort *Sophos* in his deepe distresse. *Exit* Sylluanus.

Enter the Nymphes and Satyres singing.

THE SONGE.

1

1310

SAtyres sing, let sorrow keepe hir Cell,
 Let warbling *Ecchoes* ring,
 And founding musicke yell
 Through hils, through dales, sad grieffe and care to kill
 In him long since alas hath grieu'd his fill.

2

Sleepe no more, but wake and liue content,
 Thy grieffe the *Nymphes* deplore,
 The *Sylluan* gods lament
 To heare, to see thy mone, thy losse thy loue : 1320
 Thy plaints, to teares, the flinty rockes do mooue.

3

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

4

Loue intends, to free thee from annoy,
 His *Nymphes* *Sylluanus* sendes, 1330
 To bid thee liue 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

Sophos.

Sophos. What do I heare? what harmony is this?
 With filuer found that glutteth *Sophos* cares?
 And driues sad passions from his heauy heart,
 Prefaging some good future hap shall fall,
 After these blurtring blasts of discontent:
 Thanks gentle Nymphes and Satyres too adiew, 1340
 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? *He riseth.*
 Is it some Satyre that hath vew'd hir late,
 Ands growne inamour'd of hir gorgeouse hew?

Fortunatus. No Satyre *Sophos*; but thy ancient friend, 1350
 Whose dearest bloud doth rest at thy command.
 Hath sorow lately blear'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 Fortunata ter Fortunatè venis. 1360

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

Sophos. My mind sweet friend is like a mastlesse ship,
 Thats huld and toft vpon the furling seas,
 By *Boreas* bitter blasts and *Eoles* whistling winds,
 On Rockes and sands, farre from the wished port
 Whereon my silly ship desires to land;
 Faire *Lelias* loue that is the wished hauen,
 Wherein my wandring mind would take repose, 1370
 For want of which my restlesse thoughts are toft:

For

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

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

Sophos. She, she, it is whose loue I wish to gaine:

Nor neede I wish, nor do I loue in vaine,

My loue shee 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:

Frō whence proceeds your grief? vnfold vnto your friend, 1380

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 Egle wil not catch at flies.

When I with *Icarus* would soare against the Sun

He is the onely fierie *Phaeton* denies my course,

And feares my waxen winges, when as I soare aloft:

He mewes faire *Lelia* vp from *Sophos* sight,

That not so much as paper pleades remorse: 1390

Thrice three times *Sol* hath slept in *Tbetis* 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 riuals with you in your loue?

Sophos. Yes, onely one, and him your father backs,

Tis *Peter Ploddall*, rich *Ploddalls* sonne and heire,

One, whose base rusticke rude desert

Vnworthy farre to win so faire a prize, 1400

Yet meanes your father for to mart a match,

For golden Lucre with this *Corydon*

And scornes at vertues lore: hence growes my grieffe.

Fortunatus. If it be true I heare, there is one *Churms*, beside,
Makes suit to win my sifter 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. 1410
 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 sweare by my may denhead, if my husband should
 haue seru'd me so, when hee came a wooing to me: I would
 neuer haue lookt on him with a good face as long as I had
 liued. 1420

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 beene married a while, his kindnesse
 began to slake, for Ile tell you what hee did:

He made me belceue, he would go to greenegoose 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- 1430
 ing for you, and Ile be sworne shees ready to die vward
 for you:

And her father oth tother 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 seife vpon my heart 1440

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 *Churms* the Lawyer,
 Who is his onely friend.

Nurse. What, yong Master? God bleffe mine eye sight:
 Now

Now by my mayden head yare welcome home,
I am fure 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 sifter *Lelia*,
And a secret friend to *Sophos*. 1450

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 *Polonian*
legges, as if hee were gentleman Vsher 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? 1460
And deepe dissemblance lie where truth appears?

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-
ble mans table on *Easter* day, and he speakes nothing but
Almond butter and fuger Candie.

Fortu. Thats excellent.

Sophos. This worlds the *Chaos* of confusion:
No world at all but Masse of open wrongs, 1470
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 hye thee home, commend me to my sifter:
Bid her this night send for Master *Churms*, 1480
To him she must recount her many griefes,
Exclaime against her fathers hard constraint,
And so cunningly temporize with this cunning *Cutso*,
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 lyes 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 *Vſher*,
 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 vſe him in his kind,
 This is the trap which for him I haue laid,
 Thus craft by cunning once ſhal 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.

1490

1500

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 robberie.

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 *Charms* 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, 1520
 Expecting how the euent of this deuife 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 fhall haue her.

Sophos. And I wil ftudy to deferue this loue. *Exeunt.*

Enter William Cricket, Solus.

Sc. xiii

Will. Looke on me, and looke of Mafter *Churms*,
 A good proper man :
 Marrie Mafter *Churms* has fomething a better paire of legs 1530
 indeede :
 But for a fweet face, a fine beard, comely corps,
 And a Carowfing Codpeece,
 All *England* if it can
 Show mee fuch a man,
 To win a wench by gis,
 To clip, to coll, to kiffe
 As *William Cricket* is.
 Why, looke you now: If I had been fuch a great long, large,
 Lobcockt, lofeld lurden, as Mafter *Churms* is; 1540
 Ile warrant you, I fhould 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 fubftance in his legges.
 But ftay: here comes my Landlord,
 I muft go falute him.

Enter olde Ploddall, and his fonne Peter.

Ploddall. Come hither *Peter*, when didft thou fee *Robin Goodfellow*? Hees the man muft do the feate.

Peter. Faith father, I fee him not this two daies; but Ile
 feeke him out: for I know heele do the deed, and fhe were 1550
 twentie *Lelias*.

For father hees a verie cunning man: for, giue him but ten
 groates, and heele giue me a powder, that will make *Lelia*
 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 Scholler
that hankers about her, out ons wits. 1560

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

Will. Landlord, a pox on you, this good 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? 1570

Will. Indeed *Peter*, I must confesse I want some of your
woeing manners, or else I might haue tournde my faire
bush taylor 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. 1580

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

Will. My masters, I pray you beare witnesse,
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 pritheee stay.

Will. No Ile not stay, Ile goe call the clearke,
Ile be cried out vpon ith Church presently, 1590
What ho? What *Clearke* I say? where are you? *Enter Clearke.*
Clearke.

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 *Pegge Pudding*, let him bring worde to the Crier, or else *William Cricket* 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 1600
Celebrauation of my marriage too:

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

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

Yfaith my powderbeefe flaue,

Ile haue a rumpe of beefe 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 will be askt ith Church of Sunday at morning prayer, and 1610
again 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 vppon a
matter, as long as *Hunkes* with the great head has bene a-
bout to shew his little wit in the second part of his paultrie
poetrie: but if I begin with wooing, Ile ende with wed-
ding.

And therefore good *Clarke*, let me haue it done with all
speede: for I promise you, I am verie sharpe set. 1620

Clarke. Faith you may be askt ith Church on Sunday at
morning prayer, but Sir *Iohn* cannot tend to do it at Eu-
ning 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 paineful man, and takes fo
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.

1630

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 companie there.

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 1640 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 1650 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 Foffet, and his tongue a Plugge for the bunge hole. 1660

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

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

Yet (thankes bee to God) they haue a penny amongst, at all times at their neede.

Ploddall. Nay, if *Robin Goodfellow* be there, you shall be sure to haue our company. 1670

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 fend you word.

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

Exeunt Ploddall and his sonne.

Wil. Wel *Cleark*, youle see this matter brauely performed:
let it be done as it should be. 1680

Clarke. Ile warrant ye, feare it not.

Will. Whythen 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.

Sc. xiv

Lelia. How loue and fortune both with eger moode,
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 filly hart so neere is spent. 1690
Desire that eger Curre pursues the chace,
And Fortune rides amaine vnto the fall :
Now sorrow sings, and mourning beares a part,
Playing harsh descant on my yeelding heart.

Enter Nurfe.

Nurfe, what newes ?

Nurfe. 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 Maister *Churmes*, and he loues you, 1700

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 ?

1710

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. 1720

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 retourned from the warres ?

Nurse. He is with *Sophos* euery 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 :

1730

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 iealous 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*, 1740
 Whose craftie braine beguiles my father so,
 That he reposes trust in none but him :
 And though he seeks for fauour at my hands,
 He takes his marke amisse and shoots 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, 1750
 You must this night send for him :
 Make him beleue you loue him mightily,
 Tell him you haue a secret friend dwells 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- 1760
 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 fort their driftes to compass my desire.
 M. *Churms* yare well met, I am glad to see you. 1770

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

To

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

Nurse. Faith mistresse, he speakes like a gentleman :

Let me perswade you,

Be not hard hearted :

Sophos? why whats hee?

If hee had lou'd you but halfe so well, he would ha come 1780
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 *Herodes* loue,

Or vndertake a greater taske then that,

1790

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. *Churms*, mee thinkes tis strange, you should
make such a motion :

Say I should yeeld, and grant you loue ;

When most you did expect a funneshine day,

My fathers will would mar your hop't for hay,

1800

And when you thought to reap the fruits of loue,

His hard constraint would blaft it in the bloom.

For he so dotes on *Peter Ploddals* pelfe,

That none but he forsooth must be the man,

And I will rather match my selfe,

Vnto a groome of *Plutoes* grieffly denne,

Then vnto such a silly golden asse.

Churms. Brauely resolued yfaith.

Lelia. But to be short :

I haue a secreet friend that dwels from hence,

1810

Some two dayes iourney, thats the most,

And

And if you can, as (wel I know) you may, conuay me thither
fecretly:

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'aduenture all the dangers lay,

That *Europe* or the westerne world affords,

Were it to combate *Cerberus* himfelfe,

Or scale the brafen walles of *Plutoes* court;

1820

When as there is fo 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 filent shade may giue our safe conuoy,

Vnto our wished hopes vnteene of liuing eye.

Churms. And at that time I will not faile,

1830

In that or ought may make for our auaille.

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* himfelfe,

Then would I buckle with them hand to hand:

1840

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

iourney.

journey.

Exeunt Lelia and Nurfe.

Churms. Farewell faire loue, vntill we meet againe. 1850

Why fo: did I not tel you she would be glad to run away
with mee at length?

Why this falles out, een as a man would fay, 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: 1860

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 failes wel fare a good wit.

But ſoft, no more of that:

Here comes M^r. *Gripe*,

Enter *Gripe*.

Gripe. What M^r. *Churms*? what alone? how fares your
body? 1870

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

Gripe. Tis very holeſome this faire weather,

But M. *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, 1880

I meane to my ſelfe. [*He ſpeakes to him ſelfe.*]

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

I cannot tell how I ſhall requite your kindeſſe,

But

But ith 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. 1890
Churms. Wel: let them laugh that winne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pegge and hir Granam.

Sc. xv

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

Moth. M. Marrie, Iesus bleffe vs: why prithee?

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 petticote to the calues of my legs, 1900
 To shew 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 *Mounsier 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 bafe vexation slaue,
 How the country talkes of the large ribd varlet!

Mother M. Marry out vpon him: what a Friday fac't 1910
 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 forgiue 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?

1920

H 2

Come

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

Moth. M. Why *William*, wearetalking 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-
maide ;

And I sweare by the bloud of my codpiece,
An I were a woman I would lug off his laue eares, 1930
Or run him to death with a spit : and for his face,
I thinke tis pittie there is not a lawe made,
That it should be felonie to name it in any other places,
then in baudie houfes :

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 trow sheele prooue a good huswife,
And loue hir husband well too.

Will. If she loue me Ile loue hir, yfaith my sweet honny 1940
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 noife 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.

1950

Enter Fortunatus and Sophos.

(loue ? *Sc. xvi*)

Fort. Why how now *Sophos*, al a mort ? stil languishing in
Wil 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 wil 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; 1960
 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 pefants breast,
 And chafe his soule from his accursed corps
 By an vnwonted way vnto the grieved lake.
 But now the appointed time is neere,
 That *Churms* should come with his supposed loue:
 Then sit we down vnder these leaue shades [*They sit down.* 1970
 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 strond { *Enter Robin*
 And but enioy her loue one minute of an hour. { *Goodfellow.*
 But stay: what man, or diuell, or hellish fiend comes here, 1980
 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 laughing, 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. 1990
 The high commander of the damned soules
 Great *Dis* the Duke of Diuels and Prince of *Limbo* Lake,
 High Regent of *Acheron*, *Styx* and *Pheleton*,

By strict command from *Pluto*, Hels 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, 2000
 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 *Sophos*,
 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 2010
 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 preachment of
 thy Pedigree, and how at first thou learnd'st this diuelish
 trade: vp I say. [*Beate him.* 2020

Robin. O I wil Sir: [*Stands vpon a stoole.*
 Although in some places, I beare the title of a scuruy gen-
 tleman:

By birth I am a boatewriteson of *Hull*,
 My father got me of a reful'd hagge,
 Vnder the olde ruines of *Bobbies* barne,
 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 guesst,
 Her fellow fiends do daielely make complaint

Vnto grim *Pluto*, and his louely Queene,
 Of her vnruely missebehaiour:
 Intreating that a pasport 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 fitteft fiend in Hell
 To driue men to desperation.
 To this intent her pasport straight was drawne,
 And in a whirle wind forth of Hell she came;
 Ore hills she hurles, and scowres along the plaines: 1040
 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 diuelish 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? 1050

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: 1060
 But the chiefe courtè 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 foule, 2070
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 monstros mind.

Fortunatus. And if he be a diuel, I am sure hees gone :
But *Churms* the Lawyer wil be here anone,
And with him comes my sifter *Lelia* : 2080

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 enfewes. [*They sit downe.*

But see where *Churms* and *Lelia* comes along : $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Enter Churms} \\ \text{and Lelia.} \end{array} \right.$
He walks as stately as the great Baboone.

Sounds, 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 *Phæbus* siluer eye is drencht in westerne 2090

And *Luna* gins to shew her splendant raies,

And al the harmlesse quiresters of wood

Do take repose, faue onely *Philomele* :

Whose heauie tunes do euermore record,

With morneful laies the losses of her loue.

Thus farre faire loue we passe in secret fort,

Beyond the compasse of thy fathers bounds,

Whilst he on down-soft bed securely sleepes

And not so much as dreames of our depart.

The dangers past, now thinke on nought but loue, 2100

Ile be thy deare, be thou my hearts delight.

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

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

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

Forfwear

Forfwear her loue, and feale it with a kiffe,
Vpon the burnisht splendor of this blade;
Or it shal rip the intrailles 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, bafe braggard: *Lelias* mine.

2110

Churms. She lately promif'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 thefe shal haue thee to his wife:

I can deuife no better way then this,

Now choofe thy loue: and greeete him with a kiffe.

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

Sophos. See here the mirrour of true conftancie:

2120

Whofe ftedefaft loue deserues a Princes worth.

Lelia. Mafter *Churms* are you not well?

I muft confesse I would haue chofen you,

But that I nere beheld your legs till now:

Truft me I neuer lookt fo low before.

Churms. I know you vse to looke aloft.

Lelia. Yet not fo high as your crowne.

Churms. What if you had?

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

Churms. Sounds, cofend of the wench and fcoft at too?

2130

Tis intolerable: and shal I loofe her thus?

Howt mads me, that I brought not my fworde and buckler
with me!

Fort. What, are you in your fword & buckler tearms?

Ile put you out of that humor:

There *Lelia* fends 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 boaft of *Lelias* loue.

Churms. Where ere I goe Ile leaue with her my curfe,

2140

And raile on you with fpeeches vilde.

I

Fortunatus.

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 cursed Imps:
 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 deaw, 2150
 Orespread the mantled earth with siluer drops
 And *Phæbus* bleffe the Orient with a blush,
 To chace blacke night to her deformed Cell,
 But Ile repaire vnto my fathers house,
 And neuer cease with my inticing words,
 To worke his wil to knit this Gordian knot,
 Till when Ile leaue you to your amorous chatte,
 Deare friend adieu, faire sister too farewell,
 Betake y our selues vnto some secreet place:
 Vntil you heare from me how things fall out. 2160

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 vs thence 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, 2170
 By *Lelias* beautious 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, *Æneas* prou'd vnkind.

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

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

Sophos. Ile proue as true as euer *Troylus* was.

Lelia. And I as constant as *Penelope*.

Sophos

Sophos. Then let vs folace, and in loues delight,
 And fweet imbracings spend the liue-long night. 2180
 And whilst loue mounts her on her wanton wings,
 Let Descant run on Muficks filuer strings. *Exeunt.*

A SONGE.

I

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

2

The beasts do skippe, 2190
 The sweete birds sing :
 The wood Nymphs dance,
 The Ecchoes ring.

3

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

Enter Robin Goodfellow, olde Ploddall, and his sonne Peter. Sc. xvii

Ploddall. Heare you Master *Goodfellow* : how haue you 2201
 spent ?

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

Robin. A pox of the Scholler.

Ploddall. Nay harke you : I sent you vortie shillings, and
 you shal haue the cheefe I promis'd 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 2210
me of?

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

Ploddall. Son, I doubt hee 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.

2220

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 fay 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?

2230

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

We are counted very vagrants :

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

Churms. We are horribly haunted : our behauiour is fo
beaftly, 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.

2240

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

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Gripe, Solus.

Gripe. Euery 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 fame peeuish girle my daughter
wil be rul'd at the last yet:
But I shall neuer be able to make M. *Churmes* amends for 2250
the great paines he has taken, *Enter Nurse.*

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

Gripe. Vndone? what fodaine accident hath chanc't?
Speake whats the matter?

Nurse. Alas that euer I was borne!
My Mistresse and M^r. *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.* 2260

VWill. M. *Gripe*, I was comming to desire that I might
haue your absence at my wedding: for I heare fay 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. *Churmes* 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. 2270

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

VWill. Faith Sir, its all to nothing but your daughter and
M. *Churms* are gone both one way:
Marrie 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,
Ile tell you what you shall doe: 2280

(Marke what I fay) for Ile teach you the way to come to heauen, if you stumple not :
 Giue all you haue to the poore,
 But one single penny, and with that penny buy you a good strong halter,
 And when you ha done so : come to mee and Ile tell you what you shall do with it.

Gripe. Bring me my daughter : that *Churms*, that villane, Ile teare him with my teeth.

Nurse. Master, nay pray you do not run mad : 2290
 Ile tell you good newes :
 My young Master *Fortunatus* is come home : and see where he comes. [*Enter Fortunatus.*]

Gripe. If thou hadst sayd *Lelia*, it had beene something.

Fort. Thus *Fortunatus* greetes his Father,
 And craues his blessing on his bended knee.

Gripe. I, heers my sonne : but *Lelia* sheele not come.
 Good *Fortunatus* rise : wilt thou shed teares,
 And help thy father mone ?
 If so, say I : if not good sonne be gone. 2300

Fort. What moues my father to these vncouth fits ?

Will. Faith Sir, hees almost mad : I thinke he cannot tell you :

And therefore I presuming Sir, that my wit is something better than his, at this time (do you marke Sir ?)

Out of the profound circumambulation of my supernaturall wit Sir (do you vnderstand ?)

Will tel you the whole superfluity of the matter Sir :

Your sifter *Lelia* Sir you know is a woman,

As another woman is Sir. 2310

Fort. Well, and what of that ?

Will. Nay nothing Sir, but shee fell in loue with one *Sophos* a very proper wife young man Sir :

Now Sir, your Father would not let hir haue him, Sir :

But would haue married hir to one Sir,

That would haue fed hir with nothing but barley bag-puddings and fat bacon :

Now

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. 2320
Fort. And how then ?

VVill. Marrie then there was a certaine craking, cog-
 ging, pettifogging, buttermilke flaue Sir, one *Churms* Sir,
 that is the very quinteffence 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 cofens them both of
 their wench, and is run away with hir :
 And Sir belike hee has cofend your father heere of a great 2330
 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 truits betrai'd, my ioyes exil'd :
 Griefe kils this heart, my hopes beguil'd,

Fort. Where golden gaine doth bleare a fathers eyes,
 That pretious pearle fetcht from *Pernassus* mount,
 Is counted refuse, worfe then *Bullen* brasse ;
 Both ioyes and hope hang of a filly twine,
 That still is subiect vnto flitting time : 2340
 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 *Menelaus* wife,
 Ere I would match hir to an vntaught swaine,
 Though one whose wealth exceeded *Cræsus* store,
 Hir selfe should choose, and I applaud hir choise,
 Of one more poore then euer *Sopbos* was,
 Were his deserts but equall vnto his. 2350
 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 wife children.

Nay if he be so liberall: olde Granfire 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 grieffe: 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,
Ioyne 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 fought to grace hir from the *Indian* Mines,
But she fought honour from the starrie Mount:
What franticke fit possesst 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 sympathy and happy confort make,
Twixt *Sophos* and my sister *Lelias* loue:
Conioyne their hands, whose hearts haue long beene 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 *Churms* his lot,
And he vsurps faire *Lelias* nuptiall bed.

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

But if you giue your full consent,

That

That *Sophos* may enioy his long wilht loue,
 And haue faire *Lelia* to his louely 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 needes commend,
 Thy constant mind thou bear'st vnto thy friend.
 The after ages wondring at the fame:
 Shall fait's a deede deferuing lasting fame.

2400

Fort. Then rest you here til I returne againe,
 Ile go to *Sophos* 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 hir hence. *Exit* Fortu.

2410

Gripe. I: here Ile rest an houre or twaine,
 Till *Fortunatus* doe returne againe.

Will. Faith Sir, this same *Churms* is a very scuruy Lawer:
 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?

2420

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,

And to craue a longer time to answere,
 Though I knew the case was plaine; 2430
 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 answere.

Nurse. And so the case was yours, & the 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.

Moth. M. Come *Pegge*, bestirre your stumpes: make thy
 selfe smugge, wench; thou must be married to morrow:
 Lets goe seeke out thy sweete heart, 2440
 To prepare all things in readinesse.

Pegge. Why *Granam*, looke where he is.

Will. Ha my sweet *Tralilly*, I thought thou couldst spie
 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: 2450
 Thou art my Ciperlillie:
 And I thy Trangdidowne 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 not hit it?
 Ho braue *William Cricket!*
 How like you this *Granam?*

Mother M. Marrie gods bennifon light oth thy good 2460
 hart, fort:

Ha, that I were young againe!

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

Nurse. Now by the Marry mattens, *Peg* thou hast got
 the

the merriest woer in all Womanshire.

Pegge. Faith, I am none of those that loue nothing but
Tum dum diddle,
If he had not beene a merrie shauer, I would neuer haue had
him. 2470

Wil. But come my wimble laffe, 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 towarde 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 vay, they are a good sweete 2480
yong couple.

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

Nurse. Master, here comes your sonne againe.

Gripe. Is *Fortunatus* there?
Welcome *Fortunatus*: wheres *Sophos*?

Fortunatus. Here *Sophos* is, as much ore-worne with loue,
As you with griefe for losse of *Lelia*.

Sophos. And ten times more if it be possible.
The loue of *Lelia* is to me more deare, 2490
Then is a kingdome or the richest crowne
That ere adordnd 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, 2500
And that your glasse of life were quite outrun.

Will. Sounds, I thinke he be spur-blind. Why, *Lelia* stands
K 2 hard

hard by him.

Lelia. And *Lelia* here faller 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:

2510

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 winges when as I soard aloft:

And louely *Venus* smiles with faire aspect

Vpon the Spring time of our sacred loue;

Thou great commander of the circled Orbs,

Grant, that this league of lasting amitie

May lye recorded by Eternitie.

2520

Lelia. Then wisht content knit vp our Nuptiall right:

And future ioyes our former griefes requite.

Will. Nay an you be good at that, Ile tel you what wee
doe.

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

All. Agreed.

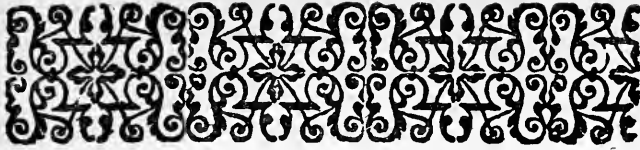
Fortunatus. Then march along, and lets be gon,

To solemnize two marriages in one.

Exeunt Omnes. 2530

FINIS.





THE EPILOGVE.

Epil.

G*Entles, all compast in this circled rounde,
Whose kind aspects do patronize our sports :
To you Ile 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 reading ;
To these I say, I scorne 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.*

2540

Exit. 2550

FINIS.













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