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This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



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ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

THE
LONDON
Prodigall.

ln 0004

ln 0005

As it was plaide by the Kings Maie-
sties seruants.

ln 0006

By *William Shakespeare*,

ln 0007

LONDON.

ln 0008

ln 0009

ln 0010

ln 0011

Printed by T. C. for *Nathaniel Butter*, and
are to be sold neere *S. Austins gate*,
at the signe of the pyde Bull.
1605.

img: 3-a
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wln 0001

wln 0002

wln 0003

THE LONDON
Prodigall.

Enter old Flowerdale and his brother.

wln 0004

wln 0005

wln 0006

wln 0007

wln 0008

wln 0009

wln 0010

wln 0011

wln 0012

wln 0013

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wln 0015

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wln 0020

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wln 0022

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wln 0024

wln 0025

wln 0026

wln 0027

Fath. Brother from *Venice*, being thus disguise,
I come to proue the humours of my sonne:
How hath he borne himselfe since my departure,
I leauing you his patrone and his guide?

Vnck. I faith brother so, as you will grieue to heare,
And I almost ashamde to report it.

Fath. Why how ist brother? what doth he spend
Beyond the allowance I left him?

Vnck. How! beyond that? and farre more: why, your exhibi-
tion is nothing, hee hath spent that, and since hath borrowed,
protested with oathes, alledged kindred to wring mony from
me, by the loue I bore his father, by the fortunes might fall
vpon himself, to furnish his wants: that done, I haue had since,
his bond, his friend and friends bond, altho I knowe that hee
spends is yours; yet it grieues me to see the vnbridled wildnes
that raines ouer him.

Fath Brother, what is the manner of his life? howe is the
name of his offences? if they do not rellish altogether of dam-
nation, his youth may priuledge his wantonnesse: I my selfe
ranne an vnbrideled course till thirtie, nay almost till fortie,
well, you see how I am: for vice once looked into with the eies
of discretion, and well balanced with the waites of reason, the
course past, seemes so abhominable, that the Landlord of him-
selfe, which is the heart of his body, will rather intombe him-

The London Prodigall.

wln 0028
wln 0029
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wln 0065

selfe in the earth, or seek a new Tenāt to remaine in him, which once settled, how much better are they that in their youth haue knowne all these vices, and left it, then those that knewe little, and in their age runnes into it? Beleeue me brother, they that dye most vertuous, hath in their youth, liued most vicious, and none knowes the danger of the fire, more then he that falles into it: But say, how is the course of his life? lets heare his particulars.

Vnck. Why Ile tell you brother, hee is a continual swearer, And a breaker of his oathes, which is bad.

Unck. I grant indeed to swears is bad, but not in keeping those oathes is better: for who will set by a bad thing?

Nay by my faith, I hold this rather a vertue then a vice,

Well, I pray proceede. (the worst.

Vnck. He is a mighty brawler, and comes commonly by

Fath. By my faith this is none of the worst neither, for if he Brawle and be beaten for it, it wil in time make him shunne it: For what brings man or child, more to vertue, then correctiō?

What raignes ouer him else? (selfe.

Unck. He is a great drinker, and one that will forget him=

Fath. O best of all, vice should be forgotten: let him drink So he drinke not churches. (on,

Nay and this be the worst, I hold it rather a happines in him, Then any iniquity. Hath he any more attendants?

Unck. Brother, he is one that will borrow of any man.

Fath. Why you see so doth the sea, it borrowes of all the smal Currents in the world, to encrease himselfe.

Vnck. I, but the sea paies it againe, and so will neuer your son.

Fath. No more would the sea neither, if it were as dry as my sonne.

Vnck. Then brother, I see you rather like these vices in your Then any way condemne them. (sonne,

Fath. Nay mistake me not brother, for tho I slur them ouer now,

As things slight and nothing, his crimes being in the budde, It would gall my heart, they should euer raigne in him.

Flow. Ho! whoes within ho?

Flowerdale knockes within.

Unck. That's

The London Prodigall.

wln 0066

Unck. That's your sonne, hee is come to borrowe more money.

wln 0067

Fath. For Godsake giue it out I am dead, see how hele take it, Say *I* haue brought you newes from his father.

wln 0068

I haue here drawne a formall will, as it were from my selfe, Which Ile deliuer him.

wln 0069

wln 0070

wln 0071

Vnck. Goe too brother, no more: *I* will.

wln 0072

Flow. Vnckle, where are you Vnckle? within,

wln 0073

Vnck. Let my cousen in there.

wln 0074

Fath. *I* am a Sayler come from *Uenice*, and my name is
(*Christopher.*)

wln 0075

wln 0076

Enter Flowerdale.

wln 0077

Flow. By the Lord, in truth Vnckle.

wln 0078

Vnck. In truth would a seru'd cousen, without the Lord.

wln 0079

Flow. By your leaue Vnckle, the Lord, is the Lord of truth.

wln 0080

A couple of rascalles at the gate, set vpon me for my purse.

wln 0081

Unck. You neuer come, but you bring a browle in your mouth.

wln 0082

Flow. By my truth Vnckle, you must needes lend me tenne
(pound.)

wln 0083

Vnck. Giue my cousen some small beere here.

wln 0084

Flow. Nay looke you, you turne it to a iest now, by this light,

wln 0085

I should ryde to *Croydon* fayre, to meete syr *Lancelot Spurrock*,

wln 0086

I should haue his daughter *Luce*, and for scuruy

wln 0087

Tenne pound, a man shal loose nine hundred three-score and

wln 0088

odde pounds, and a daily friend beside, by this hande Vnckle tis true.

wln 0089

Vnck. Why, any thing is true for ought I know.

wln 0090

Flow. To see now: why you shall haue my bond Vnckle, or *Tom Whites*, *Iames Brocks*: or *Nick Halls*, as good rapyer and dagger men, as any be in *England*, lets be dambn'd if wee doe not pay you, the worst of vs all will not damne our selues for ten pound. A poxe of ten pound.

wln 0091

wln 0092

wln 0093

wln 0094

wln 0095

Unck. Cousen, this is not the first time *I* haue beleeu'd you.

wln 0096

Flow. Why trust me now, you know not what may fall:

wln 0097

If one thing were but true, *I* would not greatly care,

wln 0098

The London Prodigall.

wln 0099
wln 0100
wln 0101
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wln 0135
wln 0136

I should not neede ten pound, but when a man cannot be beleeued, ther's it.

Vnck. Why what is it cousen?

Flow. Mary this Vnckle, can you tell me if the Katern-hue be come home or no?

Vnck. I mary ist.

Flow. By God I thanke you for that newes. What ist in the poole can you tell?

Vnck. It is; what of that?

Flow. What? why then I haue sixe peeces of vellet sent me Ile giue you a peece Vnckle: for thus said the letter, A peece of Ashcolour, a three pilde black, a colourde deroy, A crimson, a sad greene, and a purple: yes yfaith.

Vnck. From whom should you receiue this?

Flow. From who? why from my father? with commendations to you Vnckle, and thus he writes: I know saith he, thou hast much troubled thy kinde Vnckle, whom God-willing at my returne *I* will see amply satisfied: Amply, I remember was the very word; so God helpe me.

Unck. Haue you the letter here?

Flow. Yes *I* haue the letter here, here is the letter: no, yes, no let me see, what breechs wore I a Satterday: let me see, a Tuesday, my Calymanka, a Wednesday, my peach colour Sattin, a Thursday my Vellure, a Friday my Callymanka againe, a Satterday, let me see a Satterday, for in those breeches I wore a Satterday is the letter: O my ryding breeches Anckle, those that you thought had bene vellet, In those very breeches is the letter.

Vnck. When should it be dated

Flow. Mary *Didicimo tersios septembris*, no no, *trydisimo tersios Octobris*, I *Octobris*, so it is.

Vnck. *Dicditimo tersios Octobris*: and here receiue *I* a letter that your father dyed in *Iune*: how say you *Kester*?

Fath. Yes truly syr, your father is dead, these hands of mine holpe to winde him.

Flow. Dead?

Fath. *I* syr dead.

Flow. Sblood, how should my father come dead?

Fath. Yfaith

The London Prodigall.

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wln 0138
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wln 0174

Fath. Yfaith syr according to the old Prouerbe,
The childe was borne: and cryed, became man,
After fell sicke, and dyed.
Vnck. Nay cousen doe not take it so heuily.
Flow. Nay I **cannon** weepe you extempory, mary some
two or three dayes hence, *I* shall weep without any stintance.
But *I* hope he dyed in good memory. (der,
Fath. Very well syr, and set downe euery thing in good or-
And the Katherine and Hue you talkt of, *I* came ouer in:
And *I* saw all the billes of lading, and the vellet
That you talkt of, there is no such aboard.
Flow. By God *I* assure you, then there is knauery abroad.
Fath. Ile be sworne of that: ther's knauery abroad,
Altho there were neuer a peece of vellet in *Venice*.
Flow. *I* hope he dyed in good estate. (will,
Fath. To the report of the world he did, and made his
Of which *I* am an vnworthy bearer.
Flow. His will, haue you his will?
Fath. Yes syr, and in the presence of your Vnckle,
I was willed to deliuer it.
Vnck. *I* hope cousen, now God hath blessed you with
wealth, you will not be vnmindfull of me.
Flow. Ile doe reason Vnckle, yet yfaith *I* take the deniall
of this tenne pound very hardly.
Vnck. Nay *I* denyde you not.
Flow. By God you denide me directly.
Vnck. Ile be **judge** by this good-fellowe.
Fath. Not directly syr.
Flow. Why he said he would lend me none, and that had
wont to be a direct denyall, if the old phrase holde:
Well Vnckle, come weele fall to the Legasies,
In the name of God, Amen.
Item, *I* bequeath to my brother *Flowerdale*, three hundred
pounds, to pay such triuall debts as *I* owe in *London*.
Item, to my sonne *Mat Flowerdale*, *I* bequeath two bayle of
false dyce, *Uidelliced*, high men, and loe men, fullomes, stop
cater traies, and other bones of function.
Flow. Sblood what doth he meane by this?

Vnck. Procee

The London Prodigall.

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wln 0212

Vnck. Proceede cousen. (oath,

Flow. These precepts *I* leaue him, let him borrow of his
For of his word no body will trust him.

Let him by no meanes marry an honest woman,

For the other will keepe her selfe.

Let him steale as much as he can, that a guilty conscience

May bring him to his destinate repentance,

I thinke he meanes hanging. And this were his last will and

Testament, the Diuell stood laughing at his beddes feete

while he made it. Sblood, what doth hee thinke to **fop of** his
posteritie with Paradoxes.

Fath. This he made syr with his owne hands.

Flow. *I*, well, nay come good Vnckle, let me haue this ten
pound, Imagine you haue lost it, or robd of it, or misreckond
your selfe so much: any way to make it come easily off, good
Vnckle.

Vnck. Not a penny.

Fath. Yfaith lend it him syr; *I* my selfe haue an estate in the
Citie worth twenty pound, all that ile ingage for him, he saith
it concernes him in a marriage.

Flow. *I* marry doth it, this is a fellow of some sense, this:
Come good Vnckle.

Vnck. Will you giue your word for it *Kester*?

Fath. *I* will syr, willingly.

Vnck. Well cousen, come to me some hower hence, you shall
haue it readie.

Flow. Shall *I* not faile?

Vnck. You shall not, come or send.

Flow. Nay ile come my selfe.

Fath. By my troath, would *I* were your worships man.

Flow. What wouldst thou serue?

Fath. Very willingly syr.

Flow. Why ile tell thee what thou shalt doe, thou saith thou
hast twentie pound, goe into *Burchin Lane*, put thy selfe into
cloathes, thou shalt ride with me to *Croyden* fayre.

Fath. *I* thanke you syr, *I* will attend you.

Flow. Well Vnckle, you will not faile me an hower hence?

Vnck. *I* will not cousen.

Flow. Whats

The London Prodigall.

wln 0213

Flow. Whats thy name *Kester*?

wln 0214

Fath. I syr.

wln 0215

Flow. Well, prouide thy selfe: Vnckle fareweill till anon.

wln 0216

Exit Flowerdale.

wln 0217

Vnck. Brother, how doe you like your sonne?

wln 0218

Fath. Yfaith brother, like a mad vnbridled colt,

wln 0219

Or as a Hawke, that neuer stoop'd to lure:

wln 0220

The one must be tamde with an yron byt,

wln 0221

The other must be watched, or still she is wilde,

wln 0222

Such is my sonne, awhile let him be so:

wln 0223

For counsell still is follies deadly foe.

wln 0224

Ile serue his youth, for youth must haue his course,

wln 0225

For being restrainde, it makes him ten times worse:

wln 0226

His pride, his ryot, all that may be named,

wln 0227

Time may recall, and all his madnesse tamed.

wln 0228

Enter syr *Launcelot*, Maister *Weathercocke*, *Daffidill*,

wln 0229

Artichoake, *Luce*, and *Francke*.

wln 0230

Lance. Syrrha *Artichoake*, get you home before,

wln 0231

And as you proued your selfe a calfe in bying,

wln 0232

Drue home your fellow calves that you haue bought.

wln 0233

Arti. Yes forsooth, shall not my fellow *Daffidill* goe along
(with me.

wln 0234

Lance. No syr, no, I must haue one to waite on me.

wln 0235

Arty. *Daffidill*, farewell good fellow *Daffidill*,

wln 0236

You may see mistresse, *I* am set vp by the halues,

wln 0237

In steed of waiting on you, *I* am sent to driue home calves.

wln 0238

Lance. Yfaith *Francke*, I must turne away this *Daffidill*,

wln 0239

Hees growne a very foolish sawcie fellow.

wln 0240

Fran. Indeed law father, he was so since *I* had him:

wln 0241

Before he was wise enough, for a foolish seruing-man.

wln 0242

Wea. But what say you to me syr *Lancelot*?

wln 0243

Lance. O, about my daughters, wel *I* will goe forward,

wln 0244

Heers two of them God saue them: but the third,

wln 0245

O shees a stranger in her course of life,

wln 0246

Shee hath refused you Maister *Weathercocke*.

wln 0247

Wea. *I* by the Rood syr *Lancelot* that she hath,

wln 0248

But had she tride me, she should a found a man of me indeed.

wln 0249

Lance. Nay be not angry syr, at her deniall,

The London Prodigall.

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wln 0251
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wln 0287

Shee hath refus'de seauen of the worshipfulst and worthiest
hous-keepers this day in *Kent*:

Indeed she will not marry I suppose.

Wea. The more foole she.

Lance. What is it folly to loue Charitie?

Wea. No mistake me not syr *Lancelot*,

But tis an old prouerbe, and you know it well,
That women dying maides, lead apes in hell.

Lance. Thats a foolish prouerbe, and a false.

Wea. By the masse *I* thinke it be, and therefore let it goe:

But who shall marry with mistresse *Frances*?

Fran. By my troath they are talking of marrying me sister.

Luce. Peace, let them talke:

Fooles may haue leaue to prattle as they walke.

Daff. **Sentesses** still sweet mistresse,

You haue a wit, and it were your Alliblaster.

Luce. Yfaith and thy tongue trips trench-more.

Lance. No of my knight-hood, not a shuter yet:

Alas God helpe her sillie girle, a foole, a verie foole:

But thers the other black-browes a shroad girle,

Shee hath wit at will, and shuters two or three:

Syr *Arthur Greene-sheld* one, a gallant knight,

A valiant Souldier, but his power but poore.

Then thers yong *Oliuer*, the *Deuen-shyre* lad,

A wary fellow, marry full of wit,

And rich by the rood, but thers a third all aire,

Light as a feather, changing as the wind: young *Flowerdale*.

Wea. O hee syr, hees a desperate dick indeed.

Barre him your house.

Lance. Fye not so, hees of good parentage.

Wea. By my faie and so he is, and a proper man.

Lance. I proper enough, had he good qualities.

Wea. I marrie, thers the point syr *Lancelot*:

For thers an old saying,

Be he rich, or be he poore,

Be he hye, or be he lowe:

Be he borne in barne or hall,

Tis maners makes the man and all.

Lance. You

The London Prodigall.

Lance. You are in the right maister *Weathercock*.

Enter Mounsier Ciuet.

Ciuet. Soule, *I thinke I am sure crossed,*
Or witcht with an owle, *I haue hanted them:* Inne after Inne,
booth, after booth, yet cannot finde them, ha yonder they are,
thats she, *I hope to God tis shee, nay I know tis shee now,* for
she treads her shooe a little awry.

Lance. Where is this **inne**? we are past it *Daffidill.* (before.

Daffidill. The good signe is heere syr, but the back gate is

Ciuet. Saue you syr, I pray may I borrow a peece of a
word with you?

Daff. No peeces syr.

Ciu. Why then the whole.

I pray syr, what may yonder gentlewomen be?

Daff. They may be Ladies syr, if the destinies and mortalitie

Ciu. Whats her name syr. (worke.

Daff. Mistresse *Frances Spurcocke*, syr *Laucelots-Spurcookes*

Ciu. Is she a maid syr? (daughter.

Daff. You may aske *Pluto*, and dame *Proserpine* that:

I would be loth to be ridelled syr.

Ciu. Is she married *I meane* syr?

Daff. The Fates knowes not yet what shoe-maker shall
make her wedding shooes.

Ciu. *I pray where Inne you syr?* I would be very glad to be-
stowe the wine of that gentlewoman.

Daff. At the *George* syr.

Ciu. God saue you syr.

Daff. I pray your name syr?

Ciu. My name is maister *Ciuet* syr.

Daff. A sweet name, God be with you good maister *Ciuet*.

Exit Ciuet.

Lance. A, haue we spide you stout *S. George*?

For all your dragon, you had best selles good wine:

That needs no y^uie-bush, well, weele not sit by it,

As you do on your horse, this roome shall serue:

Drawer, let me haue sacke for vs old men:

For these girles and knaues small wines are best.

The London Prodigall.

wln 0325
wln 0326
wln 0327
wln 0328
wln 0329
wln 0330
wln 0331
wln 0332
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wln 0362

A pinte of sacke, no more.

Draw. A quart of sack in the three Tunnes,

Lance. A pinte, draw but a pinte *Daffidill*,

Call for wine to make your selues drinke.

Fran. And a cup of small beere, and a cake good *Daffidill*.

Enter yong Flowerdale.

Flow. How now, fye, sit in the open roome, now good syr *Lancelot*, & my kind friend worshipfull Maister *Weathercock*, What at your pinte, a quart for shame.

Lance. Nay Royster by your leaue we will away.

Flow. Come, giues some Musicke, wee le goe dance, Begone syr *Lancelot*, what, and fayre day too?

Lance. Twere fowly done, to dance within the fayre.

Flow. Nay if you say so, fairest of all faires,

Then ile not dance, a poxe vpon my tayler,
He hath spoyled me a peach colour satten shute,
Cut vpon cloath of siluer, but if euer the Rascall serue me such
an other tricke, Ile giue him leaue yfaith to put me in the ca-
lender of fooles: and you, and you, syr *Lancelot*; and Maister
Weathercock, my gold-smyth too on tother side, I bespoke thee
Luce, a carkenet of gold, and thought thou shouldst a had it
for a fayring, and the Rogue puts me in rerages for Oryant
Pearle: but thou shalt haue it by sunday night wench.

Enter the Drawer.

Draw. Syr, here is one hath sent you a pottle of rennish
wine, brewed with Rose-water.

Flow. To me?

Draw. No syr to the knight; and desires his more acquaint-

Lance. To me? whats he that proues so kind? (tance.)

Daff. I haue a tricke to know his name syr,

He hath a moneths mind here to mistresse *Frances*, his name
Is maister *Ciuet*.

Lance. Call him in *Daffidill*.

Flow. O I know him syr, he is a foole,
But reasonable rich, his father was one of these lease-mongers,
these corne-monger, these mony-mongers, but he neuer had
the wit to be a whore-monger.

Enter maister Ciuet.

Lance. I

The London Prodigall.

wln 0363

Lance. I promise you syr, you are at too much charge.

wln 0364

Cyuet. The charge is small charge syr,

wln 0365

I thanke God my father left me wherewithall, if it please you

wln 0366

syr, I haue a great mind to this gentlewoman, here in the way

(of marriage.)

wln 0367

Lance. I thanke you syr: please you come to *Lewsome* to my
poore house, you shall be kindly welcome: *I* knewe your fa-
ther, he was a wary husband: to paie here Drawer.

wln 0368

Draw. All is paid syr: this gentleman hath paid all.

wln 0369

Lance. Yfaith you do vs wrong,

wln 0370

But we shall liue to make amends ere long:

wln 0371

Maister *Flowerdale*, is that your man?

wln 0372

Flow. Yes faith, a good old knaue.

wln 0373

Lance. Nay then *I* thinke you will turne wise,

wln 0374

Now you take such a seruant:

wln 0375

Come, youle ride with vs to *Lewsome*, lets away,

wln 0376

Tis scarce two howres to the end of day.

(*Exit Omnes.*)

wln 0377

*Enter syr Arthur **Green-shood**, Olyuer, Lieu-
tenant and Souldiers.*

wln 0378

Aur. Lieutenant, leade your Souldiers to the ships,

wln 0379

There let them haue their coates, at their arriuall

wln 0380

They shall haue pay: farewell, looke to your charge.

wln 0381

Sol. *I*, we are now sent away, and cannot so much as speake
with our friends.

wln 0382

Oly. No man what ere you used a zutch a fashion, thicke
you cannot take your leaue of your vreens.

wln 0383

Aur. Fellow no more, Lieutenant lead them off.

wln 0384

Sol. Well, if I haue not my pay and my cloathes,

wln 0385

Ile venture a running away tho *I* hang fort.

wln 0386

Aur. Away surrha, charme your tongue.

Exit Souldiers,

wln 0387

Oly. Bin and you a presser syr?

wln 0388

Aur. *I* am a commander syr vnder the King.

wln 0389

Oly. Sfoot man, and you bee nere zutch a commander

wln 0390

Shud a spoke with my vreens before I chid agone, so shud.

wln 0391

Aur. Content your selfe man, my authority will stretch

wln 0392

to presse so good a man as you.

wln 0393

Oly. Presse me? I deuye, presse scoundrells, and thy messels:

wln 0394

Aur. Presse me? I deuye, presse scoundrells, and thy messels:

wln 0395

wln 0396

wln 0397

wln 0398

wln 0399

The London Prodigall.

wln 0400
wln 0401

Presse me, chee scornes thee yfaith: For seest thee, heres a wor-
shipfull knight knowes, cham not to be pressed by thee.

wln 0402
wln 0403

*Enter syr Lancelet Weathercocke, yong Flowerdale,
old Flowerdale, Luce, Franck.*

wln 0404
wln 0405

Lance. Syr *Arthur*, welcome to *Lewsome*, welcome by my
Whats the matter man, why are you vext? (troath,

wln 0406

Oly. Why man he would presse me.

wln 0407

Lance. O Fie syr *Arthur*, presse him? he is man of reckoning.

wln 0408

Wea. I that he is syr *Arthur*, he hath the nobles,

wln 0409

The golden ruddockes he.

wln 0410

Ar. The fitter for the warres: and were he not in fauour

wln 0411

With your worships, he should see,

wln 0412

That I haue power to presse so good as he.

wln 0413

Oly. Chill stand to the triall, so chill.

wln 0414

Flow. I marry shall he, presse-cloath and karsie,

wln 0415

White pot and drowsen broath: tut, tut, he cannot.

wln 0416

Oly. Well syr, tho you see vlouten cloath and karsie, chee a

wln 0417

zeene zutch a karsie coate weare out the towne sick a zilken

wln 0418

lacket, as thick a one you weare.

wln 0419

Flow. Well sed vlitan vlattan.

wln 0420

Oly. A and well sed cocknell, and boe-bell too: what doest

wln 0421

thincke cham avearde of thy zilken coate, no fer vere thee.

wln 0422

Lance. Nay come no more, be all louers and friends.

wln 0423

VVea. I tis best so, good maister *Olyuer*.

wln 0424

Flow. Is your name maister *Oliuer* I pray you?

wln 0425

Oly. What tit and be tit, and grieue you.

wln 0426

Flow. No but Ide gladly know if a man might not haue a

wln 0427

foolish plot out of maister *Oliuer* to worke vpon.

wln 0428

Oly. Worke thy plots vpon me, stand a side, worke thy

wln 0429

foolish plots vpon me, chil so vse thee, thou weart neuer so

wln 0430

vused since thy dame bound thy head, worke vpon me?

wln 0431

Flow. Let him come, let him come.

wln 0432

Oly. Zyrtha, zyrtha, if it were not vor shame, chee would a

giuen

The London Prodigall.

wln 0433

giuen thee zutch a whister poepe vnder the eare, chee would
a made thee a vanged an other at my feete: stand a side let
me loose, cham all of a vlaming fire-brand; Stand aside.

wln 0434

Flow. Well I forbear you for your friends sake.

wln 0435

wln 0436

Oly. A vig for all my vreens, doest thou tell me of my
(vreens?)

wln 0437

wln 0438

Lance. No more good maister *Oliuer*, no more syr *Arthur*,
And maiden, here in the sight of all your shuters, euery man
of worth, Ile tell you whom *I* faintest would preferre to the
hard bargine of your marriage bed: shall *I* be plaine among
you gentlemen?

wln 0439

wln 0440

wln 0441

wln 0442

wln 0443

Arty. *I* syr tis best.

wln 0444

wln 0445

Lance. Then syr, first to you, *I* doe confesse you a most
gallant knight, a worthy souldier, and an honest man: but ho-
nestie maintaines a french-hood, goes very seldome in a chain
of gold, keepes a small traine of seruants: hath fewe friendes:
and for this wilde oates here, young *Flowerdale*, *I* will not
iudge, God can worke myracles, but hee were better make a
hundred new, then thee a thrifty and an honest one.

wln 0446

wln 0447

wln 0448

wln 0449

wln 0450

Wea. Beleeue me he hath byt you there, he hath touched
you to the quicke, that hath he.

wln 0451

wln 0452

wln 0453

Flow. Woodcocke a my side, why maister *Weathercocke*
you know *I* am honest, howsoeuer triffls.

wln 0454

wln 0455

Wea. Now by my troath, *I* knowe no otherwise,
O your old mother was a dame indeed:
Heauen hath her soule, and my wiues too *I* trust:
And your good father, honest gentleman,
He is gone a Iourney as *I* heare, far hence.

wln 0456

wln 0457

wln 0458

wln 0459

Flow. *I* God be praised, he is far enough,
He is gone a pylgrimage to Paradise.

wln 0461

wln 0462

And left me to cut a caper against care,
Luce looke on me that am as light as ayre.

wln 0463

wln 0464

Luce. Yfaith *I* like not shadowes, bubbles, broath,
I hate a light a loue, as *I* hate death.

wln 0465

wln 0466

Lance. Gyrle hold thee there: looke on this Deuen-shyre
(lad:

wln 0467

Fat, faire, and louely, both in purse and person.

Oly. Well

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wln 0468

Oly. Well syr, cham as the Lord hath made me,
You know me well yuine, cha haue three-score packe a kar-
say, and blackem hal, and chiefe credit beside, and my fortunes
may be so good as an others, zoe it may.

wln 0469

Lance. Tis you *I* loue, whatsoeuer others say?

wln 0470

Ar. Thanks fayrest.

wln 0471

Flow. What wouldst thou haue me quarrell with him?

wln 0472

Fath. Doe but say he shall heare from you.

wln 0473

Lance. Yet gentleman, howsoeuer I preferre this Deuen-
shyre shuter,

wln 0474

Ile enforce no loue, my daughter shall haue liberty to choose
whom she likes best, in your loue shute proceed:

wln 0475

Not all of you, but onely one must speed.

wln 0476

Wea. You haue sed well: indeed right well.

wln 0477

Enter Artychocak.

wln 0478

Arty. Mistresse heeres one would speake with you, my
fellow *Daffidill* hath him in the sellor already, he knowes him,
he met him at *Croyden* fayre.

wln 0479

Lance. O *I* remember a little man.

wln 0480

Arty. I a very little man.

wln 0481

Lance. And yet a proper man.

wln 0482

Arty. A very proper, very little man.

wln 0483

Lance. His name is Mounsier *Ciuet*.

wln 0484

Arty. The same syr.

wln 0485

Lance. Come Gentlemen, if other shuters come,
My foolish daughter will be fitted too:

wln 0486

But *Delia* my saint, no man dare moue.

wln 0487

*Exit at all but young Flowerdale and Olyuer,
and old Flowerdale.*

wln 0488

Flow. Harke you syr, a word.

wln 0489

Oly. What ha an you to say to me now?

wln 0490

Flow. Ye shall heare from me, and that very shortly.

wln 0491

Oly. Is that all, vare thee well, chee vere thee not, a vig.

wln 0492

Exit Olyuer.

wln 0493

Flow. What if should come more? *I* am fairely drest.

wln 0494

Fath. I doe not meane that you shall meete with him,

wln 0495

But presently weelee goe and draw a will;

wln 0496

Where weelee set downe land, that we neuer sawe,

wln 0497

And

wln 0498

wln 0499

wln 0500

wln 0501

wln 0502

wln 0503

wln 0504

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wln 0505
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wln 0541
wln 0542

And we will haue it of so large a summe,
Syr *Lancelot* shall intreat you take his daughter:
This being formed, giue it maister *Weathercocke*,
And make syr *Lancelots* daughter heire of all:
And make him sweare, neuer to show the will
To any one, vntil that you be dead,
This done, the foolish changing *Weathercocke*,
Will straight discourse vnto syr *Lancelot*,
The forme and tenor of your Testament,
Nor stand to pause of it, be rulde by mee:
What will inshue, that shall you quickly see.
Flow. Come lets about it: if that a will sweet *Kyt*,
Can get the wench, I shall renowne thy wit.

Exit omnes,

Enter Daffidill.

Daff. Mistresse still froward?
No kind lookes vnto your *Daffidill*, now by the Gods.
Luce. Away you foolish knaue, let my hand goe.
Daff. There is your hand, but this shall goe with me:
My heart is thine, this is my true loues fee.
Luce. Ile haue your coate stript ore your eares for this,
You sawcie rascal.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercocke.

Lance. How now maid, what is the newes with you?
Luce. Your man is something sawcie. *Exit Luce.*
Lance. Goe too syrrha, Ile talke with you anon.
Daff. Syr I am a man to be talked withall,
I am no horse *I* tro:
I Know my strength, then no more then so.
VVea. A by the matkins, good syr *Lancelot*, I saw him the
other day hold vp the bucklers, like an *Hercules*,
I faith God a marcie lad, *I* like thee well.
Lance. *I, I* like him well, go syrrha fetch me a cup of wine,
That ere *I* part with maister *VVeathercocke*,
We may drinke downe our farewell in French wine.
VVea. *I* thanke you syr, *I* thanke you friendly knight,
Ile come and visit you, by the mouse-foot *I* will:
In the meane time, take heed of cutting *Flowerdale*,

The London Prodigall.

wln 0543

He is a desperate dyck *I* warrant you.

wln 0544

Lance. He is, he is: fill *Daffidill*, fill me some wine, ha, what weares he on his arme?

wln 0545

My daughter *Luces* bracelet, *I* tis the same:

wln 0546

Ha to you maister *Weathercocke*.

wln 0547

wln 0548

VVea. *I* thanke you syr: Here *Daffidill*, an honest fellow and a tall thou art: well, ile take my leaue good knight, and hope to haue you and all your daughters at my poore house, in good

wln 0549

wln 0550

(sooth *I* must.

wln 0551

Lance. Thankes maister *VVeathercocke*, *I* shall be bold to trouble you be sure.

wln 0552

VVea. And welcome, hartily farewell. *(Exit VVeathercocke.*

wln 0553

Lance. Syrrha *I* saw my daughters wrong, and withall her bracelet on your arme, off with it: and with it my liuery too, Haue *I* care to see my daughter matched with men of worship, and are you growne so bold? Goe syrrha from my house, or ile whip you hence.

wln 0554

wln 0555

wln 0556

wln 0557

wln 0558

wln 0559

Daff. Ile not be whipped syr, theres your liuery.

wln 0560

(Exit Daffidill.

wln 0561

This is a **seruiegmans** reward, what care *I*,
I haue meanes to trust too: *I* scorne seruice *I*.

wln 0562

wln 0563

Lance. *I* a lusty knaue, but *I* must let him goe,
Our seruants must be taught, what they should know.

wln 0564

wln 0565

Enter syr Arthur and Luce.

wln 0566

Luce. Syr, as *I* am a maid, *I* doe affect you aboue any shuter that *I* haue, altho that souldiers scarce knowes how to loue.

wln 0567

Ar. *I* am a souldier, and a gentleman,

wln 0568

Knowes what belongs to war, what to a lady:

wln 0569

What man offends me, that my sword shall right:

wln 0570

What woman loues me, *I* am her faithfull knight.

wln 0571

Luce. *I* neither doubt your vallour, nor your loue, but

wln 0572

there be some that bares a souldiers forme, that swears by him they neuer thinke vpon, goes swaggering vp and downe from house to house, crying God payes: and.

wln 0573

wln 0574

wln 0575

Ar. Ifaith Lady ile discry you such a man,

wln 0576

Of them there be many which you haue spoke off,

wln 0577

That

The London Prodigall.

wln 0578
wln 0579
wln 0580
wln 0581
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wln 0614
wln 0615

That beare the name and shape of souldiers,
Yet God knowes very seldome saw the war:
That haunt your Tauerns, and your ordinaries,
Your ale-houses sometimes, for all a-like
To vphold the brutish humour of their mindes,
Being marked downe, for the bondmen of dispare:
Their mirth begins in wine, but endes in blood,
Their drinke is cleare, but their conceits are mud.

Luce. Yet these are great gentlemen souldiers.

Ar. No they are wretched slaues,

Whose desperate liues doth bring them timelesse graues.

Luce. Both for your selfe, and for your forme of life,
If *I* may choose, ile be a souldiers wife.

Enter syr Lancelot and Oliuer.

Oli. And tyt trust to it so then.

Lance. Ashure your selfe,

You shall be married with all speed we may:

One day shall serue for *Frances* and for *Luce*.

Oli. Why che wood vaine know the time, for prouiding
wedding rayments.

Lance. Why no more but this, first get your ashurance made,
touching my daughters ioynter, that dispatched, we wil in two
daies make prouision.

Oli. Why man chil haue the writings made by to morrow.

Lance. To morrow be it then, lets meet at the kings head
in fishstreet.

Oli. No fie man no, lets meet at the Rose at *Temple-bar*,
That will be nearer your counsellor and mine.

Lance. At the Rose, be it then the hower nine,
He that comes last, forfeits a pinte of wine.

Oli. A pinte is no paymēt, let it be a whole quart, or nothing.

Enter Artichoake.

Arty. Maister, here is a man would speake with maister *O-*
liuer, he comes from young maister *Flowerdale*.

Oli. Why chill speake with him, chill speake with him.

Lance. Nay sonne *Oliuer*, ile shurely see,
What young *Flowerdale* hath sent to you.

I pray God it be no quarrell.

The London Prodigall.

wln 0616
wln 0617
wln 0618
wln 0619
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wln 0652
wln 0653

Oly. Why man if he quarrell with me, chill giue him his
Fath. God saue you good syr *Lancelot.* (hands full.
Lance. Welcome honest friend. (*Enter old Flowerdale.*
Fath. To you and yours my maister wisheth health,
But vnto you syr this, and this he sendes:
There is the length syr of his rapier,
And in that paper shall you know his mind.
Oly. Here chill meet him my vrend, chill meet him.
Lance. Meet him, you shall not meet the Ruffin fye.
Oly. And *I* doe not meete him, chill giue you leaue to call
Me cut, where ist syrrha? where ist? where ist?
Fath. The letter shoves both the time and place,
And if you be a man, then keepe your word.
Lance. Syr he shal not keepe his word, he shal not meet.
Fath. Why let him choose, heele be the better knowne
For a base rascall, and reputed so.
Oly. Zyrtha, zyrtha: and tware not an old fellow, and sent
after an arrant, chid giue thee something, but chud be no mo-
ny: But hold thee, for *I* see thou art somewhat testorne, holde
thee, theres vortie shillings, bring thy maister a veeld, chil giue
thee vortie more, looke thou bring him, chil mall him tell him,
chill mar his dauncing tressels, chil vse him, he was nere so vsed
since his dam bound his head, chill make him for capyryng a-
ny more chy vor thee.
Fath. You seeme a man, stout and resolute,
And *I* will so report, what ere befall.
Lance. And fall out ill, ashure thy maister this,
Ile make him flye the land, or vse him worse.
Fath. My maister syr, deserues not this of you,
And that youle shortly finde.
Lance. Thy maister is an vnthrift, you a knaue,
And ile attache you first, next clap him vp:
Or haue him bound vnto his good behaiour.
Oly. *I* wood you were a sprite if you do him any harme for
this: And you doe, chill nere see you, nor any of yours, while
chill haue eyes open: what doe you thinke, chil be abaffelled
vp and downe the towne for a messell, and a scoundrel, no chy
bor you: zyrtha chil come, zay no more, chil come tell him.

Fath. Well

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wln 0654
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wln 0691

Fath. Well sir, my Maister deserues not this of you,
And that youle shortly finde. *Exit.*

Oly. No matter, he's an vnthrift, I defie him.

Lanc. No, gentle sonne, let me know the place.

Oly. Now chy vore you.

Lanc. Let me see the note.

Oly. Nay, chill watch you for zucht a tricke.
But if che meet him zoe, if not, zoe: chill make him knowe
me, or chill know why I shall not, chill vare the worse.

Lanc. What will you then neglect my daughters loue?
Venture your state and hers, for a loose brawle?

Oly. Why man, chill not kill him, marry chill veze him too,
and againe; and zoe God be with you vather.
What man, we shall met to morrow. *Exit.*

Lanc. Who would a thought he had bin so desperate.
Come forth my honest seruant *Artichoake.* *Enter Artic.*

Arti. Now, what's the matter? some brawle toward, I war-
rant you.

Lanc. Goe get me thy sword bright scowred, thy buckler
mended, O for that knaue, that Vyllaine *Daffidill* would haue
done good seruice. But to thee.

Art. I, this is the trickes of all you gentlemen, when you
stand in neede of a good fellow. O for that *Daffidill*, O where
is he? but if you be angry, and it bee but for the wagging of a
strawe, then out a doores with the knaue, turne the coate o-
uer his eares. This is the humour of you all.

Lanc. O for that knaue, that lustie *Daffidill*.

Art. Why there tis now: our yeares wages and our vailes
will scarce pay for broken swords and bucklers that wee vse
in our quarrels. But Ile not fight if *Daffidill* bee a tother side,
that's flat.

Lanc. Tis no such matter man, get weapons ready, and bee
at London ere the breake of day: watch neere the lodging
of the Deuon-shire Youth, but be vnseen: and as he goes out,
as he will goe out, and that very earely without doubt.

Art. What would you haue me draw vpon him,
As he goes in the streete?

Lanc. Not for a world man: into the fields.

The London Prodigall.

wln 0692

For to the field he goes, there to meet the desperat *Flowerdale*,
Take thou the part of *Olyuer* my sonne, for he shal be my son,
And marry *Luce*: Doest vnderstand me knaue?

wln 0693

wln 0694

wln 0695

Arty. I syr I doe vnderstand you, but my young mistresse
might be better prouided in matching with my fellowe *Daf-*

wln 0696

wln 0697

Lance. No more; *Daffidill* is a knaue: *(fidill.*

wln 0698

That *Daffidill* is a most notorious knaue. *(Exit.*

wln 0699

Enter Weathercocke.

wln 0700

Maister *Weathercocke* you come in happy time, The desperat
Flowerdale hath writ a challenge: And who thinke you must
answere it? but the Deuenshyre man, my sonne *Oliuer*.

wln 0701

wln 0702

wln 0703

Wea. Mary I am sory for it good syr *Lancelot*,

wln 0704

But if you will be ruled by me, wee le stay the furie.

wln 0705

Lance. As how I pray?

wln 0706

Wea. Marry ile tell you, by promising yong *Flowerdale* the
red lipped *Luce*.

wln 0707

wln 0708

Lance. Ile rather follow her vnto her graue.

wln 0709

Wen. I syr *Lancelot* I would haue thought so too, but you
and I haue bene deceiued in him, come read this will, or deed,
or what you call it, I know not: Come, come, your spectacles

wln 0710

wln 0711

(I pray.

wln 0712

Lance. Nay I thanke God, I see very well.

wln 0713

Wea. Marry God blesse your eyes, mine hath bene dim al-
most this thirtie yeares,

wln 0714

wln 0715

Lance. Ha what is this? what is this?

wln 0716

Wea. Nay there is true loue indeede, he gaue it to me but
this very morne, and bid me keepe it vnseene from any one,
good youth, to see, how men may be deceiued.

wln 0717

wln 0718

Lance. Passion of me, what a wretch am I to hate this
louing youth, he hath made me, together with my *Luce* hee
loues so deare, executors of all his wealth.

wln 0719

Wea. All, all good man, he hath giuen you all.

wln 0720

wln 0721

Lance. Three ships now in the straits, & homeward bound,
Two Lordships of two hundred pound a yeare:

wln 0722

wln 0723

The one in *Wales*, the other in *Gloster-shyre*:

wln 0724

wln 0725

Debts and accounts, are thirtie thousand pound,

wln 0726

The London Prodigall.

wln 0727

Plate, mony, Iewels, 16. thousand more,
Two housen furnished well in *Cole-man* street:

wln 0728

Beside whatsoever his Vnckle leaues to him,
Being of great **demeanes** and wealth at *Peckham*.

wln 0729

wln 0730

Wea. How like you this good knight? how like you this?

wln 0731

Lance. I haue done him wrong, but now ile make amends,

wln 0732

The Deuen-shyre man shall whistle for a wife,
He marrie *Luce*, *Luce* shall be *Flowerdales*.

wln 0733

wln 0734

Wea. Why that is friendly said, lets ride to *London* and pre-
uent their match, by promising your daughter to that louely
(lad.

wln 0735

wln 0736

Lance. Weele ride to *London*, or it shall not need,
Weele crosse to *Dedfort-strand*, and take a boat:
Where be these knaues? what *Artichoake*, what *Fop*?

wln 0737

wln 0738

wln 0739

Enter Artichoake.

wln 0740

Arty. Heere be the very knaues, but not the merry knaues.

wln 0741

Lance. Here take my cloake, ile haue a walke to *Dedford*.

wln 0742

Arty. Syr wee haue bin scouring of our swords and buck-
lers for your defence.

wln 0743

wln 0744

Lance. Defence me no defence, let your swordes rust, ile
haue no fighting: I, let blowes alone, bid *Delia* see all things be
in readinesse against the wedding, weele haue two at once,
and that will saue charges maister *Weathercocke*.

wln 0745

wln 0746

wln 0747

wln 0748

Arty. Well we will doe it syr.

wln 0749

Exit Omnes.

wln 0750

Enter Ciuet, Francke, and Delia.

wln 0751

Ciu. By my truth this is good lucke, I thanke God for this,
In good sooth I haue euen my harts desire: sister *Delia*, now I
may boldly call you so, for your father hath franck and freely
giuen me his daughter *Francke*.

wln 0752

wln 0753

wln 0754

wln 0755

Fran. I by my troth *Tom*, thou hast my good will too, for
I thanke God I longed for a husband, and would I might ne-
uer stir, for one his name was *Tom*.

wln 0756

wln 0757

wln 0758

Delia. Why sister now you haue your wish.

wln 0759

Ciu. You say very true sister *Delia*, and I prethee call me
nothing but *Tom* and ile call thee sweetheart, and *Franck*: will
it not doe well sister *Delia*?

wln 0760

wln 0761

wln 0762

Delia. It

The London Prodigall.

wln 0763 *Delia.* It will doe very well with both of you. (ed?)
wln 0764 *Fran.* But *Tom*, must I goe as I doe now when I am marri-
wln 0765 *Ciu.* No *Francke*, ile haue thee goe like a Citizen
wln 0766 In a garded gowne, and a French-hood.
wln 0767 *Fran.* By my troth that will be excellent indeed.
wln 0768 *Delia.* Brother, maintaine your wife to your estate,
wln 0769 Apparell you your selfe like to your father:
wln 0770 And let her goe like to your ancient mother,
wln 0771 He sparing got his wealth, left it to you,
wln 0772 Brother take heed of pride, some bids thrift adue.
wln 0773 *Ciu.* So as my father and my mother went, thats a iest
wln 0774 indeed, why she went in a fringed gowne, a single ruffe, and a
wln 0775 white cap.
wln 0776 And my father in a mocado coat, a paire of red satten sleeues,
wln 0777 and a canuis backe.
wln 0778 *Delia.* And yet his wealth was all as much as yours.
wln 0779 *Ciu.* My estate, my estate *I* thank God is fortie pound a yere,
wln 0780 in good leases and tenements, besides twenty marke a yeare
wln 0781 at cuckoldes-hauen, and that comes to vs all by inheritance.
wln 0782 *Delia.* That may indeed, tis very fitly plyed,
wln 0783 I know not how it comes, but so it falles out
wln 0784 That those whose fathers haue died wonderous rich,
wln 0785 And tooke no pleasure but to gather wealth,
wln 0786 Thinking of little that they leaue behind:
wln 0787 For them they hope, will be of their like minde,
wln 0788 But falles out contrary, forty yeares sparing
wln 0789 Is scarce three seuen yeares spending, neuer caring
wln 0790 What will inshue, when all their coyne is gone,
wln 0791 And all too late, then thrift is thought vpon:
wln 0792 Oft haue *I* heard, that pride and ryot kist,
wln 0793 And then repentance cryes, for had *I* wist.
wln 0794 *Ciu.* You say well sister *Delia*, you say well: but I meane
wln 0795 to liue within my boundes: for looke you, I haue set downe
wln 0796 my rest thus farre, but to maintaine my wife in her french-
wln 0797 hood, and her coach, keepe a couple of geldings, and a brace
wln 0798 of gray-hounds, and this is all ile doe.
wln 0799 *Delia.* And youle do this with fortie pound a yeare?
wln 0800 *Ciu.* *I*, and a better penny sister.

Fran. Sister

The London Prodigall.

wln 0801

Fran. Sister you forget that at couckolds-hauen.

wln 0802

Ciu. By my troath well remembered *Francke*,
Ile giue thee that to buy thee pinnes.

wln 0803

Delia. Keepe you the rest for points, alas the day,
Fooles shall haue wealth, tho all the world say nay:

wln 0804

Come brother will you in, dinner staies for vs.

wln 0805

Ciu. I good sister with all my heart.

wln 0806

Fran. I by my troath *Tom*, for *I* haue a good stomacke.

wln 0807

Ciu. And I the like sweet *Francke*, no sister

wln 0808

Doe not thinke ile goe beyond my boundes.

wln 0809

Delia. God grant you may not.

wln 0810

(Exit Omnes.)

wln 0811

*Enter young Flowerdale and his father, with foyles
in their handes.*

wln 0812

wln 0813

Flow. Syrrha *Kyt*, tarrie thou there, I haue spied syr *Lancelot*,
and old *Weathercocke* comming this way, they are hard at
hand, I will by no meanes be spoken withall.

wln 0814

wln 0815

Fath. Ile warrant you, goe get you in.

wln 0816

Enter Lancelot and Weathercocke.

wln 0817

Lance. Now my honest friend, thou doest belong to mai-

wln 0818

Fath. I doe syr. *(ster Flowerdale?)*

wln 0819

Lance. Is he within my good fellow?

wln 0820

Fath. No syr he is not within.

wln 0821

Lance. I prethee if he be within, let me speake with him.

wln 0822

Fath. Syr to tell you true, my maister is within, but indeed
would not be spoke withall: there be some tearmes that stands
vpon his reputation, therefore he will not admit any confe-
rence till he hath shooke them off.

wln 0823

Lance. I prethee tell him his verie good friend syr *Lancelot Spurcocke*,
intreates to speake with him.

wln 0824

Fath. By my troath syr, if you come to take vp the matter
betweene my maister and the Deuen-shyre man, you doe but
beguile your hopes, and loose your labour.

wln 0825

Lance. Honest friend, I haue not any such thing to him,
I come to speake with him about other matters.

wln 0826

Fath. For my maister syr hath set down his resolution,
Either to redeeme his honour, or leaue his life behind him.

wln 0827

Lance. My friend I doe not know any quarrell, touching

wln 0828

wln 0829

wln 0830

wln 0831

wln 0832

wln 0833

wln 0834

wln 0835

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wln 0838

The London Prodigall.

wln 0839
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wln 0877

Thy maister or any other person, my businesse is of a different nature to him, and *I* prethee so tell him.

Fath. For howsoever the Deuenshire man is, my maisters Mind is bloody: thats a round O.

And therefore syr, intreatie is but vaine:

Lance. *I* haue no such thing to him, *I* tell thee once againe.

Fath. *I* will then so signifie to him. (Exit Father.

Lance. A syrrha, *I* see this matter is hotly carried,
But ile labour to disswade him from it, (Enter Flowerdale.

Good morrow maister *Flowerdale*.

Flow Good morrow good syr *Lancelot*, good morrowe maister *Weathercocke*.

By my troath gentlemen, *I* haue bene a reading ouer

Nick Matchiuill, *I* find him

Good to be known, not to be followed:

A pestilent humane fellow, *I* haue made

Certaine anatations of him such as they be:

And how ist syr *Lancelot*? ha? how syr?

A mad world, men cannot liue quiet in it. (iarre

Lance. Maister *Flowerdale*, *I* doe vnderstand there is some
Betweene the Deuen-shyre man and you.

Fath. They syr? they are good friends as can be.

Flow. Who maister *Oliuer* and *I*? as good friends as can be.

Lance. It is a kind of safetie in you to denie it, and a generous
Silence, which too few are indued withall: But syr, such
A thing *I* heare, and *I* could wish it otherwise.

Flow. No such thing syr *Lancelot*, a my reputation,
As *I* am an honest man.

Lance. Now *I* doe beleue you then, if you doe
Ingage your reputation there is none.

Flow. Nay *I* doe not ingage my reputation there is not,
You shall not bind me to any condition of hardnesse:

But if there be any thing betweene vs, then there is,

If there be not, then there is not: be or be not, all is one.

Lance. *I* doe perceiue by this, that there is something be-
tweene you, and *I* am very sorie for it.

Flow. You may be deceiued syr *Lancelot*, the *Italian*
Hath a pretie saying, *Questo*? *I* haue forgot it too,
Tis out of my head, but in my translation

The London Prodigall.

wln 0878 Ift hold thus, thou hast a friend, keepe him. (If a foe, trip him.
wln 0879 *Lance.* Come, *I* doe see by this there is somewhat betweene
wln 0880 And before God *I* could wish it otherwise. you,
wln 0881 *Flow.* Well what is betweene vs, can hardly be altered:
wln 0882 Syr *Lancelot*, *I* am to ride forth to morrow,
wln 0883 That way which *I* must ride, no man must denie
wln 0884 Me the Sunne, *I* would not by any particular man,
wln 0885 Be denied common and generall passage. If any one
wln 0886 Saith *Flowerdale*, thou passest not this way:
wln 0887 My answeare is, *I* must either on or returne,
wln 0888 But returne is not my word, *I* must on:
wln 0889 If *I* cannot, then make my way, nature
wln 0890 Hath done the last for me, and thers the fine.
wln 0891 *Lance.* Maister *Flowerdale*, euey man hath one tongue,
wln 0892 And two eares, nature in her building,
wln 0893 Is a most curious worke-maister.
wln 0894 *Flow.* That is as much to say, a man should heare more
wln 0895 Then he should speake.
wln 0896 *Lance.* You say true, and indeed *I* haue heard more,
wln 0897 Then at this time *I* will speake,
wln 0898 *Flow.* You say well.
wln 0899 *Lance.* Slanders are more common then troathes maister
wln 0900 But prooffe is the rule for both. (*Flowerdale*:
wln 0901 *Flow.* You say true, what doe you call him
wln 0902 Hath it there in his third canton?
wln 0903 *Lance.* *I* haue heard you haue bin wild: *I* haue beleued it.
wln 0904 *Flow.* Twas fit, twas necessarie.
wln 0905 *Lance.* But *I* haue seene somewhat of late in you,
wln 0906 That hath confirmed in me an opinion of
wln 0907 Goodnesse toward you.
wln 0908 *Flow.* Yfaith syr, *I* am shure *I* neuer did you harme:
wln 0909 Some good *I* haue done, either to you or yours,
wln 0910 *I* am shure you know not, neither is it my will you should.
wln 0911 *Lance.* *I* your will syr.
wln 0912 *Flow.* *I* my will syr: sfoot doe you know ought of my will?
wln 0913 Begod and you doe syr, *I* am abused.
wln 0914 *Lance.* Goe maister *Flowerdale*, what *I* know, *I* know,
wln 0915 And know you thus much out of my knowledge,
wln 0916 That *I* truly loue you. For my daughter,

The London Prodigall.

wln 0917 **She** yours. And if you like a marriage better
wln 0918 Then a brawle, all quirks of reputation set aside, goe with me
wln 0919 presently: And where you should fight a bloodie battle, you
wln 0920 shall be married to a louely Ladie.
wln 0921 *Flow.* Nay but syr *Lancelot*?
wln 0922 *Lance.* If you will not imbrace my offer yet ashure your self
wln 0923 thus much, *I* will haue order to hinder your incounter.
wln 0924 *Flow.* Nay but heare me syr *Lancelot*.
wln 0925 *Lance.* Nay stand not you vpon imputatiue honour.
wln 0926 Tis meerey vnsound, vnprofitable, and idle:
wln 0927 Inferences your busines is to wedde my daughter therefore
wln 0928 giue me your present word to doe it, ile goe and prouide the
wln 0929 maid, therefore giue mee your present resolution, either now,
(or neuer.

wln 0930 *Flow.* Will you so put me too it?
wln 0931 *Luce.* *I* afore God, either take me now, or take me neuer,
wln 0932 Else what *I* thought should be our match, shal be our parting,
wln 0933 So fare you well for euer.
wln 0934 *Flow.* Stay: fall out, what may fall, my loue
wln 0935 Is about all: I will come.
wln 0936 *Lance.* *I* expect you, and so fare you well.
wln 0937 *(Exit syr Lancelot.*
wln 0938 *Fath.* Now syr, how shall we doe for wedding apparell?
wln 0939 *Flow.* By the masse thats true: now helpe *Kyt*,
wln 0940 The marriage ended, wee make amendes for all.
wln 0941 *Fath.* Well no more, prepare you for your bride,
wln 0942 We will not want for cloathes, what so ere betide.
wln 0943 *Flow.* And thou shalt see, when once I haue my dower,
wln 0944 In mirth wee spend,
wln 0945 Full many a merry hower:
wln 0946 As for ths wench, *I* not regard a pin,
wln 0947 It is her gold must bring my pleasures in.
wln 0948 *Fath.* Ist possible, he hath his second liuing,
wln 0949 Forsaking God, himselfe to the diuel giuing:
wln 0950 But that *I* knew his mother firme and chast,
wln 0951 My heart would say, my hed she had disgrast:
wln 0952 Else would *I* swear, he neuer was my sonne,
wln 0953 But her faire mind, so fowle a deed did shun.

Enter

The London Prodigall.

wln 0954

Enter Vnckle.

wln 0955

Vnck. How now brother, how doe you find your sonne?

wln 0956

Fath. O brother, heedlesse as a libertine,

wln 0957

Euen growne a maister in the schoole of vice,

wln 0958

One that doth nothing, but inuent desceit:

wln 0959

For all the day he humours vp and downe,

wln 0960

How he the next day might deceiue his friend,

wln 0961

He thinkes of nothing but the present time:

wln 0962

For one groat readie down, heele pay a shilling,

wln 0963

But then the lender must needes stay for it.

wln 0964

When I was young, I had the scope of youth,

wln 0965

Both wild, and wanton, carelesse and desperate:

wln 0966

But such mad straines, as hee's possest withall,

wln 0967

I thought it wonder for to dreame vpon.

wln 0968

Vnck. *I* told you so, but you would not beleuee it.

wln 0969

Fath. Well *I* haue found it, but one thing comforts me.

wln 0970

Brother, to morrow hee's to be married

wln 0971

To beautious *Luce*, syr *Lancelots Spurcocks* daughter.

wln 0972

Vnck. Ist possible?

wln 0973

Fath. Tis true, and thus I meane to curbe him,

wln 0974

This day brother, *I* will you shall arrest him:

wln 0975

If any thing will tame him, it must be that,

wln 0976

For he is ranck in mischief, chained to a life,

wln 0977

That will increase his shame, and kill his wife.

wln 0978

Vnck. What, arrest him on his wedding day?

wln 0979

That were vnchristian, and an vnhumane part:

wln 0980

How many couple euen for that very day,

wln 0981

Hath purchast 7 yeares sorrow afterward?

wln 0982

Forbeare him then to day, doe it to morrow,

wln 0983

And this day mingle not his ioy with sorrow.

wln 0984

Fath. Brother ile haue it done this very day,

wln 0985

And in the viewe of all, as he comes from Church:

wln 0986

Doe but obserue the course that he will take,

wln 0987

Vpon my life he will forswear the debt:

wln 0988

And for weele haue the summe shall not be slight,

wln 0989

Say that he owes you neere three thousand pound:

wln 0990

Good brother let be done immediately:

The London Prodigall.

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Vnck. Well, seeing you will haue it so,
Brother ile doot, and straitte prouide the Sheriffe.
Fath. So brother, by this meanes shall we perceiue
What syr *Lancelot* in this pinch will do:
And how his wife doth stand affected too him,
Her loue will then be tried to the vttermost:
And all the rest of them. Brother what *I* will doo,
Shall harme him much, and much auaille him too.

(Exit.

Oly. Cham ashured thicke be the place, that the scoundrell
Appointed to meet me, if a come zo: if a come not, zo.
And che war averse, he should make a coystrell an vs,
Ched vese him, and che vang him in hand, che would
Hoyst him, and giue it him too and againe, zo chud:
Who bin a there syr *Arthur*, chil staie aside.

Ar. *I* haue dogd the Deuen-shyre man into the field,
For feare of any harme that should befall him:
I had an inckling of that yesternight,
That *Flowerdale* and he should meet this morning:
Tho of my soule, *Oliuer* feares him not,
Yet for ide see faire play on either side,
Made me to come, to see their valours tride.
God morrow to maister *Oliuer*.

Oli. God an good morrow.

Ar. What maister *Oliuer* are you angry?

Oli. Why an it be, tyt and greeuen you?

Ar. Not me at all syr, but *I* imagine
By your being here thus armed,
You stay for some that you should fight withall.

Oli. Why and he doe, che would not dezire you to take his

Ar. No by my troath, I thinke you need it not, (part.
For he you looke for, *I* thinke meanes not to come. (place.

Oli. No & che war ashure a that, ched averse him in another

Daff. O syr *Arthur*, maister *Oliuer* aye me, (Enter *Daffidill*.
Your loue, and yours, and mine, sweet mistresse *Luce*,
This morne is married to young *Flowerdale*.

Ar. Married to *Flowerdale*! tis impossible.

Oli. Married man, che hope thou doest but iest:

To

Tht London Prodigall.

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To make an a volowten meryment of it.
Daf. O tis too true. Here comes his Vncle.
Enter Flowerdale, Sheriffe, Officers.
Uncle. God morrow sir *Arthur*, good morrow M. *Oliuer*.
Oly. God and good morne M. *Flowerdale*. I pray you tellen
Is your scoundrell kinsman married? (vs,
Arth. M. *Oliuer*, call him what you will, but hee is maryed
To sir *Launcelots* daughter here.
Uncle. Sir *Arthur*, vnto her?
Oly. I, ha the olde vellow zarued me thicke tricke,
Why man he was a promise, chil chud a had her,
Is a zitch a voxe, chill looke to his water che vor him.
Uncle. The musicke playes, they are comming from the
Church.
Sheriffe doe your Office: fellowes, stand stoutly too it.
Enter all to the Wedding.
Oly. God giue you ioy, as the old zaid Prouerbe is, and
some zorrow among. You met vs well, did you not?
Lance. Nay be not angry sir, the fault is in me,
I haue done all the wrong, kept him from comming to the
field to you, as *I* might sir, for *I* am a Iustice, and sworne to
keepe the peace.
Whe. *I* marry is he sir, a very Iustice, and sworne to keepe
the peace, you must not disturbe the weddings.
Lanc. Nay, neuer frowne nor storme sir, if you doe,
Ile haue an order taken for you.
Oly. Well, Well, chill be quiet.
Whe. M. *Flowerdale*, sir *Lancelot*, looke you who here is?
M. *Flowerdale*.
Lance. M. *Flowerdale*, welcome with all my heart.
Flow. Vncle, this is she yfaith: Maister Vnder-sheriffe
Arrest me? at whose sute? draw *Kit*.
Unc. At my sute sir.
Lance. Why whats the matter M. *Flowerdale*?
Unc. This is the matter sir, this vnthrift here,
Hath cozened you, and hath had of me,
In seuerall summes three thousand pound.
Flow. Why Vncle, Vncle.

Vncle

The London Prodigall.

wln 1067 *Unck.* Cousen, cousen, you haue vnckled me,
wln 1068 And if you be not staid, youle proue
wln 1069 A cousoner vnto all that know you.
wln 1070 *Lance.* Why syr, suppose he be to you in debt
wln 1071 Ten thousand pound, his state to me appeare,
wln 1072 To be at least three thousand by the yeare.
wln 1073 *Vnck.* O syr, *I* was too late informed of that plot,
wln 1074 How that he went about to cousen you:
wln 1075 And formde a will, and sent it to your good
wln 1076 Friend there maister *Weathercocke*, in which was
wln 1077 Nothing true, but brags and lyes.
wln 1078 *Lance.* Ha, hath he not such Lordships, landes, and shippes?
wln 1079 *Vnck.* Not worth a groat, not worth a halfepenie he.
wln 1080 *Lance.* I pray tell vs true, be plaine young *Flowerdale*?
wln 1081 *Flow.* My vnckle **here** mad, and disposed to do me wrong,
wln 1082 But heer's my man, an honest fellow
wln 1083 By the lord, and of good credit, knowes all is true.
wln 1084 *Fath.* Not *I* syr, *I* am too old to lye, *I* rather know
wln 1085 You forgde a will, where euery line you writ,
wln 1086 You studied where to **coate** your landes might lye.
wln 1087 *Wea.* And I prethee, where be thy honest friends?
wln 1088 *Fath.* Yfaith no where syr, for he hath none at all.
wln 1089 *Wea.* Benedicitie, we are ore wretched I beleuee.
wln 1090 *Lance.* *I* am cousend, and my hopefulst child vndone.
wln 1091 *Flow.* You are not cousend, nor is she vndone,
wln 1092 They slaunder me, by this light they slander me:
wln 1093 Looke you, my vnckle heres an vsurer, and would vndoe me,
wln 1094 But ile stand in law, do you but baile me, you shal do no more:
wln 1095 You brother *Ciuet*, and maister *Weathercocke*, doe but
wln 1096 Baile me, and let me haue my marriage mony
wln 1097 Paid me, and weele ride downe, and there your owne
wln 1098 Eyes shall see, how my poore tenants there wil welcome me.
wln 1099 You shall but baile me, you shall doe no more,
wln 1100 And you greedy gnat, their baile will serue.
wln 1101 *Vnck.* I syr, ile aske no better baile.
wln 1102 *Lance.* No syr you shall not take my baile, nor his,
wln 1103 Nor my sonne *Ciuet's*, ile not be cheated I,
wln 1104 Shreeue take your prisoner, ile not deale with him:

Lets

The London Prodigall.

wln 1105
wln 1106
wln 1107
wln 1108
wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113
wln 1114
wln 1115
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wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121
wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124
wln 1125
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wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133
wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139

Let's Vncle make false dice with his false bones,
I will not haue to doe with him: mocked, guld, & wrongd.
Come Girle, though it be late it falls out well,
Thou shalt not liue with him in beggers hell.

Luc. He is my husband, & hie heauen doth know,
With what vnwillingnesse I went to Church,
But you inforced me, you compelled me too it:
The holy Church-man pronounced these words but now,
I must not leaue my husband in distresse:
Now I must comfort him, not goe with you.

Lanc. Comfort a cozoner? on my curse forsake him.

Luce. This day you caused me on your curse to take him:
Doe not *I* pray my greiued soule oppresse,
God knowes my heart doth bleed at his distresse. (match,

Lanc. *O M. Weathercock*, I must confesse I forced her to this
Led with opinion his false will was true.

Wea. A, he hath ouer-reached me too. (state.

Lanc. She might haue liued like *Delia*, in a happie Virgins

Delia. Father be patient, sorrow comes too late.

Lance. And on her knees she begd & did entreat,
If she must needes taste a sad marriage life,
She craued to be sir *Arthur Greene-sheilds* wife.

Ar. You haue done her & me the greater wrong.

Lanc. *O* take her yet. *Arthur.* Not I.

Lanc. Or, *M. Oliuer*, except my child, and halfe my wealth
is yours. *Oly.* No sir, chil breake no Lawes.

Luce. Neuer feare, she will not trouble you.

Delia. Yet sister in this passion doe not runne headlong to
confusion. You may affect him, though not follow him.

Frank. Doe sister, hang him, let him goe.

Wea. Doe faith Mistresse *Luce*, leaue him.

Luc. You are three grosse fooles, let me alone,
I swear ile liue with him in all mone.

Oly. But an he haue his legges at libertie,
Cham auerd hee will neuer liue with you.

The London Prodigall.

wln 1140

Art. I but hee is now in hucksters handling for running

wln 1141

Lanc. Huswife, you heare how you and *I* am wrongd away.

wln 1142

And if you will redresse it yet you may:

wln 1143

But if you stand on tearmes to follow him,

wln 1144

Neuer come neere my sight nor looke on me,

wln 1145

Call me not father, looke not for a groat,

wln 1146

For all thy portion *I* wil this day giue

wln 1147

Vnto thy syster *Frances*.

wln 1148

Fran. How say you to that *Tom*, *I* shall haue a good deale,

wln 1149

Besides ile be a good wife: and a good wife

wln 1150

Is a good thing, *I* can tell.

wln 1151

Ciu. Peace *Franck*, *I* would be sorry to see thy sister

wln 1152

Cast away, as *I* am a Gentleman.

wln 1153

Lance. What, are you yet resolved?

wln 1154

Luc. Yes, *I* am resolved.

wln 1155

Lanc. Come then away, or now, or neuer come.

wln 1156

Luc. This way *I* turne, goe you vnto your feast,

wln 1157

And *I* to weepe, that am with grieffe opprest.

wln 1158

Lanc. For euer flie my sight: come gentlemen

wln 1159

Lets in, ile helpe you to far better wiues then her.

wln 1160

Delia vpon my blessing talke not too her,

wln 1161

Bace Baggage, in such hast to beggery?

wln 1162

Unc. Sheriffe take your prisoner to your charge.

wln 1163

Flo. Vncle, be-god you haue vsd me very hardly,

wln 1164

By my troth, vpon my wedding day.

wln 1165

Exit all: yong Flowerdale, his father, Vncle,

wln 1166

Sheriffe, and Officers.

wln 1167

Luc. O *M. Flowerdale*, but heare me speake,

wln 1168

Stay but a little while good *M. Sheriffe*,

wln 1169

If not for him, for my sake pittie him:

wln 1170

Good syr stop not your eares at my complaint,

wln 1171

My voyce growes weake, for womens words are faint.

wln 1172

Flow. Looke you Vncle, she kneeles to you.

Vncle.

The London Prodigall.

wln 1173 *Vnc.* Faire maid, for you, *I* loue you with my heart,
wln 1174 And greeue sweet soule thy fortune is so bad,
wln 1175 That thou shouldst match with such a gracelesse
wln 1176 Go to thy father, thinke not vpon him, (Youth,
wln 1177 Whom hell hath marked to be the sonne of shame.
wln 1178 *Luc.* Impute his wildnesse syr, vnto his youth,
wln 1179 And thinke that now is the time he doth repent:
wln 1180 Alas, what good or gayne can you receiue,
wln 1181 To imprison him that nothing hath to pay?
wln 1182 And where nought is, the king doth lose his due,
wln 1183 O pittie him as God shall pittie you.
wln 1184 *Vnc.* Ladie, I know his humours all too well,
wln 1185 And nothing in the world can doe him good,
wln 1186 But miserie it selfe to chaine him with.
wln 1187 *Luc.* Say that your debts were paid, then is he free?
wln 1188 *Vnc.* I virgin, that being answered, *I* haue done,
wln 1189 But to him that is all as impossible,
wln 1190 As *I* to scale the hie Piramydies.
wln 1191 Sheriffe take your prisoner, Maiden fare thee well.
wln 1192 *Luc.* *O* goe not yet, good M. *Flowerdale*:
wln 1193 Take my word for the debt, my word, my bond.
wln 1194 *Flow.* *I* by God *Vncle*, and my bond too.
wln 1195 *Luc.* Alas, *I* nere ought nothing but *I* paid it,
wln 1196 And *I* can worke, alas he can doe nothing:
wln 1197 *I* haue some friends perhaps will pittie me,
wln 1198 His chiefest friends doe seeke his miserie.
wln 1199 All that *I* can, or beg, get, or receiue,
wln 1200 Shall be for you: *O* doe not turne away,
wln 1201 Me thinkes within a face so reuerent,
wln 1202 So well experienced in this tottering world,
wln 1203 Should haue some feeling of a maidens griefe:
wln 1204 For my sake, his fathers, and your brothers sake,
wln 1205 *I* for your soules sake that doth hope for ioy,
wln 1206 Pittie my state: do not two soules destroy.
wln 1207 *Vnc.* Faire maid stand vp, not in regard of him,
wln 1208 But in pittie of thy haplesse choise,

The London Prodigall.

wln 1209
wln 1210
wln 1211
wln 1212
wln 1213
wln 1214
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wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243

I doe release him, M. Sheriffe I thanke you:
And officers there is for you to drinke.
Here maide take this monie, there is a 100. Angels,
And for I will be sure he shall not haue it,
Here *Kester* take it you, and vse it sparingly,
But let not her haue any want at all.
Dry your eyes Neece, doe not too much lament
For him, whose life hath beene in royot spent:
If well he vseth thee, he gets him friends,
If ill, a shamefull end on him depends.

Exit Vncle.

Flow. A plague goe with you for an old fornicator:
Come *Kyt* the monie, come honest *Kyt*.

Fath. Nay by my faith sir, you shall pardon me.

Flow. And why sir pardon you? giue me the mony
You old Rascall, or *I* shall make you.

Luc. Pray hold your hands, giue it him honest friend.

Fath. If you be so content, with all my heart.

Flow. Content syr, sblood shee shall be content
Whether she will or no. A rattle baby come to follow me:
Goe get you gone to the greasie chuffe your father,
Bring me your dowrie, or neuer looke on me.

Fath. Syr she hath forsooke her father, and all her friends for
you.

Flow. Hang thee, her friends and father altogether.

Fath. Yet part with something to prouide her lodging.

Flo. Yes, *I* meane to part with her and you, but if *I* part with
one Angel, hang me at a poste. Ile rather throwe them at a
cast at Dice, as *I* haue done a thousand of their fellowes.

Fath. Nay then *I* will be plaine degenerate boy,
Thou hadst a Father would haue beene ashamed.

Flow. My father was an Asse, an old Asse.

Fath. Thy father? proud lycentious villaine:
What are you at your foyles, ile foyle with you.

Luc. Good sir forbear him.

Fath.

The London Prodigall.

wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247
wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
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wln 1259
wln 1260
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wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278

Fath. Did not this whining woman hang on me,
Ide teach thee what it was to abuse thy father:
Goe hang, beg, starue, dice, game, that when all is gone
Thou maist after dispaire and hang thy selfe.

Luce. O doe not curse him.

Fath. I doe not curse him, and to pray for him were vaine,
It greeues me that he beares his father name.

Flow. Well you old rascall, I shall meet with you,
Syrpha get you gone, I will not strip the liuery
Ouer your eares, because you paid for it: (not
But do not vse my name, syrpha doe you heare? looke you doe
Vse my name, you were best.

Fath. Pay me the twentie pound then, that I lent you,
Or giue me securitie, when I may haue it. none,

Flow. Ile pay thee not a penny, and for securitie, ile giue thee
Minckins looke you doe not follow me, looke you doe not:
If you doe begger, I shall slit your nose.

Luce. Alas what shall I doe?

Flow. Why turne whore, thats a good trade,
And so perhaps ile see thee now and then.

Exit Flowerdale.

Luce. Alas the day that euer I was borne.

Fath. Sweete mistresse doe not weepe, ile sticke to you.

Luce. Alas my friend, I know not what to do,
My father and my friends, they haue despised me:
And I a wretched maid, thus cast away,
Knowes neither where to goe, nor what to say.

Fath. It grieues me at the soule, to see her teares
Thus staine the crimson roses of her cheekes:
Lady take comfort, doe not mourne in vaine,
I haue a little liuing in this towne,
The which I thinke comes to a hundred pound,
All that and more shall be at your dispose,
Ile straitte goe helpe you to some strange disguise,
And place you in a seruice in this towne:

The London Prodigall.

wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282

Where you shal know all, yet your selfe vnknowne:
Come greeue no more, where no helpe can be had,
Weepe not for him, that is more worse then bad.
Luce. I thanke you syr.

wln 1283

Enter syr Lancelot, maister VWeathercocke and them.

wln 1284
wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302
wln 1303
wln 1304
wln 1305

Oli. Well, cha a bin zerued many a sluttish tricke,
But such a lerripoope as thick ych was nere a sarued.

Lance. Son *Ciu*et, daughter *Fcances*, beare with me,
You see how *I* am pressed downe with inward grieffe,
About that lucklesse gyrl, your sister *Luce*:
But tis fallen out with me, as with many families beside,
They are most vnhappie, that are most beloued.

Ciu. Father tis so, tis euen fallen out so,
But what remedie, set hand to your heart, and let it passe:
Here is your daughter *Frances* and I, and weele not say,
Weele bring forth as wittie children, but as prettie
Children as euer she was: tho she had the pricke
And praise for a prettie wench: But father, done is
The mouse, youle come?

Lance. I sonne *Ciu*et, ile come.

Ciu. And you maister *Oli*uer?

Oli. *I*, for che a vext out this veast, chill see if a gan
Make a better veast there.

Ciu. And you syr *Arthur*?

Ar. *I* syr, although my heart be full,
Ile be a partner at your wedding feast.

Ciu. And welcome all indeed, and welcome, come *Francke*

(are you readie?)

Fran. Ieshue how hastie these husbands are, *I* pray father,
Pray to God to blesse me.

Lance. God blesse thee, and *I* doe: God make thee wise,
Send you both ioy, *I* wish it with wet eyes.

Fran. But

The London Prodigall.

wln 1310

Fran. But Father, shall not my sister *Delia* goe along with
She is excellent good at cookery and such things. (vs?)

wln 1311

Lance. Yes mary shall she: *Delia*, make you ready.

wln 1312

Delii. I am ready syr, *I* will first goe to *Greene-witch*,

wln 1313

From thence to my cousen *Chesterfeelds*, and so to *London*.

wln 1314

Ciu. It shall suffice good sister *Delia*, it shall suffice,

wln 1315

But faile vs not good sister, giue order to cookes, and others,

wln 1316

For *I* would not haue my sweet *Francke*

wln 1317

To soyle her fingers.

wln 1318

Fran. No by my troath not *I*, a gentlewoman, and a married

wln 1319

Gentlewoman too, to be companions to cookes,

wln 1320

And kitchin-boyes, not *I*, yfaith: *I* scorne that.

wln 1321

Ciu. Why *I* doe not meane thou shalt sweete heart,

wln 1322

Thou seest *I* doe not goe about it: well farewell too: (too?)

wln 1323

You, Gods pittie *M. Weathercocke*, we shal haue your cōpany

wln 1324

Wea. With all my heart, for *I* loue good cheare.

wln 1325

Ciu. Well, God be with you all, come *Francke*.

wln 1326

Fran. God be with you father, God be with you syr *Arthur*,

wln 1327

Maister *Oliuer*, and maister *Weathercocke*, sister, God be with

wln 1328

you all: God be with you father, God be with you euery one.

wln 1329

VVea. Why how now syr *Arthur*? all a mort maister *Oliuer*,

wln 1330

(how now man?)

wln 1331

Cheerely syr *Lancelot*, and merily say,

wln 1332

Who can hold that will away.

wln 1333

Lance. *I* shee is gone indeed, poore girle vndone,

wln 1334

But when theyle be selfewilled, children must smart.

wln 1335

Ar. But syr, that she is wronged, you are the chiefest cause.

wln 1336

Therefore tis reason, you redresse her wrong.

wln 1337

Wen. Indeed you must syr *Lancelot*, you must.

wln 1338

Lance. Must? who can compell me maister *VVeathercock*:

wln 1339

I hope *I* may doe what *I* list.

wln 1340

VVea. *I* grant you may, you may doe what you list.

wln 1341

Oli. Nay, but and you be well euisen, it were not good

wln 1342

By this vrampolnesse, and vrowardnesse, to cast away

wln 1343

As pretty a dowsabell, as am chould chance to see

The London Prodigall.

wln 1344

In a Sommers day, chil tell you what chall doe,
Chil goe spye vp and downe the towne, and see if I
Can heare any tale or dydings of her,

wln 1345

wln 1346

And take her away from thick a messell, vor cham

wln 1347

wln 1348

Ashured, heele but bring her to the spoile,

wln 1349

And so var you well, we shall meete at your sonne *Ciuets*.

wln 1350

Lance. I thanke you syr, I take it very kindly.

wln 1351

Arty. To find her out, ile spend my dearest blood.

wln 1352

Exit both.

wln 1353

So well I loued her, to affect her good.

wln 1354

Lance. O maister *Weathercocke*, what hap had I, to force

(my daughter

wln 1355

From maister *Oliuer*, and this good knight?

wln 1356

To one that hath no goodnesse in his thought.

wln 1357

Wea. Ill lucke, but what remedie.

wln 1358

Lance. Yes I haue almost deuised a remedy,

wln 1359

Young *Flowerdale*, is shure a prisoner.

wln 1360

Wea. Shure, nothing more shure.

wln 1361

Lance. And yet perhaps his Vnckle hath released him.

wln 1362

Wea. It may be very like, no doubt he hath.

wln 1363

Lance. Well if he be in prison, ile haue warrants

wln 1364

To tache my daughter till the lawe be tried,

wln 1365

For I will shue him vpon couzonage.

wln 1366

Wea. Mary may you, and ouerthrow him **toos**?

wln 1367

Lance. Nay thats not so, I may chance be scoft,

wln 1368

And sentence past with him.

wln 1369

Wea. Beleeue me so he may, therefore take heede.

wln 1370

Lance. Well howsoeuer, yet I will haue warrants,

wln 1371

In prison, or at libertie, alls one:

wln 1372

You will helpe to serue them maister *Weathercocke*?

wln 1373

Exit Omnes.

wln 1374

Enter Flowerdale.

wln 1375

Flow. A plague of the diuell, the diuell take the dyce,

wln 1376

The dyce, and the diuell, and his damme goe together:

Of

The London Prodigall.

wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
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wln 1409
wln 1410
wln 1411

Of all my hundred golden angels,
I haue not left me one denier:
A poxe of come a fiue, what shall *I* doe?
I can borrow no more of my credit:
There's not any of my acquaintance, man, nor boy,
But *I* haue borrowed more or lesse off:
I would *I* knewe where to take a good purse,
And goe cleare away, by this light ile venture for it,
Gods lid my sister *Delia*,
Ile rob her, by this hand.

Enter Delia, and Artichoake.

Deli. *I* prethee *Artichoake* goe not so fast,
The weather is hot, and *I* am something wearie.

Arti. Nay *I* warrant you mistresse *Delia* ile not tire you
With leading, weelee goe an extreame moderate pace.

Flow. Stand, deliuer your purse.

Arti. O lord, theeues, theeues.

Exit Artichoake.

Flow. Come, come, your purse ladie, your purse.

Deli. That voice *I* haue heard often before this time,
What brother *Flowerdale*, become a theefe?

Flow. *I*, a plague ont, *I* thanke your father,
But sister, come, your mony, come:

What the world must find me, *I* am borne to liue,
Tis not a sinne to steale, when none will giue.

Deli. O God, is all grace banisht from thy heart,
Thinke of the shame that doth attend this fact.

Flow. Shame me no shames, come giue me your purse,
Ile bind you sister, least *I* faire the worse.

Deli. No, bind me not, hold there is all *I* haue,
And would that mony would redeeme thy shame.

Enter Oliuer syr Arthur, and Artichoake.

Arti. Theeues, theeues, theeues.

Oli. Theeues, where man? why how now mistresse *Delia*,
Ha you a liked to bin a robbed?

The London Prodigall.

wln 1412

Delia. No maister *Oliuer*, tis maister *Flowerdale*, hee did but
iest with me.

wln 1413

Oli. How, *Flowerdale*, that scoundrell? sirrha, you meten vs

wln 1414

Well, vang thee that. (charge.

wln 1415

Flow. Well sir, ile not meddle with you, because *I* haue a

wln 1416

Deli. Here brother *Flowerdale*, ile lend you this same mony.

wln 1417

Flow. *I* thanke you sister. (penny.

wln 1418

Oli. *I* wad you were ysplit, and you let the mezell haue a

wln 1419

But since you cannot keepe it, chil keepe it my selfe.

wln 1420

Ar. Tis pittie to releue him in this sort,

wln 1421

Who makes a triumphant life, his daily sport.

wln 1422

Delia. Brother, you see how all men consure you,

wln 1423

Farewell, and I pray God amend your life.

wln 1424

Oly. Come, chill bring you along, and you safe enough

wln 1425

From twentie such scoundrells as thick a one is,

wln 1426

Farewell and be hanged zyrha, as I thinke so thou

wln 1427

Wilt be shortly, come syr *Arthur*.

wln 1428

Exit all but Flowerdale.

wln 1429

Flow. A plague goe with you for a karsie rascall:

wln 1430

This Deuenshyre man I think is made all of porke,

wln 1431

His hands made onely, for to heaue vp packs:

wln 1432

His hart as fat and big as his face,

wln 1433

As differing far from all braue gallant minds

wln 1434

As I to serue the hogges, and drinke with hindes,

wln 1435

As I am very neere now: well, what remedie,

wln 1436

When mony, meanes, and friends, doe growe so small,

wln 1437

Then farewell life, and ther's an end of all. *Exit omnes.*

wln 1438

Enter Father, Luce like a Dutch Frow, Ciuet, and his

wln 1439

wife mistresse Frances.

wln 1440

Ciu. By my troath god a mercie for this good *Christopher*,

wln 1441

I thanke thee for my maide, *I* like her very well,

wln 1442

How doest thou like her *Frances*?

wln 1443

Fran. In good sadnesse *Tom*, very well, excellent well,

wln 1444

She speakes so prettily, I pray whats your name?

wln 1445

Luce. My name forsooth be called *Tanikin*.

Fran. By

The London Prodigall.

wln 1446

Fran. By my troath a fine name, O *Tanikin*, you are excellent for dressing one head a newe fashion.

wln 1447

Luce. Me sall doe euery ting about da head.

wln 1448

Ciu. What countriwoman is she *Kester*?

wln 1449

Fath. A dutch woman sir.

wln 1450

Ciu. Why then she is outlandish, is she not?

wln 1451

Fath. *I* Syr she is. (and eares?)

wln 1452

Fran. O then thou canst tell how to helpe mee to cheekes

wln 1453

Luce. Yes mistresse verie vell.

wln 1454

Fath. Cheekes and eares, why mistresse *Frances*, want you Cheekes and eares? me thinkes you haue very faire ones.

wln 1455

Fran. Thou art a foole indeed *Tom*, thou knowest what I

wln 1456

Ciu. I, I *Kester*, tis such as they weare a their heads, (meane,

wln 1457

I prethee *Kit* haue her in, and shewe her my house.

wln 1458

Fath. I will sir, come *Tanikin*.

wln 1459

Fran. O *Tom*, you haue not bussed me to day *Tom*.

wln 1460

Ciu. No *Frances*, we must not kisse afore folkes,

wln 1461

God saue me *Francke*,

wln 1462

wln 1463

Enter Delia, and Artichoake.

wln 1464

See yonder my sister *Delia* is come, welcome good sister.

wln 1465

Fran. Welcome good sister, how do you like the tier of my

wln 1466

Delia. Very well sister. (head?)

wln 1467

Ciu. I am glad you're come sister *Delia* to giue order for Supper, they will be here soone.

wln 1468

Arty. I, but if good luck had not serued, she had

wln 1469

Not bin here now, filching *Flowerdale* had like

wln 1470

To peppord vs, but for maister *Oliuer*, we had bin robbed.

wln 1471

Deli. Peace syrrha, no more.

wln 1472

Fath. Robbed! by whom?

wln 1473

Arty. Marry by none but by *Flowerdale*, he is turned theefe.

wln 1474

Ciu. By my faith, but that is not well, but God be praised

wln 1475

For your escape, will you draw neere sister?

wln 1476

Fath. Syrrha come hither, would *Flowerdale*, hee that was

wln 1477

my maister, a robbed you, I prethee tell me true?

wln 1478

wln 1479

The London Prodigall.

wln 1511 Therefore kind sister doe not disclose my estate,
wln 1512 If ere his heart doth turne, tis nere too late. (mind,
wln 1513 *Dely.* Well, seeing no counsell can remoue your
wln 1514 Ile not disclose you, that art wilfull blinde. (eies,
wln 1515 *Luc.* *Delia*, I thank you, I now must please her
wln 1516 My sister *Frances*, neither faire nor wise.
wln 1517

Exit Omnes.

wln 1518 *Enter Flowerdale solus.*

wln 1519 *Flo.* On goes he that knowes no end of his iourney,
wln 1520 I haue passed the very vtmost bounds of shifting,
wln 1521 I haue no course now but to hang my selfe:
wln 1522 I haue liued since yesterday two a clocke, of a
wln 1523 Spice-cake I had at a buriall: and for drinke,
wln 1524 I got it at an Ale-house among Porters, such as
wln 1525 Will beare out a man, if he haue no mony indeed.
wln 1526 I meane out of their companyes, for they are men
wln 1527 Of good carriage. Who comes heere?
wln 1528 The two Conycatchers, that woon all my mony of
wln 1529 Ile trie if thayle lend me any. (me.

Enter Dicke and Rafe.

wln 1531 What M. *Richard* how doe you?
wln 1532 How doest thou *Rafe*? By God gentlemē the world
wln 1533 Growes bare with me, will you do as much as lend
wln 1534 Me an Angel betweene you both, you know you
wln 1535 Won a hundred of me the other day.

wln 1536 *Rafe.* How, an Angel? God damb vs if we lost not eury
wln 1537 Peny, within an houre after thou wert gone.

wln 1538 *Flow.* I prethy lend me so much as will pay for my supper,
wln 1539 Ile pay you againe, as I am a Gentleman.

wln 1540 *Rafe.* I faith, we haue haue not a farthing, not a myte:
wln 1541 I wonder at it M. *Flowerdale*,
wln 1542 You will so carelesly vndo your selfe,
wln 1543 Why you will loose more mony in an houre,

The London Prodigall.

wln 1544

Then any honest man spend in a yeare,
For shame betake you to some honest Trade,
And liue not thus so like a Vagabond.

wln 1545

wln 1546

wln 1547

Exit both.

wln 1548

Flow. A Vagabond indeed, more villaines you:

wln 1549

They gaue me counsell that first cozend me:

wln 1550

Those Diuels first brought me to this I am,

wln 1551

And being thus, the first that doe me wrong.

wln 1552

Well, yet I haue one firriend left in store,

wln 1553

Not farre from hence, there dwels a Cokatryce,

wln 1554

One that I first put in a satten gowne,

wln 1555

And not a tooth that dwell within her head,

wln 1556

But stands me at the least in 20. pound:

wln 1557

Her will *I* visite now my coyne is gone,

wln 1558

And as *I* take it heere dwelles the Gentlewomen.

wln 1559

What ho, is Mistesse *Apricocke* within?

wln 1560

Enter Ruffyn.

wln 1561

Ruff. What sawsie Rascall is that which knocks so bold,

wln 1562

O, is it you? old spend-thrift, are you here?

wln 1563

One that is turned Cozoner about the towne:

wln 1564

My Mistresse saw you, and sends this word by me,

wln 1565

Either be packing quickly from the doore,

wln 1566

Or you shall haue such a greeting sent you strait,

wln 1567

As you will little like on, you had best be gone.

wln 1568

Flow. Why so, this is as it should be, being poore,

wln 1569

Thus art thou serued by a vile painted whoore.

wln 1570

Well, since thy damned crew doe so abuse thee,

wln 1571

Ile try of honest men, how they will vse mee.

wln 1572

Enter an auncient Citizen.

wln 1573

Sir *I* beseech you to take compassion of a man,

wln 1574

One whose Fortunes haue beene better then at this instant

wln 1575

they seeme to bee: but if *I* might craue of you so much little

wln 1576

portion, as would bring mee to my friends, I should rest

wln 1577

thankfull, vntill I had requited so great a curtesie.

Citizen

The London Prodigall.

wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581
wln 1582
wln 1583
wln 1584
wln 1585
wln 1586
wln 1587
wln 1588
wln 1589

Citizen. Fie, fie, yong man, this course is very bad,
Too many such haue wee about this Cittie,
Yet for *I* haue not seene you in this sort,
Nor noted you to be a common begger:
Hold theres an Angel, to beare your charges,
Downe, goe to your freinds, do not on this depend,
Such bad beginnings oft haue worser ends.

Exit Citt.

wln 1590
wln 1591
wln 1592
wln 1593
wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602
wln 1603
wln 1604
wln 1605
wln 1606
wln 1607
wln 1608
wln 1609
wln 1610
wln 1611

Flow. Worsen endes: nay, if it fall out
No worse then in old angels *I* care not,
Nay now *I* haue had such a fortunate beginning,
Ile not let a sixepennie-purse escape me,
By the Masse, here comes another.

Enter a Citizens wife with a torch before her.

God blesse you faire Mistresse.
Now would it please you gentlewoman to looke into the
wants of a poore Gentle-man, a yonger brother, *I* doubt not
but God will treble restore it backe againe, one that neuer
before this time demanded pennie, halfpenie, nor farthing.

Citiz. Wife. Stay *Alexander*, now by my troth a very pro-
per man, and tis great pittie: hold my friend, theres all the
monie *I* haue about me, a couple of shillings, and God blesse
thee.

Flow. Now God thanke you sweete Lady: if you haue any
friend, or Garden-house, where you may employ a poore
gentleman as your friend, *I* am yours to command in all se-
cret seruice.

Citiz. *I* thanke you good friend, *I* prethy let me see that a-
gaine, *I* gaue thee, there is one of them a brasse shilling, giue
me them, and here is halfe a crowne in gold. *He giues it her.*

Nowe out vpon thee Rascall, secret seruice: what doest
thou make of mee? it were a good deede to haue thee whipt:
now *I* haue my money againe, ile see thee hanged before
I giue thee a pennie: secret seruice: on good *Alexander*.

Exit both.

Flow. This

The London Prodigall.

wln 1612
wln 1613

Flow. This is villanous lucke, I perceiue dishonestie
Will not thriue: here comes more, God forgiue mee,

wln 1614
wln 1615
wln 1616

Sir *Arthur*, and M. *Oliuer*, afore God, Ile speake to them,
God saue you Sir *Arthur*: God saue you M. *Oliuer*.

Enter Sir Arthur, and M. Oliuer.

wln 1617
wln 1618

Oli. Byn you there zirrha, come will you ytaken your selfe
To your tooles, Coystrell?

wln 1619
wln 1620

Flow. Nay, M. *Oliuer*, Ile not fight with you,
Alas sir you know it was not my dooings,

wln 1621
wln 1622

It was onely a plot to get Sir *Lancelots* daughter:
By God, *I* neuer meant you harme.

wln 1623
wln 1624

Oli. And whore is the Gentle-woman thy wife, Mezell?
Whore is shee, *Zyrrha*, ha?

wln 1625
wln 1626

Flow. By my troth M. *Oliuer*, sicke, very sicke;
And God is my Iudge, *I* know not what meanes to make for
her, good Gentlewoman.

wln 1627
wln 1628

Oli. Tell me true, is she sicke? tell me true itch vise thee?

wln 1629
wln 1630

Flow. Yes faith, *I* tell you true: M. *Oliuer*, if you would
doe mee the small kindnesse, but to lend me fortie shillings:

wln 1631
wln 1632

So God helpe me *I* will pay you So soone as my abilitie shall
make me able, as *I* am a gentleman.

wln 1633
wln 1634

Oli. Well thou zaist thy wife is zicke: hold, thers vortie
shillings, giued it to thy wife, looke thou giue it her, or *I* shall
zo veze thee, thou wert not so vezed this zeuen yeare, looke
too it.

wln 1635
wln 1636

Art. Yfaith M. *Oliuer*, it is in vaine
To giue to him that neuer thinkes of her.

wln 1637
wln 1638

Oli. Well, would che could yuind it. (man.
Flow. *I* tell you true, sir *Arthur*, as *I* am a gentle-

wln 1639
wln 1640

Oli. Well fare you well zyrrah: come sir *Arthur*.

wln 1641
wln 1642

Exit both:

wln 1643
wln 1644

Flow. By the Lord this is excellent.
Fiue golden Angels compast in an houre,

wln 1645

If this trade hold, ile neuer seeke a new.

Welcome

The London Prodigall.

wln 1646

Welcome sweet gold: and beggery adue.

wln 1647

Enter Vnckle and Father.

wln 1648

Vnc. See *Kester* if you can find the house.

wln 1649

Flow. Whose here, my Vnckle, and my man *Kester*?

wln 1650

By the masse tis they.

wln 1651

How doe you Vnckle, how dost thou *Kester*?

wln 1652

By my troath Vnckle, you must needes lend

wln 1653

Me some mony, the poore gentlewoman

wln 1654

My wife, so God helpe me, is verie sicke,

wln 1655

I was robde of the hundred angels

wln 1656

You gae me, they are gone.

wln 1657

Vnc. *I* they are gone indeed, come *Kester* away.

wln 1658

Flow. Nay Vnckle, do you heare? good Vnckle.

wln 1659

Unc. Out hypocrite, *I* will not heare thee speake,

wln 1660

Come leaue him *Kester*.

wln 1661

Flow. *Kester*, honest *Kester*.

wln 1662

Fath. Syr, *I* haue nought to say to you,

wln 1663

Open the doore to my kin, thou hadst best

wln 1664

Lockt fast, for theres a false knaue without.

wln 1665

Flow. you are an old lying Rascall,

wln 1666

So you are.

Exit both.

wln 1667

Enter Luce.

wln 1668

Luce. Vat is de matter, Vat be you yonker?

wln 1669

Flow. By this light a Dutch Froe, they say they are calde

wln 1670

Kind, by this light ile try her.

wln 1671

Luce. Vat bin you yonker, why doe you not speake?

wln 1672

Flow. By my troath sweet heart, a poore gentleman that

wln 1673

would desire of you, if it stand with your liking, the bountie of
your purse.

wln 1674

Enter father.

wln 1675

Luce. O here God, so young an armine.

wln 1676

Flow. Armine sweet-heart, *I* know not what you meane by

wln 1677

that, but *I* am almost a begger.

wln 1678

Luce. Are you not a married man, vere bin your vife?

wln 1679

Here is all *I* haue, take dis.

wln 1680

Flow. What gold young Froe? this is braue.

wln 1681

Fath. If he haue any grace, heele now repent.

wln 1682

The London Prodigall.

wln 1683

Luce. Why speake you not, were be your wife?

wln 1684

Flow. Dead, dead, shees dead, tis she hath vndone me,

wln 1685

Spent me all *I* had, and kept rascalls vnder mine nose to braue
(me.)

wln 1686

Luce. Did you vse her vell?

wln 1687

Flow. Vse her, theres neuer a gentlewoman in *England*

wln 1688

could be better vsed then *I* did her, I could but Coatch her,
her diet stood me in fortie pound a moneth, but shee is dead
and in her graue, my cares are buried.

wln 1689

Luce. Indeed dat vas not scone.

wln 1690

Fath. He is turned more diuell then he was before.

wln 1691

Flow. Thou doest belong to maister *Ciuets* here, doest thou

wln 1692

Luce. Yes me doe.

wln 1693

Flow. Why theres it, theres not a handfull of plate
(not?)

wln 1694

Flow. Why theres it, theres not a handfull of plate
But belongs to me, Gods my Iudge:

wln 1695

If *I* had but such a wench as thou art,
Theres neuer a man in *England* would make more

wln 1696

Of her, then *I* would doe, so she had any stocke.

wln 1697

They call within:

wln 1698

O why *Tanikin*.

wln 1699

Luce. Stay one doth call, I shall come by and by againe.

wln 1700

Flow. By this hand, this Dutch wench is in loue with me,

wln 1701

Were it not admirall to make her steale
All *Ciuets* Plate, and runne away.

wln 1702

Fath. Twere beastly. O maister *Flowerdale*,

wln 1703

Haue you no feare of God, nor conscience:

wln 1704

What doe you meane, by this vilde course you take?

wln 1705

Flow. What doe *I* meane, why to liue, that I meane.

wln 1706

Fath. To liue in this sort, fie vpon the course,

wln 1707

Your life doth show, you are a verie coward.

wln 1708

Flow. A coward, I pray in what?

wln 1709

Fath. Why you will borrow sixpence of a boy.

wln 1710

Flow. Snailles is there such cowardice in that, *I* dare

wln 1711

Borrow it of a man, *I* and of the tallest man

wln 1712

In England, if he will lend it me,

wln 1713

Let me borrowe it how I can, and let them come by it how

wln 1714

they dare.

wln 1715

wln 1716

wln 1717

wln 1718

And

The London Prodigall.

wln 1719 And it is well **kowne**, I might a'rid out a hundred times
wln 1720 If *I* would: so *I* might.

wln 1721 *Fath.* It was not want of will, but cowardice,
wln 1722 There is none that lends to you, but know they
wln 1723 And what is that but onely stealth in you, (gaine:
wln 1724 *Delia* might hang you now, did not her heart
wln 1725 Take pittie of you for her sisters sake.
wln 1726 Goe get you hence, least lingering here you stay,
wln 1727 You fall into their hands you looke not for.

wln 1728 *Flow.* Ile tarie here, till the Dutch Froe
wln 1729 Comes, if all the diuels in hell were here.

wln 1730 *Exit. Father.*

wln 1731 *Enter syr Lancelot, maister Weathercocke, and*
wln 1732 *Artichoake.*

wln 1733 *Luce.* Where is the doore, are we not past it *Artichoake*?
wln 1734 *Arty.* Bith masse heres one, ile aske him, doe you heare sir?
wln 1735 What are you so proud? doe you heare, which is the way
wln 1736 To maister *Ciuets* house? what will you not speake?
wln 1737 O me, this is filching *Flwoerdale*.

wln 1738 *Lance.* O wonderfull, is this leaude villaine here?
wln 1739 O you cheating Roague, you cut-purse conicatcher,
wln 1740 VVhat ditch you villaine, is my daughters graue?
wln 1741 A cozening rascall, that must make a will,
wln 1742 Take on him that strict habit, very that:
wln 1743 VVhen he should turne to angell, a dying grace,
wln 1744 Ile father in lawe you syr, ile make a will,
wln 1745 Speake villaine, wheres my daughter?
wln 1746 Poysoned *I* warrant you, or knocked a the head: will,
wln 1747 And to abuse good maister *Weathercocke*, with his forged
wln 1748 And maister *Weathercocke*, to make my grounded resolution,
wln 1749 Then to abuse the Deuenshyre gentlemen:
wln 1750 Goe, away with him to prison.

wln 1751 *Flow.* VVherefore to prison? syr *I* will not goe.
wln 1752 *Enter maister Ciuets his wife, Oliuer, syr Arthur,*
wln 1753 *Father, and Vnckle Delia.*

The London Prodigall.

wln 1754

Luce. O heeres his Vnckle, welcome gentlemen, welcome
Such a cozoner gentlemen, a murderer too (all,
For any thing *I* know, my daughter is missing:

wln 1755

wln 1756

Hath bin looked for, cannot be found, a vild vpon thee.

wln 1757

wln 1758

Unc. He is my kinsman, altho his life be vilde,
Therefore in Gods name, doe with him what you will.

wln 1759

wln 1760

Lance. Marrie to prison.

wln 1761

Flow. Wherefore to prison? snick vp, I owe you nothing.

wln 1762

Lance. Bring forth my daughter then, away with him.

wln 1763

Flow. Goe seeke your daughter, what doe you lay to my

wln 1764

Lance. Suspition of murder, goe? away with him. (charge,

wln 1765

Flow. Murder your dogs, I murder your daughter,

wln 1766

Come Vnckle, I know youle baile me.

wln 1767

Vnc. Not *I*, were there no more.

wln 1768

Then I the Iaylor, thou the prisoner.

wln 1769

Lance. Goe away with him.

wln 1770

Enter Luce like a Frowe.

wln 1771

Luce. O my life here, where will you ha de man?

wln 1772

Vat ha de younker done?

wln 1773

Wea. Woman he hath kild his wife.

wln 1774

Luce. His wife, dat is not good, dat is not seene.

wln 1775

Lance. Hang not vpon him huswife, if you doe ile lay you
(by him.

wln 1776

Luce. Haue me no, and or way doe you haue him,

wln 1777

He tell me dat he loue me hartily.

wln 1778

Fran. Lead away my maide to prison, why *Tom* will you
(suffer that?

wln 1779

Ciu. No by your leaue father, she is no vagrant:

wln 1780

She is my wiues chamber maid, & as true as the skin between
any mans browes here.

wln 1781

Lance. Goe too, you're both fooles: sonne *Ciuet*,

wln 1782

Of my life this is a plot,

wln 1783

Some stragling counterfait preferd to you:

wln 1784

No doubt to rob you of your plate and Iewels,

wln 1785

Ile haue you led away to prison trull.

wln 1786

Luce. I am no trull, neither outlandish Frowe,

wln 1787

Nor he, nor I shall to the prison goe:

wln 1788

Know you me now? nay neuer stand amazed.

wln 1789

Father,

The London Prodigall.

wln 1790 Father I know *I* haue offended you,
wln 1791 And tho that dutie wills me bend my knees
wln 1792 To you in dutie and obedience:
wln 1793 Yet this wayes doe I turne, and to him yeeld
wln 1794 My loue, my dutie and my humblenesse.
wln 1795 *Lanc.* Bastard in nature, kneele to such a slaue?
wln 1796 *Luce.* O M. *Flowerdale*, if too much grieffe
wln 1797 Haue not stopt vp the organs of your voyce,
wln 1798 Then speake to her that is thy faithfull wife,
wln 1799 Or doth contempt of me, thus tye thy tongue:
wln 1800 Turne not away, I am no *Æthyope*,
wln 1801 No wanton *Cressed*, nor a changing *Hellen*:
wln 1802 But rather one made wretched by thy losse.
wln 1803 What turnst thou still from me? O then
wln 1804 *I* gesse thee wofulst among haplesse men.
wln 1805 *Flow.* I am indeed wife, wonder among wiues!
wln 1806 Thy chastitie and vertue hath infused
wln 1807 Another soule in mee, red with defame,
wln 1808 For in my blushing cheekes is seene my shame.
wln 1809 *Lanc.* Out Hypocrite, I charge thee trust him not.
wln 1810 *Luce.* Not trust him, by hopes after blisse,
wln 1811 I know no sorrow can be compar'd to his.
wln 1812 *Lan.* Well since thou weart ordain'd to beggery,
wln 1813 Follow thy fortune, I defie thee *I*.
wln 1814 *Oly.* Y wood che were so well ydoused as was euer white
wln 1815 cloth in a tocking mill, and chea ha not made me weepe.
wln 1816 *Fath.* If he hath any grace heele now repent.
wln 1817 *Art.* It moues my heart.
wln 1818 *Wea.* By my troth I must weepe, *I* can not chuse.
wln 1819 *Uncle.* None but a beast would such a maide misuse.
wln 1820 *Flow.* Content thy selfe, I hope to win his fauour,
wln 1821 And to redeeme my reputation lost,
wln 1822 And Gentlemen beleeeue me, *I* beseech you,
wln 1823 I hope your eyes shall behold such change,
wln 1824 As shall deceiue your expectation.
wln 1825 *Oly.* I would che were ysplitted now, but che beleeeue him.
wln 1826 *Lance.* How, beleeeue him. *Wea.* By the mackins, I doe.
wln 1827 *Lance.* What doe you thinke that ere he will haue grace?

The London Prodigall.

wln 1828

Wea. By my faith it will goe hard.

wln 1829

Oly. Well che vorye he is changed: and M. *Flowerdale*, in hope you been so, hold theres vortie pound toward your zetting vp: what bee not ashamed, vang it man, vang it, bee a good husband, louen your wife: and you shall not want for vortie more, *I* che vor thee.

wln 1830

wln 1831

wln 1832

wln 1833

wln 1834

Arth. My meanes are little, but if youle follow
I will instruct you in my ablest power: (me,
But to your wife *I* giue this Diamond,
And proue true Dimond faire in all your life.

wln 1835

wln 1836

wln 1837

wln 1838

wln 1839

Flow. Thankes good sir *Arthur*, M. *Oliuer*,
You being my enemie, and growne so kind,
Bindes mee in all indeuour to restore.

wln 1840

wln 1841

wln 1842

wln 1843

wln 1844

wln 1845

wln 1846

Oly. What, restore me, no restorings man,
I haue vortie pound more for *Luce*, here vang it:
Zouth chil devie *London* els, what do not thinke me
A Mezel or a Scondrell to throw away my money, che haue
a hundred pound more to pace of any good spotation: *I* hope
your vnder and your vncler here wil vollow my zamples.

wln 1847

wln 1848

wln 1849

wln 1850

wln 1851

wln 1852

wln 1853

wln 1854

Vncler. You haue gest right of me, if he leaue of this course of
life, he shall be mine heire.

Lan. But he shall neuer get a groat of me,
A Cozoner, a deceiuer, one that kild his painefull
Father, honest Gentleman that passed the fearefull
Danger of the sea, to get him liuing and maintaine

wln 1855

wln 1856

wln 1857

wln 1858

wln 1859

wln 1860

wln 1861

wln 1862

wln 1863

wln 1864

wln 1865

Wea. What hath he kild his father? (him braue.

Lance. *I* sir, with conceit of his vild courses.

Fath. Sir, you are misinformed. (selfe.

Lanc. Why thou old knaue, thou toldst me so thy

Fa. *I* wrong'd him then: and toward my M. stock,
Thers 20. Nobles for to make amends.

Flo. No *Kester*, *I* haue troubled thee, and wrong thee
What thou in loue giues, *I* in loue restore. (more,

Frā Ha, ha, sister, there you playd bo-peepe with
Tom, What shall *I* giue her toward houshold?

Sister *Delia*, shall *I* giue her my Fanne?

Del. You were best aske your husband. *Fran.* Shal *I* *Tom*?

Ciueter. *I* do *Franck* ile by thee a new one, with a longer handle.

Franck.

The London Prodigall.

wln 1866 *Franck.* A russet one *Franke.* *Ciuit.* I with russet feathers.
wln 1867 *Fran.* Here sister, theres my Fanne toward houshold, to
wln 1868 *Luce.* I thanke, you sister. (keepe you warme.
wln 1869 *Wea.* Why this is well, and toward faire *Luces* stocke, heres
wln 1870 fortie shillings: and fortie good shillings more, Ile giue her
wln 1871 marrie. Come sir *Lancelot*, I must haue you friends.
wln 1872 *Lance.* Not I, all this is counterfeit,
wln 1873 He will consume it, were it a Million.
wln 1874 *Fath.* Sir, what is your daughters dower worth?
wln 1875 *Lance.* Had she been married to an honest man,
wln 1876 It had beene better then a thousand pound.
wln 1877 *Fath.* Pay it him, and ile giue you my bond,
wln 1878 To make her ioynter better worth then three.
wln 1879 *Lance.* Your bond sir, why what are you?
wln 1880 *Fath.* One whose word in *London* tho I say it,
wln 1881 Will passe there for as much as yours. (man?
wln 1882 *Lanc.* VVeart not thou late that vnthrifths seruing-
wln 1883 *Fath.* Looke on me better, now my scarre is off.
wln 1884 Nere muse man at this metamorphosie.
wln 1885 *Lance.* M. *Flowerdale.*
wln 1886 *Flow.* My father, O I shame to looke on him.
wln 1887 Pardon deare father the follyes that are past.
wln 1888 *Fa.* Sonne, sonne I doe, and ioy at this thy change,
wln 1889 And applaud thy fortune in this vertuous maide,
wln 1890 Whom heauen hath sent to thee to saue thy soule.
wln 1891 *Luc.* This addeth ioy to ioy, hie heauen be prais'd.
wln 1892 *Wea.* M. *Flowerdale*, welcome frō death, good M. *Flowerdale.*
wln 1893 Twas sed so here, twas sed so here good faith.
wln 1894 *Fath.* I caused that rumour to be spred my selfe,
wln 1895 Because ide see the humours of my sonne,
wln 1896 Which to relate the circumstance is needlesse:
wln 1897 And sirra see you runne no more into that same disease:
wln 1898 For he thats once cured of that maladie,
wln 1899 Of Ryot, Swearing, Drunkennes, and Pride,
wln 1900 And falles againe into the like distresse,
wln 1901 That feur is deadly, doth till death indure:
wln 1902 Such men die mad as of a callenture.
wln 1903 *Flow.* Heauen helping me, ile hate the course as hell.

Vncle.

The London Prodigall.

wln 1904 *Unc.* Say it and do it Cozen, all is well. (man,
wln 1905 *Lanc.* Wel being in hope youle proue an honest
wln 1906 I take you to my fauour brother *Flowerdale*,
wln 1907 Welcome with all my heart: *I* see your care
wln 1908 Hath brought these acts to this conclusion,
wln 1909 And I am glad of it, come lets in and feast.
wln 1910 *Oly.* Nay zoft you awhile, you promised to make
wln 1911 Sir *Arthur* and me amends, here is your wisest
wln 1912 Daughter, see which ans sheele haue. (hers.
wln 1913 *Lanc.* A Gods name, you haue my good will, get
wln 1914 *Oly.* How say you then Damsell, tyters hate?
wln 1915 *Delia.* I sir, am yours.
wln 1916 *Oly.* Why, then send for a Vicar, and chil haue it
wln 1917 Dispatched in a trice so chill.
wln 1918 *Delia.* Pardon me sir, I meane *I* am yours,
wln 1919 In loue, in dutie: and affection.
wln 1920 But not to loue as wife, shall neere be said,
wln 1921 *Delya* was buried married, but a mayd.
wln 1922 *Arth.* Doe not condemne your selfe for euer
wln 1923 Vertuous faire, you were borne to loue. (it
wln 1924 *Oly.* Why you say true sir *Arthur* she was ybere to
wln 1925 So well as her mother: but *I* pray you shew vs
wln 1926 Some zamples or reasons why you will not marry?
wln 1927 *Deli.* Not that *I* doe condemne a married life,
wln 1928 For tis no doubt a sanctimonious thing:
wln 1929 But for the care and crosses of a wife,
wln 1930 The trouble in this world that children bring,
wln 1931 My vow is in heauen in earth to liue alone,
wln 1932 Husbands howsoeuer good, I will haue none.
wln 1933 *Oly.* Why then chil will liue Batcheller too,
wln 1934 Che zet not a vig by a wife, if a wife zet not a vig
wln 1935 By me: Come shalls go to dinner? (*lane*:
wln 1936 *Fa.* To morrow I craue your companies in *Mark-*
wln 1937 To night weele frolike in M. *Ciuites* house,
wln 1938 And to each health, drinke downe a full carouse.

wln 1939

FINIS.

Textual Notes

1. **38 (4-a)**: Erroneous speech prefix. Suggest Flowerdale Senior.
2. **141 (5-b)**: The regularized reading *cannot* is amended from the original *cannon*.
3. **163 (5-b)**: The regularized reading *judge* comes from the original *iudge*, though possible variants include *judged*.
4. **184 (6-a)**: The regularized reading *fop* comes from the original *fop*, though possible variants include *fob*.
5. **184 (6-a)**: The regularized reading *of* comes from the original *of*, though possible variants include *off*.
6. **264 (7-a)**: The regularized reading *Sentences* is amended from the original *Sentesses*.
7. **295 (7-b)**: The regularized reading *inn* is amended from the original *linne*.
8. **379 (8-b)**: The regularized reading *Greenshield* is amended from the original *Green-shood*.
9. **443 (9-b)**: Erroneous speech prefix. Suggest Arthur.
10. **561 (11-a)**: The regularized reading *servingman's* is amended from the original *seruiegmans*.
11. **730 (13-b)**: The regularized reading *demesnes* is amended from the original *demeanes*.
12. **917 (16-a)**: The regularized reading *She's* is amended from the original *She*.
13. **971 (16-b)**: The regularized reading *Lancelot* is amended from the original *Lancelots*.
14. **1081 (18-a)**: The regularized reading *here* comes from the original *here*, though possible variants include *here's*.
15. **1086 (18-a)**: The regularized reading *coat* comes from the original *coate*, though possible variants include *quote*.
16. **1140 (19-a)**: Ambiguous speech prefix. May be Artichoke or Arthur.
17. **1366 (22-a)**: The regularized reading *too* is amended from the original *toos*.
18. **1351 (22-a)**: Possibly erroneous speech prefix. Suggest Arthur.
19. **1509 (24-a)**: The regularized reading *lover's* comes from the original *louers*, though possible variants include *hour's*.
20. **1701 (27-a)**: Ambiguous speech attribution. Probably corresponds to preceding stage direction, likely spoken by Frances, Civet, and/or other household members.
21. **1719 (27-b)**: The regularized reading *known* is amended from the original *kowne*.
22. **1754 (28-a)**: Erroneous speech prefix. Suggest Lancelot.