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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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img: 1-a

img: 2-a

img: 2-b

sig: A1r

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

THE
LONDON
Prodigal.

ln 0004

ln 0005

As it was played by the King's Majesty's
servants.

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 near *St. Austin's* gate,
at the sign of the pied Bull.
1605.

img: 3-a

img: 3-b

sig: A2r

wln 0001

wln 0002

THE LONDON
Prodigal.

wln 0003

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

wln 0014

wln 0015

wln 0016

wln 0017

wln 0018

wln 0019

wln 0020

wln 0021

wln 0022

wln 0023

wln 0024

wln 0025

Father Brother from *Venice*, being thus disguised,
I come to prove the humors of my son:
How hath he born himself since my departure,
I leaving you his patron and his guide?

Uncle I' faith brother so, as you will grieve to hear,
And I almost ashamed to report it.

Father Why how is't brother? what doth he spend
Beyond the allowance I left him?

Uncle How! beyond that? and far more: why, your exhibition
is nothing, he hath spent that, and since hath borrowed,
protested with oaths, alleged kindred to wring money from
me, by the love I bore his father, by the fortunes might fall
upon himself, to furnish his wants: that done, I have had since,
his bond, his friend and friend's bond, although I know that he
spends is yours; yet it grieves me to see the unbridled wildness
that reigns over him.

Father Brother, what is the manner of his life? how is the
name of his offenses? if they do not relish altogether of damnation,
his youth may privilege his wantonness: I myself
ran an unbridled course till thirty, nay almost till forty,
well, you see how I am: for vice once looked into with the eyes
of discretion, and well balanced with the weights of reason, the

wln 0026

img: 4-a
sig: A2v

course past, seems so abominable, that the Landlord of himself,
which is the heart of his body, will rather entomb himself

wln 0028

wln 0029

wln 0030

wln 0031

wln 0032

wln 0033

wln 0034

wln 0035

wln 0036

wln 0037

wln 0038

wln 0039

wln 0040

wln 0041

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wln 0045

wln 0046

wln 0047

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wln 0050

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wln 0055

wln 0056

wln 0057

wln 0058

wln 0059

wln 0060

wln 0061

wln 0062

wln 0063

wln 0064

wln 0065

in the earth, or seek a new Tenant to remain in him, which
once settled, how much better are they that in their youth
have known all these vices, and left it, than those that knew
little, and in their age runs into it? Believe me brother, they
that die most virtuous, hath in their youth, lived most vicious,
and none knows the danger of the fire, more than he that
falls into it: But say, how is the course of his life? let's hear his
particulars.

Uncle Why I'll tell you brother, he is a continual swearer,
And a breaker of his oaths, which is bad.

Uncle I grant indeed to swear is bad, but not in keeping
those oaths is better: for who will set by a bad thing?

Nay by my faith, *I* hold this rather a virtue than a vice,
Well, *I* pray proceed.

Uncle He is a mighty brawler, and comes commonly by the worst.

Father By my faith this is none of the worst neither, for if he
Brawl and be beaten for it, it will in time make him shun it:
For what brings man or child, more to virtue, than correction?
What reigns over him else?

Uncle He is a great drinker, and one that will forget himself.

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

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

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

Father Why you see so doth the sea, it borrows of all the small
Currents in the world, to increase himself.

Uncle Ay, but the sea pays it again, and so will never your son.

Father No more would the sea neither, if it were as dry as my
son.

Uncle Then brother, *I* see you rather like these vices in your son,
Than any way condemn them.

Father Nay mistake me not brother, for though *I* slur them over
now,

As things slight and nothing, his crimes being in the bud,
It would gall my heart, they should ever reign in him.

Flowerdale Ho! who's within ho?

Flowerdale knocks within.

img: 4-b
sig: A3r

wln 0066

wln 0067

wln 0068

wln 0069

wln 0070

Uncle That's your son, he is come to borrow more
money.

Father For Godsake give it out I am dead, see how he'll take it,
Say *I* have brought you news from his father.

I have here drawn a formal will, as it were from myself,

wln 0071
wln 0072
wln 0073
wln 0074
wln 0075

Which I'll deliver him.

Uncle Go to brother, no more: *I* will.

Flowerdale Uncle, where are you Uncle? within,

Uncle Let my cousin in there.

Father I am a Sailor come from *Venice*, and my name is *Christopher*.

wln 0076

Enter Flowerdale.

wln 0077

Flowerdale By the Lord, in truth Uncle.

wln 0078

Uncle In truth would ha' served cousin, without the Lord.

wln 0079

Flowerdale By your leave Uncle, the Lord, is the Lord of truth.

wln 0080

A couple of rascals at the gate, set upon me for my purse.

wln 0081

Uncle You never come, but you bring a brawl in your mouth.

wln 0082

wln 0083

Flowerdale By my truth Uncle, you must needs lend me ten pound.

wln 0084

Uncle Give my cousin some small beer here.

wln 0085

Flowerdale Nay look you, you turn it to a jest now, by this light,

wln 0086

I should ride to *Croyden* fair, to meet sir *Lancelot Spurcock*,

wln 0087

I should have his daughter *Luce*, and for scurvy

wln 0088

Ten pound, a man shall lose nine hundred threescore and

wln 0089

odd pounds, and a daily friend beside, by this hand Uncle 'tis true.

wln 0090

Uncle Why, any thing is true for aught I know.

wln 0091

Flowerdale To see now: why you shall have my bond Uncle,

wln 0092

or *Tom White's*, *James Brock's*: or *Nick Hall's*, as good rapier

wln 0093

and dagger men, as any be in *England*, let's be damned if we

wln 0094

do not pay you, the worst of us all will not damn ourselves

wln 0095

for ten pound. A pox of ten pound.

wln 0096

Uncle Cousin, this is not the first time I have believed you.

wln 0097

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

wln 0098

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

img: 5-a

sig: A3v

wln 0099

I should not need ten pound, but when a man cannot be believed, there's it.

wln 0100

Uncle Why what is it cousin?

wln 0101

Flowerdale Marry this Uncle, can you tell me if the *Katernhue*

wln 0102

be come home or no?

wln 0103

Uncle I marry is't.

wln 0104

Flowerdale By God I thank you for that news.

wln 0105

What is't in the pool can you tell?

wln 0106

Uncle It is; what of that?

wln 0107

Flowerdale What? why then I have six pieces of velvet sent me

wln 0108

I'll give you a piece Uncle: for thus said the letter,

wln 0109

A piece of Ash-color, a three-piled black, a colour-de-roy,

wln 0110

A crimson, a sad green, and a purple: yes i' faith.

wln 0111

Uncle From whom should you receive this?

wln 0112

Flowerdale From who? why from my father? with commendations

wln 0113

to you Uncle, and thus he writes: I know saith he, thou

wln 0114

wln 0115
wln 0116
wln 0117
wln 0118
wln 0119
wln 0120
wln 0121
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img: 5-b
sig: A4r

wln 0137
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wln 0160
wln 0161
wln 0162

hast much troubled thy kind Uncle, whom God willing
at my return *I* will see amply satisfied: Amply, I remember
was the very word; so God help me.

Uncle Have you the letter here?

Flowerdale Yes *I* have the letter here, here is the letter: no, yes, no
let me see, what breeches wore I o' Saturday: let me see, o' Tuesday,
my Calamanco, o' Wednesday, my peach color Satin, o'
Thursday my Velour, o' Friday my Calamanco again, o'
Saturday, let me see o' Saturday, for in those breeches I wore
o' Saturday is the letter: O my riding breeches Ankle, those
that you thought had been velvet,
In those very breeches is the letter.

Uncle When should it be dated

Flowerdale Marry *Didicimo tersios septembris*, no no, *trydisimo tersios
Octobris*, Ay *Octobris*, so it is.

Uncle *Dicditimo tersios Octobris*: and here receive *I* a letter
that your father died in *June*: how say you *Kester*?

Father Yes truly sir, your father is dead, these hands of mine
holp to wind him.

Flowerdale Dead?

Father Ay sir dead.

Flowerdale 'Sblood, how should my father come dead?

Father I' faith sir according to the old Proverb,
The child was born: and cried, became man,
After fell sick, and died.

Uncle Nay cousin do not take it so heavily.

Flowerdale Nay *I cannot* weep you extempore, marry some
two or three days hence, *I* shall weep without any stintance.
But *I* hope he died in good memory.

Father Very well sir, and set down every thing in good order,
And the Katherine and Hugh you talked of, *I* came over in:
And *I* saw all the bills of lading, and the velvet
That you talked of, there is no such aboard.

Flowerdale By God *I* assure you, then there is knavery abroad.

Father I'll be sworn of that: there's knavery abroad,
Although there were never a piece of velvet in *Venice*.

Flowerdale *I* hope he died in good estate.

Father To the report of the world he did, and made his will,
Of which *I* am an unworthy bearer.

Flowerdale His will, have you his will?

Father Yes sir, and in the presence of your Uncle,
I was willed to deliver it.

Uncle *I* hope cousin, now God hath blessed you with
wealth, you will not be unmindful of me.

Flowerdale I'll do reason Uncle, yet i' faith *I* take the denial
of this ten pound very hardly.

Uncle Nay *I* denied you not.

Flowerdale By God you denied me directly.

wln 0163
wln 0164
wln 0165
wln 0166
wln 0167
wln 0168
wln 0169
wln 0170
wln 0171
wln 0172
wln 0173
wln 0174

img: 6-a
sig: A4v

wln 0175
wln 0176
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wln 0208
wln 0209
wln 0210

Uncle I'll be **judge** by this goodfellow.

Father Not directly sir.

Flowerdale Why he said he would lend me none, and that had
wont to be a direct denial, if the old phrase hold:
Well Uncle, come we'll fall to the Legacies,
In the name of God, Amen.

Item, *I* bequeath to my brother *Flowerdale*, three hundred
pounds, to pay such trivial debts as *I* owe in *London*.

Item, to my son *Mat Flowerdale*, *I* bequeath two bail of
false dice, *Videlicet*, high men, and low men, fulhams, stop
cater-treys, and other bones of function.

Flowerdale 'Sblood what doth he mean by this?

Uncle Proceed cousin.

Flowerdale These precepts *I* leave him, let him borrow of his oath,
For of his word nobody will trust him.

Let him by no means marry an honest woman,
For the other will keep herself.

Let him steal as much as he can, that a guilty conscience
May bring him to his destinate repentance,

I think he means hanging. And this were his last will and
Testament, the Devil stood laughing at his bed's feet
while he made it. 'Sblood, what doth he think to **fop of** his
posterity with Paradoxes.

Father This he made sir with his own hands.

Flowerdale *Ay*, well, nay come good Uncle, let me have this ten
pound, Imagine you have lost it, or robbed of it, or misreckoned
yourself so much: any way to make it come easily off, good
Uncle.

Uncle Not a penny.

Father I' faith lend it him sir; *I* myself have an estate in the
City worth twenty pound, all that i'll engage for him, he saith
it concerns him in a marriage.

Flowerdale *Ay* marry doth it, this is a fellow of some sense, this:
Come good Uncle.

Uncle Will you give your word for it *Kester*?

Father I will sir, willingly.

Uncle Well cousin, come to me some hour hence, you shall
have it ready.

Flowerdale Shall I not fail?

Uncle You shall not, come or send.

Flowerdale Nay i'll come myself.

Father By my troth, would I were your worship's man.

Flowerdale What wouldst thou serve?

Father Very willingly sir.

Flowerdale Why i'll tell thee what thou shalt do, thou saith thou
hast twenty pound, go into *Burchin Lane*, put thyself into
clothes, thou shalt ride with me to *Croyden* fair.

Father I thank you sir, *I* will attend you.

wln 0211
wln 0212

img: 6-b
sig: B1r

Flowerdale Well Uncle, you will not fail me an hour hence?
Uncle I will not cousin.

wln 0213
wln 0214
wln 0215
wln 0216

Flowerdale What's thy name *Kester*?
Father Ay sir.
Flowerdale Well, provide thyself: Uncle farewell till anon.
Exit Flowerdale.

wln 0217

Uncle Brother, how do you like your son?

wln 0218

Father I' faith brother, like a mad unbridled colt,

wln 0219

Or as a Hawk, that never stooped to lure:

wln 0220

The one must be tamed with an iron bit,

wln 0221

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

wln 0222

Such is my son, awhile let him be so:

wln 0223

For counsel still is folly's deadly foe.

wln 0224

I'll serve his youth, for youth must have his course,

wln 0225

For being restrained, it makes him ten times worse:

wln 0226

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

wln 0227

Time may recall, and all his madness tamed.

wln 0228

Enter sir *Lancelot*, Master *Weathercock*, *Daffodil*,
Artichoke, *Luce*, and *Franck*.

wln 0229

Lancelot Sirrah *Artichoke*, get you home before,

wln 0231

And as you proved yourself a calf in buying,

wln 0232

Drive home your fellow calves that you have bought.

wln 0233

Artichoke Yes forsooth, shall not my fellow *Daffodil* go along with me.

wln 0234

Lancelot No sir, no, I must have one to wait on me.

wln 0235

Artichoke *Daffodil*, farewell good fellow *Daffodil*,

wln 0236

You may see mistress, *I* am set up by the halves,

wln 0237

Instead of waiting on you, *I* am sent to drive home calves.

wln 0238

Lancelot I' faith *Franck*, I must turn away this *Daffodil*,

wln 0239

He's grown a very foolish saucy fellow.

wln 0240

Frances Indeed la father, he was so since *I* had him:

wln 0241

Before he was wise enough, for a foolish servingman.

wln 0242

Weathercock But what say you to me sir *Lancelot*?

wln 0243

Lancelot O, about my daughters, well *I* will go forward,

wln 0244

Here's two of them God save them: but the third,

wln 0245

O she's a stranger in her course of life,

wln 0246

She hath refused you Master *Weathercock*.

wln 0247

Weathercock Ay by the Rood sir *Lancelot* that she hath,

wln 0248

But had she tried me, she should ha' found a man of me indeed.

wln 0249

Lancelot Nay be not angry sir, at her denial,

img: 7-a
sig: B1v

wln 0250

She hath refused seven of the worshipful'st and worthiest
housekeepers this day in *Kent*:

wln 0251

Indeed she will not marry I suppose.

wln 0252

Weathercock The more fool she.

wln 0253

Lancelot What is it folly to love *Charity*?

wln 0254

wln 0255
wln 0256
wln 0257
wln 0258
wln 0259
wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264
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wln 0285
wln 0286
wln 0287

img: 7-b
sig: B2r

Weathercock No mistake me not sir *Lancelot*,
But 'tis an old proverb, and you know it well,
That women dying maids, lead apes in hell.
Lancelot That's a foolish proverb, and a false.
Weathercock By the mass *I* think it be, and therefore let it go:
But who shall marry with mistress *Frances*?
Frances By my troth they are talking of marrying me sister.
Luce. Peace, let them talk:
Fools may have leave to prattle as they walk.
Daffodil **Sentences** still sweet mistress,
You have a wit, and it were your alabaster.
Luce. I' faith and thy tongue trips trenchmore.
Lancelot No of my knighthood, not a suitor yet:
Alas God help her silly girl, a fool, a very fool:
But there's the other black-brows a shrewd girl,
She hath wit at will, and suitors two or three:
Sir *Arthur Greenshield* one, a gallant knight,
A valiant Soldier, but his power but poor.
Then there's young *Oliver*, the *Devonshire* lad,
A wary fellow, marry full of wit,
And rich by the rood, but there's a third all air,
Light as a feather, changing as the wind: young *Flowerdale*.
Weathercock O he sir, he's a desperate dick indeed.
Bar him your house.
Lancelot Fie not so, he's of good parentage.
Weathercock By my fay and so he is, and a proper man.
Lancelot Ay proper enough, had he good qualities.
Weathercock Ay marry, there's the point sir *Lancelot*:
For there's an old saying,
Be he rich, or be he poor,
Be he high, or be he low:
Be he born in barn or hall,
'Tis manners makes the man and all.

wln 0288
wln 0289
wln 0290
wln 0291
wln 0292
wln 0293
wln 0294
wln 0295
wln 0296
wln 0297
wln 0298
wln 0299
wln 0300
wln 0301
wln 0302

Lancelot. You are in the right master *Weathercock*.
Enter Monsieur Civet.
Civet. Soul, *I* think *I* am sure crossed,
Or witched with an owl, *I* have haunted them: Inn after Inn,
booth, after booth, yet cannot find them, ha yonder they are,
that's she, *I* hope to God 'tis she, nay *I* know 'tis she now, for
she treads her shoe a little awry.
Lancelot Where is this **inn**? we are past it *Daffodil*.
Daffodil. The good sign is here sir, but the back gate is before.
Civet Save you sir, I pray may I borrow a piece of a
word with you?
Daffodil No pieces sir.
Civet Why then the whole.
I pray sir, what may yonder gentlewomen be?
Daffodil They may be Ladies sir, if the destinies and mortality work.

wln 0303
wln 0304
wln 0305
wln 0306
wln 0307
wln 0308
wln 0309
wln 0310
wln 0311
wln 0312
wln 0313
wln 0314
wln 0315
wln 0316
wln 0317

Civet What's her name sir.
Daffodil Mistress *Frances Spurcock*, sir *Lancelot Spurcock's* daughter.
Civet Is she a maid sir?
Daffodil You may ask *Pluto*, and dame *Proserpine* that:
I would be loath to be riddled sir.
Civet Is she married *I* mean sir?
Daffodil The Fates knows not yet what shoemaker shall
make her wedding shoes.
Civet *I* pray where Inn you sir? *I* would be very glad to bestow
the wine of that gentlewoman.
Daffodil At the *George* sir.
Civet God save you sir.
Daffodil *I* pray your name sir?
Civet My name is master *Civet* sir.
Daffodil A sweet name, God be with you good master *Civet*.

wln 0318
wln 0319
wln 0320
wln 0321
wln 0322
wln 0323
wln 0324

Exit Civet

Lancelot Ah, have we spied you stout *Saint George*?
For all your dragon, you had best sells good wine:
That needs no ivy-bush, well, we'll not sit by it,
As you do on your horse, this room shall serve:
Drawer, let me have sack for us old men:
For these girls and knaves small wines are best.

img: 8-a
sig: B2v

wln 0325
wln 0326
wln 0327
wln 0328
wln 0329
wln 0330
wln 0331
wln 0332
wln 0333
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wln 0348
wln 0349

A pint of sack, no more.
Drawer A quart of sack in the three Tuns,
Lancelot A pint, draw but a pint *Daffodil*,
Call for wine to make yourselves drink.
Frances And a cup of small beer, and a cake good *Daffodil*.
Enter young Flowerdale.
Flowerdale How now, fie, sit in the open room, now good sir
Lancelot, and my kind friend worshipful Master *Weathercock*,
What at your pint, a quart for shame.
Lancelot Nay Roister by your leave we will away.
Flowerdale Come, gives some Music, we'll go dance,
Begone sir *Lancelot*, what, and fair day too?
Lancelot 'Twere foully done, to dance within the fair.
Flowerdale Nay if you say so, fairest of all fairs,
Then i'll not dance, a pox upon my tailor,
He hath spoiled me a peach color satin suit,
Cut upon cloth of silver, but if ever the Rascal serve me such
another trick, I'll give him leave i' faith to put me in the calendar
of fools: and you, and you, sir *Lancelot*; and Master
Weathercock, my goldsmith too on t' other side, I bespoke thee
Luce, a carcanet of gold, and thought thou shouldst ha' had it
for a fairing, and the Rogue puts me in rerages for Orient
Pearl: but thou shalt have it by sunday night wench.
Enter the Drawer.
Drawer Sir, here is one hath sent you a pottle of rhenish

wln 0350
wln 0351
wln 0352
wln 0353
wln 0354
wln 0355
wln 0356
wln 0357
wln 0358
wln 0359
wln 0360
wln 0361
wln 0362

img: 8-b
sig: B3r

wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366

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wln 0396

wine, brewed with Rose water.

Flowerdale To me?

Drawer No sir to the knight; and desires his more acquaintance.

Lancelot To me? what's he that proves so kind?

Daffodil I have a trick to know his name sir,

He hath a month's mind here to mistress *Frances*, his name

Is master *Civet*.

Lancelot Call him in *Daffodil*.

Flowerdale O I know him sir, he is a fool,

But reasonable rich, his father was one of these lease-mongers,
these corn-monger, these money-mongers, but he never had
the wit to be a whore-monger.

Enter master Civet.

Lancelot I promise you sir, you are at too much charge.

Civet The charge is small charge sir,

I thank God my father left me wherewithal, if it please you
sir, I have a great mind to this gentlewoman, here in the way of marriage.

Lancelot I thank you sir: please you come to *Lewsome* to my
poor house, you shall be kindly welcome: I knew your father,
he was a wary husband: to pay here *Drawer*.

Drawer All is paid sir: this gentleman hath paid all.

Lancelot I' faith you do us wrong,

But we shall live to make amends ere long:

Master *Flowerdale*, is that your man?

Flowerdale Yes faith, a good old knave.

Lancelot Nay then I think you will turn wise,

Now you take such a servant:

Come, you'll ride with us to *Lewsome*, let's away,

'Tis scarce two hours to the end of day.

Exit Omnes.

*Enter sir Arthur Greenshield, Oliver, Lieutenant
and Soldiers.*

Arthur Lieutenant, lead your Soldiers to the ships,

There let them have their coats, at their arrival

They shall have pay: farewell, look to your charge.

Soldier Ay, we are now sent away, and cannot so much as speak
with our friends.

Oliver No man what ere you used a zutch a fashion, thick
you cannot take your leave of your vreens.

Arthur Fellow no more, Lieutenant lead them off.

Soldier Well, if I have not my pay and my clothes,
I'll venture a running away though I hang for 't.

Arthur Away sirrah, charm your tongue.

Exit Soldiers,

Oliver Bin and you a presser sir?

Arthur I am a commander sir under the King.

Oliver 'Sfoot man, and you be ne'er zutch a commander
Should ha' spoke with my vreens before I chid agone, so should.

wln 0397
wln 0398
wln 0399

img: 9-a
sig: B3v

Arthur Content yourself man, my authority will stretch
to press so good a man as you.
Oliver Press me? I devye, press scoundrels, and thy mesels:

wln 0400
wln 0401

Press me, chee scorns thee i' faith: For seest thee, here's a worshipfull
knight knows, cham not to be pressed by thee.

wln 0402
wln 0403

*Enter sir Lancelot Weathercock, young Flowerdale,
old Flowerdale, Luce, Franck.*

wln 0404

Lancelot Sir *Arthur*, welcome to *Lewsome*, welcome by my troth,
What's the matter man, why are you vexed?

wln 0405

Oliver Why man he would press me.

wln 0406

Lancelot O Fie sir *Arthur*, press him? he is man of reckoning.

wln 0407

wln 0408

Weathercock Ay that he is sir *Arthur*, he hath the nobles,
The golden ruddocks he.

wln 0409

wln 0410

Arthur The fitter for the wars: and were he not in favor
With your worships, he should see,

wln 0411

That I have power to press so good as he.

wln 0412

Oliver Chill stand to the trial, so chill.

wln 0413

Flowerdale Ay marry shall he, press-cloth and karsy,
White pot and drowsen broth: tut, tut, he cannot.

wln 0414

wln 0415

Oliver Well sir, though you see vlouten cloth and karsy, chee a
zeene zutch a karsy coat wear out the town sick a zilken
Jacket, as thick a one you wear.

wln 0416

wln 0417

wln 0418

Flowerdale Well said vlitan vlattan.

wln 0419

Oliver Ah and well said cocknel, and bow-bell too: what dost
think cham aveard of thy zilken coat, no fear vere thee.

wln 0420

wln 0421

Lancelot Nay come no more, be all lovers and friends.

wln 0422

Weathercock Ay 'tis best so, good master *Oliver*.

wln 0423

Flowerdale Is your name master *Oliver* I pray you?

wln 0424

Oliver What tit and be tit, and grieve you.

wln 0425

Flowerdale No but I'd gladly know if a man might not have a
foolish plot out of master *Oliver* to work upon.

wln 0426

Oliver Work thy plots upon me, stand aside, work thy
foolish plots upon me, chil so use thee, thou wert never so
used since thy dame bound thy head, work upon me?

wln 0427

wln 0428

Flowerdale Let him come, let him come.

wln 0429

Oliver Zyrtha, zyrtha, if it were not vor shame, chee would ha'

wln 0430

wln 0431

wln 0432

img: 9-b
sig: B4r

wln 0433

given thee zutch a whisterpooop under the ear, chee would
ha' made thee ha' vanged another at my feet: stand aside let
me lose, cham all of a vlaming firebrand; Stand aside.

wln 0434

Flowerdale Well I forbear you for your friends' sake.

wln 0435

Oliver A vig for all my vreens, dost thou tell me of my vreens?

wln 0436

wln 0437

wln 0438
wln 0439
wln 0440
wln 0441
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wln 0466

wln 0467

img: 10-a
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wln 0468
wln 0469
wln 0470
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wln 0472
wln 0473
wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476

wln 0477
wln 0478
wln 0479
wln 0480
wln 0481
wln 0482

Lancelot No more good master *Oliver*, no more sir *Arthur*,
And maiden, here in the sight of all your suitors, every man
of worth, I'll tell you whom *I* fainest would prefer to the
hard bargain of your marriage bed: shall *I* be plain among
you gentlemen?

Artichoke Ay sir 'tis best.

Lancelot Then sir, first to you, *I* do confess you a most
gallant knight, a worthy soldier, and an honest man: but honesty
maintains a french-hood, goes very seldom in a chain
of gold, keeps a small train of servants: hath few friends:
and for this wild oats here, young *Flowerdale*, *I* will not
judge, God can work miracles, but he were better make a
hundred new, than thee a thrifty and an honest one.

Weathercock Believe me he hath bit you there, he hath touched
you to the quick, that hath he.

Flowerdale Woodcock o' my side, why master *Weathercock*
you know *I* am honest, howsoever trifles.

Weathercock Now by my troth, *I* know no otherwise,
O your old mother was a dame indeed:
Heaven hath her soul, and my wives too *I* trust:
And your good father, honest gentleman,
He is gone a Journey as *I* hear, far hence.

Flowerdale Ay God be praised, he is far enough,
He is gone a pilgrimage to Paradise.
And left me to cut a caper against care,
Luce look on me that am as light as air.

Luce. I' faith *I* like not shadows, bubbles, broth,
I hate a light a love, as *I* hate death.

Lancelot Girl hold thee there: look on this Devonshire lad:

Fat, fair, and lovely, both in purse and person.

Oliver Well sir, cham as the Lord hath made me,
You know me well yvine, cha have threescore pack a kersey,
and blackem hall, and chief credit beside, and my fortunes
may be so good as another's, zoe it may.

Lancelot 'Tis you *I* love, whatsoever others say?

Arthur Thanks fairest.

Flowerdale What wouldst thou have me quarrel with him?

Father Do but say he shall hear from you.

Lancelot Yet gentleman, howsoever *I* prefer this Devonshire suitor,

I'll enforce no love, my daughter shall have liberty to choose
whom she likes best, in your love suit proceed:
Not all of you, but only one must speed.

Weathercock You have said well: indeed right well.

Enter Artichoke.

Artichoke Mistress here's one would speak with you, my

wln 0483
wln 0484
wln 0485
wln 0486
wln 0487
wln 0488
wln 0489
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wln 0501
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wln 0504

img: 10-b
sig: C1r

wln 0505
wln 0506
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wln 0528
wln 0529
wln 0530

fellow *Daffodil* hath him in the cellar already, he knows him,
he met him at *Croyden* fair.

Lancelot O I remember a little man.

Artichoke Ay a very little man.

Lancelot And yet a proper man.

Artichoke A very proper, very little man.

Lancelot His name is Monsieur *Civet*.

Artichoke The same sir.

Lancelot Come Gentlemen, if other suitors come,

My foolish daughter will be fitted too:

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

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

Flowerdale Hark you sir, a word.

Oliver What ha an you to say to me now?

Flowerdale Ye shall hear from me, and that very shortly.

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

Exit Oliver.

Flowerdale What if should come more? I am fairly dressed.

Father I do not mean that you shall meet with him,

But presently we'll go and draw a will;

Where we'll set down land, that we never saw,

And we will have it of so large a sum,
Sir *Lancelot* shall entreat you take his daughter:
This being formed, give it master *Weathercock*,
And make sir *Lancelot's* daughter heir of all:
And make him swear, never to show the will
To anyone, until that you be dead,
This done, the foolish changing *Weathercock*,
Will straight discourse unto sir *Lancelot*,
The form and tenor of your Testament,
Nor stand to pause of it, be ruled by me:
What will ensue, that shall you quickly see.

Flowerdale Come let's about it: if that a will sweet *Kit*,
Can get the wench, I shall renown thy wit.

Exit omnes,

Enter Daffodil.

Daffodil Mistress still froward?

No kind looks unto your *Daffodil*, now by the Gods.

Luce. Away you foolish knave, let my hand go.

Daffodil There is your hand, but this shall go with me:

My heart is thine, this is my true love's fee.

Luce. I'll have your coat stripped o'er your ears for this,
You saucy rascal.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercocke.

Lancelot How now maid, what is the news with you?

Luce. Your man is something saucy.

Exit Luce.

Lancelot Go to sirrah, I'll talk with you anon.

wln 0531
wln 0532
wln 0533
wln 0534
wln 0535
wln 0536
wln 0537
wln 0538
wln 0539
wln 0540
wln 0541
wln 0542

img: 11-a
sig: C1v

wln 0543
wln 0544
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wln 0573
wln 0574
wln 0575

Daffodil Sir I am a man to be talked withal,
I am no horse I trow:

I Know my strength, then no more than so.

Weathercock Ah by the mackins, good sir *Lancelot*, I saw him the
other day hold up the bucklers, like an *Hercules*,
I' faith God-a-mercy lad, I like thee well.

Lancelot Ay, I like him well, go sirrah fetch me a cup of wine,
That ere I part with master *Weathercock*,

We may drink down our farewell in French wine.

Weathercock I thank you sir, I thank you friendly knight,
I'll come and visit you, by the mouse-foot I will:
In the mean time, take heed of cutting *Flowerdale*,

He is a desperate dick I warrant you.

Lancelot He is, he is: fill *Daffodil*, fill me some wine, ha, what
wears he on his arm?

My daughter *Luce*'s bracelet, Ay 'tis the same:

Ha to you master *Weathercock*.

Weathercock I thank you sir: Here *Daffodil*, an honest fellow and
a tall thou art: well, i'll take my leave good knight, and hope to
have you and all your daughters at my poor house, in good sooth I must.

Lancelot Thanks master *Weathercock*, I shall be bold to
trouble you be sure.

Weathercock And welcome, heartily farewell. *Exit Weathercock.*

Lancelot Sirrah I saw my daughter's wrong, and withal her
bracelet on your arm, off with it: and with it my livery too,
Have I care to see my daughter matched with men of worship,
and are you grown so bold? Go sirrah from my house,
or i'll whip you hence.

Daffodil I'll not be whipped sir, there's your livery.

Exit Daffodil.

This is a servingman's reward, what care I,
I have means to trust too: I scorn service I.

Lancelot Ay a lusty knave, but I must let him go,
Our servants must be taught, what they should know.

Enter sir Arthur and Luce.

Luce. Sir, as I am a maid, I do affect you above any suitor
that I have, although that soldiers scarce knows how to love.

Arthur I am a soldier, and a gentleman,
Knows what belongs to war, what to a lady:
What man offends me, that my sword shall right:
What woman loves me, I am her faithful knight.

Luce. I neither doubt your valor, nor your love, but
there be some that bears a soldier's form, that swears by him
they never think upon, goes swaggering up and down from
house to house, crying God pays: and.

wln 0576
wln 0577

img: 11-b
sig: C2r

wln 0578
wln 0579
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wln 0614
wln 0615

img: 12-a
sig: C2v

wln 0616
wln 0617
wln 0618
wln 0619
wln 0620

Arthur I' faith Lady i'll descry you such a man,
Of them there be many which you have spoke of,

That bear the name and shape of soldiers,
Yet God knows very seldom saw the war:
That haunt your Taverns, and your ordinaries,
Your alehouses sometimes, for all alike
To uphold the brutish humor of their minds,
Being marked down, for the bondmen of despair:
Their mirth begins in wine, but ends in blood,
Their drink is clear, but their conceits are mud.

Luce. Yet these are great gentlemen soldiers.

Arthur No they are wretched slaves,
Whose desperate lives doth bring them timeless graves.

Luce. Both for yourself, and for your form of life,
If *I* may choose, i'll be a soldier's wife.

Enter sir Lancelot and Oliver.

Oliver And tit trust to it so then.

Lancelot Assure yourself,
You shall be married with all speed we may:
One day shall serve for *Frances* and for *Luce*.

Oliver Why che would vain know the time, for providing
wedding raiments.

Lancelot Why no more but this, first get your assurance made,
touching my daughter's jointure, that dispatched, we will in two
days make provision.

Oliver Why man chil have the writings made by tomorrow.

Lancelot Tomorrow be it then, let's meet at the king's head
in fish street.

Oliver No fie man no, let's meet at the Rose at *Temple-bar*,
That will be nearer your counselor and mine.

Lancelot At the Rose, be it then the hour nine,
He that comes last, forfeits a pint of wine.

Oliver A pint is no payment, let it be a whole quart, or nothing.

Enter Artichoke.

Artichoke Master, here is a man would speak with master *Oliver*,
he comes from young master *Flowerdale*.

Oliver. Why chill speak with him, chill speak with him.

Lancelot Nay son *Oliver*, i'll surely see,
What young *Flowerdale* hath sent to you.
I pray God it be no quarrel.

Oliver Why man if he quarrel with me, chill give him his hands full.

Father God save you good sir *Lancelot*.

Lancelot Welcome honest friend. *Enter old Flowerdale.*

Father To you and yours my master wisheth health,
But unto you sir this, and this he sends:

wln 0621
wln 0622
wln 0623
wln 0624
wln 0625
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wln 0654
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wln 0660
wln 0661
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wln 0663
wln 0664
wln 0665
wln 0666
wln 0667
wln 0668

There is the length sir of his rapier,
And in that paper shall you know his mind.
Oliver Here chill meet him my vrend, chill meet him.
Lancelot Meet him, you shall not meet the Ruffian fie.
Oliver And *I* do not meet him, chill give you leave to call
Me cut, where is't sirrah? where is't? where is't?
Father The letter shows both the time and place,
And if you be a man, then keep your word.
Lancelot Sir he shall not keep his word, he shall not meet.
Father Why let him choose, he'll be the better known
For a base rascal, and reputed so.
Oliver Zirrah, zirrah: and 'twere not an old fellow, and sent
after an arrant, chid give thee something, but chud be no money:
But hold thee, for *I* see thou art somewhat testern, hold
thee, there's vorty shillings, bring thy master avield, chil give
thee vorty more, look thou bring him, chil mall him tell him,
chill mar his dancing trestles, chil use him, he was ne'er so used
since his dam bound his head, chill make him for capering any
more chy vor thee.
Father You seem a man, stout and resolute,
And *I* will so report, whate'er befall.
Lancelot And fall out ill, assure thy master this,
I'll make him fly the land, or use him worse.
Father My master sir, deserves not this of you,
And that you'll shortly find.
Lancelot Thy master is an unthrift, you a knave,
And i'll attack you first, next clap him up:
Or have him bound unto his good behavior.
Oliver *I* would you were a sprite if you do him any harm for
this: And you do, chill ne'er see you, nor any of yours, while
chill have eyes open: what do you think, chil be a-baffled
up and down the town for a mesel, and a scoundrel, no chy
bor you: zirrah chil come, zay no more, chil come tell him.

Father Well sir, my Master deserves not this of you,
And that you'll shortly find. *Exit.*
Oliver No matter, he's an unthrift, I defy him.
Lancelot No, gentle son, let me know the place.
Oliver No chy vore you.
Lancelot Let me see the note.
Oliver Nay, chill watch you for zutch a trick.
But if che meet him zoe, if not, zoe: chill make him know
me, or chill know why I shall not, chill vare the worse.
Lancelot What will you then neglect my daughter's love?
Venture your state and hers, for a loose brawl?
Oliver Why man, chill not kill him, marry chill veze him too,
and again; and zoe God be with you father.
What man, we shall met tomorrow. *Exit.*
Lancelot Who would ha' thought he had been so desperate.

wln 0669
wln 0670
wln 0671
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wln 0692
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wln 0711

wln 0712
wln 0713

Come forth my honest servant *Artichoke*. *Enter Artichoke*

Artichoke Now, what's the matter? some brawl towards, I warrant you.

Lancelot Go get me thy sword bright scoured, thy buckler mended, O for that knave, that Villain *Daffodil* would have done good service. But to thee.

Artichoke Ay, this is the tricks of all you gentlemen, when you stand in need of a good fellow. O for that *Daffodil*, O where is he? but if you be angry, and it be but for the wagging of a straw, then out a doors with the knave, turn the coat over his ears. This is the humor of you all.

Lancelot O for that knave, that lusty *Daffodil*.

Artichoke Why there 'tis now: our year's wages and our vails will scarce pay for broken swords and bucklers that we use in our quarrels. But I'll not fight if *Daffodil* be a' t' other side, that's flat.

Lancelot 'Tis no such matter man, get weapons ready, and be at London ere the break of day: watch near the lodging of the Devonshire Youth, but be unseen: and as he goes out, as he will go out, and that very early without doubt.

Artichoke What would you have me draw upon him, As he goes in the street?

Lancelot Not for a world man: into the fields.

For to the field he goes, there to meet the desperate *Flowerdale*,
Take thou the part of *Oliver* my son, for he shall be my son,
And marry *Luce*: Dost understand me knave?

Artichoke Ay sir I do understand you, but my young mistress might be better provided in matching with my fellow *Daffodil*. *Exit.*

Lancelot No more; *Daffodil* is a knave:
That *Daffodil* is a most notorious knave.

Enter Weathercock.

Master *Weathercock* you come in happy time, The desperate *Flowerdale* hath writ a challenge: And who think you must answer it? but the Devonshire man, my son *Oliver*.

Weathercock Marry I am sorry for it good sir *Lancelot*,
But if you will be ruled by me, we'll stay the fury.

Lancelot As how I pray?

Weathercock Marry i'll tell you, by promising young *Flowerdale* the red-lipped *Luce*.

Lancelot I'll rather follow her unto her grave.

Weathercock Ay sir *Lancelot* I would have thought so too, but you and I have been deceived in him, come read this will, or deed, or what you call it, I know not: Come, come, your spectacles I pray.

Lancelot Nay I thank God, I see very well.

Weathercock Marry God bless your eyes, mine hath been dim almost

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wln 0715
wln 0716
wln 0717
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wln 0725
wln 0726

img: 13-b
sig: C4r

this thirty years,

Lancelot Ha what is this? what is this?

Weathercock Nay there is true love indeed, he gave it to me but this very morn, and bid me keep it unseen from any one, good youth, to see, how men may be deceived.

Lancelot Passion of me, what a wretch am I to hate this loving youth, he hath made me, together with my *Luce* he loves so dear, executors of all his wealth.

Weathercock All, all good man, he hath given you all.

Lancelot Three ships now in the straits, and homeward bound, Two Lordships of two hundred pound a year: The one in *Wales*, the other in *Gloucestershire*: Debts and accounts, are thirty thousand pound,

wln 0727
wln 0728
wln 0729
wln 0730
wln 0731
wln 0732
wln 0733
wln 0734
wln 0735
wln 0736

Plate, money, Jewels, sixteen thousand more, Two housen furnished well in *Coleman* street: Beside whatsoever his Uncle leaves to him, Being of great **demesnes** and wealth at *Peckham*.

Weathercock How like you this good knight? how like you this?

Lancelot I have done him wrong, but now i'll make amends, The Devonshire man shall whistle for a wife, He marry *Luce*, *Luce* shall be *Flowerdale's*.

Weathercock Why that is friendly said, let's ride to *London* and prevent their match, by promising your daughter to that lovely lad.

wln 0737
wln 0738
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wln 0742
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wln 0748
wln 0749
wln 0750
wln 0751

Lancelot We'll ride to *London*, or it shall not need, We'll cross to *Deptford Strand*, and take a boat: Where be these knaves? what *Artichoke*, what *Fop*?

Enter Artichoke.

Artichoke Here be the very knaves, but not the merry knaves.

Lancelot Here take my cloak, i'll have a walk to *Deptford*.

Artichoke Sir we have been scouring of our swords and bucklers for your defense.

Lancelot Defense me no defense, let your swords rust, i'll have no fighting: Ay, let blows alone, bid *Delia* see all things be in readiness against the wedding, we'll have two at once, and that will save charges master *Weathercock*.

Artichoke Well we will do it sir.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Civet, Franck, and Delia.

wln 0752
wln 0753
wln 0754
wln 0755
wln 0756
wln 0757
wln 0758
wln 0759

Civet By my truth this is good luck, I thank God for this, In good sooth I have even my heart's desire: sister *Delia*, now I may boldly call you so, for your father hath frank and freely given me his daughter *Franck*.

Frances Ay by my troth *Tom*, thou hast my good will too, for I thank God I longed for a husband, and would I might never stir, for one his name was *Tom*.

Delia. Why sister now you have your wish.

wln 0760
wln 0761
wln 0762

img: 14-a
sig: C4v

wln 0763
wln 0764
wln 0765
wln 0766
wln 0767
wln 0768
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wln 0797
wln 0798
wln 0799
wln 0800

img: 14-b
sig: D1r

wln 0801
wln 0802
wln 0803
wln 0804

Civet You say very true sister *Delia*, and I prithee call me nothing but *Tom* and i'll call thee sweetheart, and *Franck*: will it not do well sister *Delia*?

Delia. It will do very well with both of you.

Frances But *Tom*, must I go as I do now when I am married?

Civet No *Franck*, i'll have thee go like a Citizen
In a guarded gown, and a French hood.

Frances By my troth that will be excellent indeed.

Delia. Brother, maintain your wife to your estate,
Apparel you yourself like to your father:
And let her go like to your ancient mother,
He sparing got his wealth, left it to you,
Brother take heed of pride, some bids thrift adieu.

Civet So as my father and my mother went, that's a jest indeed, why she went in a fringed gown, a single ruff, and a white cap.

And my father in a mockado coat, a pair of red satin sleeves, and a canvas back.

Delia. And yet his wealth was all as much as yours.

Civet My estate, my estate *I* thank God is forty pound a year, in good leases and tenements, besides twenty mark a year at cuckold's haven, and that comes to us all by inheritance.

Delia. That may indeed, 'tis very fitly plied,
I know not how it comes, but so it falls out
That those whose fathers have died wondrous rich,
And took no pleasure but to gather wealth,
Thinking of little that they leave behind:
For them they hope, will be of their like mind,
But falls out contrary, forty years' sparing
Is scarce three seven years' spending, never caring
What will ensue, when all their coin is gone,
And all too late, then thrift is thought upon:
Oft have *I* heard, that pride and riot kissed,
And then repentance cries, for had *I* wist.

Civet You say well sister *Delia*, you say well: but I mean to live within my bounds: for look you, I have set down my rest thus far, but to maintain my wife in her french hood, and her coach, keep a couple of geldings, and a brace of greyhounds, and this is all i'll do.

Delia. And you'll do this with forty pound a year?

Civet Ay, and a better penny sister.

Frances Sister you forget that at cuckold's haven.

Civet By my troth well remembered *Franck*,
I'll give thee that to buy thee pins.

Delia. Keep you the rest for points, alas the day,

wln 0805
wln 0806
wln 0807
wln 0808
wln 0809
wln 0810
wln 0811
wln 0812
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wln 0838

img: 15-a
sig: D1v

wln 0839
wln 0840
wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847
wln 0848
wln 0849
wln 0850
wln 0851
wln 0852

Fools shall have wealth, though all the world say nay:
Come brother will you in, dinner stays for us.
Civet. Ay good sister with all my heart.
Frances Ay by my troth *Tom*, for *I* have a good stomach.
Civet. And I the like sweet *Franck*, no sister
Do not think i'll go beyond my bounds.
Delia. God grant you may not.

Exit Omnes.

*Enter young Flowerdale and his father, with foils
in their hands.*

Flowerdale Sirrah *Kit*, tarry thou there, I have spied sir *Lancelot*,
and old *Weathercock* coming this way, they are hard at
hand, I will by no means be spoken withal.
Father I'll warrant you, go get you in.
Enter Lancelot and Weathercock.
Lancelot Now my honest friend, thou dost belong to master *Flowerdale*?
Father I do sir.
Lancelot Is he within my good fellow?
Father No sir he is not within.
Lancelot I prithee if he be within, let me speak with him.
Father Sir to tell you true, my master is within, but indeed
would not be spoke withal: there be some terms that stands
upon his reputation, therefore he will not admit any conference
till he hath shook them off.
Lancelot I prithee tell him his very good friend sir *Lancelot
Spurcock*, entreats to speak with him.
Father. By my troth sir, if you come to take up the matter
between my master and the Devonshire man, you do but
beguile your hopes, and lose your labor.
Lancelot. Honest friend, *I* have not any such thing to him,
I come to speak with him about other matters.
Father For my master sir hath set down his resolution,
Either to redeem his honor, or leave his life behind him.
Lancelot. My friend *I* do not know any quarrel, touching

Thy master or any other person, my business is of a different
nature to him, and *I* prithee so tell him.
Father For howsoever the Devonshire man is, my master's
Mind is bloody: that's a round O.
And therefore sir, entreaty is but vaine:
Lancelot *I* have no such thing to him, *I* tell thee once again.
Father *I* will then so signify to him. *Exit Father.*
Lancelot Ah sirrah, *I* see this matter is hotly carried,
But i'll labor to dissuade him from it, *Enter Flowerdale.*
Good morrow master *Flowerdale*.
Flowerdale Good morrow good sir *Lancelot*, good morrow
master *Weathercock*.
By my troth gentlemen, *I* have been a-reading over
Nick Machiavel, *I* find him

wln 0853
wln 0854
wln 0855
wln 0856
wln 0857
wln 0858
wln 0859
wln 0860
wln 0861
wln 0862
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wln 0864
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wln 0871
wln 0872
wln 0873
wln 0874
wln 0875
wln 0876
wln 0877

Good to be known, not to be followed:
A pestilent humane fellow, I have made
Certain annotations of him such as they be:
And how is't sir *Lancelot*? ha? how sir?
A mad world, men cannot live quiet in it.
Lancelot Master *Flowerdale*, I do understand there is some jar
Between the Devonshire man and you.
Father They sir? they are good friends as can be.
Flowerdale Who master *Oliver* and *I*? as good friends as can be.
Lancelot It is a kind of safety in you to deny it, and a generous
Silence, which too few are endued withal: But sir, such
A thing *I* hear, and *I* could wish it otherwise.
Flowerdale No such thing sir *Lancelot*, o' my reputation,
As *I* am an honest man.
Lancelot Now I do believe you then, if you do
Engage your reputation there is none.
Flowerdale Nay *I* do not engage my reputation there is not,
You shall not bind me to any condition of hardness:
But if there be any thing between us, then there is,
If there be not, then there is not: be or be not, all is one.
Lancelot *I* do perceive by this, that there is something between
you, and *I* am very sorry for it.
Flowerdale You may be deceived sir *Lancelot*, the *Italian*
Hath a pretty saying, *Questo*? *I* have forgot it too,
'Tis out of my head, but in my translation

img: 15-b
sig: D2r

wln 0878
wln 0879
wln 0880
wln 0881
wln 0882
wln 0883
wln 0884
wln 0885
wln 0886
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wln 0895
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wln 0897
wln 0898
wln 0899
wln 0900

If 't hold thus, thou hast a friend, keep him. If a foe, trip him.
Lancelot Come, *I* do see by this there is somewhat between you,
And before God *I* could wish it otherwise.
Flowerdale Well what is between us, can hardly be altered:
Sir *Lancelot*, *I* am to ride forth tomorrow,
That way which *I* must ride, no man must deny
Me the Sun, *I* would not by any particular man,
Be denied common and general passage. If any one
Saith *Flowerdale*, thou passest not this way:
My answer is, *I* must either on or return,
But return is not my word, *I* must on:
If *I* cannot, then make my way, nature
Hath done the last for me, and there's the fine.
Lancelot Master *Flowerdale*, every man hath one tongue,
And two ears, nature in her building,
Is a most curious workmaster.
Flowerdale That is as much to say, a man should hear more
Than he should speak.
Lancelot You say true, and indeed *I* have heard more,
Than at this time *I* will speak,
Flowerdale You say well.
Lancelot Slanders are more common than truths master *Flowerdale*:
But proof is the rule for both.

wln 0901
wln 0902
wln 0903
wln 0904
wln 0905
wln 0906
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wln 0908
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wln 0912
wln 0913
wln 0914
wln 0915
wln 0916

img: 16-a
sig: D2v

wln 0917
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wln 0943
wln 0944
wln 0945
wln 0946
wln 0947

Flowerdale You say true, what do you call him
Hath it there in his third canton?

Lancelot I have heard you have been wild: I have believed it.

Flowerdale 'Twas fit, 'twas necessary.

Lancelot But I have seen somewhat of late in you,
That hath confirmed in me an opinion of
Goodness toward you.

Flowerdale I' faith sir, I am sure *I* never did you harm:
Some good I have done, either to you or yours,
I am sure you know not, neither is it my will you should.

Lancelot Ay your will sir.

Flowerdale Ay my will sir: 'sfoot do you know aught of my will?
By god and you do sir, I am abused.

Lancelot Go master *Flowerdale*, what *I* know, I know,
And know you thus much out of my knowledge,
That I truly love you. For my daughter,

She's yours. And if you like a marriage better
Than a brawl, all quirks of reputation set aside, go with me
presently: And where you should fight a bloody battle, you
shall be married to a lovely Lady.

Flowerdale Nay but sir *Lancelot*?

Lancelot If you will not embrace my offer yet assure yourself
thus much, *I* will have order to hinder your encounter.

Flowerdale Nay but hear me sir *Lancelot*.

Lancelot Nay stand not you upon imputative honor.
'Tis merely unsound, unprofitable, and idle:
Inferences your business is to wed my daughter therefore
give me your present word to do it, i'll go and provide the
maid, therefore give me your present resolution, either now, or never.

Flowerdale Will you so put me too it?

Luce. Ay afore God, either take me now, or take me never,
Else what *I* thought should be our match, shall be our parting,
So fare you well for ever.

Flowerdale Stay: fall out, what may fall, my love
Is above all: I will come.

Lancelot I expect you, and so fare you well.

Exit sir Lancelot.

Father Now sir, how shall we do for wedding apparel?

Flowerdale By the mass that's true: now help *Kit*,
The marriage ended, we'll make amends for all.

Father Well no more, prepare you for your bride,
We will not want for clothes, whatsoe'er betide.

Flowerdale And thou shalt see, when once I have my dower,
In mirth we'll spend,
Full many a merry hour:
As for this wench, *I* not regard a pin,
It is her gold must bring my pleasures in.

wln 0948
wln 0949
wln 0950
wln 0951
wln 0952
wln 0953

img: 16-b
sig: D3r

wln 0954

Father Is't possible, he hath his second living,
Forsaking God, himself to the devil giving:
But that *I* knew his mother firm and chaste,
My heart would say, my head she had disgraced:
Else would *I* swear, he never was my son,
But her fair mind, so foul a deed did shun.

Enter Uncle.

wln 0955

Uncle How now brother, how do you find your son?

wln 0956

Father O brother, heedless as a libertine,

wln 0957

Even grown a master in the school of vice,

wln 0958

One that doth nothing, but invent deceit:

wln 0959

For all the day he humors up and down,

wln 0960

How he the next day might deceive his friend,

wln 0961

He thinks of nothing but the present time:

wln 0962

For one groat ready down, he'll pay a shilling,

wln 0963

But then the lender must needs stay for it.

wln 0964

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

wln 0965

Both wild, and wanton, careless and desperate:

wln 0966

But such mad strains, as he's possessed withal,

wln 0967

I thought it wonder for to dream upon.

wln 0968

Uncle *I* told you so, but you would not believe it.

wln 0969

Father Well *I* have found it, but one thing comforts me.

wln 0970

Brother, tomorrow he's to be married

wln 0971

To beauteous *Luce*, sir *Lancelot Spurcock's* daughter.

wln 0972

Uncle Is't possible?

wln 0973

Father 'Tis true, and thus *I* mean to curb 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 rank in mischief, chained to a life,

wln 0977

That will increase his shame, and kill his wife.

wln 0978

Uncle What, arrest him on his wedding day?

wln 0979

That were unchristian, and an unhuman part:

wln 0980

How many couple even for that very day,

wln 0981

Hath purchased seven years' sorrow afterward?

wln 0982

Forbear him then today, do it tomorrow,

wln 0983

And this day mingle not his joy with sorrow.

wln 0984

Father Brother i'll have it done this very day,

wln 0985

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

wln 0986

Do but observe the course that he will take,

wln 0987

Upon my life he will forswear the debt:

wln 0988

And for we'll have the sum shall not be slight,

wln 0989

Say that he owes you near three thousand pound:

wln 0990

Good brother let be done immediately:

wln 0991

img: 17-a
sig: D3v

wln 0991

Uncle Well, seeing you will have it so,

wln 0992
wln 0993
wln 0994
wln 0995
wln 0996
wln 0997
wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001
wln 1002
wln 1003
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wln 1028

img: 17-b
sig: D4r

wln 1029
wln 1030
wln 1031
wln 1032
wln 1033
wln 1034
wln 1035
wln 1036
wln 1037
wln 1038

Brother i'll do 't, and straight provide the Sheriff.
Father So brother, by this means shall we perceive
What sir *Lancelot* in this pinch will do:
And how his wife doth stand affected to him,
Her love will then be tried to the uttermost:
And all the rest of them. Brother what *I* will do,
Shall harm him much, and much avail him too.

Exit.

Oliver Cham assured thick be the place, that the scoundrel
Appointed to meet me, if 'a come zo: if 'a come not, zo.
And che war advise, he should make a coistrel an us,
Ched vese him, and che vang him in hand, che would
Hoist him, and give it him too and again, zo chud:
Who bin a-there sir *Arthur*, chil stay aside.

Arthur *I* have dogged the Devonshire man into the field,
For fear of any harm that should befall him:
I had an inkling of that yesternight,
That *Flowerdale* and he should meet this morning:
Though of my soul, *Oliver* fears him not,
Yet for i'd see fair play on either side,
Made me to come, to see their valors tried.
Good morrow to master *Oliver*.

Oliver God an' good morrow.

Arthur What master *Oliver* are you angry?

Oliver Why an it be, tit and grieven you?

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

Oliver Why and he do, che would not desire you to take his part.

Arthur No by my troth, *I* think you need it not,
For he you look for, *I* think means not to come.

Oliver No and che war assure a' that, ched a' vese him in another place.

Enter Daffodil.

Daffodil O sir *Arthur*, master *Oliver* aye me,
Your love, and yours, and mine, sweet mistress *Luce*,
This morn is married to young *Flowerdale*.

Arthur Married to *Flowerdale*! 'tis impossible.

Oliver. Married man, che hope thou dost but jest:

To make an a volowten merriment of it.

Daffodil O 'tis too true. Here comes his Uncle.

Enter Flowerdale, Sheriff, Officers.

Uncle. Good morrow sir *Arthur*, good morrow Master *Oliver*.

Oliver God and good morn Master *Flowerdale*. *I* pray you tellen us,
Is your scoundrel kinsman married?

Arthur Master *Oliver*, call him what you will, but he is married
To sir *Lancelot's* daughter here.

Uncle. Sir *Arthur*, unto her?

Oliver Ay, ha' the old vellow zarved me thick trick,

wln 1039
wln 1040
wln 1041
wln 1042
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wln 1066

img: 18-a
sig: D4v

wln 1067
wln 1068
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wln 1075
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wln 1080
wln 1081
wln 1082
wln 1083
wln 1084
wln 1085
wln 1086

Why man he was a promise, chil chud a' had her,
Is a zitch a voxe, chill look to his water che vor him.

Uncle. The music plays, they are coming from the
Church.

Sheriff do your Office: fellows, stand stoutly to it.

Enter all to the Wedding.

Oliver God give you joy, as the old zaid Proverb is, and
some zorrow among. You met us well, did you not?

Lancelot Nay be not angry sir, the fault is in me,
I have done all the wrong, kept him from coming to the
field to you, as *I* might sir, for *I* am a Justice, and sworn to
keep the peace.

Weathercock *Ay* marry is he sir, a very Justice, and sworn to keep
the peace, you must not disturb the weddings.

Lancelot Nay, never frown nor storm sir, if you do,
I'll have an order taken for you.

Oliver Well, Well, chill be quiet.

Weathercock Master *Flowerdale*, sir *Lancelot*, look you who here is?
Master *Flowerdale*.

Lancelot Master *Flowerdale*, welcome with all my heart.

Flowerdale Uncle, this is she i' faith: Master Under-sheriff
Arrest me? at whose suit? draw *Kit*.

Uncle At my suit sir.

Lancelot Why what's the matter Master *Flowerdale*?

Uncle This is the matter sir, this unthrift here,
Hath cozened you, and hath had of me,
In several sums three thousand pound.

Flowerdale Why Uncle, Uncle.

Uncle. Cousin, cousin, you have uncled me,
And if you be not stayed, you'll prove
A cozener unto all that know you.

Lancelot. Why sir, suppose he be to you in debt
Ten thousand pound, his state to me appear,
To be at least three thousand by the year.

Uncle. O sir, *I* was too late informed of that plot,
How that he went about to cozen you:
And formed a will, and sent it to your good
Friend there master *Weathercock*, in which was
Nothing true, but brags and lies.

Lancelot Ha, hath he not such Lordships, lands, and ships?

Uncle. Not worth a groat, not worth a halfpenny he.

Lancelot I pray tell us true, be plain young *Flowerdale*?

Flowerdale My uncle **here** mad, and disposed to do me wrong,
But here's my man, an honest fellow
By the lord, and of good credit, knows all is true.

Fath. Not *I* sir, *I* am too old to lie, *I* rather know
You forged a will, where every line you writ,
You studied where to **quote** your lands might lie.

wln 1087
wln 1088
wln 1089
wln 1090
wln 1091
wln 1092
wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095
wln 1096
wln 1097
wln 1098
wln 1099
wln 1100
wln 1101
wln 1102
wln 1103
wln 1104

img: 18-b
sig: E1r

Weathercock And I prithee, where be thy honest friends?
Father I' faith nowhere sir, for he hath none at all.
Weathercock. Benedicite, we are o'er-wretched I believe.
Lancelot I am cozened, and my hopefull'st child undone.
Flowerdale You are not cozened, nor is she undone,
They slander me, by this light they slander me:
Look you, my uncle here's an usurer, and would undo me,
But i'll stand in law, do you but bail me, you shall do no more:
You brother *Civet*, and master *Weathercock*, do but
Bail me, and let me have my marriage money
Paid me, and we'll ride down, and there your own
Eyes shall see, how my poor tenants there will welcome me.
You shall but bail me, you shall do no more,
And you greedy gnat, their bail will serve.
Uncle Ay sir, i'll ask no better bail.
Lancelot No sir you shall not take my bail, nor his,
Nor my son *Civet's*, i'll not be cheated I,
Shreeve take your prisoner, i'll not deal with him:

wln 1105
wln 1106
wln 1107
wln 1108
wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113
wln 1114
wln 1115
wln 1116
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wln 1120
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wln 1123
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wln 1125
wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133
wln 1134

Let's Uncle make false dice with his false bones,
I will not have to do with him: mocked, gulled, and wronged.
Come Girl, though it be late it falls out well,
Thou shalt not live with him in beggars' hell.
Luce He is my husband, and high heaven doth know,
With what unwillingness I went to Church,
But you enforced me, you compelled me too it:
The holy Churchman pronounced these words but now,
I must not leave my husband in distress:
Now I must comfort him, not go with you.
Lancelot Comfort a cozener? on my curse forsake him.
Luce This day you caused me on your curse to take him:
Do not I pray my grieved soul oppress,
God knows my heart doth bleed at his distress.
Lancelot O Master *Weathercock*, I must confess I forced her to this match,
Led with opinion his false will was true.
Weathercock Ah, he hath overreached me too.
Lancelot She might have lived like *Delia*, in a happy Virgin's state.
Delia. Father be patient, sorrow comes too late.
Lancelot And on her knees she begged and did entreat,
If she must needs taste a sad marriage life,
She craved to be sir *Arthur Greenshield's* wife.
Arthur You have done her and me the greater wrong.
Lancelot O take her yet. *Arthur.* Not I.
Lancelot Or, Master *Oliver*, accept my child, and half my wealth
is yours. *Oliver* No sir, chil break no Laws.
Luce. Never fear, she will not trouble you.
Delia. Yet sister in this passion do not run headlong to
confusion. You may affect him, though not follow him.
Franck. Do sister, hang him, let him go.

wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139

img: 19-a
sig: E1v

Weathercock Do faith Mistress *Luce*, leave him.
Luce You are three gross fools, let me alone,
I swear i'll live with him in all moan.
Oliver But an he have his legs at liberty,
Cham averd he will never live with you.

wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150
wln 1151
wln 1152
wln 1153
wln 1154
wln 1155
wln 1156
wln 1157
wln 1158
wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162
wln 1163
wln 1164

Arthur *Ay* but he is now in huckster's handling for running away.
Lancelot Housewife, you hear how you and *I* am wronged,
And if you will redress it yet you may:
But if you stand on terms to follow him,
Never come near my sight nor look on me,
Call me not father, look not for a groat,
For all thy portion *I* will this day give
Unto thy sister *Frances*.
Frances How say you to that *Tom*, *I* shall have a good deal,
Besides i'll be a good wife: and a good wife
Is a good thing, *I* can tell.
Civet Peace *Franck*, *I* would be sorry to see thy sister
Cast away, as *I* am a Gentleman.
Lancelot What, are you yet resolved?
Luce Yes, *I* am resolved.
Lancelot Come then away, or now, or never come.
Luce This way *I* turn, go you unto your feast,
And *I* to weep, that am with grief oppressed.
Lancelot Forever fly my sight: come gentlemen
Let's in, i'll help you to far better wives than her.
Delia upon my blessing talk not to her,
Base Baggage, in such haste to beggary?
Uncle Sheriff take your prisoner to your charge.
Flowerdale Uncle, by god you have used me very hardly,
By my troth, upon my wedding day.

wln 1165
wln 1166

*Exit all: young Flowerdale, his father, Uncle,
Sheriff, and Officers.*

wln 1167
wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172

Luce O Master *Flowerdale*, but hear me speak,
Stay but a little while good Master Sheriff,
If not for him, for my sake pity him:
Good sir stop not your ears at my complaint,
My voice grows weak, for women's words are faint.
Flowerdale Look you Uncle, she kneels to you.

img: 19-b
sig: E2r

wln 1173
wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176
wln 1177

Uncle Fair maid, for you, *I* love you with my heart,
And grieve sweet soul thy fortune is so bad,
That thou shouldst match with such a graceless Youth,
Go to thy father, think not upon him,
Whom hell hath marked to be the son of shame.

wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187
wln 1188
wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
wln 1192
wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196
wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203
wln 1204
wln 1205
wln 1206
wln 1207
wln 1208

img: 20-a
sig: E2v

wln 1209
wln 1210
wln 1211
wln 1212
wln 1213
wln 1214
wln 1215
wln 1216
wln 1217
wln 1218
wln 1219
wln 1220
wln 1221
wln 1222
wln 1223
wln 1224
wln 1225

Luce Impute his wildness sir, unto his youth,
And think that now is the time he doth repent:
Alas, what good or gain can you receive,
To imprison him that nothing hath to pay?
And where naught is, the king doth lose his due,
O pity him as God shall pity you.

Uncle Lady, I know his humors all too well,
And nothing in the world can do him good,
But misery itself to chain him with.

Luce Say that your debts were paid, then is he free?

Uncle Ay virgin, that being answered, *I* have done,
But to him that is all as impossible,
As *I* to scale the high Pyramidies.
Sheriff take your prisoner, Maiden fare thee well.

Luce O go not yet, good Master *Flowerdale*:
Take my word for the debt, my word, my bond.

Flowerdale Ay by God *Uncle*, and my bond too.

Luce Alas, *I* ne'er ought nothing but *I* paid it,
And I can work, alas he can do nothing:
I have some friends perhaps will pity me,
His chiefest friends do seek his misery.
All that I can, or beg, get, or receive,
Shall be for you: *O* do not turn away,
Methinks within a face so reverent,
So well experienced in this tottering world,
Should have some feeling of a maiden's grief:
For my sake, his father's, and your brother's sake,
Ay for your soul's sake that doth hope for joy,
Pity my state: do not two souls destroy.

Uncle Fair maid stand up, not in regard of him,
But in pity of thy hapless choice,

I do release him, Master Sheriff I thank you:
And officers there is for you to drink.
Here maid take this money, there is a hundred Angels,
And for I will be sure he shall not have it,
Here *Kester* take it you, and use it sparingly,
But let not her have any want at all.
Dry your eyes Niece, do not too much lament
For him, whose life hath been in riot spent:
If well he useth thee, he gets him friends,
If ill, a shameful end on him depends.

Exit Uncle.

Flowerdale A plague go with you for an old fornicator:
Come *Kit* the money, come honest *Kit*.

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

Flowerdale And why sir pardon you? give me the money
You old Rascal, or *I* shall make you.

Luce Pray hold your hands, give it him honest friend.

wln 1226
wln 1227
wln 1228
wln 1229
wln 1230
wln 1231
wln 1232
wln 1233
wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236
wln 1237
wln 1238
wln 1239
wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243

img: 20-b
sig: E3r

Father If you be so content, with all my heart.
Flowerdale Content sir, 'sblood she shall be content
Whether she will or no. A rattle-baby come to follow me:
Go get you gone to the greasy chuff your father,
Bring me your dowry, or never look on me.

Father Sir she hath forsook her father, and all her friends for
you.

Flowerdale Hang thee, her friends and father altogether.

Father Yet part with something to provide her lodging.

Flowerdale Yes, *I* mean to part with her and you, but if *I* part with
one Angel, hang me at a post. I'll rather throw them at a
cast at Dice, as *I* have done a thousand of their fellows.

Father Nay then *I* will be plain degenerate boy,
Thou hadst a Father would have been ashamed.

Flowerdale My father was an Ass, an old Ass.

Father Thy father? proud licentious villain:
What are you at your foils, i'll foil with you.

Luce Good sir forbear him.

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
wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262
wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273

Father Did not this whining woman hang on me,
I'd teach thee what it was to abuse thy father:
Go hang, beg, starve, dice, game, that when all is gone
Thou mayst after despair and hang thyself.

Luce O do not curse him.

Father *I* do not curse him, and to pray for him were vain,
It grieves me that he bears his father name.

Flowerdale Well you old rascal, *I* shall meet with you,
Sirrah get you gone, *I* will not strip the livery
Over your ears, because you paid for it:
But do not use my name, sirrah do you hear? look you do not
Use my name, you were best.

Father Pay me the twenty pound then, that *I* lent you,
Or give me security, when *I* may have it.

Flowerdale I'll pay thee not a penny, and for security, i'll give thee none,
Minikins look you do not follow me, look you do not:
If you do beggar, *I* shall slit your nose.

Luce. Alas what shall *I* do?

Flowerdale Why turn whore, that's a good trade,
And so perhaps i'll see thee now and then.

Exit Flowerdale.

Luce. Alas the day that ever *I* was born.

Father Sweet mistress do not weep, i'll stick to you.

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

Father It grieves me at the soul, to see her tears
Thus stain the crimson roses of her cheeks:
Lady take comfort, do not mourn in vain,

wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278

img: 21-a
sig: E3v

I have a little living in this town,
The which I think comes to a hundred pound,
All that and more shall be at your dispose,
I'll straight go help you to some strange disguise,
And place you in a service in this town:

wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282

Where you shall know all, yet yourself unknown:
Come grieve no more, where no help can be had,
Weep not for him, that is more worse than bad.
Luce. I thank you sir.

wln 1283

Enter sir Lancelot, master Weathercock 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

Oliver Well, cha a been zerved many a sluttish trick,
But such a liriopop as thick ich was ne'er a sarved.

Lancelot Son *Civet*, daughter *Frances*, bear with me,
You see how *I* am pressed down with inward grief,
About that luckless girl, your sister *Luce*:
But 'tis fallen out with me, as with many families beside,
They are most unhappy, that are most beloved.

Civet Father 'tis so, 'tis even fallen out so,
But what remedy, set hand to your heart, and let it pass:
Here is your daughter *Frances* and I, and we'll not say,
We'll bring forth as witty children, but as pretty
Children as ever she was: though she had the prick
And praise for a pretty wench: But father, dun is
The mouse, you'll come?

Lancelot Ay son *Civet*, i'll come.

Civet And you master *Oliver*?

Oliver Ay, for che a vexed out this veast, chill see if a gan
Make a better veast there.

Civet And you sir *Arthur*?

Arthur Ay sir, although my heart be full,
I'll be a partner at your wedding feast.

Civet And welcome all indeed, and welcome, come *Franck* are you ready?

wln 1306
wln 1307
wln 1308
wln 1309

Frances Jesu how hasty these husbands are, *I* pray father,
Pray to God to bless me.

Lancelot God bless thee, and *I* do: God make thee wise,
Send you both joy, *I* wish it with wet eyes.

img: 21-b
sig: E4r

wln 1310
wln 1311
wln 1312
wln 1313
wln 1314

Frances But Father, shall not my sister *Delia* go along with us?
She is excellent good at cookery and such things.

Lancelot Yes marry shall she: *Delia*, make you ready.

Delia. I am ready sir, *I* will first go to *Greenwich*,
From thence to my cousin *Chesterfield's*, and so to *London*.

wln 1315
wln 1316
wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343

Civet It shall suffice good sister *Delia*, it shall suffice,
But fail us not good sister, give order to cooks, and others,
For *I* would not have my sweet *Franck*
To soil her fingers.

Frances No by my troth not *I*, a gentlewoman, and a married
Gentlewoman too, to be companions to cooks,
And kitchen-boys, not *I*, i' faith: *I* scorn that.

Civet Why *I* do not mean thou shalt sweet heart,
Thou seest *I* do not go about it: well farewell too:
You, God's pity *Master Weathercock*, we shall have your company too?

Weathercock With all my heart, for *I* love good cheer.

Civet Well, God be with you all, come *Franck*.

Frances God be with you father, God be with you sir *Arthur*,
Master *Oliver*, and master *Weathercock*, sister, God be with
you all: God be with you father, God be with you every one.

Weathercock Why how now sir *Arthur*? all amorst master *Oliver*,
how now man?

Cheerly sir *Lancelot*, and merrily say,
Who can hold that will away.

Lancelot *Ay* she is gone indeed, poor girl undone,
But when they'll be self-willed, children must smart.

Arthur But sir, that she is wronged, you are the chiefest cause.
Therefore 'tis reason, you redress her wrong.

Weathercock Indeed you must sir *Lancelot*, you must.

Lancelot Must? who can compel me master *Weathercock*:
I hope *I* may do what *I* list.

Weathercock *I* grant you may, you may do what you list.

Oliver Nay, but and you be well avisen, it were not good
By this vrapolnesse, and vrowardnesse, to cast away
As pretty a dowsabel, as am chould chance to see

img: 22-a
sig: E4v

wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354

wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360

In a Summer's day, chil tell you what chall do,
Chil go spy up and down the town, and see if *I*
Can hear any tale or dydings of her,
And take her away from thick a mesel, vor cham
Assured, he'll but bring her to the spoil,
And so var you well, we shall meet at your son *Civet's*.

Lancelot *I* thank you sir, *I* take it very kindly.

Artichoke To find her out, i'll spend my dearest blood.

Exit both.

So well *I* loved her, to effect her good.

Lancelot O master *Weathercock*, what hap had *I*, to force my daughter

From master *Oliver*, and this good knight?
To one that hath no goodness in his thought.

Weathercock Ill luck, but what remedy.

Lancelot Yes *I* have almost devised a remedy,
Young *Flowerdale*, is sure a prisoner.

Weathercock Sure, nothing more sure.

wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374

Lancelot And yet perhaps his Uncle hath released him.
Weathercock It may be very like, no doubt he hath.
Lancelot Well if he be in prison, i'll have warrants
To 'tach my daughter till the law be tried,
For I will sue him upon cozenage.
Weathercock Marry may you, and overthrow him **too**?
Lancelot Nay that's not so, *I* may chance be scoffed,
And sentence passed with him.
Weathercock Believe me so he may, therefore take heed.
Lancelot Well howsoever, yet *I* will have warrants,
In prison, or at liberty, all's one:
You will help to serve them master *Weathercock*?

Exit Omnes.

Enter Flowerdale.

Flowerdale. A plague of the devil, the devil take the dice,
The dice, and the devil, and his dam go together:

wln 1375
wln 1376

img: 22-b
sig: F1r

wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390
wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404
wln 1405
wln 1406
wln 1407

Of all my hundred golden angels,
I have not left me one denier:
A pox of come a five, what shall *I* do?
I can borrow no more of my credit:
There's not any of my acquaintance, man, nor boy,
But *I* have borrowed more or less of:
I would I knew where to take a good purse,
And go clear away, by this light i'll venture for it,
God's lid my sister *Delia*,
I'll rob her, by this hand.

Enter Delia, and Artichoke.

Delia *I* prithee *Artichoke* go not so fast,
The weather is hot, and *I* am something weary.
Artichoke Nay *I* warrant you mistress *Delia* i'll not tire you
With leading, we'll go an extreme moderate pace.

Flowerdale Stand, deliver your purse.

Artichoke O lord, thieves, thieves.

Exit Artichoke.

Flowerdale Come, come, your purse lady, your purse.

Delia That voice I have heard often before this time,
What brother *Flowerdale*, become a thief?

Flowerdale Ay, a plague on 't, *I* thank your father,
But sister, come, your money, come:
What the world must find me, *I* am born to live,
'Tis not a sin to steal, when none will give.

Delia O God, is all grace banished from thy heart,
Think of the shame that doth attend this fact.

Flowerdale Shame me no shames, come give me your purse,
I'll bind you sister, lest *I* fare the worse.

Delia No, bind me not, hold there is all I have,
And would that money would redeem thy shame.

wln 1408
wln 1409
wln 1410
wln 1411

img: 23-a
sig: F1v

Enter Oliver sir Arthur, and Artichoke.
Artichoke Thieves, thieves, thieves.
Oliver Thieves, where man? why how now mistress *Delia*,
Ha' you a liked to bin a' robbed?

wln 1412

Delia. No master *Oliver*, 'tis master *Flowerdale*, he did but jest with me.

wln 1413

Oliver How, *Flowerdale*, that scoundrel? sirrah, you meten us
Well, vang thee that.

wln 1414

Flowerdale Well sir, i'll not meddle with you, because *I* have a charge.

wln 1415

Delia Here brother *Flowerdale*, i'll lend you this same money.

wln 1416

Flowerdale *I* thank you sister.

wln 1417

Oliver *I* wad you were y-split, and you let the mesel have a penny.
But since you cannot keep it, chil keep it myself.

wln 1419

Arthur 'Tis pity to relieve him in this sort,

wln 1420

Who makes a triumphant life, his daily sport.

wln 1421

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

wln 1422

Farewell, and I pray God amend your life.

wln 1423

Oliver Come, chill bring you along, and you safe enough

wln 1424

From twenty such scoundrels as thick a one is,
Farewell and be hanged zirrah, as I think so thou

wln 1425

Wilt be shortly, come sir *Arthur*.

wln 1426

Exit all but Flowerdale.

wln 1427

Flowerdale A plague go with you for a kersey rascal:

wln 1428

This Devonshire man I think is made all of pork,

wln 1429

His hands made only, for to heave up packs:

wln 1430

His heart as fat and big as his face,

wln 1431

As differing far from all brave gallant minds

wln 1432

As I to serve the hogs, and drink with hinds,

wln 1433

As I am very near now: well, what remedy,

wln 1434

When money, means, and friends, do grow so small,

wln 1435

Then farewell life, and there's an end of all.

wln 1436

Exit omnes.

wln 1437

*Enter Father, Luce like a Dutch Frow, Civet, and his
wife mistress Frances.*

wln 1438

Civet By my troth god-a-mercy for this good *Christopher*,

wln 1439

I thank thee for my maid, *I* like her very well,

wln 1440

How dost thou like her *Frances*?

wln 1441

Frances In good sadness *Tom*, very well, excellent well,

wln 1442

She speaks so prettily, *I* pray what's your name?

wln 1443

Luce. My name forsooth be called *Tanikin*.

wln 1444

wln 1445

wln 1446

Frances By my troth a fine name, Oh *Tanikin*, you are excellent
for dressing one head a new fashion.

wln 1447

Luce. Me sall do every ting about da head.

wln 1448

Civet What countrywoman is she *Kester*?

wln 1449

Father A dutch woman sir.

wln 1450

Civet Why then she is outlandish, is she not?

wln 1451

wln 1451

wln 1451

wln 1451

wln 1451

wln 1451

wln 1451

wln 1451

wln 1452
wln 1453
wln 1454
wln 1455
wln 1456
wln 1457
wln 1458
wln 1459
wln 1460
wln 1461
wln 1462
wln 1463

Father Ay Sir she is.

Frances O then thou canst tell how to help me to cheeks and ears?

Luce. Yes mistress very vell.

Father Cheeks and ears, why mistress *Frances*, want you Cheeks and ears? methinks you have very fair ones.

Frances Thou art a fool indeed *Tom*, thou knowest what I mean,

Civet Ay, Ay *Kester*, 'tis such as they wear o' their heads, I prithee *Kit* have her in, and show her my house.

Father I will sir, come *Tanikin*.

Frances O *Tom*, you have not bussed me today *Tom*.

Civet No *Frances*, we must not kiss afore folks, God save me *Franck*,

wln 1464
wln 1465
wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468
wln 1469
wln 1470
wln 1471
wln 1472
wln 1473
wln 1474
wln 1475
wln 1476
wln 1477
wln 1478
wln 1479

Enter Delia, and Artichoke.

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

Frances Welcome good sister, how do you like the tier of my head?

Delia. Very well sister.

Civet I am glad you're come sister *Delia* to give order for Supper, they will be here soon.

Artichoke Ay, but if good luck had not served, she had Not been here now, filching *Flowerdale* had like To peppered us, but for master *Oliver*, we had been robbed.

Delia Peace sirrah, no more.

Father Robbed! by whom?

Artichoke Marry by none but by *Flowerdale*, he is turned thief.

Civet By my faith, but that is not well, but God be praised For your escape, will you draw near sister?

Father Sirrah come hither, would *Flowerdale*, he that was my master, ha' robbed you, I prithee tell me true?

img: 24-a
sig: F2v

wln 1480

wln 1481

wln 1482
wln 1483
wln 1484
wln 1485
wln 1486
wln 1487
wln 1488
wln 1489
wln 1490
wln 1491
wln 1492

Artichoke Yes i' faith, even that *Flowerdale*, that was thy master.

Father Hold thee, there is a French crown, and speak no more of this.

Artichoke Not *I*, not a word, now do I smell knavery: In every purse *Flowerdale* takes, he is half: And gives me this to keep counsel, no not a word *I*.

Father Why God-a-mercy.

Frances Sister look here, *I* have a new Dutch maid, And she speaks so fine, it would do your heart good.

Civet How do you like her sister?

Delia. I like your maid well.

Civet Well dear sister, will you draw near, and give directions for supper, guesse will be here presently.

Delia. Yes brother, lead the way i'll follow you.

wln 1493

Exit all but Delia and Luce.

wln 1494

Hark you Dutch frow a word.

wln 1495
wln 1496
wln 1497
wln 1498
wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501
wln 1502
wln 1503
wln 1504
wln 1505
wln 1506
wln 1507
wln 1508
wln 1509
wln 1510

img: 24-b
sig: F3r

wln 1511
wln 1512
wln 1513
wln 1514
wln 1515
wln 1516
wln 1517

wln 1518

wln 1519
wln 1520
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wln 1532
wln 1533
wln 1534
wln 1535
wln 1536
wln 1537
wln 1538
wln 1539
wln 1540

Luce. Vat is your vill wit me?

Delia Sister *Luce*, 'tis not your broken language,
Nor this same habit, can disguise your face
From *I* that know you: pray tell me, what means this?

Luce. Sister, I see you know me, yet be secret:
This borrowed shape, that *I* have ta'en upon me,
Is but to keep myself, a space unknown,
Both from my father, and my nearest friends:
Until *I* see, how time will bring to pass,
The desperate course, of master *Flowerdale*.

Delia O he is worse than bad, *I* prithee leave him,
And let not once thy heart to think on him.

Luce. Do not persuade me, once to such a thought,
Imagine yet, that he is worse than naught:
Yet one **lover's** time, may all that ill undo,
That all his former life, did run into.

Therefore kind sister do not disclose my estate,
If ere his heart doth turn, 'tis ne'er too late.

Delia Well, seeing no counsel can remove your mind,
I'll not disclose you, that art wilful blind.

Luce *Delia*, I thank you, I now must please her eyes,
My sister *Frances*, neither fair nor wise.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Flowerdale solus.

Flowerdale On goes he that knows no end of his journey,
I have passed the very utmost bounds of shifting,
I have no course now but to hang myself:
I have lived since yesterday two o'clock, of a
Spice-cake I had at a burial: and for drink,
I got it at an Alehouse among Porters, such as
Will bear out a man, if he have no money indeed.
I mean out of their companies, for they are men
Of good carriage. Who comes here?
The two Coney-catchers, that won all my money of me.
I'll try if they'll lend me any.

Enter Dick and Rafe.

What Master *Richard* how do you?
How dost thou *Rafe*? By God gentlemen the world
Grows bare with me, will you do as much as lend
Me an Angel between you both, you know you
Won a hundred of me the other day.

Rafe. How, an Angel? God damn us if we lost not every
Penny, within an hour after thou wert gone.

Flowerdale *I* prithee lend me so much as will pay for my supper,
I'll pay you again, as *I* am a Gentleman.

Rafe. *I*' faith, we have have not a farthing, not a mite:

wln 1541
wln 1542
wln 1543

img: 25-a
sig: F3v

I wonder at it Master *Flowerdale*,
You will so carelessly undo yourself,
Why you will lose more money in an hour,

wln 1544
wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547

Than any honest man spend in a year,
For shame betake you to some honest Trade,
And live not thus so like a Vagabond.

Exit both.

wln 1548
wln 1549
wln 1550
wln 1551
wln 1552
wln 1553
wln 1554
wln 1555
wln 1556
wln 1557
wln 1558
wln 1559

Flowerdale A Vagabond indeed, more villains you:
They gave me counsel that first cozened me:
Those Devils first brought me to this I am,
And being thus, the first that do me wrong.
Well, yet I have one friend left in store,
Not far from hence, there dwells a Cockatrice,
One that I first put in a satin gown,
And not a tooth that dwell within her head,
But stands me at the least in twenty pound:
Her will *I* visit now my coin is gone,
And as *I* take it here dwells the Gentlewomen.
What ho, is Mistress *Apricocke* within?

wln 1560
wln 1561
wln 1562
wln 1563
wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566
wln 1567
wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571

Enter Ruffian.

Ruffian What saucy Rascal is that which knocks so bold,
O, is it you? old spendthrift, are you here?
One that is turned Cozener about the town:
My Mistress saw you, and sends this word by me,
Either be packing quickly from the door,
Or you shall have such a greeting sent you straight,
As you will little like on, you had best be gone.

Flowerdale Why so, this is as it should be, being poor,
Thus art thou served by a vile painted whore.
Well, since thy damned crew do so abuse thee,
I'll try of honest men, how they will use me.

wln 1572
wln 1573
wln 1574
wln 1575
wln 1576
wln 1577

Enter an ancient Citizen.

Sir *I* beseech you to take compassion of a man,
One whose Fortunes have been better than at this instant
they seem to be: but if *I* might crave of you so much little
portion, as would bring me to my friends, I should rest
thankful, until I had requited so great a courtesy.

img: 25-b
sig: F4r

wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581
wln 1582
wln 1583

Citizen. Fie, fie, young man, this course is very bad,
Too many such have we about this City,
Yet for *I* have not seen you in this sort,
Nor noted you to be a common beggar:
Hold there's an Angel, to bear your charges,
Down, go to your friends, do not on this depend,

wln 1584
wln 1585
wln 1586
wln 1587
wln 1588
wln 1589

Such bad beginnings oft have worser ends.

Exit Citizen.

Flowerdale Worser ends: nay, if it fall out
No worse than in old angels *I* care not,
Nay now *I* have had such a fortunate beginning,
I'll not let a sixpenny purse escape me,
By the Mass, here comes another.

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

Enter a Citizen's wife with a torch before her.

God bless you fair Mistress.

Now would it please you gentlewoman to look into the
wants of a poor Gentleman, a younger brother, *I* doubt not
but God will treble restore it back again, one that never
before this time demanded penny, halfpenny, nor farthing.

Citizen's Wife. Stay *Alexander*, now by my troth a very proper
man, and 'tis great pity: hold my friend, there's all the
money *I* have about me, a couple of shillings, and God bless
thee.

Flowerdale Now God thank you sweet Lady: if you have any
friend, or Garden-house, where you may employ a poor
gentleman as your friend, *I* am yours to command in all secret
service.

Citizen *I* thank you good friend, *I* prithee let me see that again,
I gave thee, there is one of them a brass shilling, give
me them, and here is half a crown in gold. *He gives it her.*

Now out upon thee Rascal, secret service: what dost
thou make of me? it were a good deed to have thee whipped:
now *I* have my money again, i'll see thee hanged before
I give thee a penny: secret service: on good *Alexander*.

Exit both.

img: 26-a
sig: F4v

wln 1612
wln 1613

Flowerdale This is villainous luck, *I* perceive dishonesty
Will not thrive: here comes more, God forgive me,

wln 1614
wln 1615
wln 1616
wln 1617
wln 1618
wln 1619
wln 1620
wln 1621
wln 1622
wln 1623
wln 1624
wln 1625
wln 1626
wln 1627
wln 1628
wln 1629

Sir *Arthur*, and Master *Oliver*, afore God, I'll speak to them,
God save you Sir *Arthur*: God save you Master *Oliver*.

Enter Sir Arthur, and Master Oliver.

Oliver Bin you there zirrah, come will you y-taken yourself
To your tools, Coistrel?

Flowerdale Nay, Master *Oliver*, I'll not fight with you,
Alas sir you know it was not my doings,
It was only a plot to get Sir *Lancelot's* daughter:
By God, *I* never meant you harm.

Oliver And whore is the Gentlewoman thy wife, Mesel?
Whore is she, Zirrah, ha?

Flowerdale By my troth Master *Oliver*, sick, very sick;
And God is my Judge, *I* know not what means to make for
her, good Gentlewoman.

Oliver Tell me true, is she sick? tell me true itch vise thee?

Flowerdale Yes faith, *I* tell you true: Master *Oliver*, if you would

wln 1630
wln 1631
wln 1632
wln 1633
wln 1634
wln 1635
wln 1636
wln 1637
wln 1638
wln 1639
wln 1640
wln 1641
wln 1642
wln 1643
wln 1644
wln 1645

img: 26-b
sig: G1r

wln 1646

wln 1647
wln 1648
wln 1649
wln 1650
wln 1651
wln 1652
wln 1653
wln 1654
wln 1655
wln 1656
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wln 1667
wln 1668
wln 1669
wln 1670
wln 1671
wln 1672
wln 1673
wln 1674
wln 1675
wln 1676

do me the small kindness, but to lend me forty shillings:
So God help me *I* will pay you So soon as my ability shall
make me able, as *I* am a gentleman.

Oliver Well thou zaist thy wife is zick: hold, there's vorty
shillings, gived it to thy wife, look thou give it her, or *I* shall
zo veze thee, thou wert not so vezed this zeven year, look
to it.

Arthur I' faith Master *Oliver*, it is in vain
To give to him that never thinks of her.

Oliver Well, would che could y-vind it.

Flowerdale I tell you true, sir *Arthur*, as I am a gentleman.

Oliver Well fare you well zirrah: come sir *Arthur*.

Exit both:

Flowerdale By the Lord this is excellent.
Five golden Angels compassed in an hour,
If this trade hold, i'll never seek a new.

Welcome sweet gold: and beggary adieu.

Enter Uncle and Father.

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

Flowerdale Who's here, my Uncle, and my man *Kester*?

By the mass 'tis they.

How do you Uncle, how dost thou *Kester*?

By my troth Uncle, you must needs lend

Me some money, the poor gentlewoman

My wife, so God help me, is very sick,

I was robbed of the hundred angels

You gave me, they are gone.

Uncle Ay they are gone indeed, come *Kester* away.

Flowerdale Nay Uncle, do you hear? good Uncle.

Uncle Out hypocrite, I will not hear thee speak,

Come leave him *Kester*.

Flowerdale *Kester*, honest *Kester*.

Father Sir, I have naught to say to you,

Open the door to my kin, thou hadst best

Lock 't fast, for there's a false knave without.

Flowerdale you are an old lying Rascal,

So you are.

Exit both.

Enter Luce.

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

Flowerdale By this light a Dutch Frow, they say they are called
Kind, by this light i'll try her.

Luce. Vat bin you younker, why do you not speak?

Flowerdale By my troth sweet heart, a poor gentleman that
would desire of you, if it stand with your liking, the bounty of
your purse.

Enter father.

Luce. O here God, so young an armine.

wln 1677
wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680
wln 1681
wln 1682

img: 27-a
sig: G1v

wln 1683
wln 1684
wln 1685

wln 1686
wln 1687
wln 1688
wln 1689
wln 1690
wln 1691
wln 1692
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wln 1711
wln 1712
wln 1713
wln 1714
wln 1715
wln 1716
wln 1717
wln 1718

img: 27-b
sig: G2r

wln 1719
wln 1720

Flowerdale Armine sweetheart, I know not what you mean by that, but *I* am almost a beggar.

Luce. Are you not a married man, vere your wife?
Here is all I have, take dis.

Flowerdale What gold young Frow? this is brave.

Father If he have any grace, he'll now repent.

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

Flowerdale Dead, dead, she's dead, 'tis she hath undone me,
Spent me all *I* had, and kept rascals under mine nose to brave me.

Luce. Did you use her vell?

Flowerdale Use her, there's never a gentlewoman in *England* could be better used than *I* did her, I could but Coach her, her diet stood me in forty pound a month, but she is dead and in her grave, my cares are buried.

Luce. Indeed dat vas not scone.

Father He is turned more devil than he was before.

Flowerdale Thou dost belong to master *Civet* here, dost thou not?

Luce. Yes me do.

Flowerdale Why there's it, there's not a handful of plate
But belongs to me, God's my Judge:
If *I* had but such a wench as thou art,
There's never a man in *England* would make more
Of her, than *I* would do, so she had any stock.

They call within:

O why *Tannakin*.

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

Flowerdale By this hand, this Dutch wench is in love with me,
Were it not admiral to make her steal
All *Civet's* Plate, and run away.

Father 'Twere beastly. O master *Flowerdale*,
Have you no fear of God, nor conscience:
What do you mean, by this vild course you take?

Flowerdale What do *I* mean, why to live, that *I* mean.

Father To live in this sort, fie upon the course,
Your life doth show, you are a very coward.

Flowerdale A coward, I pray in what?

Father Why you will borrow sixpence of a boy.

Flowerdale Snails is there such cowardice in that, *I* dare
Borrow it of a man, *I* and of the tallest man
In England, if he will lend it me,
Let me borrow it how *I* can, and let them come by it how
they dare.

And it is well **known**, *I* might ha' rid out a hundred times
If *I* would: so *I* might.

wln 1721
wln 1722
wln 1723
wln 1724
wln 1725
wln 1726
wln 1727
wln 1728
wln 1729

Father It was not want of will, but cowardice,
There is none that lends to you, but know they gain:
And what is that but only stealth in you,
Delia might hang you now, did not her heart
Take pity of you for her sister's sake.
Go get you hence, lest lingering here you stay,
You fall into their hands you look not for.

Flowerdale I'll tarry here, till the Dutch Frow
Comes, if all the devils in hell were here.

wln 1730

Exit. Father.

wln 1731
wln 1732

*Enter sir Lancelot, master Weathercock, and
Artichoke.*

wln 1733

Luce. Where is the door, are we not past it *Artichoke*?

wln 1734

Artichoke By th' mass here's one, i'll ask him, do you hear sir?

wln 1735

What are you so proud? do you hear, which is the way

wln 1736

To master *Civet's* house? what will you not speak?

wln 1737

O me, this is filching *Flowerdale*.

wln 1738

Lancelot O wonderful, is this lewd villain here?

wln 1739

O you cheating Rogue, you cutpurse coney-catcher,

wln 1740

What ditch you villain, is my daughter's grave?

wln 1741

A cozening rascal, that must make a will,

wln 1742

Take on him that strict habit, very that:

wln 1743

When he should turn to angel, a dying grace,

wln 1744

I'll father-in-law you sir, i'll make a will,

wln 1745

Speak villain, where's my daughter?

wln 1746

Poisoned *I* warrant you, or knocked o' the head:

wln 1747

And to abuse good master *Weathercock*, with his forged will,

wln 1748

And master *Weathercock*, to make my grounded resolution,

wln 1749

Then to abuse the Devonshire gentlemen:

wln 1750

Go, away with him to prison.

wln 1751

Flowerdale Wherefore to prison? sir *I* will not go.

wln 1752

Enter master Civet his wife, Oliver, sir Arthur,

wln 1753

Father, and Uncle Delia.

img: 28-a
sig: G2v

wln 1754

Luce. O here's his Uncle, welcome gentlemen, welcome all,

wln 1755

Such a cozener gentlemen, a murderer too

wln 1756

For anything *I* know, my daughter is missing:

wln 1757

Hath been looked for, cannot be found, a vild upon thee.

wln 1758

Uncle He is my kinsman, although his life be vild,

wln 1759

Therefore in God's name, do with him what you will.

wln 1760

Lancelot Marry to prison.

wln 1761

Flowerdale Wherefore to prison? snick up, I owe you nothing.

wln 1762

Lancelot Bring forth my daughter then, away with him.

wln 1763

Flowerdale Go seek your daughter, what do you lay to my charge,

wln 1764

Lancelot Suspicion of murder, go? away with him.

wln 1765

Flowerdale Murder your dogs, I murder your daughter,

wln 1766
wln 1767
wln 1768
wln 1769
wln 1770
wln 1771
wln 1772
wln 1773
wln 1774
wln 1775

Come Uncle, I know you'll bail me.
Uncle Not *I*, were there no more.
Than I the Jailor, thou the prisoner.
Lancelot Go away with him.
Enter Luce like a Frow.
Luce. O my life here, where will you ha' de man?
Vat ha' de younker done?
Weathercock Woman he hath killed his wife.
Luce. His vife, dat is not good, dat is not seen.
Lancelot Hang not upon him housewife, if you do i'll lay you by him.

wln 1776
wln 1777
wln 1778

Luce. Have me no, and or way do you have him,
He tell me dat he love me heartily.
Frances Lead away my maid to prison, why *Tom* will you suffer that?

wln 1779
wln 1780
wln 1781
wln 1782
wln 1783
wln 1784
wln 1785
wln 1786
wln 1787
wln 1788
wln 1789

Civet No by your leave father, she is no vagrant:
She is my wife's chambermaid, and as true as the skin between
any man's brows here.
Lancelot Go to, you're both fools: son *Civet*,
Of my life this is a plot,
Some stragling counterfeit preferred to you:
No doubt to rob you of your plate and Jewels,
I'll have you led away to prison trull.
Luce. I am no trull, neither outlandish Frow,
Nor he, nor I shall to the prison go:
Know you me now? nay never stand amazed.

img: 28-b
sig: G3r

wln 1790
wln 1791
wln 1792
wln 1793
wln 1794
wln 1795
wln 1796
wln 1797
wln 1798
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wln 1809
wln 1810
wln 1811

Father I know *I* have offended you,
And though that duty wills me bend my knees
To you in duty and obedience:
Yet this ways do I turn, and to him yield
My love, my duty and my humbleness.
Lancelot Bastard in nature, kneel to such a slave?
Luce. O Master *Flowerdale*, if too much grief
Have not stopped up the organs of your voice,
Then speak to her that is thy faithful wife,
Or doth contempt of me, thus tie thy tongue:
Turn not away, I am no Ethiop,
No wanton *Cressid*, nor a changing *Helen*:
But rather one made wretched by thy loss.
What turn'st thou still from me? O then
I guess thee woefull'st among hapless men.
Flowerdale I am indeed wife, wonder among wives!
Thy chastity and virtue hath infused
Another soul in me, red with defame,
For in my blushing cheeks is seen my shame.
Lancelot Out Hypocrite, I charge thee trust him not.
Luce. Not trust him, by hopes after bliss,
I know no sorrow can be compared to his.

wln 1812
wln 1813
wln 1814
wln 1815
wln 1816
wln 1817
wln 1818
wln 1819
wln 1820
wln 1821
wln 1822
wln 1823
wln 1824
wln 1825
wln 1826
wln 1827

img: 29-a
sig: G3v

wln 1828
wln 1829
wln 1830
wln 1831
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wln 1856
wln 1857
wln 1858
wln 1859

Lancelot Well since thou wert ordained to beggary,
Follow thy fortune, I defy thee *I*.

Oliver Y would che were so well y-doused as was ever white
cloth in a tucking mill, and chea ha' not made me weep.

Father If he hath any grace he'll now repent.

Arthur It moves my heart.

Weathercock By my troth I must weep, *I* can not choose.

Uncle. None but a beast would such a maid misuse.

Flowerdale Content thyself, I hope to win his favor,
And to redeem my reputation lost,
And Gentlemen believe me, *I* beseech you,
I hope your eyes shall behold such change,
As shall deceive your expectation.

Oliver I would che were y-split now, but che believe him.

Lancelot How, believe him. *Weathercock* By the mackins, I do.

Lancelot What do you think that e'er he will have grace?

Weathercock By my faith it will go hard.

Oliver Well che vorye he is changed: and Master *Flowerdale*, in
hope you been so, hold there's vorty pound toward your zetting
up: what be not ashamed, vang it man, vang it, be a
good husband, loven your wife: and you shall not want for
vorty more, *I* che vor thee.

Arthur My means are little, but if you'll follow me,
I will instruct you in my ablest power:
But to your wife *I* give this Diamond,
And prove true Diamond fair in all your life.

Flowerdale Thanks good sir *Arthur*, Master *Oliver*,
You being my enemy, and grown so kind,
Binds me in all endeavor to restore.

Oliver What, restore me, no restorings man,
I have vorty pound more for *Luce*, here vang it:
Zooth chil devy *London* else, what do not think me
A Mesel or a Scoundrel to throw away my money, che have
a hundred pound more to pace of any good spotation: *I* hope
your under and your uncle here will vollow my zamples.

Uncle You have guessed right of me, if he leave of this course of
life, he shall be mine heir.

Lancelot But he shall never get a groat of me,
A Cozener, a deceiver, one that killed his painful
Father, honest Gentleman that passed the fearful
Danger of the sea, to get him living and maintain him brave.

Weathercock What hath he killed his father?

Lancelot Ay sir, with conceit of his vild courses.

Father Sir, you are misinformed.

Lancelot Why thou old knave, thou told'st me so thyself.

Father *I* wronged him then: and toward my Master's stock,
There's twenty Nobles for to make amends.

Flowerdale No *Kester*, *I* have troubled thee, and wrong thee more,

wln 1860
wln 1861
wln 1862
wln 1863
wln 1864
wln 1865

img: 29-b
sig: G4r

What thou in love gives, I in love restore.
Frances Ha, ha, sister, there you played bo-peep with
Tom, What shall I give her toward household?
Sister Delia, shall I give her my Fan?
Delia. You were best ask your husband. *Frances* Shall I *Tom*?
Civet. Ay do *Franck* i'll buy thee a new one, with a longer handle.

wln 1866
wln 1867
wln 1868
wln 1869
wln 1870
wln 1871
wln 1872
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wln 1900
wln 1901
wln 1902
wln 1903

Franck. A russet one *Franck*. *Civet* Ay with russet feathers.
Frances Here sister, there's my Fan toward household, to keep you warm.
Luce. I thank, you sister.
Weathercock Why this is well, and toward fair *Luce*'s stock, here's
forty shillings: and forty good shillings more, I'll give her
marry. Come sir *Lancelot*, I must have you friends.
Lancelot Not I, all this is counterfeit,
He will consume it, were it a Million.
Father Sir, what is your daughter's dower worth?
Lancelot Had she been married to an honest man,
It had been better than a thousand pound.
Father Pay it him, and i'll give you my bond,
To make her jointure better worth than three.
Lancelot Your bond sir, why what are you?
Father One whose word in *London* though I say it,
Will pass there for as much as yours.
Lancelot Wert not thou late that unthrift's servingman?
Father Look on me better, now my scar is off.
Ne'er muse man at this metamorphosy.
Lancelot Master *Flowerdale*.
Flowerdale My father, O I shame to look on him.
Pardon dear father the follies that are past.
Father Son, son I do, and joy at this thy change,
And applaud thy fortune in this virtuous maid,
Whom heaven hath sent to thee to save thy soul.
Luce This addeth joy to joy, high heaven be praised.
Weathercock Master *Flowerdale*, welcome from death, good Master *Flowerdale*.
'twas said so here, 'twas said so here good faith.
Father I caused that rumor to be spread myself,
Because i'd see the humors of my son,
Which to relate the circumstance is needless:
And sirrah see you run no more into that same disease:
For he that's once cured of that malady,
Of Riot, Swearing, Drunkenness, and Pride,
And falls again into the like distress,
That fever is deadly, doth till death endure:
Such men die mad as of a calenture.
Flowerdale Heaven helping me, i'll hate the course as hell.

img: 30-a
sig: G4v

wln 1904

Uncle Say it and do it Cousin, all is well.

wln 1905
wln 1906
wln 1907
wln 1908
wln 1909
wln 1910
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Lancelot. Well being in hope you'll prove an honest man,
I take you to my favor brother *Flowerdale*,
Welcome with all my heart: *I* see your care
Hath brought these acts to this conclusion,
And I am glad of it, come let's in and feast.

Oliver. Nay zoft you awhile, you promised to make
Sir *Arthur* and me amends, here is your wisest
Daughter, see which ans she'll have.

Lancelot O' God's name, you have my good will, get hers.

Oliver How say you then Damsel, tyters hate?

Delia. Ay sir, am yours.

Oliver Why, then send for a Vicar, and chil have it
Dispatched in a trice so chill.

Delia. Pardon me sir, I mean *I* am yours,
In love, in duty: and affection.

But not to love as wife, shall ne'er be said,

Delia was buried married, but a maid.

Arthur Do not condemn yourself for ever
Virtuous fair, you were born to love.

Oliver Why you say true sir *Arthur* she was y-bere to it
So well as her mother: but *I* pray you show us
Some zamples or reasons why you will not marry?

Delia Not that *I* do condemn a married life,
For 'tis no doubt a sanctimonious thing:
But for the care and crosses of a wife,
The trouble in this world that children bring,
My vow is in heaven in earth to live alone,
Husbands howsoever good, I will have none.

Oliver Why then chil will live Bachelor too,
Che zet not a vig by a wife, if a wife zet not a vig
By me: Come shall's go to dinner?

Father Tomorrow I crave your companies in *Mark lane*:
Tonight we'll frolic in Master *Civet's* house,
And to each health, drink down a full carouse.

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.