THE
SHOEMAKERS’
Holiday.

OR
The Gentle Craft.

With the humorous life of Simon
Eyre, shoemaker, and Lord Mayor
of London.

As it was acted before the Queen’s most excellent Majesty
on New year’s day at night last, by the right
honorable the Earl of Nottingham, Lord high Admiral
of England, his servants.

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hill, near Baynard’s Castle, at the sign of the White
Swan, and are there to be sold.
1600.

To all good Fellows, Professors of
the Gentle Craft; of what degree
soever.

Kind Gentlemen, and honest boon Companions,
I present you here with a merry conceited
Comedy, called the Shoemakers’ Holiday, acted
by my Lord Admiral’s Players this present
Christmas, before the Queen’s most excellent
Majesty. For the mirth and pleasant matter, by her Highness
graciously accepted; being indeed no way offensive. The
Argument of the play I will set down in this Epistle: Sir
Hugh Lacy Earl of Lincoln, had a young Gentleman of his
own name, his near kinsman, that loved the Lord Mayor’s
daughter of London; to prevent and cross which love, the
Earl caused his kinsman to be sent Colonel of a company
into France: who resigned his place to another gentleman his
friend, and came disguised like a Dutch Shoemaker, to the
house of Simon Eyre in Tower street, who served the Mayor
and his household with shoes. The merriments that passed in
Eyre’s house, his coming to be Mayor of London, Lacy’s getting
his love, and other accidents; with two merry Three-men’s songs. Take all in good worth that is well intended, for nothing is purposed but mirth, mirth lengtheneth long life; which, with all other blessings I heartily wish you.

Farewell.

The first Three-man’s Song.

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so green:
O and then did I, unto my true love say,
Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summer’s Queen.

NOW the Nightingale, the pretty Nightingale,
The sweetest singer in all the Forest’s choir:
Entreats thee sweet Peggy, to hear thy true love’s tale,
Lo, yonder she sitteth, her breast against a brier.

But O I spy the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo,
See where she sitteth, come away my joy:
Come away I prithee, I do not like the Cuckoo
Should sing where my Peggy and I kiss and toy.

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so green:
And then did I, unto my true love say,
Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summer’s Queen.

This is to be sung at the latter end.

Cold’s the wind, and wet’s the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed:
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

Troll the bowl, the jolly Nutbrown bowl,
And here kind mate to thee:
Let’s sing a dirge for Saint Hugh’s soul,
And down it merrily.

Down a down, hey down a down,
Hey derry derry down a down, Close with the tenor boy:
Ho well done, to me let come,
King compass gentle joy.

Troll the bowl, the Nutbrown bowl,
And here kind Etc. as often as there be men to drink.
At last when all have drunk, this verse.
Cold’s the wind, and wet’s the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed:
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

*The Prologue as it was pronounced*

before the Queen’s
Majesty.

AS wretches in a storm (expecting day)
With trembling hands and eyes cast up to heaven,
Make Prayers the anchor of their conquered hopes,
So we (dear Goddess) wonder of all eyes,
Your meanest vassals (through mistrust and fear,
To sink into the bottom of disgrace,
By our imperfect pastimes) prostrate thus
On bended knees, our sails of hope do strike,
Dreading the bitter storms of your dislike.
Since then (unhappy men) our hap is such,
That to ourselves ourselves no help can bring,
But needs must perish, if your saintlike ears
(Locking the temple where all mercy sits)
Refuse the tribute of our begging tongues.
Oh grant (bright mirror of true Chastity)
From those life-breathing stars your sunlike eyes,
One gracious smile: for your celestial breath
Must send us life, or sentence us to death.

A pleasant Comedy of
the Gentle Craft.

*Enter Lord Mayor, Lincoln.*

*Lincoln.*

MY Lord Mayor, you have sundry times
Feasted myself, and many Courtiers more,
Seldom, or never can we be so kind,
To make requital of your courtesy:
But leaving this, I hear my cousin Lacy
Is much affected to your daughter Rose.

*Lord Mayor.* True my good Lord, and she loves him so well,
That I dislike her boldness in the chase.

*Lincoln.* Why my lord Mayor, think you it then a shame,
To join a Lacy with an Oatley’s name?

*Lord Mayor.* Too mean is my poor girl for his high birth,
Poor Citizens must not with Courtiers wed,
Who will in silks, and gay apparel spend
More in one year, than I am worth by far,
Therefore your honor need not doubt my girl.

*Lincoln.* Take heed my Lord, advise you what you do,
A verier unthrift lives not in the world,
Then is my cousin, for I'll tell you what,

'Tis now almost a year since he requested
To travel countries for experience,
I furnished him with coin, bills of exchange,
Letters of credit, men to wait on him,
Solicited my friends in Italy
Well to respect him: but to see the end:
Scant had he journeyed through half Germany,
But all his coin was spent, his men cast off,
His bills embezzled, and my jolly coz,
Ashamed to show his bankrupt presence here,
Became a Shoemaker in Wittenberg,
A goodly science for a gentleman
Of such descent: now judge the rest by this.
Suppose your daughter have a thousand pound,
He did consume me more in one half year,
And make him heir to all the wealth you have,
One twelvemonth's rioting will waste it all,
Then seek (my Lord) some honest Citizen
To wed your daughter to.

   Lord Mayor. I thank your Lordship,
Well Fox, I understand your subtlety,
As for your nephew, let your lordship's eye
But watch his actions, and you need not fear,
For I have my daughter far enough,
And yet your cousin Rowland might do well
Now he hath learned an occupation,
And yet I scorn to call him son-in-law.

   Lincoln. Ay but I have a better trade for him,
I thank his grace he hath appointed him,
Chief colonel of all those companies
Mustered in London, and the shires about,
To serve his highness in those wars of France:
See where he comes: Lovell what news with you?

   Enter Lovell, Lacy, and Askew.

   Lovell. My Lord of Lincoln, 'tis his highness' will,
That presently your cousin ship for France
With all his powers, he would not for a million,
But they should land at Dieppe within four days.

   Lincoln Go certify his grace it shall be done: Exit Lovell.

Now cousin Lacy, in what forwardness
Are all your companies?

   Lacy. All well prepared,
The men of Hartfordshire lie at Mile end,
Suffolk, and Essex, train in Tothill fields,
The Londoners, and those of Middlesex,
All gallantly prepared in Finsbury,
With frolic spirits, long for their parting hour.

_Lord Mayor_ They have their imprest, coats, and furniture,
And if it please your cousin Lacy come
To the Guildhall, he shall receive his pay,
And twenty pounds besides my brethren
Will freely give him, to approve our loves
We bear unto my Lord your uncle here.

_Lacy._ I thank your honor.

_Lincoln._ Thanks my good Lord Mayor.

_Lord Mayor_ At the Guildhall we will expect your coming, _Exit._

_Lincoln._ To approve your loves to me? no subtlety
Nephew: that twenty pound he doth bestow,
For joy to rid you from his daughter Rose:
But cousins both, now here are none but friends,
I would not have you cast an amorous eye
Upon so mean a project, as the love
Of a gay wanton painted citizen,
I know this churl, even in the height of scorn,
Doth hate the mixture of his blood with thine,
I pray thee do thou so, remember coz,

What honorable fortunes wait on thee,
Increase the king’s love which so brightly shines,
And gilds thy hopes, I have no heir but thee:
And yet not thee, if with a wayward spirit,
Thou start from the true bias of my love.

_Lacy._ My Lord, I will (for honor (not desire
Of land or livings) or to be your heir)
So guide my actions in pursuit of France,
As shall add glory to the Lacy’s name.

_Lincoln._ Coz, for those words here’s thirty Portagues
And Nephew Askew, there’s a few for you,
Fair Honor in her loftiest eminence
Stays in France for you till you fetch her thence,
Then Nephews, clap swift wings on your designs,
Be gone, be gone, make haste to the Guildhall,
There presently I’ll meet you, do not stay,
Where honor becomes, shame attends delay.  
Exit.

_Askew._ How gladly would your uncle have you gone?

_Lacy._ True coz, but I’ll o’erreach his policies,
I have some serious business for threé days,
Which nothing but my presence can dispatch,
You therefore cousin with the companies
Shall haste to Dover, there I’ll meet with you,
Or if I stay past my prefixed time,
Away for France, we’ll meet in Normandy,
The twenty pounds my Lord Mayor gives to me
You shall receive, and these ten portagues,
Part of mine uncle’s thirty, gentle coz,
Have care to our great charge, I know your wisdom
Hath tried itself in higher consequence.

*Askew.* Coz, all myself am yours, yet have this care,
To lodge in London with all secrecy,
Our uncle Lincoln hath (besides his own)

Many a jealous eye, that in your face
Stares only to watch means for your disgrace.

*Lacy.* Stay cousin, who be these?

*Enter Simon Eyre, his wife, Hodge, Firk, Jane, and Rafe with a piece.*

*Eyre.* Leave whining, leave whining, away with this whimpering, this puling, these blubbing tears, and these wet eyes, I’ll get thy husband discharged, I warrant thee sweet Jane: go to.

*Hodge.* Master, here be the captains.

*Eyre.* Peace Hodge, husht ye knave, husht.

*Firk.* Here be the cavaliers, and the colonels, master.

*Eyre.* Peace Firk, peace my fine Firk, stand by with your pishery-pashery, away, I am a man of the best presence, I’ll speak to them and they were Popes, gentlemen, captains, colonels, commanders: brave men, brave leaders, may it please you to give me audience, I am Simon Eyre, the mad Shoemaker of Tower street, this wench with the mealy mouth that will never tire, is my wife I can tell you, here’s Hodge my man, and my foreman, here’s Firk my fine firking journeyman, and this is blubbed Jane, all we come to be suitors for this honest Rafe keep him at home, and as I am a true shoemaker, and a gentleman of the Gentle Craft, buy spurs to yourself, and I’ll find ye boots these seven years.

*Wife.* Seven years husband?

*Eyre.* Peace Midriff, peace, I know what I do, peace.

*Firk.* Truly master cormorant, you shall do God good service to let Rafe and his wife stay together, she’s a young new married woman, if you take her husband away from her a night, you undo her, she may beg in the day time, for he’s as good a workman at a prick and an awl, as any is in our trade.

*Jane.* O let him stay, else I shall be undone.

*Firk.* Ay truly, she shall be laid at one side like a pair of old shoes else, and be occupied for no use.

*Lacy.* Truly my friends, it lies not in my power,
The Londoners are prest, paid, and set forth
By the Lord Mayor, I cannot change a man.

*Hodge.* Why then you were as good be a corporal, as a
colonel, if you cannot discharge one good fellow, and I tell
you true, I think you do more than you can answer, to
press a man within a year and a day of his marriage.

Eyre. Well said melancholy Hodge, gramercy my fine
foreman.

Wife. Truly gentlemen, it were ill done, for such as you,
to stand so stiffly against a poor young wife: considering her
case, she is new married, but let that pass: I pray deal not
roughly with her, her husband is a young man and but newly
entered, but let that pass.

Eyre. Away with your pishery-pashery, your pols and
your edipols, peace Midriff, silence Cecily Bumtrinket, let
your head speak.

Firk. Yea and the horns too, master.

Eyre. Too soon, my fine Firk, too soon: peace scoundrels,
see you this man? Captains, you will not release him, well
let him go, he’s a proper shot, let him vanish, peace Jane,
dry up thy tears, they’ll make his powder dankish, take
him brave men, Hector of Troy was an hackney to him,
Hercules and Termagant scoundrels, Prince Arthur’s
Round table, by the Lord of Ludgate, ne’er fed such a tall,
such a dapper swordman: by the life of Pharo, a brave resolute
swordman, peace Jane, I say no more, mad knaves.

Firk. See, see Hodge, how my master raves in commendation
of Rafe.

Hodge. Rafe, thou ’rt a gull by this hand, and thou goest.

Askew. I am glad (good master Eyre) it is my hap
To meet so resolute a soldier.

Trust me, for your report, and love to him,

A common slight regard shall not respect him.

Lacy. Is thy name Rafe?

Rafe Yes sir.

Lacy. Give me thy hand,
Thou shalt not want, as I am a gentleman:
Woman, be patient, God (no doubt) will send
Thy husband safe again, but he must go,
His country’s quarrel says, it shall be so.

Hodge Thou ’rt a gull by my stirrup, if thou dost not go, I
will not have thee strike thy gimlet into these weak vessels,
prick thine enemies Rafe. Enter Dodger.

Dodger My lord, your uncle on the Tower hill,
Stays with the lord Mayor, and the Aldermen,
And doth request you with all speed you may
To hasten thither. exit Dodger.

Askew Cousin, let’s go.

Lacy, Dodger run you before, tell them we come,
This Dodger is mine uncle’s parasite,
The arrant’st varlet that e’er breathed on earth,
He sets more discord in a noble house, 
By one day’s broaching of his pickthanking tales, 
Then can be salved again in twenty years, 
And he (I fear) shall go with us to France, 
To pry into our actions.

*Askew.* Therefore coz, 
It shall behoove you to be circumspect, 

*Lacy.* Fear not good cousin: Rafe, hie to your colors. 
*Rafe* I must, because there’s no remedy, 
But gentle master and my loving dame, 
As you have always been a friend to me, 
So in mine absence think upon my wife. 
*Jane.* Alas my Rafe. 
*Wife.* She cannot speak for weeping. 

*Eyre.* Peace you cracked groats, you mustard tokens, disquiet not the brave soldier, go thy ways Rafe. 
*Jane.* Ay Ay, you bid him go, what shall I do when he is gone? 
*Firk.* Why be doing with me, or my fellow Hodge, be not idle. 
*Eyre.* Let me see thy hand Jane, this fine hand, this white hand, these pretty fingers must spin, must card, must work, work you bombast cotton-candle quean, work for your living with a pox to you: hold thee Rafe, here’s five sixpences for thee, fight for the honor of the Gentle Craft, for the gentlemen Shoemakers, the courageous Cordwainers, the flower of Saint Martin’s, the mad knaves of Bedlam, Fleetstreet, Towerstreet, and white Chapel, crack me the crowns of the French knaves, a pox on them, crack them, fight, by the lord of Ludgate, fight my fine boy. 
*Firk.* Here Rafe, here’s three two pences, two carry into France, the third shall wash our souls at parting (for sorrow is dry) for my sake, Firk the Basa mon cues. 
*Hodge.* Rafe, I am heavy at parting, but here’s a shilling for thee, God send thee to cram thy slops with French crowns, and thy enemy’s bellies with bullets. 
*Rafe* I thank you master, and I thank you all: Now gentle wife, my loving lovely Jane, Rich men at parting, give their wives rich gifts, Jewels and rings, to grace their lily hands, Thou knowest our trade makes rings for women’s heels: Here take this pair of shoes cut out by Hodge, Stitched by my fellow Firk, seamed by myself, Made up and pinked, with letters for thy name, Wear them my dear Jane, for thy husband’s sake, And every morning when thou pullest them on, Remember me, and pray for my return, Make much of them, for I have made them so, That I can know them from a thousand mo’.
Sound drum, enter Lord Mayor, Lincoln, Lacy, Askew, Dodger, and soldiers, They pass over the stage, Rafe falls in amongst them, Firk and the rest cry farewell, Etc. and so Exeunt.

Enter Rose alone making a Garland.

Here sit thou down upon this flowery bank, And make a garland for thy Lacy’s head, These pinks, these roses, and these violets, These blushing gillyflowers, these marigolds, The fair embroidery of his coronet, Carry not half such beauty in their cheeks, As the sweet countenance of my Lacy doth. O my most unkind father! O my stars! Why loured you so at my nativity, To make me love, yet live robbed of my love? Here as a thief am I imprisoned (For my dear Lacy’s sake) within those walls, Which by my father’s cost were builded up For better purposes: here must I languish For him that doth as much lament (I know) 

Mine absence, as for him I pine in woe.

Sybil   Good morrow young Mistress, I am sure you make that garland for me, against I shall be Lady of the Harvest.

Rose   Sybil, what news at London?

Sybil   None but good: my lord Mayor your father, and master Philpot your uncle, and master Scott your cousin, and mistress Frighbottom by Doctors’ Commons, do all (by my troth) send you most hearty commendations.

Rose   Did Lacy send kind greetings to his love?

Sybil   O yes, out of cry, by my troth, I scant knew him, here ’a wore scarf, and here a scarf, here a bunch of feathers, and here precious stones and jewels, and a pair of garters:

O monstrous like one of our yellow silk curtains, at home here in Old-ford house, here in master Belymount’s chamber, I stood at our door in Cornhill, looked at him, he at me indeed, spake to him, but he not to me, not a word, marry gup thought I with a wanian, he passed by me as proud, marry foh, are you grown humorous thought I? and so shut the door, and in I came.

Rose   O Sybil, how dost thou my Lacy wrong?

My Rowland is as gentle as a lamb, No dove was ever half so mild as he.

Sybil   Mild? yea, as a bushel of stamped crabs, he looked upon me as sour as verjuice: go thy ways thought I, thou
mayst be much in my gaskins, but nothing in my netherstocks: this is your fault mistress, to love him that loves not you, he thinks scorn to do as he’s done to, but if I were as you, I’d cry, go by Jeronimo, go by, I’d set mine old debts against my new driblets, and the hare’s foot against the goose giblets, for if ever I sigh when sleep I should take, pray God I may lose my maidenhead when I wake.

Rose Will my love leave me then and go to France?

Sybil I know not that, but I am sure I see him stalk before the soldiers, by my troth he is a proper man, but he is proper that proper doth, let him go snick-up young mistress.

Rose Get thee to London, and learn perfectly, Whether my Lacy go to France, or no: Do this, and I will give thee for thy pains, My cambric apron, and my romish gloves, My purple stockings, and a stomacher, Say, wilt thou do this Sybil for my sake?

Sybil Will I quoth ’a? at whose suit? by my troth yes, I’ll go, a cambric apron, gloves, a pair of purple stockings,

and a stomacher, I’ll sweat in purple mistress for you, I’ll take any thing that comes a’ God’s name, O rich, a Cambric apron; faith then have at up tails all, I’ll go, Jiggy, Jeggy to London, and be here in a trice young mistress. Exit.

Rose. Do so good Sybil, mean time wretched I will sit and sigh for his lost company. Exit.

Enter Rowland Lacy like a Dutch Shoemaker.

Lacy How many shapes have gods and kings devised, Thereby to compass their desired loves?

It is no shame for Rowland Lacy then,

To clothe his cunning with the Gentle Craft,

That thus disguised, I may unknown possess,

The only happy presence of my Rose:

For her have I forsook my charge in France,

Incurred the King’s displeasure, and stirred up

Rough hatred in mine uncle Lincoln’s breast:

O love, how powerful art thou, that canst change

High birth to bareness, and a noble mind,

To the mean semblance of a shoemaker?

But thus it must be: for her cruel father,

Hating the single union of our souls,

Hath secretly conveyed my Rose from London,

To bar me of her presence, but I trust

Fortune and this disguise will further me

Once more to view her beauty, gain her sight.

Here in Towerstreet, with Eyre the shoemaker,

Mean I a while to work, I know the trade,

I learnt it when I was in Wittenberg:
Then cheer thy hoping sprites, be not dismayed,
Thou canst not want, do fortune what she can,
The Gentle Craft is living for a man.

**Eyre.** Where be these boys, these girls, these drabs,
these scoundrels, they wallow in the fat brewis of my bounty,
and lick up the crumbs of my table, yet will not rise to see
my walks cleansed: come out you powder-beef queans,
what Nan, what Madge-mumble-crust, come out you fat
Midriff-swag, belly-whores, and sweep me these kennels,
that the noisome stench offend not the nose of my neighbors:
what Firk I say, what Hodge? open my shop windows,
what Firk I say.

**Firk.** O master, is 't you that speak bandog and bedlam
this morning, I was in a dream, and mused what mad
man was got into the street so early, have you drunk this
morning that your throat is so clear?

**Eyre.** Ah well said Firk, well said Firk, to work my
fine knave, to work, wash thy face, and **thou 'lt** be more blest.

**Firk.** Let them wash my face that will eat it, good master
send for a souse wife, if you'll have my face cleaner.

**Eyre.** Away sloven, avaunt scoundrel, good morrow
Hodge, good morrow my fine foreman.

**Hodge.** O master, good morrow, y' are an early stirrer,
here's a fair morning, good morrow Firk, I could have
slept this hour, here's a brave day towards.

**Eyre.** O haste to work my fine foreman, haste to work.

**Firk.** Master I am dry as dust, to hear my fellow Roger
talk of fair weather, let us pray for good leather, and let
clowns and plowboys, and those that work in the fields,
pray for brave days, we work in a dry shop, what care
I if it rain?

**Eyre.** How now dame Margery, can you see to rise? trip
and go, call up the drabs your maids.

**Wife.** See to rise? I hope 'tis time enough, 'tis early enough
for any woman to be seen abroad, I marvel how many
wives in Towerstreet are up so soon? God's me, 'tis not noon,
here's a yawling.

**Eyre.** Peace Margery, peace, where's Cecily Bumtrinkel
your maid? she has a privy fault, she farts in her sleep,
call the quean up, if my men want shoethread, I'll swinge
her in a stirrup.

**Firk.** Yet that's but a dry beating, here's still a sign of
drought.


**Lacy.**  Der was een bore van Gelderland, Frolic sie byen, He was als dronck he could nyet stand, upsolce sie byen, Tap eens de canneken drincke **schone** mannekin.

**Firk.**  Master, for my life yonder’s a brother of the Gentle Craft, if he bear not saint Hugh’s bones, I’ll forfeit my bones, he’s some uplandish workman, hire him good master, that I may learn some gibble-gabble, ’twill make us work the faster.

**Eyre.**  Peace Firk, a hard world, let him pass, let him vanish, we have journeymen enough, peace my fine Firk.

**Wife.**  Nay, nay, y’ are best follow your man’s counsel, you shall see what will come on ’t: we have not men enough, but we must entertain every butterbox: but let that pass.

**Hodge.**  Dame, fore God if my master follow your counsel, he’ll consume little beef, he shall be glad of men and he can catch them.

**Firk.**  Ay that he shall.

**Hodge.**  Fore God a proper man, and I warrant a fine workman: master farewell, dame adieu, if such a man as he cannot find work, Hodge is not for you. offer to go.

**Eyre.**  Stay my fine Hodge.

**Firk.**  Faith, and your foreman go, dame you must take a journey to seek a new journeyman, if Roger remove, Firk follows, if Saint Hugh’s bones shall not be set a work, I may prick mine awl in the walls, and go play: fare ye well master, Goodbye dame.

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**Eyre.**  Tarry my fine Hodge, my brisk foreman, stay Firk, peace pudding broth, by the lord of Ludgate I love my men as my life, peace you gallimaufry, Hodge if he want work I’ll hire him, one of you to him, stay, he comes to us.

**Lacy.**  Goeden dach meester, ende yow vro oak.

**Firk.** 'Nails if I should speak after him without drinking, I should choke, and you friend Oak are you of the Gentle Craft?

**Lacy.**  Yaw yaw, Ik bin den skomawker.

**Firk.**  Den skomaker quoth ’a, and hark you skomaker, have you all your tools, a good rubbing pin, a good stopper, a good dresser, your four sorts of awls and your two balls of wax, your paring knife, your hand and thumb-leathers, and good Saint Hugh’s bones to smooth up your work.

**Lacy.**  Yaw yaw be niet vorveard, Ik hab all de dingen, vvoor mack shoes groot and clean.

**Firk.**  Ha ha good master hire him, he’ll make me laugh so that I shall work more in mirth, than I can in earnest.

**Eyre.**  Hear ye friend, have ye any skill in the mystery of Cordwainers?

**Lacy.**  Ik wéet niet wat yow seg ich vestaw yow niet.  Ich verste yow niet quoth ’a.

**Lacy.**  Yaw, yaw, yaw, ick can dat well doen.
Firk. Yaw, yaw, he speaks yawing like a Jack daw, that gapes to be fed with cheese curds, O he’ll give a villainous pull at a Can of double Beer, but Hodge and I have the vantage, we must drink first, because we are the eldest journeymen.

Eyre. What is thy name?


Eyre. Give me thy hand, th’art welcome, Hodge entertain him, Firk bid him welcome, come Hans, run wife, bid your maids, your Trullibubs, make ready my fine men’s breakfasts: to him Hodge.

Hodge. Hans, th’art welcome, use thyself friendly, for we are good fellows, if not thou shalt be fought with, wert thou bigger than a Giant.

Firk Yea and drunk with, wert thou Gargantua, my master keeps no cowards, I tell thee: ho, boy, bring him an heel-block, here’s a new journeymen.

Enter boy.


Exit boy.

Eyre. Quick snipper-snapper, away Firk, scour thy throat, thou shalt wash it with Castilian liquor, come my last of the fives, give me a Can, have to thee Hans, here Hodge, here Firk, drink you mad Greeks, and work like true Trojans, and pray for Simon Eyre the Shoemaker: here Hans, and th’art welcome.

Firk Lo dame you would have lost a good fellow that will teach us to laugh, this beer came hopping in well.

Wife. Simon it is almost seven.

Eyre. Is ’t so dame clapper dudgeon, is ’t seven a’clock, and my men’s breakfast not ready? trip and go yow soused conger, away, come you mad Hyperboreans, follow me Hodge, follow me Hans, come after my fine Firk, to work, to work a while and then to breakfast.

Exit.

Firk Soft, yaw, yaw, good Hans, though my master have no more wit, but to call you afores me, I am not so foolish to go behind you, I being the elder journeymen.

Exeunt.

Halloing within. Enter Warner, and Hammon, like hunters.

Hammon. Cousin, beat every brake, the game’s not far, This way with winged feet he fled from death, Whilst the pursuing hounds scenting his steps:

Besides, the miller’s boy told me even now,
He saw him take sail, and he halloed him,  
Affirming him so embossed,  
That long he could not hold.  

Warner. If it be so,  
'Tis best we trace these meadows by old Ford.  

A noise of hunters within, enter a boy.  

Hammon. How now boy, where's the deer? speak, saw'st thou him?  

Boy. O, yea I saw him scape through a hedge, and then  
ever a ditch, then at my Lord Mayor's pale, over he skipped me  
and in he went me, and holla the hunters cried, and there  
boy there boy, but there he is a' mine honesty.  

Hammon Boy God-a-mercy, cousin let's away,  
I hope we shall find better sport today. exeunt.  

Hunting within, enter Rose, and Sybil.  

Rose. Why Sybil wilt thou prove a forester?  

Sybil Upon some no, forester, go by: no faith mistress,  
the deer came running into the barn through the orchard,  
and over the pale. I wot well, I looked as pale as a new cheese  
to see him, but whip says goodman pin-close, up with his  
flail, and our Nick with a prong, and down he fell, and  
they upon him, and I upon them, by my troth we had such  
sport, and in the end we ended him, his throat we cut, flayed  
him, unhorned him, and my lord Mayor shall eat of him anon  
when he comes.  

Horns sound within.  

Rose. Hark hark, the hunters come, y' are best take heed  
They'll have a saying to you for this deed.  

Enter Hammon, Warner, huntsmen, and boy.  

Hammon God save you fair ladies.  

Sybil. Ladies, O gross!  

Warner Came not a buck this way?  

Rose. No, but two Does.  

Hammon And which way went they? faith we'll hunt at those  

Sybil At those? upon some no: when, can you tell?  

Warner Upon some, Ay.  

Sybil Good Lord!  

Warner Wounds then farewell.  

Hammon Boy, which way went he?  

Boy. This way sir he ran.  

Hammon This way he ran indeed, fair mistress Rose,  
Our game was lately in your orchard seen.  

Warner Can you advise which way he took his flight?  

Sybil. Follow your nose, his horns will guide you right.  

Warner Th' art a mad wench.  

Sybil O rich!  

Rose. Trust me, not I,
It is not like the wild forest deer,
Would come so near to places of resort,
You are deceived, he fled some other way.

   Warner  Which way my sugar-candy, can you show?
   Sybil   Come up good honeysops, upon some, no.
   Rose.   Why do you stay, and not pursue your game?
   Sybil   I’ll hold my life their hunting nags be lame.
   Hammon  A deer, more dear is found within this place.
   Rose.   But not the deer (sir) which you had in chase.
   Hammon  I chased the deer, but this dear chaseth me.
   Rose.   The strangest hunting that ever I see,
But where’s your park?

   She offers to go away
   Hammon  ’Tis here: O stay.
   Rose.   Impale me, and then I will not stray.
   Warner  They wrangle wench, we are more kind than they
   Sybil   What kind of hart is that (deer hart) you seek?

   Warner  A hart, dear heart.
   Sybil.   Whoever saw the like?
   Rose.   To lose your heart, is ’t possible you can?
   Hammon  My heart is lost.
   Rose.   Alack good gentleman.
   Hammon  This poor lost hart would I wish you might find.
   Rose.   You by such luck might prove your hart a hind.
   Hammon  Why Luck had horns, so have I heard some say.
   Rose.   Now God and ’t be his will send Luck into your way.

   Enter Lord Mayor, and servants.
   Lord Mayor  What Master Hammon, welcome to old Ford.
   Sybil   God’s pittikins, hands off sir, here’s my Lord.
   Lord Mayor.  I hear you had ill luck, and lost your game.
   Hammon.   ’Tis true my Lord.
   Lord Mayor.  I am sorry for the same.
What gentleman is this?
   Hammon.   My brother-in-law.
   Lord Mayor.  Y’ are welcome both, sith Fortune offers you
Into my hands, you shall not part from hence,
Until you have refreshed your wearied limbs:
Go Sybil cover the board, you shall be guest
To no good cheer, but even a hunter’s feast.
   Hammon.   I thank your Lordship: cousin, on my life
For our lost venison, I shall find a wife.     exeunt.
   Lord Mayor.  In gentlemen, I’ll not be absent long.
This Hammon is a proper gentleman,
A citizen by birth, fairly allied,
How fit an husband were he for my girl?
Well, I will in, and do the best I can,
To match my daughter to this gentlémam.     exit.

   Enter Lacy, Skipper, Hodge, and Firk.
Skipper.  Ick sal yow what seggen Hans, dis skip dat comen from Candy is al wol, by got's sacrament, van sugar, civet,

almonds, cambric, end alle dingen toswand toswand ding, nempt it Hans, nempt it vor yow meester, daer be de bils van laden, your meester Simon Eyre sal hae good copen, wat seggen yow Hans?

Firk.  Wat seggen de reggen de copen, slopen, laugh Hodge laugh.

Lacy.  Mine liever brother Firk, bringt meester Eyre tot den sign un swannekin, daer sal yow find dis skipper end me, wat seggen yow broder Firk? do ’t it Hodge, come skipper.  

exeunt.

Firk.  Bring him quoth you, here’s no knavery, to bring my master to buy a ship, worth the lading of 2 or 3 hundred thousand pounds, alas that’s nothing, a trifle, a babble Hodge.

Hodge  The truth is Firk, that the merchant owner of the ship dares not show his head, and therefore this skipper that deals for him, for the love he bears to Hans, offers my master Eyre a bargain in the commodities, he shall have a reasonable day of payment, he may sell the wares by that time, and be an huge gainer himself.

Firk.  Yea, but can my fellow Hans lend my master twenty porpentines as an earnest penny.

Hodge  Portagues thou wouldst say, here they be Firk, hark, they jingle in my pocket like Saint Mary Overy’s bells.  

enter Eyre and his wife.

Firk.  Mum, here comes my dame and my master, she’ll scold on my life, for loitering this Monday, but all’s one, let them all say what they can, Monday’s our holiday.

Wife.  You sing sir sauce, but I beshrew your heart, I fear for this your singing we shall smart.

Firk.  Smart for me dame, why dame, why?

Hodge  Master I hope you’ll not suffer my dame to take down your journeymen.

Firk.  If she take me down, I’ll take her up, yea and take her down too, a button-hole lower.

Eyre.  Peace Firk, not I Hodge, by the life of Pharaoh, by the Lord of Ludgate, by this beard, every hair whereof I value at a king’s ransom, she shall not meddle with you, peace you bombast-cotton-candle Quean, away queen of Clubs, quarrel not with me and my men, with me and my fine Firk, I’ll firk you if you do.

Wife.  Yea, yea man, you may use me as you please: but let that pass.

Eyre.  Let it pass, let it vanish away: peace, am I not Simon
Eyre? are not these my brave men? brave shoemakers, all gentlemen of the gentle craft? prince am I none, yet am I nobly born, as being the sole son of a Shoemaker, away rubbish, vanish, melt, melt like kitchen-stuff.

Wife. Yea, yea, 'tis well, I must be called rubbish, kitchen-stuff, for a sort of knaves.

Firk. Nay dame, you shall not weep and wail in woe for me: master I'll stay no longer, here's a venentory of my shop tools: adieu master, Hodge farewell.

Hodge. Nay stay Firk, thou shalt not go alone.

Wife. I pray let them go, there be mo' maids than malkin, more men than Hodge, and more fools than Firk.

Firk. Fools? nails if I tarry now, I would my guts might be turned to shoe-thread.

Hodge. And if I stay, I pray God I may be turned to a Turk, and set in Finsbury for boys to shoot at: come Firk.

Eyre. Stay my fine knaves, you arms of my trade, you pillars of my profession. What, shall a tittle-tattle's words make you forsake Simon Eyre? avaunt kitchen-stuff, rip you brown bread tannakin, out of my sight, move me not, have not I ta'en you from selling tripes in Eastcheap, and set you in my shop, and made you hail fellow with

Simon Eyre the shoemaker? and now do you deal thus with my Journeymen? Look you powder-beef quean on the face of Hodge, here's a face for a Lord.

Firk. And here's a face for any Lady in Christendom.

Eyre. Rip you chitterling, avaunt boy, bid the tapster of the Boar's head fill me a dozen Cans of beer for my journeymen.

Firk. A dozen Cans? O brave, Hodge now I'll stay.

Eyre. And the knave fills any more than two, he pays for them: a dozen Cans of beer for my journeymen, hear you mad Mesopotamians, wash your livers with this liquor, where be the odd ten? no more Madge, no more, well said, drink and to work: what work dost thou Hodge? what work?

Hodge. I am a making a pair of shoes for my Lord Mayor's daughter, mistress Rose.

Firk. And I a pair of shoes for Sybil my Lord's maid, I deal with her.

Eyre. Sybil? fie, defile not thy fine workmanly fingers with the feet of Kitchen-stuff, and basting ladies, Ladies of the Court, fine Ladies, my lads, commit their feet to our appareling, put gross work to Hans; yerk and seam, yerk and seam.

Firk For yerking and seeming let me alone, and I come to 't.

Hodge. Well master, all this is from the bias, do you remember the ship my fellow Hans told you of, the Skipper
and he are both drinking at the swan? here be the Portagues to give earnest, if you go through with it, you can not choose but be a Lord at least.

Firk. Nay dame, if my master prove not a Lord, and you a Lady, hang me.

Wife. Yea like enough, if you may loiter and tipple thus.

Firk. Tipple dame? no, we have been bargaining with Skellum Skanderbag: can you Dutch spreaken for a ship of silk Cypress, laden with sugar Candy.

Enter the boy with a velvet coat, and an Alderman’s gown.

Eyre puts it on.

Eyre. Peace Firk, silence tittle-tattle: Hodge, I’ll go through with it, here’s a seal ring, and I have sent for a guarded gown, and a damask Cassock, see where it comes, look here Maggy, help me Firk, apparel me Hodge, silk and satin you mad Philistines, silk and satin.

Firk. Ha, ha, my master will be as proud as a dog in a doublet, all in beaten damask and velvet.

Eyre. Softly Firk, for rearing of the nap, and wearing threadbare my garments: how dost thou like me Firk? how do I look, my fine Hodge?

Hodge. Why now you look like your selfmaster, I warrant you, there’s few in the city, but will give you the wall, and come upon you with the right worshipful.

Firk. Nails my master looks like a threadbare cloak new turned, and dressed: Lord, Lord, to see what good raiment both? dame, dame, are you not enamored?

Eyre. How sayest thou Maggy, am I not brisk? am I not fine?

Wife. Fine? by my troth sweet heart very fine: by my troth I never liked thee so well in my life sweet heart. But let that pass, I warrant there be many women in the city have not such handsome husbands, but only for their apparel, but let that pass too.

Enter Hans and Skipper.

Hans. Godden day mester, dis be de skipper dat heb de skip van merchandise de commodity ben good, nempt it master, nempt it.

Eyre. God-a-mercy Hans, welcome skipper, where lies this ship of merchandise?

Skipper. De skip ben in rovere: dor be van Sugar, Civet, Almonds, Cambric, and a tousand thousand tings, god’s sacrament, nempt it mester, yo sal heb good copen.

Firk. To him master, O sweet master, O sweet wares, prunes, almonds, sugar-candy, carrot roots, turnips, O brave fatting meat, let not a man buy a nutmeg but yourself.

Eyre. Peace Firk, come Skipper, I’ll go abroad with
you, Hans have you made him drink?
   Skipper. Yaw, yaw, ic heb veale ge drunck.
   Eyre. Come Hans follow me: Skipper, thou shalt have
my countenance in the City.          Exeunt.
   Firk. Yaw heb veale ge drunck, quoth ’a: they may well
be called butter-boxes, when they drink fat veal, and thick
bear too: but come dame, I hope you’ll chide us no more.
   Wife. No faith Firk, no perdie Hodge, I do feel honor
creep upon me, and which is more, a certain rising in my
flesh, but let that pass.
   Firk. Rising in your flesh do you feel say you? Ay you may
be with child, but why should not my master feel a rising
in his flesh, having a gown and a gold ring on, but you are
such a shrew, you’ll soon pull him down.
   Wife Ha, ha, prithee peace, thou mak’st my worship
laugh, but let that pass: come I’ll go in Hodge, prithee go
before me, Firk follow me.
   Firk Firk doth follow, Hodge pass out in state.          Exeunt.
   Enter Lincoln and Dodger.
   Lincoln How now good Dodger, what’s the news in France?
   Dodger. My Lord, upon the eighteen day of May,
The French and English were prepared to fight,
Each side with eager fury gave the sign
Of a most hot encounter, five long hours
Both armies fought together: at the length,
The lot of victory fell on our sides,
Twelve thousand of the Frenchmen that day died,
Four thousand English, and no man of name,
But Captain Hyam, and young Ardington,
Two gallant Gentlemen, I knew them well.
   Lincoln. But Dodger, prithee tell me in this fight,
How did my cousin Lacy bear himself?
   Dodger. My Lord, your cousin Lacy was not there.
   Lincoln Not there? Dodger. No, my good Lord.
   Lincoln. Sure thou mistakest,
I saw him shipped, and a thousand eyes beside
Were witnesses of the farewells which he gave,
When I with weeping eyes bid him adieu:
Dodger take heed.
   Dodger. My Lord I am advised,
That what I spake is true: to prove it so,
His cousin Askew that supplied his place,
Sent me for him from France, that secretly
He might convey himself hither.
   Lincoln. Is ’t even so.
Dares he so carelessly venture his life,
Upon the indignation of a King?
Hath he despised my love, and spurned those favors,
Which I with prodigal hand poured on his head?
He shall repent his rashness with his soul,
Since of my love he makes no estimate,
I'll make him wish he had not known my hate,
Thou hast no other news?

_Dodger._ None else, my Lord.
_Lincoln._ None worse I know thou hast: procure the king
To crown his giddy brows with ample honors,
Send him chief Colonel, and all my hope
Thus to be dashed? but 'tis in vain to grieve,
One evil cannot a worse relieve:
Upon my life I have found out his plot,
That old dog Love that fawned upon him so,
Love to that puling girl, his fair cheeked Rose,

The Lord Mayor’s daughter hath distracted him,
And in the fire of that love’s lunacy,
Hath he burnt up himself, consumed his credit,
Lost the king’s love, yea and I fear, his life,
Only to get a wanton to his wife:
Dodger, it is so.

_Dodger._ I fear so, my good Lord.
_Lincoln._ It is so, nay sure it cannot be,
I am at my wit’s end Dodger.

_Dodger._ Yea my Lord.
_Lincoln._ Thou art acquainted with my Nephew’s haunts,
Spend this gold for thy pains, go seek him out,
Watch at my Lord Mayor’s (there if he live)
Dodger, thou shalt be sure to meet with him:
Prithee be diligent. Lacy thy name
Lived once in honor, now dead in shame:
Be circumspect.

_Dodger._ I warrant you my Lord.

Enter Lord Mayor, and master Scott.

_Lord Mayor_ Good master Scott, I have been bold with you,
To be a witness to a wedding knot,
Betwixt young master Hammon and my daughter,
O stand aside, see where the lovers come.

Enter Hammon, and Rose.

_Rose_ Can it be possible you love me so?
No, no, within those eyeballs I espy,
Apparent likelihoods of flattery,
Pray now let go my hand.

_Hammon._ Sweet mistress Rose,
Misconstrue not my words, nor misconceive
Of my affection, whose devoted soul
Swears that I love thee dearer than my heart.

_Rose._ As dear as your own heart? I judge it right.
Men love their hearts best when they’re out of sight.

Hammon. I love you, by this hand.
Rose. Yet hands off now:
If flesh be frail, how weak and frail’s your vow?
Hammon. Then by my life I swear.
Rose. Then do not brawl,
One quarrel loseth wife and life and all,
Is not your meaning thus?
Hammon. In faith you jest.
Rose. Love loves to sport, therefore leave love y’ are best.

Lord Mayor What? square they master Scott?
Scott Sir, never doubt,
Lovers are quickly in, and quickly out.
Hammon Sweet Rose, be not so strange in fancying me,
Nay never turn aside, shun not my sight,
I am not grown so fond, to found my love
On any that shall quit it with disdain,
If you will love me, so, if not, farewell.
Lord Mayor Why how now lovers, are you both agreed?
Hammon Yes faith my Lord.

Lord Mayor. ’Tis well, give me your hand, give me yours daughter.
How now, both pull back, what means this, girl?
Rose. I mean to live a maid.
Hammon But not to die one, pause ere that be said. aside.

Lord Mayor Will you still cross me? still be obstinate?
Hammon Nay chide her not my Lord for doing well,
If she can live an happy virgin’s life,
’Tis far more blessed than to be a wife.
Rose. Say sir I cannot, I have made a vow,
Whoever be my husband, ’tis not you.

Lord Mayor Your tongue is quick, but Master Hammon know,
I bade you welcome to another end.
Hammon What, would you have me pule, and pine, and pray,

With lovely lady mistress of my heart,
Pardon your servant, and the rhymer play,
Railing on Cupid, and his tyrant’s dart,
Or that I undertake some martial spoil,
Wearing your glove at tourney, and at tilt,
And tell how many gallants I unhorsed,
Sweet, will this pleasure you?
Rose. Yea, when wilt begin?
What love-rhymes man? fie on that deadly sin.

Lord Mayor. If you will have her, I’ll make her agree.

Hammon Enforced love is worse than hate to me,
There is a wench keeps shop in the old change,
To her will I, it is not wealth I seek,
I have enough, and will prefer her love
Before the world: my good lord Mayor adieu,
Old love for me, I have no luck with new.

Exit.

Lord Mayor Now mammet you have well behaved yourself,
But you shall curse your coyness if I live,
Who’s within there? see you convey your mistress
Straight to th’ old Ford, I’ll keep you straight enough,
Fore God I would have sworn the puling girl,
Would willingly accepted Hammon’s love,
But banish him my thoughts, go minion in,
Now tell me master Scott would you have thought,
That master Simon Eyre the shoemaker,
Had been of wealth to buy such merchandise?

Scott Twas well my Lord, your honor, and myself,
Grew partners with him for your bills of lading,
Show that Eyre’s gains in one commodity,
Rise at the least to full three thousand pound,
Besides like gain in other merchandise.

Lord Mayor Well he shall spend some of his thousands now

For I have sent for him to the Guildhall,
See where he comes: good morrow master Eyre.

Eyre Poor Simon Eyre, my Lord, your shoemaker.

Lord Mayor Well well, it likes yourself to term you so,
Now Master Dodger, what’s the news with you?

Enter Dodger.

Dodger I’d gladly speak in private to your honor.

Lord Mayor You shall, you shall: master Eyre, and Master Scott,
I have some business with this gentleman,
I pray let me entreat you to walk before
To the Guildhall, I’ll follow presently,
Master Eyre, I hope ere noon to call you Sheriff.

Eyre I would not care (my Lord) if you might call me
king of Spain, come master Scott.

Lord Mayor Now master Dodger, what’s the news you bring?

Dodger The Earl of Lincoln by me greets your lordship
And earnestly requests you (if you can)
Inform him where his Nephew Lacy keeps.

Lord Mayor Is not his Nephew Lacy now in France?

Dodger No I assure your lordship, but disguised
Lurks here in London.

Lord Mayor London? is ’t even so?
It may be, but upon my faith and soul,
I know not where he lives, or whether he lives,
So tell my Lord of Lincoln, lurk in London?
Well master Dodger, you perhaps may start him,
Be but the means to rid him into France,
I'll give you a dozen angels for your pains,
So much I love his honor, hate his Nephew,
And prithee so inform thy lord from me.

_Dodger._ I take my leave.  
 _Lord Mayor._ Farewell good master Dodger.

Lacy in London? I dare pawn my life,
My daughter knows thereof, and for that cause,
Denied young Master Hammon in his love,
Well I am glad I sent her to old Ford,
God’s lord ’tis late, to Guildhall I must hie,
I know my brethren stay my company.  

_Enter Firk, Eyre’s wife, Hans, and Roger._

_Wife._ Thou goest too fast for me Roger.

_Firk._ Ay forsooth.

_Wife._ I pray thee run (do you hear) run to Guildhall,
and learn if my husband master Eyre will take that
worshipful vocation of Master Sheriff upon him, hie thee good
Firk.

_Firk._ Take it? well I go, and he should not take it, Firk
swears to forswear him, yes forsooth I go to Guildhall.

_Wife._ Nay when? thou art too compendious, and tedious.

_Firk._ O rare, your excellence is full of eloquence, how
like a new cartwheel my dame speaks, and she looks like
an old musty ale-bottle going to scalding.

_Wife._ Nay when? thou wilt make me melancholy.

_Firk._ God forbid your worship should fall into that humor,
I run.  

_Wife._ Let me see now Roger and Hans.

_Hans._ Ay forsooth dame (mistress I should say) but the old term
so sticks to the roof of my mouth, I can hardlylick it off.

_Wife._ Even what thou wilt good Roger, dame is a fair
name for any honest christian, but let that pass, how dost
thou Hans?

_Hans._ Me tanck you vro.

_Wife._ Well Hans and Roger you see God hath blest your
master, and perdie if ever he comes to be Master Sheriff of
London (as we are all mortal) you shall see I will have some
odd thing or other in a corner for you: I will not be your
backfriend, but let that pass, Hans pray thee tie my
shoe.

_Hans._ Yaw it sal vro.

_Wife._ Roger, thou know’st the length of my foot, as it is
none of the biggest, so I thank God it is handsome enough,
prithee let me have a pair of shoes made, cork good Roger,
wooden heel too.
Hodge. You shall.

Wife. Art thou acquainted with never a farthingale-maker, nor a French-hood maker, I must enlarge my bum, ha ha, how shall I look in a hood I wonder? perdie oddly I think.

Roger. As a cat out of a pillory, very well I warrant you mistress.

Wife. Indeed all flesh is grass, and Roger, canst thou tell where I may buy a good hair?

Roger. Yes forsooth, at the poulterers in Gracious street.

Wife. Thou art an ungracious wag, perdie, I mean a false hair for my periwig.

Roger. Why mistress, the next time I cut my beard, you shall have the shavings of it, but they are all true hairs.

Wife. It is very hot, I must get me a fan or else a mask.

Roger. So you had need, to hide your wicked face.

Wife. Fie upon it, how costly this world’s calling is, perdie, but that it is one of the wonderful works of God, I would not deal with it: is not Firk come yet? Hans be not so sad, let it pass and vanish, as my husband’s worship says.

Hans. Ick been vrolicke, lot see yow so.

Roger. Mistress, will you drink a pipe of Tobacco?

Wife. O fie upon it Roger, perdie, these filthy Tobacco pipes are the most idle slavering babbles that ever I felt: out upon it, God bless us, men look not like men that use them.

Enter Rafe being lame.

Roger. What fellow Rafe? Mistress look here, Jane’s husband, why how, lame? Hans make much of him, he’s a brother of our trade, a good workman, and a tall soldier.

Hans. You be welcome broder.

Wife. Perdie I knew him not, how dost thou good Rafe? I am glad to see thee well.

Rafe. I would God you saw me dame as well, As when I went from London into France.

Wife. Trust me I am sorry Rafe to see thee impotent, Lord how the wars have made him Sunburnt: the left leg is not well: ’twas a fair gift of God the infirmity took not hold a little higher, considering thou camest from France: but let that pass.

Rafe. I am glad to see you well, and I rejoice To hear that God hath blest my master so Since my departure.

Wife. Yea truly Rafe, I thank my maker: but let that pass.

Roger. And sirrah Rafe, what news, what news in France?

Rafe. Tell me good Roger first, what news in England?
How does my Jane? when didst thou see my wife? 
Where lives my poor heart? she’ll be poor indeed 
Now I want limbs to get whereon to feed. 

Roger.  Limbs? hast thou not hands man? thou shalt never see a shoemaker want bread, though he have but three fingers on a hand.

Rafe.  Yet all this while I hear not of my Jane.

Wife.  O Rafe your wife, perdie we know not what’s become of her: she was here a while, and because she was married grew more stately than became her, I checked her, and so forth, away she flung, never returned, nor said bye

nor bah: and Rafe you know ka me, ka thee. And so as I tell ye. Roger is not Firk come yet?

Roger.  No forsooth.

Wife.  And so indeed we heard not of her, but I hear she lives in London: but let that pass. If she had wanted, she might have opened her case to me or my husband, or to any of my men, I am sure there’s not any of them perdie, but would have done her good to his power. Hans look if Firk be come.

Exit Hans.

Hans.  Yaw it sal vro.

Wife.  And so as I said: but Rafe, why dost thou weep? thou knowest that naked we came out of our mother’s womb, and naked we must return, and therefore thank God for all things.

Roger.  No faith Jane is a stranger here, but Rafe pull up a good heart, I know thou hast one, thy wife man, is in London, one told me he saw her a while ago very brave and neat, we’ll ferret her out, and London hold her.

Wife.  Alas, poor soul, he’s overcome with sorrow, he does but as I do, weep for the loss of any good thing: but Rafe, get thee in, call for some meat and drink, thou shalt find me worshipful towards thee.

Rafe.  I thank you dame, since I want limbs and lands, I’ll to God, my good friends, and to these my hands.

exit.

Enter Hans, and Firk running.

Firk.  Run good Hans, O Hodge, O mistress, Hodge. heave up thine ears, mistress smug up your looks, on

with your best apparel, my master is chosen, my master is
called, nay condemned by the cry of the country to be sheriff
of the City, for this famous year now to come: and time
now being, a great many men in black gowns were asked
for their voices, and their hands, and my master had all their
fists about his ears presently, and they cried Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay, and
so I came away, wherefore without all other grieve, I do
salute you mistress shrieve.

  Hans.  Yaw, my mester is de groot man, de shrieve.
  Roger. Did not I tell you mistress? now I may boldly
         say, good morrow to your worship.
  Wife.  Good morrow good Roger, I thank you my good
         people all. Firk, hold up thy hand, here’s a threepenny piece
         for thy tidings.
  Firk. 'Tis but three halfpence, I think: yes, 'tis threepence,
       I smell the Rose.
  Roger.  But mistress, be ruled by me, and do not speak
         so pulingly.
  Firk.  'Tis her worship speaks so, and not she, no faith
       mistress, speak me in the old key, too it Firk, there good
       Firk, ply your business Hodge, Hodge, with a full mouth:
       I’ll fill your bellies with good cheer till they cry twang.

       Enter Simon Eyre wearing a gold chain.
       Hans.  See mine liever broder, here compt my meester.
       Wife.  Welcome home master shrieve, I pray God continue
              you in health and wealth.
       Eyre.  See here my Maggy, a chain, a gold chain for
              Simon Eyre, I shall make thee a Lady, here’s a French hood
              for thee, on with it, on with it, dress thy brows with this
              flap of a shoulder of mutton, to make thee look lovely: where
              be my fine men? Roger, I’ll make over my shop and tools
              to thee: Firk, thou shalt be the foreman: Hans, thou shalt

have an hundred for twenty, be as mad knaves as your
master Sim Eyre hath been, and you shall live to be Sheriffs
of London: how dost thou like me Margery? Prince am I
none, yet am I princely born, Firk, Hodge, and Hans.

  All 3.  Ay forsooth, what says your worship mistress Sheriff?
  Eyre.  Worship and honor you Babylonian knaves, for
         the Gentle Craft: but I forgot myself, I am hidden by my
         Lord Mayor to dinner to old Ford, he’s gone before, I must
         after: come Hodge, on with your trinkets: now my true
         Trojans, my fine Firk, my dapper Hodge, my honest
         Hans, some device, some odd crochets, some morris, or such
         like, for the honor of the gentle shoemakers, meet me at
         old Ford, you know my mind: come Madge, away shut
         up the shop knaves, and make holiday.                 exeunt.
  Firk.  O rare, O brave, come Hodge, follow me Hans,
        We’ll be with them for a morris dance.                 exeunt.
Enter Lord Mayor, Eyre, his wife, Sybil in a French hood, and other servants.

Lord Mayor. Trust me you are as welcome to old Ford, as I myself.
Wife. Truly I thank your Lordship.
Lord Mayor Would our bad cheer were worth the thanks you give.
Eyre. Good cheer my Lord Mayor, fine cheer, a fine house, fine walls, all fine and neat.
Lord Mayor. Now by my troth I’ll tell thee master Eyre, It does me good and all my brethren, That such a madcap fellow as thyself Is entered into our society.
Wife. Ay but my Lord, he must learn now to put on gravity.
Eyre. Peace Maggy, a fig for gravity, when I go to Guildhall in my scarlet gown, I’ll look as demurely as a saint, and speak as gravely as a Justice of peace, but now I am here at old Ford, at my good Lord Mayor’s house, let it go by, vanish Maggy, I’ll be merry, away with flip flap, these fooleries, these gulleries: what honey? prince am I none, yet am I princely born: what says my Lord Mayor?
Lord Mayor. Ha, ha, ha, I had rather than a thousand pound, I had an heart but half so light as yours.
Eyre. Why what should I do my Lord? a pound of care pays not a dram of debt: hum, let’s be merry whiles we are young, old age, sack and sugar will steal upon us ere we be aware.
Lord Mayor It’s well done mistress Eyre, pray give good counsel to my daughter.
Wife. I hope mistress Rose will have the grace to take nothing that’s bad.
Lord Mayor Pray God she do, for i’ faith mistress Eyre, I would bestow upon that peevish girl A thousand Marks more than I mean to give her, Upon condition She’d be ruled by me, The Ape still crosseth me: there came of late, A proper Gentleman of fair revenues, Whom gladly I would call son-in-law: But my fine cockney would have none of him. You’ll prove a coxcomb for it ere you die, A courtier, or no man must please your eye.
Eyre. Be ruled sweet Rose, th’ art ripe for a man: marry not with a boy, that has no more hair on his face than thou hast on thy cheeks: a courtier, wash, go by, stand not upon pishery-pashery: those silken fellows are but painted Images, outsides, outsides Rose, their inner linings are torn: no my fine mouse, marry me with a Gentleman Grocer like
my Lord Mayor your Father, a Grocer is a sweet trade, 
Plums, Plums: had I a son or Daughter should marry 

out of the generation and blood of the shoemakers, he 
should pack: what, the Gentle trade is a living for a man 
through Europe, through the world. 

\[ A \text{ noise within of a Taber and a Pipe.} \]

\begin{quote}
\textit{Mayor.} What noise is this?
\textit{Eyre.} O my Lord Mayor, a crew of good fellows that 
for love to your honor, are come hither with a morris-dance, 
come in my Mesopotamians cheerily. 
\end{quote}

\textit{Enter Hodge, Hans, Rafe, Firk, and other shoe-makers in a morris:} 
\textit{after a little dancing the Lord Mayor speaks.} 

\begin{quote}
\textit{Mayor.} Master Eyre, are all these shoemakers?
\textit{Eyre.} All Cordwainers my good Lord Mayor.
\textit{Rose.} How like my Lacy looks yond shoemaker.
\textit{Hans.} O that I durst but speak unto my love!
\textit{Mayor.} Sybil, go fetch some wine to make these drink, 
You are all welcome.
\textit{All.} We thank your Lordship.
\textit{Rose takes a cup of wine and goes to Hans.}
\textit{Rose.} For his sake whose fair shape thou represent’st, 
Good friend I drink to thee.
\textit{Hans.} It be dancke good frister.
\textit{Eyre’s Wife.} I see mistress Rose you do not want judgement, 
you have drunk to the properest man I keep.
\textit{Firk.} Here be some have done their parts to be as proper 
as he.
\textit{Mayor.} Well, urgent business calls me back to London: 
Good fellows, first go in and taste our cheer, 
And to make merry as you homeward go, 
Spend these two angels in beer at Stratford Bow.
\textit{Eyre.} To these two (my mad lads) Sim Eyre adds 

another, then cheerily Firk, tickle it Hans, and all for 
the honor of shoemakers. 

\[ All \text{ go dancing out.} \]
How should I find the means to speak with him?

_Sybil_ What mistress, never fear, I dare venter my maidenhead to nothing, and that’s great odds, that Hans the Dutchman when we come to London, shall not only see and speak with you, but in spite of all your Father’s policies, steal you away and marry you, will not this please you?

_Rose._ Do this, and ever be assured of my love.

_Sybil._ Away then and follow your father to London, lest your absence cause him to suspect something: Tomorrow if my counsel be obeyed, I’ll bind you prentice to the gentle trade.

Enter Jane in a Sempster’s shop working, and Hammon muffled at another door, he stands aloof.

_Hammon._ Yonder’s the shop, and there my fair love sits, She’s fair and lovely, but she is not mine, O would she were, thrice have I courted her, Thrice hath my hand been moistened with her hand, Whilst my poor famished eyes do feed on that Which made them famish: I am infortune, I still love one, yet nobody loves me, I muse in other men what women see,

That I so want? fine mistress Rose was coy, And this too curious, oh no, she is chaste, And for she thinks me wanton, she denies To cheer my cold heart with her sunny eyes: How prettily she works, oh pretty hand! Oh happy work, it doth me good to stand unseen to see her, thus I oft have stood, In frosty evenings, a light burning by her, Enduring biting cold, only to eye her, One only look hath seemed as rich to me As a king’s crown, such is love’s lunacy: Muffled I’ll pass along, and by that try Whether she know me.

_Jane._ Sir, what is ’t you buy?

What is ’t you lack sir? calico, or lawn, Fine cambric shirts, or bands, what will you buy?

_Hammon_ That which thou wilt not sell, faith yet I’ll try.

How do you sell this handkercher?

_Jane._ Good cheap.

_Hammon_ And how these ruffs?

_Jane._ Cheap too.

_Hammon_ And how this band?

_Jane._ Cheap too.

_Hammon_ All cheap, how sell you then this hand?

_Jane._ My hands are not to be sold.
Hammon  To be given then: nay faith I come to buy.
Jane.  But none knows when.
Hammon  Good sweet, leave work a little while, let’s play.
Jane.  I cannot live by keeping holiday.
Hammon  I’ll pay you for the time which shall be lost.
Jane.  With me you shall not be at so much cost.
Hammon  Look how you wound this cloth, so you wound me.
Jane.  It may be so.

Hammon  ’Tis so.
Jane.  What remedy?
Hammon  Nay faith you are too coy.
Jane.  Let go my hand.
Hammon  I will do any task of your command,
I would let go this beauty, were I not
In mind to disobey you by a power
That controls kings: I love you.
Jane.  So, now part.
Hammon  With hands I may, but never with my heart,
In faith I love you.
Jane.  I believe you do.
Hammon  Shall a true love in me breed hate in you?
Jane.  I hate you not.
Hammon  Then you must love.
Jane.  I do, what are you better now? I love not you,
Hammon  All this I hope is but a woman’s fray,
That means, come to me, when she cries, away:
In earnest mistress I do not jest,
A true chaste love hath entered in my breast,
I love you dearly as I love my life,
I love you as a husband loves a wife.
That, and no other love my love requires,
Thy wealth I know is little, my desires
Thirst not for gold, sweet beauteous Jane what’s mine,
Shall (if thou make myself thine) all be thine,
Say, judge, what is thy sentence, life or death?
Mercy or cruelty lies in thy breath.
Jane.  Good sir, I do believe you love me well:
For ’tis a seely conquest, seely pride,
For one like you (I mean a gentleman)
To boast, that by his love tricks he hath brought,
Such and such women to his amorous lure:

I think you do not so, yet many do,
And make it even a very trade to woo,
I could be coy, as many women be,
Feed you with sunshine smiles, and wanton looks,
But I detest witchcraft, say that I
Do constantly believe you, constant have.
  
  Hammon     Why dost thou not believe me?
  Jane.   I believe you,
But yet good sir, because I will not grieve you,
With hopes to taste fruit, which will never fall,
In simple truth this is the sum of all
My husband lives, at least I hope he lives,
Prest was he to these bitter wars in France,
Bitter they are to me by wanting him,
I have but one heart, and that heart’s his due,
How can I then bestow the same on you?
Whilst he lives, his I live, be it ne’er so poor,
And rather be his wife, than a king’s whore.
  
  Hammon     Chaste and dear woman, I will not abuse thee,
Although it cost my life, if thou refuse me,
Thy husband prest for France, what was his name?
  Jane.   Rafe Damport.
  
  Hammon     Damport, here’s a letter sent
From France to me, from a dear friend of mine,
A gentleman of place, here he doth write,
Their names that have been slain in every fight.
  
  Jane.   I hope death’s scroll contains not my love’s name
  
  Hammon     Cannot you read?
  Jane.   I can.
  
  Hammon     Peruse the same,
To my remembrance such a name I read
Amongst the rest: see here.
  
  Jane.   Aye me, he’s dead:

He’s dead, if this be true my dear heart’s slain.
  
  Hammon     Have patience, dear love.
  Jane.   Hence, hence.
  
  Hammon     Nay sweet Jane,
Make not poor sorrow proud with these rich tears,
I mourn thy husband’s death because thou mournest.
  
  Jane.   That bill is forged; ’tis signed by forgery.
  
  Hammon     ’I’ll bring thee letters sent besides to many
Carrying the like report: Jane ’tis too true,
Come, weep not: mourning though it rise from love
Helps not the mourned, yet hurts them that mourn.
  
  Jane.   For God’s sake leave me.
  
  Hammon     Whither dost thou turn?
Forget the dead, love them that are alive,
His love is faded, try how mine will thrive.
  
  Jane.   ’Tis now no time for me to think on love,
  
  Hammon     ’Tis now best time for you to think on love, because
your love lives not.
  
  Jane.   Though he be dead, my love to him shall not be buried:
For God’s sake leave me to myself alone.

Hammon ’Twould kill my soul to leave thee drowned in moan:
Answer me to my suit, and I am gone,
Say to me, yea, or no.

Jane. No.

Hammon Then farewell, one farewell will not serve, I come
again, come dry these wet cheeks, tell me faith sweet Jane,
yea, or no, once more.

Jane. Once more I say no, once more be gone I pray, else
will I go.

Hammon Nay then I will grow rude by this white hand,
Until you change that cold no, here i’ll stand,
Till by your hard heart

Jane. Nay, for God’s love peace,

My sorrows by your presence more increase,
Not that you thus are present, but all grief
Desires to be alone, therefore in brief
Thus much I say, and saying bid adieu,
If ever I wed man it shall be you.

Hammon Oh blessed voice, dear Jane I’ll urge no more,
Thy breath hath made me rich.

Jane. Death makes me poor.

Enter Hodge at his shop board, Rafe, Firk, Hans,
and a boy at work.

All. Hey down, a down, down derie.

Hodge. Well said my hearts, ply your work today, we
loitered yesterday, to it pell-mell, that we may live to be Lord
Mayors, or Aldermen at least.

Firk. Hey down a down derie.

Hodge. Well said i’ faith, how sayest thou Hans, doth not
Firk tickle it?

Hans. Yaw mester.

Firk. Not so neither, my organ pipe squeaks this morning
for want of liquoring: hey down a down derie.

Hans. Forward Firk, tow best un jolly youngster hort I mester
ic bid yo cut me un pair vamps vor mester jeffer’s boots.

Hodge. Thou shalt Hans.

Firk. Master.

Hodge How now, boy?

Firk Pray, now you are in the cutting vein, cut me
out a pair of counterfeits, or else my work will not pass
current, hey down a down.

Hodge Tell me sirs, are my cousin Mistres Priscilla’s shoes
done?

Firk Your cousin? no master, one of your aunts, hang
her, let them alone.

Rafe I am in hand with them, she gave charge that none
but I should do them for her.

Firk Thou do for her? then 'twill be a lame doing, and that she loves not: Rafe, thou might' st have sent her to me, in faith I would have yerked and firked your Priscilla, hey down a down derry, this gear will not hold.

Hodge How sayest thou Firk? were we not merry at old Ford?

Firk How merry? why our buttocks went Jiggy joggy like a quagmire: well sir Roger Oatmeal, if I thought all meal of that nature, I would eat nothing but bag puddings.

Rafe Of all good fortunes, my fellow Hans had the best.

Firk 'Tis true, because mistress Rose drank to him.

Hodge Well, well, work apace, they say seven of the Aldermen be dead, or very sick.

Firk I care not, I'll be none.

Rafe No nor I, but then my Master Eyre will come quickly to be Lord Mayor.  

Enter Sybil.

Firk Whoop, yonder comes Sybil.

Hodge Sybil, welcome i' faith, and how dost thou mad wench?

Firk Syb where, welcome to London.

Sybil God-a-mercy sweet Firk: good Lord Hodge, what a delicious shop you have got, you tickle it i' faith.

Rafe God-a-mercy Sybil for our good cheer at old Ford.

Sybil That you shall have Rafe.

Firk Nay by the mass, we had tickling cheer Sybil, and how the plague dost thou and mistress Rose, and my Lord Mayor? I put the women in first.

Sybil Well God-a-mercy: but God's me, I forget myself, where's Hans the Fleming?

Firk Hark butterbox, now you must yel out some spreken.

Hans Vat begaie gon vat vod gon Frister.

Sybil Marry you must come to my young mistress, to pull on her shoes you made last.

Hans Vare ben your egle fro, vare ben your mistress?

Sybil Marry here at our London house in Cornwall

Firk Will nobody serve her turn but Hans?

Sybil No sir, come Hans, I stand upon needles.

Hodge Why then Sybil, take heed of pricking.

Sybil For that let me alone, I have a trick in my budget, come Hans.

Hans Yaw, yaw, ic sall meet yo gane.

Exit Hans and Sybil

Hodge Go Hans, make haste again: come, who lacks
work?

Firk. I master, for I lack my breakfast, ’tis munching
time, and past

Hodge Is ’t so? why then leave work Rafe, to breakfast,
boy look to the tools, come Rafe, come Firk. Exeunt.

Enter a Servingman.

Servingman Let me see now, the sign of the last in Towerstreet,
mass yonder’s the house: what haw, who’s within?

Enter Rafe.

Rafe Who calls there, what want you sir?

Servant Marry I would have a pair of shoes made for a
Gentlewoman against tomorrow morning, what can you
do them?

Rafe Yes sir, you shall have them, but what length’s her
foot?

Servant Why you must make them in all parts like this
shoe, but at any hand fail not to do them, for the Gentlewoman
is to be married very early in the morning.

Rafe How? by this shoe must it be made? by this, are you
sure sir by this?

Servant How, by this am I sure, by this? art thou in thy wits?
I tell thee I must have a pair of shoes, dost thou mark
me? a pair of shoes, two shoes, made by this very shoe, this
same shoe, against tomorrow morning by four o’clock, dost
understand me, canst thou do ’t?

Rafe Yes sir, yes, Ay, Ay, I can do ’t, by this shoe you say: I
should know this shoe, yes sir, yes, by this shoe, I can do ’t,
four o’clock, well, whither shall I bring them?

Servant To the sign of the golden ball in Watlingstreet,
inquire for one master Hammon a gentleman, my master.

Rafe Yea sir, by this shoe you say.

Servant I say master Hammon at the golden ball, he’s the
Bridegroom, and those shoes are for his bride.

Rafe They shall be done by this shoe: well, well, Master
Hammon at the golden shoe, I would say the golden Ball,
very well, very well, but I pray you sir where must master
Hammon be married?

Servant At Saint Faith’s Church under Paul’s: but what’s
that to thee? prithee dispatch those shoes, and so farewell.
exit.

Rafe By this shoe said he, how am I amazed
At this strange accident? upon my life,
This was the very shoe I gave my wife
When I was prest for France, since when alas,
I never could hear of her: it is the same,
And Hammon’s Bride no other but my Jane.
Enter Firk.

Firk. 'Snails Rafe thou hast lost thy part of threè pots, a countryman of mine gave me to breakfast.

Rafe I care not, I have found a better thing.
Firk A thing? away, is it a man's thing, or a woman's thing?
Rafe Firk, dost thou know this shoe?
Firk No by my troth, neither doth that know me? I have no acquaintance with it, 'tis a mere stranger to me.
Rafe Why then I do, this shoe I durst be sworn
Once covered the instep of my Jane:
This is her size, her breadth, thus trod my love,
These true love knots I pricked, I hold my life,
By this old shoe I shall find out my wife.
Firk Ha ha old shoe, that wert new, how a murrain came
this ague fit of foolishness upon thee?
Rafe Thus Firk, even now here came a servingman,
By this shoe would he have a new pair made
Against tomorrow morning for his mistress,
That's to be married to a Gentleman,
And why may not this be my sweet Jane?
Firk And why mayst not thou be my sweet Ass? ha, ha.
Rafe Well, laugh, and spare not: but the truth is this.
Against tomorrow morning I'll provide,
A lusty crew of honest shoemakers,
To watch the going of the bride to church,
If she prove Jane, I'll take her in despite,
From Hammon and the devil, were he by,
If it be not my Jane, what remedy?
Hereof am I sure, I shall live till I die,
Although I never with a woman lie. exit.
Firk Thou he with a woman to build nothing but Cripplegates!
Well, God sends fools fortune, and it may be he
may light upon his matrimony by such a device, for wedding
and hanging goes by destiny. exit.

Enter Hans, and Rose arm in arm.

Hans. How happy am I by embracing thee,
Oh I did fear such cross mishaps did reign,
That I should never see my Rose again.
Rose. Sweet Lacy, since fair Opportunity
Offers herself to further our escape,
Let not too overfond esteem of me
Hinder that happy hour, invent the means,  
And Rose will follow thee through all the world.  
    Hans.   Oh how I surfeit with excess of joy,  
Made happy by thy rich perfection,  
But since thou payest sweet interest to my hopes,  
Redoubling love on love, let me once more,  
Like to a bold faced debtor crave of thee,  
This night to steal abroad, and at Eyre’s house,  
Who now by death of certain Aldermen,  
Is Mayor of London, and my master once,  
Meet thou thy Lacy where in spite of change,  
Your father’s anger, and mine uncle’s hate,  
Our happy nuptials will me consummate.  

    Enter Sybil  
    Sybil    Oh God, what will you do mistress? shift for yourself,  
your father is at hand, he’s coming, he’s coming,  
master Lacy hide yourself in my mistress, for God’s sake  
shift for yourselves.  
    Hans    Your father come, sweet Rose, what shall I do?  
Where shall I hide me? how shall I escape?  
    Rose.     A man and want wit in extremity,  
Come, come, be Hans still, play the shoemaker,  
Pull on my shoe.  

    Enter Lord Mayor.  
    Hans    Mass, and that’s well remembered.  
    Sybil    Here comes your father.  

    Hans.    Forware metresse, ’tis un good skow, it sal vel dute,  
or ye sal neit betallen.  
    Rose.     Oh God it pincheth me, what will you do?  
    Hans.     Your father’s presence pincheth, not the shoe.  
    Lord Mayor    Well done, fit my daughter well, and she shall  
please thee well.  
    Hans.     Yaw, yaw, ick weit dat well, for ware ’tis un good  
shoe, ’tis gi mait van neits leither, se ener mine here.  

    Enter a prentice.  
    Lord Mayor    I do believe it, what’s the news with you?  
    Prentice     Please you, the Earl of Lincoln at the gate is  
newly lighted, and would speak with you.  
    Lord Mayor    The Earl of Lincoln come speak with me?  
Well, well, I know his errand: daughter Rose,  
Send hence your shoemaker, dispatch, have done:  
Syb, make things handsome: sir boy follow me.  

    Exit.  
    Hans.    Mine uncle come, oh what may this portend?  
Sweet Rose, this of our love threatens an end.  
    Rose.     Be not dismayed at this whate’er befall,  
Rose is thine own, to witness I speak truth,  
Where thou appoints the place I’ll meet with thee,
I will not fix a day to follow thee,
But presently steal hence, do not reply.
Love which gave strength to bear my father’s hate,
Shall now add wings to further our escape.

exeunt.

Enter Lord Mayor, and Lincoln.

Lord Mayor  Believe me, on my credit I speak truth,
Since first your nephew Lacy went to France,
I have not seen him. It seemed strange to me,
When Dodger told me that he stayed behind,

Neglecting the high charge the King imposed.

Lincoln  Trust me (sir Roger Oatley) I did think
Your counsel had given head to this attempt,
Drawn to it by the love he bears your child.
Here I did hope to find him in your house,
But now I see mine error, and confess
My judgement wronged you by conceiving so.

Lord Mayor  Lodge in my house, say you? trust me my Lord,
I love your Nephew Lacy too too dearly
So much to wrong his honor, and he hath done so,
That first gave him advice to stay from France.
To witness I speak truth, I let you know
How careful I have been to keep my daughter
Free from all conference, or speech of him,
Not that I scorn your Nephew, but in love
I bear your honor, lest your noble blood,
Should by my mean worth be dishonored.

Lincoln.  How far the churl’s tongue wanders from his heart,
Well, well sir Roger Oatley I believe you,
With more than many thanks for the kind love,
So much you seem to bear me: but my Lord,
Let me request your help to seek my Nephew,
Whom if I find, I’ll straight embark for France,
So shall my Rose be free, your thoughts at rest,
And much care die which now dies in my breast.  Enter Sybil

Sybil  Oh Lord, help for God’s sake, my mistress, oh my
young mistress.

Lord Mayor  Where is thy mistress? what’s become of her?

Sybil  She’s gone, she’s fled.

Lord Mayor  Gone? whither is she fled?

Sybil  I know not forsooth, she’s fled out of doors with
Hans the Shoemaker, I saw them scud, scud, scud, apace,
apace.

Lord Mayor  Which way? what John, where be my men?
which way?

Sybil I know not, and it please your worship.

Lord mayor Fled with a shoemaker, can this be true?

Sybil Oh Lord sir, as true as God's in heaven.

Lincoln Her love turned shoemaker? I am glad of this.

Lord Mayor A Fleming butterbox, a shoemaker,

Will she forget her birth? requite my care

With such ingratitude? scorned she young Hammon,

To love a honnkin, a needy knave?

Well let her fly, I'll not fly after her,

Let her starve if she will, she's none of mine.

Lincoln Be not so cruel sir.

Enter Firk with shoes.

Sybil I am glad she's scaped.

Lord Mayor I'll not account of her as of my child:

Was there no better object for her eyes,

But a foul drunken lubber, will belly,

A shoemaker, that's brave.

Firk Yea forsooth, 'tis a very brave shoe, and as fit as a pudding.

Lord Mayor How now, what knave is this, from whence comest thou?

Firk No knave sir, I am Firk the shoemaker, lusty Roger's chief lusty journeyman, and I come hither to take up the pretty leg of sweet mistress Rose, and thus hoping your worship is in as good health as I was at the making hereof, I bid you farewell, yours Firk.

Lord Mayor Stay stay sir knave.

Lincoln Come hither shoemaker.

Firk 'Tis happy the knave is put before the shoemaker, or else I would not have vouchsafed to come back to you, I am moved, for I stir.

Lord Mayor My Lord, this villain calls us knaves by craft.

Firk Then 'tis by the Gentle Craft, and to call one knave gently, is no harm: sit your worship merry: Syb your young mistress I'll so bob then, now my master Master Eyre is Lord Mayor of London.

Lord Mayor Tell me sirrah, who's man are you?

Firk I am glad to see your worship so merry, I have no maw to this gear, no stomach as yet to a red petticoat.

Pointing to Sybil.

Lincoln He means not sir to woo you to his maid, But only doth demand whose man you are.

Firk I sing now to the tune of Rogero, Roger my fellow is now my master.
Lincoln  Sirrah, know’st thou one Hans a shoemaker?
Firk   Hans shoemaker, oh yes, stay, yes I have him, I
tell you what, I speak it in secret, mistress Rose, and he are by
this time: no not so, but shortly are to come over one another
with, Can you dance the shaking of the sheets? it is that
Hans, I’ll so gull these diggers.
Lord Mayor  Know’st thou then where he is?
Firk   Yes forsooth, yea marry.
Lincoln  Canst thou in sadness?
Firk   No forsooth, no marry.
Lord Mayor  Tell me good honest fellow where he is,
And thou shalt see what I’ll bestow of thee.
Firk   Honest fellow, no sir, not so sir, my profession is the
Gentle Craft, I care not for seeing, I love feeling, let me
feel it here, aurium tenus, ten pieces of gold, genuum tenus, ten
pieces of silver, and then Firk is your man in a new pair of
stretchers.

Lord Mayor  Here is an Angel, part of thy reward,
Which I will give thee, tell me where he is.
Firk   No point: shall I betray my brother? no, shall I prove
Judas to Hans? no, shall I cry treason to my corporation?
no, I shall be firked and yerked then, but give me your angel,
your angel shall tell you.
Lincoln  Do so good fellow, ’tis no hurt to thee.
Firk   Send simpering Syb away.
Lord Mayor  Huswife, get you in.

exit Syb.

Firk   Pitchers have ears, and maids have wide
mouths: but for Hans Prans, upon my word tomorrow
morning, he and young mistress Rose go to this gear, they
shall be married together, by this rush, or else turn
Firk to a firk of butter to tan leather withal.
Lord Mayor  But art thou sure of this?
Firk   Am I sure that Paul’s steeple is a handful higher
than London stone? or that the pissing conduit leaks
nothing but pure mother Bunch? am I sure I am lusty
Firk, God’s nails do you think I am so base to gull
you?
Lincoln  Where are they married? dost thou know the
church?
Firk   I never go to church, but I know the name of it,
it is a swearing church, stay a while, ’tis: Ay by the mass, no,
no, ’tis Ay by my troth, no nor that, ’tis Ay by my faith, that that,
’tis Ay by my Faith’s church under Paul’s cross, there they
shall be knit like a pair of stockings in matrimony, there
they’ll be incony.
Lincoln. Upon my life, my Nephew Lacy walks
In the disguise of this Dutch shoemaker.

Firk Yes forsooth.
Lincoln Doth he not honest fellow?
Firk No forsooth, I think Hans is nobody, but Hans
no spirit.
Lord Mayor My mind misgives me now ’tis so indeed.
Lincoln My cousin speaks the language, knows the trade.
Lord Mayor Let me request your company my Lord,
Your honorable presence may, no doubt,
Refrain their headstrong rashness, when myself
Going alone perchance may be o’erborne,
Shall I request this favor?
Lincoln This, or what else.
Firk Then you must rise betimes, for they mean to fall
to their hey pass, and repass, pindy-pandy, which hand will
you have, very early.
Lord Mayor My care shall every way equal their haste,
This night accept your lodging in my house,
The earlier shall we stir, and at Saint Faith’s
Prevent this giddy harebrained nuptial,
This traffic of hot love shall yield cold gains,
They ban our loves, and we’ll forbid their banns.

exeunt.

Lincoln At Saint Faith’s church thou sayest.
Firk Yes, by their troth.
Lincoln Be secret on thy life.
Firk Yes, when I kiss your wife, ha, ha, here’s no craft
in the Gentle Craft, I came hither of purpose with shoes to
sir Roger’s worship, whilst Rose his daughter be coney-catched
by Hans: soft now, these two gulls will be at Saint
Faith’s church tomorrow morning, to take master Bridegroom,
and mistress Bride napping, and they in the meantime
shall chop up the matter at the Savoy: but the best sport
is, sir Roger Oatley will find my fellow lame, Rafe’s wife going
to marry a gentleman, and then he’ll stop her instead of his
daughter; oh brave, there will be fine tickling sport: soft now,
what have I to do? oh I know now a mess of shoemakers
meet at the wool sack in Ivy lane, to cozen my gentleman
of lame Rafe’s wife, that’s true, alack, alack girls, hold
out tack, for now smocks for this tumbling shall go to
wrack.

exit

Enter Eyre, his Wife, hans, and Rose.
Eyre This is the morning then, stay my bully my honest Hans, is it not?
Hans This is the morning that must make us two happy, or miserable, therefore if you
Eyre Away with these ifs and ands Hans, and these et caeterae, by mine honor Rowland Lacy none but the king shall wrong thee: come, fear nothing, am not I Sim Eyre? Is not Sim Eyre Lord mayor of London? fear nothing Rose, let them all say what they can, dainty come thou to me: laughest thou?
Wife Good my lord, stand her friend in what thing you may.
Eyre Why my sweet lady Madgy, think you Simon Eyre can forget his fine dutch Journeyman? No vah. Fie I scorn it, it shall never be cast in my teeth, that I was unthankful. Lady Madgy, thou hadst never covered thy Saracen’s head with this french flap, nor loaden thy bum with this farthingale, ’tis trash, trumpery, vanity, Simon Eyre had never walked in a red petticoat, nor wore a chain of gold, but for my fine Journeyman’s portigues, and shall I leave him? No: Prince am I none, yet bear a princely mind.
Hans My Lord, ’tis time for us to part from hence.

Eyre Lady Madgy, lady Madgy, take two or three of my piecrust eaters, my buff-jerkin varlets, that do walk in black gowns at Simon Eyre’s heels, take them good lady Madgy, trip and go, my brown Queen of Periwigs, with my delicate Rose, and my jolly Rowland to the Savoy, see them linked, countenance the marriage, and when it is done, cling, cling together, you Hamborow Turtle Doves, I’ll bear you out, come to Simon Eyre, come dwell with me Hans, thou shalt eat minced pies, and marchpane. Rose, away cricket, trip and go, my Lady Madgy to the Savoy, Hans, wed, and to bed, kiss and away, go, vanish.
Wife Farewell my lord.
Rose Make haste sweet love.
Wife She’d fain the deed were done.
Hans Come my sweet Rose, faster than Deer we’ll run.

They go out.

Eyre Go, vanish, vanish, avaunt I say: by the lord of Ludgate, it’s a mad life to be a lord Mayor, it’s a stirring life, a fine life, a velvet life, a careful life. Well Simon Eyre, yet set a good face on it, in the honor of saint Hugh. Soft, the king this day comes to dine with me, to
see my new buildings, his majesty is welcome, he shall have
good cheer, delicate cheer, princely cheer. This day my fellow
prentices of London come to dine with me too, they shall
have fine cheer, gentlemanlike cheer. I promised the mad
Cappadocians, when we all served at the Conduit together,
that if ever I came to be Mayor of London, I would feast
them all, and I’ll do ’t, I’ll do ’t by the life of Pharaoh, by this
beard Sim Eyre will be no flincher. Besides, I have procured,
that upon

every Shrove-Tuesday, at the sound of the pancake bell: my
fine dapper Assyrian lads, shall clap up their shop windows,
and away, this is the day, and this day they shall do ’t, they
shall do ’t: boys, that day are you free, let master’s care, and
prentices shall pray for Simon Eyre.

Enter Hodge, Firk, Rafe, and five or six shoemakers,
all with cudgels, or such weapons.

Hodge Come Rafe, stand to it Firk: my masters, as we
are the brave bloods of the shoemakers, heirs apparent to
saint Hugh, and perpetual benefactors to all good fellows:
thou shalt have no wrong, were Hammon a king of spades,
he should not delve in thy close without thy sufferance: but
tell me Rafe, art thou sure ’tis thy wife?

Rafe Am I sure this is Firk? This morning when I
stroked on her shoes, I looked upon her, and she upon me, and
sighed, asked me if ever I knew one Rafe. Yes said I: for
his sake said she (tears standing in her eyes) and for thou
art somewhat like him, spend this piece of gold: I took it:
my lame leg, and my travel beyond sea made me unknown,
all is one for that, I know she’s mine.

Firk Did she give thee this gold? O glorious glittering
gold; she’s thine own, ’tis thy wife, and she loves thee, for
I’ll stand to ’t, there’s no woman will give gold to any man,
but she thinks better of him than she thinks of them she
gives silver to: and for Hammon, neither Hammon nor Hangman
shall wrong thee in London: Is not our old master
Eyre lord Mayor? Speak my hearts.

All Yes, and Hammon shall know it to his cost.

Enter hammon, his man, Jane, and others.

Hodge Peace my bullies, yonder they come.

Rafe Stand to ’t my hearts, Firk, let me speak first.

Hodge No Rafe, let me: Hammon, whither away so
early?

Hammon Unmannerly rude slave, what’s that to thee?

Firk To him sir? yes sir, and to me, and others: good morrow
Jane, how dost thou? good Lord, how the world is changed
with you, God be thanked.

*Hammon* Villains, hands off, how dare you touch my love?

*All* villains? down with them, cry clubs for prentices.

*Hodge* Hold, my hearts: touch her Hammon? yea and more than that, we’ll carry her away with us. My masters and gentlemen, never draw your bird spits, shoemakers are steel to the back, men every inch of them, all spirit.

*All of Hammon’s side* Well, and what of all this?

*Hodge* I’ll show you: Jane, dost thou know this man? ’tis Rafe I can tell thee: nay, ’tis he in faith, though he be lamed by the wars, yet look not strange, but run to him, fold him about the neck and kiss him.

*Jane* Lives then my husband? oh God let me go, Let me embrace my Rafe.

*Hammon* What means my Jane?

*Jane* Nay, what meant you to tell me he was slain?

*Hammon* Pardon me dear love for being misled, ’Twas rumored here in London thou wert dead.

*Firk* Thou seest he lives: Lass, go pack home with him: now Master Hammon, where’s your mistress your wife?

*Servant* ’Swounds Master fight for her, will you thus lose her?

*All* Down with that creature, clubs, down with him.

*Hodge* Hold, hold.

*Hammon* Hold fool, sirs he shall do no wrong, Will my Jane leave me thus, and break her faith?

*Firk* Yea sir, she must sir, she shall sir, what then? mend it.

*Hodge* Hark fellow Rafe, follow my counsel, set the wench in the midst, and let her choose her man, and let her be his woman.

*Jane* Whom should I choose? whom should my thoughts affect? But him whom heaven hath made to be my love, Thou art my husband and these humble weeds, Makes thee more beautiful than all his wealth, Therefore I will but put off his attire, Returning it into the owner’s hand, And after ever be thy constant wife.

*Hodge.* Not a rag Jane, the law’s on our side, he that sows in another man’s ground forfeits his harvest, get thee home Rafe, follow him Jane, he shall not have so much as a busk point from thee.

*Firk* Stand to that Rafe, the appurrtenances are thine own, Hammon, look not at her.

*Servant* O ’swounds no.

*Firk* Blue coat be quiet, we’ll give you a new livery else, we’ll make Shrove Tuesday Saint George’s day for you: look not Hammon, leer not, I’ll Firk you, for thy head now, one glance, one sheep’s eye, anything at her,
touch not a rag, lest I and my brethren beat you to clouts.

Servant Come master Hammon, there’s no striving here.

Hammon Good fellows, hear me speak: and honest Rafe,
Whom I have injured most by loving Jane,
Mark what I offer thee: here in fair gold
Is twenty pound, I’ll give it for thy Jane,
If this content thee not, thou shalt have more.

Hodge Sell not thy wife Rafe, make her not a whore.

Hammon Say, wilt thou freely cease thy claim in her,
And let her be my wife?

All No, do not Rafe.

Rafe Sirrah Hammon Hammon, dost thou think a Shoemaker is so base, to be a bawd to his own wife for commodity, take thy gold, choke with it, were

I not lame, I would make thee eat thy words.

Firk A shoemaker sell his flesh and blood, oh indignity!

Hodge Sirrah, take up your pelf, and be packing.

Hammon I will not touch one penny, but in lieu Of that great wrong I offered thy Jane,
To Jane and thee I give that twenty pound,
Since I have failed of her, during my life
I vow no woman else shall be my wife:
Farewell good fellows of the Gentle trade,
Your morning’s mirth my mourning day hath made.

Firk Touch the gold creature if you dare, y’ are best be trudging: here Jane take thou it, now lets home my hearts.

Hodge Stay, who comes here? Jane, on again with thy mask.

Enter Lincoln, Lord Mayor, and servants.

Lincoln Yonder’s the lying varlet mocked us so.

Lord Mayor Come hither sirrah.

Firk Ay sir, I am sirrah, you mean me, do you not?

Lincoln Where is my Nephew married?

Firk Is he married? God give him joy, I am glad of it: they have a fair day, and the sign is in a good planet, Mars in Venus.

Lord Mayor Villain, thou toldst me that my daughter Rose,
This morning should be married at Saint Faith’s,
We have watched there these three hours at the least,
Yet see we no such thing.

Firk Truly I am sorry for ’t, a Bride’s a pretty thing.

Hodge Come to the purpose, yonder’s the Bride and Bridegroom you look for I hope: though you be Lords, you are not to bar, by your authority, men from women, are you?

Lord Mayor See see my daughter’s masked.

Lincoln True, and my Nephew.
To hide his guilt, counterfeits him lame.

Firk  Yea truly god help the poor couple, they are lame and blind.

Lord Mayor  I'll ease her blindness.

Lincoln  I'll his lameness cure.

Firk  Lie down sirs, and laugh, my fellow Rafe is taken
for Rowland Lacy, and Jane for mistress damask rose, this
is all my knavery.

Lord Mayor  What, have I found you minion?

Lincoln  O base wretch,
Nay hide thy face, the horror of thy guilt,
Can hardly be washed off: where are thy powers?
What battles have you made? O yes I see
Thou foughtst with Shame, and shame hath conquered thee.
This lameness will not serve.

Lord Mayor  Unmask yourself.

Lincoln  Lead home your daughter.

Lord Mayor  Take your Nephew hence.

Rafe  Hence, ’swounds, what mean you? are you mad? I
hope you cannot enforce my wife from me, where’s Hammon?

Lord Mayor  Your wife.

Lincoln  What Hammon?

Rafe  Yea my wife, and therefore the proudest of you that
lays hands on her first, I’ll lay my crutch cross his pate.

Firk  To him lame Rafe, here’s brave sport.

Rafe  Rose call you her? why her name is Jane, look
here else, do you know her now?

Lincoln  Is this your daughter?

Lord Mayor  No, nor this your nephew:
My Lord of Lincoln, we are both abused
By this base crafty varlet.

Firk  Yea forsooth no varlet, forsooth no base, forsooth I am
but mean, no crafty neither, but of the Gentle Craft.

Lord Mayor  Where is my daughter Rose? where is my child?

Lincoln  Where is my nephew Lacy married?

Firk  Why here is good laced mutton as I promised you.

Lincoln  Villain, I’ll have thee punished for this wrong.

Firk  Punish the journeyman villain, but not the journeyman
shoemaker.  Enter Dodger.

Dodger  My Lord I come to bring unwelcome news,
Your Nephew Lacy, and your daughter Rose,
Early this morning wedded at the Savoy,
None being present but the Lady Mayoress:
Besides I learnt among the officers,
The Lord Mayor vows to stand in their defense,
’Gainst any that shall seek to cross the match.
Lincoln. Dares Eyre the shoemaker uphold the deed?
Firk Yes sir, shoemakers dare stand in a woman’s quarrel
I warrant you, as deep as another, and deeper too.

Dodger Besides, his grace, today dines with the Mayor,
Who on his knees humbly intends to fall,
And beg a pardon for your Nephew’s fault.
Lincoln. But I’ll prevent him come sir Roger Oatley,
The king will do us justice in this cause,
Howe’er their hands have made them man and wife,
I will disjoin the match, or lose my life.  
exeunt.

Firk Adieu monsieur Dodger, farewell fools, ha ha,
Oh if they had stayed I would have so lambed them with
flouts, O heart, my codpiece point is ready to fly in pieces
every time I think upon mistress Rose, but let that pass, as
my Lady Mayoress says.
Hodge This matter is answered: come Rafe, home with
thy wife, come my fine shoemakers, let’s to our master’s the
new lord Mayor and there swagger this shrove Tuesday, I’ll
promise you wine enough, for Madge keeps the cellar.

All. O rare! Madge is a good wenche.

Firk And I’ll promise you meat enough, for simpering
Susan keeps the larder, I’ll lead you to victuals my brave
soldiers, follow your captain, O brave, hark, hark.
Bell rings.

All. The Pancake bell rings, the pancake bell, tri-lill my
hearts.

Firk Oh brave, oh sweet bell, O delicate pancakes, open
the doors my hearts, and shut up the windows, keep
in the house, let out the pancakes: oh rare my hearts, let’s
march together for the honor of saint Hugh to the great new
hall in Gracious street corner, which our Master the new
lord Mayor hath built.
Rafe O the crew of good fellows that will dine at my lord,
Mayor’s cost today!

Hodge By the lord, my lord Mayor is a most brave man,
how shall prentices be bound to pray for him, and the honor
of the gentlemen shoemakers? let’s feed and be fat with my
Lord’s bounty.

Firk O musical bell still! O Hodge, O my brethren! there’s
cheer for the heavens, venison pasties walk up and down
piping hot, like sergeants, beef and brewis comes marching
in dry fats, fritters and pancakes comes trolling
in in wheelbarrows, hens and oranges hopping in porters
baskets, collops and eggs in scuttles, and tarts and
custards comes quavering in in malt shovels.
Enter more prentices.

All. Whoop, look here, look here.

Hodge How now mad lads, whither away so fast?
1 Prentice  Whither, why to the great new hall, know you not why? The lord Mayor hath bidden all the prentices in London to breakfast this morning.

All. Oh brave shoemaker, oh brave lord of incomprehensible good fellowship, who, hark you, the pancake bell rings.  

Cast up caps.

Firk  Nay more my hearts, every Shrove-Tuesday is our year of Jubilee: and when the pancake bell rings, we are as free as my lord Mayor, we may shut up our shops, and make holiday: I’ll have it called, Saint Hugh’s Holiday.

All. Agreed, agreed, Saint Hugh’s Holiday.

Hodge  And this shall continue forever.

All. Oh brave! come come my hearts, away, away.

Firk  O eternal credit to us of the gentle Craft, march fair my hearts, oh rare.

Enter King and his train over the stage.

King  Is our lord Mayor of London such a gallant?

Noble man  One of the merriest madaicaps in your land, Your Grace will think, when you behold the man, He’s rather a wild ruffian than a Mayor: Yet thus much I’ll ensure your majesty, In all his actions that concern his state, He is as serious, provident, and wise, As full of gravity amongst the grave, As any mayor hath been these many years.

King  I am with child till I behold this huff-cap, But all my doubt is, when we come in presence, His madness will be dashed clean out of countenance.

Noble man  It may be so, my Liege.

King  Which to prevent, Let some one give him notice, ’tis our pleasure, That he put on his wonted merriment: Set forward.  

All.  On afore.

Enter Eyre Hodge, Firk, Rafe, and other shoemakers, all with napkins on their shoulders.

Eyre  Come my fine Hodge, my jolly gentlemen shoemakers, soft, where be these Cannibals, these varlets my officers, let them all walk and wait upon my brethren, for my meaning is, that none but shoemakers, none but the livery of my Company shall in their satin hoods wait upon the trencher of my sovereign.

Firk  O my Lord, it will be rare.

Eyre  No more Firk, come lively, let your fellow prentices want no cheer, let wine be plentiful as beer, and beer as water, hang these penny pinching fathers, that cram...
wealth in innocent lamb skins, rip knaves, avaunt, look to my guests

_Hodge_ My Lord, we are at our wits end for room, those hundred tables will not feast the fourth part of them.

_Eyre_ Then cover me those hundred tables again, and again, till all my jolly prentices be feasted: avoid Hodge, run Rafe, frisk about my nimble Firk, carouse me fathom healths to the honor of the shoemakers: do they drink lively Hodge? do they tickle it Firk?

_Firk_ Tickle it? some of them have taken their liquor standing so long, that they can stand no longer: but for meat, they would eat it and they had it.

_Eyre_ Want they meat? where’s this swagbelly, this greasy kitchenstuff cook, call the varlet to me: want meat! Firk, Hodge, lame Rafe, run my tall men, beleaguer the shambles, beggar all Eastcheap, serve me whole oxen in chargers, and let sheep whine upon the tables like pigs for want of good fellows to eat them. Want meat! vanish Firk, avaunt Hodge.

_Hodge_ Your lordship mistakes my man Firk, he means their bellies want meat, not the boards, for they have drunk so much they can eat nothing.

_Enter hans, Rose, and Wife._

_Wife_ Where is my Lord.

_Eyre_ How now lady Madgy.

_Wife_ The king’s most excellent majesty is new come, he sends me for thy honor: one of his most worshipful Peers, bade me tell thou must be merry, and so forth: but let that pass.

_Eyre_ Is my Sovereign come? vanish my tall shoemakers, my nimble brethren, look to my guests the prentices: yet stay a little, how now Hans, how looks my little Rose?

_Hans_ Let me request you to remember me,

I know your honor easily may obtain,
Free pardon of the king for me and Rose,
And reconcile me to my uncle’s grace.

_Eyre_ Have done my good Hans, my honest journeyman, look cheerly, I’ll fall upon both my knees till they be as hard as horn, but I’ll get thy pardon.

_Wife_ Good my Lord have a care what you speak to his grace.

_Eyre_ Away you Islington whitepot, hence you hopperarse, you barley pudding full of maggots, you broiled carbonado, avaunt, avaunt, avoid Mephistopheles: shall Sim Eyre leave to speak of you Lady Madgy? vanish mother Miniver cap, vanish, go, trip and go, meddle with your partlets, and your pishery-pashery, your flews and your whirligigs, go, rub, out of mine alley: Sim Eyre knows how to speak to a Pope, to Sultan Soliman, to Tamburlaine
and he were here: and shall I melt? shall I droop before
my Sovereign? no, come my Lady Madgy, follow me
Hans, about your business your frolic freebooters: Firk,
frisk about, and about, and about, for the honor of mad Simon
Eyre Lord Mayor of London.

Firk  Hey for the honor of the shoemakers.        exeunt.
A long flourish or two: enter King, Nobles, Eyre, his wife, Lacy,
Rose: Lacy and Rose kneel.

King  Well Lacy though the fact was very foul,
Of your revolting from our kingly love,
And your own duty, yet we pardon you,
Rise both, and mistress Lacy, thank my Lord Mayor

For your young bridegroom here.

Eyre  So my dear liege, Sim Eyre and my brethren the
gentlemen shoemakers shall set your sweet majesty’s image,
cheek by jowl by Saint Hugh, for this honor you have
done poor Simon Eyre, I beseech your grace pardon my
rude behavior, I am a handicraftsman, yet my heart is
without craft, I would be sorry at my soul, that my boldness
should offend my king.

King  Nay, I pray thee good lord Mayor, be even as merry
as if thou wert among thy shoemakers,
It does me good to see thee in this humor.

Eyre  Sayest thou me so my sweet Dioclesian? then hump,
Prince am I none, yet am I princely born, by the Lord
of Ludgate my Liege, I’ll be as merry as a pie.

King  Tell me in faith mad Eyre, how old thou art.

Eyre  My Liege a very boy, a stripling, a younker, you
see not a white hair on my head, not a gray in this beard,
every hair I assure thy majesty that sticks in this
beard, Sim Eyre values at the king of Babylon’s ransom,
Tamar Cham’s beard was a rubbing brush to ’t: yet I’ll
shave it off, and stuff tennis balls with it to please my bully
king.

King  But all this while I do not know your age.

Eyre  My liege, I am six and fifty year old, yet I
can cry hump, with a sound heart for the honor of
Saint Hugh: mark this old wench, my king, I
danced the shaking of the sheets with her six and thirty
years ago, and yet I hope to get two or three young
Lord Mayors ere I die: I am lusty still, Sim Eyre
still: care, and cold lodging brings white hairs. My
sweet Majesty, let care vanish, cast it upon thy
Nobles, it will make thee look always young like
Apollo, and cry hump: Prince am I none, yet am
I princely born.

King Ha ha: say Cornwall, didst thou ever see his like?

Noble man Not I, my Lord.

Enter Lincoln, and Lord Mayor.

King Lincoln, what news with you?
Lincoln My gracious Lord, have care unto yourself,
For there are traitors here.
All Traitors, where? who?
Eyre Traitors in my house? God forbid, where be my officers?
I’ll spend my soul ere my king feel harm.
King Where is the traitor? Lincoln.
Lincoln Here he stands.
King Cornwall, lay hold on Lacy: Lincoln, speak:

What canst thou lay unto thy Nephew’s charge?
Lincoln This my dear liege: your grace to do me honor,
Heaped on the head of this degenerous boy,
Desertless favors, you made choice of him,
To be commander over powers in France,
But he.

King Good Lincoln prithee pause a while,
Even in thine eyes I read what thou wouldst speak,
I know how Lacy did neglect our love,
Ran himself deeply (in the highest degree)
Into vile treason.

Lincoln Is he not a traitor?
King Lincoln, he was: now have we pardoned him,
'Twas not a base want of true valor’s fire,
That held him out of France, but love’s desire.

Lincoln I will not bear his shame upon my back.
King Nor shalt thou Lincoln, I forgive you both.

Lincoln Then (good my liege) forbid the boy to wed
One, whose mean birth will much disgrace his bed.

King Are they not married?

Lincoln No my Liege.

Both We are.

King Shall I divorce them then? O be it far,
That any hand on earth should dare untie,
The sacred knot knit by God’s majesty,
I would not for my crown disjoin their hands,
That are conjoined in holy nuptial bands,

How sayest thou Lacy? wouldst thou lose thy Rose?

Hans Not for all Indians’ wealth, my sovereign.

King But Rose I am sure her Lacy would forgo.

Rose If Rose were asked that question, She’d say, no.

King You hear them Lincoln.
Lincoln  Yea my liege, I do.
King   Yet canst thou find i' th' heart to part these two?

Who seeks, besides you, to divorce these lovers?
Lord Mayor I do (my gracious Lord) I am her father.
King   Sir Roger Oatley, our last Mayor I think,
Noble   The same my liege.
King   Would you offend Love’s laws?

Well, you shall have your wills, you sue to me,
To prohibit the match: Soft, let me see,
You both are married, Lacy, art thou not?

Hans   I am, dread Sovereign.
King   Then upon thy life,
I charge thee, not to call this woman wife.
Lord Mayor I thank your grace.
Rose   O my most gracious Lord!
King   Nay Rose, never woo me, I tell you true,

Although as yet I am a bachelor,
Yet I believe I shall not marry you.

Rose   Can you divide the body from the soul,
Yet make the body live?
King   Yea, so profound?

I cannot Rose, but you I must divide:
Fair maid, this bridegroom cannot be your bride.
Are you pleased Lincoln? Oatley, are you pleased?

Both   Yes my Lord.
King   Then must my heart be eased,

For credit me, my conscience lives in pain,
Till these whom I divorced be joined again:
Lacy, give me thy hand, Rose, lend me thine.
Be what you would be: kiss now: so, that’s fine,
At night (lovers) to bed: now let me see,

Which of you all mislikes this harmony?
Lord Mayor Will you then take from me my child perforce?
King   Why tell me Oatley, shines not Lacy’s name,

As bright in the world’s eye, as the gay beams
Of any citizen?

Lincoln Yea but my gracious Lord,

I do mislike the match far more than he,
Her blood is too too base.

King   Lincoln, no more,

Dost thou not know, that love respects no blood?
Cares not for difference of birth, or state,
The maid is young, well born, fair, virtuous,
A worthy bride for any gentleman:

Besides, your nephew for her sake did stoop
To bare necessity: and as I hear,

Forgetting honors, and all courtly pleasures,
To gain her love, became a shoemaker.
As for the honor which he lost in France,  
Thus I redeem it: Lacy, kneel thee down,  
Arise sir Rowland Lacy: tell me now,  

Tell me in earnest Oatley, canst thou chide?  
Seeing thy Rose a lady and a bride.  
Lord Mayor. I am content with what your Grace hath done.  

Lincoln And I my liege, since there’s no remedy.  
King Come on then, all shake hands, I’ll have you friends,  
Where there is much love, all discord ends,  
What says my mad Lord Mayor to all this love?  
Eyre O my liege, this honor you have done to my fine journeyman here, Rowland Lacy, and all these favors which you have shown to me this day in my poor house, will make Simon Eyre live longer by one dozen of warm summers more than he should.  
King Nay, my mad Lord Mayor (that shall be thy name)  
If any grace of mine can length thy life,  
One honor more I’ll do thee, that new building,  
Which at thy cost in Cornhill is erected,  
Shall take a name from us, we’ll have it called,  
The Leaden hall, because in digging it,  
You found the lead that covereth the same.  
Eyre I thank your Majesty.  
Wife God bless your Grace.  
King Lincoln, a word with you.  

Enter Hodge, Firk, Rafe, and more shoemakers.  
Eyre How now my mad knaves? Peace, speak softly, yonder is the king.  
King With the old troop which there we keep in pay,  
We will incorporate a new supply:  
Before one summer more pass o’er my head,  
France shall repent England was injured.  
What are all those?  
Hans All shoemakers, my Liege,  

Sometimes my fellows, in their companies  
I lived as merry as an emperor.  
King My mad lord Mayor, are all these shoemakers?  
Eyre All Shoemakers, my Liege, all gentlemen of the Gentle Craft, true Trojans, courageous Cordwainers, they all kneel to the shrine of holy saint Hugh.  
All. God save your majesty all shoemakers  
King Mad Simon, would they any thing with us?  
Eyre Mum mad knaves, not a word, I’ll do ’t, I warrant
you. They are all beggars, my Liege, all for themselves: and
I for them all, on both my knees do entreat, that for the honor
of poor Simon Eyre, and the good of his brethren these
mad knaves, your Grace would vouchsafe some privilege to
my new Leaden hall, that it may be lawful for us to buy and
sell leather there two days a week.

King Mad Sim, I grant your suit, you shall have patent
To hold two market days in Leaden hall,
Mondays and Fridays, those shall be the times:
Will this content you?

All Jesus bless your Grace.

Eyre In the name of these my poor brethren shoemakers,
I most humbly thank your Grace. But before I rise, seeing
you are in the Giving vain, and we in the Begging,
grant Sim Eyre one boon more.

King What is it my Lord Mayor?

Eyre Vouchsafe to taste of a poor banquet that stands
sweetly waiting for your sweet presence.

King I shall undo thee Eyre, only with feasts,
Already have I been too troublesome,
Say, have I not?

Eyre O my dear king, Sim Eyre was taken unawares
upon a day of shroving which I promised long ago to the prentices
of London: for an ’t please your Highness, in time past

I bore the water tankard, and my coat
Sits not a whit the worse upon my back:
And then upon a morning some mad boys,
It was Shrove-Tuesday even as ’tis now,
Gave me my breakfast, and I swore then by the stopple of
my tankard, if ever I came to be Lord Mayor of London, I
would feast all the prentices, This day (my liege) I did it, and
the slaves had an hundred tables five times covered, they
are gone home and vanished: yet add more honor to the
Gentle Trade, taste of Eyre’s banquet, Simon’s happy
made.

King Eyre, I will taste of thy banquet, and will say,
I have not met more pleasure on a day,
Friends of the Gentle Craft, thanks to you all,
Thanks my kind Lady Mayoress for our cheer,
Come Lords, a while let’s revel it at home,
When all our sports, and banquetings are done,
Wars must right wrongs which frenchmen have begun.

Exeunt.

FINIS.
Editorial Notes

This edition of Thomas Dekker’s The Shoemakers' Holiday has been produced as part of the Folger EMED’s Opening the Digital Anthology workshop by Linda Braus, Emily Johnson and Shaun Nowicki. We have drawn the majority of our encoding from the Folger EMED copy of the play. See the Folger’s statement of editorial intent.

We have added two types of notes in addition to the Folger EMED project’s textual notes: performance notes and gloss notes.

We use the following sources in our notes:

- The Oxford English Dictionary (OED)
- Corpus Query Processor (CQPweb)

We have made small spelling changes based on an interpretation of the scene, and they are noted in a gloss note.
Performance Notes

1. **560 (13-a)**: Sybil can be played as boisterous, fussy, and dominant in this scene, exploiting her sexuality and indicating lower class status.
2. **574 (13-a)**: How do the huntsmen come in? Are they just come from riding, or have they been on foot the whole time?
3. **581 (13-b)**: How close of a relationship do Warner and Sybil have? Is it possible to play them as just familiar or do they function in the scene as a couple?
4. **592 (13-b)**: Highlight the differences in class between Warner and Sybil, or possibly align them closer as a contrasting pair to Rose and Hammon.
5. **598 (13-b)**: Either a type of verbal sparring or actual names of affection. Perhaps somewhere in between, consider how to play the interaction.
6. **606 (13-b)**: How is this indicated in performance? There could be a pause, an insertion of some phrase, or a gesture of some kind to make more obvious the reason behind the shift to leaving.
7. **622 (14-a)**: Consider making the interaction between Sybil and Warner more physical.
8. **634 (14-a)**: Who remains on stage at this moment? Or who has left before this point?
1. **564 (13-a)**: "Pale" a type of fence or a stake. Also has punning implications, referring to a type of fence or stake or the light color of cheese, used for both.

2. **581 (13-b)**: Beginning of sexual innuendo and punning situation. "Upon some" by Warner is a particularly interesting flipping of Sybil's "catchphrase" of "upon some no."

3. **589 (13-b)**: To follow your nose could mean to follow your instincts. However, one cannot literally follow their nose and continue moving. Also, note the homophone- follow your "no"s as in to pay attention to one's objections. Evidence of an early modern idiom.

4. **592 (13-b)**: By calling Warner "rich," Sybil acknowledges the class difference that he asserts by calling her a "mad wench." Sybil potentially mocks him by calling him rich, meaning powerful/wealthy/noble/great.

5. **598 (13-b)**: By using "honeysop," Sybil teases that he is soaked in honey.

6. **600 (13-b)**: "Nags" is used to refer to horses, prostitutes, and male genitalia. Thus, their being "lame" has multiple implications.

7. **604 (13-b)**: Rose marks the obscurity of the situation and the peculiar nature of their "hunt" by using "strange," indicating unfamiliarity to the point of being foreign.

8. **608 (13-b)**: "Impale" to fence in or a sexual reference.

9. **622 (14-a)**: Pity, as part of an exclamation

10. **623 (14-a)**: Lost game could be object of the hunt (deer or woman) or failed sport.

11. **611 (14-a)**: The regularized spellings reflect an interpretation of the scene that distinguishes characters by class rather than gender.
Textual Notes

1. **13 (2-b):** The regularized reading *Adling* comes from the original *Adling*, though possible variants include *Addle*.
2. **426 (11-a):** The regularized reading *thou’lt* is supplied for the original *thou[*]t*.
3. **455 (11-b):** The regularized reading *scheone* is amended from the original *scheue*.
4. **546 (13-a):** The regularized reading *sail* comes from the original *saile*, though possible variants include *soil*.
5. **1106 (21-b):** The regularized reading *black* is supplied for the original *blaf[*]ke*.
6. **1426 (26-b):** The regularized reading *’twill* is supplied for the original [/◊].
7. **1426 (26-b):** The regularized reading *be* is supplied for the original [/◊].
8. **1426 (26-b):** The regularized reading *a* is supplied for the original [/◊].
9. **1426 (26-b):** The regularized reading *lame* is supplied for the original [/◊].
10. **1426 (26-b):** The regularized reading *doing* is supplied for the original [/◊].
11. **1426 (26-b):** The regularized reading *, is* supplied for the original [*].
12. **1426 (26-b):** The regularized reading *and* is supplied for the original [/◊].
13. **1427 (26-b):** The regularized reading *might’st* is supplied for the original [*][**][***].
14. **1427 (26-b):** The regularized reading *have* is supplied for the original [/◊].
15. **1427 (26-b):** The regularized reading *sent* is supplied for the original [/◊].
16. **1427 (26-b):** The regularized reading *her* is supplied for the original [/◊].
17. **1427 (26-b):** The regularized reading *to* is supplied for the original [/◊].
18. **1427 (26-b):** The regularized reading *me* is supplied for the original [/◊].
19. **1427 (26-b):** The regularized reading *, is* supplied for the original [*].
20. **1428 (26-b):** The regularized reading *firked* is supplied for the original [/◊].
21. **1428 (26-b):** The regularized reading *your* is supplied for the original [/◊].
22. **1428 (26-b):** The regularized reading *Priscilla* is supplied for the original [*].
23. **1428 (26-b):** The regularized reading *, is* supplied for the original [*].
24. **1428 (26-b):** The regularized reading *hey* is supplied for the original [/◊].
25. **1429 (26-b):** The regularized reading *will* is supplied for the original w/[***].
26. **1429 (26-b):** The regularized reading *not* is supplied for the original [/◊].
27. **1429 (26-b):** The regularized reading *hold* is supplied for the original [/◊].
28. **1430 (26-b):** The regularized reading *we* is supplied for the original [/◊].
29. **1430 (26-b):** The regularized reading *not* is supplied for the original [/◊].
30. **1430 (26-b):** The regularized reading *merry* is supplied for the original [/◊].
31. **1430 (26-b):** The regularized reading *at* is supplied for the original [/◊].
32. **1430 (26-b):** The regularized reading *old* is supplied for the original [/◊].
33. **1458 (27-a):** The regularized reading *Hans* is supplied for the original [*].
34. **1458 (27-a):** The regularized reading *, is* supplied for the original [*].
35. **1458 (27-a):** The regularized reading *Vat* is supplied for the original [/◊].
36. **1458 (27-a):** The regularized reading *begaie* is supplied for the original [*].
37. **1458 (27-a):** The regularized reading *gon* is supplied for the original [*].
38. **1458 (27-a):** The regularized reading *vat* is supplied for the original [*].
39. **1459 (27-a):** The regularized reading *Sybil* is supplied for the original [*].
40. **1459 (27-a):** The regularized reading *, is* supplied for the original [*].
41. **1459 (27-a):** The regularized reading *Marry* is supplied for the original [/◊].
42. **1459 (27-a):** The regularized reading *you* is supplied for the original [/◊].
43. **1459 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *must* is supplied for the original [◇].
44. **1459 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *come* is supplied for the original [**][me].
45. **1460 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *on* is supplied for the original [◇].
46. **1460 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *her* is supplied for the original [◇].
47. **1460 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *shoes* is supplied for the original [◇].
48. **1460 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *you* is supplied for the original [◇].
49. **1460 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *made* is supplied for the original [◇].
50. **1460 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *last* is supplied for the original [◇].
51. **1460 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *me* is supplied for the original [◇].
52. **1460 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *Vare* is supplied for the original [◇].
53. **1461 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *Hans* is supplied for the original [◇].
54. **1461 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *ben* is supplied for the original [◇].
55. **1461 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *your* is supplied for the original [◇].
56. **1461 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *egle* is supplied for the original [◇].
57. **1462 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *Firk* is supplied for the original [◇].
58. **1463 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *pasties* is amended from the original *pastimes*.
59. **1463 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *Enter* is amended from the original *Eneer*.
60. **2058 (36-a)**: The regularized reading *merry* is supplied for the original [◇].
61. **2134 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *Tamar* is amended from the original *Tama*. 