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



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img: 1-a
sig: [N/A]

img: 1-b
sig: A2r

In 0001

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

In 0006

In 0007

In 0008

In 0009

In 0010

In 0011

In 0012

In 0013

THE
FAIR MAID
OF THE WEST.

OR,

A Girle worth gold.

The first part.

As it was lately acted before the King and
Queen, with approved liking.

By the Queens Majesties Comedians.

Written by T. H.

LONDON,

Printed for *Richard Royston*, and are to be sold
at his Shop in Ivie Lane. 1631.

img: 2-a
sig: A2v

ln 0001
ln 0002
ln 0003
ln 0004
ln 0005
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ln 0008
ln 0009
ln 0010
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ln 0013
ln 0014
ln 0015
ln 0016
ln 0017
ln 0018
ln 0019
ln 0020
ln 0021
ln 0022
ln 0023
ln 0024

To the much worthy, and my
most respected, IOHN OTHOVV,
Esquire, Counsellour at Law, in
the noble Societie of
Graies Inne.

SIR,
EXcuse this my boldnesse,
(I intreat you) and let it
passe under the title of my
love and respect, long
devoted unto you; of
which, if I endeavour to
present the world with a due acknow-
ledgement without the sordid expecta-
tion of reward, or servile imputation of
flatterie, I hope it will be the rather accepted.
I must ingenuously acknowledge, a weigh-
tier argument would have better suited with
your grave imployment; but there are retire-
mēts necessarily belonging to all the labours
of the body and brain: If in any such cessati-
on, you will daigne to cast an eye upon
this weak and unpollish't Poem, I shall re-
ceive it as a courtesie from you, much ex-

A3

ceeding

img: 3-a
sig: A3v

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ln 0025

ln 0026

ln 0027

ln 0028

ln 0029

ln 0030

ln 0031

ceeding any merit in mee, (my good meaning onely accepted.) Thus wishing you healthfull abilitie in body, untroubled content in minde: with the happie fruition of both the temporall felicities of the world present, and the eternall blessednesse of the life future; I still remain as ever,

ln 0032

ln 0033

Yours, most affectionately
devoted,

ln 0034

THOMAS HEYVWOOD.

To

ln 0001

To the READER.

ln 0002

CVrteous Reader, my Plaies have not

ln 0003

beene exposed to the publike view of

ln 0004

the world in numerous sheets, and

ln 0005

a large volume; but singly (as thou

ln 0006

seest) with great modesty, and

ln 0007

small noise. These Comedies, bear-

ln 0008

ing the title of, The fair Maid

ln 0009

of the West: if they prove but as gracious in thy

ln 0010

private reading, as they were plausible in the pub-

ln 0011

lick acting, I shall not much doubt of their successe. Nor

ln 0012

neede they (I hope) much fear a rugged and censorious

ln 0013

brow from thee, on whom the greatest and best in the

ln 0014

kingdome, have vouchsafed to smile. I hold it no neces-

ln 0015

sity to trouble thee with the Argument of the story, the

ln 0016

matter it self lying so plainly before thee in Acts and

ln 0017

Scenes, without any deviations, or winding indents.

ln 0018

Peruse it through, and thou maist finde in it,

ln 0019

Some mirth, some matter, &, perhaps, some wit.

ln 0020

He that would studie thy

ln 0021

content,

ln 0022

T. H.

ln 0001

Dramatis personæ.

ln 0002

Two Sea Captains.

A kitching Maid; by M^r.

ln 0003

M^r. Caroll, *a Gentlemā.*

Anthony Furner.

ln 0004

Mr. Spencer. *By M^r.*

The Maior of Foy, an Alderman, and a servant.

ln 0005

Michael Bowyer.

A Spanish Cap. by. C. Goad

ln 0006

Captain Goodlack, Spencers friend; by M^r. Rich.

An English Merchant; by

ln 0007

Perkins.

Rob. Axell.

ln 0008

Two Vintners boyes.

Mullisheg, K. of Fesse, by

ln 0009

Besse Bridges, *The fair*

M^r. Will. Allen.

ln 0010

Maid of the west; by Hugh

Bashaw Alcade; by M^r.

ln 0011

Clark.

Wilbraham.

ln 0012

M^r. Forset, *a Gentleman;*

Bashaw Ioffer.

ln 0013

by Christoph. Goad.

Two Spanish Captains.

ln 0014

M^r. Ruffman, *a swagering Gentleman; by William*

A French Merchant.

ln 0015

Shearlock.

An Italian Merchant.

ln 0016

Clem, *a drawer of wine*

A Chorus.

ln 0017

under Besse Bridges; by Mr.

The Earl of Essex going

ln 0018

William Robinson.

to Cales: the Maior of Pli-

ln 0019

Three Saylers. A Surgeon.

Mutes, personated.

ln 0020

ln 0021

wln 0001

Prologue.

wln 0002

AMongst the Grecians there were annuall feasts,

wln 0003

To which none were invited as chief guests,

wln 0004

Save Princes and their Wives. Amongst the men,

wln 0005

There was no argument disputed then,

wln 0006

But who best govern'd: And (as't did appeare)

wln 0007

He was esteem'd sole Sovereigne for that yeare.

wln 0008

The Queens and Ladies argued at that time,

wln 0009

For Vertue and for beauty which was prime,

wln 0010

And she had the high honour. Two here be,

wln 0011

For Beauty one, the other Majesty,

wln 0012

Most worthy (did that custome still persever)

wln 0013

Not for one yeare, but to be Sovereignes ever.

wln 0014
wln 0015
wln 0016
wln 0017

THE FAIRE MAID
of the VVest:
OR,
A Girle worth Gold.

wln 0018
wln 0019
wln 0020
wln 0021
wln 0022
wln 0023
wln 0024
wln 0025
wln 0026
wln 0027
wln 0028
wln 0029
wln 0030
wln 0031
wln 0032
wln 0033
wln 0034
wln 0035
wln 0036
wln 0037
wln 0038
wln 0039
wln 0040

Enter two Captaines, and M^r. Carrol.

1. Capt.

WHen puts my Lord to Sea?

2. Capt. When the winde's faire.

Car. Resolve me I intreat, can you not guesse
The purpose of this voyage?

1. Capt. Most men thinke
The Fleet's bound for the Ilands.

Carr. Nay, tis like.
The great successe at Cales under the conduct
Of such a Noble Generall, hath put heart
Into the English: They are all on fire
To purchase from the Spaniard. If their Carracks
Come deeply laden, wee shall tugge with them
For golden spoile.

2. Capt. O, were it come to that! (streets

1 Capt. How Plimouth swells with Gallants! how the
Glister with gold! You cannot meet a man
But trickt in skarffe and feather, that it seemes
As if the pride of Englands Gallantry
Were harbourd here. It doth appeare (me thinkes)
A very Court of Souldiers.

Carr. It doth so.

B

Where

wln 0041

Where shall we dine to day?

wln 0042

2. *Capt.* At the next Taverne by; there's the best wine,

wln 0043

1 *Cap.* And the best wench, *Besse Bridges*, she's the flowre

wln 0044

Of Plimouth held: the Castle needs no bush,

wln 0045

Her beauty drawes to them more gallant Customers

wln 0046

Then all the signes ith' towne else.

wln 0047

2. *Capt.* A sweet Lasse,

wln 0048

If I have any judgement.

wln 0049

1. *Capt.* Now in troth

wln 0050

I thinke shee's honest.

wln 0051

Carr. Honest, and live there?

wln 0052

What, in a publike Taverne, where's such confluence

wln 0053

Of lusty and brave Gallants? Honest said you?

wln 0054

2. *Capt.* I vow she is for me.

wln 0055

1. *Capt.* For all, I think. I'm sure she's wondrous modest.

wln 0056

Carr. But withall

wln 0057

Exceeding affable.

wln 0058

2 *Capt.* An argument that shee's not proud.

wln 0059

Carr. No, were she proud, she'd fall.

wln 0060

1 *Capt.* Well, shee's a most attractive Adamant,

wln 0061

Her very beauty hath upheld that house,

wln 0062

And gain'd her master much.

wln 0063

Carr. That Adamant

wln 0064

Shall for this time draw me to, wee'll dine there.

wln 0065

2. *Capt.* No better motion: Come to the Castle then.

wln 0066

Enter M. Spencer, and Capt. Goodlack.

wln 0067

Goodl. What, to the old house still?

wln 0068

Spenc. Canst blame me, Captaine,

wln 0069

Beleeve me, I was never surprisde till now,

wln 0070

Or catcht upon the sudden.

wln 0071

Goodl. Pray resolve me,

wln 0072

Why being a Gentleman of fortunes, meanes,

wln 0073

And well revenude, will you adventure thus

wln 0074

A doubtfull voyage, when onely such as I

wln 0075

Borne to no other fortunes then my sword

Should

wln 0076
wln 0077
wln 0078
wln 0079
wln 0080
wln 0081
wln 0082
wln 0083
wln 0084
wln 0085
wln 0086
wln 0087
wln 0088
wln 0089
wln 0090
wln 0091
wln 0092
wln 0093
wln 0094
wln 0095
wln 0096
wln 0097

Should seeke abroad for pillage.
Spenc. Pillage, Captaine?
No, tis for honor; And the brave societie
Of all these shining Gallants that attend
The great L. Generall, drew me hither first:
No hope of gaine or spoyle.
Goodl. I, but what drawes you to this house so oft?
Spenc. As if thou knewst it not.
Goodl. What, *Besse*?
Spenc. Even she.
Goodl. Come, I must tell you, you forget your selfe,
One of your birth and breeding, thus to dote
Vpon a Tanners daughter: why, her father
Sold hydes in Somersetshire, and being trade-falne,
Sent her to service.
Spenc. Prethee speake no more,
Thou telst me that which I would faine forget,
Or wish I had not knowne. If thou wilt humor me
Tell me shee's faire and honest.
Goodl. Yes, and loves you.
Spenc. To forget that, were to exclude the rest:
All saving that, were nothing. Come let's enter.

wln 0098
wln 0099
wln 0100
wln 0101
wln 0102
wln 0103
wln 0104
wln 0105
wln 0106
wln 0107
wln 0108
wln 0109
wln 0110

Enter 2. Drawers.
1. Draw. You are welcome Gentlemen. Shew them into
the next roome there.
2. Draw. Looke out a Towell, and some Rolls, a Salt and
Trenchers.
Spenc. No sir, we will not dine.
2. Draw. I am sure ye would if ye had my stomacke.
What wine drinke yee, Sacke or Claret?
Spenc. Wheres *Besse*?
2. Draw. Marry above with three or foure Gentlemen.
Spenc. Goe call her.
2. D. Ile draw you a cup of the neatest wine in Plimouth
Spenc. Ile tast none of your drawing. Goe call *Besse*.

B2

2. Draw.

The faire Maid of the West:

wln 0111
wln 0112
wln 0113
wln 0114
wln 0115
wln 0116
wln 0117
wln 0118

2 *Draw.* Theres nothing in the mouthes of these Gal-
lants, but *Besse, Besse.*

Spenc. What sa'y Sir?

2. *Draw.* Nothing sir, but Ile goe call her presently.

Spenc. Tell her who's here.

2. *Draw.* The devill rid her out of the house for me.

Spenc. Sa'y sir?

2 *Draw.* Nothing but anon anon sir.

wln 0119
wln 0120
wln 0121
wln 0122
wln 0123
wln 0124
wln 0125
wln 0126
wln 0127
wln 0128
wln 0129
wln 0130
wln 0131
wln 0132
wln 0133
wln 0134
wln 0135
wln 0136
wln 0137
wln 0138
wln 0139
wln 0140
wln 0141
wln 0142
wln 0143
wln 0144
wln 0145

Enter Besse Bridges.

Spenc. See she's come.

Bess. Sweet M^r *Spencer*, y'are a stranger growne,
Where have you beene these three dayes?

Spenc. The last night

I sate up late, at game: here take this bagge,
And lay't up till I call for't.

Bess. Sir I shall.

Spenc. Bring me some wine.

Bess. I know your taste,

And I shall please your palate.

Goodl. Troth tis a pretty soule.

Spenc. To thee I will unbosome all my thoughts,
Were her low birth but equall with her beauty
Here would I fixe my thoughts.

Goodl. You are not mad sir?

You say you love her.

Spenc. Never question that.

Goodl. Then put her to't, win Oportunity,
Shees the best bawd: If (as you say) she loves you,
She can deny you nothing.

Spenc. I have proved her
Vnto the utmost test. Examin'd her.
Even to a modest force: but all in vaine:
Shee'll laugh, conferre, keepe company, discourse,
And something more, kisse: but beyond that compasse
She no way can be drawne.

Goodl.

wln 0146
wln 0147

Goodl. Tis a vertue,
But seldome found in tavernes.

wln 0148
wln 0149
wln 0150
wln 0151
wln 0152
wln 0153
wln 0154
wln 0155
wln 0156
wln 0157
wln 0158
wln 0159

Enter Besse with wine.
Besse. Tis of the best Graves wine sir.
Spenc. Gramarcie Girle, come sit.
Besse. Pray pardon sir, I dare not.
Spenc. Ile ha't so.
Besse. My fellowes love me not, and will complaine
Of such a sawcy boldnesse.
Spenc. Pox on your fellowes,
Ile try whether their pottle pots or heads
Be harder, if I doe but heare them grumble.
Sit: now *Besse* drinke to me.
Besse. To your good voyage.

wln 0160
wln 0161
wln 0162
wln 0163
wln 0164
wln 0165
wln 0166
wln 0167
wln 0168
wln 0169
wln 0170
wln 0171
wln 0172
wln 0173
wln 0174
wln 0175
wln 0176
wln 0177

Enter the second Drawer.
2 Draw. Did you call sir?
Sp. Yes sir, to have your absence. Captaine, this health.
Goodl. Let it come sir.
2 Draw. Must you be set, and we wait, with a —
Spenc. What say you sir?
2 Draw. Anon, anon, I come there. *Exit.*
Spenc. What will you venture *Besse* to sea with me?
Besse. What I love best, my heart: for I could wish
I had beene borne to equall you in fortune,
Or you so low, to have beene rankt with me,
I could have then presum'd boldly to say,
I love none but my *Spencer*.
Spenc. *Besse* I thanke thee.
Keepe still that hundred pound till my returne
From th'Islands with my Lord: if never, wench
Take it, it is thine owne.
Besse. You binde me to you.

B3

Enter

wln 0178
wln 0179
wln 0180
wln 0181
wln 0182
wln 0183

Enter the first Drawer.

1 Draw. Besse, you must fill some wine into the Port-cullis, the Gentlemen there will drinke none but of your drawing.

Spenc. She shall not rise sir, goe, let your Master snick-up.

1 D. And that should be cousin-german to the hick-up.

wln 0184
wln 0185
wln 0186
wln 0187
wln 0188
wln 0189
wln 0190
wln 0191
wln 0192
wln 0193
wln 0194

Enter the second Drawer.

2 Draw. Besse, you must needs come, the gentlemen fling pots, pottles, drawers, and all downe staires. The whole house is in an uprore.

Besse. Pray pardon sir, I needs must be gone.

2 D. The Gentlemen swears if she come not up to thē They will come downe to her.

Spenc. If they come in peace,
Like ciuill Gentlemen, they may be welcome:
If otherwise, let them usurpe their pleasures.
We stand prepar'd for both.

wln 0195
wln 0196
wln 0197
wln 0198
wln 0199
wln 0200
wln 0201
wln 0202
wln 0203
wln 0204
wln 0205
wln 0206
wln 0207
wln 0208
wln 0209
wln 0210

Enter Caroll and two Captaines.

Car. Save you gallants, we are somewhat bold to presse Into your company. It may be held scarce manners, Therefore fit that we should crave your pardon.

Spenc. Sir, you are welcome, so are your friends.

1 Capt. Some wine.

Besse. Pray give me leave to fill it.

Sp. You shall not stir. So please you wee'l joyne cōpany.
Drawer, more stooles.

Car. I tak't that's a she drawer. Are you of the house?

Besse. I am sir.

Caroll. In what place?

Besse. I draw.

Caroll. Beere, doe you not? You are some tapstresse.

Spenc. Sir, the worst character you can bestow
Vpon the maide is to draw wine.

Caroll.

wln 0211

wln 0212

wln 0213

wln 0214

wln 0215

wln 0216

wln 0217

wln 0218

wln 0219

wln 0220

wln 0221

wln 0222

wln 0223

wln 0224

wln 0225

wln 0226

wln 0227

wln 0228

wln 0229

wln 0230

wln 0231

wln 0232

wln 0233

wln 0234

wln 0235

wln 0236

wln 0237

wln 0238

wln 0239

wln 0240

wln 0241

wln 0242

wln 0243

wln 0244

wln 0245

Caroll. She would draw none to us,
Perhaps she keepes a Rundlet for your taste,
Which none but you must pierce.

2 Capt. I pray be civill.

Spenc. I know not, Gentlemen, what your intents be,
Nor doe I feare or care. This is my roome,
And if you beare you, as you seeme in shew,
Like Gentlemen, sit and be sociable.

Car. We will. Minx, by your leave: Remove I say.

Spenc. She shall not stir.

Car. How sir?

Spen. No sir: could you out-face the devill,
We doe not feare your roaring.

Car. Though you may be companion with a drudge,
It is not fit shée should have place by us.
About your businesse, huswife.

Spenc. She is worthy
The place as the best here, and she shall keep't.

Car. You lie. *They bustle. Caroll slaine.*

Goodl. The Gentleman's slaine, away.

Besse. Oh heaven, what have you done?

Goodl. Vndone thy selfe and me too. Come away!

Besse. Oh sad misfortune, I shall lose him ever.

What, are you men or milk sops? Stand you still
Senslesse as stones, and see your friend in danger
To expire his last?

1 Capt. Tush, all our help's in vaine.

2 Capt. This is the fruit of whoores.

This mischief came through thee.

Besse. It grew first from your incivilitie.

1 Cap. Lend me a hand to lift his body hence.

It was a fatall businesse. *Exeunt Captaines.*

Enter the two Drawers.

1 Dr. One call my Master, another fetch the constable,
Here's a man kild in the roome.

2 Dr.

wln 0246
wln 0247
wln 0248
wln 0249
wln 0250
wln 0251
wln 0252
wln 0253
wln 0254
wln 0255
wln 0256
wln 0257
wln 0258
wln 0259

wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264
wln 0265
wln 0266
wln 0267
wln 0268
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wln 0270
wln 0271
wln 0272
wln 0273
wln 0274
wln 0275
wln 0276
wln 0277
wln 0278
wln 0279
wln 0280

2 Dr. How, a man kill'd saist thou. Is all paid?

1 Dr. How fell they out, canst thou tell?

2 Dr. Sure about this bold Betrice: tis not so much for
the death of the man, but how shall we come by our rec-
koning?

Exeunt Drawers.

Besse. What shall become of me! Of all lost creatures
The most infortunate. My innocence
Hath beene the cause of blood, and I am now
Purpled with murder, though not within compasse
Of the Lawes severe censure: but which most
Addes unto my affliction, I by this
Have lost so worthy and approv'd a friend,
Whom to redeeme from exile, I would give
All that's without and in me.

Enter Forset.

Fors. Your name's *Besse Bridges*?

Besse. An unfortunate Maid.

Knowne by that name too well in Plimouth here.

Your businesse, sir, with me?

Fors. Know you this Ring?

Besse. I doe: it is my *Spencers*.

I know withall you are his trusty friend,
To whom he would commit it. Speake, how fares he?
Is hee in freedome, know yee?

Fors. Hee's in health

Of body, though in minde somewhat perplext
For this late mischiefe happened.

Besse. Is he fled, and freed from danger?

Fors. Neither. By this token

He lovingly commends him to you *Besse*,
And prayes you when tis darke meet him o'th Hoe
Neere to the new-made Fort, where hee'll attend you,
Before he flyes, to take a kinde farewell.
Theres onely *Goodlack* in his company,
He intreats you not to faile him.

Besse.

wln 0281
wln 0282

Bes. Tell him from me, Ile come, Ile runne, Ile flye,
Stand Death before me: were I sure to die.

Exit.

wln 0283

Enter Spencer and Goodlacke.

wln 0284

Goodl. You are too full of passion.

wln 0285

Spenc. Canst thou blame me,

wln 0286

To have the guilt of murder burden me,

wln 0287

And next, my life in hazatd to a death

wln 0288

So ignominious: last, to lose a Love

wln 0289

So sweet, so faire, so am'rous, and so chaste,

wln 0290

And all these at an instant? Art thou sure

wln 0291

Carol is dead?

wln 0292

Goodl. I can beleeve no lesse.

wln 0293

You hit him in the very speeding place.

wln 0294

Spenc. Oh but the last of these sits neer'st my heart.

wln 0295

Goodl. Sir be advis'd by mee.

wln 0296

Try her before you trust her. She perchance

wln 0297

May take th'advantage of your hopefull fortunes:

wln 0298

But when she findes you subject to distresse

wln 0299

And casualty, her flattering love may die:

wln 0300

Your deceased hopes.

wln 0301

Spenc. Thou counselst well.

wln 0302

Ile put her to the test and utmost tryall

wln 0303

Before I trust her further. Here she comes.

wln 0304

Enter Forset, and Besse with a bagge.

wln 0305

Fors. I have done my message sir.

wln 0306

Bes. Feare not sweet *Spencer*, we are now alone,

wln 0307

And thou art sanctuar'd in these mine armes.

wln 0308

Goodl. While these conferre wee'll centinel their safety.

wln 0309

This place Ile guard.

wln 0310

Fors. I this.

wln 0311

Bes. Are you not hurt?

wln 0312

Or your skinne rac'd with his offensive steele?

wln 0313

How is it with you?

C

Spenc.

wln 0314
wln 0315
wln 0316
wln 0317
wln 0318
wln 0319
wln 0320
wln 0321
wln 0322
wln 0323
wln 0324
wln 0325
wln 0326
wln 0327
wln 0328
wln 0329
wln 0330
wln 0331
wln 0332
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wln 0334
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wln 0336
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wln 0338
wln 0339
wln 0340
wln 0341
wln 0342
wln 0343
wln 0344
wln 0345
wln 0346
wln 0347
wln 0348
wln 0349

Spenc. *Besse*, all my afflictions
Are that I must leave thee: thou knowst withall
My extreame necessity, and that the feare
Of a most scandalous death doth force me hence.
I am not neare my Country, and to stay
From new supply from thence, might deeply ingage mee
To desperate hazard.

Besse. Is it coyne you want?
Here is the hundred pound you gave me late,
Vse that, beside what I have stor'd and sav'de
Which makes it fifty more: were it ten thousand
Nay, a whole million, *Spencer*, all were thine.

Spenc. No, what thou hast keepe still, tis all thine owne.
Here be my keyes, my trunkes take to thy charge:
Such gold fit for transportage as I have,
Ile beare along: the rest are freely thine,
Money, apparell, and what else thou findest,
Perhaps worth my bequest and thy receiving,
I make thee mistresse of.

Besse. Before I doted,
But now you strive to have me extaside.
What would you have me doe, in which t'expresse
My zeale to you?

Spenc. Which in my chamber hangs,
My picture, I injoyne thee to keepe ever,
For when thou partst with that, thou locest me.

Besse. My soule may from my body be divorc'd,
But never that from me.

Spenc. I have a house in Foy, a taverne calld
The Winde-mill, that I freely give thee too,
And thither if I live Ile send to thee.

Besse. So soone as I have cast my reckonings up,
And made even with my Master, Ile not faile
To visit Foy in Cornwall. Is there else
Ought that you will injoyne me?

Spenc. Thou art faire,

wln 0350
wln 0351
wln 0352
wln 0353
wln 0354
wln 0355
wln 0356
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wln 0358
wln 0359
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wln 0361
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wln 0370
wln 0371
wln 0372
wln 0373
wln 0374
wln 0375

Ioyne to thy beauty vertue. Many suiters
I know will tempt thee: beauty's a shrewd baite,
But unto that if thou add'st chastitie,
Thou shalt ore-come all scandall. Time cal's hence,
We now must part.

Besse. Oh that I had the power to make Time lame,
To stay the starres, or make the Moone stand still,
That future day might never haste thy flight.
I could dwell here for ever in thine armes.
And wish it alwayes night.

Spenc. We trifle howers. Farewell.

Besse. First take this Ring:
Twas the first token of my constant love
That past betwixt us. When I see this next,
And not my *Spencer*, I shall thinke thee dead:
For till death part thy body from thy soule
I know thou wilt not part with it.

Spenc. Sweare for me *Besse*: for thou maist safely doe't.
Once more farewell: at *Foy* thou shalt heare from me.

Besse. Theres not a word that hath a parting sound
Which through mine eares shrills not immediate death.
I shall not live to lose thee.

Fors. Best be gone, for harke I heare some tread.

Spenc. A thousand farewels are in one contracted.
Captaine away.

Exit Spencer, & Goodlacke.

Besse. Oh, I shall dye.

Fors. What mean you *Besse*, wil you betray your friend,
Or call my name in question? Sweet, looke up.

Besse. Hah, is my *Spencer* gone?

Fors. With speed towards *Foy*,
There to take ship for Fiall.

Besse. Let me recollect my selfe,
And what he left in charge. Vertue and Chastitie.
Next, with all sudden expedition

wln 0385
wln 0386
wln 0387
wln 0388
wln 0389
wln 0390
wln 0391
wln 0392
wln 0393
wln 0394

Prepare for Foy: all these will I conserve,
And keepe them strictly, as I would my life.
Plimouth farewell: in Cornwall I will prove
A second fortune, and for ever mourne,
Vntill I see my *Spencers* safe returne.

Hoboys.

*A dumbe Show. Enter Generall, Captaines, the Mayor:
Petitioners the other way with papers: amongst these the
Drawers. The Generall gives them bagges of money. All
goe off saving the two Drawers.*

wln 0395
wln 0396
wln 0397
wln 0398
wln 0399
wln 0400
wln 0401
wln 0402
wln 0403
wln 0404
wln 0405
wln 0406
wln 0407
wln 0408
wln 0409
wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412

wln 0413

1 Draw. Tis well yet we have gotten all the money due
to my Master. It is the commonest thing that can bee for
these Captaines to score and to score: but when the scores
are to be paid, *Non est inventus.*

2 Draw. Tis ordinary amongst Gallants now a dayes,
who had rather sweare forty oaths, then onely this one
oath, God let me never be trusted.

1 Draw. But if the Captaines would follow the noble
minde of the Generall, before night there would not bee
one score owing in Plimouth.

2 Draw. Little knowes *Besse* that my Master hath got
in these desperate debts: but she hath cast up her account:
and is gone.

1 Draw. Whither canst thou tell?

2 Draw. They say to keepe a Taverne in Foy, and that
M. *Spencer* hath given her a stocke to set up for her selfe.
Well, howsoever, I am glad, though he kild the man wee
have got our money.

Explicit Actus primus.

Actus

wln 0414

Actus secundus, Scena prima.

wln 0415

Enter Forset and Roughman.

wln 0416

Forset.

wln 0417

IN your time have you seene a sweeter creature?

wln 0418

Roughm. Some weeke or thereabouts.

wln 0419

Fors. And in that small time shee hath almost undone all the other Taverns. The Gallants make no rendezvous now but at the Wind-mill.

wln 0420

wln 0421

Roughm. Spight of them Ile have her. It shall cost me the setting on but Ile have her.

wln 0422

wln 0423

Fors. Why, doe you thinke she is so easily won?

wln 0424

wln 0425

Roughm. Easily or not, Ile bid as fayre and farre as any man within twenty miles of my head, but I will put her to the squeake.

wln 0426

wln 0427

Fors. They say there are Knights sonnes already come as suiters to her.

wln 0428

wln 0429

Roughm. Tis like enough, some younger brothers, and so I intend to make them.

wln 0430

wln 0431

Fors. If these doings hold, shee will grow rich in short time.

wln 0432

wln 0433

Roughm. There shall bee doings that shall make this Wind-mill my grand seate, my mansion, my pallace, and my Constantinople.

wln 0434

wln 0435

wln 0436

wln 0437

*Enter Besse Bridges like a Mistresse,
and Clem.*

wln 0438

wln 0439

Fors. Here she comes: observe how modestly she beares her selfe.

wln 0440

wln 0441

Roughm. I must know of what burden this vessell is, I shall not beare with her till shee beare with mee, and till then, I cannot report her for a woman of good cariage.

wln 0442

wln 0443

wln 0444
wln 0445
wln 0446
wln 0447
wln 0448
wln 0449
wln 0450
wln 0451
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wln 0460
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wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
wln 0477
wln 0478
wln 0479

Besse. Your olde Master that dwelt here before my
comming, hath turn'd over your yeares to me.

Clem. Right forsooth: before he was a Vintner, hee
was a shoo-maker, and left two or three turne-overs more
besides my selfe.

Besse. How long hast thou to serve.

Clem. But eleven yeares next grasse, and then I am in
hope of my freedom. For by that time I shall be at ful age.

Besse. How old art thou now?

Clem. Forsooth newly come into my Teenes. I have
scrap'd trenchers this two yeares, and the next Vintage I
hope to be Barre-boy.

Besse. What's thy name?

Clem. My name is *Clem*, my father was a Baker, and by
the report of his neighbors, as honest a man as ever lived
by bread.

Bes. And where dwelt he?

Clem. Below here in the next crooked street, at the
signe of the Leg. Hee was nothing so tall as I, but a little
wee-man, and somewhat huckt-backt.

Besse. He was once Constable?

Clem. Hee was indeede, and in that one yeare of his
raigne, I have heard them say, hee bolted and sifted out
more businesse, then others in that office in many yeares
before him.

Besse. How long ist since he dyed?

Clem. Marry the last deare yeare. For when corne grew
to be at an high rate, my father never dowed after.

Besse. I thinke I have heard of him.

Clem. Then I am sure you have heard he was an honest
neighbor, and one that never lov'd to be meale-mouth'd.

Besse. Well sirrah, proove an honest servant, and you
shall finde me your good Mistresse. What company is in
the Marmaid?

Clem. There be foure Sea captaines. I beleeve they be
little better then spirats, they are so flush of their rudocks.

Besse.

wln 0480
wln 0481
wln 0482
wln 0483
wln 0484
wln 0485
wln 0486
wln 0487
wln 0488
wln 0489
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wln 0512
wln 0513
wln 0514
wln 0515

Bess. No matter, wee will take no note of them.
Here they vent many brave commodities,
By which some gain accrewe. Th'are my good customers,
And still returne me profit.

Clem. Wot you what Mistresse, how the two Saylers
would have served me, that calld for the pound and halfe
of Cheese?

Bess. How was it *Clem*?

Clem. When I brought them a reckoning, they would
have had me to have scor'd it up. They tooke me for a sim-
ple gull indeed, that would have had me to have taken
Chalke for Cheese:

Besse. Well, goe waite upon the Captaines, see them
want no wine.

Clem. Nor reckoning neyther, take my word Mistress.

Roughm. Shee's now at leasure, Ile to her.
Lady, what Gentlemen are those above?

Besse. Sir they are such as please to be my guests,
And they are kindly welcome.

Roughm. Give me their names.

Besse. You may goe search the Church-booke where
they were christned.

There you perhaps may learne them.

Roughm. Minion, how?

Fors. Fie, fie, you are too rude with this faire creature,
That no way seekes t'offend you.

Bess. Pray hands off.

Roughm. I tell thee maid, wife, or what e'er thou beest,
No man shall enter here but by my leave.
Come, let's be more familiar.

Bess. 'Las good-man.

R. Why knowst thou whō thou sleightst. I am *Roughman*,
The onely approved gallant of these parts,
A man of whom the Roarers stand in awe,
And must not be put off.

Bess. I never yet heard man so praise himselfe,

But

wln 0516
wln 0517
wln 0518
wln 0519
wln 0520
wln 0521
wln 0522
wln 0523
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wln 0544
wln 0545
wln 0546
wln 0547
wln 0548
wln 0549
wln 0550
wln 0551

But prov'd in'th end a coward.

Roughm. Coward, *Bess*?

You will offend me, raise in me that fury
Your beauty cannot calme. Goe to, no more,
Your language is too harsh and peremptory.
Pray let me heare no more on't. I tell thee
That quiet day scarce past me these seven yeares
I have not crackt a weapon in some fray,
And will you move my spleene?

Fors. What, threat a woman?

Bes. Sir, if you thus persist to wrong my house,
Disturbe my guests, and nightly domineire,
To put my friends from patience, Ile complaine,
And right my selfe before the Magistrate.
Can we not live in compasse of the Law,
But must be swaggerd out on't?

Roughm. Goe too, wench,
I wish thee well, thinke on't, theres good for thee
Stor'd in my brest, and when I come in place
I must have no man to offend mine eye:
My love can brooke no rivals. For this time
I am content your Captaines shall have peace,
But must not be us'd to't.

Bes. Sir if you come like other free & civill Gentlemen
Y'are welcome, otherwise my doores are barr'd you.

Roughm. That's my good Girle,
I have fortunes laid up for thee: what I have
Command it as thine owne. Goe too, be wise.

Bes. Well, I shall study for't.

Roughm. Consider on't. Farewell.

Exit.

Bes. My minde suggests mee that this prating fellow
Is some notorious Coward. If he persist
I have a tricke, to try what metall's in him.

Enter Clem.

What newes with you?

Cle. I am now going to carry the Captaines a reckning.

Bes.

wln 0552
wln 0553
wln 0554
wln 0555
wln 0556
wln 0557
wln 0558
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wln 0560
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wln 0583
wln 0584
wln 0585
wln 0586
wln 0587

Besse. And what's the summe?
Clem. Let me see, eight shillings and six pence.
Bes. How can you make that good? write them a bill.
Clem. Ile watch them for that, tis no time of night to use our bills, the Gentlemen are no dwarfes, and with one word of my mouth, I can tell them what is to *be-tall*.
Besse. How comes it to so much?
Clem. *Imprimis*, six quarts of wine at seven pence the quart, seven sixpences.
Besse. Why dost thou reckon it so?
Clem. Because as they came in by hab nab, so I will bring them in a reckning at six and at sevens.
Bes. Well, wine — 3 s, 6 d.
Clem. And what wants that of ten groats?
Besse. Tis two pence over.
Clem. Then put six pence more to it, and make it 4 s, wine, though you bate it them in their meate.
Besse. Why so I prethee?
Clem. Because of the old proverbe, VVhat they want in meate, let them take out in drinke. Then for twelve peny-worth of Anchoves, 18 d.
Besse. How can that be?
Clem. Marry very well Mistresse, 12 d. Anchoves, and 6 d. oyle and vineger. Nay they shall have a sawcy recko-
Bes. And what for the other halfe crowne? (ning
Clem. Bread, beere, salt, napkins, trenchers, one thing with another, so the *summa totalis* is — 8 s, 6 d.
Bes. Well, take the reckoning from the bar.
Clem. What needs that forsooth? The Gentlemen seem to be high flowne already, send them in but another pottle of Sacke, and they will cast up the reckoning of themselves. Yes, Ile about it.
Bes. VVere I not with so my sutors pesterd,
And might I injoy my *Spencer*, what a sweet
Contented life were this? For money flowes
And my gaine's great. But to my *Roughman* next:

wln 0588
wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591
wln 0592
wln 0593
wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596
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wln 0612

wln 0613
wln 0614
wln 0615
wln 0616
wln 0617
wln 0618
wln 0619
wln 0620
wln 0621

I have a tricke to try what spirit's in him,
It shall be my next businesse: in this passion
For my deare *Spencer*, I propose me this,
Mongst many sorrowes some mirth's not amisse,

Exit.

Enter Spencer, and Goodlacke.

Goodl. What were you thinking sir?

Spenc. Troth of the world, what any man should see in't
To be in love with it.

Goodl. The reason of your meditation.

Spenc. To imagine that in the same instant that one for-
fets all his estate, another enters upon a rich possession: as
one goes to the Church to be marryed, another is hurri-
ed to the gallowes to be hang'd, the last having no feeling
of the first mans joy, nor the first of the last mans misery.
At the same time that one lyes tortured upon the Racke,
another lyes tumbling with his Mistresse over head and
eares in downe and feathers. This when I truly consider,
I cannot but wonder why any fortune should make a man
extasy'd.

Goodl. You give your selfe too much to melancholy.

Spenc. These are my Maximes, and were they as faith-
fully practised by others, as truly apprehended by me, we
should have lesse oppression, and more charitie.

Enter the two Captaines that were before.

1 Capt. Make good thy words.

2 Capt. I say thou hast injur'd me.

1 Capt. Tell me wherein.

2 Capt. When we assaulted Fiall,

And I had by the Generals command
The onset, and with danger of my person
Enforc'd the Spaniard to a swift retreat,
And beat them from their Fort, thou when thou sawst
All feare and danger past, mad'st up with me

To

wln 0622
wln 0623
wln 0624
wln 0625
wln 0626
wln 0627
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wln 0656
wln 0657

To share that honour which was sole mine owne,
And never ventur'd shot for't, or ere came
Where bullet graz'd.

Spenc. See Captaine a fray towards,
Let's if we can attone this difference.

Goodl. Content.

1 Capt. Ile prove it with my sword,
That though thou hadst the formost place in field,
And I the second, yet my Company
Was equall in the entry of the Fort.
My sword was that day drawne as soone as thine,
And that poore honour which I won that day
Was but my merit.

2 Capt. Wrong me palpably
And justifie the same?

Spenc. You shall not fight.

1 Capt. Why sir, who made you first a Iusticer,
And taught you that word *shall?* you are no Generall,
Or if you be, pray shew us your Commission.

Spenc. Sir you have no commission but my counsell,
And that Ile shew you freely.

2 Capt. Tis some Chaplaine,

1 Capt. I doe not like his text.

Goodl. Let's beate their weapons downe.

1 Cap. Ile aime at him that offers to divide us!

2 Cap. Pox of these part-frayes, see I am wounded
By beating downe my weapon.

Goodl. How fares my friend?

Sp. You sought for blood, and Gentlemen you have it,
Let mine appease you, I am hurt to death.

1 Capt. My rage converts to pitie, that this Gentleman
Shall suffer for his goodnes.

Goodl. Noble friend,
I will revenge thy death.

Spen. He is no friend
That murmurs such a thought. Oh Gentlemen.

wln 0658
wln 0659
wln 0660
wln 0661
wln 0662
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wln 0691
wln 0692
wln 0693

I kill'd a man in Plimouth, and by you
Am slaine in Fiall, *Caroll* fell by me,
And I fall by a *Spencer*. Heav'n is just,
And will not suffer murder unreveng'd,
Heaven pardon me, as I forgive you both,
Shift for your selves: away.
 2 Capt. VVe saw him die,
But grieve you should so perish.
 Spenc. Note Heavens justice,
And henceforth make that use on't. I shall faint.
 1 Capt. Short Farewels now must serve. If thou surviv'st
Live to thine honour: but if thou expir'st
Heaven take thy soule to mercy.
 Spenc. I bleed much,
I must goe seeke a Surgeon.
 Goodl. Sir how cheare you?
 Spenc. Like one thats bound upon a new adventure
To th' other world: yet thus much worthy friend
Let me intreat you, since I understand
The Fleet is bound for England, take your occasion
To ship your selfe, and when you come to Foy
Kindly commend me to my dearest *Besse*,
Thou shalt receive a Will, in which I have
Possest her of five hundred pounds a yeare.
 Goodl. A noble Legacy.
 Spenc. The rest I have bestow'd amongst my friends,
Onely reserving a bare hundred pounds
To see me honestly and well interr'd.
 Goodl. I shall performe your trust as carefully
As to my father, breath'd he.
 Spenc. Marke me Captaine:
Her Legacie I give with this *proviso*,
If at thy arrivall where my *Besse* remaines,
Thou findest her well reported, free from scandall,
My VWill stands firme: but if thou hear'st her branded
For loose behaviour, or immodest life,

Exeunt.

VVhat

wln 0694
wln 0695
wln 0696
wln 0697
wln 0698
wln 0699
wln 0700
wln 0701
wln 0702
wln 0703
wln 0704
wln 0705
wln 0706
wln 0707
wln 0708
wln 0709
wln 0710

VVhat she should have, I here bestow on thee,
It is thine owne: but as thou lov'st thy soule
Deale faithfully betwixt my *Besse* and me.
Goodl. Else let me dye a prodigie.
Spenc. This Ring was hers, that, be she loose or chaste,
Being her owne, restore her, she will know it,
And doubtlesse she deserves it. Oh my memory,
VVhat had I quite forgot? She hath my picture,
Goodl. And what of that?
Sp. If she be ranckt amongst the loose and lewd,
Take it away, I hold it much undecent,
A whore should ha't in keeping: but if constant
Let her injoy it: this my Will performe
As thou art just and honest.
Goodl. Sense else forsake me.
Spenc. Now lead me to my Chamber, all's mads even,
My peace with earth, and my atone with heaven.

wln 0711
wln 0712

*Enter Besse Bridges like a Page with a sword,
and Clem.*

wln 0713
wln 0714
wln 0715
wln 0716
wln 0717
wln 0718
wln 0719
wln 0720
wln 0721
wln 0722
wln 0723
wln 0724
wln 0725
wln 0726
wln 0727

Bess. But that I know my mother to be chaste,
I'de sweare some Souldier got me.
Clem. It may be many a Souldiers Buffe Ierkin came
out of your fathers Tanne-fat.
Besse. Me thinkes I have a manly spirit in me
In this mans habit.
Clem. Now am not I of many mens mindes, for if you
should doe me wrong, I should not kill you, though I
tooke you pissing against a wall.
Bess. Me thinkes I could be valiant on the sudden:
And meet a man i'th field.
I could doe all that I have heard discourst
Of *Mary Ambree* or *Westminsters Long-Meg*.
Clem. VVhat *Mary Ambree* was I cannot tell, but un-
lesse you were taller you will come short of *Long Meg*.

D3

Bess.

wln 0728

wln 0729

wln 0730

wln 0731

wln 0732

wln 0733

wln 0734

wln 0735

wln 0736

wln 0737

wln 0738

wln 0739

wln 0740

wln 0741

wln 0742

wln 0743

wln 0744

wln 0745

wln 0746

wln 0747

wln 0748

Bess. Of all thy fellowes thee I ouely trust,
And charge thee to be secret.

Clem. I am bound in my Indentures to keepe my Ma-
sters secrets, and should I finde a man in bed with you, I
would not tell.

Bes. Be gone sir, but no words as you esteeme my favor.

Clem. But Mistresse, I could wish you to looke to your
long seames, fights are dangerous. But am not I in a sweet
taking thinke you?

Besse. I prethee why?

Clem. Why, if you should swagger and kill any body, I
being a Vintner should be calld to the Barre.

Besse. Let none condemne me of immodesty,
Because I trie the courage of a man
Who on my soule's a Coward: beates my servants,
Cuffes them, and as they passe by him kickes my maids,
Nay domineirs over me, making himselfe
Lord ore my house and houshold. Yesternight
I heard him make appointment on some businesse
To passe alone this way. Ile venture faire,
But I will try what's in him.

wln 0749

wln 0750

wln 0751

wln 0752

wln 0753

wln 0754

wln 0755

wln 0756

wln 0757

wln 0758

wln 0759

wln 0760

wln 0761

wln 0762

Enter Roughman and Forset.

Fors. Sir, I can now no further, weighty businesse
Calls me away.

Rough. Why at your pleasure then,
Yet I could wish that ere I past this field,
That I could meet some *Hector*, so your eyes
Might witness what my selfe have oft repeated,
Namely that I am valiant.

Fors. Sir no doubt. But now I am in haste. Farewell,

Roug. How many times brave words beare out a man?
For if he can but make a noise, hee's fear'd.
To talke of fraies, although he ne'er had heart
To face a man in field, that's a brave fellow,
I have beene valiant I must needs confesse,

wln 0763
wln 0764
wln 0765
wln 0766
wln 0767
wln 0768
wln 0769
wln 0770
wln 0771
wln 0772
wln 0773
wln 0774
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wln 0794
wln 0795
wln 0796
wln 0797
wln 0798

In street and Taverne, where there have beene men
Ready to part the fray: but for the fields
They are too cold to fight in.
Besse. You are a villaine, a Coward, and you lie.
R. You wrong me I protest. Sweet courteous Gentlemā
I never did you wrong.
Besse. Wilt tell me that?
Draw forth thy coward sword, and suddenly,
Or as I am a man Ile runne thee through,
And leave thee dead ith field.
Roug. Hold as you are a Gentleman. I have tane an oath
I will not fight to day.
Besse. Th'ast tooke a blow already and the lie,
Will not both these inrage thee?
Rough. No, would you give the bastinado too,
I will not breake mine oath.
Besse. Oh, your name's *Roughman*.
No day doth passe you but you hurt or kill.
Is this out of your calender?
Rough. I, you are deceiv'd,
I ne'er drew sword in anger I protest,
Vnlesse it were upon some poore weake fellow
That ne'er wore steele about him.
Besse. Throw your Sword.
Roug. Here sweet young sir, but as you are a gentleman,
Doe not impaire mine honor.
Besse. Tye that shooe.
Rough. I shall sir.
Besse. Vntrusse that point.
Rough. Any thing this day to save mine oath.
Besse. Enough: yet not enough, lie downe
Till I stride ore thee.
Rough. Sweet sir any thing.
Besse. Rise, thou hast leave. Now *Roughman* thou art blest
This day thy life is sav'd, looke to the rest.
Take backe thy sword.

Roughm.

wln 0799
wln 0800
wln 0801
wln 0802
wln 0803
wln 0804
wln 0805
wln 0806
wln 0807
wln 0808
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wln 0829

wln 0830
wln 0831
wln 0832
wln 0833

Roughm. Oh you are generous: honour me so much
As let me know to whom I owe my life.

Besse. I am *Besse Bridges*. brother,

Roug. Still me thought that you were something like her.

Besse. And I have heard,

You domineir and revell in her house,
Controle her servants, and abuse her guests,
VVhich if I ever shall hereafter heare,
Thou art but a dead man.

Roughm. She never told me of a brother living,
But you have power to sway me.

Bess. But for I see you are a Gentleman,
I am content this once to let you passe,
But if I finde you fall into relapse,
The second's farre more dangerous.

Roughm. I shall feare it. Sir will you take the wine?

Bess. I am for London.

And for these two termes cannot make returne:
But if you see my sister, you may say
I was in health.

Roughm. Too well, the devill take you.

Bess. Pray use her well, and at my comming backe
Ile aske for your acquaintance. Now farewell.

Rough. None saw't: hee's gone for London: I am unhurt,
Then who shall publish this disgrace abroad?
One man's no slander, should he speake his worst,
My tongue's as loud as his, but in this country
Both of more fame and credit. Should we contest
I can out-face the proudest. This is then
My comfort: *Roughman*, thou art still the same,
For a disgrace not seene, is held no shame.

Enter two Sailors.

1 Sa. Aboard, aboard, the wind stands faire for England,
The ships have all weigh'd anchor.

2 Sail. A stiffe gale blowes from the shore.

Enter

wln 0834

Enter Captaine Goodlacke.

wln 0835

Goodl. The Sailers call aboard, and I am forc'd

wln 0836

To leave my friend now at the point of death,

wln 0837

And cannot close his eyes. Here is the Will,

wln 0838

Now may I finde yon Tanners daughter turn'd

wln 0839

Vnchaste or wanton, I shall gaine by it

wln 0840

Five hundred pounds a yeare: here is good evidence.

wln 0841

1 Sailor. Sir will you take the long boat and aboard?

wln 0842

Enter a third Sailor.

wln 0843

Goodl. With all my heart.

wln 0844

3 Sail. What are you ready Mates?

wln 0845

1 Sail. We staid for you. Thou canst not tel who's dead?

wln 0846

The great bell rung out now.

wln 0847

3 Sailor. They say twas for one *Spencer*, who this night

wln 0848

Dyde of a mortall wound.

wln 0849

Goodl. My worthy friend.

wln 0850

Vnhappy man that cannot stay behinde

wln 0851

To doe him his last rights. Was his name *Spencer*?

wln 0852

3 Sail. Yes sir, a Gentleman of good account

wln 0853

And well knowne in the navy.

wln 0854

Goodl. This is the end of all mortalitie:

wln 0855

It will be newes unpleasing to his *Besse*.

wln 0856

I cannot faire amisse, but long to see

wln 0857

Whether these Lands belong to her or mee.

wln 0858

Enter Spencer, and his Surgeon.

wln 0859

Surg. Nay feare not sir, now you have scap'd this dressing

wln 0860

My life for yours.

wln 0861

Spenc. I thanke thee honest Friend.

wln 0862

Surg. Sir I can tell you newes.

wln 0863

Spenc. What ist I prethee?

wln 0864

Surg. There is a Gentleman one of your name,

wln 0865

That dide within this hower.

wln 0866

Spenc. My name? what was he, of what sicknes dide he?

E

Surg.

wln 0867
wln 0868
wln 0869
wln 0870
wln 0871
wln 0872
wln 0873
wln 0874
wln 0875
wln 0876
wln 0877
wln 0878
wln 0879
wln 0880
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wln 0894
wln 0895
wln 0896
wln 0897
wln 0898
wln 0899

Surg. No sicknesse, but a sleight hurt in the body,
Which shewed at first no danger, but being searcht,
He dyde at the third dressing.

Spenc. At my third search I am in hope of life.
The heavens are mercifull.

Surg. Sir doubt not your recovery.

Spenc. That hundred pound I had prepar'd t'expnd
Vpon mine owne expected Funerall
I for name sake will now bestow on his.

Surg. A noble resolution.

Spenc. What ships are bound for England, I would gladly
Venture to sea, though weake.

Surg. All bound that way are vnder saile already.

Spenc. Here's no securitie,
For when the beaten Spaniards shall returne,
They'le spoile whom they can finde.

Surg. We have a ship,
Of which I am Surgeon, that belongs unto
A London merchant, now bound for Mamorah
A towne in Barbary, please you to use that,
You shall command free passage: ten months hence
We hope to visit England.

Spenc. Friend I thanke thee.

Surg. Ile bring you to the Master, who I know
Will entertaine you gladly.

Spen. When I have seene the funerall rights perform'd
To the dead body of my Country man
And kinsman, I will take your courteous offer.
England no doubt will heare newes of my death,
How *Besse* will take it is to me unknowne:
On her behaviour I will build my fate,
There raise my love, or thence erect my hate.

Explicit Actus secundus.

Actus

wln 0900

Actus tertius. Scena prima.

wln 0901

Enter Roughman and Forset.

wln 0902

Forset.

wln 0903

OH y'are well met, just as I propheside

wln 0904

So it fell out.

wln 0905

Fors. As how I pray?

wln 0906

Rough. Had you but staid the crossing of one field,

wln 0907

You had beheld a *Hector*, the boldest Trojan

wln 0908

That ever *Roughman* met with.

wln 0909

Fors. Pray what was he?

wln 0910

Rough. You talke of *Little Davy*, *Cutting Dick*,

wln 0911

And divers such, but tush, this hath no fellow.

wln 0912

Fors. Of what stature and yeares was he?

wln 0913

Rough. Indeed I must confesse he was no giant,

wln 0914

Nor above fifty, but he did bestirre him,

wln 0915

Was here and there, and every where at once,

wln 0916

That I was ne'er so put to't since the Midwife

wln 0917

First wrapt my head in linnen. Let's to *Besse*.

wln 0918

Ile tell her the whole project.

wln 0919

Fors. Heres the house, wee'll enter if you please.

wln 0920

Roug. Where be these Drawers, Rascals I should say?

wln 0921

That will give no attendance.

wln 0922

Enter Clem.

wln 0923

Clem. Anon, anon sir, please you see a roome. What you here againe? Now we shall have such roaring.

wln 0924

Rough. You sirrah call your Mistresse.

wln 0925

Clem. Yes sir, I know it is my duty to call her Mistresse.

wln 0926

Rough. See and the slave will stir.

wln 0927

Clem. Yes I doe stir.

wln 0928

Rough. Shal we have humors, sauce-box, you have eares

wln 0929

Ile teach you prick-song.

wln 0930

E2

Clem.

wln 0931
wln 0932
wln 0933
wln 0934
wln 0935
wln 0936
wln 0937
wln 0938
wln 0939
wln 0940
wln 0941
wln 0942
wln 0943
wln 0944

Clem. But you have now a wrong Sow by the eare. I will call her,
Roughm. Doe sir, you had best.
Clem. If you were twenty *Roughmans*, if you lug me by the eares againe, Ile draw.
Roughm. Ha, what will you draw?
Clem. The best wine in the house for your worship: and I would call her, but I can assure you she is eyther not stirring, or else not in case.
Roughm. How not in case?
Clem. I thinke she hath not her smocke on, for I thinke I saw it lye at her beds head.
Rough. What, Drawers grow capritious?
Clem. Help, help.

wln 0945
wln 0946
wln 0947
wln 0948
wln 0949
wln 0950
wln 0951
wln 0952
wln 0953
wln 0954
wln 0955
wln 0956
wln 0957
wln 0958
wln 0959
wln 0960
wln 0961
wln 0962
wln 0963
wln 0964
wln 0965

Enter Besse Bridges.

Besse. What uprore's this? shall we be never rid From these disturbances?
Rough. Why how now *Besse*? Is this your huswifry? When you are mine Ile have you rise as early as the Larke, Looke to the Bar your selfe: these lazy rascalls Will bring your state behinde hand.
Clem. You lye sir?
Roughm. How? lye?
Clem. Yes sir at the Raven in the high-street, I was at your lodging this morning for a pottle pot.
Roughm. You will about your businesse, must you heare Stand gaping and idle?
Bess. You wrong me sir, And tyrannize too much over my servants. I will have no man touch them but my selfe.
Clem. If I doe not put Rats-bane into his wine in stead of Sugar, say I am no true Baker.
Roughm. VVhat, rise at noone? A man may fight a tall fray in a morning, And one of your best friends too be hackt and mangled,

And

wln 0966
wln 0967
wln 0968
wln 0969
wln 0970
wln 0971
wln 0972
wln 0973
wln 0974
wln 0975
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wln 0996
wln 0997
wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001

And almost cut to peeces, and you fast
Close in your bed, ne'er dreame on't.
Besse. Fought you this day?
Roughm. And ne'er was better put too't in my daies.
Besse. I pray, how was't?
Roughm. Thus: as I past yon fields:
Enter the Kitchin-maid.
Maid. I pray forsooth, what shall I reckon for the Iolle
of Ling in the Port-cullis.
Roughm. A pox upon your Iolles, you kitchin-stuffe,
Goe scowre your skilletts, pots, and dripping-pans,
And interrupt not us.
Maid. The Devill take your Oxe-heeles, you foule
Cods-head, must you be kicking?
Roughm. Minion dare you scould?
Maid. Yes sir, and lay my ladle over your coxcombe.
Besse. I doe not thinke that thou darst strike a man,
That swaggerst thus ore women.
Rough. How now *Besse*?
Besse. Shall we be never quiet?
Fors. You are too rude.
Roughm. Now I professe all patience.
Bess. Then procede.
Roughm. Rising up early, Minion whilst you slept,
To crosse yon field, I had but newly parted
With this my friend, but that I soone espide
A gallant fellow, and most strongly arm'd.
In the mid-field we met, and both being resolute,
VVe justled for the wall.
Besse VVhy, did there stand a wall in the mid-field?
Roughm. I meant strove for the way.
Two such brave spirits meeting, straight both drew.
Enter Clem.
Clem. The Maid forsooth sent me to know whether
you would have the shoulder of mutton roasted or sod.
Roughm. A mischiefe on your shoulders.

wln 1002
wln 1003
wln 1004
wln 1005
wln 1006
wln 1007
wln 1008
wln 1009
wln 1010
wln 1011
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wln 1013
wln 1014
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wln 1029
wln 1030
wln 1031
wln 1032
wln 1033
wln 1034
wln 1035
wln 1036
wln 1037

Cl. That's the way to make me never prove good porter
Besse. You still heape wrongs on wrongs.
Rough. I was in fury
To thinke upon the violence of that fight,
And could not stay my rage.
Fors. Once more proceed.
Roughm. Oh had you seene two tilting meteors justle
In the mid Region, with like feare and fury
We two encounter'd. Not *Briarius*
Could with his hundred hands have strucke more thicke.
Blowes came about my head, I tooke them still.
Thrusts by my sides twixt body and my armes,
Yet still I put them by.
Besse. When they were past he put them by. Goe on.
But in this fury what became of him?
Ro. I thinke I paid him home, hee's soundly maul'd,
I bosom'd him at every second thrust.
Besse Scap'd he with life?
Rough[·] [*·*], thats my feare: if he recover this,
Ile never trust my sword more.
Besse. Why fly you not if he be in such danger?
Rough. Because a witch once told me
I ne'er should dye for murder.
Besse. I beleeeve thee,
But tell me pray, was not this gallant fellow,
A pretty faire young youth about my yeares?
Rough. Even thereabout.
Clem. He was not fiftie then.
Besse. Much of my stature?
Rough. Much about your pitch.
Clem. He was no giant then.
Besse. And wore a suit like this?
Rough. I halfe suspect.
Besse. That gallant fellow,
So wounded and so mangled, was my selfe,
You base white-lyver'd slave, it was this shooe

That

wln 1038
wln 1039
wln 1040
wln 1041
wln 1042
wln 1043
wln 1044
wln 1045
wln 1046
wln 1047
wln 1048
wln 1049
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wln 1056
wln 1057
wln 1058
wln 1059
wln 1060
wln 1061
wln 1062

That thou stoopt to untie: untrust those points:
And like a beastly coward lay along,
Till I stridd over thee. Speake, was't not so?
Rough. It cannot be deny'd.
Besse. Hare-hearted fellow, Milk-sop, dost not blush?
Give me that Rapier: I will make thee sweare,
Thou shalt redeeme this scorne thou hast incurr'd,
Or in this woman shape Ile cudgell thee,
And beate thee through the streets. As I am *Besse*, I'll do't.
Rough. Hold, hold; I sweare.
Bes. Dare not to enter at my doore till then.
Rough. Shame confounds me quite.
Bess. That shame redeem: perhaps wee'l doe thee grace
I love the valiant, but despise the base.
Clem. VVill you be kickt sir?
Rough. She hath wakend me,
And kindled that dead fire of courage in me,
VVhich all this while hath slept: To spare my flesh
And wound my fame, what is't? I will not rest
Till by some valiant deed I have made good
All my disgraces past. Ile crosse the streete,
And strike the next brave fellow that I meet.
Fors. I am bound to see the end on't.
Rough. Are you sir?
Beates off Forset.

Exit.

wln 1063

Enter Mayor of Foy, an Alderman; and Servant.

wln 1064
wln 1065
wln 1066
wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071

Mayor. Beleeve me sir, she beares her selfe so well,
No man can justly blame her: and I wonder
Being a single woman as she is,
And living in an house of such resort,
She is no more distasted.
Alder. The best Gentlemen
The Country yeelds, become her daily guests.
Sure sir I thinke shee's rich.

Mayor.

wln 1072
wln 1073
wln 1074
wln 1075
wln 1076
wln 1077
wln 1078
wln 1079
wln 1080
wln 1081
wln 1082
wln 1083
wln 1084

Mayor. Thus much I know, would I could buy her state
VVere't for a brace of thousands.

A shot.

Ald. T'was said a ship is now put into harbour,
Know whence she is.

Serv. Ile bring newes from the key.

Mayor. To tell you true sir, I could wish a match
Betwixt her and mine owne and onely sonne,
And stretch my purse too upon that condition.

Ald. Please you Ile motion it.

Enter the Servant.

Serv. One of the ships is new come from the Islands,
The greatest man of note's one Captaine *Goodlack*.
It is but a small Vessel.

Enter Goodlack and Sailors.

Goodl. Ile meet you straight at th' VVind-mill.
Not one word of my name.

I Sail. VVe understand you.

Mayor. Sir tis told us you came late from th' Islands:

Goodl. I did so:

Mayor. Pray sir the newes from thence.

Goodl. The best is, that the Generall is in health,
And Fiall won from th' Spaniards: but the Fleet
By reason of so many dangerous tempests
Extremely wether-beaten. You sir I take it,
Are Mayor o'th towne.

Mayor. I am the Kings Lieftenant.

Goodl. I have some Letters of import from one
A Gentleman of very good account,
That dide late in the Islands, to a Maide
That keeps a Taverne here.

Mayor. Her name *Besse Bridges*?

Goodl. The same. I was desir'd to make inquirie
VVhat fame she beares, and what report shee's of.
Now you sir being here chiefe Magistrate,
Can best resolve me.

Mayor.

wln 1085
wln 1086
wln 1087
wln 1088
wln 1089
wln 1090
wln 1091
wln 1092
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wln 1111

wln 1112

wln 1113

wln 1114

wln 1115

wln 1116

wln 1117

wln 1118

wln 1119

wln 1120

wln 1121

wln 1122

wln 1123

wln 1124

wln 1125

wln 1126

wln 1127

Mayor. To our understanding,
Shee's without staine or blemish well reputed,
And by her modesty and faire demeanour,
Hath won the love of all.

Goodl. The worse for me.

Alder. I can assure you many narrow eyes
Have lookt on her and her condition,
But those that with most envy have endeavour'd
T' entrap her, have return'd won by her vertues.

Goodl. So all that I inquire of make report.
I am glad to heare't. Sir I have now some businesse,
And I of force must leave you.

Mayor. I intreat you to sup with me to night.

Goodl. Sir I may trouble you.
Five hundred pound a yeare out of my way.
Is there no flaw that I can tax her with,
To forfeit this revenew? Is she such a Saint,
None can missay her? why then I my selfe
VWill undertake it. If in her demeanor
I can but finde one blemish, staine or spot,
It is five hundred pound a yeare well got.

Exit.

wln 1128

wln 1129

wln 1130

*Enter Clem and the Sailors on the one side, at the other
Roughman, who drawes upon them, and beates them
off.*

wln 1131

wln 1132

wln 1133

wln 1134

wln 1135

wln 1136

wln 1137

wln 1138

wln 1139

wln 1140

Enter Besse, Clem, and the Sailors.

Bes. But did he fight it bravely?

Clem. I assure you mistresse most dissolutely: hee hath
runne this Sailer three times through the body, and yet
never toucht his skinne.

Besse. How can that be?

Clem. Through the body of his doublet I meant.

Besse, How shame, base imputation, and disgrace
Can make a coward valiant: Sirrah you
Looke to the barre.

F

Clem.

wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150
wln 1151
wln 1152
wln 1153
wln 1154
wln 1155
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wln 1157
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wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
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wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
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wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176

Clem. Ile hold up my hand there presently.
Bes. I understand, you came now from the Islands,
1 Sail. VVe did so.
Bes. If you can tell me tydings of one Gentleman
I shall requite you largely.
1 Sailor. Of what name?
Bess. One *Spencer*.
1 Sailor. VVe both saw and knew the man.
Besse. Onely for that call for what wine you please.
Pray tell me where you left him.
2 Sailor. In Fiall.
Bes. VVas he in health? how did he fare?
2 Sail. Why well.
Bess. For that good newes, spend, revell, and carouse,
Your reckning's paid before-hand. I'me extaside,
And my delights unbounded.
1 Sail. Did you love him?
Bess. Next to my hopes in heaven.
1 Sail. Then change your mirth.
Besse. VVhy, as I take it, you told me he was well,
And shall I not rejoyce?
1 Sail. Hee's well in heaven, For Mistrisse, he is dead,
Bess. Hah, dead! was't so you said? Th'ast givē me, friend
But one wound yet, speake but that word againe,
And kill me out-right.
2 Sail. He lives not.
Bess. And shall I? VVilt thou not breake heart?
Are these my ribs wrought out of brasse or steele,
Thou canst not craze their barres?
1 Sail. Mistris use patience, which conquers all despaire.
Besse. You advise well:
I did but jeast with sorrow: you may see
I am now in gentle temper.
2 Sail. True, we see't.
Bes. Pray take the best roome in the house, and there
Call for what wine best tasts you: at my leasure

wln 1177
wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183

Ile visit you my selfe.

I Sail. Ile use your kindnesse.

Exeunt.

Besse. That it should be my fate. Poore poore sweet-hart

I doe but thinke how thou becomst thy grave,

In which would I lay by thee: what's my wealth

To injoy't without my *Spencer*. I will now

Study to die, that I may live with him.

wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187
wln 1188
wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
wln 1192
wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196
wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203
wln 1204
wln 1205
wln 1206
wln 1207
wln 1208
wln 1209
wln 1210
wln 1211

Enter Goodlack.

Goodl. The further I inquire, the more I heare

To my discomfort. If my discontinuance

And change at Sea disguise me from her knowledge

I shall have scope enough to prove her fully.

This sadnesse argues she hath heard some newes

Of my Friends death.

Besse. It cannot sure be true

That he is dead, Death could not be so envious

To snatch him in his prime. I study to forget

That ere was such a man.

Goodl. If not impeach her,

My purpose is to seeke to marry her.

If she deny me, Ile conceale the VVill,

Or at the least make her compound for halfe.

Save you faire Gentlewoman.

Bess. You are welcome sir.

Goodl. I heare say there's a whore here that draws wine,

I am sharp set, and newly come from sea,

And I would see the trash.

Bess. Sure you mistake sir.

If you desire attendance and some wine

I can command you both. VVhere be these boyes?

Goodl. Are you the Mistresse?

Besse. I command the house.

Goodl. Of what birth are you, pra'y?

Bess. A Tanners daughter.

Goodl. VVhere borne?

wln 1212
wln 1213
wln 1214
wln 1215
wln 1216
wln 1217
wln 1218
wln 1219
wln 1220
wln 1221
wln 1222
wln 1223
wln 1224
wln 1225
wln 1226
wln 1227
wln 1228
wln 1229
wln 1230
wln 1231
wln 1232
wln 1233

Besse. In Somersetshire.
Goodl. A trade-falne Tanners daughter goe so brave:
Oh you have trickes to compasse these gay cloaths.
Besse. None sir, but what are honest.
Goodl. VVhat's your name?
Besse. *Besse Bridges* most men call me.
Goodl. Y'are a whore.
Besse. Sir, I will fetch you wine to wash your mouth,
It is so foule, I feare't may fester else.
There may be danger in't.
Goodl. Not all this move her patience.
Besse. Good sir, at this time I am scarce my selfe
By reason of a great and weighty losse
That troubles me: but I should know that Ring.
Goodl. How, this, you baggage? It was never made
To grace a strumpets finger.
Besse. Pardon sir, I both must and will leave you. *Exit.*
Goodl. Did not this well? This will sticke in my stomack
I could repent my wrongs done to this maid:
But Ile not leave her thus: if she still love him.
Ile breake her heart-strings with some false report
Of his unkindnesse.

wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236
wln 1237
wln 1238
wln 1239
wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243
wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246

Enter Clem.
Clem. You are welcome Gentleman: what wine will
you drinke? Claret, Metheglin, or Muskadine, Cyder or
Pyrrey, to make you merry, Aragoosa, or Peter-see-mee,
Canary or Charnico? But by your nose sir you should love
a cup of Malmsey: you shall have a cup of the best in Corn-
waile.
Goodl. Here's a brave drawer will quarrell with his wine.
Clem. But if you preferre the Frenchman before the
Spaniard, you shall have either here of the deepe red grape
or the pallid white. You are a pretty tall Gentleman, you
should love High-Country wine: none but Clarkes and
Sextons love Graves wine. Or are you a married man, Ile

furnish

wln 1247
wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262

wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
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wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281

furnish you with bastard, white or browne, according to the complexion of your bed-fellow.

Goodl. You rogue, how many yeares of your prentiship Have you spent in studying this set speeh?

Clem. The first line of my part was, Anon anon, sir: and the first question I answerd to, was logger-head, or block-head, I know not whether.

Goodl. Speake, wheres your Mistresse?

Clem. Gone up to her chamber.

Goodl. Set a pottle of Sacke in th' fire, and carry it into the next roome.

Exit.

Clem. Score a pottle of Sacke in the Crowne, and see at the barre for some rotten egges to burne it: we must have one tricke or other to vent away our bad commodities.

Exit.

Enter Besse with Spencers Picture.

Besse. To dye, and not vouchsafe some few commends Before his death, was most unkindly done.

This Picture is more courteous: 'twill not shrinke

For twenty thousand kisses: no nor blush:

Then thou shalt be my husband, and I vow

Never to marry other.

Enter Goodlacke.

Goodl. Wheres this harlot?

Besse. You are immodest sir to presse thus rudely Into my private chamber.

Goodl. Pox of modesty

When punks must have it mincing in their mouthes.

And have I found thee? then shalt hence with me.

Besse. Rob me not of the chieftest wealth I have:

Search all my trunks, take the best Iewels there:

Deprive me not that treasure, Ile redeeme it

With plate, and all the little coyne I have,

So I make keepe that still.

Goodl. Thinkst thou that bribes

Can make me leave my friends Will unperform'd?

F3

Besse.

wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284
wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
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wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302
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wln 1304
wln 1305
wln 1306
wln 1307
wln 1308
wln 1309
wln 1310
wln 1311
wln 1312
wln 1313
wln 1314
wln 1315
wln 1316
wln 1317

Besse. What was that Friend?

Goodl. One *Spencer*, dead i'th Islands,
Whose very last words uttered at his death
Were these, If ever thou shalt come to Foy,
Take thence my picture, and deface it quite:
For let it not be said, my pourtrature
Shall grace a strumpets chamber.

Bess. Twas not so:
You lye, you are a villaine: twas not so.
Tis more then sinne thus to bely the dead:
Hee knew if ever I would have transgrest,
'Thad beene with him: he durst have sworne me chaste,
And dyde in that believe.

Good. Are you so briefe?
Nay, Ile not trouble you: God b'oy you.

Besse. Yet leave me still that Picture, and Ile sweare
You are a Gentleman, and cannot lie.

Goodl. I am inexorable.

Besse. Are you a Christian, have you any name
That ever good man gave you?
'Twas no Saint you were call'd after. Whats thy name?

Goodl. My name is Captaine *Thomas Good* —

Bess. I can see no good in thee. Race that syllable
Out of thy name.

Goodl. *Goodlacke's* my name.

Besse. I cry you mercy sir: I now remember you,
You were my *Spencers* friend, and I am sorry,
Because he lov'd you, I have beene so harsh:
For whose sake, I intreat ere you take't hence,
I may but take my leave on't.

Goodl. You'l returne it?

Besse. As I am chaste I'll.

Goodl. For once Ile trust you.

Besse. Oh thou the perfect semblance of my Love,
And all that's left of him, take one sweet kisse,
As my last farewell. Thou resemblst him

For

wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343
wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353

For whose sweet safety I was every morning
Downe on my knees, and with the Larkes sweet tunes
I did begin my prayers: and when sad sleepe
Had charm'd all eyes, when none save the bright starres
Were up and waking, I remembred thee,
But all, all to no purpose.

Goodl. Sure, most sure, this cannot be dissembled.

Besse. To thee I have beene constant in thine absence,
And when I look'd upon this painted peece
Remembred thy last rules and principles:
For thee I have given almes, visited prisons,
To Gentlemen and passengers lent coyne,
That if they ever had abilitie
They might repay't to *Spencer*: yet for this,
All this, and more, I cannot have so much
As this poore table.

G. I should question truth, if I should wrong this creature.

Besse. I am resolv'd.

See sir, this Picture I restore you backe,
Which since it was his will you should take hence,
I will not wrong the dead.

Goodl. God be w'you.

Besse. One word more.

Spencer you say was so unkinde in death:

Goodl. I tell you true.

Besse. I doe intreat you even for goodnesse sake
Since you were one that he intirely lov'd,
If you some few dayes hence here me expir'd,
You will mongst other good men, and poore people
That haply may misse *Besse*, grace me so much
As follow me to th' grave. This if you promise,
You shall not be the least of all my friends
Remembred in my will. Now fare you well.

Goodl. Had I a heart of flint or adamant
It would relent at this. My Mistris *Besse*,
I have better tydings for you.

Besse.

wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389

Besse. You will restore my Picture? will you?
Goodl. Yes, and more then that,
This Ring from my friends finger sent to you,
With infinite commends.
Besse. You change my blood.
Goodl. These writings are the evidence of Lands,
Five hundred pound a yeare's bequeath'd to you,
Of which I here possesse you: all is yours.
Besse. This surplussage of love, hath made my losse
That was but great before: now infinite.
It may be compast: there's in this my purpose
No impossibilitie.
Goodl. What study you?
Besse. Foure thousand pound besides this Legacie,
In Iewels, gold, and silver I can make,
And every man discharg'd. I am resolv'd
To be a patterne to all Maides hereafter
Of constancy in love.
G. Sweet Mistris *Besse*, will you command my service,
If to succeed your *Spencer* in his Love,
I would expose me wholly to your wishes.
Besse. Alas my love sleepes with him in his grave,
And cannot thence be wakend: yet for his sake
I will impart a secret to your trust,
Which, saving you, no mortall should partake.
Goodl. Both for his love and yours, command my service.
Besse. There's a prise
Brought into Famouth Road, a good tight Vessell,
The Bottome will but cost eight hundred pound,
You shall have money: buy it.
Goodl. To what end?
Besse. That you shall know hereafter. Furnish her
With all provision needfull: spare no cost:
And joyne with you a ginge of lusty ladds,
Such as will bravely man her: all the charge
I will commit to you: and when shee's fitted,

Captaine

wln 1390

Captaine she is thine owne.

wln 1391

Goodl. I sound it not.

wln 1392

Besse. Spare me the rest. This voyage I intend,

wln 1393

Though some may blame, all Lovers will commend.

wln 1394

Exeunt.

wln 1395

Explicit Actus tertius.

wln 1396

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

wln 1397

After an Alarmne, Enter a Spanish Captaine, with Saylor, bringing in a Merchant, Spencer, and the Surgion prisoners.

wln 1398

wln 1399

Spaniard.

wln 1400

FOr Fialls losse, and spoile by th'English done,

wln 1401

We are in part reveng'd. There's not a Vessell

wln 1402

That beares upon her top S. *Georges* Crosse,

wln 1403

But for that act shall suffer.

wln 1404

Merchant. Insult not Spaniard,

wln 1405

Nor be too proud, that thou by oddes of Ships,

wln 1406

Provision, men, and powder mad'st us yeeld.

wln 1407

Had you come one to one, or made assault

wln 1408

With reasonable advantage; wee by this

wln 1409

Had made the carkasse of your ship your graves,

wln 1410

Low suncke to the Seas bottome.

wln 1411

Span. Englishman, thy ship shall yeeld us pillage,

wln 1412

These prisoners we will keepe in strongest Hold,

wln 1413

To pay no other ransome then their lives.

wln 1414

Spenc. Degenerate Spaniard, there's no noblesse in thee

wln 1415

To threaten men unarm'd and miserable,

wln 1416

Thou mightst as well tread ore a field of slaughter,

wln 1417

And kill them ore, that are already slaine,

wln 1418

And brag thy manhood.

wln 1419

Span. Sirrah, what are you?

wln 1420

Spenc. Thy equall as I am a prisoner,

wln 1421

But once to stay a better man then thou,

wln 1422
wln 1423
wln 1424
wln 1425
wln 1426
wln 1427
wln 1428
wln 1429
wln 1430
wln 1431
wln 1432
wln 1433
wln 1434
wln 1435
wln 1436
wln 1437

wln 1438
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wln 1441
wln 1442
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wln 1444
wln 1445
wln 1446
wln 1447
wln 1448
wln 1449
wln 1450
wln 1451
wln 1452
wln 1453
wln 1454
wln 1455
wln 1456

A Gentleman in my Country.
Span. Wert thou not so, we have strappadoe, bolts,
And engines to the Maine-mast-fastened,
Can make you gentle.

Spenc. Spaniard doe thy worst, thou canst not act
More tortures then my courage is able to endure.

Span. These Englishmen
Nothing can daunt them: Even in misery
They'l not regard their masters.

Spenc. Masters! Insulting bragging *Thrasoes*.

Span. His sawcinesse wee'l punish 'bove the rest.
About their censures we will next devise,
And now towards Spaine with our brave English prise.

Flourish

Exeunt.

Enter Besse, Mayor, Alderman, Clem.

A table set out, and stooles.

Besse. A Table and some stooles.

Cl. I shal give you occasion to ease your tailes presently.

Bes. Will't please you sit?

Mayor. With all our hearts, and thanke you.

Besse. Fetch me that parchment in my Closet window.

Cl. The three sheep-skins with the wrong side outward

Besse. That with the seale.

Clem. I hope it is my Indenture, and now shee meanes
to give me my time.

Alder. And now you are alone, faire Mistresse *Elizabeth*
I thinke it good to taste you with a motion.

That no way can displease you.

Besse. Pray speake on.

Alder. 'T hath pleas'd here Master Mayor so far to look
Into your faire demeanour that he thinkes you
A fit match for his Sonne.

Enter Clem with the parchment.

Clem. Here's the parchment, but if it bee the lease of
your house, I can assure you 'tis out.

Besse.

wln 1457
wln 1458
wln 1459
wln 1460
wln 1461
wln 1462
wln 1463
wln 1464
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wln 1485
wln 1486
wln 1487
wln 1488
wln 1489
wln 1490
wln 1491
wln 1492

Besse. The yeares are not expired.

Clem. No, but it is out of your Closet.

Besse. About your businesse.

Cl. Here's even *Susanna* betwixt the two wicked elders.

Ald. What thinke you Mistresse *Elizabeth*?

Besse. Sir I thanke you.

And how much I esteeme this goodnesse from you

The trust I shall commit unto your charge

Will truly witnes. Marry, gentle Sir!

'Las I have sadder businesse now in hand,

Then sprightly marriage, witnesse these my teares.

Pray reade there.

Maior. The last Will and Testament of *Elizabeth Bridges*

to be committed to the trust of the Mayor and Aldermen

of Foy, and their Successors for ever.

To set up yong beginners in their trade, a thousand pound

To relieve such as have had losse by Sea, 500 pound.

To every Maid that's married out of Foy,

Whose name's *Elizabeth* ten pound.

To relieve maimed Souldiers, by the yeare ten pound.

To Captaine *Goodlacke*, if hee shall performe

The businesse hee's imployed in, five hundred pound.

The Legacies for *Spencer* thus to stand,

To number all the poorest of his kin,

And to bestow on them. Item to —

Besse. Enough: you see sir I am now too poore

To bring a dowry with me fit for your sonne.

Mayor. You want a president, you so abound

In charitie and goodnesse.

Besse. All my servants

I leave at your discretions to dispose

Not one but I have left some Legacie.

What shall become of me, or what I purpose

Spare further to enquire.

Mayor. Wee'll take our leaves.

And prove to you faithfull Executors.

wln 1493
wln 1494
wln 1495
wln 1496
wln 1497

In this bequest.

Alder. Let never such despaire,
As dying rich, shall make the poore their heyre.

Exit.

Besse. Why what is all the wealth the world containes.
Without my *Spencer*?

wln 1498
wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501
wln 1502
wln 1503

Enter Roughman and Forset.

Roughm. Wheres my sweet *Besse*?
Shall I become a welcome suiter now?
That I have chang'd my Copie?

Besse. I joy to heare it.
Ile finde imployment for you.

wln 1504
wln 1505
wln 1506
wln 1507
wln 1508
wln 1509
wln 1510
wln 1511
wln 1512
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wln 1519
wln 1520
wln 1521
wln 1522
wln 1523
wln 1524
wln 1525
wln 1526

Enter Goodlacke, Sailors, and Clem.

Goodl. A gallant ship, and wondrous proudly trim'd,
Well calkt, well tackled, every way prepar'd.

Besse. Here then our mourning for a season end.

Rough. *Besse*, shall I strike that Captaine? say the word,
Ile have him by the eares.

Besse. Not for the world.

Goodl. What saith that fellow?

Besse. He desires your love, good, Captain let him ha'it.

Goodl. Then change a hand.

Besse. Resolve me all. I am bound upon a voyage,
Will you in this adventure take such part,
As I my selfe shall doe?

Rough. With my fayre *Besse*, to the worlds end.

Besse. Then Captaine and Leiftenant both, joine hands,
Such are your places now.

Goodl. Wee two are friends.

Bess. I next must swere you two, with all your ginge
True to some articles you must observe,
Reserving to my selfe a prime command,
Whilst I injoyne nothing unreasonable.

Goodl. All this is granted.

Bes. Then first, you said your ship was trim and gay,

Ile

wln 1527
wln 1528
wln 1529
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wln 1559
wln 1560
wln 1561
wln 1562

Ile have her pitcht all ore, no spot of white,
No colour to be seene, no Saile but blacke,
No Flag but sable.

Goodl. Twill be ominous, and bode disaster fortune.

Besse. Ile ha'it so.

Goodl. Why then she shall be pitcht blacke as the devil,

Besse. She shall be call'd *The Negro*, when you know

My conceit, Captaine, you will thanke for't.

Roug. But whither are we bound?

Besse. Pardon me that.

When wee are out at sea Ile tell you all.

For mine owne wearing I have rich apparell,

For man or woman as occasion serves.

Clem. But Mistrisse, if you be going to sea, what shall
become of me a land.

Besse. Ile give thee thy full time.

Clem. And shall I take time, when time is, and let my
Mistresse slip away. No, it shall be seene that my teeth are
as strong to grinde bisket as the best sailor of them all, and
my **stomac[.]le** as able to digest pouderd beefe and Poore-
john. Shall I stay here to scoare a pudding in the Halfe-
moone, and see my Mistresse at the Maine-yard with her
sailes up, and spread. No it shall be seene that I who have
beene brought up to draw wine, will see what water the
ship drawes, or Ile beray the Voyage.

Besse. If thou hast so much courage, the Captaine shall
accept thee.

Clem. If I have so much courage? When did you see
a blacke beard with a white lyvor, or a little fellow with-
out a tall stomacke. I doubt not but to prove an honour
to all the Drawers in Cornwall.

Goodl. What now remaines?

Fors. To make my selfe assotiate in this bold enterprise.

Goodl. Most gladly sir.

And now our number's full, what's to be done.

Besse. First, at my charge Ile feast the towne of Foy,

wln 1563
wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566
wln 1567
wln 1568

Then set the Cellers ope, that these my Mates
May quaffe unto the health of our boone voyage,
Our needfull things being once convey'd aboard,
Then casting up our caps in signe of joy.
Our purpose is to bid farewell to Foy.

Hoboyes long.

wln 1569
wln 1570

*Enter Mullisheg Bashaw Alcade, and Ioffer:
with other Attendants.*

wln 1571
wln 1572
wln 1573
wln 1574
wln 1575
wln 1576
wln 1577
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wln 1588
wln 1589
wln 1590
wln 1591
wln 1592
wln 1593
wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596

Mullish. Out of these bloody and intestine broiles
Wee have at length attain'd a fort'nate peace,
And now at last establisht in the Throne
Of our great Ancestors, and raigne King
Of Fesse and great Morocco.

Alcade. Mighty *Mullisheg*,
Pride of our age, and glory of the Moores,
By whose victorious hand all Barbary
Is conquer'd, aw'd, and swai'd: behold thy vassalls
With loud applauses greet thy victory.

sh[...]. flourish.

Mull. Vpon the slaughtered bodies of our foes,
We mount our high Tribunall, and being sole
VVithout competitor, we now have leasure
To stablish lawes first for our Kingdomes safetie,
The inriching of our publique Treasury,
And last our state and pleasure: then give order
That all such Christian Merchants as have traffique
And freedome in our Country, that conceale
The least part of our Custome due to us,
Shall forfeit ship and goods.

Ioff. There are appointed
Vnto that purpose carefull officers.

Mull. Those forfeitures must help to furnish up
Th'exhausted treasure that our wars consum'd,
Part of such profits as accrue that way
VVe have already tasted.

Alc.

wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602
wln 1603
wln 1604
wln 1605
wln 1606
wln 1607
wln 1608
wln 1609
wln 1610
wln 1611
wln 1612
wln 1613
wln 1614
wln 1615
wln 1616
wln 1617

Alc. Tis most fit,
Those Christians that reape profit by our Land
Should contribute unto so great a losse.
Mull. *Alcade*, They shall. But what's the style of King,
VWithout his pleasure? Finde us concubines,
The fayrest Christian Damsells you can hire,
Or buy for gold: the loueliest of the Moores
VVe can command, and Negroes every where:
Italians, French, and Dutch, choise Turkish Girles
Must fill our Alkedavy, the great Pallace,
Where *Mullisheg* now daines to keepe his Court.
Ioffer. Who else are worthy to be Libertines,
But such as beare the Sword?
Mull. *Ioffer*, Thou pleasest us.
If Kings on earth be termed Demi-gods.
Why should we not make here terrestriall heaven?
VVe can, wee will, our God shall be our pleasure,
For so our *Mecan Prophet* warrants us.
And now the musicke of the Drums surcease,
Wee'll learne to dance to the soft tunes of peace.

Hoboyes.

wln 1618
wln 1619

*Enter Besse like a Sea-captaine, Goodlacke, Roughman,
Forset, and Clem.*

wln 1620
wln 1621
wln 1622
wln 1623
wln 1624
wln 1625
wln 1626
wln 1627
wln 1628
wln 1629
wln 1630

Bess. Good morrow Captaine. Oh this last Sea-fight
VWas gallantly perform'd. It did me good
To see the Spanish Carveile vaile her top
Vnto my Maiden Flag. VWhere ride we now?
Goodl. Among the Islands.
Bess. VWhat coast is this wee now descry from farre.
Goodl. Yon Fort's call'd Fiall.
Bess. Is that the place where *Spencers* body lies?
Goodl. Yes, in yon Church hee's buried.
Besse. Then know, to this place was my voyage bound
To fetch the body of my *Spencer* thence.

In

wln 1631
wln 1632
wln 1633
wln 1634
wln 1635
wln 1636
wln 1637
wln 1638
wln 1639
wln 1640
wln 1641
wln 1642
wln 1643
wln 1644
wln 1645
wln 1646
wln 1647
wln 1648
wln 1649
wln 1650
wln 1651
wln 1652
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wln 1654
wln 1655
wln 1656
wln 1657
wln 1658
wln 1659
wln 1660
wln 1661
wln 1662
wln 1663
wln 1664
wln 1665
wln 1666

In his owne Country to erect a tombe,
And lasting monument, where when I die
In the same bed of earth my bones may lye
Then all that love me, arme and make for shore,
Yours be the spoile, he mine, I crave no more.
Rough. May that man dye derided and accurst
That will not follow where a woman leades.
Goodl. *Roughman*, you are too rash, and counsell ill,
Have not the Spaniards fortifide the towne?
In all our Ginge wee are but sixty five.
Roughm. Come, Ile make one.
Goodl. Attend me good Lieutenant.
And sweet *Besse*, listen what I have devis'd,
With ten tall Fellowes I have man'd our Boat,
To see what stragling Spaniards they can take.
And see where *Forset* is return'd with prisoners.
Enter Forset with two Spaniards.
Fors. These Spaniards we by breake of day surpris'd,
As they were ready to take boat for Fishing.
Goodl. Spaniards, upon your lives resolve us truly
How strong's the Towne and Fort.
Span. Since English *Rawleigh* wan and spoil'd it first,
The Towne's reedifide and Fort new built,
And foure Field-peeeces in the Block-house lye
To keepe the Harbours mouth.
Goodl. And what's one ship to these?
Besse. Was there not in the time of their aboad
A Gentleman call'd *Spencer* buryed there
Within the Church, whom some report was slaine,
Or perisht by a wound?
Span. Indeed there was,
And ore him rais'd a goodly monument,
But when the English Navy were sail'd thence,
And that the Spaniards did possesse the Towne.
Because they held him for an Heretike,
They straight remov'd his body from the Church.

Besse.

wln 1667
wln 1668
wln 1669
wln 1670
wln 1671
wln 1672
wln 1673
wln 1674
wln 1675
wln 1676
wln 1677
wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680
wln 1681
wln 1682
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wln 1685
wln 1686
wln 1687
wln 1688

wln 1689

wln 1690
wln 1691
wln 1692
wln 1693
wln 1694
wln 1695
wln 1696
wln 1697
wln 1698
wln 1699
wln 1700

Bes. And would the tyrants be so uncharitable
To wrong the dead? where did they then bestow him?
Span. They buried him ith fields.
Besse. Oh still more cruell.
Span. The man that ought the field, doubtfull his corne
Would never prosper whilst an hereticks body
Lay there, hee made petition to the Church
To ha'it digd up and burnt, and so it was.
Besse. What's he that loves me would perswade me live.
Not rather leape ore hatches into th'Sea:
Yet ere I die I hope to be reveng'd
Vpon some Spaniards for my *Spencers* wrong.
Rough. Let's first begin with these.
Bess. 'Las these poore slaves! besides their pardond lives
One give them money. And Spaniards where you come,
Pray for *Besse Bridges*, and speake well o'th English.
Span. We shall.
Bess. Our mourning wee will turne into revenge,
And since the Church hath censur'd so my *Spencer*,
Bestow upon the Church some few cast Peeces,
Command the Gunner do't.
Goodl. And if he can to batter it to the earth. *A Peece.*

Enter Clem falling for haste.

Clem. A Saile, a Saile.
Besse. From whence?
Clem. A pox upon yon Gunner, could he not giue war-
ning before he had shot?
Rough. Why I prethee?
Clem. Why? I was sent to the top-mast to watch, and
there I fell fast asleepe. Bounce quoth the guns, downe
tumbles *Clem*, and if by chance my feet had not hung in
the tackles, you must have sent to England for a bone-
setter, for my necke had beene in a pittifull taking,
Rough. Thou toldst us of a Saile.

H

Enter

wln 1701
wln 1702
wln 1703
wln 1704
wln 1705
wln 1706
wln 1707
wln 1708
wln 1709
wln 1710
wln 1711
wln 1712
wln 1713
wln 1714
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wln 1720
wln 1721
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wln 1723
wln 1724
wln 1725
wln 1726
wln 1727

wln 1728
wln 1729
wln 1730
wln 1731
wln 1732
wln 1733
wln 1734
wln 1735

Enter Sailer above.

Sailor. Arme Gentlemen, a gallant ship of warre
Makes with her full sailes this way: who it seemes
Hath tooke a Barke of England.

Besse. Which wee'll rescue.
Or perish in th'adventure. You have sworne
That howsoere we conquer or miscary
Not to reveale my sex.

All. Wee have.

Bess. Then for your Countries honor, my revenge,
For your owne fame, and hope of golden spoile,
Stand bravely to't. The manage of the fight
We leaue to you.

Go. Then now up with your fights, & let your ensignes
Blest with S. *Georges* Crosse, play with the windes.
Faire *Besse*, keepe you your cabin.

Besse. Captaine you wrong me, I will face the fight,
And where the bullets sing loudst 'bout mine eares,
There shall you finde me chearing up my men.

Rough. This wench would of a coward make an *Hercules*.

Besse. Trumpets a charge, and with your whistles shrill
Sound boatswaynes an alarum to your mates.
With musicke cheare up their astonisht soules,
The whilst the thundring Ordnance beare the Base.

Goodl. To fight against the Spaniards we desire,
Alarme Trumpets.

Alarme.

Rough. Gunners straight give fire.

Shot.

*Enter Goodlacke hurt. Besse, Roughman,
Forset, Clem.*

Goodl. I am shot and can no longer man the Decke,
Yet let not my wound daunt your courage mates.

Besse. For every drop of blood that thou hast shed,
Ile have a Spaniards life. Advance your Targets,
And now cry all, Boord, boord, amaine for England.

Alarme.

Enter

wln 1736
wln 1737

*Enter with victory Besse, Roughman, Forset, Clem. &c.
The Spaniards Prisoners.*

wln 1738
wln 1739
wln 1740
wln 1741
wln 1742
wln 1743
wln 1744
wln 1745
wln 1746
wln 1747
wln 1748
wln 1749
wln 1750
wln 1751
wln 1752
wln 1753
wln 1754
wln 1755
wln 1756
wln 1757

Besse. How is it with the Captaine?
Rough. Nothing dangerous,
But being shot ith' thigh hee keeps his Cabin,
And cannot rise to greet your victory.
Besse. He stood it bravely out whilst he could stand.
Clem. But for these Spaniards, now you *Don Diegoes*,
You that made *Paules* to stinke.
Roughm. Before we further censure them, let's know
What English prisoners they have here aboard.
Span. You may command them all. We that were now
Lords ouer them, Fortune hath made your slaves,
Release our prisoners.
Besse. Had my captaine dide
Not one proud Spaniard had escap'd with life,
Your ship is forfeit to us, and your goods.
So live. Give him his long Boate: him and his
Set safe ashore; and pray for English *Besse.*
Sp. I know not whom you meane, but bee't your Queene
Famous *Elizabeth*, I shall report
She and her subjects both are mercifull. *Exeunt.*

wln 1758
wln 1759
wln 1760
wln 1761
wln 1762
wln 1763
wln 1764
wln 1765
wln 1766
wln 1767
wln 1768
wln 1769

Enter Roughman, with the Merchant and Spencer.
Bess. Whence are you sir? and whither were you bound?
Merch. I am a London bound for Barbary,
But by this Spanish Man-of-warre surpris'd,
Pillag'd and captiv'd.
Besse. We much pittie you,
What losse you have sustain'd, this Spanish prey
Shall make good to you to the utmost farthing.
Merc. Our lives, and all our fortunes whatsoever
Are wholly at your service.
Besse. These Gentlemen have been dejected long,
Let me peruse them all, and give them money

wln 1770
wln 1771
wln 1772
wln 1773
wln 1774
wln 1775
wln 1776
wln 1777
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wln 1797
wln 1798
wln 1799
wln 1800
wln 1801
wln 1802
wln 1803

To drinke our health, and pray forget not Sirs,
To pray for — Hold, support me, or I faint.

Roughm. What sudden unexpected extasie
Disturbs your conquest.

Besse. Interrupt me not,
But give me way for Heavens sake.

Spencer. I have seene a face ere now like that yong Gen-
But not remember where. (tleman,

Besse. But he was slaine,
Lay buried in yon Church, and thence remov'd,
Denyde all Christian rights, and like an Infidell
Confinde unto the fields, and thence digd up,
His body after death had martyrdome:

All these assure me tis his shadow dogs me,
For some most just revenge thus farre to Sea.
Is it because the Spaniards scap'd with life,
That were to thee so cruell after death
Thou haunst me thus? Sweet ghost thy rage forbear,
I will revenge thee on the next we seize.

I am amaz'd, this sight Ile not endure.
Sleepe, sleepe, faire ghost, for thy revenge is sure.

Roug. Forset, convey the owner to his cabin.

Spencer. I pray sir what young Gentleman is that?

Rough. Hee's both the owner of the ship and goods,
That for some reasons hath his name conceal'd.

Spencer. Me thinke he lookes like *Besse*, for in his eyes
Lives the first love that did my heart surprise.

Roughm. Come Gentlemen, first make your losses good
Out of this Spanish prize. Let's then divide
Both severall wayes, and heavens be our guide.

Merc. We towards Mamorrah.

Roughm. We where the Fates doe please,
Till we have tract a wilderness of Seas.

Florish.

Enter

wln 1804
wln 1805
wln 1806
wln 1807
wln 1808
wln 1809
wln 1810
wln 1811
wln 1812
wln 1813
wln 1814
wln 1815
wln 1816
wln 1817
wln 1818
wln 1819
wln 1820
wln 1821
wln 1822
wln 1823
wln 1824

Enter Chorus.
Our Stage so lamely can expresse a Sea,
That we are forst by *Chorus* to discourse
What should have beene in action. Now imagine
Her passion ore, and *Goodlacke* well recoverd,
Who had he not been wounded and seene *Spencer*,
Had sure descride him. Much prise they have tane,
The French and Dutch she spares, onely makes spoile
Of the rich Spaniard, and the barbarous Turke.
And now her fame growes great in all these seas.
Suppose her rich, and forst for want of water
To put into Mamorrah in Barbary,
Where wearied with the habit of a man,
She was discovered by the Moores aboard,
Which told it to the amorous King of Fesse,
That ne'er before had English Lady seene.
He sends for her on shore, how he receives her,
How she and *Spencer* meet, must next succeed.
Sit patient then, when these are fully told,
Some may hap say, I, there's a Girle worth gold.

Act long.

Exeunt.

wln 1825

Explicit Actus quartus.

wln 1826

Actus quintus. Scena prima.

wln 1827

Enter Mullisheg, Alcade, Ioffer, and Attendants, &c.

wln 1828

Mullisheg.

BVt was she of such presence?

wln 1829

Alc. To decrive her were to make eloquence dumb

wln 1830

Mull. Well habited?

wln 1831

Alc. I ne'er beheld a beauty more compleat.

wln 1832

Mull. Thou hast inflam'd our spirits. In England borne?

wln 1833

H3

Alc.

wln 1834
wln 1835
wln 1836
wln 1837
wln 1838
wln 1839
wln 1840
wln 1841
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wln 1858
wln 1859
wln 1860
wln 1861
wln 1862
wln 1863
wln 1864
wln 1865
wln 1866
wln 1867
wln 1868

Alc. The Captaine so reported.
Mull. How her ship?
Alc. I never saw a braver Vessell saile,
And she is call'd *The Negro*.
Mull. Ominous
Perhaps to our good fate, She in a *Negro*
Hath sail'd thus farre to bosome with a Moore.
But for the motion made to come ashore,
How did she relish that?
Alc. I promist to the Captaine large reward
To winne him to it, and this day he'hath promist
To bring me her free answer.
Mull. When he comes
Give him the entertainment of a Prince.
Enter a Moore.
The newes with thee?
Moore. The Captaine of *The Negro* craves admittance
Vnto your Highnesse presence.
Mul. A Guard attend him, and our noblest Bashawes
Conduct him safe where we will parly him. *Flowrish.*

Enter Goodlacke, and Roughman.
Goodl. Long live the high and mighty King of Fesse.
Mull. If thou bringst her then dost thou bring me life.
Say, will she come?
Goodl. She will my Lord, but yet conditionally
She may be free from violence.
Mull. Now by the mighty Prophet we adore,
She shall live Lady of her free desires,
Tis love, not force, must quench our amorous fires.
Rough. We will conduct her to your presence straight.
Mul. We will have banquets, revels. and what not
To entertaine this stranger. *Hoboyes.*
Enter Besse Bridges vail'd, Goodlack, Roughman, Forset,
and Moores.
A goodly presence! why's that beauty vail'd?
Bess.

wln 1869
wln 1870
wln 1871
wln 1872
wln 1873
wln 1874
wln 1875
wln 1876
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wln 1900
wln 1901
wln 1902
wln 1903
wln 1904

Besse. Long live the King of Fesse.
Mull. I am amaz'd,
This is no mortall creature I behold,
But some bright Angell that is dropt from heaven,
Sent by our prophet. Captaine, let me thus
Imbrace thee in my armes. Load him with gold
For this great favour.
Bess. Captaine, touch it not.
Know King of Fesse my followers want no gold,
I onely came to see thee for my pleasure,
And shew thee, what these say thou never saw'st,
A woman borne in England.
Mull. That English earth may well be term'd a heaven,
That breedes such divine beauties. Make me sure
That thou art mortall, by one friendly touch.
Besse. Keepe off: for till thou swearst to my demands
I will have no commerce with *Mullisheg*,
But leave thee as I came.
Mull. Were't halfe my Kingdome,
That, beautious English Virgin, thou shalt have.
Besse. Captaine reade.
Goodl. First, libertie for her and hers to leave the Land
at her pleasure.
Next, safe conduct to and from her ship at her owne
discretion.
Thirdly, to be free from all violence, eyther by the King
or any of his people.
Fourthly, to allow her mariners fresh victuals aboard.
Fiftly, to offer no further violence to her person, then
what hee seekes by kingly usage, and free intreaty.
Mull. To these I vow and seale.
Besse. These being assur'd
Your courtship's free, and henceforth we secur'd.
Mull. Say Gentlemen of England, what's your fashion
And garbe of entertainment?
Goodl. Our first greeting

Begins

wln 1905
wln 1906
wln 1907
wln 1908
wln 1909
wln 1910
wln 1911
wln 1912
wln 1913
wln 1914
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wln 1936
wln 1937
wln 1938
wln 1939
wln 1940

Begins still on the lips.

Mul. Fayre creature, shall I be immortaliz'd
With that high favour?

Besse. Tis no immodest thing
You aske, nor shame, for *Besse* to kisse a King.

Mul. This kisse hath all my vitalls extaside.

Rou. Captain this king is mightily in love. VVel let her
Doe as she list, Ile make use of his bounty.

Goodl. We should be mad men else.

Mullish. Grace me so much as take your seat by me.

Besse. Ile be so farre commanded.

Mull. Sweet, your age?

Besse. Not fully yet seaventeene.

Mu. But how your birth? how came you to this wealth,
To have such Gentlemen at your command?

And what your cause of travell?

Besse. Mighty Prince,

If you desire to see me beat my brest,
Poure forth a river of increasing teares,

Then you may urge me to that sad discourse.

Mull. Not for Mamorrahs wealth, nor all the gold
Coyn'd in rich Barbary. Nay sweet arise,
And aske of me be't halfe this kingdomes treasure,
And thou art Lady on't.

Besse. If I shall aske, 'tmust be, you will not give.
Our country breedes no beggers, for our hearts
Are of more noble temper.

Mull. Sweet, your name?

Besse. *Elizabeth.*

Mull. There's vertue in that name.

The Virgin Queene so famous through the world,
The mighty Empresse of the maiden-Ile,
Whose predecessors have ore-runne great France,
Whose powerfull hand doth still support the Dutch,
And keepes the potent King of Spaine in awe,
Is not she titled so?

Besse.

wln 1941

Besse. She is.

wln 1942

Mull. Hath she her selfe a face so faire as yours

wln 1943

When she appeares for wonder.

wln 1944

Besse. Mighty *Fesse*,

wln 1945

You cast a blush upon my maiden cheeke,

wln 1946

To patterne me with her. Why Englands Queene

wln 1947

She is the onely Phœnix of her age,

wln 1948

The pride and glory of the Westerne Isles:

wln 1949

Had I a thousand tongues they all would tyre

wln 1950

And faile me in her true description.

wln 1951

Mull. Grant me this,

wln 1952

To morrow we supply our Iudgement-seate,

wln 1953

And sentence causes, sit with us in state,

wln 1954

And let your presence beautifie our Throne.

wln 1955

Bess. In that I am your servant.

wln 1956

Mul. And we thine.

wln 1957

Set on in state, attendants, and full traine:

wln 1958

But finde to aske, we vow thou shalt obtaine.

wln 1959

Enter Clem, manet Goodlacke.

wln 1960

Clem. It is not now as when *Andrea* liv'd,

wln 1961

Or rather *Andrew* our elder Iourneyman: what, Drawers

wln 1962

become Courtiers? Now may I speake with the old ghost

wln 1963

in *Ieronimo*;

wln 1964

When this eternall substance of my soule

wln 1965

Did live imprisoned in this wanton flesh,

wln 1966

I was a Courtier in the Court of *Fesse*.

wln 1967

Goodl. Oh well done *Clem*. It is your Mistris pleasure

wln 1968

None come a shore that's not well habited.

wln 1969

Clem. Nay for mine owne part, I hold my selfe as good

wln 1970

a Christian in these cloaths, as the proudest Infidell of

wln 1971

them all.

wln 1972

Enter Alcade and Ioffer.

wln 1973

Alcade. Sir, by your leave, y'are of the English traine?

wln 1974

Clem. I am so thou great Monarch of the Mauritanians.

wln 1975

Ioff. Thē tis the Kings cōmand we give you al attendance

wln 1976
wln 1977
wln 1978
wln 1979
wln 1980
wln 1981
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wln 2005
wln 2006
wln 2007
wln 2008
wln 2009
wln 2010
wln 2011

Clem. Great Seignior of the Sarazens I thanke thee.

Alc. Will you walke in to banquet?

Clem. I will make bold to march in towards your banquet, and there comfit my selfe, and cast all carawayes downe my throat, the best way I have to conserve my selfe in health: and for your countries sake which is called Barbery, I will love all Barbers and Barberies the better: And for you Moores, thus much I meane to say, Ile see if Moore I eate the Moore I may.

Enter two Merchants.

1. Merch. I pray sir are you of the English traine?

Clem. Why what art thou my friend?

1 Mer. Sir, a French merchant runne into relapse, And forfeit of the Law: heres for you sir Forty good Barbery peeces to deliver Your Lady this petition, who I heare Can all things with the King.

Clem. Your gold doth binde me to you: you may see what it is to be a sudden Courtier. I no sooner put my nose into the Court, but my hand itches for a bribe already. What's your businesse my friend?

2 Mer. Some me of my men for a little outrage done Are sentenc'd to the Gallies.

Clem. To the Gallowes?

2 Mer. No, to the Gallies: now could your Lady purchase Their pardon from the King, heres twenty angels?

Clem. What are you sir?

2 Merc. A Florentine Merchant.

Clem. Then you are, as they say, a Christian?

2 Mer. Heaven forbid else.

Clem. I should not have the faith to take your gold else. Attend on mee, Ile speake in your behalfe.

Where be my Bashawes? vsher us in state, Florish.

And when we sit to banquet see you waite.

Exit.

Enter Spencer solus.

Spenc. This day the king ascends his royall throne,

The

wln 2012
wln 2013
wln 2014
wln 2015
wln 2016

The honest Merchant in whose ship I came,
Hath by a cunning quiddit in the Law
Both ship and goods made forfeit to the king,
To whom I will petition. But no more,
Hee's now upon his entrance.

Hoboyes.

wln 2017
wln 2018

*Enter the King, Besse, Goodlacke, Roughman, Alcade, Ioffer,
with all the other Traine.*

wln 2019
wln 2020
wln 2021
wln 2022
wln 2023
wln 2024
wln 2025
wln 2026
wln 2027
wln 2028
wln 2029
wln 2030
wln 2031
wln 2032
wln 2033
wln 2034
wln 2035
wln 2036
wln 2037
wln 2038
wln 2039
wln 2040
wln 2041
wln 2042
wln 2043
wln 2044
wln 2045

Mull. Here seat thee Maid of England like a Queene,
The style wee'll give thee, wilt thou daine us love.
Besse. Blesse me you holy Angels.
Mull. What ist offends you Sweet?
Spenc. I am amaz'd, and know not what to thinke on't.
Besse. Captaine, dost not see? Is not that *Spencers* ghost?
Goodl. I see, and like you I am extaside.
Spenc. If mine eyes mistake not,
That should be Captaine *Goodlacke*, and that *Besse*.
But oh, I cannot be so happy.
Goodl. Tis he, and Ile salute him.
Besse. Captaine stay,
You shall be swaide by me.
Spenc. Him I wel know, but how should she come hither
Mull. What ist that troubles you?
Besse. Most mighty king,
Spare me no longer time, but to bestow
My Captaine on a message.
Mull. Thou shalt command my silence, and his eare.
Besse. Goe winde about, and when you see least eyes
Are fixt on you, single him out and see
If we mistake not. If he be the man,
Give me some private note.
Goodl. This.
Bess. Enough. VVhat said you highnesse?
Mull. Harke what I profer thee, Continue here,
And grant me full fruition of thy love.

wln 2046
wln 2047
wln 2048
wln 2049
wln 2050
wln 2051
wln 2052
wln 2053
wln 2054
wln 2055
wln 2056
wln 2057
wln 2058
wln 2059
wln 2060
wln 2061
wln 2062

Bes. Good.
Mull. Thou shalt have all my Peeres to honour thee
Next our great prophet.
Besse. Well.
Mull. And when th'art weary of our Sun-burnt clime,
Thy *Negro* shall be ballast home with gold.
Bess. I am eterniz'd ever.
Now all you sad disasters dare your worst,
I neither care nor feare: my *Spencer* lives.
Mull. You minde me not sweet Virgin.
Besse. You talke of love.
My Lord, Ile tell you more of that hereafter.
But now to your State-businesse: bid him doe thus
No more, and not be seene till then.
Goodl. Enough: come sir, you must along with me.
Bess. Now stood a thousand deaths before my face,
I would not change my cheare, since *Spencer's* safe.

wln 2063
wln 2064
wln 2065
wln 2066
wln 2067
wln 2068
wln 2069
wln 2070
wln 2071
wln 2072
wln 2073
wln 2074
wln 2075
wln 2076
wln 2077
wln 2078
wln 2079
wln 2080

Enter Clem and the Merchants.
Clem. By your leave my Masters: roome for Generosity.
1 Merch. Pray sir remember me.
2 Merch. Good sir, my suit.
Cl. I am perfect in both your parts without prompting.
Mistresse, here are two christen friends of mine have for-
feiter ships and men to the black a Morrian king. Now one
sweet word from your lips might get their release. I have
had a feeling of the businesse already.
Mul. For dealing in commodities forbid
Y'are fin'd a thousand duckats.
Besse. Cast off the burden of your heavy doome,
A follower of my traine petitions for him.
Mull. One of thy traine, sweet *Besse*?
Clem. And no worse man then my selfe sir.
Mull. Well sirrah, for your Ladies sake,
His ship and goods shall be restor'd againe.
1 Mer. Long live the King of Fesse.

Clem.

wln 2081
wln 2082
wln 2083
wln 2084
wln 2085
wln 2086
wln 2087
wln 2088
wln 2089
wln 2090
wln 2091
wln 2092
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wln 2109
wln 2110
wln 2111
wln 2112
wln 2113
wln 2114
wln 2115
wln 2116

Clem. Maist thou never want sweet water to wash thy
blacke face in, most mighty Monarke of Morocco.
Mistris, another friend, I, and paid before hand.
Mull. Sirrah, your men for outrage and contempt
Are doom'd unto the Gallies.
Bess. A censure too severe for Christians.
Great King, Ile pay their ransome.
Mul. Thou my *Besse*?
Thy word shall be their ransome, th'are discharg'd.
What grave old man is that?
Ioff. A Christian Preacher, one that would convert
Your Moores, and turne them to a new believe.
Mull. Then he shall die, as wee are king of Fesse.
Bes. For these I onely spake, for him I kneele,
If I have any grace with mighty Fesse.
Mul. We can deny thee nothing beautious maid,
A kisse shall be his pardon.
Bes. Thus I pay't.
Clem. Must your black face be smooching my Mistresses
white lips with a moorian. I would you had kist her a —
Alc. Ha, how is that sir?
Clem. I know what I say sir, I would he had kist her a —
Alcade. A— what?
Clem. A thousand times to have done him a pleasure.
Enter Spencer and Goodlacke.
Mull. That kisse was worth the ransome of a King.
What's he of that brave presence?
Besse. A Gentleman of England, and my friend,
Doe him some grace for my sake.
Mull. For thy sake what would not I performe?
Hee shall have grace and honour. *Ioffer,* goe
And see him gelded to attend on us,
He shall be our chiefe Eunuch.
Besse. Not for ten worlds. Behold great king I stand
Betwixt him and all danger. Have I found thee?
Ceaze what I have, take both my ship and goods,

wln 2117

Leave nought that's mine unrifled: spare me him.

wln 2118

And have I found my *Spencer*!

wln 2119

Clem. Please your Majestie, I see all men are not capable
of honour, what he refuseth, may it please you to bestow
on me.

wln 2121

Mull. With all my heart. Goe beare him hence *Alcade*,
Into our Alkedavy, honour him,
And let him taste the razor.

wln 2122

wln 2123

wln 2124

Clem. There's honour for me.

wln 2125

Alc. Come follow.

wln 2126

Clem. No sir, Ile goe before you for mine honour.

Exit.

wln 2127

Spenc. Oh shew your selfe renowned king the same

wln 2128

Fame blazons you: bestow this Maid on me,

wln 2129

Tis such a gift as kingdomes cannot buy:

wln 2130

She is a president of all true love,

wln 2131

And shall be registred to after times,

wln 2132

That ne'er shall patterne her.

wln 2133

Goodl. Heard you the story of their constant love.

wln 2134

'Twould move in you compassion.

wln 2135

Rough. Let not intemperate love sway you bove pittie,

wln 2136

That forraigne nation that ne'er heard your name,

wln 2137

May chronicle your vertues.

wln 2138

Mull. You have wakend in me an heroick spirit:

wln 2139

Lust shall not conquer vertue. Till this hower

wln 2140

We grac'd thee for thy beauty English woman,

wln 2141

But now we wonder at thy constancy.

wln 2142

Bes. Oh were you of our faith, Ide sweare great *Mullisheg*

wln 2143

To be a god on earth. And lives my *Spencer*?

wln 2144

In troath I thought thee dead.

wln 2145

Spenc. In hope of thee

wln 2146

I liv'd to gaine both life and libertie.

wln 2147

Enter Clem running.

wln 2148

Clem. No more of your honour if you love me. Is this
your Moorish preferment to rob a man of his best jewels?

wln 2149

Mul. Hast thou seene our Alkedavy?

wln 2150

wln 2151

Clem.

wln 2152
wln 2153
wln 2154
wln 2155
wln 2156
wln 2157
wln 2158
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wln 2180
wln 2181

wln 2182

Clem. Davy doe you call him? he may be call'd shavee
I am sure he hath tickled my currant commodity,
No more your cutting honour if you love me.

Mul. All your strange fortunes we will heare discourst
And after that your faire espousals grace,
If you can finde a man of your beliefe
To doe that gratefull office.

Spenc. None more fit
Then this religious and grave Gentleman
Late rescued from deaths sentence.

Preacher. None more proud
To doe you that poore service.

Mul. Noble Englishman,
I cannot fasten bounty to my will,
Worthy thy merit, move some suite to us.

Spencer. To make you more renown'd great king, and us
The more indebted, theres an Englishman
Hath forfeited his ship for goods uncustom'd.

Mul. Thy suite is granted ere it be halfe begg'd,
Dispose them at thy pleasure.

Spenc. Mighty king
We are your Highnesse servants,

Mul. Come beautious Maid, wee'll see thee crown'd a
At all our pompous banquets these shall waite. (bride,
Thy followers and thy servants presse with gold,
And not the mean'st that to thy traine belongs,
But shall approve our bounty. Leade in state,
And wheresoe'er thy fame shall be inroll'd,
The world report thou art a Girle worth gold.

Explicit Actus quintus.

FINIS.

Textual Notes

1. **479 (11-b)**: Clem's word for *pirates* is purposefully misspoken.
2. **902 (17-b)**: Speech is by Roughman, erroneously attributed to Forset.
3. **1020 (19-a)**: The regularized reading *Roughman* is supplied for the original *Roug[·]*.
4. **1020 (19-a)**: The regularized reading *Ay* is supplied for the original *[·]*.
5. **1250 (22-b)**: The regularized reading *speech* is amended from the original *speeh*.
6. **1546 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *stomach* is supplied for the original *somac[·]e*.
7. **1580 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *shout* is supplied for the original *sh[··]*.