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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

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

ln 0009

ln 0010

ln 0011

ln 0012

ln 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
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ln 0010
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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*

A French Merchant.

ln 0015

Gentleman; by William

An Italian Merchant.

ln 0016

Shearlock.

A Chorus.

ln 0017

Clem, a drawer of wine

The Earl of Essex going

ln 0018

under Besse Bridges; by Mr.

to Cales: the Maior of Pli-

ln 0019

William Robinson.

moth, with Petitioners,

ln 0020

Three Sayers. A Surgeon.

Mutes, personated.

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 Soveraigne 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 Soveraignes ever.

THE

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

wln 0014
wln 0015
wln 0016
wln 0017

*Enter two Captaines, and M^r. Carrol.
1. Capt.*

wln 0018
wln 0019

WHen puts my Lord to Sea?

wln 0020
wln 0021

2. Capt. When the winde's faire.

wln 0022
wln 0023

Car. Resolve me I intreat, can you not guesse

The purpose of this voyage?

wln 0024
wln 0025

1. Capt. Most men thinke

The Fleet's bound for the Ilands.

wln 0026
wln 0027

Carr. Nay, tis like.

The great successe at Cales under the conduct

wln 0028
wln 0029

Of such a Noble Generall, hath put heart

Into the English: They are all on fire

wln 0030
wln 0031

To purchase from the Spaniard. If their Carracks

Come deeply laden, wee shall tugge with them

wln 0032
wln 0033

For golden spoile.

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

wln 0034
wln 0035

1 Capt. How Plimouth swells with Gallants! how the

Glister with gold! You cannot meet a man

wln 0036
wln 0037

But trickt in skarffe and feather, that it seemes

As if the pride of Englands Gallantry

wln 0038
wln 0039

Were harbourd here. It doth appeare (me thinkes)

A very Court of Souldiers.

wln 0040

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. *Capt.* 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

Should seeke abroad for pillage.

wln 0077

Spenc. Pillage, Captaine?

wln 0078

No, tis for honor; And the brave societie

wln 0079

Of all these shining Gallants that attend

wln 0080

The great L. Generall, drew me hither first:

wln 0081

No hope of gaine or spoyle.

wln 0082

Goodl. I, but what drawes you to this house so oft?

wln 0083

Spenc. As if thou knewst it not.

wln 0084

Goodl. What, *Besse*?

wln 0085

Spenc. Even she.

wln 0086

Goodl. Come, I must tell you, you forget your selfe,

wln 0087

One of your birth and breeding, thus to dote

wln 0088

Vpon a Tanners daughter: why, her father

wln 0089

Sold hydes in Somersetshire, and being trade-falne,

wln 0090

Sent her to service.

wln 0091

Spenc. Prethee speake no more,

wln 0092

Thou telst me that which I would faine forget,

wln 0093

Or wish I had not knowne. If thou wilt humor me

wln 0094

Tell me shee's faire and honest.

wln 0095

Goodl. Yes, and loves you.

wln 0096

Spenc. To forget that, were to exclude the rest:

wln 0097

All saving that, were nothing. Come let's enter.

wln 0098

Enter 2. Drawers.

wln 0099

1. Draw. You are welcome Gentlemen. Shew them into the next roome there.

wln 0100

wln 0101

2. Draw. Looke out a Towell, and some Rolls, a Salt and Trenchers.

wln 0102

Spenc. No sir, we will not dine.

wln 0103

2. Draw. I am sure ye would if ye had my stomacke.

wln 0104

What wine drinke yee, Sacke or Claret?

wln 0105

Spenc. Wheres *Besse*?

wln 0106

2. Draw. Marry above with three or foure Gentlemen.

wln 0107

Spenc. Goe call her.

wln 0108

2. D. Ile draw you a cup of the neatest wine in Plimouth

wln 0109

Spenc. Ile tast none of your drawing. Goe call *Besse*.

wln 0110

B2

2. Draw.

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

Enter Besse with wine.

wln 0149

Besse. Tis of the best Graves wine sir.

wln 0150

Spenc. Gramarcie Girle, come sit.

wln 0151

Besse. Pray pardon sir, I dare not.

wln 0152

Spenc. Ile ha'it so.

wln 0153

Besse. My fellowes love me not, and will complaine
Of such a sawcy boldnesse.

wln 0154

wln 0155

Spenc. Pox on your fellowes,

wln 0156

Ile try whether their pottle pots or heads

wln 0157

Be harder, if I doe but heare them grumble.

wln 0158

Sit: now *Besse* drinke to me.

wln 0159

Besse. To your good voyage.

wln 0160

Enter the second Drawer.

wln 0161

2 Draw. Did you call sir?

wln 0162

Sp. Yes sir, to have your absence. Captaine, this health.

wln 0163

Goodl. Let it come sir.

wln 0164

2 Draw. Must you be set, and we wait, with a —

wln 0165

Spenc. What say you sir?

wln 0166

2 Draw. Anon, anon, I come there.

Exit.

wln 0167

Spenc. What will you venture *Besse* to sea with me?

wln 0168

Besse. What I love best, my heart: for I could wish

wln 0169

I had beene borne to equall you in fortune,

wln 0170

Or you so low, to have beene rankt with me,

wln 0171

I could have then presum'd boldly to say,

wln 0172

I love none but my *Spencer*.

wln 0173

Spenc. *Besse* I thanke thee.

wln 0174

Keepe still that hundred pound till my returne

wln 0175

From th'Islands with my Lord: if never, wench

wln 0176

Take it, it is thine owne.

wln 0177

Besse. You binde me to you.

B3

Enter

Enter the first Drawer.

I 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.

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

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 sweare 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.

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.

I 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 0178

wln 0179

wln 0180

wln 0181

wln 0182

wln 0183

wln 0184

wln 0185

wln 0186

wln 0187

wln 0188

wln 0189

wln 0190

wln 0191

wln 0192

wln 0193

wln 0194

wln 0195

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wln 0200

wln 0201

wln 0202

wln 0203

wln 0204

wln 0205

wln 0206

wln 0207

wln 0208

wln 0209

wln 0210

wln 0211

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

wln 0212

wln 0213

wln 0214

2 Capt. I pray be civill.

wln 0215

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.

wln 0216

wln 0217

wln 0218

wln 0219

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

wln 0220

Spenc. She shall not stir.

wln 0221

Car. How sir?

wln 0222

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

wln 0223

wln 0224

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

wln 0225

wln 0226

wln 0227

Spenc. She is worthy

wln 0228

The place as the best here, and she shall keep't.

wln 0229

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

wln 0230

Goodl. The Gentleman's slaine, away.

wln 0231

Besse. Oh heaven, what have you done?

wln 0232

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

wln 0233

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

wln 0234

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

wln 0235

wln 0236

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

wln 0237

2 Capt. This is the fruit of whoores.

wln 0238

This mischief came through thee.

wln 0239

Besse. It grew first from your incivilitie.

wln 0240

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

wln 0241

It was a fatall businesse. *Exeunt Captaines.*

wln 0242

wln 0243

Enter the two Drawers.

wln 0244

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

wln 0245

2 Dr.

wln 0246

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

wln 0247

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

wln 0248

2 *Dr.* Sure about this bold *Betrice*: tis not so much for

wln 0249

the death of the man, but how shall we come by our rec-

wln 0250

konong?

Exeunt Drawers.

wln 0251

Besse. What shall become of me! Of all lost creatures

wln 0252

The most infortunate. My innocence

wln 0253

Hath beene the cause of blood, and I am now

wln 0254

Purpled with murder, though not within compasse

wln 0255

Of the Lawes severe censure: but which most

wln 0256

Addes unto my affliction, I by this

wln 0257

Have lost so worthy and approv'd a friend,

wln 0258

Whom to redeeme from exile, I would give

wln 0259

All that's without and in me.

wln 0260

Enter Forset.

wln 0261

Fors. Your name's *Besse Bridges*?

wln 0262

Besse. An unfortunate Maid.

wln 0263

Knowne by that name too well in *Plimouth* here.

wln 0264

Your businesse, sir, with me?

wln 0265

Fors. Know you this Ring?

wln 0266

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

wln 0267

I know withall you are his trusty friend,

wln 0268

To whom he would commit it. Speake, how fares he?

wln 0269

Is hee in freedome, know yee?

wln 0270

Fors. Hee's in health

wln 0271

Of body, though in minde somewhat perplext

wln 0272

For this late mischiefe happened.

wln 0273

Besse. Is he fled, and freed from danger?

wln 0274

Fors. Neither. By this token

wln 0275

He lovingly commends him to you *Besse*,

wln 0276

And prayes you when tis darke meet him o'th *Hoe*

wln 0277

Neere to the new-made Fort, where hee'll attend you,

wln 0278

Before he flyes, to take a kinde farewell.

wln 0279

Theres onely *Goodlack* in his company,

wln 0280

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,
And thou art sanctuar'd in these mine armes.

wln 0307

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

wln 0308

This place Ile guard.

wln 0309

Fors. I this.

wln 0310

Bes. Are you not hurt?

wln 0311

Or your skinne rac'd with his offensive steele?

wln 0312

How is it with you?

wln 0313

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 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

Ioyne to thy beauty vertue. Many suiters

wln 0351

I know will tempt thee: beauty's a shrewd baite,

wln 0352

But unto that if thou add'st chastitie,

wln 0353

Thou shalt ore-come all scandall. Time calts hence,

wln 0354

We now must part.

wln 0355

Besse. Oh that I had the power to make Time lame,

wln 0356

To stay the starres, or make the Moone stand still,

wln 0357

That future day might never haste thy flight.

wln 0358

I could dwell here for ever in thine armes.

wln 0359

And wish it alwayes night.

wln 0360

Spenc. We trifle howers. Farewell.

wln 0361

Besse. First take this Ring:

wln 0362

Twas the first token of my constant love

wln 0363

That past betwixt us. When I see this next,

wln 0364

And not my *Spencer*, I shall thinke thee dead:

wln 0365

For till death part thy body from thy soule

wln 0366

I know thou wilt not part with it.

wln 0367

Spenc. Sweare for me *Besse*: for thou maist safely doe't.

wln 0368

Once more farewell: at *Foy* thou shalt heare from me.

wln 0369

Besse. Theres not a word that hath a parting sound

wln 0370

Which through mine eares shrills not immediate death.

wln 0371

I shall not live to lose thee.

wln 0372

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

wln 0373

Spenc. A thousand farewels are in one contracted.

wln 0374

Captaine away.

wln 0375

Exit Spencer, & Goodlacke.

wln 0376

Besse. Oh, I shall dye.

wln 0377

Fors. What mean you *Besse*, wil you betray your friend,

wln 0378

Or call my name in question? Sweet, looke up.

wln 0379

Besse. Hah, is my *Spencer* gone?

wln 0380

Fors. With speed towards *Foy*,

wln 0381

There to take ship for Fiall.

wln 0382

Besse. Let me recollect my selfe,

wln 0383

And what he left in charge. Vertue and Chastitie.

wln 0384

Next, with all sudden expedition

C2

Pre-

wln 0385

Prepare for Foy: all these will I conserve,
And keepe them strictly, as I would my life.

wln 0386

wln 0387

Plimouth farewell: in Cornwall I will prove

wln 0388

A second fortune, and for ever mourne,

wln 0389

Vntill I see my *Spencers* safe returne.

wln 0390

Hoboys.

wln 0391

*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 0392

wln 0393

wln 0394

wln 0395

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.*

wln 0396

wln 0397

wln 0398

wln 0399

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.

wln 0400

wln 0401

wln 0402

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.

wln 0403

wln 0404

wln 0405

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

wln 0406

wln 0407

wln 0408

1 Draw. Whither canst thou tell?

wln 0409

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.

wln 0410

wln 0411

wln 0412

wln 0413

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

wln 0422

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

wln 0423

wln 0424

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

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

wln 0428

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

wln 0429

wln 0430

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

wln 0431

wln 0432

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

wln 0433

wln 0434

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

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

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

wln 0445

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

wln 0446

wln 0447

wln 0448

Besse. How long hast thou to serve.

wln 0449

wln 0450

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.

wln 0451

wln 0452

Besse. How old art thou now?

wln 0453

wln 0454

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.

wln 0455

wln 0456

Besse. What's thy name?

wln 0457

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.

wln 0458

wln 0459

Bes. And where dwelt he?

wln 0460

wln 0461

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.

wln 0462

wln 0463

Besse. He was once Constable?

wln 0464

wln 0465

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.

wln 0466

wln 0467

Besse. How long ist since he dyed?

wln 0468

wln 0469

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

wln 0470

wln 0471

Besse. I thinke I have heard of him.

wln 0472

wln 0473

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

wln 0474

wln 0475

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

wln 0476

wln 0477

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

wln 0478

wln 0479

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 0510
wln 0511
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

But prov'd in'th end a coward.

wln 0517

Roughm. Coward, *Bess*?

wln 0518

You will offend me, raise in me that fury

wln 0519

Your beauty cannot calme. Goe to, no more,

wln 0520

Your language is too harsh and peremptory.

wln 0521

Pray let me heare no more on't. I tell thee

wln 0522

That quiet day scarce past me these seven yeares

wln 0523

I have not crackt a weapon in some fray,

wln 0524

And will you move my spleene?

wln 0525

Fors. What, threat a woman?

wln 0526

Bes. Sir, if you thus persist to wrong my house,

wln 0527

Disturbe my guests, and nightly domineire,

wln 0528

To put my friends from patience, Ile complaine,

wln 0529

And right my selfe before the Magistrate.

wln 0530

Can we not live in compasse of the Law,

wln 0531

But must be swaggerd out on't?

wln 0532

Roughm. Goe too, wench,

wln 0533

I wish thee well, thinke on't, theres good for thee

wln 0534

Stor'd in my brest, and when I come in place

wln 0535

I must have no man to offend mine eye:

wln 0536

My love can brooke no rivals. For this time

wln 0537

I am content your Captaines shall have peace,

wln 0538

But must not be us'd to't.

wln 0539

Bes. Sir if you come like other free & civill Gentlemen

wln 0540

Y'are welcome, otherwise my doores are barr'd you.

wln 0541

Roughm. That's my good Girle,

wln 0542

I have fortunes laid up for thee: what I have

wln 0543

Command it as thine owne. Goe too, be wise.

wln 0544

Bes. Well, I shall study for't.

wln 0545

Roughm. Consider on't. Farewell.

Exit.

wln 0546

Bes. My minde suggests mee that this prating fellow

wln 0547

Is some notorious Coward. If he persist

wln 0548

I have a tricke, to try what metall's in him.

wln 0549

Enter Clem.

wln 0550

What newes with you?

wln 0551

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

Bes.

wln 0552

Besse. And what's the summe?

wln 0553

Clem. Let me see, eight shillings and six pence.

wln 0554

Bes. How can you make that good? write them a bill.

wln 0555

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*.

wln 0556

Besse. How comes it to so much?

wln 0557

Clem. *Imprimis*, six quarts of wine at seven pence the quart, seven sixpences.

wln 0558

Besse. Why dost thou reckon it so?

wln 0559

Clem. Because as they came in by hab nab, so I will bring them in a reckning at six and at sevens.

wln 0560

Bes. Well, wine — 3 s, 6 d.

wln 0561

Clem. And what wants that of ten groats?

wln 0562

Besse. Tis two pence over.

wln 0563

Clem. Then put six pence more to it, and make it 4 s, wine, though you bate it them in their meate.

wln 0564

Besse. Why so I prethee?

wln 0565

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.

wln 0566

Besse. How can that be?

wln 0567

Clem. Marry very well Mistresse, 12 d. Anchoves, and 6 d. oyle and vineger. Nay they shall have a sawcy recko-

wln 0568

Bes. And what for the other halfe crowne? (ning

wln 0569

Clem. Bread, beere, salt, napkins, trenchers, one thing with another, so the *summa totalis* is — 8 s, 6 d.

wln 0570

Bes. Well, take the reckoning from the bar.

wln 0571

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.

wln 0572

Bes. VVere I not with so my sutors pesterd,

wln 0573

And might I enjoy my *Spencer*, what a sweet

wln 0574

Contented life were this? For money flowes

wln 0575

And my gaine's great. But to my *Roughman* next:

wln 0576

D

I

wln 0577

wln 0578

wln 0579

wln 0580

wln 0581

wln 0582

wln 0583

wln 0584

wln 0585

wln 0586

wln 0587

wln 0588

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,

wln 0589

wln 0590

wln 0591

wln 0592

Exit.

wln 0593

Enter Spencer, and Goodlacke.

wln 0594

Goodl. What were you thinking sir?

wln 0595

Spenc. Troth of the world, what any man should see in't

wln 0596

To be in love with it.

wln 0597

Goodl. The reason of your meditation.

wln 0598

Spenc. To imagine that in the same instant that one for-

wln 0599

fets all his estate, another enters upon a rich possession: as

wln 0600

one goes to the Church to be marryed, another is hurri-

wln 0601

ed to the gallowes to be hang'd, the last having no feeling

wln 0602

of the first mans joy, nor the first of the last mans misery.

wln 0603

At the same time that one lyes tortured upon the Racke,

wln 0604

another lyes tumbling with his Mistresse over head and

wln 0605

eares in downe and feathers. This when I truly consider,

wln 0606

I cannot but wonder why any fortune should make a man

wln 0607

extasy'd.

wln 0608

Goodl. You give your selfe too much to melancholy.

wln 0609

Spenc. These are my Maximes, and were they as faith-

wln 0610

fully practised by others, as truly apprehended by me, we

wln 0611

should have lesse oppression, and more charitie.

wln 0612

Enter the two Captaines that were before.

wln 0613

1 Capt. Make good thy words.

wln 0614

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

wln 0615

1 Capt. Tell me wherein.

wln 0616

2 Capt. When we assaulted Fiall,

wln 0617

And I had by the Generals command

wln 0618

The onset, and with danger of my person

wln 0619

Enforc'd the Spaniard to a swift retreat,

wln 0620

And beat them from their Fort, thou when thou sawst

wln 0621

All feare and danger past, mad'st up with me

To

wln 0622
wln 0623
wln 0624
wln 0625
wln 0626
wln 0627
wln 0628
wln 0629
wln 0630
wln 0631
wln 0632
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wln 0655
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.

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

wln 0658
wln 0659
wln 0660
wln 0661
wln 0662
wln 0663
wln 0664
wln 0665
wln 0666
wln 0667
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wln 0690
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

VVhat she should have, I here bestow on thee,

wln 0695

It is thine owne: but as thou lov'st thy soule

wln 0696

Deale faithfully betwixt my *Besse* and me.

wln 0697

Goodl. Else let me dye a prodigie.

wln 0698

Spenc. This Ring was hers, that, be she loose or chaste,

wln 0699

Being her owne, restore her, she will know it,

wln 0700

And doubtlesse she deserves it. Oh my memory,

wln 0701

VVhat had I quite forgot? She hath my picture,

wln 0702

Goodl. And what of that?

wln 0703

Sp. If she be ranckt amongst the loose and lewd,

wln 0704

Take it away, I hold it much undecent,

wln 0705

A whore should ha't in keeping: but if constant

wln 0706

Let her injoy it: this my Will performe

wln 0707

As thou art just and honest.

wln 0708

Goodl. Sense else forsake me.

wln 0709

Spenc. Now lead me to my Chamber, all's mads even,

wln 0710

My peace with earth, and my atone with heaven.

wln 0711

Enter Besse Bridges like a Page with a sword,

wln 0712

and Clem.

wln 0713

Bess. But that I know my mother to be chaste,

wln 0714

I'de sweare some Souldier got me.

wln 0715

Clem. It may be many a Souldiers Buffe Ierkin came
out of your fathers Tanne-fat.

wln 0716

Besse. Me thinkes I have a manly spirit in me

wln 0717

In this mans habit.

wln 0718

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.

wln 0719

wln 0720

wln 0721

wln 0722

Bess. Me thinkes I could be valiant on the sudden:
And meet a man i'th field.

wln 0723

wln 0724

I could doe all that I have heard discourst
Of *Mary Ambree* or *Westminsters Long-Meg*.

wln 0725

wln 0726

Clem. VVhat *Mary Ambree* was I cannot tell, but un-
lesse you were taller you will come short of *Long Meg*.

wln 0727

wln 0727

wln 0728

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

wln 0729

wln 0730

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.

wln 0731

wln 0732

wln 0733

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

wln 0734

wln 0735

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?

wln 0736

wln 0737

Besse. I prethee why?

wln 0738

wln 0739

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

wln 0740

wln 0741

Besse. Let none condemne me of immodesty,
Because I trie the courage of a man

wln 0742

wln 0743

Who on my soule's a Coward: beates my servants,
Cuffes them, and as they passe by him kickes my maids,

wln 0744

wln 0745

Nay domineirs over me, making himselfe
Lord ore my house and houshold. Yesternight

wln 0746

wln 0747

I heard him make appointment on some businesse
To passe alone this way. Ile venture faire,

wln 0748

But I will try what's in him.

wln 0749

Enter Roughman and Forset.

wln 0750

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

wln 0751

wln 0752

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.

wln 0753

wln 0754

wln 0755

wln 0756

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

wln 0757

wln 0758

Roug. How many times brave words beare out a man?
For if he can but make a noise, hee's fear'd.

wln 0759

wln 0760

To talke of fraies, although he ne'er had heart
To face a man in field, that's a brave fellow,

wln 0761

wln 0762

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
wln 0775
wln 0776
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wln 0789
wln 0790
wln 0791
wln 0792
wln 0793
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

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

wln 0800

Besse. I am *Besse Bridges*. brother,

wln 0801

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

wln 0802

Besse. And I have heard,

wln 0803

You domineir and revell in her house,

wln 0804

Controle her servants, and abuse her guests,

wln 0805

VVhich if I ever shall hereafter heare,

wln 0806

Thou art but a dead man.

wln 0807

Roughm. She never told me of a brother living,

wln 0808

But you have power to sway me.

wln 0809

Bess. But for I see you are a Gentleman,

wln 0810

I am content this once to let you passe,

wln 0811

But if I finde you fall into relapse,

wln 0812

The second's farre more dangerous.

wln 0813

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

wln 0814

Bess. I am for London.

wln 0815

And for these two termes cannot make returne:

wln 0816

But if you see my sister, you may say

wln 0817

I was in health.

wln 0818

Roughm. Too well, the devill take you.

wln 0819

Bess. Pray use her well, and at my comming backe

wln 0820

Ile aske for your acquaintance. Now farewell.

wln 0821

Rough. None saw't: hee's gone for London: I am unhurt,

wln 0822

Then who shall publish this disgrace abroad?

wln 0823

One man's no slander, should he speake his worst,

wln 0824

My tongue's as loud as his, but in this country

wln 0825

Both of more fame and credit. Should we contest

wln 0826

I can out-face the proudest. This is then

wln 0827

My comfort: *Roughman*, thou art still the same,

wln 0828

For a disgrace not seene, is held no shame.

wln 0829

Enter two Sailors.

wln 0830

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

wln 0831

2 Sail. A stiffe gale blowes from the shore.

wln 0832

wln 0833

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

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.

wln 0868

wln 0869

wln 0870

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

wln 0871

wln 0872

Surg. Sir doubt not your recovery.

wln 0873

wln 0874

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

wln 0875

wln 0876

Surg. A noble resolution.

wln 0877

wln 0878

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

wln 0879

wln 0880

Surg. All bound that way are vnder saile already.

wln 0881

wln 0882

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

wln 0883

wln 0884

Surg. We have a ship,

wln 0885

wln 0886

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.

wln 0887

wln 0888

Spenc. Friend I thanke thee.

wln 0889

wln 0890

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

wln 0891

wln 0892

Spenc. When I have seene the funerall rights perform'd

wln 0893

wln 0894

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,

wln 0895

wln 0896

How *Besse* will take it is to me unknowne:

wln 0897

wln 0898

On her behaviour I will build my fate,

wln 0899

There raise my love, or thence erect my hate.

Explicit Actus secundus.

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

Clem. But you have now a wrong Sow by the eare. I will call her,

wln 0932

Roughm. Doe sir, you had best.

wln 0933

Clem. If you were twenty *Roughmans*, if you lug me by the eares againe, Ile draw.

wln 0935

Roughm. Ha, what will you draw?

wln 0936

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.

wln 0938

Roughm. How not in case?

wln 0939

Clem. I thinke she hath not her smocke on, for I thinke I saw it lye at her beds head.

wln 0940

Rough. What, Drawers grow capritious?

wln 0941

Clem. Help, help.

wln 0942

wln 0943

wln 0944

Enter Besse Bridges.

wln 0945

Besse. What uprore's this? shall we be never rid From these disturbances?

wln 0946

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.

wln 0947

wln 0948

wln 0949

wln 0950

wln 0951

Clem. You lye sir?

wln 0952

Roughm. How? lye?

wln 0953

Clem. Yes sir at the Raven in the high-street, I was at your lodging this morning for a pottle pot.

wln 0954

Roughm. You will about your businesse, must you heare Stand gaping and idle?

wln 0955

wln 0956

wln 0957

Bess. You wrong me sir,

wln 0958

And tyrannize too much over my servants.

wln 0959

I will have no man touch them but my selfe.

wln 0960

Clem. If I doe not put Rats-bane into his wine in stead of Sugar, say I am no true Baker.

wln 0961

Roughm. VVhat, rise at noone?

wln 0962

A man may fight a tall fray in a morning,

wln 0963

And one of your best friends too be hackt and mangled,

wln 0964

wln 0965

And

wln 0966
wln 0967
wln 0968
wln 0969
wln 0970
wln 0971
wln 0972
wln 0973
wln 0974
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wln 0993
wln 0994
wln 0995
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 skillets, 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 *Cl.* That's the way to make me never prove good porter
wln 1003 *Besse.* You still heape wrongs on wrongs.
wln 1004 *Rough.* I was in fury
wln 1005 To thinke upon the violence of that fight,
wln 1006 And could not stay my rage.
wln 1007 *Fors.* Once more proceed.
wln 1008 *Roughm.* Oh had you seene two tilting meteors justle
wln 1009 In the mid Region, with like feare and fury
wln 1010 We two encounter'd. Not *Briarius*
wln 1011 Could with his hundred hands have strucke more thicke.
wln 1012 Blowes came about my head, I tooke them still.
wln 1013 Thrusts by my sides twixt body and my armes,
wln 1014 Yet still I put them by.
wln 1015 *Besse.* When they were past he put them by. Goe on.
wln 1016 But in this fury what became of him?
wln 1017 *Ro.* I thinke I paid him home, hee's soundly maul'd,
wln 1018 I bosom'd him at every second thrust.
wln 1019 *Besse* Scap'd he with life?
wln 1020 *Rough[·]* [·], thats my feare: if he recover this,
wln 1021 Ile never trust my sword more.
wln 1022 *Besse.* Why fly you not if he be in such danger?
wln 1023 *Rough.* Because a witch once told me
wln 1024 I ne'er should dye for murder.
wln 1025 *Besse.* I beleeeve thee,
wln 1026 But tell me pray, was not this gallant fellow,
wln 1027 A pretty faire young youth about my yeares?
wln 1028 *Rough.* Even thereabout.
wln 1029 *Clem.* He was not fiftie then.
wln 1030 *Besse.* Much of my stature?
wln 1031 *Rough.* Much about your pitch.
wln 1032 *Clem.* He was no giant then.
wln 1033 *Besse.* And wore a suit like this?
wln 1034 *Rough.* I halfe suspect.
wln 1035 *Besse.* That gallant fellow,
wln 1036 So wounded and so mangled, was my selfe,
wln 1037 You base white-lyver'd slave, it was this shooe

That

wln 1038

That thou stoopt to untie: untrust those points:

wln 1039

And like a beastly coward lay along,

wln 1040

Till I stridd over thee. Speake, was't not so?

wln 1041

Rough. It cannot be deny'd.

wln 1042

Besse. Hare-hearted fellow, Milk-sop, dost not blush?

wln 1043

Give me that Rapier: I will make thee sweare,

wln 1044

Thou shalt redeeme this scorne thou hast incurr'd,

wln 1045

Or in this woman shape Ile cudgell thee,

wln 1046

And beate thee through the streets. As I am *Besse*, I'll do't.

wln 1047

Rough. Hold, hold; I sweare.

wln 1048

Bes. Dare not to enter at my doore till then.

wln 1049

Rough. Shame confounds me quite.

wln 1050

Bess. That shame redeem: perhaps wee'l doe thee grace

wln 1051

I love the valiant, but despise the base.

Exit.

wln 1052

Clem. VVill you be kickt sir?

wln 1053

Rough. She hath wakend me,

wln 1054

And kindled that dead fire of courage in me,

wln 1055

VVhich all this while hath slept: To spare my flesh

wln 1056

And wound my fame, what is't? I will not rest

wln 1057

Till by some valiant deed I have made good

wln 1058

All my disgraces past. Ile crosse the streete,

wln 1059

And strike the next brave fellow that I meet.

wln 1060

Fors. I am bound to see the end on't.

wln 1061

Rough. Are you sir?

wln 1062

Beates off Forset.

wln 1063

Enter Mayor of Foy, an Alderman; and Servant.

wln 1064

Mayor. Beleeve me sir, she beares her selfe so well,

wln 1065

No man can justly blame her: and I wonder

wln 1066

Being a single woman as she is,

wln 1067

And living in an house of such resort,

wln 1068

She is no more distasted.

wln 1069

Alder. The best Gentlemen

wln 1070

The Country yeelds, become her daily guests.

wln 1071

Sure sir I thinke shee's rich.

Mayor.

wln 1072

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

A shot.

wln 1073

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

wln 1074

wln 1075

Serv. Ile bring newes from the key.

wln 1076

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.

wln 1077

wln 1078

wln 1079

Ald. Please you Ile motion it.

wln 1080

Enter the Servant.

wln 1081

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 Vessell.

wln 1082

wln 1083

wln 1084

Enter Goodlack and Sailors.

wln 1085

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

wln 1086

wln 1087

I Sail. VVe understand you.

wln 1088

wln 1089

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

wln 1090

Goodl. I did so:

wln 1091

Mayor. Pray sir the newes from thence.

wln 1092

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.

wln 1093

wln 1094

wln 1095

wln 1096

Mayor. I am the Kings Lieftenant.

wln 1097

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 keepes a Taverne here.

wln 1098

wln 1099

wln 1100

wln 1101

Mayor. Her name *Besse Bridges*?

wln 1102

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.

wln 1103

wln 1104

wln 1105

wln 1106

Mayor.

wln 1107

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.

wln 1108

wln 1109

wln 1110

wln 1111

Goodl. The worse for me.

wln 1112

Alder. I can assure you many narrow eyes

wln 1113

Have lookt on her and her condition,

wln 1114

But those that with most envy have endeavour'd

wln 1115

T' entrap her, have return'd won by her vertues.

wln 1116

Goodl. So all that I inquire of make report.

wln 1117

I am glad to heare't. Sir I have now some businesse,

wln 1118

And I of force must leave you.

wln 1119

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

wln 1120

Goodl. Sir I may trouble you.

wln 1121

Five hundred pound a yeare out of my way.

wln 1122

Is there no flaw that I can tax her with,

wln 1123

To forfeit this revenew? Is she such a Saint,

wln 1124

None can missay her? why then I my selfe

wln 1125

VVill undertake it. If in her demeanor

wln 1126

I can but finde one blemish, staine or spot,

wln 1127

It is five hundred pound a yeare well got.

Exit.

wln 1128

Enter Clem and the Sailors on the one side, at the other

wln 1129

Roughman, who drawes upon them, and beates them

wln 1130

off.

wln 1131

Enter Besse, Clem, and the Sailors.

wln 1132

Bes. But did he fight it bravely?

wln 1133

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

wln 1134

wln 1135

wln 1136

Besse. How can that be?

wln 1137

Clem. Through the body of his doublet I meant.

wln 1138

Besse, How shame, base imputation, and disgrace

wln 1139

Can make a coward valiant: Sirrah you

wln 1140

Looke to the barre.

F

Clem.

wln 1141

Clem. Ile hold up my hand there presently.

wln 1142

Bes. I understand, you came now from the Islands,

wln 1143

1 Sail. VVe did so.

wln 1144

Bes. If you can tell me tydings of one Gentleman

wln 1145

I shall requite you largely.

wln 1146

1 Sailor. Of what name?

wln 1147

Bess. One *Spencer*.

wln 1148

1 Sailor. VVe both saw and knew the man.

wln 1149

Besse. Onely for that call for what wine you please.

wln 1150

Pray tell me where you left him.

wln 1151

2 Sailor. In Fiall.

wln 1152

Bes. VVas he in health? how did he fare?

wln 1153

2 Sail. Why well.

wln 1154

Bess. For that good newes, spend, revell, and carouse,

wln 1155

Your reckning's paid before-hand. I'me extaside,

wln 1156

And my delights unbounded.

wln 1157

1 Sail. Did you love him?

wln 1158

Bess. Next to my hopes in heaven.

wln 1159

1 Sail. Then change your mirth.

wln 1160

Besse. VVhy, as I take it, you told me he was well,

wln 1161

And shall I not rejoyce?

wln 1162

1 Sail. Hee's well in heaven, For Mistrisse, he is dead,

wln 1163

Bess. Hah, dead! was't so you said? Th'ast givē me, friend

wln 1164

But one wound yet, speake but that word againe,

wln 1165

And kill me out-right.

wln 1166

2 Sail. He lives not.

wln 1167

Bess. And shall I? VVilt thou not breake heart?

wln 1168

Are these my ribs wrought out of brasse or steele,

wln 1169

Thou canst not craze their barres?

wln 1170

1 Sail. Mistris use patience, which conquers all despaire.

wln 1171

Besse. You advise well:

wln 1172

I did but jeast with sorrow: you may see

wln 1173

I am now in gentle temper.

wln 1174

2 Sail. True, we see't.

wln 1175

Bes. Pray take the best roome in the house, and there

wln 1176

Call for what wine best tasts you: at my leasure

wln 1177

Ile visit you my selfe.

wln 1178

I Sail. Ile use your kindnesse.

Exeunt.

wln 1179

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

wln 1180

I doe but thinke how thou becomst thy grave,

wln 1181

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

wln 1182

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

wln 1183

Study to die, that I may live with him.

wln 1184

Enter Goodlack.

wln 1185

Goodl. The further I inquire, the more I heare

wln 1186

To my discomfort. If my discontinuance

wln 1187

And change at Sea disguise me from her knowledge

wln 1188

I shall have scope enough to prove her fully.

wln 1189

This sadnesse argues she hath heard some newes

wln 1190

Of my Friends death.

wln 1191

Besse. It cannot sure be true

wln 1192

That he is dead, Death could not be so envious

wln 1193

To snatch him in his prime. I study to forget

wln 1194

That ere was such a man.

wln 1195

Goodl. If not impeach her,

wln 1196

My purpose is to seeke to marry her.

wln 1197

If she deny me, Ile conceale the VVill,

wln 1198

Or at the least make her compound for halfe.

wln 1199

Save you faire Gentlewoman.

wln 1200

Bess. You are welcome sir.

wln 1201

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

wln 1202

I am sharp set, and newly come from sea,

wln 1203

And I would see the trash.

wln 1204

Bess. Sure you mistake sir.

wln 1205

If you desire attendance and some wine

wln 1206

I can command you both. VVhere be these boyes?

wln 1207

Goodl. Are you the Mistresse?

wln 1208

Besse. I command the house.

wln 1209

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

wln 1210

Bess. A Tanners daughter.

wln 1211

Goodl. VVhere borne?

F2

Besse.

wln 1212

Besse. In Somersetshire.

wln 1213

Goodl. A trade-falne Tanners daughter goe so brave:

wln 1214

Oh you have trickes to compasse these gay cloaths.

wln 1215

Besse. None sir, but what are honest.

wln 1216

Goodl. VVhat's your name?

wln 1217

Besse. *Besse Bridges* most men call me.

wln 1218

Goodl. Y'are a whore.

wln 1219

Besse. Sir, I will fetch you wine to wash your mouth,

wln 1220

It is so foule, I feare't may fester else.

wln 1221

There may be danger in't.

wln 1222

Goodl. Not all this move her patience.

wln 1223

Besse. Good sir, at this time I am scarce my selfe

wln 1224

By reason of a great and weighty losse

wln 1225

That troubles me: but I should know that Ring.

wln 1226

Goodl. How, this, you baggage? It was never made

wln 1227

To grace a strumpets finger.

wln 1228

Besse. Pardon sir, I both must and will leave you.

Exit.

wln 1229

Goodl. Did not this well? This will sticke in my stomack

wln 1230

I could repent my wrongs done to this maid:

wln 1231

But Ile not leave her thus: if she still love him.

wln 1232

Ile breake her heart-strings with some false report

wln 1233

Of his unkindnesse.

wln 1234

Enter Clem.

wln 1235

Clem. You are welcome Gentleman: what wine will

wln 1236

you drinke? Claret, Metheglin, or Muskadine, Cyder or

wln 1237

Pyrrey, to make you merry, Aragoosa, or Peter-see-mee,

wln 1238

Canary or Charnico? But by your nose sir you should love

wln 1239

a cup of Malmsey: you shall have a cup of the best in Corn-

wln 1240

waile.

wln 1241

Goodl. Here's a brave drawer will quarrell with his wine.

wln 1242

Clem. But if you preferre the Frenchman before the

wln 1243

Spaniard, you shall have either here of the deepe red grape

wln 1244

or the pallid white. You are a pretty tall Gentleman, you

wln 1245

should love High-Country wine: none but Clarkes and

wln 1246

Sextons love Graves wine. Or are you a married man, Ile

furnish

wln 1247

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

wln 1248

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

wln 1249

wln 1250

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.

wln 1251

wln 1252

wln 1253

Goodl. Speake, wheres your Mistresse?

wln 1254

wln 1255

Clem. Gone up to her chamber.

wln 1256

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

wln 1257

Exit.

wln 1258

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.

wln 1259

wln 1260

wln 1261

Exit.

wln 1262

Enter Besse with Spencers Picture.

wln 1263

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

wln 1264

This Picture is more courteous: 'twill not shrinke

wln 1265

For twenty thousand kisses: no nor blush:

wln 1266

Then thou shalt be my husband, and I vow

wln 1267

Never to marry other.

Enter Goodlacke.

wln 1268

Goodl. Wheres this harlot?

wln 1269

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

wln 1270

wln 1271

Goodl. Pox of modesty

wln 1272

When punks must have it mincing in their mouthes.

wln 1273

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

wln 1274

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

wln 1275

Search all my trunks, take the best Jewels there:

wln 1276

Deprive me not that treasure, Ile redeeme it

wln 1277

With plate, and all the little coyne I have,

wln 1278

So I make keepe that still.

wln 1279

Goodl. Thinkst thou that bribes

wln 1280

Can make me leave my friends Will unperform'd?

wln 1281

wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284
wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
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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 will.
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 resemblest 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

Besse. You will restore my Picture? will you?

wln 1355

Goodl. Yes, and more then that,

wln 1356

This Ring from my friends finger sent to you,

wln 1357

With infinite commends.

wln 1358

Besse. You change my blood.

wln 1359

Goodl. These writings are the evidence of Lands,

wln 1360

Five hundred pound a yeare's bequeath'd to you,

wln 1361

Of which I here possesse you: all is yours.

wln 1362

Besse. This surplussage of love, hath made my losse

wln 1363

That was but great before: now infinite.

wln 1364

It may be compast: there's in this my purpose

wln 1365

No impossibilitie.

wln 1366

Goodl. What study you?

wln 1367

Besse. Foure thousand pound besides this Legacie,

wln 1368

In Iewels, gold, and silver I can make,

wln 1369

And every man discharg'd. I am resolv'd

wln 1370

To be a patterne to all Maides hereafter

wln 1371

Of constancy in love.

wln 1372

G. Sweet Mistris *Besse*, will you command my service,

wln 1373

If to succeed your *Spencer* in his Love,

wln 1374

I would expose me wholly to your wishes.

wln 1375

Besse. Alas my love sleepes with him in his grave,

wln 1376

And cannot thence be wakend: yet for his sake

wln 1377

I will impart a secret to your trust,

wln 1378

Which, saving you, no mortall should partake.

wln 1379

Goodl. Both for his love and yours, command my service.

wln 1380

Besse. There's a prise

wln 1381

Brought into Famouth Road, a good tight Vessell,

wln 1382

The Bottome will but cost eight hundred pound,

wln 1383

You shall have money: buy it.

wln 1384

Goodl. To what end?

wln 1385

Besse. That you shall know hereafter. Furnish her

wln 1386

With all provision needfull: spare no cost:

wln 1387

And joyne with you a ginge of lusty ladds,

wln 1388

Such as will bravely man her: all the charge

wln 1389

I will commit to you: and when shee's fitted,

Captaine

wln 1390
wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395

Captaine she is thine owne.
Goodl. I sound it not.
Besse. Spare me the rest. This voyage I intend,
Though some may blame, all Lovers will commend.

Exeunt.

Explicit Actus tertius.

wln 1396

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

wln 1397
wln 1398

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

wln 1399

Spaniard.

wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404
wln 1405
wln 1406
wln 1407
wln 1408
wln 1409
wln 1410
wln 1411
wln 1412
wln 1413
wln 1414
wln 1415
wln 1416
wln 1417
wln 1418
wln 1419
wln 1420
wln 1421

FOr Fialls losse, and spoile by th'English done,
We are in part reveng'd. There's not a Vessell
That beares upon her top S. *Georges* Crosse,
But for that act shall suffer.

Merchant. Insult not Spaniard,
Nor be too proud, that thou by oddes of Ships,
Provision, men, and powder mad'st us yeeld.
Had you come one to one, or made assault
With reasonable advantage; wee by this
Had made the carkasse of your ship your graves,
Low suncke to the Seas bottome.

Span. Englishman, thy ship shall yeeld us pillage,
These prisoners we will keepe in strongest Hold,
To pay no other ransome then their lives.

Spenc. Degenerate Spaniard, there's no noblesse in thee
To threaten men unarm'd and miserable,
Thou mightst as well tread ore a field of slaughter,
And kill them ore, that are already slaine,
And brag thy manhood.

Span. Sirrah, what are you?
Spen. Thy equall as I am a prisoner,
But once to stay a better man then thou,

G

A

wln 1422

A Gentleman in my Country.

wln 1423

Span. Wert thou not so, we have strappadoe, bolts,
And engines to the Maine-mast-fastened,

wln 1424

Can make you gentle.

wln 1425

wln 1426

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

wln 1427

wln 1428

Span. These Englishmen
Nothing can daunt them: Even in misery

wln 1429

They'l not regard their masters.

wln 1430

Spenc. Masters! Insulting bragging *Thrasoes*.

wln 1431

Span. His sawcinesse wee'l punish 'bove the rest.

wln 1432

About their censures we will next devise,

Flourish

wln 1433

And now towards Spaine with our brave English prise.

Exeunt.

wln 1434

wln 1435

Enter Besse, Mayor, Alderman, Clem.

wln 1436

A table set out, and stooles.

wln 1437

wln 1438

Besse. A Table and some stooles.

wln 1439

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

wln 1440

Bes. Will't please you sit?

wln 1441

Mayor. With all our hearts, and thanke you.

wln 1442

Besse. Fetch me that parchment in my Closet window.

wln 1443

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

wln 1444

Besse. That with the seale.

wln 1445

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

wln 1446

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

wln 1447

That no way can displease you.

wln 1448

Besse. Pray speake on.

wln 1449

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.

wln 1450

wln 1451

wln 1452

wln 1453

wln 1454

Enter Clem with the parchment.

wln 1455

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

wln 1456

Besse.

wln 1457

Besse. The yeares are not expired.

wln 1458

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

wln 1459

Besse. About your businesse.

wln 1460

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

wln 1461

Ald. What thinke you Mistresse *Elizabeth*?

wln 1462

Besse. Sir I thanke you.

wln 1463

And how much I esteeme this goodnesse from you

wln 1464

The trust I shall commit unto your charge

wln 1465

Will truly witnes. Marry, gentle Sir!

wln 1466

'Las I have sadder businesse now in hand,

wln 1467

Then sprightly marriage, witnessse these my teares.

wln 1468

Pray reade there.

wln 1469

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

wln 1470

to be committed to the trust of the Mayor and Aldermen

wln 1471

of Foy, and their Successors for ever.

wln 1472

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

wln 1473

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

wln 1474

To every Maid that's married out of Foy,

wln 1475

Whose name's *Elizabeth* ten pound.

wln 1476

To relieue maimed Souldiers, by the yeare ten pound.

wln 1477

To Captaine *Goodlacke*, if hee shall performe

wln 1478

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

wln 1479

The Legacies for *Spencer* thus to stand,

wln 1480

To number all the poorest of his kin,

wln 1481

And to bestow on them. Item to —

wln 1482

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

wln 1483

To bring a dowry with me fit for your sonne.

wln 1484

Mayor. You want a president, you so abound

wln 1485

In charitie and goodnesse.

wln 1486

Besse. All my servants

wln 1487

I leave at your discretions to dispose

wln 1488

Not one but I have left some Legacie.

wln 1489

What shall become of me, or what I purpose

wln 1490

Spare further to enquire.

wln 1491

Mayor. Wee'll take our leaves.

wln 1492

And prove to you faithfull Executors.

wln 1493

In this bequest.

wln 1494

Alder. Let never such despaire,

wln 1495

As dying rich, shall make the poore their heyre.

Exit.

wln 1496

Besse. Why what is all the wealth the world containes.

wln 1497

Without my *Spencer*?

wln 1498

Enter Roughman and Forset.

wln 1499

Roughm. Wheres my sweet *Besse*?

wln 1500

Shall I become a welcome suiter now?

wln 1501

That I have chang'd my *Copie*?

wln 1502

Besse. I joy to heare it.

wln 1503

Ile finde imployment for you.

wln 1504

Enter Goodlacke, Sailors, and Clem.

wln 1505

Goodl. A gallant ship, and wondrous proudly trim'd,

wln 1506

Well calkt, well tackled, every way prepar'd.

wln 1507

Besse. Here then our mourning for a season end.

wln 1508

Rough. *Besse*, shall I strike that *Captaine*? say the word,

wln 1509

Ile have him by the eares.

wln 1510

Besse. Not for the world.

wln 1511

Goodl. What saith that fellow?

wln 1512

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

wln 1513

Goodl. Then change a hand.

wln 1514

Besse. Resolve me all. I am bound upon a voyage,

wln 1515

Will you in this adventure take such part,

wln 1516

As I my selfe shall doe?

wln 1517

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

wln 1518

Besse. Then *Captaine* and *Leiftenant* both, joine hands,

wln 1519

Such are your places now.

wln 1520

Goodl. Wee two are friends.

wln 1521

Bess. I next must swear you two, with all your ginge

wln 1522

True to some articles you must observe,

wln 1523

Reserving to my selfe a prime command,

wln 1524

Whilst I injoyne nothing unreasonable.

wln 1525

Goodl. All this is granted.

wln 1526

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

Ile

wln 1527
wln 1528
wln 1529
wln 1530
wln 1531
wln 1532
wln 1533
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wln 1554
wln 1555
wln 1556
wln 1557
wln 1558
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 convay'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

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.

wln 1576
wln 1577
wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580

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.

wln 1581
wln 1582
wln 1583
wln 1584
wln 1585
wln 1586
wln 1587
wln 1588
wln 1589

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.

wln 1590
wln 1591
wln 1592
wln 1593
wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596

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

Alc. Tis most fit,

wln 1598

Those Christians that reape profit by our Land
Should contribute unto so great a losse.

wln 1599

Mull. *Alcade*, They shall. But what's the style of King,

wln 1600

VWithout his pleasure? Finde us concubines,

wln 1602

The fayrest Christian Damsells you can hire,

wln 1603

Or buy for gold: the loueliest of the Moores

wln 1604

VVe can command, and Negroes every where:

wln 1605

Italians, French, and Dutch, choise Turkish Girles

wln 1606

Must fill our Alkedavy, the great Pallace,

wln 1607

Where *Mullisheg* now daines to keepe his Court.

wln 1608

Ioffer. Who else are worthy to be Libertines,
But such as beare the Sword?

wln 1609

Mull. *Ioffer*, Thou pleasest us.

wln 1611

If Kings on earth be termed Demi-gods.

wln 1612

Why should we not make here terrestriall heaven?

wln 1613

VVe can, wee will, our God shall be our pleasure,

wln 1614

For so our *Mecan Prophet* warrants us.

wln 1615

And now the musicke of the Drums surcease,

wln 1616

Wee'll learne to dance to the soft tunes of peace.

wln 1617

Hoboyes.

wln 1618

Enter Besse like a Sea-captaine, Goodlacke, Roughman,

wln 1619

Forset, and Clem.

wln 1620

Bess. Good morrow Captaine. Oh this last Sea-fight

wln 1621

VWas gallantly perform'd. It did me good

wln 1622

To see the Spanish Carveile vaile her top

wln 1623

Vnto my Maiden Flag. VWhere ride we now?

wln 1624

Goodl. Among the Islands.

wln 1625

Bess. VWhat coast is this wee now descry from farre.

wln 1626

Goodl. Yon Fort's call'd Fiall.

wln 1627

Bess. Is that the place where *Spencers* body lies?

wln 1628

Goodl. Yes, in yon Church hee's buried.

wln 1629

Besse. Then know, to this place was my voyage bound

wln 1630

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
wln 1653
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-peeces 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

Bes. And would the tyrants be so uncharitable
To wrong the dead? where did they then bestow him?

wln 1668

Span. They buryed him ith fields.

wln 1669

Besse. Oh still more cruell.

wln 1670

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.

wln 1672

wln 1673

wln 1674

wln 1675

Besse. What's he that loves me would perswade me live.

wln 1676

Not rather leape ore hatches into th'Sea:

wln 1677

Yet ere I die I hope to be reveng'd

wln 1678

Vpon some Spaniards for my *Spencers* wrong.

wln 1679

Rough. Let's first begin with these.

wln 1680

Bess. 'Las these poore slaves! besides their pardond lives

wln 1681

One give them money. And Spaniards where you come,

wln 1682

Pray for *Besse Bridges*, and speake well o'th English.

wln 1683

Span. We shall.

wln 1684

Bess. Our mourning wee will turne into revenge,

wln 1685

And since the Church hath censur'd so my *Spencer*,

wln 1686

Bestow upon the Church some few cast Peeces,

wln 1687

Command the Gunner do't.

wln 1688

Goodl. And if he can to batter it to the earth.

A Peece.

wln 1689

Enter Clem falling for haste.

wln 1690

Clem. A Saile, a Saile.

wln 1691

Besse. From whence?

wln 1692

Clem. A pox upon yon Gunner, could he not giue war-
ning before he had shot?

wln 1693

Rough. Why I prethee?

wln 1694

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,

wln 1695

wln 1696

wln 1697

wln 1698

wln 1699

Rough. Thou toldst us of a Saile.

wln 1700

H

Enter

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.
Shot.

Rough. Gunners straight give fire.

*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 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

wln 1715

wln 1716

wln 1717

wln 1718

wln 1719

wln 1720

wln 1721

wln 1722

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

wln 1736
wln 1737

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

wln 1738
wln 1739
wln 1740
wln 1741

Besse. How is it with the Captaine?
Rough. Nothing dangerous,
But being shot ith' thigh hee keepes his Cabin,
And cannot rise to greet your victory.

wln 1742
wln 1743
wln 1744

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.

wln 1745
wln 1746

Roughm. Before we further censure them, let's know
What English prisoners they have here aboard.

wln 1747
wln 1748
wln 1749

Span. You may command them all. We that were now
Lords ouer them, Fortune hath made your slaves,
Release our prisoners.

wln 1750
wln 1751
wln 1752

Besse. Had my captaine dide
Not one proud Spaniard had escap'd with life,
Your ship is forfeit to us, and your goods.

wln 1753
wln 1754
wln 1755

So live. Give him his long Boate: him and his
Set safe ashore; and pray for English *Besse*.

wln 1756
wln 1757

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

Enter Roughman, with the Merchant and Spencer.

Bess. Whence are you sir? and whither were you bound?

wln 1760
wln 1761
wln 1762

Merch. I am a London bound for Barbary,
But by this Spanish Man-of-warre surpris'd,
Pillag'd and captiv'd.

wln 1763
wln 1764
wln 1765

Besse. We much pittie you,
What losse you have sustain'd, this Spanish prey
Shall make good to you to the utmost farthing.

wln 1766
wln 1767

Merc. Our lives, and all our fortunes whatsoever
Are wholly at your service.

wln 1768
wln 1769

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 1795
wln 1796
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 seaze.

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 wildernesse of Seas.

Florish.

Enter

wln 1804

Enter Chorus.

wln 1805

Our Stage so lamely can expresse a Sea,

wln 1806

That we are forst by *Chorus* to discourse

wln 1807

What should have beene in action. Now imagine

wln 1808

Her passion ore, and *Goodlacke* well recoverd,

wln 1809

Who had he not been wounded and seene *Spencer*,

wln 1810

Had sure descride him. Much prise they have tane,

wln 1811

The French and Dutch she spares, onely makes spoile

wln 1812

Of the rich Spaniard, and the barbarous Turke.

wln 1813

And now her fame growes great in all these seas.

wln 1814

Suppose her rich, and forst for want of water

wln 1815

To put into Mamorrah in Barbary,

wln 1816

Where wearied with the habit of a man,

wln 1817

She was discovered by the Moores aboard,

wln 1818

Which told it to the amorous King of Fesse,

wln 1819

That ne'er before had English Lady seene.

wln 1820

He sends for her on shore, how he receives her,

wln 1821

How she and *Spencer* meet, must next succeed.

wln 1822

Sit patient then, when these are fully told,

wln 1823

Some may hap say, I, there's a Girle worth gold.

wln 1824

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.

wln 1829

BVt was she of such presence?

wln 1830

Alc. To decrive her were to make eloquence dumb

wln 1831

Mull. Well habited?

wln 1832

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

wln 1833

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

H3

Alc.

wln 1834

Alc. The Captaine so reported.

wln 1835

Mull. How her ship?

wln 1836

Alc. I never saw a braver Vessell saile,

wln 1837

And she is call'd *The Negro*.

wln 1838

Mull. Ominous

wln 1839

Perhaps to our good fate, She in a *Negro*

wln 1840

Hath sail'd thus farre to bosome with a Moore.

wln 1841

But for the motion made to come ashore,

wln 1842

How did she relish that?

wln 1843

Alc. I promist to the Captaine large reward

wln 1844

To winne him to it, and this day he'hath promist

wln 1845

To bring me her free answer.

wln 1846

Mull. When he comes

wln 1847

Give him the entertainment of a Prince.

wln 1848

Enter a Moore.

wln 1849

The newes with thee?

wln 1850

Moore. The Captaine of *The Negro* craves admittance

wln 1851

Vnto your Highnesse presence.

wln 1852

Mul. A Guard attend him, and our noblest Bashawes

wln 1853

Conduct him safe where we will parly him.

Flowrish.

wln 1854

Enter Goodlacke, and Roughman.

wln 1855

Goodl. Long live the high and mighty King of Fesse.

wln 1856

Mull. If thou bringst her then dost thou bring me life.

wln 1857

Say, will she come?

wln 1858

Goodl. She will my Lord, but yet conditionally

wln 1859

She may be free from violence.

wln 1860

Mull. Now by the mighty Prophet we adore,

wln 1861

She shall live Lady of her free desires,

wln 1862

Tis love, not force, must quench our amorous fires.

wln 1863

Rough. We will conduct her to your presence straight.

wln 1864

Mul. We will have banquets, revels. and what not

wln 1865

To entertaine this stranger.

Hoboyes.

wln 1866

Enter Besse Bridges vail'd, Goodlack, Roughman, Forset,

wln 1867

and Moores.

wln 1868

A goodly presence! why's that beauty vail'd?

Bess.

wln 1869

Besse. Long live the King of Fesse.

wln 1870

Mull. I am amaz'd,

wln 1871

This is no mortall creature I behold,

wln 1872

But some bright Angell that is dropt from heaven,

wln 1873

Sent by our prophet. Captaine, let me thus

wln 1874

Imbrace thee in my armes. Load him with gold

wln 1875

For this great favour.

wln 1876

Bess. Captaine, touch it not.

wln 1877

Know King of Fesse my followers want no gold,

wln 1878

I onely came to see thee for my pleasure,

wln 1879

And shew thee, what these say thou never saw'st,

wln 1880

A woman borne in England.

wln 1881

Mull. That English earth may well be term'd a heaven,

wln 1882

That breedes such divine beauties. Make me sure

wln 1883

That thou art mortall, by one friendly touch.

wln 1884

Besse. Keepe off: for till thou swearst to my demands

wln 1885

I will have no commerce with *Mullisheg*,

wln 1886

But leave thee as I came.

wln 1887

Mull. Were't halfe my Kingdome,

wln 1888

That, beautious English Virgin, thou shalt have.

wln 1889

Besse. Captaine reade.

wln 1890

Goodl. First, libertie for her and hers to leave the Land

wln 1891

at her pleasure.

wln 1892

Next, safe conduct to and from her ship at her owne

wln 1893

discretion.

wln 1894

Thirdly, to be free from all violence, eyther by the King

wln 1895

or any of his people.

wln 1896

Fourthly, to allow her mariners fresh victuals aboard.

wln 1897

Fiftly, to offer no further violence to her person, then

wln 1898

what hee seekes by kingly usage, and free intreaty.

wln 1899

Mull. To these I vow and seale.

wln 1900

Besse. These being assur'd

wln 1901

Your courtship's free, and henceforth we secur'd.

wln 1902

Mull. Say Gentlemen of England, what's your fashion

wln 1903

And garbe of entertainment?

wln 1904

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
wln 1915
wln 1916
wln 1917
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wln 1932
wln 1933
wln 1934
wln 1935
wln 1936
wln 1937
wln 1938
wln 1939
wln 1940

Begins still on the lips.

Mull. 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.

Mull. 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
When she appeares for wonder.

wln 1943

Besse. Mighty *Fesse*,

wln 1945

You cast a blush upon my maiden cheeke,
To patterne me with her. Why Englands Queene
She is the onely Phœnix of her age,
The pride and glory of the Westerne Isles:
Had I a thousand tongues they all would tyre
And faile me in her true description.

wln 1946

wln 1947

wln 1948

wln 1949

wln 1950

Mull. Grant me this,

wln 1951

wln 1952

To morrow we supply our Iudgement-seate,
And sentence causes, sit with us in state,
And let your presence beautifie our Throne.

wln 1953

wln 1954

Bess. In that I am your servant.

wln 1955

wln 1956

Mul. And we thine.

wln 1957

Set on in state, attendants, and full traine:
But finde to aske, we vow thou shalt obtaine.

wln 1958

wln 1959

Enter Clem, manet Goodlacke.

wln 1960

Clem. It is not now as when *Andrea* liv'd,
Or rather *Andrew* our elder Iourneyman: what, Drawers
become Courtiers? Now may I speake with the old ghost
in *Ieronimo*;

wln 1961

wln 1962

wln 1963

wln 1964

When this eternall substance of my soule
Did live imprisoned in this wanton flesh,
I was a Courtier in the Court of *Fesse*.

wln 1965

wln 1966

Goodl. Oh well done *Clem*. It is your Mistris pleasure
None come a shore that's not well habited.

wln 1967

wln 1968

Clem. Nay for mine owne part, I hold my selfe as good
a Christian in these cloaths, as the proudest Infidell of
them all.

wln 1969

wln 1970

wln 1971

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

Clem. Great Seignior of the Sarazens I thanke thee.

wln 1977

Alc. Will you walke in to banquet?

wln 1978

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.

wln 1979

wln 1980

wln 1981

wln 1982

wln 1983

wln 1984

wln 1985

Enter two Merchants.

wln 1986

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

wln 1987

Clem. Why what art thou my friend?

wln 1988

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.

wln 1989

wln 1990

wln 1991

wln 1992

wln 1993

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?

wln 1994

wln 1995

wln 1996

wln 1997

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

wln 1998

wln 1999

Clem. To the Gallowes?

wln 2000

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

wln 2001

wln 2002

Clem. What are you sir?

wln 2003

2 Merc. A Florentine Merchant.

wln 2004

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

wln 2005

2 Mer. Heaven forbid else.

wln 2006

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

wln 2007

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

wln 2008

And when we sit to banquet see you waite.

Exit.

wln 2009

Enter Spencer solus.

wln 2010

Spenc. This day the king ascends his royall throne,

wln 2011

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 daigne 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

Bes. Good.

wln 2047

Mull. Thou shalt have all my Peeres to honour thee
Next our great prophet.

wln 2048

Besse. Well.

wln 2049

Mull. And when th'art weary of our Sun-burnt clime,
Thy *Negro* shall be ballast home with gold.

wln 2050

Bess. I am eterniz'd ever.

wln 2051

Now all you sad disasters dare your worst,
I neither care nor feare: my *Spencer* lives.

wln 2052

Mull. You minde me not sweet Virgin.

wln 2053

Besse. You talke of love.

wln 2054

My Lord, Ile tell you more of that hereafter.

wln 2055

But now to your State-businesse: bid him doe thus

wln 2056

No more, and not be seene till then.

wln 2057

Goodl. Enough: come sir, you must along with me.

wln 2058

Bess. Now stood a thousand deaths before my face,

wln 2059

I would not change my cheare, since *Spencer's* safe.

wln 2060

wln 2061

wln 2062

Enter Clem and the Merchants.

wln 2063

Clem. By your leave my Masters: roome for Generosity.

wln 2064

1 Merch. Pray sir remember me.

wln 2065

2 Merch. Good sir, my suit.

wln 2066

Cl. I am perfect in both your parts without prompting.

wln 2067

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.

wln 2068

Mul. For dealing in commodities forbid

wln 2069

Y'are fin'd a thousand duckats.

wln 2070

Besse. Cast off the burden of your heavy doome,

wln 2071

A follower of my traine petitions for him.

wln 2072

Mull. One of thy traine, sweet *Besse*?

wln 2073

Clem. And no worse man then my selfe sir.

wln 2074

Mull. Well sirrah, for your Ladies sake,

wln 2075

His ship and goods shall be restor'd againe.

wln 2076

1 Mer. Long live the King of Fesse.

wln 2077

wln 2078

wln 2079

wln 2080

Clem.

wln 2081
wln 2082
wln 2083
wln 2084
wln 2085
wln 2086
wln 2087
wln 2088
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wln 2107
wln 2108
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 2120

wln 2121

wln 2122

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

wln 2123

wln 2124

wln 2125

Clem. There's honour for me.

wln 2126

Alc. Come follow.

wln 2127

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

Exit.

wln 2128

Spenc. Oh shew your selfe renowned king the same

wln 2129

Fame blazons you: bestow this Maid on me,

wln 2130

Tis such a gift as kingdomes cannot buy:

wln 2131

She is a president of all true love,

wln 2132

And shall be registred to after times,

wln 2133

That ne'er shall patterne her.

wln 2134

Goodl. Heard you the story of their constant love.

wln 2135

'Twould move in you compassion.

wln 2136

Rough. Let not intemperate love sway you bove pittie,

wln 2137

That forraigne nation that ne'er heard your name,

wln 2138

May chronicle your vertues.

wln 2139

Mull. You have wakend in me an heroick spirit:

wln 2140

Lust shall not conquer vertue. Till this hower

wln 2141

We grac'd thee for thy beauty English woman,

wln 2142

But now we wonder at thy constancy.

wln 2143

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

wln 2144

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

wln 2145

In troath I thought thee dead.

wln 2146

Spenc. In hope of thee

wln 2147

I liv'd to gaine both life and libertie.

wln 2148

Enter Clem running.

wln 2149

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

wln 2150

Mul. Hast thou seene our Alkedavy?

wln 2151

Clem.

wln 2152

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.

wln 2153

wln 2154

wln 2155

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.

wln 2156

wln 2157

wln 2158

wln 2159

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

wln 2160

wln 2161

wln 2162

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

wln 2163

wln 2164

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

wln 2165

wln 2166

wln 2167

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.

wln 2168

wln 2169

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

wln 2170

wln 2171

wln 2172

Spenc. Mighty king
We are your Highnesse servants,

wln 2173

wln 2174

Mul. Come beautious Maid, wee'll see thee crown'd a
At all our pompous banquets these shall waite. (bride,

wln 2175

wln 2176

Thy followers and thy servants presse with gold,

wln 2177

And not the mean'st that to thy traine belongs,

wln 2178

But shall approve our bounty. Leade in state,

wln 2179

And wheresoe'er thy fame shall be inroll'd,

wln 2180

The world report thou art a Girle worth gold.

wln 2181

Explicit Actus quintus.

wln 2182

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[·]*.