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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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



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img: 1-a

img: 1-b

sig: A2r

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

ln 0009

ln 0010

THE  
FAIR MAID  
OF THE WEST.

OR,

*A Girl worth gold.*

The first part.

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

*By the Queen's Majesty's Comedians.*

*Written by T. H.*

ln 0011

ln 0012

ln 0013

LONDON,

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

img: 2-a

img: 2-b

sig: A3r

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

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ln 0005

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

ln 0009

ln 0010

ln 0011

ln 0012

ln 0013

ln 0014

ln 0015

ln 0016

ln 0017

ln 0018

ln 0019

ln 0020

ln 0021

ln 0022

ln 0023

ln 0024

To the much worthy, and my  
most respected, JOHN OTHOW,  
Esquire, Counselor at Law, in  
the noble Society of  
*Gray's Inn.*

SIR,

EXcuse this my boldness,  
(I entreat you) and let it  
pass under the title of my  
love and respect, long  
devoted unto you; of  
which, if I endeavor to  
present the world with a due acknowledgement  
without the sordid expectation  
of reward, or servile imputation of  
flattery, I hope it will be the rather accepted.  
I must ingenuously acknowledge, a weightier  
argument would have better suited with  
your grave employment; but there are retirements  
necessarily belonging to all the labors  
of the body and brain: If in any such cessation,  
you will deign to cast an eye upon  
this weak and unpolished Poem, I shall receive  
it as a courtesy from you, much exceeding

img: 3-a

sig: A3v

ln 0025

ln 0026

ln 0027

any merit in me, (my good meaning  
only accepted.) Thus wishing

In 0028  
In 0029  
In 0030  
In 0031

you healthful ability in body, untroubled  
content in mind: with the happy fruition  
of both the temporal felicities of the  
world present, and the eternal blessedness  
of the life future; I still remain as ever,

In 0032  
In 0033

Yours, most affectionately  
devoted,

In 0034

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

img: 3-b  
sig: A4r

In 0001

*To the READER.*

In 0002  
In 0003  
In 0004  
In 0005  
In 0006  
In 0007  
In 0008  
In 0009  
In 0010  
In 0011  
In 0012  
In 0013  
In 0014  
In 0015  
In 0016  
In 0017  
In 0018  
In 0019

*Courteous Reader, my Plays have not  
been exposed to the public view of  
the world in numerous sheets, and  
a large volume; but singly (as thou  
seest) with great modesty, and  
small noise. These Comedies, bearing  
the title of, The fair Maid  
of the West: if they prove but as gracious in thy  
private reading, as they were plausible in the public  
acting, I shall not much doubt of their success. Nor  
need they (I hope) much fear a rugged and censorious  
brow from thee, on whom the greatest and best in the  
kingdom, have vouchsafed to smile. I hold it no necessity  
to trouble thee with the Argument of the story, the  
matter itself lying so plainly before thee in Acts and  
Scenes, without any deviations, or winding indents.  
Peruse it through, and thou mayst find in it,  
Some mirth, some matter, and, perhaps, some wit.*

*He that would study thy  
content,*

img: 4-a  
sig: A4v

In 0022

T. H.

In 0001

*Dramatis personae.*

In 0002  
In 0003  
In 0004  
In 0005  
In 0006  
In 0007  
In 0008  
In 0009  
In 0010  
In 0011  
In 0012

|                                    |                                       |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <i>Two Sea Captains.</i>           | <i>A kitchen Maid; by Master</i>      |
| <i>Master Carrol, a Gentleman.</i> | <i>Anthony Furner.</i>                |
| <i>Master Spencer. By Master</i>   | <i>The Mayor of Foy, an Alderman,</i> |
| <i>Michael Bowyer.</i>             | <i>and a servant.</i>                 |
| <i>Captain Goodlack, Spencer's</i> | <i>A Spanish Captain by. C. Goad</i>  |
| <i>friend; by Master Richard</i>   | <i>An English Merchant; by</i>        |
| <i>Perkins.</i>                    | <i>Robert Axell.</i>                  |
| <i>Two Vintner's boys.</i>         | <i>Mullisheg, King of Fez, by</i>     |
| <i>Bess Bridges, The fair</i>      | <i>Master William Allen.</i>          |
| <i>Maid of the west; by Hugh</i>   | <i>Bashaw Alcade; by Master</i>       |
| <i>Clark.</i>                      | <i>Wilbraham.</i>                     |

ln 0013  
ln 0014  
ln 0015  
ln 0016  
ln 0017  
ln 0018  
ln 0019  
ln 0020  
ln 0021

|   |   |
|---|---|
| Master Forset, <i>a Gentleman</i> ;<br>by Christopher Goad.                         | <i>Bashaw Joffer.</i><br><i>Two Spanish Captains.</i>   |
| Master Roughman, <i>a swaggering</i><br><i>Gentleman</i> ; by William<br>Shearlock. | <i>A French Merchant.</i><br><i>An Italian Merchant.</i><br><i>A Chorus.</i>                          |
| Clem, <i>a drawer of wine</i><br>under Bess Bridges; by Mr.<br>William Robinson.    | <i>The Earl of Essex going</i><br><i>to Cales: the Mayor of Plymouth,</i><br><i>with Petitioners,</i> |
| <i>Three Sailors. A Surgeon.</i>  | <i>Mutes, personated.</i>   |

wln 0001  
wln 0002  
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wln 0009  
wln 0010  
wln 0011  
wln 0012  
wln 0013

Prologue.

*Amongst the Grecians there were annual feasts,  
To which none were invited as chief guests,  
Save Princes and their Wives. Amongst the men,  
There was no argument disputed then,  
But who best governed: And (as 't did appear)  
He was esteemed sole Sovereign for that year.  
The Queens and Ladies argued at that time,  
For Virtue and for beauty which was prime,  
And she had the high honor. Two here be,  
For Beauty one, the other Majesty,  
Most worthy (did that custom still persevere)  
Not for one year, but to be Sovereigns ever.*

img: 4-b  
sig: B1r

wln 0014  
wln 0015  
wln 0016  
wln 0017

THE FAIR MAID  
of the West:  
OR,  
A Girl worth Gold.

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

*Enter two Captains, and Master Carrol.*

*1. Captain*

When puts my Lord to Sea?

*2. Captain* When the wind's fair.

*Carrol* Resolve me I entreat, can you not guess  
The purpose of this voyage?

*1. Captain* Most men think  
The Fleet's bound for the Islands.

*Carrol* Nay, 'tis like.

The great success at Cales under the conduct  
Of such a Noble General, hath put heart  
Into the English: They are all on fire  
To purchase from the Spaniard. If their Carracks  
Come deeply laden, we shall tug with them  
For golden spoil.

*2. Captain* O, were it come to that!

*1 Captain* How Plymouth swells with Gallants! how the streets  
Glisten with gold! You cannot meet a man  
But tricked in scarf and feather, that it seems  
As if the pride of England's Gallantry  
Were harbored here. It doth appear (methinks)

wln 0039

wln 0040

img: 5-a  
sig: B1v

wln 0041

wln 0042

wln 0043

wln 0044

wln 0045

wln 0046

wln 0047

wln 0048

wln 0049

wln 0050

wln 0051

wln 0052

wln 0053

wln 0054

wln 0055

wln 0056

wln 0057

wln 0058

wln 0059

wln 0060

wln 0061

wln 0062

wln 0063

wln 0064

wln 0065

wln 0066

wln 0067

wln 0068

wln 0069

wln 0070

wln 0071

wln 0072

wln 0073

wln 0074

wln 0075

img: 5-b  
sig: B2r

wln 0076

wln 0077

wln 0078

wln 0079

wln 0080

wln 0081

wln 0082

A very Court of Soldiers.

*Carrol* It doth so.

Where shall we dine today?

*2. Captain* At the next Tavern by; there's the best wine,

*1 Captain* And the best wench, *Bess Bridges*, she's the flower

Of Plymouth held: the Castle needs no bush,

Her beauty draws to them more gallant Customers

Than all the signs i' th' town else.

*2. Captain* A sweet Lass,

If I have any judgement.

*1. Captain* Now in troth

I think she's honest.

*Carrol* Honest, and live there?

What, in a public Tavern, where's such confluence

Of lusty and brave Gallants? Honest said you?

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

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

*Carrol* But withal

Exceeding affable.

*2 Captain* An argument that she's not proud.

*Carrol* No, were she proud, she'd fall.

*1 Captain* Well, she's a most attractive Adamant,

Her very beauty hath upheld that house,

And gained her master much.

*Carrol* That Adamant

Shall for this time draw me too, we'll dine there.

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

*Enter Master Spencer, and Captain Goodlack.*

*Goodlack* What, to the old house still?

*Spencer* Canst blame me, Captain,

Believe me, I was never surprised till now,

Or caught upon the sudden.

*Goodlack* Pray resolve me,

Why being a Gentleman of fortunes, means,

And well revenued, will you adventure thus

A doubtful voyage, when only such as I

Born to no other fortunes then my sword

Should seek abroad for pillage.

*Spencer* Pillage, Captain?

No, 'tis for honor; And the brave society

Of all these shining Gallants that attend

The great Lord General, drew me hither first:

No hope of gain or spoil.

*Goodlack* Ay, but what draws you to this house so oft?

wln 0083  
wln 0084  
wln 0085  
wln 0086  
wln 0087  
wln 0088  
wln 0089  
wln 0090  
wln 0091  
wln 0092  
wln 0093  
wln 0094  
wln 0095  
wln 0096  
wln 0097

*Spencer* As if thou knewst it not.  
*Goodlack* What, *Bess*?  
*Spencer* Even she.  
*Goodlack* Come, I must tell you, you forget yourself,  
One of your birth and breeding, thus to dote  
Upon a Tanner's daughter: why, her father  
Sold hides in Somersetshire, and being trade-fallen,  
Sent her to service.  
*Spencer* Prithee speak no more,  
Thou tell'st me that which I would fain forget,  
Or wish I had not known. If thou wilt humor me  
Tell me she's fair and honest.  
*Goodlack* Yes, and loves you.  
*Spencer* To forget that, were to exclude the rest:  
All saving that, were nothing. Come let's enter.

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

*Enter 2. Drawers.*  
*1. Drawer* You are welcome Gentlemen. Show them into  
the next room there.  
*2. Drawer* Look out a Towel, and some Rolls, a Salt and  
Trenchers.  
*Spencer* No sir, we will not dine.  
*2. Drawer* I am sure ye would if ye had my stomach.  
What wine drink ye, Sack or Claret?  
*Spencer* Where's *Bess*?  
*2. Drawer* Marry above with three or four Gentlemen.  
*Spencer* Go call her.  
*2. Drawer* I'll draw you a cup of the neatest wine in Plymouth  
*Spencer* I'll taste none of your drawing. Go call *Bess*.

img: 6-a  
sig: B2v

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

*2 Drawer* There's nothing in the mouths of these Gallants,  
but *Bess, Bess*.  
*Spencer* What sa' ye Sir?  
*2. Drawer* Nothing sir, but I'll go call her presently.  
*Spencer* Tell her who's here.  
*2. Drawer* The devil rid her out of the house for me.  
*Spencer* Sa' ye sir?  
*2 Drawer* 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

*Enter Bess Bridges.*  
*Spencer* See she's come.  
*Bess* Sweet Master *Spencer*, y' are a stranger grown,  
Where have you been these three days?  
*Spencer* The last night  
I sat up late, at game: here take this bag,  
And lay 't up till I call for 't.  
*Bess* Sir I shall.  
*Spencer* Bring me some wine.  
*Bess* I know your taste,

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

img: 6-b  
sig: B3r

And I shall please your palate.

*Goodlack* Troth 'tis a pretty soul.

*Spencer* To thee I will unbosom all my thoughts,  
Were her low birth but equal with her beauty  
Here would I fix my thoughts.

*Goodlack* You are not mad sir?

You say you love her.

*Spencer* Never question that.

*Goodlack* Then put her to 't, win Opportunity,  
She's the best bawd: If (as you say) she loves you,  
She can deny you nothing.

*Spencer* I have proved her  
Unto the utmost test. Examined her.  
Even to a modest force: but all in vain:  
She'll laugh, confer, keep company, discourse,  
And something more, kiss: but beyond that compass  
She no way can be drawn.

*Goodlack* 'Tis a virtue,  
But seldom found in taverns.

*Enter Bess with wine.*

*Bess.* 'Tis of the best Graves wine sir.

*Spencer* Gramercy Girl, come sit.

*Bess.* Pray pardon sir, I dare not.

*Spencer* I'll ha' it so.

*Bess.* My fellows love me not, and will complain  
Of such a saucy boldness.

*Spencer* Pox on your fellows,  
I'll try whether their pottle pots or heads  
Be harder, if I do but hear them grumble.  
Sit: now *Bess* drink to me.

*Bess.* To your good voyage.

*Enter the second Drawer.*

*2 Drawer* Did you call sir?

*Spencer* Yes sir, to have your absence. Captain, this health.

*Goodlack* Let it come sir.

*2 Drawer* Must you be set, and we wait, with a —

*Spencer* What say you sir?

*2 Drawer* Anon, anon, I come there.

*Exit.*

*Spencer* What will you venture *Bess* to sea with me?

*Bess.* What I love best, my heart: for I could wish  
I had been born to equal you in fortune,  
Or you so low, to have been ranked with me,  
I could have then presumed boldly to say,  
I love none but my *Spencer*.

*Spencer* *Bess* I thank thee.

Keepe still that hundred pound till my return

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

wln 0175  
wln 0176  
wln 0177

img: 7-a  
sig: B3v

From th' Islands with my Lord: if never, wench  
Take it, it is thine own.

*Bess.* You bind me to you.

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

*Enter the first Drawer.*

*1 Drawer* *Bess*, you must fill some wine into the Portcullis,  
the Gentlemen there will drink none but of your  
drawing.

*Spencer* She shall not rise sir, go, let your Master snick-up.

*1 Drawer* And that should be cousin-german to the hiccup.

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

*Enter the second Drawer.*

*2 Drawer* *Bess*, you must needs come, the gentlemen  
fling pots, pottles, drawers, and all down stairs. The  
whole house is in an uproar.

*Bess.* Pray pardon sir, I needs must be gone.

*2 Drawer* The Gentlemen swear if she come not up to them  
They will come down to her.

*Spencer* If they come in peace,  
Like civil Gentlemen, they may be welcome:  
If otherwise, let them usurp their pleasures.  
We stand prepared for both.

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

*Enter Carrol and two Captains.*

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

*Spencer* Sir, you are welcome, so are your friends.

*1 Captain* Some wine.

*Bess.* Pray give me leave to fill it.

*Spencer* You shall not stir. So please you we'll join company.  
*Drawer*, more stools.

*Carrol* I take 't that's a she drawer. Are you of the house?

*Bess.* I am sir.

*Carrol.* In what place?

*Bess.* I draw.

*Carrol.* Beer, do you not? You are some tapstress.

*Spencer* Sir, the worst character you can bestow  
Upon the maid is to draw wine.

img: 7-b  
sig: B4r

wln 0211  
wln 0212  
wln 0213  
wln 0214  
wln 0215  
wln 0216

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

*2 Captain* I pray be civil.

*Spencer* I know not, Gentlemen, what your intents be,  
Nor do I fear or care. This is my room,



wln 0217  
wln 0218  
wln 0219  
wln 0220  
wln 0221  
wln 0222  
wln 0223  
wln 0224  
wln 0225  
wln 0226  
wln 0227  
wln 0228  
wln 0229  
wln 0230  
wln 0231  
wln 0232  
wln 0233  
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wln 0235  
wln 0236  
wln 0237  
wln 0238  
wln 0239  
wln 0240  
wln 0241  
wln 0242

And if you bear you, as you seem in show,  
Like Gentlemen, sit and be sociable.  
*Carrol* We will. Minx, by your leave: Remove I say.  
*Spencer* She shall not stir.  
*Carrol* How sir?  
*Spencer* No sir: could you outface the devil,  
We do not fear your roaring.  
*Carrol* Though you may be companion with a drudge,  
It is not fit she should have place by us.  
About your business, huswife.  
*Spencer* She is worthy  
The place as the best here, and she shall keep 't.  
*Carrol* You lie. *They bustle. Carrol slain.*  
*Goodlack* The Gentleman's slain, away.  
*Bess.* Oh heaven, what have you done?  
*Goodlack* Undone thyself and me too. Come away!  
*Bess.* Oh sad misfortune, I shall lose him ever.  
What, are you men or milk sops? Stand you still  
Senseless as stones, and see your friend in danger  
To expire his last?  
*1 Captain* Tush, all our help's in vain.  
*2 Captain* This is the fruit of whores.  
This mischief came through thee.  
*Bess.* It grew first from your incivility.  
*1 Captain* Lend me a hand to lift his body hence.  
It was a fatal business. *Exeunt Captains.*

wln 0243  
wln 0244  
wln 0245

*Enter the two Drawers.*  
*1 Drawer* One call my Master, another fetch the constable,  
Here's a man killed in the room.

img: 8-a  
sig: B4v

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

*2 Drawer* How, a man killed sayest thou. Is all paid?  
*1 Drawer* How fell they out, canst thou tell?  
*2 Drawer* Sure about this bold Bettrice: 'tis not so much for  
the death of the man, but how shall we come by our  
reckoning? *Exeunt Drawers.*  
*Bess.* What shall become of me! Of all lost creatures  
The most infortunate. My innocence  
Hath been the cause of blood, and I am now  
Purpled with murder, though not within compass  
Of the Law's severe censure: but which most  
Adds unto my affliction, I by this  
Have lost so worthy and approved a friend,  
Whom to redeem from exile, I would give  
All that's without and in me.

wln 0260  
wln 0261  
wln 0262

*Enter Forset.*  
*Forset* Your name's *Bess Bridges*?  
*Bess.* An unfortunate Maid.

wln 0263  
wln 0264  
wln 0265  
wln 0266  
wln 0267  
wln 0268  
wln 0269  
wln 0270  
wln 0271  
wln 0272  
wln 0273  
wln 0274  
wln 0275  
wln 0276  
wln 0277  
wln 0278  
wln 0279  
wln 0280

img: 8-b  
sig: C1r

Known by that name too well in Plymouth here.  
Your business, sir, with me?  
*Forset* Know you this Ring?  
*Bess.* I do: it is my *Spencer's*.  
I know withal you are his trusty friend,  
To whom he would commit it. Speak, how fares he?  
Is he in freedom, know ye?  
*Forset* He's in health  
Of body, though in mind somewhat perplexed  
For this late mischief happened.  
*Bess.* Is he fled, and freed from danger?  
*Forset* Neither. By this token  
He lovingly commends him to you *Bess*,  
And prays you when 'tis dark meet him o' th' Hoe  
Near to the new-made Fort, where he'll attend you,  
Before he flies, to take a kind farewell.  
There's only *Goodlack* in his company,  
He entreats you not to fail him.

wln 0281  
wln 0282

*Bess* Tell him from me, I'll come, I'll run, I'll fly,  
Stand Death before me: were I sure to die.

*Exit.*

wln 0283  
wln 0284  
wln 0285  
wln 0286  
wln 0287  
wln 0288  
wln 0289  
wln 0290  
wln 0291  
wln 0292  
wln 0293  
wln 0294  
wln 0295  
wln 0296  
wln 0297  
wln 0298  
wln 0299  
wln 0300  
wln 0301  
wln 0302  
wln 0303

*Enter Spencer and Goodlack.*  
*Goodlack* You are too full of passion.  
*Spencer* Canst thou blame me,  
To have the guilt of murder burden me,  
And next, my life in hazard to a death  
So ignominious: last, to lose a Love  
So sweet, so fair, so am'rous, and so chaste,  
And all these at an instant? Art thou sure  
*Carrol* is dead?  
*Goodlack* I can believe no less.  
You hit him in the very speeding place.  
*Spencer* Oh but the last of these sits nearest my heart.  
*Goodlack* Sir be advised by me.  
Try her before you trust her. She perchance  
May take th'advantage of your hopeful fortunes:  
But when she finds you subject to distress  
And casualty, her flattering love may die:  
Your deceased hopes.  
*Spencer* Thou counsel'st well.  
I'll put her to the test and utmost trial  
Before I trust her further. Here she comes.

wln 0304

*Enter Forset, and Bess with a bag.*

wln 0305  
wln 0306  
wln 0307

*Forset* I have done my message sir.  
*Bess* Fear not sweet *Spencer*, we are now alone,  
And thou art sanctuaried in these mine arms.

wln 0308  
wln 0309  
wln 0310  
wln 0311  
wln 0312  
wln 0313

img: 9-a  
sig: C1v

*Goodlack* While these confer we'll sentinel their safety.  
This place I'll guard.  
*Forset* I this.  
*Bess* Are you not hurt?  
Or your skin razed with his offensive steel?  
How is it with you?

wln 0314  
wln 0315  
wln 0316  
wln 0317  
wln 0318  
wln 0319  
wln 0320  
wln 0321  
wln 0322  
wln 0323  
wln 0324  
wln 0325  
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wln 0340  
wln 0341  
wln 0342  
wln 0343  
wln 0344  
wln 0345  
wln 0346  
wln 0347  
wln 0348  
wln 0349

*Spencer* *Bess*, all my afflictions  
Are that I must leave thee: thou know'st withal  
My extreme necessity, and that the fear  
Of a most scandalous death doth force me hence.  
I am not near my Country, and to stay  
From new supply from thence, might deeply engage me  
To desperate hazard.  
*Bess*. Is it coin you want?  
Here is the hundred pound you gave me late,  
Use that, beside what I have stored and saved  
Which makes it fifty more: were it ten thousand  
Nay, a whole million, *Spencer*, all were thine.  
*Spencer* No, what thou hast keep still, 'tis all thine own.  
Here be my keys, my trunks take to thy charge:  
Such gold fit for transportage as I have,  
I'll bear along: the rest are freely thine,  
Money, apparel, and what else thou findest,  
Perhaps worth my bequest and thy receiving,  
I make thee mistress of.  
*Bess*. Before I doted,  
But now you strive to have me ecstasied.  
What would you have me do, in which t'express  
My zeal to you?  
*Spencer* Which in my chamber hangs,  
My picture, I enjoin thee to keep ever,  
For when thou partest with that, thou lovest me.  
*Bess*. My soul may from my body be divorced,  
But never that from me.  
*Spencer* I have a house in Foy, a tavern called  
The Windmill, that I freely give thee too,  
And thither if I live I'll send to thee.  
*Bess*. So soon as I have cast my reckonings up,  
And made even with my Master, I'll not fail  
To visit Foy in Cornwall. Is there else  
Aught that you will enjoin me?  
*Spencer* Thou art fair,

img: 9-b  
sig: C2r

wln 0350  
wln 0351  
wln 0352

Join to thy beauty virtue. Many suitors  
I know will tempt thee: beauty's a shrewd bait,  
But unto that if thou add'st chastity,

wln 0353  
wln 0354  
wln 0355  
wln 0356  
wln 0357  
wln 0358  
wln 0359  
wln 0360  
wln 0361  
wln 0362  
wln 0363  
wln 0364  
wln 0365  
wln 0366  
wln 0367  
wln 0368  
wln 0369  
wln 0370  
wln 0371  
wln 0372  
wln 0373  
wln 0374  
wln 0375

Thou shalt o'ercome all scandal. Time calls hence,  
We now must part.

*Bess.* Oh that I had the power to make Time lame,  
To stay the stars, or make the Moon stand still,  
That future day might never haste thy flight.  
I could dwell here forever in thine arms.  
And wish it always night.

*Spencer* We trifle hours. Farewell.

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

*Spencer* Swear for me *Bess*: for thou mayst safely do 't.  
Once more farewell: at *Foy* thou shalt hear from me.

*Bess.* There's not a word that hath a parting sound  
Which through mine ears shrills not immediate death.  
I shall not live to lose thee.

*Forset* Best be gone, for hark I hear some tread.

*Spencer* A thousand farewells are in one contracted.  
Captain away.

*Exit Spencer, and Goodlack.*

*Bess.* Oh, I shall die.

*Forset* What mean you *Bess*, will you betray your friend,  
Or call my name in question? Sweet, look up.

*Bess.* Ha, is my *Spencer* gone?

*Forset* With speed towards *Foy*,  
There to take ship for *Fayal*.

*Bess.* Let me recollect myself,  
And what he left in charge. Virtue and Chastity.  
Next, with all sudden expedition

wln 0376  
wln 0377  
wln 0378  
wln 0379  
wln 0380  
wln 0381  
wln 0382  
wln 0383  
wln 0384

img: 10-a  
sig: C2v

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

Prepare for *Foy*: all these will I conserve,  
And keep them strictly, as I would my life.  
*Plymouth* farewell: in *Cornwall* I will prove  
A second fortune, and forever mourn,  
Until I see my *Spencer*'s safe return.

*Hautboys.*

*A dumb Show. Enter General, Captains, the Mayor:  
Petitioners the other way with papers: amongst these the  
Drawers. The General gives them bags of money. All  
go off saving the two Drawers.*

wln 0395  
wln 0396  
wln 0397  
wln 0398

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

wln 0399  
wln 0400  
wln 0401  
wln 0402  
wln 0403  
wln 0404  
wln 0405  
wln 0406  
wln 0407  
wln 0408  
wln 0409  
wln 0410  
wln 0411  
wln 0412  
  
wln 0413

*2 Drawer* 'Tis ordinary amongst Gallants nowadays,  
who had rather swear forty oaths, than only this one  
oath, God let me never be trusted.

*1 Drawer* But if the Captains would follow the noble  
mind of the General, before night there would not be  
one score owing in Plymouth.

*2 Drawer* Little knows *Bess* that my Master hath got  
in these desperate debts: but she hath cast up her account:  
and is gone.

*1 Drawer* Whither canst thou tell?

*2 Drawer* They say to keep a Tavern in Foy, and that  
Master *Spencer* hath given her a stock to set up for herself.  
Well, howsoever, I am glad, though he killed the man we  
have got our money.

*Explicit Actus primus.*

img: 10-b  
sig: C3r

wln 0414

*Actus secundus, Scaena prima.*

wln 0415

*Enter Forset and Roughman.*

wln 0416

*Forset.*

wln 0417

IN your time have you seen a sweeter creature?

wln 0418

*Roughman* Some week or thereabouts.

wln 0419

*Forset* And in that small time she hath almost undone  
all the other Taverns. The Gallants make no rendezvous  
now but at the Windmill.

wln 0420

wln 0421

*Roughman* Spite of them I'll have her. It shall cost me  
the setting on but I'll have her.

wln 0422

wln 0423

*Forset* Why, do you think she is so easily won?

wln 0424

wln 0425

*Roughman* Easily or not, I'll bid as fair and far as any  
man within twenty miles of my head, but I will put her  
to the squeak.

wln 0426

wln 0427

*Forset* They say there are Knights' sons already come  
as suitors to her.

wln 0428

wln 0429

*Roughman* 'Tis like enough, some younger brothers, and  
so I intend to make them.

wln 0430

wln 0431

*Forset* If these doings hold, she will grow rich in short  
time.

wln 0432

wln 0433

*Roughman* There shall be doings that shall make this  
Windmill my grand seat, my mansion, my palace, and  
my Constantinople.

wln 0434

wln 0435

wln 0436

*Enter Bess Bridges like a Mistress,  
and Clem*

wln 0437

wln 0438

wln 0439

*Forset* Here she comes: observe how modestly she bears

wln 0440  
wln 0441  
wln 0442  
wln 0443

img: 11-b  
sig: C3v

wln 0444  
wln 0445  
wln 0446  
wln 0447  
wln 0448  
wln 0449  
wln 0450  
wln 0451  
wln 0452  
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wln 0470  
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wln 0472  
wln 0473  
wln 0474  
wln 0475  
wln 0476  
wln 0477  
wln 0478  
wln 0479

img: 11-b  
sig: C4r

wln 0480  
wln 0481  
wln 0482  
wln 0483  
wln 0484

herself.

*Roughman* I must know of what burden this vessel is, I shall not bear with her till she bear with me, and till then, I cannot report her for a woman of good carriage.

*Bess.* Your old Master that dwelt here before my coming, hath turned over your years to me.

*Clem* Right forsooth: before he was a Vintner, he was a shoemaker, and left two or three turn-overs more besides myself.

*Bess.* How long hast thou to serve.

*Clem* But eleven years next grass, and then I am in hope of my freedom. For by that time I shall be at full age.

*Bess.* How old art thou now?

*Clem* Forsooth newly come into my Teens. I have scraped trenchers this two years, and the next Vintage I hope to be Bar-boy.

*Bess.* What's thy name?

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

*Bess* And where dwelt he?

*Clem* Below here in the next crooked street, at the sign of the Leg. He was nothing so tall as I, but a little wee-man, and somewhat huck-backed.

*Bess.* He was once Constable?

*Clem* He was indeed, and in that one year of his reign, I have heard them say, he bolted and sifted out more business, than others in that office in many years before him.

*Bess.* How long is't since he died?

*Clem* Marry the last dear year. For when corn grew to be at an high rate, my father never dowed after.

*Bess.* I think I have heard of him.

*Clem* Then I am sure you have heard he was an honest neighbor, and one that never loved to be meal-mouthed.

*Bess.* Well sirrah, prove an honest servant, and you shall find me your good Mistress. What company is in the Marmaid?

*Clem* There be four Sea captains. I believe they be little better than **spirats**, they are so flush of their ruddocks.

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

*Clem* Wot you what Mistress, how the two Sailors

wln 0485  
wln 0486  
wln 0487  
wln 0488  
wln 0489  
wln 0490  
wln 0491  
wln 0492  
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wln 0509  
wln 0510  
wln 0511  
wln 0512  
wln 0513  
wln 0514  
wln 0515

img: 12-a  
sig: C4v

wln 0516  
wln 0517  
wln 0518  
wln 0519  
wln 0520  
wln 0521  
wln 0522  
wln 0523  
wln 0524  
wln 0525  
wln 0526  
wln 0527  
wln 0528  
wln 0529  
wln 0530  
wln 0531  
wln 0532

would have served me, that called for the pound and half  
of Cheese?

*Bess* How was it *Clem*?

*Clem* When I brought them a reckoning, they would  
have had me to have scored it up. They took me for a simple  
gull indeed, that would have had me to have taken  
Chalk for Cheese:

*Bess.* Well, go wait upon the Captains, see them  
want no wine.

*Clem* Nor reckoning neither, take my word Mistress.

*Roughman* She's now at leisure, I'll to her.  
Lady, what Gentlemen are those above?

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

*Roughman* Give me their names.

*Bess.* You may go search the Church-book where  
they were christened.

There you perhaps may learn them.

*Roughman* Minion, how?

*Forset* Fie, fie, you are too rude with this fair creature,  
That no way seeks t' offend you.

*Bess* Pray hands off.

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

*Bess* 'Las goodman.

*Roughman* Why know'st thou whom thou slight'st. I am *Roughman*,  
The only 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 himself,

But proved in th' end a coward.

*Roughman* Coward, *Bess*?

You will offend me, raise in me that fury  
Your beauty cannot calm. Go to, no more,  
Your language is too harsh and peremptory.

Pray let me hear no more on 't. I tell thee  
That quiet day scarce past me these seven years  
I have not cracked a weapon in some fray,  
And will you move my spleen?

*Forset* What, threat a woman?

*Bess* Sir, if you thus persist to wrong my house,  
Disturb my guests, and nightly domineer,  
To put my friends from patience, I'll complain,  
And right myself before the Magistrate.

Can we not live in compass of the Law,  
But must be swaggered out on 't?

*Roughman* Go to, wench,

wln 0533  
wln 0534  
wln 0535  
wln 0536  
wln 0537  
wln 0538  
wln 0539  
wln 0540  
wln 0541  
wln 0542  
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wln 0544  
wln 0545  
wln 0546  
wln 0547  
wln 0548  
wln 0549  
wln 0550  
wln 0551

img: 12-b  
sig: D1r

wln 0552  
wln 0553  
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wln 0558  
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wln 0575  
wln 0576  
wln 0577  
wln 0578  
wln 0579  
wln 0580

I wish thee well, think on 't, there's good for thee  
Stored in my breast, and when I come in place  
I must have no man to offend mine eye:  
My love can brook no rivals. For this time  
I am content your Captains shall have peace,  
But must not be used to 't.

*Bess* Sir if you come like other free and civil Gentlemen  
Y' are welcome, otherwise my doors are barred you.

*Roughman* That's my good Girl,  
I have fortunes laid up for thee: what I have  
Command it as thine own. Go to, be wise.

*Bess* Well, I shall study for 't.

*Roughman* Consider on 't. Farewell.

*Exit.*

*Bess* My mind suggests me that this prating fellow  
Is some notorious Coward. If he persist  
I have a trick, to try what metal's in him.

*Enter Clem*

What news with you?

*Clem* I am now going to carry the Captains a reckoning.

*Bess.* And what's the sum?

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

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

*Clem* I'll watch them for that, 'tis no time of night to  
use our bills, the Gentlemen are no dwarfs, and with one  
word of my mouth, I can tell them what is to *be-tall*.

*Bess.* How comes it to so much?

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

*Bess.* Why dost thou reckon it so?

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

*Bess* Well, wine — 3 s, 6 d.

*Clem* And what wants that of ten groats?

*Bess.* 'Tis two pence over.

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

*Bess.* Why so I prithee?

*Clem* Because of the old proverb, What they want in  
meat, let them take out in drink. Then for twelve pennyworth  
of Anchoves, 18 d.

*Bess.* How can that be?

*Clem* Marry very well Mistress, 12 d. Anchoves, and  
6 d. oil and vinegar. Nay they shall have a saucy reckoning

*Bess* And what for the other half crown?

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

*Bess* Well, take the reckoning from the bar.

*Clem* What needs that forsooth? The Gentlemen seem



wln 0581  
wln 0582  
wln 0583  
wln 0584  
wln 0585  
wln 0586  
wln 0587

img: 13-a  
sig: D1v

wln 0588  
wln 0589  
wln 0590  
wln 0591  
wln 0592  
wln 0593  
wln 0594  
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wln 0616  
wln 0617  
wln 0618  
wln 0619  
wln 0620  
wln 0621

img: 13-b  
sig: D2r

wln 0622  
wln 0623

to be high flown already, send them in but another pottle  
of Sack, and they will cast up the reckoning of themselves.  
Yes, I'll about it.

*Bess* Were I not with so my suitors pestered,  
And might I enjoy my *Spencer*, what a sweet  
Contented life were this? For money flows  
And my gain's great. But to my *Roughman* next:

I have a trick to try what spirit's in him,  
It shall be my next business: in this passion  
For my dear *Spencer*, I propose me this,  
'Mongst many sorrows some mirth's not amiss,

*Exit.*

*Enter Spencer, and Goodlack.*

*Goodlack* What were you thinking sir?

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

*Goodlack* The reason of your meditation.

*Spencer* To imagine that in the same instant that one forfeits  
all his estate, another enters upon a rich possession: as  
one goes to the Church to be married, another is hurried  
to the gallows to be hanged, the last having no feeling  
of the first man's joy, nor the first of the last man's misery.  
At the same time that one lies tortured upon the Rack,  
another lies tumbling with his Mistress over head and  
ears in down and feathers. This when I truly consider,  
I cannot but wonder why any fortune should make a man  
ecstasied.

*Goodlack* You give yourself too much to melancholy.

*Spencer* These are my Maxims, and were they as faithfully  
practiced by others, as truly apprehended by me, we  
should have less oppression, and more charity.

*Enter the two Captains that were before.*

*1 Captain* Make good thy words.

*2 Captain* I say thou hast injured me.

*1 Captain* Tell me wherein.

*2 Captain* When we assaulted Fayal,  
And I had by the General's command  
The onset, and with danger of my person  
Enforced the Spaniard to a swift retreat,  
And beat them from their Fort, thou when thou saw'st  
All fear and danger past, mad'st up with me

To share that honor which was sole mine own,  
And never ventured shot for 't, or e'er came

wln 0624  
wln 0625  
wln 0626  
wln 0627  
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wln 0655  
wln 0656  
wln 0657

Where bullet grazed.  
*Spencer* See Captain a fray towards,  
Let's if we can atone this difference.  
*Goodlack* Content.  
*1 Captain* I'll prove it with my sword,  
That though thou hadst the foremost place in field,  
And I the second, yet my Company  
Was equal in the entry of the Fort.  
My sword was that day drawn as soon as thine,  
And that poor honor which I won that day  
Was but my merit.  
*2 Captain* Wrong me palpably  
And justify the same?  
*Spencer* You shall not fight.  
*1 Captain* Why sir, who made you first a Justicer,  
And taught you that word *shall?* you are no General,  
Or if you be, pray show us your Commission.  
*Spencer* Sir you have no commission but my counsel,  
And that I'll show you freely.  
*2 Captain* 'Tis some Chaplain,  
*1 Captain* I do not like his text.  
*Goodlack* Let's beat their weapons down.  
*1 Captain* I'll aim at him that offers to divide us!  
*2 Captain* Pox of these part-frays, see I am wounded  
By beating down my weapon.  
*Goodlack* How fares my friend?  
*Spencer* You sought for blood, and Gentlemen you have it,  
Let mine appease you, I am hurt to death.  
*1 Captain* My rage converts to pity, that this Gentleman  
Shall suffer for his goodness.  
*Goodlack* Noble friend,  
I will revenge thy death.  
*Spencer* He is no friend  
That murmurs such a thought. Oh Gentlemen.

img: 14-a  
sig: D2v

wln 0658  
wln 0659  
wln 0660  
wln 0661  
wln 0662  
wln 0663  
wln 0664  
wln 0665  
wln 0666  
wln 0667  
wln 0668  
wln 0669  
wln 0670  
wln 0671

I killed a man in Plymouth, and by you  
Am slain in Fayal, *Carrol* fell by me,  
And I fall by a *Spencer*. Heaven is just,  
And will not suffer murder unrevenged,  
Heaven pardon me, as I forgive you both,  
Shift for yourselves: away.  
*2 Captain* We saw him die,  
But grieve you should so perish.  
*Spencer* Note Heaven's justice,  
And henceforth make that use on 't. I shall faint.  
*1 Captain* Short Farewells now must serve. If thou survivest  
Live to thine honor: but if thou expir'st  
Heaven take thy soul to mercy. *Exeunt.*  
*Spencer* I bleed much,

wln 0672  
wln 0673  
wln 0674  
wln 0675  
wln 0676  
wln 0677  
wln 0678  
wln 0679  
wln 0680  
wln 0681  
wln 0682  
wln 0683  
wln 0684  
wln 0685  
wln 0686  
wln 0687  
wln 0688  
wln 0689  
wln 0690  
wln 0691  
wln 0692  
wln 0693

img: 14-b  
sig: D3r

wln 0694  
wln 0695  
wln 0696  
wln 0697  
wln 0698  
wln 0699  
wln 0700  
wln 0701  
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wln 0710

wln 0711  
wln 0712

wln 0713  
wln 0714  
wln 0715  
wln 0716  
wln 0717

I must go seek a Surgeon.

*Goodlack* Sir how cheer you?

*Spencer* Like one that's bound upon a new adventure  
To th' other world: yet thus much worthy friend  
Let me entreat you, since I understand  
The Fleet is bound for England, take your occasion  
To ship yourself, and when you come to Foy  
Kindly commend me to my dearest *Bess*,  
Thou shalt receive a Will, in which I have  
Possessed her of five hundred pounds a year.

*Goodlack* A noble Legacy.

*Spencer* The rest I have bestowed amongst my friends,  
Only reserving a bare hundred pounds  
To see me honestly and well interred.

*Goodlack* I shall perform your trust as carefully  
As to my father, breathed he.

*Spencer* Mark me Captain:  
Her Legacy I give with this *proviso*,  
If at thy arrival where my *Bess* remains,  
Thou findest her well reported, free from scandal,  
My Will stands firm: but if thou hear'st her branded  
For loose behavior, or immodest life,

What she should have, I here bestow on thee,  
It is thine own: but as thou lov'st thy soul  
Deal faithfully betwixt my *Bess* and me.

*Goodlack* Else let me die a prodigy.

*Spencer* This Ring was hers, that, be she loose or chaste,  
Being her own, restore her, she will know it,  
And doubtless she deserves it. Oh my memory,  
What had I quite forgot? She hath my picture,

*Goodlack* And what of that?

*Spencer* If she be ranked amongst the loose and lewd,  
Take it away, I hold it much undecent,  
A whore should ha't in keeping: but if constant  
Let her enjoy it: this my Will perform  
As thou art just and honest.

*Goodlack* Sense else forsake me.

*Spencer* Now lead me to my Chamber, all's made even,  
My peace with earth, and my atone with heaven.

*Enter Bess Bridges like a Page with a sword,  
and Clem*

*Bess* But that I know my mother to be chaste,  
I'd swear some Soldier got me.

*Clem* It may be many a Soldier's Buff Jerkin came  
out of your father's Tan-fat.

*Bess.* Methinks I have a manly spirit in me

wln 0718  
wln 0719  
wln 0720  
wln 0721  
wln 0722  
wln 0723  
wln 0724  
wln 0725  
wln 0726  
wln 0727

img: 15-a  
sig: D3v

wln 0728  
wln 0729  
wln 0730  
wln 0731  
wln 0732  
wln 0733  
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wln 0756  
wln 0757  
wln 0758  
wln 0759  
wln 0760  
wln 0761  
wln 0762

img: 15-b  
sig: D4r

In this man's habit.

*Clem* Now am not I of many men's minds, for if you should do me wrong, I should not kill you, though I took you pissing against a wall.

*Bess* Methinks I could be valiant on the sudden:  
And meet a man in th' field.

I could do all that I have heard discoursed  
Of *Mary Ambree* or *Westminster's Long Meg*.

*Clem* What *Mary Ambree* was I cannot tell, but unless you were taller you will come short of *Long Meg*.

*Bess* Of all thy fellows thee I only trust,  
And charge thee to be secret.

*Clem* I am bound in my indentures to keep my Master's secrets, and should I find a man in bed with you, I would not tell.

*Bess* Be gone sir, but no words as you esteem my favor.

*Clem* But Mistress, I could wish you to look to your long seams, fights are dangerous. But am not I in a sweet taking think you?

*Bess*. I prithee why?

*Clem* Why, if you should swagger and kill anybody, I being a Vintner should be called to the Bar.

*Bess*. Let none condemn me of immodesty,  
Because I try the courage of a man  
Who on my soul's a Coward: beats my servants,  
Cuffs them, and as they pass by him kicks my maids,  
Nay domineers over me, making himself  
Lord o'er my house and household. Yesternight  
I heard him make appointment on some business  
To pass alone this way. I'll venture fair,  
But I will try what's in him.

*Enter Roughman and Forset.*

*Forset* Sir, I can now no further, weighty business  
Calls me away.

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

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

*Roughman* How many times brave words bear out a man?  
For if he can but make a noise, he's feared.  
To talk of frays, although he ne'er had heart  
To face a man in field, that's a brave fellow,  
I have been valiant I must needs confess,

wln 0763  
wln 0764  
wln 0765  
wln 0766  
wln 0767  
wln 0768  
wln 0769  
wln 0770  
wln 0771  
wln 0772  
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wln 0793  
wln 0794  
wln 0795  
wln 0796  
wln 0797  
wln 0798

In street and Tavern, where there have been men  
Ready to part the fray: but for the fields  
They are too cold to fight in.

*Bess.* You are a villain, a Coward, and you lie.

*Roughman* You wrong me I protest. Sweet courteous Gentleman  
I never did you wrong.

*Bess.* Wilt tell me that?

Draw forth thy coward sword, and suddenly,  
Or as I am a man I'll run thee through,  
And leave thee dead i' th' field.

*Roughman* Hold as you are a Gentleman. I have ta'en an oath  
I will not fight today.

*Bess.* Th'ast took a blow already and the lie,  
Will not both these enrage thee?

*Roughman* No, would you give the bastinado too,  
I will not break mine oath.

*Bess.* Oh, your name's *Roughman*.  
No day doth pass you but you hurt or kill.  
Is this out of your calendar?

*Roughman* Ay, you are deceived,  
I ne'er drew sword in anger I protest,  
Unless it were upon some poor weak fellow  
That ne'er wore steel about him.

*Bess.* Throw your Sword.

*Roughman* Here sweet young sir, but as you are a gentleman,  
Do not impair mine honor.

*Bess.* Tie that shoe.

*Roughman* I shall sir.

*Bess.* Untruss that point.

*Roughman* Any thing this day to save mine oath.

*Bess.* Enough: yet not enough, lie down  
Till I stride o'er thee.

*Roughman* Sweet sir any thing.

*Bess.* Rise, thou hast leave. Now *Roughman* thou art blest  
This day thy life is saved, look to the rest.  
Take back thy sword.

img: 16-a  
sig: D4v

wln 0799  
wln 0800  
wln 0801  
wln 0802  
wln 0803  
wln 0804  
wln 0805  
wln 0806  
wln 0807  
wln 0808  
wln 0809

*Roughman* Oh you are generous: honor me so much  
As let me know to whom I owe my life.

*Bess.* I am *Bess Bridges'* brother,

*Roughman* Still methought that you were something like her.

*Bess.* And I have heard,  
You domineer and revel in her house,  
Control her servants, and abuse her guests,  
Which if I ever shall hereafter hear,  
Thou art but a dead man.

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

wln 0810

wln 0811

wln 0812

wln 0813

wln 0814

wln 0815

wln 0816

wln 0817

wln 0818

wln 0819

wln 0820

wln 0821

wln 0822

wln 0823

wln 0824

wln 0825

wln 0826

wln 0827

wln 0828

wln 0829

*Bess* But for I see you are a Gentleman,  
I am content this once to let you pass,  
But if I find you fall into relapse,  
The second's far more dangerous.

*Roughman* I shall fear it. Sir will you take the wine?

*Bess* I am for London.

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

*Roughman* Too well, the devil take you.

*Bess* Pray use her well, and at my coming back  
I'll ask for your acquaintance. Now farewell.

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

wln 0830

*Enter two Sailors.*

wln 0831

*1 Sailor* Aboard, aboard, the wind stands fair for England,  
The ships have all weighed anchor.

wln 0832

*2 Sailor* A stiff gale blows from the shore.

wln 0833

img: 16-b

sig: E1r

wln 0834

*Enter Captain Goodlack.*

wln 0835

*Goodlack* The Sailors call aboard, and I am forced  
To leave my friend now at the point of death,  
And cannot close his eyes. Here is the Will,  
Now may I find yon Tanner's daughter turned  
Unchaste or wanton, I shall gain by it  
Five hundred pounds a year: here is good evidence.

wln 0836

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

wln 0837

*Enter a third Sailor.*

wln 0838

*Goodlack* With all my heart.

wln 0839

*3 Sailor* What are you ready Mates?

wln 0840

*1 Sailor* We stayed for you. Thou canst not tell who's dead?  
The great bell rung out now.

wln 0841

*3 Sailor.* They say 'twas for one *Spencer*, who this night  
Died of a mortal wound.

wln 0842

*Goodlack* My worthy friend.

wln 0843

Unhappy man that cannot stay behind

wln 0844

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

wln 0845

*3 Sailor* Yes sir, a Gentleman of good account

wln 0846

And well known in the navy.

wln 0847

*Goodlack* This is the end of all mortality:

wln 0848

wln 0849

wln 0850

wln 0851

wln 0852

wln 0853

wln 0854

wln 0855  
wln 0856  
wln 0857

It will be news displeasing to his *Bess*.  
I cannot fair amiss, but long to see  
Whether these Lands belong to her or me.

wln 0858  
wln 0859  
wln 0860  
wln 0861  
wln 0862  
wln 0863  
wln 0864  
wln 0865  
wln 0866

*Enter Spencer, and his Surgeon.*

*Surgeon* Nay fear not sir, now you have scaped this dressing  
My life for yours.

*Spencer* I thank thee honest Friend.

*Surgeon* Sir I can tell you news.

*Spencer* What is't I prithee?

*Surgeon* There is a Gentleman one of your name,  
That died within this hour.

*Spencer* My name? what was he, of what sickness died he?

img: 17-a  
sig: E1v

wln 0867  
wln 0868  
wln 0869  
wln 0870  
wln 0871  
wln 0872  
wln 0873  
wln 0874  
wln 0875  
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wln 0894  
wln 0895  
wln 0896  
wln 0897  
wln 0898  
wln 0899

*Surgeon* No sickness, but a slight hurt in the body,  
Which showed at first no danger, but being searched,  
He died at the third dressing.

*Spencer* At my third search I am in hope of life.  
The heavens are merciful.

*Surgeon* Sir doubt not your recovery.

*Spencer* That hundred pound I had prepared t' expend  
Upon mine own expected Funeral  
I for namesake will now bestow on his.

*Surgeon* A noble resolution.

*Spencer* What ships are bound for England, I would gladly  
Venture to sea, though weak.

*Surgeon* All bound that way are under sail already.

*Spencer* Here's no security,  
For when the beaten Spaniards shall return,  
They'll spoil whom they can find.

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

*Spencer* Friend I thank thee.

*Surgeon* I'll bring you to the Master, who I know  
Will entertain you gladly.

*Spencer* When I have seen the funeral rights performed  
To the dead body of my Country man  
And kinsman, I will take your courteous offer.  
England no doubt will hear news of my death,  
How *Bess* will take it is to me unknown:  
On her behavior I will build my fate,  
There raise my love, or thence erect my hate.

*Explicit Actus secundus.*

img: 17-b

wln 0900

*Actus tertius. Scaena prima.*

wln 0901

*Enter Roughman and Forset.*

wln 0902

*Forset.*

wln 0903

OH y' are well met, just as I prophesied

wln 0904

So it fell out.

wln 0905

*Forset* As how I pray?

wln 0906

*Roughman* Had you but stayed the crossing of one field,

wln 0907

You had beheld a *Hector*, the boldest Trojan

wln 0908

That ever *Roughman* met with.

wln 0909

*Forset* Pray what was he?

wln 0910

*Roughman* You talk of *Little Davy*, *Cutting Dick*,

wln 0911

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

wln 0912

*Forset* Of what stature and years was he?

wln 0913

*Roughman* Indeed I must confess he was no giant,

wln 0914

Nor above fifty, but he did bestir him,

wln 0915

Was here and there, and everywhere at once,

wln 0916

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

wln 0917

First wrapped my head in linen. Let's to *Bess*.

wln 0918

I'll tell her the whole project.

wln 0919

*Forset* Here's the house, we'll enter if you please.

wln 0920

*Roughman* 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 room. What you here again? Now we shall have such roaring.

wln 0924

*Roughman* You sirrah call your Mistress.

wln 0925

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

wln 0926

*Roughman* See and the slave will stir.

wln 0927

*Clem* Yes I do stir.

wln 0928

*Roughman* Shall we have humors, sauce-box, you have ears I'll teach you pricksong.

wln 0929

wln 0930

img: 18-a

sig: E2v

wln 0931

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

wln 0932

*Roughman* Do sir, you had best.

wln 0933

*Clem* If you were twenty *Roughmans*, if you lug me by the ears again, I'll draw.

wln 0934

*Roughman* Ha, what will you draw?

wln 0935

*Clem* The best wine in the house for your worship: and I would call her, but I can assure you she is either not stirring, or else not in case.

wln 0936

*Roughman* How not in case?

wln 0937

*Clem* I think she hath not her smock on, for I think I saw it lie at her bed's head.

wln 0938

wln 0939

wln 0940

wln 0941

wln 0942



wln 0943  
wln 0944

*Roughman* What, Drawers grow capricious?  
*Clem* Help, help.

wln 0945

*Enter Bess Bridges.*

wln 0946

*Bess.* What uproar's this? shall we be never rid  
From these disturbances?

wln 0947

wln 0948

*Roughman* Why how now *Bess*? Is this your huswifry?  
When you are mine I'll have you rise as early as the Lark,  
Look to the Bar yourself: these lazy rascals  
Will bring your state behind hand.

wln 0949

wln 0950

wln 0951

*Clem* You lie sir?

wln 0952

wln 0953

*Roughman* How? lie?

wln 0954

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

wln 0955

wln 0956

*Roughman* You will about your business, must you here  
Stand gaping and idle?

wln 0957

wln 0958

*Bess* You wrong me sir,  
And tyrannize too much over my servants.  
I will have no man touch them but myself.

wln 0959

wln 0960

wln 0961

*Clem* If I do not put Ratsbane into his wine instead  
of Sugar, say I am no true Baker.

wln 0962

wln 0963

*Roughman* What, rise at noon?  
A man may fight a tall fray in a morning,  
And one of your best friends too be hacked and mangled,

wln 0964

wln 0965

img: 18-b  
sig: E3r

wln 0966

And almost cut to pieces, and you fast  
Close in your bed, ne'er dream on 't.

wln 0967

wln 0968

*Bess.* Fought you this day?

wln 0969

*Roughman* And ne'er was better put to 't in my days.

wln 0970

*Bess.* I pray, how was't?

wln 0971

*Roughman* Thus: as I passed yon fields:

wln 0972

*Enter the Kitchen-maid.*

wln 0973

*Maid.* I pray forsooth, what shall I reckon for the Jowl  
of Ling in the Portcullis.

wln 0974

*Roughman* A pox upon your Jowls, you kitchen-stuff,  
Go scour your skillets, pots, and dripping-pans,  
And interrupt not us.

wln 0975

wln 0976

*Maid.* The Devil take your Oxheels, you foul  
Codshead, must you be kicking?

wln 0977

wln 0978

*Roughman* Minion dare you scold?

wln 0979

*Maid.* Yes sir, and lay my ladle over your coxcomb.

wln 0980

wln 0981

*Bess.* I do not think that thou dar'st strike a man,  
That swagger'st thus o'er women.

wln 0982

wln 0983

*Roughman* How now *Bess*?

wln 0984

*Bess.* Shall we be never quiet?

wln 0985

*Forset* You are too rude.

wln 0986

*Roughman* Now I profess all patience.

wln 0987

*Bess* Then proceed.

wln 0988

*Roughman* Rising up early, Minion whilst you slept,

wln 0989

wln 0990  
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wln 0994  
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wln 0996  
wln 0997  
wln 0998  
wln 0999  
wln 1000  
wln 1001

img: 19-a  
sig: E3v

wln 1002  
wln 1003  
wln 1004  
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wln 1036  
wln 1037

To cross yon field, I had but newly parted  
With this my friend, but that I soon espied  
A gallant fellow, and most strongly armed.  
In the mid-field we met, and both being resolute,  
We justled for the wall.

*Bess* Why, did there stand a wall in the mid-field?

*Roughman* 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.

*Roughman* A mischief on your shoulders.

*Clem* That's the way to make me never prove good porter

*Bess.* You still heap wrongs on wrongs.

*Roughman* I was in fury

To think upon the violence of that fight,

And could not stay my rage.

*Forset* Once more proceed.

*Roughman* Oh had you seen two tilting meteors justle

In the mid Region, with like fear and fury

We two encountered. Not *Briareus*

Could with his hundred hands have struck more thick.

Blows came about my head, I took them still.

Thrusts by my sides twixt body and my arms,

Yet still I put them by.

*Bess.* When they were past he put them by. Go on.

But in this fury what became of him?

*Roughman* I think I paid him home, he's soundly mauled,

I bosomed him at every second thrust.

*Bess* 'Scaped he with life?

***Roughman*** ***Ay***, that's my fear: if he recover this,

I'll never trust my sword more.

*Bess.* Why fly you not if he be in such danger?

*Roughman* Because a witch once told me

I ne'er should die for murder.

*Bess.* I believe thee,

But tell me pray, was not this gallant fellow,

A pretty fair young youth about my years?

*Roughman* Even thereabouts.

*Clem* He was not fifty then.

*Bess.* Much of my stature?

*Roughman* Much about your pitch.

*Clem* He was no giant then.

*Bess.* And wore a suit like this?

*Roughman* I half suspect.

*Bess.* That gallant fellow,

So wounded and so mangled, was myself,

You base white-livered slave, it was this shoe

img: 19-b  
sig: E4r

wln 1038  
wln 1039  
wln 1040  
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wln 1061  
wln 1062

That thou stooped to untie: untrussed those points:  
And like a beastly coward lay along,  
Till I strid over thee. Speak, was't not so?  
*Roughman* It cannot be denied.  
*Bess.* Hare-hearted fellow, Milksop, dost not blush?  
Give me that Rapier: I will make thee swear,  
Thou shalt redeem this scorn thou hast incurred,  
Or in this woman shape I'll cudgel thee,  
And beat thee through the streets. As I am *Bess*, I'll do 't.  
*Roughman* Hold, hold; I swear.  
*Bess* Dare not to enter at my door till then.  
*Roughman* Shame confounds me quite.  
*Bess* That shame redeem: perhaps we'll do thee grace  
I love the valiant, but despise the base.  
*Clem* Will you be kicked sir?  
*Roughman* She hath wakened me,  
And kindled that dead fire of courage in me,  
Which all this while hath slept: To spare my flesh  
And wound my fame, what is't? I will not rest  
Till by some valiant deed I have made good  
All my disgraces past. I'll cross the street,  
And strike the next brave fellow that I meet.  
*Forset* I am bound to see the end on 't.  
*Roughman* Are you sir?  
*Beats off Forset.*

*Exit.*

wln 1063

*Enter Mayor of Foy, an Alderman; and Servant.*

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

*Mayor.* Believe me sir, she bears herself so well,  
No man can justly blame her: and I wonder  
Being a single woman as she is,  
And living in an house of such resort,  
She is no more distasted.  
*Alderman* The best Gentlemen  
The Country yields, become her daily guests.  
Sure sir I think she's rich.

img: 20-a  
sig: E4v

wln 1072  
wln 1073  
wln 1074  
wln 1075  
wln 1076  
wln 1077  
wln 1078  
wln 1079  
wln 1080

*Mayor.* Thus much I know, would I could buy her state  
Were 't for a brace of thousands.  
*Alderman* 'Twas said a ship is now put into harbor,  
Know whence she is.  
*Servant* I'll bring news from the quay.  
*Mayor.* To tell you true sir, I could wish a match  
Betwixt her and mine own and only son,  
And stretch my purse too upon that condition.  
*Alderman* Please you I'll motion it.

*A shot.*

wln 1081  
wln 1082  
wln 1083  
wln 1084  
  
wln 1085  
wln 1086  
wln 1087  
wln 1088  
wln 1089  
wln 1090  
wln 1091  
wln 1092  
wln 1093  
wln 1094  
wln 1095  
wln 1096  
wln 1097  
wln 1098  
wln 1099  
wln 1100  
wln 1101  
wln 1102  
wln 1103  
wln 1104  
wln 1105  
wln 1106

img: 20-b  
sig: F1r

wln 1107  
wln 1108  
wln 1109  
wln 1110  
wln 1111  
wln 1112  
wln 1113  
wln 1114  
wln 1115  
wln 1116  
wln 1117  
wln 1118  
wln 1119  
wln 1120  
wln 1121  
wln 1122  
wln 1123  
wln 1124  
wln 1125  
wln 1126  
wln 1127

*Enter the Servant.*

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

*Enter Goodlack and Sailors.*

*Goodlack* I'll meet you straight at th' Windmill.  
Not one word of my name.

*I Sailor* We understand you.

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

*Goodlack* I did so:

*Mayor.* Pray sir the news from thence.

*Goodlack* The best is, that the General is in health,  
And Fayal won from th' Spaniards: but the Fleet  
By reason of so many dangerous tempests  
Extremely weather-beaten. You sir I take it,  
Are Mayor o' th' town.

*Mayor.* I am the King's Lieutenant.

*Goodlack* I have some Letters of import from one  
A Gentleman of very good account,  
That died late in the Islands, to a Maid  
That keeps a Tavern here.

*Mayor.* Her name *Bess Bridges*?

*Goodlack* The same. I was desired to make inquiry  
What fame she bears, and what report she's of.  
Now you sir being here chief Magistrate,  
Can best resolve me.

*Mayor.* To our understanding,  
She's without stain or blemish well reputed,  
And by her modesty and fair demeanor,  
Hath won the love of all.

*Goodlack* The worse for me.

*Alderman* I can assure you many narrow eyes  
Have looked on her and her condition,  
But those that with most envy have endeavored  
T' entrap her, have returned won by her virtues.

*Goodlack* So all that I inquire of make report.  
I am glad to hear 't. Sir I have now some business,  
And I of force must leave you.

*Mayor.* I entreat you to sup with me tonight.

*Goodlack* Sir I may trouble you.  
Five hundred pound a year out of my way.  
Is there no flaw that I can tax her with,  
To forfeit this revenue? Is she such a Saint,  
None can missay her? why then I myself  
Will undertake it. If in her demeanor  
I can but find one blemish, stain or spot,  
It is five hundred pound a year well got.

*Exit.*

wln 1128  
wln 1129  
wln 1130

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

wln 1131  
wln 1132  
wln 1133  
wln 1134  
wln 1135  
wln 1136  
wln 1137  
wln 1138  
wln 1139  
wln 1140

*Enter Bess, Clem, and the Sailors.*  
*Bess* But did he fight it bravely?  
*Clem* I assure you mistress most dissolutely: he hath  
run this Sailer three times through the body, and yet  
never touched his skin.  
*Bess.* How can that be?  
*Clem* Through the body of his doublet I meant.  
*Bess,* How shame, base imputation, and disgrace  
Can make a coward valiant: Sirrah you  
Look to the bar.

img: 21-a  
sig: F1v

wln 1141  
wln 1142  
wln 1143  
wln 1144  
wln 1145  
wln 1146  
wln 1147  
wln 1148  
wln 1149  
wln 1150  
wln 1151  
wln 1152  
wln 1153  
wln 1154  
wln 1155  
wln 1156  
wln 1157  
wln 1158  
wln 1159  
wln 1160  
wln 1161  
wln 1162  
wln 1163  
wln 1164  
wln 1165  
wln 1166  
wln 1167  
wln 1168  
wln 1169  
wln 1170  
wln 1171  
wln 1172  
wln 1173

*Clem* I'll hold up my hand there presently.  
*Bess* I understand, you came now from the Islands,  
*1 Sailor* We did so.  
*Bess* If you can tell me tidings of one Gentleman  
I shall requite you largely.  
*1 Sailor.* Of what name?  
*Bess* One *Spencer*.  
*1 Sailor.* We both saw and knew the man.  
*Bess.* Only for that call for what wine you please.  
Pray tell me where you left him.  
*2 Sailor.* In Fayal.  
*Bess* Was he in health? how did he fare?  
*2 Sailor* Why well.  
*Bess* For that good news, spend, revel, and carouse,  
Your reckoning's paid beforehand. I'm ecstasied,  
And my delights unbounded.  
*1 Sailor* Did you love him?  
*Bess* Next to my hopes in heaven.  
*1 Sailor* Then change your mirth.  
*Bess.* Why, as I take it, you told me he was well,  
And shall I not rejoice?  
*1 Sailor* He's well in heaven, For Mistress, he is dead,  
*Bess* Ha, dead! was't so you said? Th'ast given me, friend  
But one wound yet, speak but that word again,  
And kill me outright.  
*2 Sailor* He lives not.  
*Bess* And shall I? Wilt thou not break heart?  
Are these my ribs wrought out of brass or steel,  
Thou canst not craze their bars?  
*1 Sailor* Mistress use patience, which conquers all despair.  
*Bess.* You advise well:  
I did but jest with sorrow: you may see  
I am now in gentle temper.

wln 1174  
wln 1175  
wln 1176

img: 21-b  
sig: F2r

*2 Sailor* True, we see 't.  
*Bess* Pray take the best room in the house, and there  
Call for what wine best tastes you: at my leisure

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

I'll visit you myself.  
*1 Sailor* I'll use your kindness. *Exeunt.*  
*Bess.* That it should be my fate. Poor poor sweetheart  
I do but think how thou becomest thy grave,  
In which would I lay by thee: what's my wealth  
To enjoy 't without my *Spencer*. I will now  
Study to die, that I may live with him.

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

*Enter Goodlack.*  
*Goodlack* The further I inquire, the more I hear  
To my discomfort. If my discontinuance  
And change at Sea disguise me from her knowledge  
I shall have scope enough to prove her fully.  
This sadness argues she hath heard some news  
Of my Friend's death.  
*Bess.* It cannot sure be true  
That he is dead, Death could not be so envious  
To snatch him in his prime. I study to forget  
That e'er was such a man.  
*Goodlack* If not impeach her,  
My purpose is to seek to marry her.  
If she deny me, I'll conceal the Will,  
Or at the least make her compound for half.  
Save you fair Gentlewoman.  
*Bess* You are welcome sir.  
*Goodlack* I hear say there's a whore here that draws wine,  
I am sharp set, and newly come from sea,  
And I would see the trash.  
*Bess* Sure you mistake sir.  
If you desire attendance and some wine  
I can command you both. Where be these boys?  
*Goodlack* Are you the Mistress?  
*Bess.* I command the house.  
*Goodlack* Of what birth are you, pray?  
*Bess.* A Tanner's daughter.  
*Goodlack* Where born?

img: 22-a  
sig: F2v

wln 1212  
wln 1213  
wln 1214  
wln 1215  
wln 1216  
wln 1217

*Bess.* In Somersetshire.  
*Goodlack* A trade-fallen Tanner's daughter go so brave:  
Oh you have tricks to compass these gay clothes.  
*Bess.* None sir, but what are honest.  
*Goodlack* What's your name?  
*Bess.* *Bess Bridges* most men call me.

wln 1218  
wln 1219  
wln 1220  
wln 1221  
wln 1222  
wln 1223  
wln 1224  
wln 1225  
wln 1226  
wln 1227  
wln 1228  
wln 1229  
wln 1230  
wln 1231  
wln 1232  
wln 1233

*Goodlack* Y' are a whore.  
*Bess.* Sir, I will fetch you wine to wash your mouth,  
It is so foul, I fear 't may fester else.  
There may be danger in 't.  
*Goodlack* Not all this move her patience.  
*Bess.* Good sir, at this time I am scarce myself  
By reason of a great and weighty loss  
That troubles me: but I should know that Ring.  
*Goodlack* How, this, you baggage? It was never made  
To grace a strumpet's finger.  
*Bess.* Pardon sir, I both must and will leave you.  
*Goodlack* Did not this well? This will stick in my stomach  
I could repent my wrongs done to this maid:  
But I'll not leave her thus: if she still love him.  
I'll break her heartstrings with some false report  
Of his unkindness.

*Exit.*

wln 1234  
wln 1235  
wln 1236  
wln 1237  
wln 1238  
wln 1239

*Enter Clem*

*Clem* You are welcome Gentleman: what wine will  
you drink? Claret, Metheglin, or Muscadine, Cider or  
Perry, to make you merry, Aragoosa, or Peter-see-me,  
Canary or Charnico? But by your nose sir you should love  
a cup of Malmsey: you shall have a cup of the best in Cornwall.

wln 1241  
wln 1242  
wln 1243  
wln 1244  
wln 1245  
wln 1246

*Goodlack* Here's a brave drawer will quarrel with his wine.  
*Clem* But if you prefer the Frenchman before the  
Spaniard, you shall have either here of the deep red grape  
or the pallid white. You are a pretty tall Gentleman, you  
should love High-Country wine: none but Clerks and  
Sextons love Graves wine. Or are you a married man, I'll

img: 22-b  
sig: F3r

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

furnish you with bastard, white or brown, according to  
the complexion of your bedfellow.  
*Goodlack* You rogue, how many years of your prenticeship  
Have you spent in studying this set **speech**?  
*Clem* The first line of my part was, Anon anon, sir: and  
the first question I answered to, was loggerhead, or blockhead,  
I know not whether.  
*Goodlack* Speak, where's your Mistress?  
*Clem* Gone up to her chamber.  
*Goodlack* Set a pottle of Sack in th' fire, and carry it into  
the next room.  
*Clem* Score a pottle of Sack in the Crown, and see at  
the bar for some rotten eggs to burn it: we must have  
one trick or other to vent away our bad commodities.

*Exit.*

*Exit.*

*Enter Bess with Spencer's Picture.*

wln 1263

*Bess.* To die, and not vouchsafe some few commends

wln 1264  
wln 1265  
wln 1266  
wln 1267  
wln 1268  
wln 1269  
wln 1270  
wln 1271  
wln 1272  
wln 1273  
wln 1274  
wln 1275  
wln 1276  
wln 1277  
wln 1278  
wln 1279  
wln 1280  
wln 1281

img: 23-a  
sig: F3v

wln 1282  
wln 1283  
wln 1284  
wln 1285  
wln 1286  
wln 1287  
wln 1288  
wln 1289  
wln 1290  
wln 1291  
wln 1292  
wln 1293  
wln 1294  
wln 1295  
wln 1296  
wln 1297  
wln 1298  
wln 1299  
wln 1300  
wln 1301  
wln 1302  
wln 1303  
wln 1304  
wln 1305  
wln 1306  
wln 1307  
wln 1308  
wln 1309  
wln 1310  
wln 1311

Before his death, was most unkindly done.  
This Picture is more courteous: 'twill not shrink  
For twenty thousand kisses: no nor blush:  
Then thou shalt be my husband, and I vow  
Never to marry other.

*Enter Goodlack.*

*Goodlack* Where's this harlot?

*Bess.* You are immodest sir to press thus rudely  
Into my private chamber.

*Goodlack* Pox of modesty

When punks must have it mincing in their mouths.  
And have I found thee? then shalt hence with me.

*Bess.* Rob me not of the chiefest wealth I have:  
Search all my trunks, take the best Jewels there:  
Deprive me not that treasure, I'll redeem it  
With plate, and all the little coin I have,  
So I make keep that still.

*Goodlack* Thinkst thou that bribes  
Can make me leave my friend's Will unperformed?

*Bess.* What was that Friend?

*Goodlack* 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 portraiture  
Shall grace a strumpet's chamber.

*Bess* 'Twas not so:

You lie, you are a villain: 'twas not so.  
'Tis more than sin thus to belie the dead:  
He knew if ever I would have transgressed,  
'T had been with him: he dared have sworn me chaste,  
And died in that belief.

*Goodlack* Are you so brief?

Nay, I'll not trouble you: God b' wi' you.

*Bess.* Yet leave me still that Picture, and I'll swear  
You are a Gentleman, and cannot lie.

*Goodlack* I am inexorable.

*Bess.* Are you a Christian, have you any name  
That ever good man gave you?  
'Twas no Saint you were called after. What's thy name?

*Goodlack* My name is Captain *Thomas Good* —

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

*Goodlack* *Goodlack's* my name.

*Bess.* I cry you mercy sir: I now remember you,  
You were my *Spencer's* friend, and I am sorry,  
Because he loved you, I have been so harsh:  
For whose sake, I entreat ere you take 't hence,  
I may but take my leave on 't.



wln 1312  
wln 1313  
wln 1314  
wln 1315  
wln 1316  
wln 1317

img: 23-b  
sig: F4r

*Goodlack* You'll return it?  
*Bess.* As I am chaste I will.  
*Goodlack* For once I'll trust you.  
*Bess.* Oh thou the perfect semblance of my Love,  
And all that's left of him, take one sweet kiss,  
As my last farewell. Thou resemblest him

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

img: 24-a  
sig: F4v

For whose sweet safety I was every morning  
Down on my knees, and with the Larks' sweet tunes  
I did begin my prayers: and when sad sleep  
Had charmed all eyes, when none save the bright stars  
Were up and waking, I remembered thee,  
But all, all to no purpose.  
*Goodlack* Sure, most sure, this cannot be dissembled.  
*Bess.* To thee I have been constant in thine absence,  
And when I looked upon this painted piece  
Remembered thy last rules and principles:  
For thee I have given alms, visited prisons,  
To Gentlemen and passengers lent coin,  
That if they ever had ability  
They might repay 't to *Spencer*: yet for this,  
All this, and more, I cannot have so much  
As this poor table.  
*Goodlack* I should question truth, if I should wrong this creature.  
*Bess.* I am resolved.  
See sir, this Picture I restore you back,  
Which since it was his will you should take hence,  
I will not wrong the dead.  
*Goodlack* God be w' you.  
*Bess.* One word more.  
*Spencer* you say was so unkind in death:  
*Goodlack* I tell you true.  
*Bess.* I do entreat you even for goodness' sake  
Since you were one that he entirely loved,  
If you some few days hence hear me expired,  
You will 'mongst other good men, and poor people  
That haply may miss *Bess*, grace me so much  
As follow me to th' grave. This if you promise,  
You shall not be the least of all my friends  
Remembered in my will. Now fare you well.  
*Goodlack* Had I a heart of flint or adamant  
It would relent at this. My Mistress *Bess*,  
I have better tidings for you.

wln 1354  
wln 1355  
wln 1356

*Bess.* You will restore my Picture? will you?  
*Goodlack* Yes, and more than that,  
This Ring from my friend's finger sent to you,

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

img: 24-b  
sig: G1r

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

wln 1396

wln 1397  
wln 1398

wln 1399  
wln 1400

With infinite commends.

*Bess.* You change my blood.

*Goodlack* These writings are the evidence of Lands,  
Five hundred pound a year's bequeathed to you,  
Of which I here possess you: all is yours.

*Bess.* This surplusage of love, hath made my loss  
That was but great before: now infinite.

It may be compassed: there's in this my purpose  
No impossibility.

*Goodlack* What study you?

*Bess.* Four thousand pound besides this Legacy,  
In Jewels, gold, and silver I can make,  
And every man discharged. I am resolved  
To be a pattern to all Maids hereafter  
Of constancy in love.

*Goodlack* Sweet Mistress *Bess*, will you command my service,  
If to succeed your *Spencer* in his Love,  
I would expose me wholly to your wishes.

*Bess.* Alas my love sleeps with him in his grave,  
And cannot thence be wakened: yet for his sake  
I will impart a secret to your trust,  
Which, saving you, no mortal should partake.

*Goodlack* Both for his love and yours, command my service.

*Bess.* There's a prize  
Brought into Falmouth Road, a good tight Vessel,  
The Bottom will but cost eight hundred pound,  
You shall have money: buy it.

*Goodlack* To what end?

*Bess.* That you shall know hereafter. Furnish her  
With all provision needful: spare no cost:  
And join with you a ging of lusty lads,  
Such as will bravely man her: all the charge  
I will commit to you: and when she's fitted,

Captain she is thine own.

*Goodlack* I sound it not.

*Bess.* Spare me the rest. This voyage I intend,  
Though some may blame, all Lovers will commend.

*Exeunt.*

*Explicit Actus tertius.*

*Actus quartus. Scaena prima.*

*After an Alarum, Enter a Spanish Captain, with Sailors,  
bringing in a Merchant, Spencer, and the Surgeon prisoners.*

*Spaniard.*

FOr Fayal's loss, and spoil by th' English done,

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

img: 25-a  
sig: G1v

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

wln 1438  
wln 1439  
wln 1440  
wln 1441  
wln 1442  
wln 1443  
wln 1444  
wln 1445  
wln 1446  
wln 1447

We are in part revenged. There's not a Vessel  
That bears upon her top Saint *George's* Cross,  
But for that act shall suffer.

*Merchant.* Insult not Spaniard,  
Nor be too proud, that thou by odds of Ships,  
Provision, men, and powder mad'st us yield.  
Had you come one to one, or made assault  
With reasonable advantage; we by this  
Had made the carcase of your ship your graves,  
Low sunk to the Sea's bottom.

*Spaniard* Englishman, thy ship shall yield us pillage,  
These prisoners we will keep in strongest Hold,  
To pay no other ransom than their lives.

*Spencer* Degenerate Spaniard, there's no noblesse in thee  
To threaten men unarmed and miserable,  
Thou mightst as well tread o'er a field of slaughter,  
And kill them o'er, that are already slain,  
And brag thy manhood.

*Spaniard* Sirrah, what are you?

*Spencer* Thy equal as I am a prisoner,  
But once to stay a better man than thou,

A Gentleman in my Country.

*Spaniard* Wert thou not so, we have strappado, bolts,  
And engines to the Main-mast fastened,  
Can make you gentle.

*Spencer* Spaniard do thy worst, thou canst not act  
More tortures than my courage is able to endure.

*Spaniard* These Englishmen  
Nothing can daunt them: Even in misery  
They'll not regard their masters.

*Spencer* Masters! Insulting bragging *Thrasoës*.

*Spaniard* His sauciness we'll punish 'bove the rest.  
About their censures we will next devise,  
And now towards Spain with our brave English prize.

*Flourish*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bess, Mayor, Alderman, Clem.*

*A table set out, and stools.*

*Bess.* A Table and some stools.

*Clem* I shall give you occasion to ease your tails presently.

*Bess* Will 't please you sit?

*Mayor.* With all our hearts, and thank you.

*Bess.* Fetch me that parchment in my Closet window.

*Clem* The three sheepskins with the wrong side outward

*Bess.* That with the seal.

*Clem* I hope it is my Indenture, and now she means  
to give me my time.

*Alderman* And now you are alone, fair Mistress *Elizabeth*

wln 1448  
wln 1449  
wln 1450  
wln 1451  
wln 1452  
wln 1453  
wln 1454  
wln 1455  
wln 1456

img: 25-b  
sig: G2r

wln 1457  
wln 1458  
wln 1459  
wln 1460  
wln 1461  
wln 1462  
wln 1463  
wln 1464  
wln 1465  
wln 1466  
wln 1467  
wln 1468  
wln 1469  
wln 1470  
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wln 1472  
wln 1473  
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wln 1481  
wln 1482  
wln 1483  
wln 1484  
wln 1485  
wln 1486  
wln 1487  
wln 1488  
wln 1489  
wln 1490  
wln 1491  
wln 1492

img: 26-a  
sig: G2v

I think it good to taste you with a motion.

That no way can displease you.

*Bess.* Pray speak on.

*Alderman* 'T hath pleased here Master Mayor so far to look  
Into your fair demeanor that he thinks you  
A fit match for his Son.

*Enter Clem with the parchment.*

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

*Bess.* The years are not expired.

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

*Bess.* About your business.

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

*Alderman* What think you Mistress *Elizabeth*?

*Bess.* Sir I thank you.

And how much I esteem this goodness from you

The trust I shall commit unto your charge

Will truly witness. Marry, gentle Sir!

'Las I have sadder business now in hand,

Than sprightly marriage, witness these my tears.

Pray read there.

*Mayor.* The last Will and Testament of *Elizabeth Bridges*  
to be committed to the trust of the Mayor and Aldermen  
of Foy, and their Successors forever.

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

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

To every Maid that's married out of Foy,

Whose name's *Elizabeth* ten pound.

To relieve maimed Soldiers, by the year ten pound.

To Captain *Goodlack*, if he shall perform

The business he's employed in, five hundred pound.

The Legacies for *Spencer* thus to stand,

To number all the poorest of his kin,

And to bestow on them. Item to —

*Bess.* Enough: you see sir I am now too poor

To bring a dowry with me fit for your son.

*Mayor.* You want a precedent, you so abound  
In charity and goodness.

*Bess.* All my servants

I leave at your discretions to dispose

Not one but I have left some legacy.

What shall become of me, or what I purpose

Spare further to inquire.

*Mayor.* We'll take our leaves.

And prove to you faithful Executors.

wln 1493  
wln 1494  
wln 1495  
wln 1496  
wln 1497

In this bequest.

*Alderman* Let never such despair,  
As dying rich, shall make the poor their heir.

*Exit.*

*Bess.* Why what is all the wealth the world contains.  
Without my *Spencer*?

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

*Enter Roughman and Forset.*

*Roughman* where's my sweet *Bess*?  
Shall I become a welcome suitor now?  
That I have changed my Copy?

*Bess.* I joy to hear it.  
I'll find employment for you.

wln 1504  
wln 1505  
wln 1506  
wln 1507  
wln 1508  
wln 1509  
wln 1510  
wln 1511  
wln 1512  
wln 1513  
wln 1514  
wln 1515  
wln 1516  
wln 1517  
wln 1518  
wln 1519  
wln 1520  
wln 1521  
wln 1522  
wln 1523  
wln 1524  
wln 1525  
wln 1526

*Enter Goodlack, Sailors, and Clem*

*Goodlack* A gallant ship, and wondrous proudly trimmed,  
Well calked, well tackled, every way prepared.

*Bess.* Here then our mourning for a season end.

*Roughman* *Bess*, shall I strike that Captain? say the word,  
I'll have him by the ears.

*Bess.* Not for the world.

*Goodlack* What saith that fellow?

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

*Goodlack* Then change a hand.

*Bess.* Resolve me all. I am bound upon a voyage,  
Will you in this adventure take such part,  
As I myself shall do?

*Roughman* With my fair *Bess*, to the world's end.

*Bess.* Then Captain and Lieutenant both, join hands,  
Such are your places now.

*Goodlack* We two are friends.

*Bess* I next must swear you two, with all your ging  
True to some articles you must observe,  
Reserving to myself a prime command,  
Whilst I enjoin nothing unreasonable.

*Goodlack* All this is granted.

*Bess* Then first, you said your ship was trim and gay,

img: 26-b  
sig: G3r

wln 1527  
wln 1528  
wln 1529  
wln 1530  
wln 1531  
wln 1532  
wln 1533  
wln 1534  
wln 1535  
wln 1536  
wln 1537  
wln 1538

I'll have her pitched all o'er, no spot of white,  
No color to be seen, no Sail but black,  
No Flag but sable.

*Goodlack* 'Twill be ominous, and bode disaster fortune.

*Bess.* I'll ha' it so.

*Goodlack* Why then she shall be pitched black as the devil,

*Bess.* She shall be called *The Negro*, when you know

My conceit, Captain, you will thank for 't.

*Roughman* But whither are we bound?

*Bess.* Pardon me that.

When we are out at sea I'll tell you all.  
For mine own wearing I have rich apparel,

wln 1539  
wln 1540  
wln 1541  
wln 1542  
wln 1543  
wln 1544  
wln 1545  
wln 1546  
wln 1547  
wln 1548  
wln 1549  
wln 1550  
wln 1551  
wln 1552  
wln 1553  
wln 1554  
wln 1555  
wln 1556  
wln 1557  
wln 1558  
wln 1559  
wln 1560  
wln 1561  
wln 1562

img: 27-a  
sig: G3v

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

wln 1569  
wln 1570

wln 1571  
wln 1572  
wln 1573  
wln 1574  
wln 1575  
wln 1576  
wln 1577  
wln 1578  
wln 1579  
wln 1580  
wln 1581  
wln 1582  
wln 1583  
wln 1584

For man or woman as occasion serves.

*Clem* But Mistress, if you be going to sea, what shall become of me aland.

*Bess.* I'll give thee thy full time.

*Clem* And shall I take time, when time is, and let my Mistress slip away. No, it shall be seen that my teeth are as strong to grind biscuit as the best sailor of them all, and my **stomach** as able to digest powdered beef and Poor-john. Shall I stay here to score a pudding in the Half-moon, and see my Mistress at the Main yard with her sails up, and spread. No it shall be seen that I who have been brought up to draw wine, will see what water the ship draws, or I'll bewray the Voyage.

*Bess.* If thou hast so much courage, the Captain shall accept thee.

*Clem* If I have so much courage? When did you see a black beard with a white liver, or a little fellow without a tall stomach. I doubt not but to prove an honor to all the Drawers in Cornwall.

*Goodlack* What now reimains?

*Forset* To make myself associate in this bold enterprise.

*Goodlack* Most gladly sir.

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

*Bess.* First, at my charge I'll feast the town of Foy,

Then set the Cellars ope, that these my Mates  
May quaff unto the health of our boon voyage,  
Our needful things being once conveyed aboard,  
Then casting up our caps in sign of joy.  
Our purpose is to bid farewell to Foy.

*Hautboys long.*

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

*Mullisheg* Out of these bloody and intestine broils  
We have at length attained a fort'nate peace,  
And now at last established in the Throne  
Of our great Ancestors, and reign King  
Of Fez and great Morocco.

*Alcade.* Mighty *Mullisheg*,  
Pride of our age, and glory of the Moors,  
By whose victorious hand all Barbary  
Is conquered, awed, and swayed: behold thy vassals  
With loud applauses greet thy victory. *shout. flourish.*

*Mullisheg* Upon the slaughtered bodies of our foes,  
We mount our high Tribunal, and being sole  
Without competitor, we now have leisure  
To 'stablish laws first for our Kingdom's safety,

wln 1585  
wln 1586  
wln 1587  
wln 1588  
wln 1589  
wln 1590  
wln 1591  
wln 1592  
wln 1593  
wln 1594  
wln 1595  
wln 1596

img: 27-b  
sig: G4r

The enriching of our public Treasury,  
And last our state and pleasure: then give order  
That all such Christian Merchants as have traffic  
And freedom in our Country, that conceal  
The least part of our Custom due to us,  
Shall forfeit ship and goods.

*Joffer* There are appointed  
Unto that purpose careful officers.

*Mullisheg* Those forfeitures must help to furnish up  
Th' exhausted treasure that our wars consumed,  
Part of such profits as accrue that way  
We have already tasted.

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

*Alcade* 'Tis most fit,  
Those Christians that reap profit by our Land  
Should contribute unto so great a loss.

*Mullisheg* *Alcade*, They shall. But what's the style of King,  
Without his pleasure? Find us concubines,  
The fairest Christian Damsels you can hire,  
Or buy for gold: the loveliest of the Moors  
We can command, and Negroes everywhere:  
Italians, French, and Dutch, choice Turkish Girls  
Must fill our Alkedavy, the great Palace,  
Where *Mullisheg* now deigns to keep his Court.

*Joffer* Who else are worthy to be Libertines,  
But such as bear the Sword?

*Mullisheg* *Joffer*, Thou pleasest us.  
If Kings on earth be termed Demigods.  
Why should we not make here terrestrial heaven?  
We can, we will, our God shall be our pleasure,  
For so our *Meccan Prophet* warrants us.  
And now the music of the Drums surcease,  
We'll learn to dance to the soft tunes of peace.

*Hautboys.*

wln 1618  
wln 1619

*Enter Bess like a Sea-captain, Goodlack, Roughman,  
Forset, and Clem.*

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

*Bess* Good morrow Captain. Oh this last Sea-fight  
Was gallantly performed. It did me good  
To see the Spanish Carvel veil her top  
Unto my Maiden Flag. Where ride we now?

*Goodlack* Among the Islands.

*Bess.* What coast is this we now descry from far.

*Goodlack* Yon Fort's called Fayal.

*Bess* Is that the place where *Spencer's* body lies?

*Goodlack* Yes, in yon Church he's buried.

*Bess.* Then know, to this place was my voyage bound  
To fetch the body of my *Spencer* thence.

img: 28-a  
sig: G4v

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  
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wln 1656  
wln 1657  
wln 1658  
wln 1659  
wln 1660  
wln 1661  
wln 1662  
wln 1663  
wln 1664  
wln 1665  
wln 1666

In his own Country to erect a tomb,  
And lasting monument, where when I die  
In the same bed of earth my bones may lie  
Then all that love me, arm and make for shore,  
Yours be the spoil, he mine, I crave no more.  
*Roughman* May that man die derided and accurst  
That will not follow where a woman leads.  
*Goodlack* *Roughman*, you are too rash, and counsel ill,  
Have not the Spaniards fortified the town?  
In all our Ging we are but sixty five.  
*Roughman* Come, I'll make one.  
*Goodlack* Attend me good Lieutenant.  
And sweet *Bess*, listen what I have devised,  
With ten tall Fellows I have manned our Boat,  
To see what stragging Spaniards they can take.  
And see where *Forset* is returned with prisoners.  
*Enter Forset with two Spaniards.*  
*Forset* These Spaniards we by break of day surprised,  
As they were ready to take boat for Fishing.  
*Goodlack* Spaniards, upon your lives resolve us truly  
How strong's the Town and Fort.  
*Spaniard* Since English *Raleigh* won and spoiled it first,  
The Town's re-edified and Fort new built,  
And four Field-pieces in the Block-house lie  
To keep the Harbor's mouth.  
*Goodlack* And what's one ship to these?  
*Bess.* Was there not in the time of their abode  
A Gentleman called *Spencer* buried there  
Within the Church, whom some report was slain,  
Or perished by a wound?  
*Spaniard* Indeed there was,  
And o'er him raised a goodly monument,  
But when the English Navy were sailed thence,  
And that the Spaniards did possess the Town.  
Because they held him for an Heretic,  
They straight removed his body from the Church.

img: 28-b  
sig: H1r

wln 1667  
wln 1668  
wln 1669  
wln 1670  
wln 1671  
wln 1672  
wln 1673  
wln 1674  
wln 1675

*Bess* And would the tyrants be so uncharitable  
To wrong the dead? where did they then bestow him?  
*Spaniard* They buried him i' th' fields.  
*Bess.* Oh still more cruel.  
*Spaniard* The man that ought the field, doubtful his corn  
Would never prosper whilst an heretic's body  
Lay there, he made petition to the Church  
To ha' it digged up and burnt, and so it was.  
*Bess.* What's he that loves me would persuade me live.



wln 1676  
wln 1677  
wln 1678  
wln 1679  
wln 1680  
wln 1681  
wln 1682  
wln 1683  
wln 1684  
wln 1685  
wln 1686  
wln 1687  
wln 1688

Not rather leap o'er hatches into th' Sea:  
Yet ere I die I hope to be revenged  
Upon some Spaniards for my *Spencer's* wrong.  
*Roughman* Let's first begin with these.  
*Bess* 'Las these poor slaves! besides their pardoned lives  
One give them money. And Spaniards where you come,  
Pray for *Bess Bridges*, and speak well o' th' English.  
*Spaniard* We shall.  
*Bess* Our mourning we will turn into revenge,  
And since the Church hath censured so my *Spencer*,  
Bestow upon the Church some few cast Pieces,  
Command the Gunner do 't.  
*Goodlack* And if he can to batter it to the earth. *A Piece.*

wln 1689

*Enter Clem falling for haste.*

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

*Clem* A Sail, a Sail.  
*Bess.* From whence?  
*Clem* A pox upon yon Gunner, could he not give warning  
before he had shot?  
*Roughman* Why I prithee?  
*Clem* Why? I was sent to the topmast to watch, and  
there I fell fast asleep. Bounce quoth the guns, down  
tumbles *Clem*, and if by chance my feet had not hung in  
the tackles, you must have sent to England for a bonesetter,  
for my neck had been in a pitiful taking,  
*Roughman* Thou toldst us of a Sail.

img: 29-a  
sig: H1v

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

*Enter Sailor above.*

*Sailor.* Arm Gentlemen, a gallant ship of war  
Makes with her full sails this way: who it seems  
Hath took a Bark of England.  
*Bess.* Which we'll rescue.  
Or perish in th' adventure. You have sworn  
That howsoe'er we conquer or miscarry  
Not to reveal my sex.  
*All.* We have.  
*Bess* Then for your Country's honor, my revenge,  
For your own fame, and hope of golden spoil,  
Stand bravely to 't. The manage of the fight  
We leave to you.  
*Goodlack* Then now up with your fights, and let your ensigns  
Blest with Saint *George's* Cross, play with the winds.  
Fair *Bess*, keep you your cabin.  
*Bess.* Captain you wrong me, I will face the fight,  
And where the bullets sing loudest 'bout mine ears,  
There shall you find me cheering up my men.  
*Roughman* This wench would of a coward make an *Hercules*.  
*Bess.* Trumpets a charge, and with your whistles shrill

wln 1722  
wln 1723  
wln 1724  
wln 1725  
wln 1726  
wln 1727

Sound boatswains an alarum to your mates.  
With music cheer up their astonished souls,  
The whilst the thundering Ordnance bear the Base.  
*Goodlack* To fight against the Spaniards we desire,  
Alarm Trumpets.  
*Roughman* Gunners straight give fire.

*Alarm.*  
*Shot.*

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

*Enter Goodlack hurt. Bess, Roughman,  
Forset, Clem*  
*Goodlack* I am shot and can no longer man the Deck,  
Yet let not my wound daunt your courage mates.  
*Bess.* For every drop of blood that thou hast shed,  
I'll have a Spaniard's life. Advance your Targets,  
And now cry all, Board, board, amain for England.

*Alarm.*

img: 29-b  
sig: H2r

wln 1736  
wln 1737

*Enter with victory Bess, Roughman, Forset, Clem etc.  
The Spaniards Prisoners.*

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

*Bess.* How is it with the Captain?  
*Roughman* Nothing dangerous,  
But being shot i' th' thigh he keeps his Cabin,  
And cannot rise to greet your victory.  
*Bess.* He stood it bravely out whilst he could stand.  
*Clem* But for these Spaniards, now you *Don Diegos*,  
You that made *Paul's* to stink.  
*Roughman* Before we further censure them, let's know  
What English prisoners they have here aboard.  
*Spaniard* You may command them all. We that were now  
Lords over them, Fortune hath made your slaves,  
Release our prisoners.  
*Bess.* Had my captain died  
Not one proud Spaniard had escaped with life,  
Your ship is forfeit to us, and your goods.  
So live. Give him his long Boat: him and his  
Set safe ashore; and pray for English *Bess*.  
*Spaniard* I know not whom you mean, but be 't your Queen  
Famous *Elizabeth*, I shall report  
She and her subjects both are merciful.

*Exeunt.*

wln 1758  
wln 1759  
wln 1760  
wln 1761  
wln 1762  
wln 1763  
wln 1764  
wln 1765  
wln 1766

*Enter Roughman, with the Merchant and Spencer.*  
*Bess* Whence are you sir? and whither were you bound?  
*Merchant* I am a London bound for Barbary,  
But by this Spanish Man-of-war surprised,  
Pillaged and captived.  
*Bess.* We much pity you,  
What loss you have sustained, this Spanish prey  
Shall make good to you to the utmost farthing.  
*Merchant* Our lives, and all our fortunes whatsoever

wln 1767  
wln 1768  
wln 1769

img: 30-a  
sig: H2v

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

img: 30-b  
sig: H3r

wln 1804  
wln 1805  
wln 1806  
wln 1807  
wln 1808  
wln 1809  
wln 1810  
wln 1811

Are wholly at your service.

*Bess.* These Gentlemen have been dejected long,  
Let me peruse them all, and give them money

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

*Roughman* What sudden unexpected ecstasy  
Disturbs your conquest.

*Bess.* Interrupt me not,  
But give me way for Heaven's sake.

*Spencer.* I have seen a face ere now like that young Gentleman,  
But not remember where.

*Bess.* But he was slain,  
Lay buried in yon Church, and thence removed,  
Denied all Christian rights, and like an Infidel  
Confined unto the fields, and thence digged up,  
His body after death had martyrdom:  
All these assure me 'tis his shadow dogs me,  
For some most just revenge thus far to Sea.  
Is it because the Spaniards 'scaped with life,  
That were to thee so cruel after death  
Thou hauntest me thus? Sweet ghost thy rage forbear,  
I will revenge thee on the next we seize.  
I am amazed, this sight I'll not endure.  
Sleep, sleep, fair ghost, for thy revenge is sure.

*Roughman* *Forset*, convey the owner to his cabin.

*Spencer.* I pray sir what young Gentleman is that?

*Roughman* He's both the owner of the ship and goods,  
That for some reasons hath his name concealed.

*Spencer.* Methink he looks like *Bess*, for in his eyes  
Lives the first love that did my heart surprise.

*Roughman* Come Gentlemen, first make your losses good  
Out of this Spanish prize. Let's then divide  
Both several ways, and heavens be our guide.

*Merchant* We towards Mamorrah.

*Roughman* We where the Fate's do please,  
Till we have tracked a wilderness of Seas.

*Flourish.*

*Enter Chorus.*

Our Stage so lamely can express a Sea,  
That we are forced by *Chorus* to discourse  
What should have been in action. Now imagine  
Her passion o'er, and *Goodlack* well recovered,  
Who had he not been wounded and seen *Spencer*,  
Had sure descried him. Much prize they have ta'en,  
The French and Dutch she spares, only makes spoil

wln 1812 Of the rich Spaniard, and the barbarous Turk.  
wln 1813 And now her fame grows great in all these seas.  
wln 1814 Suppose her rich, and forced 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 Moors aboard,  
wln 1818 Which told it to the amorous King of Fez,  
wln 1819 That ne'er before had English Lady seen.  
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, Ay, there's a Girl worth gold.  
wln 1824 *Act long. Exeunt.*

wln 1825 *Explicit Actus quartus.*

wln 1826 *Actus quintus. Scaena prima.*

wln 1827 *Enter Mullisheg, Alcade, Joffer, and Attendants, etc.*

wln 1828 *Mullisheg.*

wln 1829 But was she of such presence?

wln 1830 *Alcade* To describe her were to make eloquence dumb

wln 1831 *Mullisheg* Well habited?

wln 1832 *Alcade* I ne'er beheld a beauty more complete.

wln 1833 *Mullisheg* Thou hast inflamed our spirits. In England born?

img: 31-a  
sig: H3v

wln 1834 *Alcade* The Captain so reported.

wln 1835 *Mullisheg* How her ship?

wln 1836 *Alcade* I never saw a braver Vessel sail,

wln 1837 And she is called *The Negro*.

wln 1838 *Mullisheg* Ominous

wln 1839 Perhaps to our good fate, She in a *Negro*

wln 1840 Hath sailed thus far to bosom with a Moor.

wln 1841 But for the motion made to come ashore,

wln 1842 How did she relish that?

wln 1843 *Alcade* I promised to the Captain large reward

wln 1844 To win him to it, and this day he hath promised

wln 1845 To bring me her free answer.

wln 1846 *Mullisheg* When he comes

wln 1847 Give him the entertainment of a Prince.

wln 1848 *Enter a Moor.*

wln 1849 The news with thee?

wln 1850 *Moor.* The Captain of *The Negro* craves admittance

wln 1851 Unto your Highness' presence.

wln 1852 *Mullisheg* A Guard attend him, and our noblest Bashaws

wln 1853 Conduct him safe where we will parley him. *Flourish.*

wln 1854  
wln 1855  
wln 1856  
wln 1857  
wln 1858  
wln 1859  
wln 1860  
wln 1861  
wln 1862  
wln 1863  
wln 1864  
wln 1865  
wln 1866  
wln 1867  
wln 1868

img: 31-b  
sig: H4r

wln 1869  
wln 1870  
wln 1871  
wln 1872  
wln 1873  
wln 1874  
wln 1875  
wln 1876  
wln 1877  
wln 1878  
wln 1879  
wln 1880  
wln 1881  
wln 1882  
wln 1883  
wln 1884  
wln 1885  
wln 1886  
wln 1887  
wln 1888  
wln 1889  
wln 1890  
wln 1891  
wln 1892  
wln 1893  
wln 1894  
wln 1895  
wln 1896  
wln 1897  
wln 1898  
wln 1899  
wln 1900  
wln 1901

*Enter Goodlack, and Roughman.*

*Goodlack* Long live the high and mighty King of Fez.

*Mullisheg* If thou bringst her then dost thou bring me life.

Say, will she come?

*Goodlack* She will my Lord, but yet conditionally  
She may be free from violence.

*Mullisheg* Now by the mighty Prophet we adore,  
She shall live Lady of her free desires,

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

*Roughman* We will conduct her to your presence straight.

*Mullisheg* We will have banquets, revels. and what not  
To entertain this stranger. *Hautboys.*

*Enter Bess Bridges veiled, Goodlack, Roughman, Forset,  
and Moors.*

A goodly presence! why's that beauty veiled?

*Bess.* Long live the King of Fez.

*Mullisheg* I am amazed,

This is no mortal creature I behold,  
But some bright Angel that is dropped from heaven,  
Sent by our prophet. Captain, let me thus  
Embrace thee in my arms. Load him with gold  
For this great favor.

*Bess* Captain, touch it not.

Know King of Fez my followers want no gold,  
I only came to see thee for my pleasure,  
And show thee, what these say thou never saw'st,  
A woman born in England.

*Mullisheg* That English earth may well be termed a heaven,  
That breeds such divine beauties. Make me sure  
That thou art mortal, by one friendly touch.

*Bess.* Keep off: for till thou swearest to my demands  
I will have no commerce with *Mullisheg*,  
But leave thee as I came.

*Mullisheg* Were 't half my Kingdom,  
That, beauteous English Virgin, thou shalt have.

*Bess.* Captain read.

*Goodlack* First, liberty for her and hers to leave the Land  
at her pleasure.

Next, safe conduct to and from her ship at her own  
discretion.

Thirdly, to be free from all violence, either by the King  
or any of his people.

Fourthly, to allow her mariners fresh victuals aboard.

Fifthly, to offer no further violence to her person, than  
what he seeks by kingly usage, and free entreaty.

*Mullisheg* To these I vow and seal.

*Bess.* These being assured  
Your courtship's free, and henceforth we secured.

wln 1902  
wln 1903  
wln 1904

img: 32-a  
sig: H4v

*Mullisheg* Say Gentlemen of England, what's your fashion  
And garb of entertainment?  
*Goodlack* Our first greeting

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  
wln 1918  
wln 1919  
wln 1920  
wln 1921  
wln 1922  
wln 1923  
wln 1924  
wln 1925  
wln 1926  
wln 1927  
wln 1928  
wln 1929  
wln 1930  
wln 1931  
wln 1932  
wln 1933  
wln 1934  
wln 1935  
wln 1936  
wln 1937  
wln 1938  
wln 1939  
wln 1940

Begins still on the lips.  
*Mullisheg* Fair creature, shall I be immortalized  
With that high favor?  
*Bess.* 'Tis no immodest thing  
You ask, nor shame, for *Bess* to kiss a King.  
*Mullisheg* This kiss hath all my vitals ecstasied.  
*Roughman* Captain this king is mightily in love. Well let her  
Do as she list, I'll make use of his bounty.  
*Goodlack* We should be mad men else.  
*Mullisheg* Grace me so much as take your seat by me.  
*Bess.* I'll be so far commanded.  
*Mullisheg* Sweet, your age?  
*Bess.* Not fully yet seventeen.  
*Mullisheg* But how your birth? how came you to this wealth,  
To have such Gentlemen at your command?  
And what your cause of travel?  
*Bess.* Mighty Prince,  
If you desire to see me beat my breast,  
Pour forth a river of increasing tears,  
Than you may urge me to that sad discourse.  
*Mullisheg* Not for Mamorrah's wealth, nor all the gold  
Coined in rich Barbary. Nay sweet arise,  
And ask of me be it half this kingdom's treasure,  
And thou art Lady on 't.  
*Bess.* If I shall ask, 't must be, you will not give.  
Our country breeds no beggars, for our hearts  
Are of more noble temper.  
*Mullisheg* Sweet, your name?  
*Bess.* *Elizabeth.*  
*Mullisheg* There's virtue in that name.  
The Virgin Queen so famous through the world,  
The mighty Empress of the maiden-Isle,  
Whose predecessors have o'errun great France,  
Whose powerful hand doth still support the Dutch,  
And keeps the potent King of Spain in awe,  
Is not she titled so?

img: 32-b  
sig: I1r

wln 1941  
wln 1942  
wln 1943  
wln 1944  
wln 1945  
wln 1946

*Bess.* She is.  
*Mullisheg* Hath she herself a face so fair as yours  
When she appears for wonder.  
*Bess.* Mighty *Fez*,  
You cast a blush upon my maiden cheek,  
To pattern me with her. Why England's Queen

wln 1947  
wln 1948  
wln 1949  
wln 1950  
wln 1951  
wln 1952  
wln 1953  
wln 1954  
wln 1955  
wln 1956  
wln 1957  
wln 1958

She is the only Phoenix of her age,  
The pride and glory of the Western Isles:  
Had I a thousand tongues they all would tire  
And fail me in her true description.

*Mullisheg* Grant me this,

Tomorrow we supply our Judgement-seat,  
And sentence causes, sit with us in state,  
And let your presence beautify our Throne.

*Bess* In that I am your servant.

*Mullisheg* And we thine.

Set on in state, attendants, and full train:  
But find to ask, we vow thou shalt obtain.

wln 1959  
wln 1960  
wln 1961  
wln 1962  
wln 1963  
wln 1964  
wln 1965  
wln 1966  
wln 1967  
wln 1968  
wln 1969  
wln 1970  
wln 1971  
wln 1972  
wln 1973  
wln 1974  
wln 1975

*Enter Clem, manet Goodlack.*

*Clem* It is not now as when *Andrea* lived,  
Or rather *Andrew* our elder Journeyman: what, Drawers  
become Courtiers? Now may I speak with the old ghost  
in *Jeronimo*;

When this eternal substance of my soul  
Did live imprisoned in this wanton flesh,  
I was a Courtier in the Court of Fez.

*Goodlack* Oh well done *Clem*. It is your Mistress' pleasure  
None come ashore that's not well habited.

*Clem* Nay for mine own part, I hold myself as good  
a Christian in these clothes, as the proudest Infidel of  
them all.

*Enter Alcade and Joffer*

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

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

*Joffer* Then 'tis the King's command we give you all attendance

img: 33-a  
sig: IIv

wln 1976  
wln 1977  
wln 1978  
wln 1979  
wln 1980  
wln 1981  
wln 1982  
wln 1983  
wln 1984  
wln 1985  
wln 1986  
wln 1987  
wln 1988  
wln 1989  
wln 1990  
wln 1991  
wln 1992  
wln 1993

*Clem* Great Signior of the Sarazens I thank thee.

*Alcade* Will you walk in to banquet?

*Clem* I will make bold to march in towards your banquet,  
and there comfit myself, and cast all caraways  
down my throat, the best way I have to conserve myself  
in health: and for your country's sake which is called  
Barbery, I will love all Barbers and Barberies the better:  
And for you Moors, thus much I mean to say,  
I'll see if More I eat the More I may.

*Enter two Merchants.*

*I Merchant* I pray sir are you of the English train?

*Clem* Why what art thou my friend?

*I Merchant* Sir, a French merchant run into relapse,  
And forfeit of the Law: here's for you sir  
Forty good Barbery pieces to deliver  
Your Lady this petition, who I hear  
Can all things with the King.

*Clem* Your gold doth bind me to you: you may see

wln 1994  
wln 1995  
wln 1996  
wln 1997  
wln 1998  
wln 1999  
wln 2000  
wln 2001  
wln 2002  
wln 2003  
wln 2004  
wln 2005  
wln 2006  
wln 2007  
wln 2008  
wln 2009  
wln 2010  
wln 2011

img: 33-b  
sig: I2r

wln 2012  
wln 2013  
wln 2014  
wln 2015  
wln 2016

wln 2017  
wln 2018

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

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 business my friend?

*2 Merchant* Some me of my men for a little outrage done  
Are sentenced to the Gallies.

*Clem* To the Gallows?

*2 Merchant* No, to the Gallies: now could your Lady purchase  
Their pardon from the King, here's twenty angels?

*Clem* What are you sir?

*2 Merchant* A Florentine Merchant.

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

*2 Merchant* Heaven forbid else.

*Clem* I should not have the faith to take your gold else.  
Attend on me, I'll speak in your behalf.

Where be my Bashaws? usher us in state, Flourish.

And when we sit to banquet see you wait.

*Exit.*

*Enter Spencer solus.*

*Spencer* This day the king ascends his royal throne,

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,  
He's now upon his entrance.

*Hautboys.*

*Enter the King, Bess, Goodlack, Roughman, Alcade, Joffer,  
with all the other Train.*

*Mullisheg* Here seat thee Maid of England like a Queen,  
The style we'll give thee, wilt thou deign us love.

*Bess.* Bless me you holy Angels.

*Mullisheg* What is't offends you Sweet?

*Spencer* I am amazed, and know not what to think on 't.

*Bess.* Captain, dost not see? Is not that *Spencer's* ghost?

*Goodlack* I see, and like you I am ecstasied.

*Spencer* If mine eyes mistake not,  
That should be Captain *Goodlack*, and that *Bess*.  
But o, I cannot be so happy.

*Goodlack* 'Tis he, and I'll salute him.

*Bess.* Captain stay,  
You shall be swayed by me.

*Spencer* Him I well know, but how should she come hither

*Mullisheg* What is't that troubles you?

*Bess.* Most mighty king,  
Spare me no longer time, but to bestow  
My Captain on a message.

*Mullisheg* Thou shalt command my silence, and his ear.

*Bess.* Go wind about, and when you see least eyes  
Are fixed on you, single him out and see



wln 2040  
wln 2041  
wln 2042  
wln 2043  
wln 2044  
wln 2045

img: 34-a  
sig: I2v

If we mistake not. If he be the man,  
Give me some private note.  
*Goodlack* This.  
*Bess* Enough. What said you highness?  
*Mullisheg* Hark what I proffer thee, Continue here,  
And grant me full fruition of thy love.

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

*Bess* Good.  
*Mullisheg* Thou shalt have all my Peers to honor thee  
Next our great prophet.  
*Bess.* Well.  
*Mullisheg* And when th' art weary of our Sunburnt clime,  
Thy *Negro* shall be ballast home with gold.  
*Bess* I am eternized ever.  
Now all you sad disasters dare your worst,  
I neither care nor fear: my *Spencer* lives.  
*Mullisheg* You mind me not sweet Virgin.  
*Bess.* You talk of love.  
My Lord, I'll tell you more of that hereafter.  
But now to your State-business: bid him do thus  
No more, and not be seen till then.  
*Goodlack* Enough: come sir, you must along with me.  
*Bess* Now stood a thousand deaths before my face,  
I would not change my cheer, since *Spencer's* safe.

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

img: 34-b  
sig: I3r

*Enter Clem and the Merchants.*  
*Clem* By your leave my Masters: room for Generosity.  
*1 Merchant* Pray sir remember me.  
*2 Merchant* Good sir, my suit.  
*Clem* I am perfect in both your parts without prompting.  
Mistress, here are two christen friends of mine have forfeited  
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 business already.  
*Mullisheg* For dealing in commodities forbid  
Y' are fined a thousand ducats.  
*Bess.* Cast off the burden of your heavy doom,  
A follower of my train petitions for him.  
*Mullisheg* One of thy train, sweet *Bess*?  
*Clem* And no worse man than myself sir.  
*Mullisheg* Well sirrah, for your Lady's sake,  
His ship and goods shall be restored again.  
*1 Merchant* Long live the King of Fez.

wln 2081  
wln 2082  
wln 2083

*Clem* Mayst thou never want sweet water to wash thy  
black face in, most mighty Monarch of Morocco.  
Mistress, another friend, Ay, and paid before hand.

wln 2084  
wln 2085  
wln 2086  
wln 2087  
wln 2088  
wln 2089  
wln 2090  
wln 2091  
wln 2092  
wln 2093  
wln 2094  
wln 2095  
wln 2096  
wln 2097  
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wln 2099  
wln 2100  
wln 2101  
wln 2102  
wln 2103  
wln 2104  
wln 2105  
wln 2106  
wln 2107  
wln 2108  
wln 2109  
wln 2110  
wln 2111  
wln 2112  
wln 2113  
wln 2114  
wln 2115  
wln 2116

img: 35-a  
sig: I3v

wln 2117  
wln 2118  
wln 2119  
wln 2120  
wln 2121  
wln 2122  
wln 2123  
wln 2124  
wln 2125  
wln 2126  
wln 2127  
wln 2128  
wln 2129  
wln 2130  
wln 2131

*Mullisheg* Sirrah, your men for outrage and contempt  
Are doomed unto the Galleys.

*Bess* A censure too severe for Christians.  
Great King, I'll pay their ransom.

*Mullisheg* Thou my *Bess*?  
Thy word shall be their ransom, th' are discharged.  
What grave old man is that?

*Joffer* A Christian Preacher, one that would convert  
Your Moors, and turn them to a new belief.

*Mullisheg* Then he shall die, as we are king of Fez.  
*Bess* For these I only spake, for him I kneel,  
If I have any grace with mighty Fez.

*Mullisheg* We can deny thee nothing beauteous maid,  
A kiss shall be his pardon.

*Bess* Thus I pay 't.  
*Clem* Must your black face be smooching my Mistress's  
white lips with a moorian. I would you had kissed her a —

*Alcade* Ha, how is that sir?  
*Clem* I know what I say sir, I would he had kissed her a —  
*Alcade.* A— what?

*Clem* A thousand times to have done him a pleasure.  
*Enter Spencer and Goodlacke.*

*Mullisheg* That kiss was worth the ransom of a King.  
What's he of that brave presence?

*Bess.* A Gentleman of England, and my friend,  
do him some grace for my sake.

*Mullisheg* For thy sake what would not I perform?  
He shall have grace and honor. *Joffer*, go  
And see him gelded to attend on us,  
He shall be our chief Eunuch.

*Bess.* Not for ten worlds. Behold great king I stand  
Betwixt him and all danger. Have I found thee?  
Seize what I have, take both my ship and goods,

Leave naught that's mine unrifled: spare me him.  
And have I found my *Spencer*!

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

*Mullisheg* With all my heart. Go bear him hence *Alcade*,  
Into our Alkedavy, honor him,  
And let him taste the razor.

*Clem* There's honor for me.  
*Alcade* Come follow.

*Clem* No sir, I'll go before you for mine honor.

*Exit.*

*Spencer* Oh show yourself renowned king the same  
Fame blazons you: bestow this Maid on me,  
'Tis such a gift as kingdoms cannot buy:  
She is a precedent of all true love,

wln 2132  
wln 2133  
wln 2134  
wln 2135  
wln 2136  
wln 2137  
wln 2138  
wln 2139  
wln 2140  
wln 2141  
wln 2142  
wln 2143  
wln 2144  
wln 2145  
wln 2146  
wln 2147

And shall be registered to after times,  
That ne'er shall pattern her.  
*Goodlack* Heard you the story of their constant love.  
'Twould move in you compassion.  
*Roughman* Let not intemperate love sway you 'bove pity,  
That foreign nation that ne'er heard your name,  
May chronicle your virtues.  
*Mullisheg* You have wakened in me an heroic spirit:  
Lust shall not conquer virtue. Till this hour  
We graced thee for thy beauty English woman,  
But now we wonder at thy constancy.  
*Bess* Oh were you of our faith, I'd swear great *Mullisheg*  
To be a god on earth. And lives my *Spencer*?  
In troth I thought thee dead.  
*Spencer* In hope of thee  
I lived to gain both life and liberty.

wln 2148  
wln 2149  
wln 2150  
wln 2151

*Enter Clem running.*

*Clem* No more of your honor if you love me. Is this  
your Moorish preferment to rob a man of his best jewels?  
*Mullisheg* Hast thou seen our Alkedavy?

img: 35-b  
sig: 14r

wln 2152  
wln 2153  
wln 2154  
wln 2155  
wln 2156  
wln 2157  
wln 2158  
wln 2159  
wln 2160  
wln 2161  
wln 2162  
wln 2163  
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wln 2171  
wln 2172  
wln 2173  
wln 2174  
wln 2175  
wln 2176  
wln 2177  
wln 2178

*Clem* *Davy* do you call him? he may be called shavee  
I am sure he hath tickled my current commodity,  
No more your cutting honor if you love me.  
*Mullisheg* All your strange fortunes we will hear discoursed  
And after that your fair espousals grace,  
If you can find a man of your belief  
To do that grateful office.  
*Spencer* None more fit  
Than this religious and grave Gentleman  
Late rescued from death's sentence.  
*Preacher.* None more proud  
To do you that poor service.  
*Mullisheg* Noble Englishman,  
I cannot fasten bounty to my will,  
Worthy thy merit, move some suit to us.  
*Spencer.* To make you more renowned great king, and us  
The more indebted, there's an Englishman  
Hath forfeited his ship for goods uncustomed.  
*Mullisheg* Thy suit is granted ere it be half begged,  
Dispose them at thy pleasure.  
*Spencer* Mighty king  
We are your Highness' servants,  
*Mullisheg* Come beauteous Maid, we'll see thee crowned a bride,  
At all our pompous banquets these shall wait.  
Thy followers and thy servants press with gold,  
And not the mean'st that to thy train belongs,  
But shall approve our bounty. Lead in state,

wln 2179

wln 2180

wln 2181

And wheresoever thy fame shall be enrolled,  
The world report thou art a Girl worth gold.

*Explicit Actus quintus.*

wln 2182

*FINIS.*

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### 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[··]*.