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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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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.

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

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

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

Yours, most affectionately
devoted,

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

To the READER.

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,

T. H.

Dramatis personae.

Master Forset, a Gentleman; by Christopher Goad.

Master Roughman, a swaggering Gentleman; by William Shearlock.

Clem, a drawer of wine under Bess Bridges; by Mr. William Robinson.

Three Sailors. A Surgeon.

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 persever) Not for one year, but to be Sovereigns ever.

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

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 Glister 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)
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?
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.

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.

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,
Enter Bess with wine.

Enter the second Drawer.

Exit.

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.

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
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.

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.

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.

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,
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.
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.

Enter the two Drawers.

1 Drawer  One call my Master, another fetch the constable,
Here’s a man killed in the room.

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?

Bess.  What shall become of me! Of all lost creatures
The most unfortunate. 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.

Enter Forset.

Forset  Your name’s Bess Bridges?
Bess.  An unfortunate Maid.
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.

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

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.

Enter Forset, and Bess with a bag.

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

---

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 findst,

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 losest 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,

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,
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.

   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.

   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
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.

   Exit Spencer, and Goodluck.

   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,

   Bess. Let me recollect myself,

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

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.

   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.
Explicit Actus primus.

Actus secundus, Scaena prima.

Enter Forset and Roughman.

Forset.

IN your time have you seen a sweeter creature?

Roughman Some week or thereabouts.

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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

Enter Bess Bridges like a Mistress,
and Clem

Forset Here she comes: observe how modestly she bears
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...
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,
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 Anchovies, 18 d.

Bess.   How can that be?
Clem   Marry very well Mistress, 12 d. Anchovies, 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
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,

_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
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.

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 unreavenged,
Heaven pardon you, 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.

   *Spencer* I bleed much,

*Exeunt.*
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 findst 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
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 i’ 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,
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?

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.

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.

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.
Enter two Sailors.

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

2 Sailor A stiff gale blows from the shore.

Enter Captain Goodlack.

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.

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

Enter a third Sailor.

Goodlack With all my heart.

3 Sailor What are you ready Mates?

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

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

Goodlack My worthy friend.

Unhappy man that cannot stay behind
To do him his last rights. Was his name Spencer?

3 Sailor Yes sir, a Gentleman of good account
And well known in the navy.

Goodlack This is the end of all mortality:
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?

**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’l 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.
Actus tertius. Scaena prima.

Enter Roughman and Forset.

**Forset.**

OH y’re well met, just as I prophesied
So it fell out.

**Forset** As how I pray?

**Roughman** Had you but stayed the crossing of one field,
You had beheld a Hector, the boldest Trojan
That ever Roughman met with.

**Forset** Pray what was he?

**Roughman** You talk of Little Davy, Cutting Dick,
And divers such, but tush, this hath no fellow.

**Forset** Of what stature and years was he?

**Roughman** Indeed I must confess he was no giant,
Nor above fifty, but he did bestir him,
Was here and there, and everywhere at once,
That I was ne’er so put to’t since the Midwife
First wrapped my head in linen. Let’s to Bess.
I’ll tell her the whole project.

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

**Roughman** Where be these Drawers, Rascals I should say?
That will give no attendance.

**Clem.** Anon, anon sir, please you see a room. What you
here again? Now we shall have such roaring.

**Roughman** You sirrah call your Mistress.

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

**Roughman** See and the slave will stir.

**Clem** Yes I do stir.

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

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

**Roughman** Do sir, you had best.

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

**Roughman** Ha, what will you draw?

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

**Roughman** How not in case?

**Clem** I think she hath not her smock on, for I think
I saw it lie at her bed’s head.
Roughman  What, Drawers grow capricious?
Clem  Help, help.

Enter Bess Bridges.
Bess.  What uproar’s this? shall we be never rid
From these disturbances?
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.
Clem  You lie sir?
Roughman  How? lie?
Clem  Yes sir at the Raven in the high-street, I was at
your lodging this morning for a pottle pot.
Roughman  You will about your business, must you here
Stand gaping and idle?
Bess  You wrong me sir,
And tyrannize too much over my servants.
I will have no man touch them but myself.
Clem  If I do not put Ratsbane into his wine instead
of Sugar, say I am no true Baker.
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,
And almost cut to pieces, and you fast
Close in your bed, ne’er dream on ’t.
Bess.  Fought you this day?
Roughman  And ne’er was better put to ’t in my days.
Bess.  I pray, how was’t?
Roughman  Thus: as I passed yon fields:
Enter the Kitchen-maid.
Maid.  I pray forsooth, what shall I reckon for the Jowl
of Ling in the Portcullis.
Roughman  A pox upon your Jowls, you kitchen-stuff,
Go scour your skillets, pots, and dripping-pan,
And interrupt not us.
Maid.  The Devil take your Oxheels, you foul
Codshead, must you be kicking?
Roughman  Minion dare you scold?
Maid.  Yes sir, and lay my ladle over your coxcomb.
Bess.  I do not think that thou dar’st strike a man,
That swagger’st thus o’er women.
Roughman  How now Bess?
Bess.  Shall we be never quiet?
Forset  You are too rude.
Roughman  Now I profess all patience.
Bess  Then proceed.
Roughman  Rising up early, Minion whilst you slept,
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
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  Have-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.

Enter Mayor of Foy, an Alderman; and Servant.

   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.

   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.
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.

1 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.
Enter Clem and the Sailors on the one side, at the other
Roughman, who draws upon them, and beats them off.

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.

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.
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

I’ll visit you myself.
1 Sailor   I’ll use your kindness.
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.

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?

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.
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.  Exit.
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.

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.

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
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.  Exit.
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.

Enter Bess with Spencer’s Picture.

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

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.

Bess.    You will restore my Picture? will you?
Goodlack    Yes, and more than that,
This Ring from my friend’s finger sent to you,
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,
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 Thrasoes.
    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
Enter Bess, Mayor, Alderman, Clem.

    Exeunt.

    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
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 Elzabeth?
  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 Elzabeth 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 Elzabeth 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.
In this bequest.

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

_Bess._  Why what is all the wealth the world contains.
Without my _Spencer_?

_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.

_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,

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,
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 remains?

   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.

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

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.

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.

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

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.
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 straggling 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.

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.
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.

   Enter Clem falling for haste.  

   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.

   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 howsoever 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
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.
Shot.

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.

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

    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.

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
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 'scapeed 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
Of the rich Spaniard, and the barbarous Turk.
And now her fame grows great in all these seas.
Suppose her rich, and forced for want of water
To put into Mamorrah in Barbary,
Where wearied with the habit of a man,
She was discovered by the Moors aboard,
Which told it to the amorous King of Fez,
That ne’er before had English Lady seen.
He sends for her on shore, how he receives her,
How she and Spencer meet, must next succeed.
Sit patient then, when these are fully told,
Some may hap say, Ay, there’s a Girl worth gold.

\textit{Act long. Exeunt.}

\textit{Explicit Actus quartus.}

\textit{Actus quintus. Scaena prima.}

\textit{Enter Mullisheg, Alcade, Joffer, and Attendants, etc.}

\textit{Mullisheg.}

But was she of such presence?
\textit{Alcade} To describe her were to make eloquence dumb
\textit{Mullisheg} Well habited?
\textit{Alcade} I ne’er beheld a beauty more complete.
\textit{Mullisheg} Thou hast inflamed our spirits. In England born?

\textit{Alcade} The Captain so reported.
\textit{Mullisheg} How her ship?
\textit{Alcade} I never saw a braver Vessel sail,
And she is called \textit{The Negro}.
\textit{Mullisheg} Ominous
Perhaps to our good fate, She in a Negro
Hath sailed thus far to bosom with a Moor.
But for the motion made to come ashore,
How did she relish that?
\textit{Alcade} I promised to the Captain large reward
To win him to it, and this day he hath promised
To bring me her free answer.
\textit{Mullisheg} When he comes
Give him the entertainment of a Prince.
\textit{Enter a Moor.}

The news with thee?
\textit{Moor.} The Captain of \textit{The Negro} craves admittance
Unto your Highness’ presence.
\textit{Mullisheg} A Guard attend him, and our noblest Bashaws
Conduct him safe where we will parley him.\textit{ Flourish.}
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.
Mullisheg Say Gentlemen of England, what’s your fashion
And garb of entertainment?

Goodlack Our first greeting

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?

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
Enter Clem, manet Goodlack.

Enter Alcade and Joffer

Enter two Merchants.

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.

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

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.

1. Merchant I pray sir are you of the English train?

Clem Why what art thou my friend?

1 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
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 Galleys.

Clem To the Gallows?

2 Merchant No, to the Galleys: 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
If we mistake not. If he be the man, Give me some private note.

\textit{Goodlack} \hspace{1em} This.
\textit{Bess} \hspace{1em} Enough. What said you highness?
\textit{Mullisheg} \hspace{1em} Hark what I proffer thee, Continue here, And grant me full fruition of thy love.

\textit{Bess} \hspace{1em} Good.
\textit{Mullisheg} \hspace{1em} Thou shalt have all my Peers to honor thee
Next our great prophet.
\textit{Bess} \hspace{1em} Well.
\textit{Mullisheg} \hspace{1em} And when th’ art weary of our Sunburnt clime, Thy \textit{Negro} shall be ballast home with gold.
\textit{Bess} \hspace{1em} I am eternized ever.
Now all you sad disasters dare your worst, I neither care nor fear: my \textit{Spencer} lives.
\textit{Mullisheg} \hspace{1em} You mind me not sweet Virgin.
\textit{Bess} \hspace{1em} 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.
\textit{Goodlack} \hspace{1em} Enough: come sir, you must along with me.
\textit{Bess} \hspace{1em} Now stood a thousand deaths before my face,
I would not change my cheer, since \textit{Spencer}’s safe.

\textit{Enter Clem and the Merchants.}
\textit{Clem} \hspace{1em} By your leave my Masters: room for Generosity.
\textit{1 Merchant} \hspace{1em} Pray sir remember me.
\textit{2 Merchant} \hspace{1em} Good sir, my suit.
\textit{Clem} \hspace{1em} 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.
\textit{Mullisheg} \hspace{1em} For dealing in commodities forbid Y’ are fined a thousand ducats.
\textit{Bess} \hspace{1em} Cast off the burden of your heavy doom, A follower of my train petitions for him.
\textit{Mullisheg} \hspace{1em} One of thy train, sweet \textit{Bess}?
\textit{Clem} \hspace{1em} And no worse man than myself sir.
\textit{Mullisheg} \hspace{1em} Well sirrah, for your Lady’s sake, His ship and goods shall be restored again.
\textit{1 Merchant} \hspace{1em} Long live the King of Fez.

\textit{Clem} \hspace{1em} 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.
Enter Spencer and Goodlacke.

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
Bewixt 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.  

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,
Enter Clem running.

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.

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?

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

*Explicit Actus quintus.*

*FINIS.*
Textual Notes

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