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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

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ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

THE
KNIGHT OF
the Burning Pestle.

ln 0004

ln 0005

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

— *Quod si*
Judicium subtile, videndis artibus illud
Ad libros et ad haec Musarum dona vocares:
Boeotum in crasso iurares aëre natos.
Horat. in Epist. ad Oct. Aug.

ln 0009

ln 0010

ln 0011

ln 0012

LONDON,
Printed for *Walter Burre*, and are to be sold at the
sign of the Crane in Paul's Churchyard.
1613.

img: 2-a

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ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

TO HIS MANY
WAYS ENDEARED
friend Master Robert Keysar.

ln 0004

ln 0005

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

ln 0009

ln 0010

ln 0011

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ln 0020

ln 0021

ln 0022

SIR, this unfortunate child, who
in eight days (as lately I have
learned) was begot and born
soon after, was by his parents
(perhaps because he was so unlike
his brethren) exposed to the
wide world, who for want of
judgement, or not understanding
the privy mark of Irony about
it (which showed it was no offspring of any vulgar
brain) utterly rejected it: so that for want of acceptance
it was even ready to give up the Ghost, and was in
danger to have been smothered in perpetual oblivion, if
you (out of your direct antipathy to ingratitude) had not
been moved both to relieve and cherish it: wherein I must
needs commend both your judgement, understanding,
and singular love to good wits; you afterwards sent
it to me, yet being an infant and somewhat ragged, I
have fostered it privately in my bosom these two years,

img: 3-a

sig: A2v

ln 0023

ln 0024

and now to show my love return it to you, clad in good
lasting clothes, which scarce memory will wear out, and

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ln 0039
ln 0040

able to speak for itself; and withal, as it telleth me,
desirous to try his fortune in the world, where if yet it be
welcome, both father and foster-father, nurse and child,
have their desired end. If it be slighted or traduced, it
hopes his father will beget him a younger brother, who
shall revenge his quarrel, and challenge the world either
of fond and merely literal interpretation, or illiterate
misprision. Perhaps it will be thought to be of the
race of Don Quixote: we both may confidently swear,
it is his elder above a year; and therefore may (by virtue
of his birthright) challenge the wall of him. I doubt
not but they will meet in their adventures, and I hope the
breaking of one staff will make them friends; and perhaps
they will combine themselves, and travail through
the world to seek their adventures. So I commit him to
his good fortune, and myself to your love.

ln 0041

Your assured friend

ln 0042

W. B.

img: 3-b
sig: B1r

wln 0001
wln 0002
wln 0003

The famous History
Of the Knight of the burning
PESTLE.

wln 0004

Enter PROLOGUE.

wln 0005

FRom all that's near the Court, from all
that's great

wln 0006

Within the compass of the City walls,
We now have brought our Scene.

wln 0007

wln 0008

Enter Citizen.

wln 0009

Citizen Hold your peace goodman boy.

wln 0010

Prologue What do you mean sir?

wln 0011

Citizen That you have no good meaning: This seven years
there hath been plays at this house, I have observed it,
you have still girds at Citizens; and now you call your play,
The London Merchant. Down with your Title boy, down
with your Title.

wln 0012

Prologue Are you a member of the noble City?

wln 0013

Citizen I am.

wln 0014

Prologue And a Freeman?

wln 0015

Citizen Yea, and a Grocer.

wln 0016

Prologue So Grocer, then by your sweet favor, we intend
no abuse to the City.

wln 0017

Citizen No sir, yes sir, if you were not resolved to play the
Jacks, what need you study for new subjects, purposely to abuse

wln 0018

wln 0019

wln 0020

wln 0021

wln 0022

wln 0023

wln 0024

wln 0025
wln 0026
wln 0027

img: 4-a
sig: B1v

your betters? why could not you be contented, as well as others, with the legend of *Whittington*, or the life and death of sir *Thomas Gresham*? with the building of the Royal

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wln 0062
wln 0063
wln 0064

Exchange? or the story of Queen *Eleanor*, with the rearing of London bridge upon woollsacks?

Prologue You seem to be an understanding man: what would you have us do sir?

Citizen Why present something notably in honor of the Commons of the City.

Prologue Why what do you say to the life and death of fat *Drake*, or the repairing of Fleet privies?

Citizen I do not like that, but I will have a Citizen, and he shall be of my own trade.

Prologue Oh you should have told us your mind a month since, our play is ready to begin now.

Citizen 'Tis all one for that, I will have a Grocer, and he shall do admirable things.

Prologue What will you have him do?

Citizen Marry I will have him —

Wife. Husband, husband.

Wife below.

Rafe. Peace mistress.

Rafe below.

Wife. Hold thy peace *Rafe*, I know what I do I warrant 'ee. Husband, husband.

Citizen What sayst thou cunny?

Wife. Let him kill a Lion with a pestle husband, let him kill a Lion with a pestle.

Citizen So he shall, I'll have him kill a Lion with a pestle.

Wife. Husband, shall I come up husband?

Citizen Ay cunny. *Rafe* help your mistress this way: pray gentlemen make her a little room, I pray you sir lend me your hand to help up my wife: I thank you sir. So.

Wife. By your leave Gentlemen all, I'm something troublesome, I'm a stranger here, I was ne'er at one of these plays as they say, before; but I should have seen *Jane Shore* once, and my husband hath promised me any time this Twelvemonth to carry me to the *Bold Beauchamps*, but in truth he did not, I pray you bear with me.

Citizen Boy, let my wife and I have a couple stools, and then begin, and let the Grocer do rare things.

Prologue But sir, we have never a boy to play him, every

img: 4-b
sig: B2r

one hath a part already.

Wife. Husband, husband, for God's sake let *Rafe* play him, beshrew me if I do not think he will go beyond them all.

Citizen Well remembered wife, come up *Rafe*: I'll tell you

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wln 0066
wln 0067
wln 0068
wln 0069

wln 0070
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wln 0072
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wln 0116
wln 0117

Gentlemen, let them but lend him a suit of reparel, and necessaries, and by Gad, if any of them all blow wind in the tail on him, I'll be hanged.

Wife. I pray you youth let him have a suit of reparel, I'll be sworn Gentlemen, my husband tells you true, he will act you sometimes at our house, that all the neighbors cry out on him: he will fetch you up a couraging part so in the garret, that we are all as feared I warrant you, that we quake again: we'll fear our **children** with him if they be never so unruly, do but cry, *Rafe comes, Rafe comes* to them, and they'll be as quiet as Lambs. Hold up thy head *Rafe*, show the Gentlemen what thou canst do, speak a huffing part, I warrant you the Gentlemen will accept of it.

Citizen Do *Rafe*, do.

Rafe. By heaven methinks it were an easy leap To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced Moon, Or dive into the bottom of the sea, Where never fathom line touched any ground, And pluck up drowned honor from the lake of hell.

Citizen How say you Gentlemen, is it not as I told you?

Wife. Nay Gentlemen, he hath played before, my husband says, *Mucedorus* before the Wardens of our Company.

Citizen Ay, and he should have played *Jeronimo* with a Shoemaker for a wager.

Prologue He shall have a suit of apparel if he will go in.

Citizen In *Rafe*, in *Rafe*, and set out the Grocery in their kind, if thou lov'st me.

Wife. I warrant our *Rafe* will look finely when he's dressed.

Prologue But what will you have it called?

Citizen *The Grocer's honor.*

Prologue Methinks *The Knight of the burning Pestle* were better.

Wife I'll be sworn husband, that's as good a name as can be.

Citizen Let it be so, begin, begin, my wife and I will sit down.

Prologue I pray you do.

Citizen What stately music have you? you have shawms.

Prologue Shawms? no.

Citizen No? I'm a thief if my mind did not give me so. *Rafe* plays a stately part, and he must needs have shawms: I'll be at the charge of them myself, rather than we'll be without them. *Prologue* So you are like to be.

Citizen Why and so I will be: there's two shillings, let's have the waits of Southwark, they are as rare fellows as any are in England; and that will fetch them all o'er the water with a vengeance, as if they were mad.

Prologue You shall have them: will you sit down then?

Citizen Ay, come wife.

Wife. Sit you merry all Gentlemen, I'm bold to sit amongst

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wln 0129
wln 0130

you for my ease.

Prologue From all that's near the Court, from all that's great.
Within the compass of the City walls,
We now have brought our Scene: fly far from hence
All private taxes, immodest phrases,
Whate'er may but show like vicious:
For wicked mirth never true pleasure brings,
But honest minds are pleased with honest things.
Thus much for that we do: but for *Rafe's* part
You must answer for yourself.

Citizen Take you no care for *Rafe*, he'll discharge himself I
warrant you.

Wife. I' faith Gentlemen I'll give my word for *Rafe*.

wln 0131

Actus primi, Scoena prima.

wln 0132

Enter Merchant, and Jasper his Prentice.

wln 0133
wln 0134
wln 0135

Merchant Sirrah, I'll make you know you are my Prentice,
And whom my charitable love redeemed
Even from the fall of fortune, gave thee heat

img: 5-b
sig: B3r

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wln 0162

And growth, to be what now thou art, new cast thee,
Adding the trust of all I have at home,
In foreign Staples, or upon the Sea
To thy direction, tied the good opinions
Both of myself and friends to thy endeavors,
So fair were thy beginnings, but with these,
As I remember, you had never charge,
To love your Master's daughter, and even then,
When I had found a wealthy husband for her,
I take it, sir, you had not; but however,
I'll break the neck of that commission,
And make you know you are but a Merchant's Factor.

Jasper Sir, I do liberally confess I am yours,
Bound, both by love and duty, to your service;
In which, my labor hath been all my profit;
I have not lost in bargain, nor delighted
To wear your honest gains upon my back,
Nor have I given a pension to my blood,
Or lavishly in play consumed your stock.
These, and the miseries that do attend them,
I dare, with innocence, proclaim are strangers
To all my temperate actions; for your daughter,
If there be any love, to my deservings,
Borne by her virtuous self, I cannot stop it?
Nor, am I able to refrain her wishes.
She's private to herself and best of knowledge,
Whom she'll make so happy as to sigh for.

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wln 0172

img: 6-a
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Besides, I cannot think you mean to match her,
Unto a fellow of so lame a presence,
One that hath little left of *Nature* in him.

Merchant 'Tis very well sir, I can tell your wisdom
How all this shall be cured. *Jasper* Your care becomes you.

Merchant And thus it must be sir, I here discharge you
My house and service, take your liberty,
And when I want a son I'll send for you.

Exit:

Jasper These be the fair rewards of them that love.
O you that live in freedom never prove

The travel of a mind led by desire. *Enter Luce.*

Luce. Why, how now friend, struck with my father's thunder?

Jasper Struck and struck dead unless the remedy
Be full of speed and virtue; I am now,
What I expected long, no more your father's.

Luce. But mine. *Jasper* But yours, and only yours I am,
That's all I have to keep me from the Statute,
You dare be constant still. *Luce.* O fear me not,
In this I dare be better than a woman.

Nor shall his anger, nor his offers move me,
Were they both equal to a Prince's power.

Jasper You know my rival? *Luce.* Yes and love him dearly
Even as I love an ague, or foul weather,
I prithee *Jasper* fear him not. *Jasper* O no,
I do not mean to do him so much kindness,
But to our own desires, you know the plot
We both agreed on. *Luce.* Yes, and will perform
My part exactly. *Jasper* I desire no more,
Farewell, and keep my heart, 'tis yours. *Luce.* I take it,
He must do miracles makes me forsake it. *Exeunt.*

Citizen Fie upon 'em little infidels, what a matter's here
now? well, I'll be hanged for a halfpenny, if there be not
some abomination knavery in this Play, well, let 'em look
to 't, *Rafe* must come, and if there be any tricks a-brewing, —

Wife. Let 'em brew and bake too husband, a' God's name,
Rafe will find all out I warrant you, and they were older than
they are, I pray my pretty youth is *Rafe* ready.

Boy. He will be presently.

Wife. Now I pray you make my commendations unto
him, and withal carry him this stick of Liquorice, tell him his
Mistress sent it him, and bid him bite a piece, 'twill open his
pipes the better, say.

Enter Merchant, and Master Humphrey.

Merchant Come sir, she's yours, upon my faith she's yours
You have my hand, for other idle lets
Between your hopes and her, thus, with a wind
They are scattered and no more: my wanton Prentice,

img: 6-b

wln 0210 That like a bladder, blew himself with love,
wln 0211 I have let out, and sent him to discover
wln 0212 New Masters yet unknown. *Humphrey* I thank you sir,
wln 0213 Indeed I thank you sir, and ere I stir
wln 0214 It shall be known, however you do deem,
wln 0215 I am of gentle blood and gentle seem.
wln 0216 *Merchant* O sir, I know it certain. *Humphrey* Sir my friend,
wln 0217 Although, as Writers say, all things have end,
wln 0218 And that we call a pudding, hath his two
wln 0219 O let it not seem strange I pray to you,
wln 0220 If in this bloody simile, I put
wln 0221 My love, more endless, than frail things or gut.
wln 0222 *Wife.* Husband, I prithee sweet lamb tell me one thing,
wln 0223 But tell me truly: stay youths I beseech you, till I question
wln 0224 my husband. *Citizen* What is it mouse?
wln 0225 *Wife.* Sirrah, didst thou ever see a prettier child? how it
wln 0226 behaves itself, I warrant ye, and speaks, and looks, and
wln 0227 perts up the head? I pray you brother, with your favor, were
wln 0228 you never none of Master *Monkester*'s scholars?
wln 0229 *Citizen* Chicken, I prithee heartily contain thyself, the
wln 0230 childer are pretty childer, but when *Rafe* comes, Lamb.
wln 0231 *Wife.* Ay when *Rafe* comes cunny; well my youth, you may proceed
wln 0232 *Merchant* Well sir, you know my love, and rest, I hope,
wln 0233 Assured of my consent, get but my daughter's,
wln 0234 And wed her when you please; you must be bold,
wln 0235 And clap in close unto her, come, I know
wln 0236 You have language good enough to win a wench.
wln 0237 *Wife.* A whoreson tyrant h'as been an old stringer in 's days I
wln 0238 warrant him. *Humphrey* I take your gentle offer and withal
wln 0239 Yield love again for love reciprocal. *Enter Luce.*
wln 0240 *Merchant* What *Luce* within there. *Luce* Called you sir?
wln 0240 *Merchant* I did.
wln 0241 Give entertainment to this Gentleman
wln 0242 And see you be not froward: to her sir,
wln 0243 My presence will but be an eyesore to you. *Exit.*
wln 0244 *Humphrey* Fair Mistress *Luce*, how do you, are you well?
wln 0245 Give me your hand and then I pray you tell,
wln 0246 How doth your little sister, and your brother?

wln 0247 And whether you love me or any other.
wln 0248 *Luce.* Sir, these are quickly answered. *Humphrey* So they are.
wln 0249 Where women are not cruel: but how far
wln 0250 Is it now distant from this place we are in,
wln 0251 Unto that blessed place your father's warren.
wln 0252 *Luce.* What makes you think of that sir?
wln 0253 *Humphrey* Even that face
wln 0254 For stealing Rabbits whilom in that place,

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wln 0301
wln 0302

God *Cupid*, or the Keeper, I know not whether
Unto my cost and charges brought you thither,
And there began. *Luce*. Your game sir. *Humphrey* Let no game,
Or anything that tendeth to the same.

Be evermore remembered, thou fair killer
For whom I sat me down and brake my Tiller.

Wife. There's a kind Gentleman, I warrant you, when
will you do as much for me *George*?

Luce. Beshrew me sir, I am sorry for your losses,
But as the proverb says, I cannot cry,
I would you had not seen me. *Humphrey* So would I.
Unless you had more maw to do me good.

Luce. Why, cannot this strange passion be withstood,
Send for a Constable and raise the Town.

Humphrey O no, my valiant love will batter down
Millions of Constables, and put to flight,
Even that great watch of Midsummer day at night.

Luce. Beshrew me sir, 'twere good I yielded then,
Weak women cannot hope, where valiant men
Have no resistance. *Humphrey* Yield then, I am full
Of pity, though I say it, and can pull
Out of my pocket, thus, a pair of gloves,
Look *Lucy*, look, the dog's tooth, nor the Doves
Are not so white as these; and sweet they be,
And whipped about with silk, as you may see.
If you desire the price, **shoot** from your eye,
A beam to this place, and you shall espy
F. S. which is to say, my sweetest honey,
They cost me three and two pence, or no money.

Luce. Well sir, I take them kindly, and I thank you,
What would you more? *Humphrey* Nothing. *Luce*. Why then farewell.

Humphrey Nor so, nor so, for Lady I must tell,
Before we part, for what we met together,
God grant me time, and patience, and fair weather.

Luce. Speak and declare your mind in terms so brief.

Humphrey I shall, then first and foremost for relief
I call to you, **I** if that you can afford it,
I care not at what price, for on my word, it
Shall be repaid again, although it cost me
More than I'll speak of now, for love hath tossed me,
In furious blanket like a Tennis ball,
And now I rise aloft, and now I fall.

Luce. Alas good Gentleman, alas the day.

Humphrey I thank you heartily, and as I say,
Thus do I still continue without rest,
I' th' morning like a man, at night a beast,
Roaring and bellowing mine own disquiet,
That much I fear, forsaking of my diet,

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wln 0318
wln 0319
wln 0320

img: 8-a
sig: C1v

Will bring me presently to that quandary,
I shall bid all adieu: *Luce*. Now by Saint *Mary*
That were great pity. *Humphrey* So it were beshrew me,
Then ease me lusty *Luce*, and pity show me.

Luce. Why sir, you know my will is nothing worth
Without my father's grant, get his consent,
And then you may with assurance try me.

Humphrey The Worshipful your sire will not deny me.
For I have asked him, and he hath replied,
Sweet Master *Humphrey*, *Luce* shall be thy Bride.

Luce. Sweet Master *Humphrey* then I am content.

Humphrey And so am I in truth. *Luce*. Yet take me with you,
There is another clause must be annexed,
And this it is, I swore and will perform it;
No man shall ever joy me as his wife
But he that stole me hence, if you dare venture
I am yours; you need not fear, my father loves you,
If not farewell for ever. *Humphrey* Stay Nymph, stay,

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I have a double Gelding colored bay,
Sprung by his father from Barbarian kind,
Another for myself, though somewhat blind,
Yet true as trusty tree. *Luce*. I am satisfied,
And so I give my hand, our course must lie
Through *Waltham* Forest, where I have a friend
Will entertain us, so farewell sir *Humphrey*, *Exit Luce*.
And think upon your business. *Humphrey* Though I die,
I am resolved to venture life and limb,
For one so young, so fair, so kind, so trim. *Exit Humphrey*.

Wife. By my faith and troth *George*, and as I am virtuous,
it is e'en the kindest young man that ever trod on shoe
leather, well, go thy ways if thou hast her not, 'tis not thy
fault 'faith.

Citizen I prithee mouse be patient, 'a shall have her, or i'll
make some 'em smoke for 't.

Wife. That's my good lamb *George*, fie, this stinking
Tobacco kills men, would there were none in *England*, now I
pray Gentlemen, what good does this stinking Tobacco? do
you nothing, I warrant you make chimneys o' your faces: o
husband, husband, now, now, there's *Rafe*, there's *Rafe*.

Enter Rafe like a Grocer in 's shop, with two Prentices
Reading Palmerin of England.

Citizen Peace fool, let *Rafe* alone, hark you *Rafe*; do not
strain yourself too much at the first, peace, begin *Rafe*.

Rafe. Then *Palmerin* and *Trineus* snatching their Lances
from their **Dwarfs**, and clasping their Helmets galloped amain
after the Giant, and *Palmerin* having gotten a sight of
him, came posting amain, saying: Stay traitorous thief, for
thou mayst not so carry away her, that is worth the greatest

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img: 8-b
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Lord in the world, and with these words gave him a blow on the shoulder, that he stroke him besides his Elephant, and *Trineus* coming to the Knight that had *Agricola* behind him, set him soon besides his horse, with his neck broken in the fall, so that the Princess getting out of the throng, between joy and grief said; all happy Knight, the **mirror** of all such as follow Arms, now may I be well assured of

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the love thou bearest me, I wonder why the Kings do not raise an army of fourteen or fifteen hundred thousand men, as big as the Army that the Prince of *Portigo* brought against *Rosicler*, and destroy these Giants, they do much hurt to wand'ring Damsels, that go in quest of their Knights.

Wife. Faith husband and *Rafe* says true, for they say the King of *Portugal* cannot sit at his meat, but the Giants and the Ettins will come and snatch it from him,

Citizen Hold thy tongue, on *Rafe*.

Rafe. And certainly those Knights are much to be commended, who neglecting their possessions, wander with a Squire and a Dwarf through the Deserts to relieve poor Ladies.

Wife. Ay by my faith are they *Rafe*, let 'em say what they will, they are indeed, our Knights neglect their possessions well enough, but they do not the rest.

Rafe. There are no such courteous and fair well-spoken Knights in this age, they will call one the son of a whore, that *Palmerin* of England, would have called fair sir; and one that *Rosicler* would have called right beauteous Damsel, they will call damned bitch.

Wife. I'll be sworn will they *Rafe*, they have called me so an hundred times about a scurvy pipe of Tobacco.

Rafe. But what brave spirit could be content to sit in his shop with a flappet of wood and a blue apron before him selling *Mithridatum* and *Dragon's water* to visited houses, that might pursue feats of Arms, and through his noble achievements procure such a famous history to be written of his heroic prowess.

Citizen Well said *Rafe*, some more of those words *Rafe*.

Wife. They go finely by my troth.

Rafe. Why should not I then pursue this course, both for the credit of myself and our Company, for amongst all the worthy books of Achievements I do not call to mind that I yet read of a Grocer Errant, I will be the said Knight, have you heard of any, that hath wandered unfurnished of his Squire and Dwarf, my elder Prentice

img: 9-a
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wln 0395

Tim shall be my trusty Squire, and little *George* my Dwarf,

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wln 0441
wln 0442
wln 0443

Hence my blue Apron, yet in remembrance of my former Trade, upon my shield shall be portrayed, a burning Pestle, and I will be called the *Knight o' th' burning Pestle*.

Wife. Nay, I dare swear thou wilt not forget thy old Trade, thou wert ever meek. *Rafe.* *Tim.*

Tim. Anon.

Rafe. My beloved Squire, and *George* my Dwarf, I charge you that from henceforth you never call me by any other name, but the *Right Courteous and Valiant Knight of the burning Pestle*, and that you never call any female by the name of a woman or wench, but fair Lady, if she have her desires, if not distressed Damsel, that you call all Forests and Heaths Deserts, and all horses Palfreys.

Wife. This is very fine, faith, do the Gentlemen like *Rafe*, think you, husband?

Citizen Ay, I warrant thee, the Players would give all the shoes in their shop for him.

Rafe. My beloved Squire *Tim*, stand out, admit this were a Desert, and over it a Knight errant pricking, and I should bid you inquire of his intents, what would you say?

Tim. Sir, my Master sent me, to know whether **you** are riding?

Rafe. No, thus; fair sir, the *Right Courteous and Valiant Knight of the burning Pestle*, commanded me to inquire, upon what adventure **you** are bound, whether to relieve some distressed Damsels, or otherwise.

Citizen **Whoreson** blockhead cannot remember.

Wife. I' faith, and *Rafe* told him on 't before, all the Gentlemen heard him, did he not Gentlemen, did not *Rafe* tell him on 't?

George. *Right Courteous and Valiant Knight of the burning Pestle*, here is a distressed Damsel, to have a halfpennyworth of pepper.

Wife. That's a good boy, see, the little boy can hit it, by my troth it's a fine child.

Rafe. Relieve her with all courteous language, now shut up shop, no more my Prentice, but my trusty

Squire and Dwarf, I must bespeak my shield and arming pestle.

Citizen Go thy ways *Rafe*, as I'm a true man, thou art the best on 'em all.

Wife. *Rafe, Rafe.*

Rafe. What say you mistress?

Wife. I prithee come again quickly sweet *Rafe*.

Rafe. By and by.

Exit Rafe.

Enter Jasper, and his mother mistress Merrythought.

Mistress merrythought Give thee my blessing? No, I'll ne'er give thee my blessing, I'll see thee hanged first; it shall ne'er be said I gave thee my blessing, th' art thy father's own son,

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of the right blood of the *Merrythoughts*, I may curse the time that ere I knew thy father, he hath spent all his own, and mine too, and when I tell him of it, he laughs and dances, and sings, and cries, *A merry heart lives long-a*. And thou art a wastethrift, and art run away from thy master, that loved thee well, and art come to me, and I have laid up a little for my younger son *Michael*, and thou think'st to bezzle that, but thou shalt never be able to do it. Come hither *Michael*, come *Michael*, down on thy knees, thou shalt have my blessing. *Enter Michael.*

Michael I pray you mother pray to God to bless me.

Mistress merrythought God bless thee: but *Jasper* shall never have my blessing, he shall be hanged first, shall he not *Michael*? how sayst thou?

Michael Yes forsooth mother and grace of God.

Mistress merrythought That's a good boy.

Wife. I' faith it's a fine-spoken child.

Jasper Mother, though you forget a parent's love, I must preserve the duty of a child.

I ran not from my master, nor return

To have your stock maintain my Idleness.

Wife. Ungracious child I warrant him, hark how he chops logic with his mother: thou hadst best tell her she lies, do tell her she lies.

Citizen If he were my son, I would hang him up by the

heels, and flay him, and salt him, whoreson halter-sack.

Jasper My coming only is to beg your love, Which I must ever, though I never gain it, And howsoever you esteem of me, There is no drop of blood hid in these veins, But I remember well belongs to you That brought me forth, and would be glad for you To rip them all again, and let it out.

Mistress merrythought I' faith I had sorrow enough for thee (God knows) but I'll hamper thee well enough: get thee in thou vagabond, get thee in, and learn of thy brother *Michael*.

Old merrythought within. Nose, nose, jolly red nose, and who gave thee this jolly red nose?

Mistress merrythought Hark, my husband he's singing and hoiting, And I'm fain to cark and care, and all little enough. Husband, *Charles, Charles Merrythought.*

Enter old Merrythought.

Old merrythought Nutmegs and Ginger, Cinnamon and Cloves, And they gave me this jolly red Nose.

Mistress merrythought If you would consider your state, you would have little lust to sing, Iwis.

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Old merrythought It should never be considered while it were an estate, if I thought it would spoil my singing.

Mistress merrythought But how wilt thou do *Charles*, thou art an old man, and thou canst not work, and thou hast not forty shillings left, and thou eatest good meat, and drinkest good drink, and laughest?

Old merrythought And will do.

Mistress merrythought But how wilt thou come by it *Charles*?

Old merrythought How? why how have I done hitherto this forty years? I never came into my dining room, but at eleven and six o'clock, I found excellent meat and drink o' th' table, my clothes were never worn out, but next morning a Tailor brought me a new suit; and without question it will be so ever: use makes perfectness. If all should fail, it is but a little

straining myself extraordinary, and laugh myself to death.

Wife. It's a foolish old man this: is not he *George*?

Citizen Yes Cunny.

Wife. Give me a penny i' th' purse while I live *George*.

Citizen Ay by Lady cunny, hold thee there.

Mistress merrythought Well *Charles*, you promised to provide for *Jasper*, and I have laid up for *Michael*, I pray you pay *Jasper* his portion, he's come home, and he shall not consume *Michael's* stock: he says his master turned him away, but I promise you truly, I think he ran away.

Wife. No indeed mistress *Merrythought*, though he be a notable gallows, yet I'll assure you his master did turn him away, even in this place 'twas I' faith within this half hour, about his daughter, my husband was by.

Citizen Hang him rogue, he served him well enough: love his master's daughter! by my troth Cunny if there were a thousand boys, thou wouldst spoil them all with taking their parts, let his mother alone with him.

Wife. Ay *George*, but yet truth is truth.

Old merrythought Where is *Jasper*, he's welcome however, call him in, he shall have his portion, is he merry?

Enter Jasper and Michael.

Mistress merrythought Ay foul chive him, he is too merry. *Jasper*, *Michael*.

Old merrythought Welcome *Jasper*, though thou run'st away, welcome, God bless thee: 'tis thy mother's mind thou shouldst receive thy portion; thou hast been abroad, and I hope hast learned experience enough to govern it, thou art of sufficient years, hold thy hand: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, there's ten shillings for thee, thrust thyself into the world with that, and take some settled course, if fortune cross thee, thou hast a retiring place, come home to me, I have twenty shillings left, be a good husband, that is, wear ordinary clothes, eat the

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wln 0580
wln 0581
wln 0582
wln 0584

best meat, and drink the best drink, be merry, and
give to the poor, and believe me, thou hast no end of thy
goods.

Jasper Long may you live free from all thought of ill,
And long have cause to be thus merry still.
But father?

Old merrythought No more words *Jasper*, get thee gone, thou
hast my blessing, thy father's spirit upon thee. Farewell *Jasper*,
but yet or ere you part (oh cruel!) kiss me, kiss me
sweeting, mine own dear jewel: So, now begone; no
words. *Exit Jasper.*

Mistress merrythought So *Michael*, now get thee gone too.

Michael Yes forsooth mother, but I'll have my father's blessing
first.

Mistress merrythought No *Michael*, 'tis **no** matter for his blessing,
thou hast my blessing, begone; I'll fetch my money and jewels,
and follow thee: I'll stay no longer with him I warrant
thee, truly *Charles* I'll begone too.

Old merrythought What you will not.

Mistress merrythought Yes indeed will I.

Old merrythought Hey ho, farewell *Nan*, I'll never trust wench
more again, if I can.

Mistress merrythought You shall not think (when all your own
is gone) to spend that I have been scraping up for
Michael.

Old merrythought Farewell good wife, I expect it not; all I have
to do in this world, is to be merry: which I shall, if the
ground be not taken from me: and if it be,
When earth and seas from me are reft,
The skies aloft for me are left. *Exeunt.*

Boy danceth. Music.

Finis Actus primi.

Wife. I'll be sworn he's a merry old Gentleman for all
that. Hark, hark husband, hark, fiddles, fiddles; now surely
they go finely. They say, 'tis present death for these fiddlers
to tune their Rebecs before the great Turk's grace, is 't
not *George*? But look, look, here's a youth dances: now
good youth do a turn o' th' toe, sweetheart, I' faith I'll have
Rafe come and do some of his Gambols; he'll ride the wild
mare Gentlemen, 'twould do your hearts good to see him. I
thank you kind youth, pray bid *Rafe* come.

Citizen Peace Cunny. Sirrah, you scurvy boy, bid the players
send *Rafe*, or by Gods — and they do not, I'll tear
some of their periwigs beside their heads: this is all Riff-Raff.

Actus secundi Scoena prima.

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Enter Merchant and Humphrey.

Merchant And how faith? how goes it now son *Humphrey*?

Humphrey Right worshipful, and my beloved friend
And father dear, this matter's at an end.

Merchant 'Tis well, it should be so, I'm glad the girl
Is found so tractable. *Humphrey* Nay she must whirl
From hence, and you must wink: for so I say,
The story tells, tomorrow before day.

Wife. *George*, dost thou think in thy conscience now 'twill
be a match? tell me but what thou thinkst sweet rogue, thou
seest the poor Gentleman (dear heart) how it labors and
throbs I warrant you, to be at rest: I'll go move the father
for 't.

Citizen No, no, I prithee sit still honeysuckle, thou 'lt spoil all,
if he deny him, I'll bring half a dozen good fellows myself,
and in the shutting of an evening knocked up, and there's an end.

Wife. I'll buss thee for that i' faith boy; well *George*, well,
you have been a wag in your days I warrant you: but God
forgive you, and I do with all my heart.

Merchant How was it son? you told me that tomorrow
Before day break, you must convey her hence.

Humphrey I must, I must, and thus it is agreed,
Your daughter rides upon a brown-bay steed,
I on a sorrel, which I bought of *Brian*,
The honest Host of the red roaring Lion
In *Waltham* situate: then if you may
Consent in seemly sort, lest by delay,
The fatal sisters come and do the office,
And then you'll sing another song. *Merchant* Alas
Why should you be thus full of grief to me?
That do as willing as yourself agree

To anything so it be good and fair,
Then steal her when you will, if such a pleasure
Content you both, I'll sleep and never see it,
To make your joys more full, but tell me why
You may not here perform your marriage?

Wife. God's blessing o' thy soul old man, i' faith thou art
loath to part true hearts, I see, 'a has her *George*, and I'm as glad
on 't, well, go thy ways *Humphrey*, for a fair-spoken man, I
believe thou hast not thy fellow within the walls of *London*,
and I should say the Suburbs too, I should not lie, why dost
not rejoice with me *George*?

Citizen If I could but see *Rafe* again, I were as merry as mine Host i' faith.

Humphrey The cause you seem to ask, I thus declare,
Help me o Muses nine, your daughter swear
A foolish oath, the more it was the pity,
Yet none but myself within this City,
Shall dare to say so, but a bold defiance

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img: 12-b
sig: D2r

Shall meet him, were he of the noble Science.
And yet she swear, and yet why did she swear?
Truly I cannot tell, unless it were
For her own ease, for sure sometimes an oath,
Being sworn thereafter is like cordial broth.
And this it was she swore, never to marry,
But such a one, whose mighty arm could carry
(As meaning me, for I am such a one)
Her bodily away through stick and stone,
Till both of us arrive, at her request,
Some ten miles off, in the wild *Waltham* Forest.

Merchant If this be all, you shall not need to fear
Any denial in your love, proceed,
I'll neither follow, nor repent the deed.

Humphrey Good-night, twenty good-nights, and twenty more.
And twenty more good-nights, that makes threescore. *Exeunt.*

Enter mistress Merrythought, and her son Michael.
Mistress merrythought Come *Michael*, art thou not weary boy?
Michael No forsooth mother not I.
Mistress merrythought Where be we now child?

Michael Indeed forsooth mother I cannot tell, unless we
be at Mile end, is not all the world Mile end, Mother?

Mistress merrythought No *Michael*, not all the world boy, but I can assure
thee *Michael*, Mile end is a goodly matter, there has been
a pitch-field my child between the naughty *Spaniels* and the
Englishmen, and the *Spaniels* ran away *Michael*, and the *Englishmen*
followed, my neighbor *Coxstone* was there boy, and
killed them all with a birding piece. *Michael* Mother forsooth.

Mistress merrythought What says my white boy?
Michael Shall not my father go with us too?

Mistress merrythought No *Michael*, let thy father go snick-up, he shall
never come between a pair of sheets with me again, while
he lives, let him stay at home and sing for his supper boy, come
child sit down, and I'll show my boy fine knacks indeed,
look here *Michael*, here's a Ring, and here's Brooch, and here's
a Bracelet, and here's two Rings more, and here's money and
gold by th' eye my boy. *Michael* Shall I have all this mother?

Mistress merrythought Ay *Michael* thou shalt have all *Michael*.
Citizen How lik'st thou this wench?

Wife. I cannot tell, I would have *Rafe*, *George*; I'll see no
more else indeed-la, and I pray you let the youths understand
so much by word of mouth, for I tell you truly, I'm afraid
o' my boy, come, come *George*, let's be merry and wise, the
child's a fatherless child, and say they should put him into
a straight pair of Gaskins, 'twere worse than knotgrass,
he would never grow after it.

Citizen Here's *Rafe*, here's *Rafe*. *Enter Rafe, Squire,*
and Dwarf.
Wife. How do you *Rafe*? you are welcome *Rafe*, as I may

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wln 0685
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wln 0688
wln 0689

img: 13-a
sig: D2v

say, it's a good boy, hold up thy head, and be not afraid, we are thy friends *Rafe*, the Gentlemen will praise thee *Rafe*, if thou play'st thy part with audacity, begin *Rafe* i' God's name.

Rafe My trusty Squire unlace my Helm, give me my hat, where are we, or what Desert may this be?

Dwarf. Mirror of Knighthood, this is, as I take it, the perilous Waltham down, In whose bottom stands the enchanted Valley.

Mistress merrythought O *Michael*, we are betrayed, we are betrayed

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here be Giants, fly boy, fly boy, fly. *Exeunt mother and Michael*.

Rafe. Lace on my helm again: what noise is this?

A gentle Lady flying? the embrace
Of some uncourteous knight, I will relieve her.

Go squire, and say, the Knight that wears this pestle,

In honor of all Ladies, swears revenge

Upon that recreant coward that pursues her.

Go comfort her, and that same gentle squire

That bears her company. *Squire*. I go brave Knight.

Rafe. My trusty Dwarf and friend, reach me my shield,

And hold it while I swear: First by my knighthood,

Then by the soul of *Amadis de Gaul*,

My famous Ancestor, then by my sword,

The beauteous *Brionella* girt about me,

By this bright burning pestle of mine honor,

The living Trophy, and by all respect

Due to distressed Damsels, here I vow

Never to end the quest of this fair Lady,

And that forsaken squire, till by my valor

I gain their liberty. *Dwarf*. Heaven bless the Knight

That thus relieves poor errant Gentlewomen.

Exit.

Wife. Ay marry *Rafe*, this has some savor in 't, I would see the proudest of them all offer to carry his books after him.

But *George*, I will not have him go away so soon, I shall be

sick if he go away, that I shall; Call *Rafe* again *George*, call

Rafe again, I prithee sweet heart let him come fight before

me, and let's ha' some drums, and some trumpets, and let him

kill all that comes near him, and thou lov'st me *George*.

Citizen Peace a little bird, he shall kill them all and they

were twenty more on 'em than there are.

Enter Jasper.

Jasper Now Fortune, if thou beest not only ill,

Show me thy better face, and bring about

Thy desperate wheel, that I may climb at length

And stand, this is our place of meeting,

If love have any constancy. Oh age!

Where only wealthy men are counted happy:

How shall I please thee? how deserve thy smiles?

img: 13-b
sig: D3r

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wln 0744
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wln 0761
wln 0762
wln 0763

img: 14-a
sig: D3v

wln 0764
wln 0765
wln 0766
wln 0767
wln 0768
wln 0769
wln 0770
wln 0771
wln 0772
wln 0773

When I am only rich in misery?
My father's blessing, and this little coin
Is my inheritance, a strong revenue,
From earth thou art, and to the earth I give thee,
There grow and multiply, whilst fresher air,
Breeds me a fresher fortune, how, illusion!
What hath the Devil coined himself before me?
'Tis mettle good, it rings well, I am waking,
And taking too I hope, now God's dear blessing
Upon his heart that left it here, 'tis mine,
These pearls, I take it, were not left for swine.

*spies the
casket.*

Exit.

Wife. I do not like that this unthrifty youth should embezzle
away the money; the poor Gentlewoman his mother
will have a heavy heart for it God knows.

Citizen And reason good, sweet heart.

Wife. But let him go, I'll tell *Rafe* a tale in 's ear
shall fetch him again with a Warrant I warrant him, if he be
above ground, and besides *George*, here are a number of
sufficient Gentlemen can witness, and myself, and yourself,
and the Musicians, if we be called in question, but here
comes *Rafe, George*, thou shalt hear him speak, an he were
an Emperal.

Enter Rafe and Dwarf.

Rafe Comes not sir Squire again?

Dwarf Right courteous Knight,
Your Squire doth come and with him comes the Lady,
Enter mistress Merrythought and Michael, and Squire.
For and the Squire of Damsels as I take it.

Rafe. Madam if any service or devoir
Of a poor errant Knight may right your wrongs,
Command it, I am prest to give you succor,
For to that holy end I bear my Armor,

Mistress merrythought Alas sir, I am a poor Gentlewoman, and I
have lost my money in this forest.

Rafe. Desert, you would say Lady, and not lost
Whilst I have sword and lance, dry up your tears
Which ill befits the beauty of that face:

And tell the story, if I may request it,
Of your disastrous fortune.

Mistress merrythought Out alas, I left a thousand pound, a thousand
pound, e'en all the money I had laid up for this youth, upon
the sight of your Mastership, you looked so grim, and as I
may say it, saving your presence, more like a Giant than a
mortal man.

Rafe. I am as you are Lady, so are they
All mortal, but why weeps this gentle Squire.

Mistress merrythought Has he not cause to weep do you think,

wln 0774
wln 0775
wln 0776
wln 0777
wln 0778
wln 0779
wln 0780
wln 0781
wln 0782
wln 0783
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wln 0785
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wln 0794
wln 0795
wln 0796
wln 0797
wln 0798
wln 0799
wln 0800

img: 14-b
sig: D4r

wln 0801
wln 0802
wln 0803
wln 0804
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wln 0806
wln 0807
wln 0808
wln 0809
wln 0810
wln 0811
wln 0812
wln 0813
wln 0814
wln 0815
wln 0816
wln 0817
wln 0818
wln 0819
wln 0820
wln 0821

when he hath lost his inheritance?

Rafe. Young hope of valor, weep not, I am here
That will confound thy foe and pay it dear
Upon his coward head, that dares deny,
Distressed Squires and Lady's equity.
I have but one horse, on which shall ride
This Lady fair behind me, and before
This courteous Squire, fortune will give us more
Upon our next adventure; fairly speed
Beside us Squire and Dwarf to do us need.

Exeunt.

Citizen Did not I tell you *Nell* what your man would do?
by the faith of my body wench, for clean action and good
delivery they may all cast their caps at him.

Wife. And so they may i' faith, for I dare speak it boldly,
the twelve Companies of *London* cannot match him, timber
for timber, well *George*, and he be not inveigled by some of
these paltry Players, I ha' much marvel, but *George* we ha'
done our parts if the boy have any grace to be thankful.

Citizen Yes I warrant thee duckling.

Enter Humphrey and Luce.

Humphrey Good Mistress *Luce* however I in fault am
For your lame horse; you're welcome unto *Waltham*.
But which way now to go or what to say
I know not truly till it be broad day.

Luce. O fear not Master *Humphrey*, I am guide
For this place good enough. *Humphrey* Then up and ride,
Or if it please you walk for your repose,

Or sit, or if you will go pluck a rose:
Either of which shall be indifferent,
To your good friend and *Humphrey*, whose consent
Is so entangled ever to your will,
As the poor harmless horse is to the Mill.

Luce. Faith and you say the word we'll e'en sit down
And take a nap. *Humphrey* 'Tis better in the Town,
Where we may nap together, for believe me
To sleep without a snatch would mickle grieve me.

Luce. You're merry Master *Humphrey*. *Humphrey* So I am,
And have been ever merry from my Dam.

Luce. Your nurse had the less labor.

Humphrey Faith it may be,
Unless it were by chance I did bewray me.

Enter Jasper.

Jasper *Luce* dear friend *Luce*. *Luce.* Here *Jasper*.

Jasper You are mine.

Humphrey If it be so, my friend, you use me fine,
What do you think I am? *Jasper* An arrant noddy

Humphrey A word of obloquy, now by God's body,
I'll tell thy master for I know thee well.

Jasper Nay, and you be so forward for to tell,

wln 0822
wln 0823
wln 0824
wln 0825
wln 0826
wln 0827
wln 0828
wln 0829
wln 0830
wln 0831
wln 0832
wln 0833
wln 0834
wln 0835
wln 0836
wln 0837

img: 15-a
sig: D4v

wln 0838
wln 0839
wln 0840
wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
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wln 0867
wln 0868
wln 0869

Take that, and that, and tell him sir I gave it,
And say I paid you well. *Humphrey* O sir I have it,
And do confess the payment, pray be quiet.

Jasper Go, get to your nightcap and the diet,
To cure your beaten bones. *Luce*. Alas poor *Humphrey*
Get thee some wholesome broth with sage and comfry:

A little oil of Roses and a feather,
To 'noint thy back withal. *Humphrey* When I came hither,
Would I had gone to *Paris* with *John Dorrie*.

Luce. Farewell my pretty Nump, I am very sorry
I cannot bear thee company. *Humphrey* Farewell,
The Devil's Dam was ne'er so banged in hell. *Exeunt.*

manet Humphrey.

Wife. This young *Jasper* will prove me another **Things**, o'
my conscience and he may be suffered; *George*, dost not see
George how 'a swaggers, and flies at the very heads o' folks as

he were a Dragon; well if I do not do his lesson for wronging
the poor Gentleman, I am no true woman, his friends that
brought him up might have been better occupied, Iwis,
than ha' taught him these fegaries, he's e'en in the highway
to the gallows, God bless him.

Citizen You're too bitter, cunny, the young man may do well
enough for all this.

Wife. Come hither Master *Humphrey*, has he hurt you?
now beshrew his fingers for 't, here sweet heart, here's some
green ginger for thee, now beshrew my heart but 'a has peppernel
in 's head, as big as a pullet's egg, alas sweet lamb,
how thy Temples beat; take the peace on him sweet heart,
take the peace on him. *Enter a boy.*

Citizen No, no, you talk like a foolish woman, I'll ha' *Rafe*
fight with him, and swing him up well-favoredly, sirrah boy
come hither, let *Rafe* come in and fight with *Jasper*.

Wife. Ay, and beat him well, he's an unhappy boy.

Boy. Sir you must pardon us, the plot of our Play lies
contrary, and 'twill hazard the spoiling of our Play.

Citizen Plot me no plots, I'll ha' *Rafe* come out, I'll make
your house too hot for you else.

Boy. Why sir he shall, but if any thing fall out of order,
the Gentlemen must pardon us.

Citizen Go your ways goodman boy, I'll hold him a penny
he shall have his bellyful of fighting now, ho here
comes *Rafe*, no more.

Enter Rafe, mistress Merrythought Michael, Squire, and Dwarf.

Rafe What Knight is that Squire, ask him if he keep
The passage, bound by love of Lady fair,
Or else but prickant. *Humphrey* Sir I am no Knight,
But a poor Gentleman, that this same night,
Had stol'n from me on yonder Green,

wln 0870
wln 0871
wln 0872
wln 0873
wln 0874

img: 15-b
sig: E1r

wln 0875
wln 0876
wln 0877
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wln 0910
wln 0911

img: 16-a
sig: E1v

wln 0912
wln 0913
wln 0914

My lovely wife, and suffered to be seen
Yet extant on my shoulders such a greeting,
That whilst I live, I shall think of that meeting.

Wife. Ay *Rafe* he beat him unmercifully, *Rafe*, and thou
spar'st him *Rafe* I would thou wert hanged.

Citizen No more, wife no more.

Rafe. Where is the caitiff wretch hath done this deed.
Lady your pardon, that I may proceed
Upon the quest of this injurious Knight.

And thou fair Squire repute me not the worse,
In leaving the great venture of the purse,
And the rich casket till some better leisure,

*Enter Jasper
and Luce.*

Humphrey Here comes the Broker hath purloined my treasure.

Rafe Go, Squire, and tell him I am here,
An Errant Knight at Arms, to crave delivery
Of that fair Lady to her own Knight's arms.
If he deny, bid him take choice of ground,
And so defy him. *Squire.* From the Knight that bears
The golden Pestle, I defy thee Knight.
Unless thou make fair restitution.
Of that bright Lady.

Jasper Tell the Knight that sent thee
He is an Ass, and I will keep the wench
And knock his Headpiece.

Rafe Knight, thou art but dead,
If thou **thou** recall not thy uncourteous terms.

Wife. Break 's pate *Rafe*, break 's pate *Rafe*, soundly.

Jasper. Come Knight, I am ready for you, now your Pestle
Snatches away his Pestle.

Shall try what temper, sir, your Mortar's of
With that he stood upright in his stirrups,
And gave the Knight of the Calfskin such a knock,
That he forsook his horse and down he fell,
And then he leapt upon him and plucking of his Helmet.

Humphrey Nay, and my noble Knight be down so soon,
Though I can scarcely go I needs must run.

Exit Humphrey and Rafe

Wife. Run *Rafe*, run *Rafe*, run for thy life boy,
Jasper comes, *Jasper* comes.

Jasper. Come *Luce*, we must have other Arms for you,
Humphrey and *Golden Pestle* both adieu. *Exeunt.*

Wife. Sure the devil, God bless us, is in this Springald,

why *George*, didst ever see such a fire-drake, I am afraid my
boy's miscarried, if he be, though he were Master *Merrythought's*
son a thousand times, if there be any Law in

wln 0915
wln 0916
wln 0917
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img: 16-b
sig: E2r

wln 0949
wln 0950
wln 0951
wln 0952
wln 0953
wln 0954
wln 0955
wln 0956
wln 0957
wln 0958
wln 0959
wln 0960
wln 0961
wln 0962

England I'll make some of them smart for 't.

Citizen No, no, I have found out the matter sweetheart, *Jasper* is enchanted, as sure as we are here, he is enchanted, he could no more have stood in *Rafe's* hands, than I can stand in my Lord Mayor's, I'll have a ring to discover all enchantments, and *Rafe* shall beat him yet: be no more vexed for it shall be so.

Enter Rafe, Squire, Dwarf, mistress Merrythought and Michael.

Wife. O husband here's *Rafe* again, stay *Rafe* let me speak with thee, how dost thou *Rafe*? art thou not shrewdly hurt? the foul great Lungies laid unmercifully on thee, there's some sugar-candy for thee, proceed, thou shalt have another bout with him.

Citizen If *Rafe* had him at the Fencing-school, if he did not make a puppy of him, and drive him up and down the school he should ne'er come in my shop more.

Mistress merrythought Truly Master Knight of the *Burning Pestle* I am weary.

Michael Indeed la mother and I am very hungry.

Rafe Take comfort gentle Dame, and you fair Squire, For in this Desert there must needs be placed, Many strong Castles, held by courteous Knights, And till I bring you safe to one of those, I swear by this my Order ne'er to leave you.

Wife. Well said *Rafe, George, Rafe* was ever comfortable, was he not? *Citizen* Yes Duck.

Wife. I shall ne'er forget him, when we had lost our child, you know, it was strayed almost, alone, to *Puddle-wharf* and the Criers were abroad for it, and there it had drowned itself but for a Sculler, *Rafe* was the most comfortablest to me: peace Mistress, says he, let it go, I'll get you another as good, did he not *George*? did he not say so?

Citizen Yes indeed did he mouse.

Dwarf. I would we had a mess of Pottage, and a pot of drink, Squire, and were going to bed.

Squire. Why we are at *Waltham* Town's end, and that's the *Bell* Inn.

Dwarf. Take courage valiant Knight, Damsel, and Squire I have discovered, not a stone's cast off, An ancient Castle held by the old Knight Of the most holy order of the *Bell*, Who gives to all Knights errant entertain: There plenty is of food, and all prepared, By the white hands of his own Lady dear. He hath three Squires that welcome all his Guests. The first high Chamberlino, who will see Our beds prepared, and bring us snowy sheets,

wln 0963
wln 0964
wln 0965
wln 0966
wln 0967
wln 0968
wln 0969
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wln 0978
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wln 0981
wln 0982
wln 0983
wln 0984
wln 0985

img: 17-a
sig: E2v

wln 0986
wln 0987
wln 0988
wln 0989
wln 0990
wln 0991
wln 0992
wln 0993
wln 0994
wln 0995
wln 0996
wln 0997
wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001
wln 1002
wln 1003
wln 1004
wln 1005
wln 1006
wln 1007
wln 1008
wln 1009
wln 1010

Where never footman stretched his buttered Hams.

The second hight *Tapstero*, who will see

Our pots full filled and no froth therein.

The third a gentle Squire *Ostlero* hight,

Who will our Palfreys slick with wisps of straw,

And in the Manger put them Oats enough,

And never grease their teeth with candle snuff.

Wife. That same Dwarf's a pretty boy, but the Squire's
a groutnol.

Rafe Knock at the Gates my Squire with stately
lance.

Enter Tapster.

Tapster Who's there, you're welcome Gentlemen, will you
see a room?

Dwarf. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the burning Pestle,
This is the Squire *Tapstero*.

Rafe Fair Squire *Tapstero*, I a wand'ring Knight,

Hight of the burning Pestle, in the quest

Of this fair Ladie's Casket, and wrought purse,

Losing myself in this vast Wilderness

Am to this Castle well by fortune brought,

Where hearing of the goodly entertain

Your Knight of holy Order of the *Bell*

Gives to all Damsels, and all errant Knights,

I thought to knock, and now am bold to enter.

Tapster. An 't please you see a chamber, you are very
welcome.

Exeunt.

Wife. *George* I would have something done, and I cannot
tell what it is.

Citizen What is it *Nell*?

Wife. Why *George*, shall *Rafe* beat nobody again? prithee
sweetheart let him.

Citizen So he shall *Nell*, and if I join with him, we'll
knock them all.

Enter Humphrey and Merchant.

Wife. O *George* here's master *Humphrey* again now, that
lost Mistress *Luce*, and Mistress *Lucy's* father, Master *Humphrey*
will do somebody's errand I warrant him.

Humphrey Father, it's true, in arms I ne'er shall clasp her,
For she is stol'n away by your man *Jasper*.

Wife. I thought he would tell him.

Merchant Unhappy that I am to lose my child,
Now I begin to think on *Jasper's* words,
Who oft hath urged to me thy foolishness,
Why didst thou let her go? thou lov'st her not,
That wouldst bring home thy life, and not bring her.

Humphrey Father forgive me, shall I tell you true,
Look on my shoulders they are black and blue.
Whilst to and fro fair *Luce* and I were winding,

wln 1011
wln 1012
wln 1013
wln 1014
wln 1015
wln 1016
wln 1017
wln 1018
wln 1019
wln 1020
wln 1021
wln 1022

img: 17-b
sig: E3r

wln 1023
wln 1024
wln 1025
wln 1026
wln 1027
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wln 1053
wln 1054
wln 1055
wln 1056
wln 1057
wln 1058

He came and basted me with a hedge-binding.

Merchant Get men and horses straight, we will be there
Within this hour, you know the place again.

Humphrey I know the place, where he my loins did swaddle,
I'll get six horses, and to each a saddle.

Merchant Meantime I'll go talk with *Jasper's* father. *Exeunt.*

Wife. *George*, what wilt thou lay with me now, that
Master *Humphrey* has not Mistress *Luce* yet, speak *George*,
what wilt thou lay with me?

Citizen No *Nell*, I warrant thee *Jasper* is at *Puckeridge* with
her, by this.

Wife. Nay *George*, you must consider Mistress *Lucy's*

feet are tender, and, besides, 'tis dark, and I promise you
truly, I do not see how he should get out of **Waltham**
forest with her yet.

Citizen Nay *Cunny*, what wilt thou lay with me that *Rafe*
has her not yet.

Wife. I will not lay against *Rafe* honey, because I have
not spoken with him, but look *George*, peace, here comes
the merry old Gentleman again.

Enter old Merrythought.

Old merrythought When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came *Margaret's* grimely Ghost,
And stood at *William's* feet.

I have money, and meat and drink beforehand, till tomorrow
at noon, why should I be sad? methinks I have
half a dozen Jovial spirits within me, I am three merry
men, and three merry men, To what end should any man be
sad in this world? give me a man that when he goes to hanging
cries, troll the black bowl to me: and a woman
that will sing a **catch** in her Travail. I have seen a man come
by my door, with a serious face, in a black cloak, without a
hatband, carrying his head as if he looked for pins in the
street, I have looked out of my window half a year after,
and have spied that man's head upon *London bridge*: 'tis vile,
never trust a Tailor that does not sing at his work, his mind
is of nothing but filching.

Wife. Mark this *George*, 'tis worth noting: **Godfrey** my
Tailor, you know, never sings, and he had fourteen
yards to make this Gown, and I'll be sworn Mistress *Pennistone*
the Draper's wife had one made with twelve.

Old merrythought 'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than wine, or sleep, or food.
Let each man keep his heart at ease,
No man dies of that disease.
He that would his body keep
From diseases, must not weep,

wln 1059

img: 18-a
sig: E3v

wln 1060

wln 1061

wln 1062

wln 1063

wln 1064

wln 1065

wln 1066

wln 1067

wln 1068

wln 1069

wln 1070

wln 1071

wln 1072

wln 1073

wln 1074

wln 1075

wln 1076

wln 1077

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wln 1080

wln 1081

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wln 1087

wln 1088

wln 1089

wln 1090

wln 1091

wln 1092

wln 1093

wln 1094

wln 1095

wln 1096

img: 18-b
sig: E4r

wln 1097

wln 1098

wln 1099

wln 1100

wln 1101

wln 1102

wln 1103

But whoever laughs and sings,

Never he his body brings
Into fevers, gout, or rheums,
Or ling'ringly his lungs consumes:
Or meets with aches in the bone,
Or Catarrhs, or griping stone:
But contented lives for aye,
The more he laughs, the more he may.

Wife. Look *George*, how sayst thou by this *George*? is 't not
a fine old man? Now God's blessing o' thy sweet lips. When
wilt thou be so merry *George*? Faith thou art the frowning'st
little thing when thou art angry, in a Country.

Enter Merchant.

Citizen Peace Cunny, thou shalt see him taken down too I
warrant thee; here's *Luce's* father come now.

Old merrythought As you came from *Walsingham*, from that holy land,
there met you not with my truelove by the way as you came

Merchant Oh Master *Merrythought*! my daughter's gone.
This mirth becomes you not, my daughter's gone.

Old merrythought Why an if she be, what care I?
Or let her come or go, or tarry.

Merchant Mock not my misery, it is your son,
Whom I have made my own, when all forsook him,
Has stol'n my only joy, my child away.

Old merrythought He set her on a milk-white steed, and himself upon a gray,
He never turned his face again, but he bore her quite away.

Merchant Unworthy of the kindness I have shown
To thee, and thine: too late I well perceive
Thou art consenting to my daughter's loss.

Old merrythought Your daughter, what a stir's here wi' your daughter?
Let her go, think no more on her, but sing loud. If
both my sons were on the gallows, I would sing, *down, down,*
down: they fall down, and arise they never shall.

Merchant Oh might I behold her once again,
And she once more embrace her aged sire.

Old merrythought Fie, how scurvily this goes: and she once more
embrace her aged sire? you'll make a dog on her, will ye?
she cares much for her aged sire I warrant you.

She cares not for her daddy, nor she cares not for her
mammy,

For she is, she is, she is, she is my Lord of *Lowgave's* Lassie.

Merchant For this thy scorn, I will pursue
That son of thine to death.

Old merrythought Do, and when you ha' killed him,
Give him flowers enow Palmer: give him flowers enow,

wln 1104
wln 1105
wln 1106
wln 1107
wln 1108
wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113
wln 1114

Give him red, and white, and blue, green, and yellow.
Merchant I'll fetch my daughter.
Old merrythought I'll hear no more o' your daughter, it spoils
my mirth.
Merchant I say I'll fetch my daughter.
Old merrythought Was never man for Lady's sake, *down, down,*
Tormented as I poor sir *Guy? de derry down,*
For *Lucy's* sake, that Lady bright, *down, down,*
As ever men beheld with eye? *de derry down.*
Merchant I'll be revenged by heaven. *Exeunt.*
Music. *Finis Actus secundi.*

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
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132

Wife. How dost thou like this *George*?
Citizen Why this is well cunny: but if *Rafe* were hot once,
thou shouldst see more.
Wife. The Fiddlers go again husband.
Citizen Ay *Nell*, but this is scurvy music: I gave the whoreson
gallows money, and I think he has not got me the
waits of Southwark, if I hear him not anon, I'll twinge
him by the ears. You Musicians, play *Baloo*.
Wife. No good *George*, let's ha' *Lachrymae*.
Citizen Why this is it cunny.
Wife. It's all the better *George*: now sweet lamb, what
story is that painted upon the cloth? the confutation of Saint
Paul?
Citizen No lamb, that's *Rafe* and *Lucrece*.
Wife. *Rafe* and *Lucrece*? which *Rafe*? our *Rafe*?
Citizen No mouse, that was a Tartarian.
Wife. A Tartarian? well, I would the fiddlers had done, that
we might see our *Rafe* again.

img: 19-a
sig: E4v

wln 1133
wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147

Actus tertius, Scoena prima.

Enter Jasper and Luce.

Jasper Come my dear dear, though we have lost our way,
We have not lost ourselves: are you not weary
With this night's wand'ring, broken from your rest?
And frightened with the terror that attends
The darkness of **these** wild unpeopled place?
Luce. No my best friend, I cannot either fear,
Or entertain a weary thought, whilst you
(The end of all my full desires) stand by me.
Let them that lose their hopes, and live to languish
Amongst the number of forsaken lovers,
Tell the long weary steps, and number time,
Start at a shadow, and shrink up their blood,
Whilst I (possessed with all content and quiet)

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

img: 19-b
sig: F1r

Thus take my pretty love, and thus embrace him.

Jasper You have caught me *Luce*, so fast, that whilst I live
I shall become your faithful prisoner,
And wear these chains for ever. Come sit down,
And rest your body, too too delicate
For these disturbances; so, will you sleep?
Come, do not be more able than you are,
I know you are not skilful in these watches:
For women are no soldiers; be not nice,
But take it, sleep I say.

Luce. I cannot sleep,
Indeed I cannot friend.

Jasper Why then we'll sing,
And try how that will work upon our senses.

Luce. I'll sing, or say, or any thing but sleep.

Jasper Come little Mermaid, rob me of my heart
With that enchanting voice.

Luce. You mock me *Jasper*.

Sung.

Jasper Tell me (dearest) what is love?

Luce. 'Tis a lightning from above,
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call desire.

'Tis a smile
Doth beguile

Jasper The poor hearts of men that prove.
Tell me more, are women true?

Luce. Some love change, and so do you.

Jasper Are they fair, and never kind?

Luce. Yes, when men turn with the wind.

Jasper Are they froward?

Luce. Ever toward,
Those that love, to love anew.

Jasper Dissemble it no more, I see the God
Of heavy sleep, lay on his heavy mace
Upon your eyelids. *Luce.* I am very heavy.

Jasper Sleep, sleep, and quiet rest crown thy sweet thoughts:
Keep from her fair blood, distempers, startings,
Horrors. and fearful shapes: let all her dreams
Be joys, and chaste delights, embraces, wishes,
And such new pleasures, as the ravished soul
Gives to the senses. So, my charms have taken.
Keep her you powers divine, whilst I contemplate
Upon the wealth and beauty of her mind.
She is only fair, and constant: only kind,
And only to thee *Jasper*. Oh my joys!
Whither will you transport me? let not fullness

wln 1181
wln 1182
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wln 1184
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wln 1190
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wln 1192
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wln 1194

wln 1195
wln 1196
wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201

img: 20-a
sig: F1v

Of my poor buried hopes, come up together,
And overcharge my spirits: I am weak
Some say (however ill) the sea and women
Are governed by the Moon, both ebb and flow,
Both full of changes: yet to them that know,
And truly judge, these but opinions are,
And heresies to bring on pleasing war

wln 1202
wln 1203
wln 1204
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wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1237
wln 1238

Between our tempers, that without these were
Both void of **after-love**, and present fear.
Which are the best of *Cupid*. Oh thou child!
Bred from despair, I dare not entertain thee,
Having a love without the faults of women,
And greater in her perfect goods than men:
Which to make good, and please myself the stronger,
Though certainly I am certain of her love,
I'll try her, that the world and memory
May sing to after times, her constancy.
Luce, *Luce*, awake. *Luce*. Why do you fright me, friend,
With those distempered looks? what makes your sword
Drawn in your hand? who hath offended you?
I prithee *Jasper* sleep, thou art wild with watching.
Jasper Come make your way to heaven, and bid the world
(With all the villainies that stick upon it)
Farewell; you're for another life. *Luce*. Oh *Jasper*!
How have my tender years committed evil,
(Especially against the man I love)
Thus to be cropped untimely? *Jasper* Foolish girl,
Canst thou imagine I could love his daughter,
That flung me from my fortune into nothing?
Discharged me his service, shut the doors
Upon my poverty, and scorned my prayers,
Sending me, like a boat without a mast,
To sink or **swim**? Come, by this hand you die,
I must have life and blood to satisfy
Your father's wrongs.
Wife. Away *George*, away, raise the watch at *Ludgate*, and
bring a *Mittimus* from the Justice for this desperate villain.
Now I charge you Gentlemen, see the King's peace kept. O
my heart what a varlet's this to offer manslaughter upon the
harmless **Gentlewoman**?
Citizen I warrant thee (sweet heart) we'll have him hampered.
Luce. Oh *Jasper*! be not cruel,
If thou wilt kill me, smile and do it quickly.

img: 20-b
sig: F2r

wln 1239
wln 1240

And let not many deaths appear before me.
I am a woman made of fear and love,

wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243
wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247
wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
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wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275

A weak, weak woman, kill not with thy eyes,
They shoot me through and through. Strike I am ready,
And dying still I love thee. *Enter Merchant, Humphrey, and
Merchant Whereabouts. his men.*
Jasper No more of this, now to myself again.
Humphrey There, there he stands with sword like martial knight
Drawn in his hand, therefore beware the fight
You that be wise: for were I good sir *Bevis*,
I would not stay his coming, by your leaves.
Merchant Sirrah, restore my daughter. *Jasper* Sirrah, no.
Merchant Upon him then.
Wife. So, down with him, down with
him, down with him: cut him i' th' leg boys, cut him i' th' leg.
Merchant Come your ways Minion, I'll provide a Cage
For you, you're grown so tame. Horse her away.
Humphrey Truly I'm glad your forces have the day. *exeunt.*
Jasper They are gone, and I am hurt, my love is lost, *manet*
Never to get again. Oh me unhappy! *Jasper.*
Bleed, bleed, and die, I cannot: Oh my folly!
Thou hast betrayed me. Hope where art thou fled?
Tell me if thou be'st anywhere remaining.
Shall I but see my love again? Oh no!
She will not deign to look upon her butcher,
Nor is it fit she should; yet I must venture.
Oh chance, or fortune, or whate'er thou art
That men adore for powerful, hear my cry,
And let me loving, live; or losing, die. *Exit.*
Wife. Is 'a gone *George*?
Citizen Ay cunny.
Wife. Marry and let him go (sweet heart,) by the faith o'
my body 'a has put me into such a fright, that I tremble (as
they say) as 'twere an Aspen leaf: look o' my little finger
George, how it shakes: now i' truth every member of my body
is the worse for 't.
Citizen Come, hug in mine arms sweet mouse, he shall

img: 21-a
sig: F2r

wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284
wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288

not fright thee any more: alas mine own dear heart, how
it quivers.
*Enter Mistress Merrythought, Rafe, Michael, Squire
Dwarf, Host, and a Tapster.*
Wife. O *Rafe*, how dost thou *Rafe*? how hast thou slept tonight?
has the knight used thee well?
Citizen Peace *Nell*, let *Rafe* alone.
Tapster Master, the reckoning is not paid.
Rafe. Right courteous knight, who for the order's sake
Which thou hast ta'en, hang'st out the holy bell,
As I this flaming pestle bear about,
We render thanks to your puissant self,
Your beauteous Lady, and your gentle Squires,

wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
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wln 1309
wln 1310
wln 1311
wln 1312

img: 21-b
sig: F3r

wln 1313
wln 1314
wln 1315
wln 1316
wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
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wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336

For thus refreshing of our wearied limbs,
Stiffened with hard achievements in wild desert.

Tapster Sir, there is twelve shillings to pay.

Rafe. Thou merry Squire *Tapstero*, thanks to thee,
For comforting our souls with double Jug,
And if adventurous fortune prick thee forth,
Thou *Jovial* Squire, to follow feats of arms,
Take heed thou tender every Lady's cause,
Every **truery** true Knight, and every damsel fair **fair**;
But spill the blood of treacherous Saracens,
And false enchanters, that with magic spells,
Have done to death full many a noble Knight.

Host. Thou valiant Knight of the *burning Pestle*, give ear
to me, there is twelve shillings to pay, and as I am a true
Knight, I will not bate a penny.

Wife. *George*, I pray thee tell me, must *Rafe* pay twelve shillings
now?

Citizen No *Nell*, no, nothing but the old Knight is merry
with *Rafe*.

Wife. O is 't nothing else? *Rafe* will be as merry as he.

Rafe. Sir Knight, this mirth of yours becomes you well,
But to requite this liberal courtesy,
If any of your Squires will follow arms,
He shall receive **from** my heroic hand

A Knighthood, by the virtue of this Pestle.

Host. Fair Knight I thank you for noble offer,
Therefore gentle Knight,
Twelve shillings you must pay, or I must cap you.

Wife. Look *George*, did not I tell thee as much, the Knight
of the *Bell* is in earnest, *Rafe* shall not be beholding to him,
give him his money *George*, and let him go snick-up.

Citizen Cap *Rafe*? no; hold your hand sir Knight of the *Bell*, there's
your money, have you any thing to say to *Rafe* now? Cap *Rafe*?

Wife. I would you should know it, *Rafe* has friends that
will not suffer him to be capped for ten times so much, and ten
times to the end of that, now take thy course *Rafe*.

Mistress merrythought Come *Michael*, thou and I will go home to thy father,
he hath enough left to keep us a day or two, and we'll set fellows
abroad to cry our Purse and our Casket, Shall we *Michael*?

Michael Ay, I pray Mother, in truth my feet are full of
chilblains with traveling.

Wife. Faith and those chilblains are a foul trouble, *Mistress*
Merrythought when your youth comes home let him
rub all the soles of his feet, and the heels, and his ankles,
with a mouse skin, or if none of your people can catch a
mouse, when he goes to bed, let him roll his feet in the
warm embers, and I warrant you he shall be well, and you
may make him put his fingers between his toes and smell to

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wln 1348
wln 1349

img: 22-a
sig: F3v

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wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384

them, it's very sovereign for his head if he be costive.

Mistress merrythought Master Knight of the burning Pestle, my son *Michael* and I, bid you farewell, I thank your Worship heartily for your kindness.

Rafe Farewell fair Lady and your tender Squire,
If, pricking through these Deserts, I do hear
Of any traitorous Knight who through his guile,
Hath light upon your Casket and your Purse,
I will despoil him of them and restore them.

Mistress merrythought I thank your Worship. *Exit with Michael.*

Rafe Dwarf bear my shield, Squire elevate my lance,
And now farewell you Knight of holy *Bell*.

Citizen Ay, Ay *Rafe*, all is paid.

Rafe But yet before I go, speak worthy Knight,
If aught you do of sad adventures know,
Where errant Knights may through his prowess win,
Eternal fame and free some gentle souls,
From endless bonds of steel and ling'ring pain.

Host. Sirrah go to *Nick the Barber*, and bid him prepare himself, as I told you before, quickly.

Tapster I am gone sir.

Exit Tapster.

Host. Sir Knight, this wilderness affordeth none
But the great venture, where full many a Knight
Hath tried his prowess and come off with shame,
And where I would not have you lose your life,
Against no man, but furious fiend of hell.

Rafe Speak on sir Knight, tell what he is, and where,
For here I vow upon my blazing badge,
Never to blaze a day in quietness;
But bread and water will I only eat,
And the green herb and rock shall be my couch,
Till I have quelled that man, or beast, or fiend,
That works such damage to all Errant Knights.

Host. Not far from hence, near to a craggy cliff,
At the North end of this distressed Town,
There doth stand a lowly house
Ruggedly builded, and in it a Cave,
In which an ugly Giant now doth won,
Ycleped *Barbaroso*: in his hand
He shakes a naked lance of purest steel,
With sleeves turned up, and him before he wears,
A motley garment, to preserve his clothes
From blood of those Knights which he massacres,
And Ladies Gent: without his door doth hang
A copper basin, on a prickant spear:
At which, no sooner gentle Knights can knock,
But the shrill sound, fierce *Barbaroso* hears,
And rushing forth, **brings** in the errant Knight,

wln 1385

wln 1386

img: 22-b
sig: F4r

wln 1387

wln 1388

wln 1389

wln 1390

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wln 1393

wln 1394

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wln 1397

wln 1398

wln 1399

wln 1400

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wln 1422

wln 1423

img: 23-a
sig: F4v

wln 1424

wln 1425

wln 1426

wln 1427

wln 1428

wln 1429

And sets him down in an enchanted chair.
Then with an Engine which he hath prepared,

With forty teeth, he claws his courtly crown,
Next makes him wink, and underneath his chin,
He plants a brazen piece of mighty bord,
And knocks his bullets round about his cheeks,
Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument
With which he snaps his hair off, he doth fill
The wretch's ears with a most hideous noise.
Thus every Knight Adventurer he doth trim,
And now no creature dares encounter him.

Rafe In God's name, I will fight him, kind sir,
Go but before me to this dismal Cave,
Where this huge Giant *Barbaroso* dwells,
And by that virtue that brave *Rosicler*,
That damned brood of ugly Giants slew,
And *Palmerin Frannarco* overthrew:
I doubt not but to curb this Traitor foul,
And to the Devil send his guilty soul.

Host. Brave-sprighted Knight, thus far I will perform
This your request, I'll bring you within sight
Of this most loathsome place, inhabited
By a more loathsome man: but dare not stay,
For his main force **swoops** all he sees away.

Rafe Saint *George* set on before, march Squire and page. *Exeunt.*

Wife. *George*, dost think *Rafe* will confound the Giant?

Citizen I hold my cap to a farthing he does: why *Nell* I saw
him wrestle with the great Dutchman and hurl him.

Wife. Faith and that **Dutchman** was a goodly man, if
all things were answerable to his bigness, and yet they say
there was a Scotchman higher than he, and that they two
and a Knight met, and saw one another for nothing, but of
all the sights that ever were in *London*, since I was married,
methinks the little child that was so fair grown about
the members was the prettiest, that, and the *Hermaphrodite*.

Citizen Nay by your leave *Nell*, *Ninivie* was better.

Wife. *Ninivie*, O that was the story of *Joan* and the Wall,
was it not *George*?

Citizen Yes lamb.

Enter mistress Merrythought.

Wife. Look *George*, here comes Mistress *Merrythought*
again, and I would have *Rafe* come and fight with
the Giant, I tell you true, I long to see 't.

Citizen Good Mistress *Merrythought* be gone, I pray you
for my sake, I pray you forbear a little, you shall have audience
presently, I have a little business.

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img: 23-b
sig: G1r

wln 1461
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wln 1477

Wife. Mistress *Merrythought* if it please you to refrain
your passion a little, till *Rafe* have dispatch the Giant out of the
way we shall think ourselves much bound to you, I thank you
good Mistress *Merrythought*. *Exit mistress Merrythought*

Enter a boy.

Citizen Boy, come hither, send away *Rafe* and this whoreson
Giant quickly.

Boy. In good faith sir we cannot, you'll utterly spoil our
Play, and make it to be hissed, and it cost money, you will not
suffer us to go on with our plot, I pray Gentlemen rule him.

Citizen Let him come now and dispatch this, and I'll trouble
you no more.

Boy. Will you give me your hand of that?

Wife. Give him thy hand *George*, do, and I'll kiss him, I
warrant thee the youth means plainly.

Boy. I'll send him to you presently. *Exit Boy.*

Wife. I thank you little youth, faith the child hath a
sweet breath *George*, but I think it be troubled with the
worms, *Carduus Benedictus* and Mare's milk were the only
thing in the world for 't, O *Rafe's* here *George*, God send thee
good luck *Rafe*.

Enter Rafe, Host, Squire, and Dwarf.

Host. Puissant Knight yonder his Mansion is,
Lo where the spear and Copper Basin are,
Behold that string on which hangs many a tooth,
Drawn from the gentle jaw of wand'ring Knights,
I dare not stay to sound, he will appear.

Exit Host.

Rafe O faint not heart, *Susan* my Lady dear,
The Cobbler's Maid in Milk street, for whose sake,
I take these Arms, O let the thought of thee,
Carry thy Knight through all adventurous deeds,

And in the honor of thy beauteous self,
May I destroy this monster *Barbaroso*,
Knock Squire upon the Basin till it break.
With the shrill strokes, or till the Giant speak.

*Enter
Barber.*

Wife. O *George*, the Giant, the Giant, now *Rafe* for thy life.

Barber. What fond unknowing wight is this? that dares
So rudely knock at *Barbaroso's* Cell,
Where no man comes but leaves his fleece behind?

Rafe I, traitorous Caitiff, who am sent by fate
To punish all the sad enormities
Thou hast committed against Ladies Gent
And errant Knights, traitor to God and men:
Prepare thyself, this is the dismal hour
Appointed for thee, to give strict account
Of all thy beastly treacherous villainies.

Barber. Foolhardy Knight, full soon thou shalt aby
This fond reproach, thy body will I bang, *He takes down*

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img: 24-a
sig: G1v

wln 1498
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And lo upon that string thy teeth shall hang: *his pole.*
Prepare thyself, for dead soon shalt thou be,
Rafe Saint *George* for me. *They fight.*
Barber. *Gargantua* for me.
Wife. To him, *Rafe* to him, hold up the Giant, set out thy
leg before *Rafe*.
Citizen Falsify a blow *Rafe*, falsify a blow, the Giant lies
open on the left side.
Wife. Bear 't off, bear 't off still; there boy, O *Rafe*'s almost
down, *Rafe*'s almost down.
Rafe *Susan* inspire me, now have up again.
Wife. Up, up, up, up, up, so *Rafe*, down with him, down
with him *Rafe*.
Citizen Fetch him o'er the hip boy.
Wife. There boy, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, *Rafe*.
Citizen No *Rafe* get all out of him first.
Rafe Presumptuous man, see to what desperate end
Thy treachery hath brought thee, the just Gods,
Who never prosper those that do despise them,
For all the villainies which thou hast done

To Knights and Ladies, now have paid thee home
By my stiff arm, a Knight adventurous,
But say vile wretch, before I send thy soul
To sad *Avernus* whither it must go,
What captives hold'st thou in thy sable cave.
Barber. Go in and free them all, thou hast the day.
Rafe Go Squire and Dwarf, search in this dreadful Cave
And free the wretched prisoners from their bonds.
Exit Squire and Dwarf.
Barber. I crave for mercy, as thou art a Knight,
And scorn'st to spill the blood of those that beg.
Rafe Thou showed'st no mercy, nor shalt thou have any,
Prepare thyself for thou shalt surely die.
Enter Squire leading one winking, with a Basin under his chin.
Squire. Behold brave Knight here is one prisoner,
Whom this wild man hath used as you see.
Wife. This is the first wise word I heard the Squire speak.
Rafe Speak what thou art, and how thou hast been used,
That that I may give condign punishment,
I. Knight I am a Knight that took my journey post
Northward from *London*, and in courteous wise,
This Giant trained me to his loathsome den,
Under pretence of killing of the itch,
And all my body with a powder strewed,
That smarts and stings, and cut away my beard,
And my curled locks wherein were ribbons tied,
And with a water washed my tender eyes,
Whilst up and down about me still he skipped,

wln 1526
wln 1527
wln 1528
wln 1529
wln 1530
wln 1531
wln 1532
wln 1533
wln 1534

img: 24-b
sig: G2r

Whose virtue is, that till mine eyes be wiped
With a dry cloth, for this my foul disgrace,
I shall not dare to look a dog i' th' face.

Wife. Alas poor Knight, relieve him *Rafe*, relieve poor
Knights whilst you live.

Rafe My trusty Squire convey him to the Town,
Where he may find relief, adieu fair Knight, *Exit knight.*

Enter Dwarf leading one with a patch o'er his Nose.

Dwarf Puissant Knight of the burning Pestle hight,

wln 1535
wln 1536
wln 1537
wln 1538
wln 1539
wln 1540
wln 1541
wln 1542
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wln 1566
wln 1567
wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571

See here another wretch, whom this foul beast
Hath scorched and scored in this inhuman wise.

Rafe Speak me thy name and eke thy place of birth,
And what hath been thy usage in this Cave.

2. Knight. I am a Knight, Sir *Pockhole* is my name,
And by my birth I am a *Londoner*
Free by my Copy, but my Ancestors
Were *Frenchmen* all, and riding hard this way,
Upon a trotting horse, my bones did ache,
And I faint Knight to ease my weary limbs,
Light at this Cave, when straight this furious fiend,
With sharpest instrument of purest steel,
Did cut the gristle of my Nose away,
And in the place this velvet plaster stands,
Relieve me gentle Knight out of his hands.

Wife. Good *Rafe* relieve sir *Pockhole* and send him
away, for, in truth, his breath stinks,

Rafe Convey him straight after the other Knight,
Sir *Pockhole* fare you well.

2. Knight Kind sir goodnight. *Exit.*

Cries within.

Man. Deliver us. *Woman.* Deliver us.

Wife. Hark *George*, what a woeful cry there is, I think
some woman lies in there. *Man.* Deliver us.

Woman. Deliver us.

Rafe What ghastly noise is this? speak *Barbaroso*,
Or by this blazing steel thy head goes off.

Barber. Prisoners of mine whom I in diet keep,
Send lower down into the Cave,
And in a Tub that's heated smoking hot,
There may they find them and deliver them,

Rafe Run Squire and Dwarf, deliver them with speed.

Exeunt Squire and Dwarf.

Wife. But will not *Rafe* kill this Giant, surely I am afeard
if he let him go he will do as much hurt, as ever he did.

Citizen Not so mouse neither, if he could convert
him.

img: 25-a
sig: G2v

wln 1572
wln 1573
wln 1574
wln 1575
wln 1576

Wife. Ay *George* if he could convert him, but a Giant is not so soon converted as one of us ordinary people: there's a pretty tale of a Witch, that had the devil's mark about her, God bless us, that had a Giant to her son, that was called *Lob-lie-by-the-fire*, didst never hear it *George*?

wln 1577
wln 1578
wln 1579

Enter Squire leading a man with a glass of Lotion in his hand, and the Dwarf leading a woman, with diet bread and drink.

wln 1580
wln 1581
wln 1582

Citizen Peace *Nell*, here comes the prisoners.
Dwarf Here be these pined wretches, manful Knight, That for these six weeks have not seen a wight.

wln 1583
wln 1584

Rafe Deliver what you are, and how you came To this sad Cave, and what your usage was?

wln 1585
wln 1586
wln 1587

Man. I am an Errant Knight that followed Arms, With spear and shield, and in my tender years I stricken was with *Cupid's* fiery shaft, And fell in love with this my Lady dear, And stole her from her friends in Turnbull street, And bore her up and down from Town to Town, Where we did eat and drink and Music hear, Till at the length, at this unhappy Town We did arrive, and coming to this Cave This beast us caught and put us in a Tub, Where we this two months sweat, and should have done Another Month if you had not relieved us.

wln 1588
wln 1589
wln 1590

Woman This bread and water hath our diet been, Together with a rib cut from a neck Of burned Mutton, hard hath been our fare, Release us from this ugly Giant's snare.

wln 1591
wln 1592
wln 1593

Man. This hath been all the food we have received, But only twice a day for novelty, He gave a spoonful of this hearty broth, To each of us, through this same slender quill.

wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596

Rafe From this infernal monster you shall go, That useth Knights and gentle Ladies so, Convey them hence.

wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599

Pulls out a syringe

wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602

Exeunt man and woman.

wln 1603
wln 1604
wln 1605

wln 1606
wln 1607

img: 25-b
sig: G3r

wln 1608
wln 1609
wln 1610

Citizen Cunny, I can tell thee the Gentlemen like *Rafe*.
Wife. Ay *George*, I see it well enough. Gentlemen I thank you all heartily for gracing my man *Rafe*, and I promise you you shall see him oft'ner.

wln 1611
wln 1612
wln 1613

Barber. Mercy great knight, I do recant my ill, And henceforth never gentle blood will spill.

wln 1614
wln 1615
wln 1616

Rafe. I give thee mercy, but yet shalt thou swear Upon my burning pestle, to perform Thy promise uttered.

wln 1617

Barber. I swear and kiss.

wln 1618
wln 1619
wln 1620
wln 1621
wln 1622
wln 1623
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wln 1638
wln 1639
wln 1640
wln 1641
wln 1642
wln 1643
wln 1644

img: 26-a
sig: G3v

wln 1645
wln 1646
wln 1647
wln 1648
wln 1649
wln 1650
wln 1651
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wln 1653
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wln 1661
wln 1662
wln 1663
wln 1664
wln 1665

Rafe. Depart then, and amend.
Come squire and dwarf, the Sun grows towards his set,
and we have many more adventures yet. *Exeunt.*

Citizen Now *Rafe* is in this humor, I know he would ha'
beaten all the boys in the house if they had been set on
him.

Wife. Ay *George*, but it is well as it is, I warrant you the
Gentlemen do consider what it is to overthrow a giant: but
look *George*, here comes mistress *Merrythought* and her
son *Michael*; now you are welcome mistress *Merrythought*,
now *Rafe* has done you may go on.

Enter mistress Merrythought, and Michael.

Mistress merrythought Mick my boy?
Michael Ay forsooth mother.

Mistress merrythought Be merry *Mick* we are at home now; where I
warrant you, you shall find the house flung out at the windows:
Hark, hey dogs, hey, this is the old world I' faith
with my husband, if I get in among 'em, I'll play 'em such a
lesson, that they shall have little list to come scraping hither,
again. Why master *Merrythought*, husband, *Charles*
Merrythought.

Old merrythought within. If you will sing and dance, and laugh,
and halloo, and laugh again, and then cry there boys,
there: why then
One, two, three, and four,
We shall be merry within this hour.

Mistress merrythought Why *Charles*, do you not know your
own natural wife? I say, open the door, and turn me out
those mangy companions; 'tis more than time that they were
fellow and fellowlike with you: you are a Gentleman
Charles, and an old man, and father of two children; and I
myself (though I say it) by my mother's side, Niece to a
worshipful Gentleman, and a Conductor, ha has been
three times in his Majesty's service at *Chester*, and is now
the fourth time, God bless him, and his charge upon his
journey.

Old Merrythought Go from my window, love, go;
Go from my window my dear,
The wind and the rain will drive you back again,
You cannot *be* lodged here.

Hark you Mistress *Merrythought*, you that walk upon adventures,
and forsake your husband, because he sings with
never a penny in his purse; What shall I think myself the
worse? Faith no, I'll be merry.
You come not here, here's none but lads of mettle, lives
of a hundred years, and upwards, care never drunk their
bloods, nor want made 'em warble.
Hey-ho, my heart is heavy.

wln 1666
wln 1667
wln 1668
wln 1669
wln 1670
wln 1671
wln 1672
wln 1673
wln 1674
wln 1675
wln 1676
wln 1677
wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680
wln 1681

img: 26-b
sig: G4r

wln 1682
wln 1683
wln 1684
wln 1685
wln 1686
wln 1687
wln 1688
wln 1689
wln 1690
wln 1691
wln 1692
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wln 1709
wln 1710
wln 1711
wln 1712
wln 1713

Mistress merrythought Why Master *Merrythought*, what am I that you should laugh me to scorn thus abruptly? am I not your fellow feeler (as we may say) in all our miseries? your comforter in health and sickness? have I not brought you Children? are they not like you *Charles*? look upon thine own Image hard-hearted man; and yet for all this —

Old merrythought within. Begone, begone, my Juggy, my puggy, begone my love, my dear.

The weather is warm, 'twill do thee no harm, thou canst not be lodged here.

Be merry boys, some light music, and more wine.

Wife. He's not in earnest, I hope *George*, is he?

Citizen What if he be, sweet heart?

Wife. Marry if he be *George*, I'll make bold to tell him he's an Ingrant old man, to use his bedfellow so scurvily.

Citizen What how does he use her honey?

Wife. Marry come up sir saucebox, I think you'll take his part, will you not? Lord how hot you are grown: you are a fine man an you had a fine dog, it becomes you sweetly.

Citizen Nay prithee *Nell* chide not: for as I am an honest man, and a true Christian Grocer, I do not like his doings.

Wife. I cry you mercy then *George*; you know we are all frail, and full of infirmities. D' ye hear Master *Merrythought*, may I crave a word with you?

Old merrythought within. Strike up lively lads.

Wife. I had not thought in truth, Master *Merrythought*, that a man of your age and discretion (as I may say) being a Gentleman, and therefore known by your gentle conditions, could have used so little respect to the weakness of his wife: for your wife is your own flesh, the staff of your age, your yoke-fellow, with whose help you draw through the mire of this transitory world: Nay, she's your own rib. And again—

Old merrythought I come not hither for thee to teach, I have no pulpit for thee to preach, I would thou hadst kissed me under the breech, As thou art a Lady gay.

Wife. Marry with a vengeance.

I am heartily sorry for the poor gentlewoman: but if I were thy wife, I' faith graybeard, I' faith—

Citizen I prithee sweet honeysuckle, be content.

Wife. Give me such words that am a gentlewoman born, hang him hoary rascal. Get me some drink *George*, I am almost molten with fretting: now beshrew his knave's heart for it.

Old merrythought Play me a light *Lavalto*: come, be frolic, fill the good fellow's wine.

wln 1714
wln 1715
wln 1716
wln 1717
wln 1718

img: 27-a
sig: G4v

wln 1719
wln 1720
wln 1721
wln 1722
wln 1723
wln 1724
wln 1725
wln 1726
wln 1727
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wln 1729
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wln 1731
wln 1732
wln 1733
wln 1734
wln 1735
wln 1736
wln 1737

Mistress merrythought Why Master *Merrythought*, are you disposed to make me wait here: you'll open I hope, I'll fetch them that shall open else.

Old merrythought Good woman if you will sing I'll give you something, if not —

Song.

*You are no love for me Marg'ret, I am no love for you.
Come aloft Boys, aloft.*

Mistress merrythought Now a Churl's fart in your teeth sir: Come *Mick*, we'll not trouble him, 'a shall not ding us i' th' teeth with his bread and his broth: that he shall not: come boy, I'll provide for thee, I warrant thee: we'll go to master *Venturewell's* the Merchant, I'll get his letter to mine Host of the *Bell* in *Waltham*, there I'll place thee with the Tapster; will not that do well for thee *Mick*? and let me alone for that old Cuckoldly knave your father, I'll use him in his kind, I warrant ye.

Wife. Come *George*, where's the beer?

Citizen Here love.

Wife. This old fornicating fellow will not out of my mind yet; Gentlemen, I'll begin to you all, and I desire more of your acquaintance, with all my heart. Fill the Gentlemen some beer *George*.

Finis Actus tertii.

Music.

wln 1738

Actus quartus, Scoena prima.

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

Boy danceth.

Wife. Look *George*, the little boy's come again, methinks he looks something like the prince of *Orange* in his long stocking, if he had a little harness about his neck. *George* I will have him dance *Fading*; *Fading* is a fine Jig I'll assure you Gentlemen: begin brother, now a caper's sweet heart, now a turn o' th' toe, and then tumble: cannot you tumble youth?

Boy. No indeed forsooth:

Wife. Nor eat fire? *Boy.* Neither.

Wife. Why then I thank you heartily, there's two pence to buy you points withal.

Enter Jasper and Boy.

Jasper There boy, deliver this: but do it well. Hast thou provided me four lusty fellows?

img: 27-b
sig: H1r

wln 1754
wln 1755
wln 1756

Able to carry me? and art thou perfect
In all thy business? *Boy.* Sir, you need not fear,
I have my lesson here, and cannot miss it:

wln 1757
wln 1758
wln 1759
wln 1760
wln 1761
wln 1762
wln 1763
wln 1764
wln 1765
wln 1766
wln 1767
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wln 1784
wln 1785
wln 1786
wln 1787
wln 1788
wln 1789
wln 1790

img: 28-a
sig: H1v

wln 1791
wln 1792
wln 1793
wln 1794
wln 1795
wln 1796
wln 1797
wln 1798
wln 1799
wln 1800
wln 1801
wln 1802
wln 1803
wln 1804

The men are ready for you, and what else
Pertains to this employment. *Jasper* There my boy,
Take it, but buy no land. *Boy*. Faith sir 'twere rare
To see so young a purchaser: I fly,
And on my wings carry your destiny. *Exit.*

Jasper Go, and be happy. Now my latest hope
Forsake me not, but fling thy Anchor out,
And let it hold: stand fixed thou rolling stone,
Till I enjoy my dearest: hear me all
You powers that rule in men celestial. *Exit.*

Wife. Go thy ways, thou art as crooked a sprig as ever
grew in *London*; I warrant him he'll come to some naughty
end or other: for his looks say no less: Besides, his father
(you know *George*) is none of the best, you heard him take
me up like a flirt-Gill, and sing bawdy songs upon me: but
I' faith if I live *George*—

Citizen Let me alone sweetheart, I have a trick in my head
shall lodge him in the Arches for one year, and make him
sing *Peccavi*, ere I leave him, and yet he shall never know
who hurt him neither.

Wife. Do my good *George*, do.

Citizen What shall we have *Rafe* do now boy?

Boy. You shall have what you will sir.

Citizen Why so sir, go and fetch me him then, and let the Sophy
of *Persia* come and christen him a child.

Boy. Believe me sir, that will not do so well, 'tis stale, it
has been had before at the red Bull.

Wife. *George* let *Rafe* travel over great hills, and let him be very
weary, and come to the King of *Cracovia*'s house, covered
with velvet, and there let the King's daughter stand in her
window all in beaten gold, combing her golden locks with
a comb of Ivory, and let her spy *Rafe*, and fall in love with
him, and come down to him, and carry him into her father's
house, and then let *Rafe* talk with her.

Citizen Well said *Nell*, it shall be so: boy let's ha 't done quickly.

Boy. Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already,
you shall hear them talk together: but we cannot present
a house covered with black velvet, and a Lady in beaten
gold.

Citizen Sir boy, let's ha 't as you can then.

Boy. Besides it will show ill-favoredly to have a Grocer's
prentice to court a king's daughter.

Citizen Will it so sir? you are well read in Histories: I pray
you what was sir *Dagonet*? was not he prentice to a Grocer
in London? read the play of the *Four Prentices of London*,
where they toss their pikes so: I pray you fetch him in sir,
fetch him in.

Boy. It shall be done, it is not our fault gentlemen. *Exit.*

wln 1805
wln 1806
wln 1807
wln 1808
wln 1809
wln 1810
wln 1811
wln 1812
wln 1813
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wln 1824
wln 1825
wln 1826
wln 1827

img: 28-b
sig: H2r

wln 1828
wln 1829
wln 1830
wln 1831
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wln 1846
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wln 1848
wln 1849
wln 1850
wln 1851
wln 1852

Wife. Now we shall see fine doings I warrant 'ee *George*.
O here they come; how prettily the king of *Cracovia*'s daughter
is dressed. *Enter Rafe and the Lady, Squire and dwarf.*
Citizen Ay *Nell*, it is the fashion of that country, I warrant 'ee.
Lady. Welcome sir Knight unto my father's Court.
King of *Moldavia*, unto me *Pompiona*
His daughter dear: but sure you do not like
Your entertainment, that will stay with us
No longer but a night. *Rafe.* Damsel right fair,
I am on many sad adventures bound,
That call me forth into the wilderness:
Besides, my horse's back is something galled,
Which will enforce me ride a sober pace.
But many thanks (fair Lady) be to you,
For using errant Knight with courtesy.
Lady. But say (brave knight) what is your name and birth?
Rafe. My name is *Rafe*, I am an English man,
As true as steel, a hearty Englishman,
And prentice to a Grocer in the strand,
By deed Indent, of which I have one part:
But Fortune calling me to follow Arms,
On me this holy order I did take,
Of Burning pestle, which in all men's eyes,

I bear, confounding Ladies' enemies.
Lady. Oft have I heard of your brave countrymen,
And fertile soil, and store of wholesome food:
My Father oft will tell me of a drink
In England found, and *Nippitato* called.
Which driveth all the sorrow from your hearts.
Rafe. Lady 'tis true, you need not lay your lips
To better *Nippitato* than there is.
Lady. And of a wildfowl he will often speak,
Which powdered beef and mustard called is:
For there have been great wars 'twixt us and you,
But truly *Rafe*, it was not long of me.
Tell me then *Rafe*, could you contented be,
To wear a Lady's favor in your shield?
Rafe. I am a knight of religious order,
And will not wear a favor of a Lady's
That trusts in Antichrist, and false traditions.
Citizen Well said *Rafe*, convert her if thou canst.
Rafe. Besides, I have a Lady of my own
In merry England, for whose virtuous sake
I took these Arms, and *Susan* is her name,
A Cobbler's maid in Milk-street, whom I vow
Ne'er to forsake, whilst life and Pestle last.
Lady. Happy that Cobbling dame, whoe'er she be,
That for her own (dear *Rafe*) hath gotten thee.

wln 1853
wln 1854
wln 1855
wln 1856
wln 1857
wln 1858
wln 1859
wln 1860
wln 1861
wln 1862
wln 1863
wln 1864

img: 29-a
sig: H2v

wln 1865
wln 1866
wln 1867
wln 1868
wln 1869
wln 1870
wln 1871
wln 1872
wln 1873
wln 1874
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wln 1897
wln 1898
wln 1899
wln 1900

Unhappy I, that ne'er shall see the day
To see thee more, that bear'st my heart away.
Rafe. Lady farewell, I needs must take my leave.
Lady. Hard-hearted *Rafe*, that Ladies dost deceive.
Citizen Hark thee *Rafe*, there's money for thee; give
something in the King of *Cracovia*'s house, be not beholding
to him.
Rafe. Lady before I go, I must remember
Your father's Officers, who truth to tell,
Have been about me very diligent.
Hold up thy snowy hand thou princely maid,
There's twelve pence for your father's Chamberlain,

And another shilling for his Cook,
For by my troth the Goose was roasted well.
And twelvepence for your father's horse-keeper,
For 'nointing my horse' back; and for his butter
There is another shilling. To the maid
That washed my boot-hose, there's an English groat;
And two pence to the boy that wiped my boots:
And last, fair Lady, there is for yourself
Three pence to buy you pins at *Bumbo* fair.
Lady. Full many thanks, and I will keep them safe
Till all the heads be off, for thy sake *Rafe*.
Rafe. Advance my Squire and Dwarf, I cannot stay.
Lady. Thou kill'st my heart in parting thus away. *Exeunt.*
Wife. I commend *Rafe* yet that he will not stoop to a
Cracovian, there's properer women in London than any are
there Iwis. But here comes Master *Humphrey* and his love
again now *George*.
Citizen Ay cunny, peace.
Enter Merchant, Humphrey, Luce and a Boy.
Merchant Go get you up, I will not be entreated.
And gossip mine, I'll keep you sure hereafter
From gadding out again with boys and unthrifths,
Come, they are women's tears, I know your fashion.
Go sirrah, lock her in, and keep the key, *Exit Luce*
Safe as you love your life. Now my son *Humphrey*, *and Boy.*
You may both rest assured of my love
In this, and reap your own desire.
Humphrey I see this love you speak of, through your daughter,
Although the hole be little; and hereafter
Will yield the like in all I may, or can,
Fitting a Christian, and a gentleman.
Merchant I do believe you (my good son) and thank you:
For 'twere an impudence to think you flattered.
Humphrey It were indeed, but shall I tell you why,
I have been beaten twice about the lie.
Merchant Well son, no more of compliment, my daughter

wln 1901

img: 29-b
sig: H3r

Is yours again; appoint the time, and take her,

wln 1902

We'll have no stealing for it, I myself

wln 1903

And some few of our friends will see you married.

wln 1904

Humphrey I would you would i' faith, for be it known

wln 1905

I ever was afraid to lie alone.

wln 1906

Merchant Some three days hence then.

wln 1907

Humphrey Three days, let me see,

wln 1908

'Tis somewhat of the most, yet I agree,

wln 1909

Because I mean against the appointed day,

wln 1910

To visit all my friends in new array. *Enter servant.*

wln 1911

Servant Sir, there's a Gentlewoman without would speak

wln 1912

with your Worship. *Merchant* What is she?

wln 1913

Servant Sir I asked her not.

wln 1914

Merchant Bid her come in.

wln 1915

Enter mistress Merrythought and Michael.

wln 1916

Mistress merrythought Peace be to your Worship, I come as a poor
Suitor to you sir, in the behalf of this child.

wln 1917

Merchant Are you not wife to *Merrythought*?

wln 1918

Mistress merrythought Yes truly, would I had ne'er seen his eyes, ha has
undone me and himself and his children, and there he lives at

wln 1919

home and sings, and hoits, and Revels among his drunken companions,
but, I warrant you, where to get a penny to put bread

wln 1920

in his mouth, he knows not: and therefore if it like your
Worship, I would entreat your letter, to the honest Host

wln 1921

of the *Bell* in *Waltham*, that I may place my child under
the protection of his Tapster, in some settled course of life.

wln 1922

Merchant I'm glad the heavens have heard my prayers: thy husband
When I was ripe in sorrows laughed at me,
Thy son like an unthankful wretch, I having
Redeemed him from his fall and made him mine,
To show his love again, first stole my daughter,
Then wronged this Gentleman, and last of all,
Gave me that grief, had almost brought me down
Unto my grave, had not a stronger hand
Relieved my sorrows, go, and weep, as I did
And be unpitied, for I here profess
An everlasting hate to all thy name.

wln 1923

Mistress merrythought Will you so sir, how say you by that? come

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

img: 30-a
sig: H3v

wln 1939

Mick, let him keep his wind to cool his Porridge, we'll
go to thy Nurse's *Mick*, she knits silk stockings boy, and
we'll knit too boy, and be beholding to none of them

wln 1940

all. *Exeunt Michael and mother.*

wln 1941

wln 1942

wln 1943

wln 1944

wln 1945

Enter a boy with a letter.

Boy. Sir, I take it you are the Master of this house.

Merchant How then boy?

wln 1946
wln 1947
wln 1948
wln 1949
wln 1950
wln 1951
wln 1952
wln 1953
wln 1954
wln 1955
wln 1956
wln 1957
wln 1958
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

img: 30-b
sig: H4r

wln 1975
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

Boy. Then to yourself sir comes this letter.

Merchant From whom my pretty Boy?

Boy. From him that was your servant, but no more
Shall that name ever be, for he is dead,
Grief of your purchased anger broke his heart,
I saw him die, and from his hand received
This paper, with a charge to bring it hither,
Read it, and satisfy yourself in all.

Letter.

Merchant Sir, that I have wronged your love, I must confess, in
which I have purchased to myself. besides mine own undoing, the
ill opinion of my friends, let not your anger, good sir, outlive me, but
suffer me to rest in peace with your forgiveness; let my body (if a
dying man may so much prevail with you) be brought to your
daughter, that she may truly know my hot flames are now buried,
and, withal, receive a testimony of the zeal I bore her virtue: farewell
for ever, and be ever happy. Jasper.

God's hand is great in this, I do forgive him,
Yet I am glad he's quiet, where I hope
He will not bite again: boy bring the body
And let him have his will, if that be all.

Boy. 'Tis here without sir. *Merchant* So sir, if you please
You may conduct it in, I do not fear it.

Humphrey I'll be your Usher boy, for though I say it,
He owed me something once, and well did pay it. *Exeunt.*

Enter Luce alone.

Luce. If there be any punishment inflicted
Upon the miserable, more than yet I feel,
Let it together seize me, and at once

Press down my soul, I cannot bear the pain
Of these delaying tortures: thou that art
The end of all, and the sweet rest of all;
Come, come o death, bring me to thy peace,
And blot out all the memory I nourish
Both of my father and my cruel friend.
O wretched maid still living to be wretched,
To be a say to fortune in her changes,
And grow to number times and woes together,
How happy had I been, if being born
My grave had been my cradle? *Enter servant.*

Servant By your leave
Young Mistress, here's a boy hath brought a coffin,
What 'a would say I know not, but your father
Charged me to give you notice, here they come.

Enter two bearing a Coffin, Jasper in it.

Luce. For me I hoped 'tis come, and 'tis most welcome.

Boy. Fair Mistress let me not add greater grief

wln 1993
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: 31-a
sig: H4v

To that great store you have already; *Jasper*
That whilst he lived was yours, now dead,
And here enclosed, commanded me to bring
His body hither, and to crave a tear
From those fair eyes, though he deserved not pity,
To deck his funeral, for so he bid me
Tell her for whom he died. *Luce.* He shall have many:
Good friends depart a little, whilst I take *Exeunt Coffin*
My leave of this dead man, that once I loved: *carrier and boy.*
Hold, yet a little, life and then I give thee
To thy first heavenly being; O my friend!
Hast thou deceived me thus, and got before me?
I shall not long be after, but believe me,
Thou wert too cruel *Jasper* 'gainst thyself,
In punishing the fault, I could have pardoned,
With so untimely death; thou didst not wrong me,
But ever wert most kind, most true, most loving;
And I the most unkind, most false, most cruel.
Didst thou but ask a tear? I'll give thee all,

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

Even all my eyes can pour down, all my sighs
And all myself, before thou goest from me
There are but sparing rites: But if thy soul
Be yet about this place, and can behold
And see what I prepare to deck thee with,
It shall go up, borne on the wings of peace
And satisfied: first will I sing thy dirge,
Then kiss thy pale lips, and then die myself,
And fill one Coffin and one grave together.
Song.

*Come you whose loves are dead,
And whiles I sing
Weep and wring
Every hand and every head,
Bind with Cypress and sad Yew,
Ribands black, and candles blue,
For him that was of men most true.*

wln 2029
wln 2030
wln 2031
wln 2032
wln 2033
wln 2034
wln 2035

*Come with heavy mourning,
And on his grave
Let him have
Sacrifice of sighs and groaning,
Let him have fair flowers enow,
White and purple, green and yellow,
For him that was of men most true.*

wln 2036
wln 2037
wln 2038

Thou sable cloth, sad cover of my joys
I lift thee up, and thus I meet with death.
Jasper And thus you meet the living. *Luce.* Save me heaven.

wln 2039
wln 2040
wln 2041
wln 2042
wln 2043
wln 2044
wln 2045
wln 2046

img: 31-b
sig: 11r

Jasper Nay do not fly me fair, I am no spirit,
Look better on me, do you know me yet?
Luce. O thou dear shadow of my friend.
Jasper Dear substance,
I swear I am no shadow, feel my hand,
It is the same it was, I am your *Jasper*,
Your *Jasper* that's yet living, and yet loving,
Pardon my rash attempt, my foolish proof

wln 2047
wln 2048
wln 2049
wln 2050
wln 2051
wln 2052
wln 2053
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wln 2077
wln 2078
wln 2079
wln 2080
wln 2081
wln 2082
wln 2083

I put in practice of your constancy,
For sooner should my sword have drunk my blood,
And set my soul at liberty, than drawn
The least drop from that body; for which boldness
Doom me to any thing: if death I take it
And willingly. *Luce.* This death I'll give you for it,
So, now I am satisfied: you are no spirit,
But my own truest, truest, truest friend,
Why do you come thus to me.

Jasper. First to see you,
Then to convey you hence.
Luce. It cannot be,
For I am locked up here and watched at all hours,
That 'tis impossible for me to scape.

Jasper Nothing more possible, within this coffin
Do you convey yourself, let me alone,
I have the wits of twenty men about me,
Only I crave the shelter of your Closet
A little, and then fear me not; creep in
That they may presently convey you hence:
Fear nothing dearest love, I'll be your second,
Lie close, so, all goes well yet; Boy.

Boy. At hand sir.

Jasper Convey away the Coffin, and be wary.

Boy. 'Tis done already.

Jasper Now must I go conjure.

Exit.

Enter Merchant.

Merchant Boy, Boy.

Boy. Your servant sir.

Merchant Do me this kindness Boy, hold here's a crown:
Before thou bury the body of this fellow, carry it to his
old merry father, and salute him from me, and bid him sing,
he hath cause.

Boy. I will sir.

Merchant And then bring me word what tune he is in,
and have another crown: but do it truly.
I have fitted him a bargain, now, will vex him.

img: 32-a
sig: 11v

wln 2084
wln 2085
wln 2086
wln 2087
wln 2088
wln 2089
wln 2090
wln 2091
wln 2092
wln 2093
wln 2094
wln 2095
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wln 2110
wln 2111
wln 2112
wln 2113
wln 2114
wln 2115
wln 2116
wln 2117
wln 2118
wln 2119
wln 2120

img: 32-b
sig: I2r

wln 2121
wln 2122
wln 2123
wln 2124
wln 2125
wln 2126
wln 2127
wln 2128
wln 2129
wln 2130
wln 2131

Boy. God bless your Worship's health sir.

Merchant Farewell boy.

Exeunt.

Enter Master Merrythought.

Wife. Ah old *Merrythought*, art thou there again, let's hear some of thy songs.

Old Merrythought Who can sing a merrier note,
Than he that cannot change a groat?

Not a *Denier* left, and yet my heart leaps, I do wonder yet, as old as I am, that any man will follow a Trade, or serve, that may sing and laugh, and walk the streets, my wife and both my sons are I know not where, I have nothing left, nor know I how to come by meat to supper, yet am I merry still; for I know I shall find it upon the Table at six o'clock, therefore hang Thought.

I would not be a **Servin**man to carry the cloak-bag still, Nor would I be a Falconer the greedy hawks to fill. But I would be in a good house, and have a good Master too. But I would eat and drink of the best, and no work would I do. This is it that keeps life and soul together, mirth, this is the Philosopher's stone that they write so much on, that keeps a man ever young.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, they say they know all your money is gone, and they will trust you for no more drink.

Old merrythought Will they not? let 'em choose, the best is I have mirth at home, and need not send abroad for that, let them keep their drink to themselves.

For *Jillian* of *Berry* she dwells on a Hill,
And she hath good Beer and Ale to sell.
And of good fellows she thinks no ill,
And thither will we go now, now, now, now, and thither
Will we go now.

And when you have made a little stay,
You need not ask what is to pay,
But kiss your Hostess and go your way, And thither, etc.

Enter another Boy.

2. Boy. Sir, I can get no bread for supper.

Old merrythought Hang bread and supper, let's preserve our mirth, and we shall never feel hunger, I'll warrant you, let's have a Catch, boy follow me, come ***sing this Catch.***
Ho, ho, nobody at home, meat, nor drink, nor money ha' we none, fill the pot Eedy, never more need I.

Old merrythought So boys enough, follow me, let's change our place and we shall laugh afresh.

Exeunt.

Wife. Let him go *George*, 'a shall not have any countenance from us, nor a good word from any i' th' Company, if I may strike stroke in 't.

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
wln 2148
wln 2149
wln 2150
wln 2151
wln 2152
wln 2153
wln 2154
wln 2155
wln 2156
wln 2157

img: 33-a
sig: l2v

wln 2158
wln 2159
wln 2160
wln 2161
wln 2162
wln 2163
wln 2164
wln 2165
wln 2166
wln 2167
wln 2168
wln 2169
wln 2170
wln 2171
wln 2172
wln 2173
wln 2174
wln 2175
wln 2176
wln 2177
wln 2178
wln 2179

Citizen No more 'a sha' not love; but *Nell* I will have *Rafe* do a very notable matter now, to the eternal honor and glory of all *Grocers*, sirrah you there boy, can none of you hear?

Boy. Sir, your pleasure.

Citizen Let *Rafe* come out on May day in the morning and speak upon a Conduit with all his Scarves about him, and his feathers and his rings and his knacks.

Boy. Why sir you do not think of our plot, what will become of that then?

Citizen Why sir, I care not what become on 't, I'll have him come out, or I'll fetch him out myself, I'll have something done in honor of the City, besides, he hath been long enough upon Adventures, bring him out quickly, or if I come in amongst you —

Boy. Well sir he shall come out, but if our play miscarry, sir you are like to pay for 't.

Exit Boy.

Citizen Bring him away then.

Wife. This will be brave i' faith, *George* shall not he dance the morris too for the credit of the Strand.

Citizen No sweet heart it will be too much for the boy, o there he is *Nell*, he's reasonable well in repanel, but he has not rings enough.

Enter Rafe.

Rafe London, *to thee I do present the merry Month of May*

*Let each true Subject be content to hear me what I say:
For from the top of Conduit head, as plainly may appear,
I will both tell my name to you and wherefore I came here.
My name is Rafe, by due descent, though not ignoble I,
Yet far inferior to the Flock of gracious Grocery.
And by the Common counsel, of my fellows in the Strand,
With gilded Staff, and crossed Scarf, the May lord here I stand.
Rejoice, o English hearts, rejoice, rejoice o Lovers dear,
Rejoice o City, Town, and Country, rejoice eke every Shire;
For now the fragrant Flowers do spring and sprout in seemly sort,
The little Birds do sit and sing, the Lambs do make fine sport.
And now the Birchen Tree doth bud that makes the Schoolboy cry
The Morris rings while Hobby-horse doth foot it featously:
The Lords and Ladies now abroad for their disport and play,
Do kiss sometimes upon the Grass, and sometimes in the Hey.
Now Butter with a leaf of Sage is good to Purge the blood,
Fly Venus and Phlebotomy for they are neither good.
Now little fish on tender stone, begin to cast their bellies,
And sluggish snails, that erst were mute, do creep out of their shellies
The rumbling Rivers now do warm for little boys to paddle,
The sturdy Steed, now goes to grass, and up they hang his saddle.
The heavy Hart, the bellowing Buck, the Rascal and the Pricket,*

wln 2180
wln 2181
wln 2182
wln 2183
wln 2184
wln 2185
wln 2186
wln 2187
wln 2188
wln 2189
wln 2190
wln 2191
wln 2192
wln 2193

*Are now among the Yeoman's Pease, and leave the fearful thicket.
And be like them, o you, I say, of this same noble Town,
And lift aloft your velvet heads, and slipping off your gown:
With bells on legs, and napkins clean unto your shoulders tied,
With Scarves and Garters as you please, and Hey for our Town cried
March out and show your willing minds by twenty and by twenty,
To Hogsdon or to Newington, where Ale and Cakes are plenty:
And let it ne'er be said, for shame, that we the youths of London,
Lay thrumming of our Caps at home, and left our custom undone.
Up then, I say, both young and old, both man and maid a-Maying
With Drums and Guns that bounce aloud, and merry Tabor playing.
Which to prolong, God save our King, and send his Country peace
And root out Treason from the Land, and so, my friends I cease.*

Finis Actus 4.

img: 33-b
sig: I3r

wln 2194

Actus 5. Scoena prima.

wln 2195

Enter Merchant, solus.

wln 2196
wln 2197
wln 2198
wln 2199

Merchant I will have no great store of company at the wedding,
a couple of neighbors and their wives, and we will
have a Capon in stewed broth, with marrow, and a good
piece of beef, stuck with rosemary.

wln 2200
wln 2201
wln 2202
wln 2203
wln 2204
wln 2205
wln 2206
wln 2207
wln 2208
wln 2209
wln 2210
wln 2211
wln 2212
wln 2213
wln 2214
wln 2215
wln 2216
wln 2217
wln 2218
wln 2219
wln 2220
wln 2221
wln 2222
wln 2223

Enter Jasper, his face mealed.
Jasper Forbear thy pains fond man, it is too late.
Merchant Heaven bless me: *Jasper*?
Jasper Ay, I am his Ghost
Whom thou hast injured for his constant love:
Fond worldly wretch, who dost not understand
In death that true hearts cannot parted be.
First know thy daughter is quite borne away,
On wings of Angels, through the liquid air,
Too far out of thy reach, and never more
Shalt thou behold her face: But she and I
Will in another world enjoy our loves,
Where neither father's anger, poverty,
Nor any cross that troubles earthly men
Shall make us sever our united hearts.
And never shalt thou sit, or be alone
In any place, but I will visit thee
With ghastly looks, and put into thy mind
The great offenses which thou didst to me.
When thou art at thy Table with thy friends
Merry in heart, and filled with swelling wine,
I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,
Invisible to all men but thyself,
And whisper such a sad tale in thine ear,

wln 2224
wln 2225
wln 2226

img: 34-a
sig: 13v

Shall make thee let the Cup fall from thy hand,
And stand as mute and pale as Death itself.
Merchant Forgive me *Jasper*; Oh! what might I do?

wln 2227
wln 2228
wln 2229
wln 2230
wln 2231
wln 2232
wln 2233
wln 2234

Tell me, to satisfy thy troubled Ghost?
Jasper There is no means, too late thou think'st of this.
Merchant But tell me what were best for me to do?
Jasper Repent thy deed, and satisfy my father,
And beat fond *Humphrey* out of thy doors, *Exit Jasper.*
Enter Humphrey.

wln 2235
wln 2236
wln 2237
wln 2238
wln 2239
wln 2240

Wife. Look *George*, his very Ghost would have folks
beaten.
Humphrey Father, my bride is gone, fair mistress *Luce*,
My soul's the fount of vengeance, mischief's sluice.
Merchant Hence fool out of my sight, with thy fond passion
Thou hast undone me.

wln 2241
wln 2242
wln 2243
wln 2244
wln 2245
wln 2246
wln 2247
wln 2248
wln 2249
wln 2250

Humphrey Hold my father dear,
For *Luce* thy daughter's sake, that had no peer.
Merchant Thy father fool? there's some blows more, begone.
Jasper, I hope thy Ghost be well appeased,
To see thy will performed, now will I go
To satisfy thy father for thy wrongs. *Exit.*

wln 2251
wln 2252
wln 2253

Humphrey What shall I do? I have been beaten twice,
And mistress *Luce* is gone? help me device:
Since my true love is gone, I never more,
Whilst I do live, upon the sky will pore;
But in the dark will wear out my shoe-soles
In passion, in Saint *Faith's* Church under *Paul's*. *Exit.*
Wife. *George* call *Rafe* hither, if you love me call *Rafe* hither,
I have the bravest thing for him to do *George*; prithee
call him quickly.

wln 2254
wln 2255
wln 2256
wln 2257
wln 2258
wln 2259
wln 2260
wln 2261
wln 2262
wln 2263

Citizen *Rafe*, why *Rafe* boy. *Enter Rafe.*
Rafe. Here sir.
Citizen Come hither *Rafe*, come to thy mistress boy.
Wife. *Rafe* I would have thee call all the youths together
in battle 'ray, with drums, and guns, and flags, and march to
Mile end in pompous fashion, and there exhort your Soldiers
to be merry and wise, and to keep their beards from burning
Rafe, and then skirmish, and let your flags fly, and
cry kill, kill, kill: my husband shall lend you his Jerkin *Rafe*,
and there's a scarf; for the rest, the house shall furnish you,

img: 34-b
sig: 14r

wln 2264
wln 2265
wln 2266
wln 2267
wln 2268

and we'll pay for 't: do it bravely *Rafe*, and think before
whom you perform, and what person you represent.
Rafe. I warrant you mistress if I do it not for the honor
of the City, and the credit of my master, let me never hope
for freedom.

wln 2269
wln 2270
wln 2271
wln 2272
wln 2273
wln 2274
wln 2275
wln 2276
wln 2277
wln 2278
wln 2279
wln 2280
wln 2281
wln 2282
wln 2283
wln 2284
wln 2285
wln 2286
wln 2287
wln 2288
wln 2289
wln 2290
wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293
wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296
wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299
wln 2300

img: 35-a
sig: 14v

wln 2301
wln 2302
wln 2303
wln 2304
wln 2305
wln 2306
wln 2307
wln 2308
wln 2309
wln 2310
wln 2311
wln 2312
wln 2313
wln 2314
wln 2315
wln 2316

Wife. 'Tis well spoken I' faith; go thy ways, thou art a spark indeed.

Citizen Rafe, Rafe, double your files bravely *Rafe.*

Rafe. I warrant you sir.

Exit Rafe.

Citizen Let him look narrowly to his service, I shall take him else, I was there myself a pikeman once in the hottest of the day, wench; had my feather shot sheer away, the fringe of my pike burnt off with powder, my pate broken with a scouring-stick, and yet I thank God I am here.

Drum within.

Wife. Hark *George* the drums.

Citizen Ran, tan, tan, tan; ran, tan: O wench an thou hadst but seen little *Ned* of **Aldgate**, drum *Ned*, how he made it roar again, and laid on like a tyrant: and then stroke softly till the ward came up, and then thundered again, and together we go: sa, sa, sa, bounce quoth the guns: courage my hearts, quoth the Captains: Saint *George*, quoth the pikemen; and withal here they lay, and there they lay: And yet for all this I am here wench.

Wife. Be thankful for it *George*, for indeed 'tis wonderful.

Enter Rafe and his company with Drums and colors.

Rafe. March fair my hearts, Lieutenant beat the rear up: Ancient, let your colors fly; but have a great care of the Butcher's hooks at whitechapel, they have been the death of many a fair Ancient. Open your files that I may take a view both of your persons and munition: Sergeant call a muster.

Sergeant A stand, *William Hamerton* pewterer.

Hammerton Here Captain.

Rafe. A Corslet, and a spanish pike; 'tis well, can you shake it with a terror?

Hammerton I hope so Captain.

Rafe. Charge upon me, 'tis with the weakest: put more strength *William Hammerton*, more strength: as you were again. Proceed Sergeant.

Sergeant *George Greengoose*, Poulterer?

Greengoose. Here.

Rafe. Let me see your piece neighbor *Greengoose*, when was she shot in?

Greengoose. And like you master Captain, I made a shot even now, partly to scour her, and partly for audacity.

Rafe. It should seem so certainly, for her breath is yet inflamed: besides, there is a main fault in the touchhole, it runs, and stinketh; and I tell you moreover, and believe it: Ten such touchholes would breed the pox in the Army. Get you a feather, neighbor, get you a feather, sweet oil, and paper, and your piece may do well enough yet.

wln 2317
wln 2318
wln 2319
wln 2320
wln 2321
wln 2322
wln 2323
wln 2324
wln 2325
wln 2326
wln 2327
wln 2328
wln 2329
wln 2330
wln 2331
wln 2332
wln 2333
wln 2334
wln 2335
wln 2336
wln 2337

img: 35-b
sig: K1r

wln 2338
wln 2339
wln 2340
wln 2341
wln 2342
wln 2343
wln 2344
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wln 2352
wln 2353
wln 2354
wln 2355
wln 2356
wln 2357
wln 2358
wln 2359
wln 2360
wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363
wln 2364

Where's your powder?

Greengoose. Here.

Rafe. What in a paper? As I am a Soldier, and Gentleman, it craves a Martial Court: you ought to die for 't.

Where's your horn? answer me to that.

Greengoose. An 't like you sir, I was oblivious.

Rafe. It likes me not you should be so; 'tis a shame for you, and a scandal to all our neighbors, being a man of worth and estimation, to leave your horn behind you: I am afraid 'twill breed example. But let me tell you no more on 't; stand, till I view you all. What's become o' th' nose of your flask?

1. *Soldier.* Indeed la Captain, 'twas blown away with powder.

Rafe. Put on a new one at the City's charge. Where's the stone of this piece?

2. *Soldier.* The Drummer took it out to light Tobacco.

Rafe. 'Tis a fault my friend, put it in again: You want a Nose, and you a Stone; Sergeant, take a note on 't, for I mean to stop it in the pay. Remove and march, soft and

fair Gentlemen, soft and fair: double your files, as you were, faces about. Now you with the sodden face, keep in there: look to your match sirrah, it will be in your fellow's flask anon. So, make a crescent now, advance your pikes, stand and give ear. Gentlemen, Countrymen, Friends, and my fellow Soldiers, I have brought you this day from the Shops of Security, and the Counters of Content, to measure out in these furious fields, Honor by the ell; and prowess by the pound: Let it not, o let it not, I say, be told hereafter, the noble issue of this City fainted: but bear yourselves in this fair action, like men, valiant men, and freemen; Fear not the face of the enemy, nor the noise of the guns: for believe me brethren, the rude rumbling of a Brewer's Car is far more terrible, of which you have a daily experience: Neither let the stink of powder offend you, since a more valiant stink is nightly with you. To a resolved mind, his home is everywhere: I speak not this to take away the hope of your return; for you shall see (I do not doubt it) and that very shortly, your loving wives again, and your sweet children, whose care doth bear you company in baskets. Remember then whose cause you have in hand, and like a sort of trueborn Scavengers, scour me this famous Realm of enemies. I have no more to say but this: Stand to your tacklings lads, and show to the world you can as well brandish a sword, as shake an apron. Saint *George* and on my hearts. *Omnes.* Saint *George*, Saint *George.* *Exeunt*
Wife. 'Twas well done *Rafe*, I'll send thee a cold Capon a

wln 2365
wln 2366
wln 2367
wln 2368
wln 2369
wln 2370
wln 2371
wln 2372
wln 2373
wln 2374

img: 36-a
sig: K1v

wln 2375
wln 2376
wln 2377
wln 2378
wln 2379
wln 2380
wln 2381
wln 2382
wln 2383
wln 2384
wln 2385
wln 2386
wln 2387
wln 2388
wln 2389
wln 2390
wln 2391
wln 2392
wln 2393
wln 2394
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wln 2396
wln 2397
wln 2398
wln 2399
wln 2400
wln 2401
wln 2402
wln 2403
wln 2404
wln 2405
wln 2406
wln 2407
wln 2408
wln 2409
wln 2410
wln 2411

field, and a bottle of March beer; and it may be, come myself to see thee.

Citizen Nell, the boy has deceived me much, I did not think it had been in him: he has performed such a matter wench, that if I live, next year I'll have him Captain of the Galley-foist, or I'll want my will.

Enter old Merrythought.

Old merrythought Yet I thank God, I break not a wrinkle more than I had, not a stoop boys: *Care* live with Cats, I defy thee, my heart is as sound as an Oak; and though I want drink

to wet my whistle, I can sing:
Come no more there boys, come no more there:
For we shall never whilst we live, come any more there.

Enter a boy with a Coffin.

Boy. God save you sir.

Old merrythought It's a brave boy: canst thou sing?

Boy. Yes sir, I can sing, but 'tis not so necessary at this time.

Old merrythought Sing we, and chant it, whilst love doth grant it.

Boy. Sir, sir, if you knew what I have brought you, you would have little list to sing.

Old merrythought O the Mimon round, full long long I have thee sought,
And now I have thee found, and what hast thou here brought?

Boy. A Coffin sir, and your dead son *Jasper* in it.

Old merrythought Dead? why farewell he:
Thou wast a bonny boy, and I did love thee.

Enter Jasper.

Jasper Then I pray you sir do so still.

Old merrythought *Jasper's* ghost? thou art welcome from Stygian lake so soon,
Declare to me what wondrous things in *Pluto's* court are done.

Jasper By my troth sir, I ne'er came there, 'tis too hot for me sir.

Old merrythought A merry ghost, a very merry ghost.
And where is your true love? o where is yours?

Jasper Marry look you sir. *Heaves up the Coffin.*

Old merrythought Ah ha! Art thou good at that I' faith?
With hey trixie terlery-whiskin, the world it runs on wheels,

When the young man's — up goes the maiden's heels.

Mistress Merrythought, and Michael within.

Mistress merrythought What Master *Merrythought*, will you not let's in? what do you think shall become of us?

Old merrythought What voice is that that calleth at our door?

Mistress merrythought You know me well enough, I am sure I have not

img: 36-b

wln 2412
wln 2413
wln 2414
wln 2415
wln 2416
wln 2417
wln 2418
wln 2419
wln 2420
wln 2421
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wln 2439
wln 2440
wln 2441
wln 2442
wln 2443
wln 2444
wln 2445
wln 2446
wln 2447
wln 2448

been such a stranger to you.

Old merrythought And some they whistled, and some they sung, *Hey down, down:* and some did loudly say, ever as the Lord *Barnet's* horn blew, *away Musgrave, away.*

Mistress merrythought You will not have us starve here, will you Master *Merrythought?*

Jasper Nay good sir be persuaded, she is my mother: if her offenses have been great against you, let your own love remember she is yours, and so forgive her.

Luce Good Master *Merrythought* let me entreat you, I will not be denied.

Mistress merrythought Why Master *Merrythought*, will you be a vexed thing still?

Old. merrythought Woman I take you to my love again, but you shall sing before you enter: therefore dispatch your song, and so come in.

Mistress merrythought Well, you must have your will when all's done. *Mick* what song canst thou sing boy?

Michael I can sing none forsooth, but a Lady's daughter of *Paris* properly.

Mistress merrythought *Song. It was, a Lady's daughter, etc.*

Old. merrythought Come, you're welcome home again. If such danger be in playing, and jest must to earnest turn, You shall go no more a-Maying.

Merchant within. Are you within sir, Master *Merrythought?*

Jasper It is my master's voice, good sir go hold him in talk whilst we convey ourselves into some inward room.

Old merrythought What are you? are you merry? you must be very merry if you enter.

Merchant I am sir.

Old merrythought Sing then.

Merchant Nay good sir open to me.

Old merrythought Sing, I say, or by the merry heart you come not in.

Merchant Well sir, I'll sing.

Fortune my Foe, etc.

Old merrythought You are welcome sir, you are welcome, you see your entertainment, pray you be merry.

Merchant O Master *Merrythought*, I am come to ask you

wln 2449
wln 2450
wln 2451
wln 2452
wln 2453
wln 2454
wln 2455
wln 2456

Forgiveness for the wrongs I offered you,
And your most virtuous son, they're infinite,
Yet my contrition shall be more than they.
I do confess my hardness broke his heart,
For which, just heaven hath given me punishment
More than my age can carry, his wand'ring spirit
Not yet at rest, pursues me everywhere,
Crying, I'll haunt thee for thy cruelty.

wln 2457
wln 2458
wln 2459
wln 2460
wln 2461
wln 2462
wln 2463
wln 2464
wln 2465
wln 2466
wln 2467
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wln 2481
wln 2482
wln 2483
wln 2484
wln 2485

My daughter she is gone, I know not how,
Taken invisible, and whether living,
Or in grave, 'tis yet uncertain to me.
O Master *Merrythought*, these are the weights,
Will sink me to my grave, forgive me sir.
Old merrythought Why sir, I do forgive you, and be merry,
And if the wag, in 's lifetime, played the knave,
Can you forgive him too? *Merchant* With all my heart sir.
Old merrythought Speak it again, and heartily.
Merchant I do sir,
Now by my soul I do.
Old merrythought With that came out his Paramour,
She was as white as the Lily flower,
Hey troule trolly lolly. *Enter Luce and Jasper.*
With that came out her own dear Knight,
He was as true as ever did fight. etc.
Sir, if you will forgive 'em, clap their hands together,
there's no more to be said i' th' matter.
Merchant I do, I do.
Citizen I do not like this, peace boys, hear me one of you,
everybody's part is come to an end but *Ralph's*, and he's
left out.
Boy. 'Tis long of yourself sir, we have nothing to do
with his part.
Citizen *Rafe* come away, make on him as you have done of
the rest, boys come.
Wife. Now good husband let him come out and die.
Citizen He shall *Nell*, *Rafe* come away quickly and die boy.
Boy. 'Twill be very unfit he should die sir, upon no

img: 37-b
sig: K3r

wln 2486
wln 2487
wln 2488
wln 2489
wln 2490
wln 2491
wln 2492
wln 2493
wln 2494
wln 2495
wln 2496
wln 2497
wln 2498
wln 2499
wln 2500
wln 2501
wln 2502
wln 2503
wln 2504

occasion, and in a Comedy too.
Citizen Take you no care of that sir boy, is not his part at
an end, think you, when he's dead? come away *Rafe*.
Enter Rafe, with a forked arrow through his head.
Rafe When I was mortal, this my costive corpse
Did lap up Figs and Raisins in the Strand,
Where sitting I espied a lovely Dame,
Whose Master wrought with Lingel and with Awl,
And underground he vampied many a boot,
Straight did her love prick forth me, tender sprig
To follow feats of Arms in warlike wise,
Through *Waltham* Desert, where I did perform
Many achievements, and did lay on ground
Huge *Barbaroso* that insulting Giant,
And all his Captives soon set at liberty.
Then honor pricked me from my native soil,
Into *Moldavia*, where I gained the love
Of *Pompiana* his beloved daughter:
But yet proved constant to the black-thumbed maid

wln 2505
wln 2506
wln 2507
wln 2508
wln 2509
wln 2510
wln 2511
wln 2512
wln 2513
wln 2514
wln 2515
wln 2516
wln 2517
wln 2518
wln 2519
wln 2520
wln 2521
wln 2522

img: 38-a
sig: K3v

Susan, and scorned *Pompiana's* love:
Yet liberal I was and gave her pins,
And money for her father's Officers.
I then returned home, and thrust myself
In action, and by all men chosen was
Lord of the May, where I did flourish it,
With Scarves and Rings, and Posy in my hand,
After this action, I preferred was,
And chosen City Captain at Mile end,
With hat and feather and with leading staff,
And trained my men and brought them all off clear,
Save one man that bewrayed him with the noise.
But all these things I *Rafe* did undertake,
Only for my beloved *Susan's* sake.
Then coming home, and sitting in my Shop
With Apron blue, death came unto my Stall
To cheapen *Aquavitae*, but ere I
Could take the bottle down, and fill a taste,

wln 2523
wln 2524
wln 2525
wln 2526
wln 2527
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wln 2550
wln 2551
wln 2552

Death caught a pound of Pepper in his hand,
And sprinkled all my face and body o'er,
And in an instant vanished away.
Citizen 'Tis a pretty fiction i' faith.
Rafe Then took I up my Bow and Shaft in hand,
And walked into *Moorfields* to cool myself,
But there grim cruel death met me again,
And shot this forked arrow through my head,
And now I faint, therefore be warned by me,
My fellows every one of forked heads.
Farewell all you good boys in merry *London*,
Ne'er shall we more upon Shrove tuesday meet
And pluck down houses of iniquity.
My pain increaseth, I shall never more
Hold open, whilst another pumps both legs,
Nor daub a Satin gown with rotten eggs:
Set up a stake, o never more I shall,
I die, fly, fly my soul to *Grocer's* Hall. oh, oh, oh, etc.
Wife. Well said *Rafe*, do your obeisance to the Gentlemen
and go your ways, well said *Rafe*.
Exit Rafe
Old merrythought Methinks all we, thus kindly and unexpectedly
reconciled should not depart without a song.
Merchant A good motion.
Old merrythought Strike up then.
Song.
Better Music ne'er was known,
Than a choir of hearts in one.
Let each other that hath been,
Troubled with the gall or spleen:

wln 2553
wln 2554
wln 2555
wln 2556
wln 2557
wln 2558
wln 2559

*Learn of us to keep his brow,
Smooth and plain as ours are now.
Sing though before the hour of dying
He shall rise and then be crying.
Hey ho, 'tis naught but mirth.
That keeps the body from the earth.*

Exeunt Omnes.

img: 38-b
sig: K4r

wln 2560

Epilogus.

wln 2561
wln 2562
wln 2563
wln 2564
wln 2565
wln 2566
wln 2567
wln 2568
wln 2569
wln 2570
wln 2571
wln 2572

Citizen Come *Nell*, shall we go, the Play's done.
Wife. Nay by my faith *George*, I have more manners than
so, I'll speak to these Gentlemen first: I thank you all
Gentlemen, for your patience and **countenance** to *Rafe*, a
poor fatherless child, and if I might see you at my house, it
should go hard, but I would have a pottle of wine and a pipe
of Tobacco for you, for truly I hope you do like the youth,
but I would be glad to know the truth: I refer it to your
own discretions, whether you will applaud him or no, for
I will wink, and whilst you shall do what you will, I thank
you with all my heart, God give you good night; come
George.

wln 2573

FINIS.

Textual Notes

1. **38 (3-a)**: The regularized reading *combine* is amended from the original *conbine*.
2. **78 (4-b)**: The regularized reading *children* is amended from the original *chlidren*.
3. **280 (7-a)**: The regularized reading *shoot* is amended from the original *sute*.
4. **291 (7-b)**: Potential alternate reading: remove 'I'.
5. **347 (8-a)**: The regularized reading *Dwarfs* is amended from the original *Dwarses*.
6. **356 (8-a)**: The regularized reading *mirror* is amended from the original *mirrout*.
7. **416 (9-a)**: The regularized reading *you* is amended from the original *your*.
8. **420 (9-a)**: The regularized reading *you* is amended from the original *your*.
9. **422 (9-a)**: The regularized reading *Whoreson* is amended from the original *Whoresome*.
10. **554 (11-a)**: The regularized reading *no* is amended from the original *now*.
11. **835 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *Things* comes from the original *Things*, though possible variants include *Thing*.
12. **895 (15-b)**: 'thou' is duplicated. It has been struck-through in the text.
13. **964 (16-b)**: The regularized reading *Tapstero* is amended from the original *Tastero*.
14. **1024 (17-b)**: The regularized reading *Waltham* is supplied for the original *Wa[...]*m**.
15. **1024 (17-b)**: The regularized reading *truly* is amended from the original *tuely*.
16. **1042 (17-b)**: The regularized reading *catch* is amended from the original *cath*.
17. **1049 (17-b)**: The regularized reading *Godfrey* is amended from the original *Godfry*.
18. **1139 (19-a)**: The regularized reading *these* comes from the original *these*, though possible variants include *this*.
19. **1203 (20-a)**: The regularized reading *after-love* is amended from the original *ater-loue*.
20. **1227 (20-a)**: The regularized reading *swim* is amended from the original *swin*.
21. **1234 (20-a)**: The regularized reading *Gentlewoman* is amended from the original *Gntlewoman*.
22. **1297 (21-a)**: Some editions remove 'truery'.
23. **1297 (21-a)**: 'faire' is duplicated.
24. **1312 (21-a)**: The regularized reading *from* is amended from the original *f~~om~~*.
25. **1384 (22-a)**: The regularized reading *brings* is amended from the original *bings*.
26. **1408 (22-b)**: The regularized reading *swoops* is amended from the original *soopes*.
27. **1413 (22-b)**: The regularized reading *Dutchman* is amended from the original *Ducth-man*.
28. **1657 (26-a)**: The regularized reading *be* is amended from the original *he*.
29. **2098 (32-a)**: The regularized reading *Servingman* is amended from the original *Seruigman*.
30. **2123 (32-b)**: Ambiguous stage direction: these words are preceded by a lacuna. It is ambiguous whether this is a stage direction or part of Old Merrythought's speech.

31. **2186 (33-a)**: The regularized reading *Hogsdon* comes from the original *Hogsdon*, though possible variants include *Hoxton*.
32. **2281 (34-b)**: The regularized reading *Aldgate* is amended from the original *Algate*.
33. **2473 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *'em* is amended from the original *ham*.
34. **2564 (38-b)**: The regularized reading *countenance* is amended from the original *countenane*.