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

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THE
KNIGHT OF
the Burning Pestle.

— Quod si
Judicium subtile, videndis artibus illud
Ad libros et ad haec Musarum dona vocares:
Boeotum in crasso iurares æère natos.

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

TO HIS MANY
WAYS ENDEARED
friend Master Robert Keysar.

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,

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

Your assured friend

W. B.

The famous History
Of the Knight of the burning PESTLE.

Enter 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.

Enter Citizen.

Citizen    Hold your peace goodman boy.
Prologue    What do you mean sir?
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.

Prologue    Are you a member of the noble City?
Citizen    I am.

Prologue    And a Freeman?
Citizen    Yea, and a Grocer.

Prologue    So Grocer, then by your sweet favor, we intend no abuse to the City.
Citizen    No sir, yes sir, if you were not resolved to play the Jacks, what need you study for new subjects, purposely to abuse
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

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

*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.

*Rafe.*  Peace mistress.

*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

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
Gentlemen, let them but lend him a suit of reparl, 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 reparl, 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
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.

Actus primi, Scoena prima.

Enter Merchant, and Jasper his Prentice.

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

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.
Exit:

Enter Luce.

Exeunt.

Enter Merchant, and Master Humphrey.

Besides, I cannot think you mean to match her,
Unsto 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.

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,
That like a bladder, blew himself with love,
I have let out, and sent him to discover
New Masters yet unknown.  

Humphrey    I thank you sir,

Indeed I thank you sir, and ere I stir
It shall be known, however you do deem,
I am of gentle blood and gentle seem.

Merchant    O sir, I know it certain.  

Humphrey    Sir my friend,

Although, as Writers say, all things have end,
And that we call a pudding, hath his two
O let it not seem strange I pray to you,
If in this bloody simile, I put
My love, more endless, than frail things or gut.

Wife.    Husband, I prithee sweet lamb tell me one thing,

But tell me truly: stay youths I beseech you, till I question
my husband.  

Citizen    What is it mouse?

Wife.    Sirrah, didst thou ever see a prettier child? how it

behaves itself, I warrant ye, and speaks, and looks, and

perts up the head? I pray you brother, with your favor, were

you never none of Master Monkester’s scholars?

Citizen    Chicken, I prithee heartily contain thyself, the

childer are pretty childer, but when Rafe comes, Lamb.

Wife.    Ay when Rafe comes cunny; well my youth, you may proceed

Merchant    Well sir, you know my love, and rest, I hope,

Assured of my consent, get but my daughter’s,
And wed her when you please; you must be bold,
And clap in close unto her, come, I know
You have language good enough to win a wench.

Wife.    A whoreson tyrant h’as been an old stringer in ’s days I

warrant him.  

Humphrey    I take your gentle offer and withal

Yield love again for love reciprocal.  

Enter Luce.

Merchant    What Luce within there.  

Luce    Called you sir?

Merchant    I did.

Give entertainment to this Gentleman
And see you be not froward: to her sir,
My presence will but be an eyesore to you.

Exit.

Humphrey    Fair Mistress Luce, how do you, are you well?

Give me your hand and then I pray you tell,
How doth your little sister, and your brother?

And whether you love me or any other.

Luce.    Sir, these are quickly answered.  

Humphrey    So they are.

Where women are not cruel: but how far
Is it now distant from this place we are in,
Unto that blessed place your father’s warren.

Luce.    What makes you think of that sir?

Humphrey    Even that face

For stealing Rabbits whilom in that place,
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,

*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, 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,
Exit Luce.
Exit Humphrey.

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

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,

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,
And think upon your business.  Humphrey  Though I die,
I am resolved to venture life and limb,
For one so young, so fair, so trim.  Exit Luce.

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
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 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 *Tim* shall be my trusty Squire, and little *George* my Dwarf,
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 inquiere 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 inquiere, 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,
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 beazzle
that, but thou shalt never be able to do it. Come hither
*Michael*, come *Michael*, down on thy knees, thou shalt
have my blessing.

*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.
Enter Jasper and Michael.

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
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. Exeunt.

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.


Wife I’l 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.
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 thinkest 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
Exeunt.

Enter mistress Merrythought, and her son Michael.

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.

Enter Rafe, Squire, and Dwarf.

Citizen  Here’s Rafe, here’s Rafe.
Wife.  How do you Rafe? you are welcome Rafe, as I may
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

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 girl 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?
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.

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 Wanion 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,
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.

*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,
Take that, and that, and tell him sir I gave it, 
And say I paid you well.  
\[\text{Humphrey} \quad \text{O sir I have it,} \]
And do confess the payment, pray be quiet. 
\[\text{Jasper} \quad \text{Go, get to your nightcap and the diet,} \]
To cure your beaten bones.  
\[\text{Luce.} \quad \text{Alas poor Humphrey} \]
Get thee some wholesome broth with sage and comfry: 
A little oil of Roses and a feather, 
To 'noint thy back withal.  
\[\text{Humphrey} \quad \text{When I came hither,} \]
Would I had gone to \textit{Paris} with \textit{John Dorrie}. 
\[\text{Luce.} \quad \text{Farewell my pretty Nump, I am very sorry} \]
I cannot bear thee company.  
\[\text{Humphrey} \quad \text{Farewell,} \]
The Devil’s Dam was ne’er so banged in hell.  
\[\text{Exeunt.} \quad \text{manet Humphrey.} \]
\[\text{Wife.} \quad \text{This young Jasper will prove me another Things, o’} \]
my conscience and he may be suffered; \textit{George}, dost not see 
\[\text{George} \quad \text{how } \textit{a} \text{ swaggers, and flies at the very heads o’ folks as} \]
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. 
\[\text{Citizen} \quad \text{You’re too bitter, cunny, the young man may do well} \]
enough for all this. 
\[\text{Wife.} \quad \text{Come hither Master Humphrey, has he hurt you?} \]
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.  
\[\text{Enter a boy.} \quad \text{Citizen} \quad \text{No, no, you talk like a foolish woman, I’ll ha’ Rafe} \]
fight with him, and swing him up well-favouredly, sirrah boy 
come hither, let \textit{Rafe} come in and fight with \textit{Jasper}. 
\[\text{Wife.} \quad \text{Ay, and beat him well, he’s an unhappy boy.} \]
\[\text{Boy.} \quad \text{Sir you must pardon us, the plot of our Play lies} \]
contrary, and ’twill hazard the spoiling of our Play. 
\[\text{Citizen} \quad \text{Plot me no plots, I’ll ha’ Rafe come out, I’ll make} \]
your house too hot for you else. 
\[\text{Boy.} \quad \text{Why sir he shall, but if any thing fall out of order,} \]
the Gentlemen must pardon us. 
\[\text{Citizen} \quad \text{Go your ways Goodman boy, I’ll hold him a penny} \]
he shall have his bellyful of fighting now, ho here 
comes \textit{Rafe}, no more. 
\[\text{Enter Rafe, mistress Merrythought Michael, Squire, and Dwarf.} \quad \text{Rafe} \quad \text{What Knight is that Squire, ask him if he keep} \]
The passage, bound by love of Lady fair, 
Or else but prickant.  
\[\text{Humphrey} \quad \text{Sir I am no Knight,} \]
But a poor Gentleman, that this same night, 
Had stol’n from me on yonder Green,
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
sparst 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,
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.
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
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,
Enter Tapster.

Exeunt.

Enter Humphrey and Merchant.

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

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,
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. 

*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 Traval. 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,
But whoever laughs and sings,

Never he his body brings
Into fevers, gouts, 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 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,
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.

*Music.*

Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundi.

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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 scurry music: I gave the whoreson gallows money, and I think he has not got me the waists 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.

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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

(Th e 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)
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
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

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 Jaspèr sleep, thou art wild with watching.
    Jaspèr 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 Jaspèr!
How have my tender years committed evil,
(especially against the man I love)
Thus to be cropped untimely? Jaspèr 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 Jaspèr! be not cruel,
If thou wilt kill me, smile and do it quickly.

And let not many deaths appear before me.
I am a woman made of fear and love,
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.
  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.  manet
  Jasper  They are gone, and I am hurt, my love is lost,
Never to get again. Oh me unhappy!
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
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,
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,
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
Exit with Michael.

Exit Tapster.

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,
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.
Exit mistress Merrythought.
Enter a boy.
Exit Boy.
Enter Rafe, Host, Squire, and Dwarf.
Exit Host.
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.
Enter mistress Merrythought.
Exit 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.
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.

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
And lo upon that string thy teeth shall hang:  
Prepare thyself, for dead soon shalt thou be,  
  Rafe  Saint George for me.  
  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,

1. 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,
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,

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

Dwarf Puissant Knight of the burning Pestle hight,

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.

Cries within.


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

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?

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

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.

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, Pulls out a syringe To each of us, through this same slender quill.

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

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.

Barber. Mercy great knight, I do recant my ill, And henceforth never gentle blood will spill. Rafe. I give thee mercy, but yet shalt thou swear Upon my burning pestle, to perform Thy promise uttered.

Barber. I swear and kiss.
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.
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.
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 fornicking 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.


Actus quartus, Scoena prima.

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. 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?

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:
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.

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.
Enter Rafe and the Lady, Squire and dwarf.

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.

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.
Enter Merchant, Humphrey, Luce and a Boy.  

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.  


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 unthrifts,  
Come, they are women’s tears, I know your fashion.  
Go sirrah, lock her in, and keep the key,  

Exit Luce  

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

We’ll have no stealing for it, I myself
And some few of our friends will see you married.
   *Humphrey* I would you would i’ faith, for be it known
I ever was afraid to lie alone.
   *Merchant* Some three days hence then.
   *Humphrey* Three days, let me see,
’Tis somewhat of the most, yet I agree,
Because I mean against the appointed day,
To visit all my friends in new array.        Enter servant.
   *Servant* Sir, there’s a Gentlewoman without would speak
with your Worship.  *Merchant* What is she?
   *Servant* Sir I asked her not.
   *Merchant* Bid her come in.

   *Mistress merrythought* Peace be to your Worship, I come as a poor
Suitor to you sir, in the behalf of this child.
   *Merchant* Are you not wife to *Merrythought*?
   *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
home and sings, and hoits, and Revels among his drunken companions,
but, I warrant you, where to get a penny to put bread
in his mouth, he knows not: and therefore if it like your
Worship, I would entreat your letter, to the honest Host
of the *Bell in Waltham*, that I may place my child under
the protection of his Tapster, in some settled course of life.
   *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.
   *Mistress merrythought* Will you so sir, how say you by that? come

   *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
all.        Exeunt Michael and mother.

   *Enter a boy with a letter.*
   *Boy* Sir, I take it you are the Master of this house.
   *Merchant* How then boy?
Letter. 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.

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?

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
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  
My leave of this dead man, that once I loved:  
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’l give thee all,

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.

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.

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.
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.

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.
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 Servingman 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.
Exit Boy.
Enter Rafe.

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 reparel, 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 featusly:
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,
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.

Actus 5. Scoena prima.

Enter Merchant, solus.

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.

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 earthy 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,
Exit Jasper.
Enter Humphrey.
Exit.
Exit.
Enter Rafe.

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?

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.

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.

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.

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.

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,

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.
Exit Rafe.

Drum within.

Enter Rafe and his company with Drums and colors.

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 Hamerton, 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.
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
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
been such a stranger to you.

Old merrycloth
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 merrycloth You will not have us starve here, will you Master
Merrycloth?

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 Merrycloth let me entreat you, I will
not be denied.

Mistress merrycloth Why Master Merrycloth, will you be a vexed thing
still?

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

Mistress merrycloth 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 merrycloth Song. It was, a Lady’s daughter, etc.

Old. merrycloth 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 Merrycloth?

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

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

Merchant I am sir.

Old merrycloth Sing then.

Merchant Nay good sir open to me.

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

Merchant Well sir, I’ll sing.

Fortune my Foe, etc.

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

Merchant O Master Merrycloth, I am come to ask you

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.
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.  

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
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
Exit Rafe.

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,

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:
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.

Epilogus.

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.

FINIS.
Textual Notes

1. **38 (3-a)**: The regularized reading *combine* is amended from the original *combine*.
2. **78 (4-b)**: The regularized reading *children* is amended from the original *children*.
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 *Dwarse*.
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 *Whoreson* is amended from the original *Whoresome*.
9. **554 (11-a)**: The regularized reading *no* is amended from the original *now*.
10. **835 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *Things* comes from the original *Things*, though possible variants include *Thing*.
11. **895 (15-b)**: 'thou' is duplicated. It has been struck-through in the text.
12. **964 (16-b)**: The regularized reading *Tapstero* is supplied from the original *Tastero*.
13. **1024 (17-b)**: The regularized reading *Waltham* is supplied for the original *Waf...jm*.
14. **1024 (17-b)**: The regularized reading *truly* is amended from the original *tuely*.
15. **1042 (17-b)**: The regularized reading *catch* is amended from the original *cath*.
16. **1049 (17-b)**: The regularized reading *Godfrey* is amended from the original *Godfry*.
17. **1139 (19-a)**: The regularized reading *these* comes from the original *these*, though possible variants include *this*.
18. **1203 (20-a)**: The regularized reading *after-love* is amended from the original *ater-loue*.
19. **1227 (20-a)**: The regularized reading *swim* is amended from the original *swin*.
20. **1234 (20-a)**: The regularized reading *Gentlewoman* is amended from the original *Gntlewoman*.
21. **1297 (21-a)**: Some editions remove 'truery'.
22. **1297 (21-a)**: 'faire' is duplicated.
23. **1312 (21-a)**: The regularized reading *from* is amended from the original *ftom*.
24. **1384 (22-a)**: The regularized reading *brings* is amended from the original *bings*.
25. **1408 (22-b)**: The regularized reading *swoops* is amended from the original *soopes*.
26. **1413 (22-b)**: The regularized reading *Dutchman* is amended from the original *Dutch-man*.
27. **1657 (26-a)**: The regularized reading *be* is amended from the original *he*.
28. **2098 (32-a)**: The regularized reading *Servingman* is amended from the original *Servuigan*.
29. **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*. 