

Folger SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY

Advancing knowledge & the arts

A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

emed.folger.edu

Discover over four hundred early modern English plays that were professionally performed in London between 1576 and 1642. Browse plays written by Shakespeare's contemporaries; explore the repertoires of London's professional companies; and download plays for reading and research.

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.



Plays distributed under a Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International License.

img: 1-a
sig: [N/A]

img: 2-a
sig: [N/A]

img: 2-b
sig: A1r

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

ln 0009

ln 0010

ln 0011

THE
LONDON
Prodigall.

As it was plaide by the Kings Maie-
sties seruants.

By *William Shakespeare,*

LONDON.

Printed by T. C. for *Nathaniel Butter,* and
are to be sold neere *S. Austins gate,*
at the signe of the pyde Bull.
1605.

img: 3-a
sig: A1v

wln 0001

wln 0002

wln 0003

THE LONDON
Prodigall.

Enter old Flowerdale and his brother.

wln 0004

wln 0005

wln 0006

wln 0007

wln 0008

wln 0009

wln 0010

wln 0011

wln 0012

wln 0013

wln 0014

wln 0015

wln 0016

wln 0017

wln 0018

wln 0019

wln 0020

wln 0021

wln 0022

wln 0023

wln 0024

wln 0025

wln 0026

wln 0027

Fath. Brother from *Venice*, being thus disguise,
I come to proue the humours of my sonne:
How hath he borne himselfe since my departure,
I leauing you his patrone and his guide?

Vnck. I faith brother so, as you will grieue to heare,
And I almost ashamde to report it.

Fath. Why how ist brother? what doth he spend
Beyond the allowance I left him?

Vnck. How! beyond that? and farre more: why, your exhibit-
ion is nothing, hee hath spent that, and since hath borrowed,
protested with oathes, alledged kindred to wring mony from
me, by the loue I bore his father, by the fortunes might fall
vpon himself, to furnish his wants: that done, I haue had since,
his bond, his friend and friends bond, altho I knowe that hee
spends is yours; yet it grieues me to see the vnbridled wildnes
that raines ouer him.

Fath Brother, what is the manner of his life? howe is the
name of his offences? if they do not rellish altogether of dam-
nation, his youth may priuiledge his wantonnesse: I my selfe
ranne an vnbrideled course till thirtie, nay almost till fortie,
well, you see how I am: for vice once looked into with the eies
of discretion, and well balanced with the waites of reason, the
course past, seemes so abhominable, that the Landlord of him-
selfe, which is the heart of his body, will rather intombe him-

The London Prodigall.

wln 0028
wln 0029
wln 0030
wln 0031
wln 0032
wln 0033
wln 0034
wln 0035
wln 0036
wln 0037
wln 0038
wln 0039
wln 0040
wln 0041
wln 0042
wln 0043
wln 0044
wln 0045
wln 0046
wln 0047
wln 0048
wln 0049
wln 0050
wln 0051
wln 0052
wln 0053
wln 0054
wln 0055
wln 0056
wln 0057
wln 0058
wln 0059
wln 0060
wln 0061
wln 0062
wln 0063
wln 0064
wln 0065

selfe in the earth, or seek a new Tenāt to remaine in him, which
once settled, how much better are they that in their youth
haue knowne all these vices, and left it, then those that knewe
little, and in their age runnes into it? Beleeue me brother, they
that dye most vertuous, hath in their youth, liued most vicious,
and none knowes the danger of the fire, more then he that
falles into it: But say, how is the course of his life? lets heare his
particulars.

Vnck. Why Ile tell you brother, hee is a continual swearer,
And a breaker of his oathes, which is bad.

Unck. I grant indeed to swears is bad, but not in keeping
those oathes is better: for who will set by a bad thing?

Nay by my faith, I hold this rather a vertue then a vice,

Well, I pray proceede. (the worst.

Vnck. He is a mighty brawler, and comes commonly by

Fath. By my faith this is none of the worst neither, for if he
Brawle and be beaten for it, it wil in time make him shunne it:
For what brings man or child, more to vertue, then correctiō?

What raignes ouer him else? (selfe.

Unck. He is a great drinker, and one that will forget him=

Fath. O best of all, vice should be forgotten: let him drink
So he drinke not churches. (on,

Nay and this be the worst, I hold it rather a happines in him,
Then any iniquity. Hath he any more attendants?

Unck. Brother, he is one that will borrow of any man.

Fath. Why you see so doth the sea, it borrowes of all the smal
Currents in the world, to encrease himselfe.

Vnck. I, but the sea paies it againe, and so will neuer your son.

Fath. No more would the sea neither, if it were as dry as my
sonne.

Vnck. Then brother, I see you rather like these vices in your
Then any way condemne them. (sonne,

Fath. Nay mistake me not brother, for tho I slur them o-
uer now,

As things slight and nothing, his crimes being in the budde,
It would gall my heart, they should euer raigne in him.

Flow. Ho! whoes within ho?

Flowerdale knockes within.

Unck. Thats

The London Prodigall.

wln 0066

Unck. That's your sonne, hee is come to borrowe more
money.

wln 0067

Fath. For Godsake giue it out I am dead, see how hele take it,
Say *I* haue brought you newes from his father.

wln 0068

I haue here drawne a formall will, as it were from my selfe,

wln 0069

Which Ile deliuer him.

wln 0070

Vnck. Goe too brother, no more: *I* will.

wln 0071

Flow. Vnckle, where are you Vnckle? within,

wln 0072

Vnck. Let my cousen in there.

wln 0073

Fath. *I* am a Sayler come from *Uenice*, and my name is
(*Christopher.*)

wln 0074

wln 0075

wln 0076

Enter Flowerdale.

wln 0077

Flow. By the Lord, in truth Vnckle.

wln 0078

Vnck. In truth would a seru'd cousen, without the Lord.

wln 0079

Flow. By your leaue Vnckle, the Lord, is the Lord of truth.

wln 0080

A couple of rascalles at the gate, set vpon me for my purse.

wln 0081

Unck. You neuer come, but you bring a browle in your
mouth.

wln 0082

Flow. By my truth Vnckle, you must needes lend me tenne
(pound.)

wln 0083

Vnck. Giue my cousen some small beere here.

wln 0084

Flow. Nay looke you, you turne it to a iest now, by this light,
I should ryde to *Croydon* fayre, to meete syr *Lancelot Spurrock*,
I should haue his daughter *Luce*, and for scuruy
Tenne pound, a man shal loose nine hundred three-score and
odde pounds, and a daily friend beside, by this hande Vnc-
kle tis true.

wln 0085

wln 0086

wln 0087

wln 0088

wln 0089

Vnck. Why, any thing is true for ought I know.

wln 0090

Flow. To see now: why you shall haue my bond Vnckle,
or *Tom Whites*, *Iames Brocks*: or *Nick Halls*, as good rapyer
and dagger men, as any be in *England*, lets be dambn'd if wee
doe not pay you, the worst of vs all will not damne our selues
for ten pound. A poxe of ten pound.

wln 0091

wln 0092

wln 0093

wln 0094

wln 0095

Unck. Cousen, this is not the first time *I* haue beleeu'd you.

wln 0096

Flow. Why trust me now, you know not what may fall:
If one thing were but true, *I* would not greatly care,

wln 0097

wln 0098

The London Prodigall.

wln 0099
wln 0100
wln 0101
wln 0102
wln 0103
wln 0104
wln 0105
wln 0106
wln 0107
wln 0108
wln 0109
wln 0110
wln 0111
wln 0112
wln 0113
wln 0114
wln 0115
wln 0116
wln 0117
wln 0118
wln 0119
wln 0120
wln 0121
wln 0122
wln 0123
wln 0124
wln 0125
wln 0126
wln 0127
wln 0128
wln 0129
wln 0130
wln 0131
wln 0132
wln 0133
wln 0134
wln 0135
wln 0136

I should not neede ten pound, but when a man cannot be beleeued, ther's it.

Vnck. Why what is it cousen?

Flow. Mary this Vnckle, can you tell me if the Katern-hue be come home or no?

Vnck. I mary ist.

Flow. By God I thanke you for that newes.

What ist in the poole can you tell?

Vnck. It is; what of that?

Flow. What? why then I haue sixe peeces of vellet sent me

Ile giue you a peece Vnckle: for thus said the letter,

A peece of Ashcolour, a three pilde black, a colourde deroy,

A crimson, a sad greene, and a purple: yes yfaith.

Vnck. From whom should you receiue this?

Flow. From who? why from my father? with commendations to you Vnckle, and thus he writes: I know saith he, thou hast much troubled thy kinde Vnckle, whom God-willing at my returne *I* will see amply satisfied: Amply, I remember was the very word; so God helpe me.

Unck. Haue you the letter here?

Flow. Yes *I* haue the letter here, here is the letter: no, yes, no let me see, what breechs wore I a Satterday: let me see, a Tuesday, my Calymanka, a Wednesday, my peach colour Sattin, a Thursday my Vellure, a Friday my Callymanka againe, a Satterday, let me see a Satterday, for in those breeches I wore a Satterday is the letter: O my ryding breeches Anckle, those that you thought had bene vellet, In those very breeches is the letter.

Vnck. When should it be dated

Flow. Mary *Didicimo tersios septembris*, no no, *trydisimo tersios Octobris*, I *Octobris*, so it is.

Vnck. *Dicditimo tersios Octobris*: and here receiue *I* a letter that your father dyed in *Iune*: how say you *Kester*?

Fath. Yes truly syr, your father is dead, these hands of mine holpe to winde him.

Flow. Dead?

Fath. *I* syr dead.

Flow. Sblood, how should my father come dead?

Fath. Yfaith

The London Prodigall.

wln 0137
wln 0138
wln 0139
wln 0140
wln 0141
wln 0142
wln 0143
wln 0144
wln 0145
wln 0146
wln 0147
wln 0148
wln 0149
wln 0150
wln 0151
wln 0152
wln 0153
wln 0154
wln 0155
wln 0156
wln 0157
wln 0158
wln 0159
wln 0160
wln 0161
wln 0162
wln 0163
wln 0164
wln 0165
wln 0166
wln 0167
wln 0168
wln 0169
wln 0170
wln 0171
wln 0172
wln 0173
wln 0174

Fath. Yfaith syr according to the old Prouerbe,
The childe was borne: and cryed, became man,
After fell sicke, and dyed.

Vnck. Nay cousen doe not take it so heuily.

Flow. Nay *I cannon* weepe you extempory, mary some
two or three dayes hence, *I* shall weep without any stintance.
But *I* hope he dyed in good memory. (der,

Fath. Very well syr, and set downe euery thing in good or-
And the Katherine and Hue you talkt of, *I* came ouer in:
And *I* saw all the billes of lading, and the vellet
That you talkt of, there is no such aboord.

Flow. By God *I* assure you, then there is knauery abroad.

Fath. Ile be sworne of that: ther's knauery abroad,
Altho there were neuer a peece of vellet in *Venice*.

Flow. *I* hope he dyed in good estate. (will,

Fath. To the report of the world he did, and made his
Of which *I* am an vnworthy bearer.

Flow. His will, haue you his will?

Fath. Yes syr, and in the presence of your Vnckle,
I was willed to deliuer it.

Vnck. *I* hope cousen, now God hath blessed you with
wealth, you will not be vnmindfull of me.

Flow. Ile doe reason Vnckle, yet yfaith *I* take the deniall
of this tenne pound very hardly.

Vnck. Nay *I* denyde you not.

Flow. By God you denide me directly.

Vnck. Ile be *judge* by this good-fellowe.

Fath. Not directly syr.

Flow. Why he said he would lend me none, and that had
wont to be a direct denyall, if the old phrase holde:

Well Vnckle, come weele fall to the Legasies,

In the name of God, Amen.

Item, *I* bequeath to my brother *Flowerdale*, three hundred
pounds, to pay such triuall debts as *I* owe in *London*.

Item, to my sonne *Mat Flowerdale*, *I* bequeath two bayle of
false dyce, *Uidelliced*, high men, and loe men, fullomes, stop
cater traies, and other bones of function.

Flow. Sblood what doth he meane by this?

Vnck. Procee

The London Prodigall.

wln 0175
wln 0176
wln 0177
wln 0178
wln 0179
wln 0180
wln 0181
wln 0182
wln 0183
wln 0184
wln 0185
wln 0186
wln 0187
wln 0188
wln 0189
wln 0190
wln 0191
wln 0192
wln 0193
wln 0194
wln 0195
wln 0196
wln 0197
wln 0198
wln 0199
wln 0200
wln 0201
wln 0202
wln 0203
wln 0204
wln 0205
wln 0206
wln 0207
wln 0208
wln 0209
wln 0210
wln 0211
wln 0212

Vnck. Proceede cousen. (oath,
Flow. These precepts *I* leaue him, let him borrow of his
For of his word no body will trust him.
Let him by no meanes marry an honest woman,
For the other will keepe her selfe.
Let him steale as much as he can, that a guilty conscience
May bring him to his destinate repentance,
I thinke he meanes hanging. And this were his last will and
Testament, the Diuell stood laughing at his beddes feete
while he made it. Sblood, what doth hee thinke to **fop of** his
posteritie with Paradoxes.
Fath. This he made syr with his owne hands.
Flow. *I*, well, nay come good Vnckle, let me haue this ten
pound, Imagine you haue lost it, or robd of it, or misreckond
your selfe so much: any way to make it come easily off, good
Vnckle.
Vnck. Not a penny.
Fath. Yfaith lend it him syr; *I* my selfe haue an estate in the
Citie worth twenty pound, all that ile ingage for him, he saith
it concernes him in a marriage.
Flow. *I* marry doth it, this is a fellow of some sense, this:
Come good Vnckle.
Vnck Will you giue your word for it *Kester*?
Fath. *I* will syr, willingly.
Vnck. Well cousen, come to me some hower hence, you shall
haue it readie.
Flow. Shall *I* not faile?
Unck. You shall not, come or send.
Flow. Nay ile come my selfe.
Fath. By my troath, would *I* were your worships man.
Flow. What wouldst thou serue?
Fath. Very willingly syr.
Flow. Why ile tell thee what thou shalt doe, thou saith thou
hast twentie pound, goe into *Burchin Lane*, put thy selfe into
cloathes, thou shalt ride with me to *Croyden* fayre.
Fath. *I* thanke you syr, *I* will attend you.
Flow. Well Vnckle, you will not faile me an hower hence?
Vnck. *I* will not cousen.

Flow. Whats

The London Prodigall.

wln 0213

Flow. Whats thy name *Kester*?

wln 0214

Fath. I syr.

wln 0215

Flow. Well, prouide thy selfe: Vnckle fareweill till anon.

wln 0216

Exit Flowerdale.

wln 0217

Vnck. Brother, how doe you like your sonne?

wln 0218

Fath. Yfaith brother, like a mad vnbridled colt,

wln 0219

Or as a Hawke, that neuer stoop'd to lure:

wln 0220

The one must be tamde with an yron byt,

wln 0221

The other must be watched, or still she is wilde,

wln 0222

Such is my sonne, awhile let him be so:

wln 0223

For counsell still is follies deadly foe.

wln 0224

Ile serue his youth, for youth must haue his course,

wln 0225

For being restrainde, it makes him ten times worse:

wln 0226

His pride, his ryot, all that may be named,

wln 0227

Time may recall, and all his madnesse tamed.

wln 0228

Enter syr *Launcelot*, Maister *Weathercocke*, *Daffidill*,

wln 0229

Artichoake, *Luce*, and *Francke*.

wln 0230

Lance. Syrrha *Artichoake*, get you home before,

wln 0231

And as you proued your selfe a calfe in bying,

wln 0232

Driue home your fellow calves that you haue bought.

wln 0233

Arti. Yes forsooth, shall not my fellow *Daffidill* goe along
(with me.

wln 0234

Lance. No syr, no, I must haue one to waite on me.

wln 0235

Arty. *Daffidill*, farewell good fellow *Daffidill*,

wln 0236

You may see mistresse, *I* am set vp by the halues,

wln 0237

In steed of waiting on you, *I* am sent to driue home calves.

wln 0238

Lance. Yfaith *Francke*, I must turne away this *Daffidill*,
Hees growne a very foolish sawcie fellow.

wln 0239

Fran. Indeed law father, he was so since *I* had him:

wln 0240

Before he was wise enough, for a foolish seruing-man.

wln 0241

Wea. But what say you to me syr *Lancelot*?

wln 0242

Lance. O, about my daughters, wel *I* will goe forward,

wln 0243

Heers two of them God saue them: but the third,

wln 0244

O shees a stranger in her course of life,

wln 0245

Shee hath refused you Maister *Weathercocke*.

wln 0246

Wea. *I* by the Rood syr *Lancelot* that she hath,

wln 0247

But had she tride me, she should a found a man of me indeed.

wln 0248

Lance. Nay be not angry syr, at her deniall,

wln 0249

The London Prodigall.

wln 0250
wln 0251
wln 0252
wln 0253
wln 0254
wln 0255
wln 0256
wln 0257
wln 0258
wln 0259
wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264
wln 0265
wln 0266
wln 0267
wln 0268
wln 0269
wln 0270
wln 0271
wln 0272
wln 0273
wln 0274
wln 0275
wln 0276
wln 0277
wln 0278
wln 0279
wln 0280
wln 0281
wln 0282
wln 0283
wln 0284
wln 0285
wln 0286
wln 0287

Shee hath refus'de seauen of the worshipfulst and worthyest
hous-keepers this day in *Kent*:

Indeed she will not marry I suppose.

Wea. The more foole she.

Lance. What is it folly to loue Charitie?

Wea. No mistake me not syr *Lancelot*,

But tis an old prouerbe, and you know it well,
That women dying maides, lead apes in hell.

Lance. Thats a foolish prouerbe, and a false.

Wea. By the masse *I* thinke it be, and therefore let it goe:

But who shall marry with mistresse *Frances*?

Fran. By my troath they are talking of marrying me sister.

Luce. Peace, let them talke:

Fooles may haue leaue to prattle as they walke.

Daff. Sentesses still sweet mistresse,

You haue a wit, and it were your Alliblaster.

Luce. Yfaith and thy tongue trips trench-more.

Lance. No of my knight-hood, not a shuter yet:

Alas God helpe her sillie girle, a foole, a verie foole:

But thers the other black-browes a shroad girle,

Shee hath wit at will, and shuters two or three:

Syr *Arthur Greene-sheld* one, a gallant knight,

A valiant Souldier, but his power but poore.

Then thers yong *Oliuer*, the *Deuen-shyre* lad,

A wary fellow, marry full of wit,

And rich by the rood, but thers a third all aire,

Light as a feather, changing as the wind: young *Flowerdale*.

Wea. O hee syr, hees a desperate dick indeed.

Barre him your house.

Lance. Fye not so, hees of good parentage.

Wea. By my faie and so he is, and a proper man.

Lance. I proper enough, had he good qualities.

Wea. I marrie, thers the point syr *Lancelot*:

For thers an old saying,

Be he rich, or be he poore,

Be he hye, or be he lowe:

Be he borne in barne or hall,

Tis maners makes the man and all.

Lance. You

The London Prodigall.

wln 0288
wln 0289
wln 0290
wln 0291
wln 0292
wln 0293
wln 0294
wln 0295
wln 0296
wln 0297
wln 0298
wln 0299
wln 0300
wln 0301
wln 0302
wln 0303
wln 0304
wln 0305
wln 0306
wln 0307
wln 0308
wln 0309
wln 0310
wln 0311
wln 0312
wln 0313
wln 0314
wln 0315
wln 0316
wln 0317

Lance. You are in the right maister *Weathercock*.

Enter Mounsier Ciuet.

Ciuet. Soule, *I thinke I am sure crossed,*
Or witcht with an owle, *I haue hanted them:* Inne after Inne,
booth, after booth, yet cannot finde them, ha yonder they are,
thats she, *I hope to God tis shee, nay I know tis shee now,* for
she treads her shooe a little awry.

Lance. Where is this **linne**? we are past it *Daffidill.* (before.

Daffidill. The good signe is heere syr, but the back gate is

Ciuet. Saue you syr, I pray may I borrow a peece of a
word with you?

Daff. No peeces syr.

Ciu. Why then the whole.

I pray syr, what may yonder gentlewomen be?

Daff. They may be Ladies syr, if the destinies and mortalitie

Ciu. Whats her name syr. (worke.

Daff. Mistresse *Frances Spurcocke*, syr *Laucelots-Spurcockes*

Ciu. Is she a maid syr? (daughter.

Daff. You may aske *Pluto*, and dame *Proserpine* that:

I would be loth to be ridelled syr.

Ciu. Is she married *I meane* syr?

Daff. The Fates knowes not yet what shoe-maker shall
make her wedding shooes.

Ciu. *I pray where Inne you syr? I would be very glad to be-*
stowe the wine of that gentlewoman.

Daff. At the *George* syr.

Ciu. God saue you syr.

Daff. I pray your name syr?

Ciu. My name is maister *Ciuet* syr.

Daff. A sweet name, God be with you good maister *Ciuet*.

Exit Ciuet.

Lance. A, haue we spide you stout *S. George*?

For all your dragon, you had best selles good wine:

That needs no y' uie-bush, well, weele not sit by it,

As you do on your horse, this roome shall serue:

Drawer, let me haue sacke for vs old men:

For these girles and knaues small wines are best.

The London Prodigall.

wln 0325
wln 0326
wln 0327
wln 0328
wln 0329
wln 0330
wln 0331
wln 0332
wln 0333
wln 0334
wln 0335
wln 0336
wln 0337
wln 0338
wln 0339
wln 0340
wln 0341
wln 0342
wln 0343
wln 0344
wln 0345
wln 0346
wln 0347
wln 0348
wln 0349
wln 0350
wln 0351
wln 0352
wln 0353
wln 0354
wln 0355
wln 0356
wln 0357
wln 0358
wln 0359
wln 0360
wln 0361
wln 0362

A pinte of sacke, no more.

Draw. A quart of sack in the three Tunnes,

Lance. A pinte, draw but a pinte *Daffidill*,

Call for wine to make your selues drinke.

Fran. And a cup of small beere, and a cake good *Daffidill*.

Enter yong Flowerdale.

Flow. How now, fye, sit in the open roome, now good syr *Lancelot*, & my kind friend worshipfull Maister *Weathercock*, What at your pinte, a quart for shame.

Lance. Nay Royster by your leaue we will away.

Flow. Come, giues some Musicke, wee le goe dance, Begone syr *Lancelot*, what, and fayre day too?

Lance. Twere fowly done, to dance within the fayre.

Flow. Nay if you say so, fairest of all faires, Then ile not dance, a poxe vpon my tayler, He hath spoyled me a peach colour satten shute, Cut vpon cloath of siluer, but if euer the Rascall serue me such an other tricke, Ile giue him leaue yfaith to put me in the candler of fooles: and you, and you, syr *Lancelot*; and Maister *Weathercock*, my gold-smyth too on tother side, I bespoke thee *Luce*, a carkenet of gold, and thought thou shouldst a had it for a fayring, and the Rogue puts me in rerages for Oryant Pearle: but thou shalt haue it by sunday night wench.

Enter the Drawer.

Draw. Syr, here is one hath sent you a pottle of rennish wine, brewed with Rose-water.

Flow. To me?

Draw. No syr to the knight; and desires his more acquaint-

Lance. To me? whats he that proues so kind? (tance.)

Daff. I haue a tricke to know his name syr, He hath a moneths mind here to mistresse *Frances*, his name Is maister *Ciuet*.

Lance. Call him in *Daffidill*.

Flow. O I know him syr, he is a foole, But reasonable rich, his father was one of these lease-mongers, these corne-monger, these mony-mongers, but he neuer had the wit to be a whore-monger.

Enter maister Ciuet.

Lance. I

The London Prodigall.

wln 0363

Lance. I promise you syr, you are at too much charge.

wln 0364

Cyuet. The charge is small charge syr,

wln 0365

I thanke God my father left me wherewithall, if it please you

wln 0366

syr, I haue a great mind to this gentlewoman, here in the way

(of marriage.

wln 0367

Lance. I thanke you syr: please you come to *Lewsome* to my
poore house, you shall be kindly welcome: *I* knewe your fa-
ther, he was a wary husband: to paie here Drawer.

wln 0368

wln 0369

Draw. All is paid syr: this gentleman hath paid all.

wln 0370

wln 0371

Lance. Yfaith you do vs wrong,

wln 0372

But we shall liue to make amends ere long:

wln 0373

Maister *Flowerdale*, is that your man?

wln 0374

Flow. Yes faith, a good old knaue.

wln 0375

Lance. Nay then *I* thinke you will turne wise,

wln 0376

Now you take such a seruant:

wln 0377

Come, youle ride with vs to *Lewsome*, lets away,

wln 0378

Tis scarce two howres to the end of day.

(*Exit Omnes.*

wln 0379

Enter syr Arthur **Green-shood**, Olyuer, *Lieu-*
tenant and Souldiers.

wln 0380

wln 0381

Aur. Lieutenant, leade your Souldiers to the ships,

wln 0382

There let them haue their coates, at their arriuall

wln 0383

They shall haue pay: farewell, looke to your charge.

wln 0384

Sol. *I*, we are now sent away, and cannot so much as speake
with our friends.

wln 0385

Oly. No man what ere you vsed a zutch a fashion, thicke
you cannot take your leaue of your vreens.

wln 0386

Aur. Fellow no more, Lieutenant lead them off.

wln 0387

Sol. Well, if I haue not my pay and my cloathes,

wln 0388

Ile venture a running away tho *I* hang fort.

wln 0389

Aur. Away surrha, charme your tongue.

wln 0390

Exit Souldiers,

wln 0391

Oly. Bin and you a presser syr?

wln 0392

Aur. *I* am a commander syr vnder the King.

wln 0393

Oly. Sfoot man, and you bee nere zutch a commander

wln 0394

Shud a spoke with my vreens before I chid agone, so shud.

wln 0395

Aur. Content your selfe man, my authority will stretch

wln 0396

to presse so good a man as you.

wln 0397

Oly. Presse me? *I* deuye, presse scoundrells, and thy messels:

wln 0398

wln 0399

The London Prodigall.

wln 0400
wln 0401

Presse me, chee scornes thee yfaith: For seest thee, heres a wor-
shipfull knight knowes, cham not to be pressed by thee.

wln 0402
wln 0403

*Enter syr Lancelet Weathercocke, yong Flowerdale,
old Flowerdale, Luce, Franck.*

wln 0404
wln 0405

Lance. Syr *Arthur*, welcome to *Lewsome*, welcome by my
Whats the matter man, why are you vext? (troath,

wln 0406

Oly. Why man he would presse me.

wln 0407

Lance. O Fie syr *Arthur*, presse him? he is man of reckoning.

wln 0408

Wea. I that he is syr *Arthur*, he hath the nobles,

wln 0409

The golden ruddockes he.

wln 0410

Ar. The fitter for the warres: and were he not in fauour

wln 0411

With your worships, he should see,

wln 0412

That I haue power to presse so good as he.

wln 0413

Oly. Chill stand to the triall, so chill.

wln 0414

Flow. I marry shall he, presse-cloath and karsie,

wln 0415

White pot and drowsen broath: tut, tut, he cannot.

wln 0416

Oly. Well syr, tho you see vlouten cloath and karsie, chee a
zeene zutch a karsie coate weare out the towne sick a zilken
lacket, as thick a one you weare.

wln 0417

Flow. Well sed vlitan vlattan.

wln 0418

Oly. A and well sed cocknell, and boe-bell too: what doest
thincke cham avearde of thy zilken coate, no fer vere thee.

wln 0419

Lance. Nay come no more, be all louers and friends.

wln 0420

WVea. I tis best so, good maister *Olyuer*.

wln 0421

Flow. Is your name maister *Oliuer* I pray you?

wln 0422

Oly. What tit and be tit, and grieue you.

wln 0423

Flow. No but Ide gladly know if a man might not haue a
foolish plot out of maister *Oliuer* to worke vpon.

wln 0424

Oly. Worke thy plots vpon me, stand a side, worke thy
foolish plots vpon me, chil so vse thee, thou weart neuer so
vused since thy dame bound thy head, worke vpon me?

wln 0425

Flow. Let him come, let him come.

wln 0426

Oly. Zyrtha, zyrtha, if it were not vor shame, chee would a

wln 0427

wln 0428

wln 0429

wln 0430

wln 0431

wln 0432

The London Prodigall.

wln 0433

wln 0434

wln 0435

wln 0436

wln 0437

giuen thee zutch a whister poepe vnder the eare, chee would
a made thee a vanged an other at my feete: stand a side let
me loose, cham all of a vlaming fire-brand; Stand aside.

Flow. Well I forbear you for your friends sake.

Oly. A vig for all my vreens, doest thou tell me of my
(vreens?)

wln 0438

wln 0439

wln 0440

wln 0441

wln 0442

wln 0443

wln 0444

wln 0445

wln 0446

wln 0447

wln 0448

wln 0449

wln 0450

wln 0451

wln 0452

wln 0453

wln 0454

wln 0455

wln 0456

wln 0457

wln 0458

wln 0459

wln 0460

wln 0461

wln 0462

wln 0463

wln 0464

wln 0465

wln 0466

Lance. No more good maister *Oliuer*, no more syr *Arthur*,
And maiden, here in the sight of all your shuters, euery man
of worth, Ile tell you whom *I* faintest would preferre to the
hard bargine of your marriage bed: shall *I* be plaine among
you gentlemen?

Arty. *I* syr tis best.

Lance. Then syr, first to you, *I* doe confesse you a most
gallant knight, a worthy souldier, and an honest man: but ho-
nestie maintaines a french-hood, goes very seldome in a chain
of gold, keepes a small traine of seruants: hath fewe friendes:
and for this wilde oates here, young *Flowerdale*, *I* will not
iudge, God can worke myacles, but hee were better make a
hundred new, then thee a thrifty and an honest one.

Wea. Beleeue me he hath byt you there, he hath touched
you to the quicke, that hath he.

Flow. Woodcocke a my side, why maister *Weathercocke*
you know *I* am honest, howsoeuer triffls.

Wea. Now by my troath, *I* knowe no otherwise,
O your old mother was a dame indeed:
Heauen hath her soule, and my wiues too *I* trust:
And your good father, honest gentleman,
He is gone a Iourney as *I* heare, far hence.

Flow. *I* God be praised, he is far enough,
He is gone a pylgrimage to Paradise.
And left me to cut a caper against care,
Luce looke on me that am as light as ayre.

Luce. Yfaith *I* like not shadowes, bubbles, broath,
I hate a light a loue, as *I* hate death.

Lance. Gyrle hold thee there: looke on this Deuen-shyre
(lad:

wln 0467

Fat, faire, and louely, both in purse and person.

Oly. Well

The London Prodigall.

wln 0468
wln 0469
wln 0470
wln 0471
wln 0472
wln 0473
wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476

wln 0477
wln 0478
wln 0479
wln 0480
wln 0481
wln 0482
wln 0483
wln 0484
wln 0485
wln 0486
wln 0487
wln 0488
wln 0489
wln 0490
wln 0491
wln 0492
wln 0493
wln 0494
wln 0495
wln 0496
wln 0497
wln 0498
wln 0499
wln 0500
wln 0501
wln 0502
wln 0503
wln 0504

Oly. Well syr, cham as the Lord hath made me,
You know me well yuine, cha haue three-score packe a kar-
say, and blackem hal, and chiefe credit beside, and my fortunes
may be so good as an others, zoe it may.

Lance. Tis you *I loue*, whatsoeuer others say?

Ar. Thanks fayrest.

Flow. What wouldst thou haue me quarrell with him?

Fath. Doe but say he shall heare from you.

Lance. Yet gentleman, howsoeuer I preferre this Deuen-
shyre shuter,

Ile enforce no loue, my daughter shall haue liberty to choose
whom she likes best, in your loue shute proceed:
Not all of you, but onely one must speed.

Wea. You haue sed well: indeed right well.

Enter Artychocak.

Arty. Mistresse heeres one would speake with you, my
fellow *Daffidill* hath him in the sellor already, he knowes him,
he met him at *Croyden* fayre.

Lance. O *I* remember a little man.

Arty. I a very little man.

Lance. And yet a proper man.

Arty. A very proper, very little man.

Lance. His name is Mounsier *Ciuet*.

Arty. The same syr.

Lance. Come Gentlemen, if other shuters come,
My foolish daughter will be fitted too:
But *Delia* my saint, no man dare moue.

*Exit at all but young Flowerdale and Olyuer,
and old Flowerdale.*

Flow. Harke you syr, a word.

Oly. What ha an you to say to me now?

Flow. Ye shall heare from me, and that very shortly.

Oly. Is that all, vare thee well, chee vere thee not, a vig.

Exit Olyuer.

Flow. What if should come more? *I* am fairely drest.

Fath. I doe not meane that you shall meete with him,
But presently wee le goe and draw a will;
Where wee le set downe land, that we neuer sawe,

And

The London Prodigall.

wln 0505
wln 0506
wln 0507
wln 0508
wln 0509
wln 0510
wln 0511
wln 0512
wln 0513
wln 0514
wln 0515
wln 0516
wln 0517
wln 0518
wln 0519
wln 0520
wln 0521
wln 0522
wln 0523
wln 0524
wln 0525
wln 0526
wln 0527
wln 0528
wln 0529
wln 0530
wln 0531
wln 0532
wln 0533
wln 0534
wln 0535
wln 0536
wln 0537
wln 0538
wln 0539
wln 0540
wln 0541
wln 0542

And we will haue it of so large a summe,
Syr *Lancelot* shall intreat you take his daughter:
This being formed, giue it maister *Weathercocke*,
And make syr *Lancelots* daughter heire of all:
And make him sweare, neuer to show the will
To any one, vntil that you be dead,
This done, the foolish changing *Weathercocke*,
Will straight discourse vnto syr *Lancelot*,
The forme and tenor of your Testament,
Nor stand to pause of it, be rulde by mee:
What will inshue, that shall you quickly see.
Flow. Come lets about it: if that a will sweet *Kyt*,
Can get the wench, I shall renowne thy wit.

Exit omnes,

Enter Daffidill.

Daff. Mistresse still froward?
No kind lookes vnto your *Daffidill*, now by the Gods.
Luce. Away you foolish knaue, let my hand goe.
Daff. There is your hand, but this shall goe with me:
My heart is thine, this is my true loues fee.
Luce. Ile haue your coate stript ore your eares for this,
You sawcie rascall.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercocke.

Lance. How now maid, what is the newes with you?
Luce. Your man is something sawcie. *Exit Luce.*
Lance. Goe too syrrha, Ile talke with you anon.
Daff. Syr I am a man to be talked withall,
I am no horse *I* tro:
I Know my strength, then no more then so.
VVea. A by the matkins, good syr *Lancelot*, I saw him the
other day hold vp the bucklers, like an *Hercules*,
I faith God a marcie lad, *I* like thee well.
Lance. *I, I* like him well, go syrrha fetch me a cup of wine,
That ere *I* part with maister *VVeathercocke*,
We may drinke downe our farewell in French wine.
VVea. *I* thanke you syr, *I* thanke you friendly knight,
Ile come and visit you, by the mouse-foot *I* will:
In the meane time, take heed of cutting *Flowerdale*,

The London Prodigall.

wln 0543
wln 0544
wln 0545
wln 0546
wln 0547
wln 0548
wln 0549
wln 0550

wln 0551
wln 0552
wln 0553
wln 0554
wln 0555
wln 0556
wln 0557
wln 0558
wln 0559
wln 0560
wln 0561
wln 0562
wln 0563
wln 0564

wln 0565

wln 0566
wln 0567
wln 0568
wln 0569
wln 0570
wln 0571
wln 0572
wln 0573
wln 0574
wln 0575
wln 0576
wln 0577

He is a desperate dyck *I* warrant you.

Lance. He is, he is: fill *Daffidill*, fill me some wine, ha, what weares he on his arme?

My daughter *Luces* bracelet, *I* tis the same:

Ha to you maister *Weathercocke*.

VVea. *I* thanke you syr: Here *Daffidill*, an honest fellow and a tall thou art: well, ile take my leaue good knight, and hope to haue you and all your daughters at my poore house, in good

(sooth *I* must.

Lance. Thankes maister *VVeathercocke*, *I* shall be bold to trouble you be sure.

VVea. And welcome, hartily farewell. (*Exit VVeathercocke.*

Lance. Syrrha *I* saw my daughters wrong, and withall her bracelet on your arme, off with it: and with it my liuery too, Haue *I* care to see my daughter matched with men of worship, and are you growne so bold? Goe syrrha from my house, or ile whip you hence.

Daff. Ile not be whipped syr, theres your liuery.

(*Exit Daffidill.*

This is a **seruiegmans** reward, what care *I*,
I haue meanes to trust too: *I* scorne seruice *I*.

Lance. *I* a lusty knaue, but *I* must let him goe,
Our seruants must be taught, what they should know.

Enter syr Arthur and Luce.

Luce. Syr, as *I* am a maid, *I* doe affect you aboue any shuter that *I* haue, altho that souldiers scarce knowes how to loue.

Ar. *I* am a souldier, and a gentleman,
Knowes what belongs to war, what to a lady:
What man offends me, that my sword shall right:
What woman loues me, *I* am her faithfull knight.

Luce. *I* neither doubt your vallour, nor your loue, but there be some that bares a souldiers forme, that swears by him they neuer thinke vpon, goes swaggering vp and downe from house to house, crying God payes: and.

Ar. Ifaith Lady ile discry you such a man,
Of them there be many which you haue spoke off,

That

The London Prodigall.

wln 0578
wln 0579
wln 0580
wln 0581
wln 0582
wln 0583
wln 0584
wln 0585
wln 0586
wln 0587
wln 0588
wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591
wln 0592
wln 0593
wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596
wln 0597
wln 0598
wln 0599
wln 0600
wln 0601
wln 0602
wln 0603
wln 0604
wln 0605
wln 0606
wln 0607
wln 0608
wln 0609
wln 0610
wln 0611
wln 0612
wln 0613
wln 0614
wln 0615

That beare the name and shape of souldiers,
Yet God knowes very seldome saw the war:
That haunt your Tauerns, and your ordinaries,
Your ale-houses sometimes, for all a-like
To vphold the brutish humour of their mindes,
Being marked downe, for the bondmen of dispare:
Their mirth begins in wine, but endes in blood,
Their drinke is cleare, but their conceits are mud.

Luce. Yet these are great gentlemen souldiers.

Ar. No they are wretched slaues,
Whose desperate liues doth bring them timelesse graues.

Luce. Both for your selfe, and for your forme of life,
If *I* may choose, ile be a souldiers wife.

Enter syr Lancelot and Oliuer.

Oli. And tyt trust to it so then.

Lance. Ashure your selfe,
You shall be married with all speed we may:
One day shall serue for *Frances* and for *Luce*.

Oli. Why che wood vaine know the time, for prouiding
wedding rayments.

Lance. Why no more but this, first get your ashurance made,
touching my daughters ioynter, that dispatched, we wil in two
daies make prouision.

Oli. Why man chil haue the writings made by to morrow.

Lance. To morrow be it then, lets meet at the kings head
in fishstreet.

Oli. No fie man no, lets meet at the Rose at *Temple-bar*,
That will be nearer your counsellor and mine.

Lance. At the Rose, be it then the hower nine,
He that comes last, forfeits a pinte of wine.

Oli. A pinte is no paymēt, let it be a whole quart, or nothing.

Enter Artichoake.

Arty. Maister, here is a man would speake with maister *O-*
liuer, he comes from young maister *Flowerdale*.

Oli. Why chill speake with him, chill speake with him.

Lance. Nay sonne *Oliuer*, ile shurely see,
What young *Flowerdale* hath sent to you.
I pray God it be no quarrell.

The London Prodigall.

wln 0616
wln 0617
wln 0618
wln 0619
wln 0620
wln 0621
wln 0622
wln 0623
wln 0624
wln 0625
wln 0626
wln 0627
wln 0628
wln 0629
wln 0630
wln 0631
wln 0632
wln 0633
wln 0634
wln 0635
wln 0636
wln 0637
wln 0638
wln 0639
wln 0640
wln 0641
wln 0642
wln 0643
wln 0644
wln 0645
wln 0646
wln 0647
wln 0648
wln 0649
wln 0650
wln 0651
wln 0652
wln 0653

Oly. Why man if he quarrell with me, chill giue him his
Fath. God saue you good syr *Lancelot.* (hands full.
Lance. Welcome honest friend. (*Enter old Flowerdale.*
Fath. To you and yours my maister wisheth health,
But vnto you syr this, and this he sendes:
There is the length syr of his rapier,
And in that paper shall you know his mind.
Oly. Here chill meet him my vrend, chill meet him.
Lance. Meet him, you shall not meet the Ruffin fye.
Oly. And *I* doe not meete him, chill giue you leaue to call
Me cut, where ist syrrha? where ist? where ist?
Fath. The letter showes both the time and place,
And if you be a man, then keepe your word.
Lance. Syr he shal not keepe his word, he shal not meet.
Fath. Why let him choose, heele be the better knowne
For a base rascall, and reputed so.
Oly. Zyrtha, zyrtha: and tware not an old fellow, and sent
after an arrant, chid giue thee something, but chud be no mo-
ny: But hold thee, for *I* see thou art somewhat testorne, holde
thee, theres vortie shillings, bring thy maister a veeld, chil giue
thee vortie more, looke thou bring him, chil mall him tell him,
chill mar his dauncing tressels, chil vse him, he was nere so vsed
since his dam bound his head, chill make him for capyring a-
ny more chy vor thee.
Fath. You seeme a man, stout and resolute,
And *I* will so report, what ere befall.
Lance. And fall out ill, ashure thy maister this,
Ile make him flye the land, or vse him worse.
Fath. My maister syr, deserues not this of you,
And that youle shortly finde.
Lance. Thy maister is an vnthrift, you a knaue,
And ile attache you first, next clap him vp:
Or haue him bound vnto his good behaiour.
Oly. *I* wood you were a sprite if you do him any harme for
this: And you doe, chill nere see you, nor any of yours, while
chill haue eyes open: what doe you thinke, chil be abaffelled
vp and downe the towne for a messell, and a scoundrel, no chy
bor you: zyrtha chil come, zay no more, chil come tell him.

Fath. Well

The London Prodigall.

wln 0654
wln 0655
wln 0656
wln 0657
wln 0658
wln 0659
wln 0660
wln 0661
wln 0662
wln 0663
wln 0664
wln 0665
wln 0666
wln 0667
wln 0668
wln 0669
wln 0670
wln 0671
wln 0672
wln 0673
wln 0674
wln 0675
wln 0676
wln 0677
wln 0678
wln 0679
wln 0680
wln 0681
wln 0682
wln 0683
wln 0684
wln 0685
wln 0686
wln 0687
wln 0688
wln 0689
wln 0690
wln 0691

Fath. Well sir, my Maister deserues not this of you,
And that youle shortly finde. *Exit.*

Oly. No matter, he's an vnthrift, I defie him.

Lanc. No, gentle sonne, let me know the place.

Oly. Now chy vore you.

Lanc. Let me see the note.

Oly. Nay, chill watch you for zucht a tricke.
But if che meet him zoe, if not, zoe: chill make him knowe
me, or chill know why I shall not, chill vare the worse.

Lanc. What will you then neglect my daughters loue?
Venture your state and hers, for a loose brawle?

Oly. Why man, chill not kill him, marry chill veze him too,
and againe; and zoe God be with you vather.

What man, we shall met to morrow. *Exit.*

Lanc. Who would a thought he had bin so desperate.
Come forth my honest seruant *Artichoake.* *Enter Artic.*

Arti. Now, what's the matter? some brawle toward, I war-
rant you.

Lanc. Goe get me thy sword bright scowred, thy buckler
mended, O for that knaue, that Vyllaine *Daffidill* would haue
done good seruice. But to thee.

Art. I, this is the trickes of all you gentlemen, when you
stand in neede of a good fellow. O for that *Daffidill*, O where
is he? but if you be angry, and it bee but for the wagging of a
strawe, then out a doores with the knaue, turne the coate o-
uer his eares. This is the humour of you all.

Lanc. O for that knaue, that lustie *Daffidill*.

Art. Why there tis now: our yeares wages and our vailes
will scarce pay for broken swords and bucklers that wee vse
in our quarrels. But Ile not fight if *Daffidill* bee a tother side,
that's flat.

Lanc. Tis no such matter man, get weapons ready, and bee
at London ere the breake of day: watch neere the lodging
of the Deuon-shire Youth, but be vnseen: and as he goes out,
as he will goe out, and that very earely without doubt.

Art. What would you haue me draw vpon him,
As he goes in the streete?

Lanc. Not for a world man: into the fields.

The London Prodigall.

wln 0692
wln 0693
wln 0694
wln 0695
wln 0696
wln 0697
wln 0698

For to the field he goes, there to meet the desperat *Flowerdale*,
Take thou the part of *Olyuer* my sonne, for he shal be my son,
And marry *Luce*: Doest vnderstand me knaue?

Arty. I syr I doe vnderstand you, but my young mistresse
might be better prouided in matching with my fellowe *Daf-*

Lance. No more; *Daffidill* is a knaue: *(fidill.*
That *Daffidill* is a most notorious knaue. *(Exit.*

wln 0699

Enter Weathercocke.

wln 0700
wln 0701
wln 0702
wln 0703
wln 0704
wln 0705
wln 0706
wln 0707
wln 0708
wln 0709
wln 0710
wln 0711

Maister *Weathercocke* you come in happy time, The desperat
Flowerdale hath writ a challenge: And who thinke you must
answere it? but the Deuenshyre man, my sonne *Oliuer*.

Wea. Mary I am sory for it good syr *Lancelot*,
But if you will be ruled by me, wee le stay the furie.

Lance. As how I pray?

Wea. Marry ile tell you, by promising yong *Flowerdale* the
red lipped *Luce*.

Lance. Ile rather follow her vnto her graue.

Wen. I syr *Lancelot* I would haue thought so too, but you
and I haue bene deceiued in him, come read this will, or deed,
or what you call it, I know not: Come, come, your spectacles
(I pray.

wln 0712
wln 0713
wln 0714
wln 0715
wln 0716
wln 0717
wln 0718
wln 0719
wln 0720
wln 0721
wln 0722
wln 0723
wln 0724
wln 0725
wln 0726

Lance. Nay I thanke God, I see very well.

Wea. Marry God blesse your eyes, mine hath bene dim al-
most this thirtie yeares,

Lance. Ha what is this? what is this?

Wea. Nay there is true loue indeede, he gaue it to me but
this very morne, and bid me keepe it vnseene from any one,
good youth, to see, how men may be deceiued.

Lance. Passion of me, what a wretch am I to hate this
louing youth, he hath made me, together with my *Luce* hee
loues so deare, executors of all his wealth.

Wea. All, all good man, he hath giuen you all.

Lance. Three ships now in the straits, & homeward bound,
Two Lordships of two hundred pound a yeare:
The one in *Wales*, the other in *Gloster-shyre*:
Debts and accounts, are thirtie thousand pound,

The London Prodigall.

wln 0727
wln 0728
wln 0729
wln 0730
wln 0731
wln 0732
wln 0733
wln 0734
wln 0735
wln 0736

wln 0737
wln 0738
wln 0739
wln 0740
wln 0741
wln 0742
wln 0743
wln 0744
wln 0745
wln 0746
wln 0747
wln 0748
wln 0749
wln 0750
wln 0751

wln 0752
wln 0753
wln 0754
wln 0755
wln 0756
wln 0757
wln 0758
wln 0759
wln 0760
wln 0761
wln 0762

Plate, mony, Iewels, 16. thousand more,
Two housen furnished well in *Cole-man* street:
Beside whatsoever his Vnckle leaues to him,
Being of great **demeanes** and wealth at *Peckham*.

Wea. How like you this good knight? how like you this?

Lance. I haue done him wrong, but now ile make amends,
The Deuen-shyre man shall whistle for a wife,
He marrie *Luce*, *Luce* shall be *Flowerdales*.

Wea. Why that is friendly said, lets ride to *London* and pre-
uent their match, by promising your daughter to that louely
(lad.

Lance. Weele ride to *London*, or it shall not need,
Weele crosse to *Dedfort-strand*, and take a boat:
Where be these knaues? what *Artichoake*, what *Fop*?

Enter Artichoake.

Arty. Heere be the very knaues, but not the merry knaues.

Lance. Here take my cloake, ile haue a walke to *Dedford*.

Arty. Syr wee haue bin scouring of our swords and buck-
lers for your defence.

Lance. Defence me no defence, let your swordes rust, ile
haue no fighting: I, let blowes alone, bid *Delia* see all things be
in readinesse against the wedding, weele haue two at once,
and that will saue charges maister *Weathercocke*.

Arty. Well we will doe it syr.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Ciuet, Francke, and Delia.

Ciu. By my truth this is good lucke, I thanke God for this,
In good sooth I haue euen my harts desire: sister *Delia*, now I
may boldly call you so, for your father hath franck and freely
giuen me his daughter *Francke*.

Fran. I by my troth *Tom*, thou hast my good will too, for
I thanke God I longed for a husband, and would I might ne-
uer stir, for one his name was *Tom*.

Delia. Why sister now you haue your wish.

Ciu. You say very true sister *Delia*, and I prethee call me
nothing but *Tom* and ile call thee sweetheart, and *Franck*: will
it not doe well sister *Delia*?

Delia. It

The London Prodigall.

wln 0763
wln 0764
wln 0765
wln 0766
wln 0767
wln 0768
wln 0769
wln 0770
wln 0771
wln 0772
wln 0773
wln 0774
wln 0775
wln 0776
wln 0777
wln 0778
wln 0779
wln 0780
wln 0781
wln 0782
wln 0783
wln 0784
wln 0785
wln 0786
wln 0787
wln 0788
wln 0789
wln 0790
wln 0791
wln 0792
wln 0793
wln 0794
wln 0795
wln 0796
wln 0797
wln 0798
wln 0799
wln 0800

Delia. It will doe very well with both of you. (ed?)

Fran. But *Tom*, must I goe as I doe now when I am marri-

Ciu. No *Francke*, ile haue thee goe like a Citizen
In a garded gowne, and a French-hood.

Fran. By my troth that will be excellent indeed.

Delia. Brother, maintaine your wife to your estate,
Apparell you your selfe like to your father:
And let her goe like to your ancient mother,
He sparing got his wealth, left it to you,
Brother take heed of pride, some bids thrift adue.

Ciu. So as my father and my mother went, thats a iest
indeed, why she went in a fringed gowne, a single ruffe, and a
white cap.

And my father in a mocado coat, a paire of red satten sleeues,
and a canuis backe.

Delia. And yet his wealth was all as much as yours.

Ciu. My estate, my estate *I* thank God is fortie pound a yere,
in good leases and tenements, besides twenty marke a yere
at cuckoldes-hauen, and that comes to vs all by inheritance.

Delia. That may indeed, tis very fitly plyed,
I know not how it comes, but so it falles out
That those whose fathers haue died wonderous rich,
And tooke no pleasure but to gather wealth,
Thinking of little that they leaue behind:
For them they hope, will be of their like minde,
But falles out contrary, forty yeares sparing
Is scarce three seuen yeares spending, neuer caring
What will inshue, when all their coyne is gone,
And all too late, then thrift is thought vpon:
Oft haue *I* heard, that pride and ryot kist,
And then repentance cryes, for had *I* wist.

Ciu. You say well sister *Delia*, you say well: but I meane
to liue within my boundes: for looke you, I haue set downe
my rest thus farre, but to maintaine my wife in her french-
hood, and her coach, keepe a couple of geldings, and a brace
of gray-hounds, and this is all ile doe.

Delia. And youle do this with fortie pound a yere?

Ciu. *I*, and a better penny sister.

Fran. Sister

The London Prodigall.

wln 0801

Fran. Sister you forget that at couckolds-hauen.

wln 0802

Ciu. By my troath well remembred *Francke*,
Ile giue thee that to buy thee pinnes.

wln 0803

wln 0804

Delia. Keepe you the rest for points, alas the day,
Fooles shall haue wealth, tho all the world say nay:

wln 0805

wln 0806

Come brother will you in, dinner staies for vs.

wln 0807

Ciu. I good sister with all my heart.

wln 0808

Fran. I by my troath *Tom*, for *I* haue a good stomacke.

wln 0809

Ciu. And I the like sweet *Francke*, no sister
Doe not thinke ile goe beyond my boundes.

wln 0810

wln 0811

Delia. God grant you may not.

wln 0812

(Exit Omnes.

wln 0813

*Enter young Flowerdale and his father, with foyles
in their handes.*

wln 0814

wln 0815

Flow. Syrrha *Kyt*, tarrie thou there, I haue spied syr *Lance-*
lot, and old *Weathercocke* comming this way, they are hard at
hand, I will by no meanes be spoken withall.

wln 0816

wln 0817

Fath. Ile warrant you, goe get you in.

wln 0818

wln 0819

Enter Lancelot and Weathercocke.

wln 0820

Lance. Now my honest friend, thou doest belong to mai-

wln 0821

Fath. I doe syr.

(ster Flowerdale?)

wln 0822

Lance. Is he within my good fellow?

wln 0823

Fath. No syr he is not within.

wln 0824

Lance. I prethee if he be within, let me speake with him.

wln 0825

Fath. Syr to tell you true, my maister is within, but indeed
would not be spoke withall: there be some tearmes that stands
vpon his reputation, therefore he will not admit any confe-
rence till he hath shooke them off.

wln 0826

wln 0827

Lance. I prethee tell him his verie good friend syr *Lance-*
lot Spurcocke, intreates to speake with him.

wln 0828

wln 0829

wln 0830

Fath. By my troath syr, if you come to take vp the matter
betweene my maister and the Deuen-shyre man, you doe but
beguile your hopes, and loose your labour.

wln 0831

wln 0832

Lance. Honest friend, *I* haue not any such thing to him,
I come to speake with him about other matters.

wln 0833

wln 0834

wln 0835

Fath. For my maister syr hath set down his resolution,
Either to redeeme his honour, or leaue his life behind him.

wln 0836

wln 0837

Lance. My friend *I* doe not know any quarrell, touching

wln 0838

The London Prodigall.

wln 0839
wln 0840
wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847
wln 0848
wln 0849
wln 0850
wln 0851
wln 0852
wln 0853
wln 0854
wln 0855
wln 0856
wln 0857
wln 0858
wln 0859
wln 0860
wln 0861
wln 0862
wln 0863
wln 0864
wln 0865
wln 0866
wln 0867
wln 0868
wln 0869
wln 0870
wln 0871
wln 0872
wln 0873
wln 0874
wln 0875
wln 0876
wln 0877

Thy maister or any other person, my businesse is of a different nature to him, and *I* prethee so tell him.

Fath. For howsoever the Deuenshire man is, my maisters Mind is bloody: thats a round O.

And therefore syr, intreatie is but vaine:

Lance. I haue no such thing to him, I tell thee once againe.

Fath. I will then so signifie to him. *(Exit Father.*

Lance. A syrrha, I see this matter is hotly carried,
But ile labour to disswade him from it, *(Enter Flowerdale.*

Good morrow maister *Flowerdale.*

Flow Good morrow good syr *Lancelot*, good morrowe maister *Weathercocke.*

By my troath gentlemen, I haue bene a reading ouer

Nick Matchiuill, I find him

Good to be known, not to be followed:

A pestilent humane fellow, I haue made

Certaine anations of him such as they be:

And how ist syr *Lancelot*? ha? how syr?

A mad world, men cannot liue quiet in it. *(iarre*

Lance. Maister *Flowerdale*, I doe vnderstand there is some
Betweene the Deuen-shyre man and you.

Fath. They syr? they are good friends as can be.

Flow. Who maister *Oliuer* and *I*? as good friends as can be.

Lance. It is a kind of safetie in you to denie it, and a generous
Silence, which too few are indued withall: But syr, such
A thing *I* heare, and *I* could wish it otherwise.

Flow. No such thing syr *Lancelot*, a my reputation,
As *I* am an honest man.

Lance. Now I doe beleue you then, if you doe
Ingage your reputation there is none.

Flow. Nay *I* doe not ingage my reputation there is not,
You shall not bind me to any condition of hardnesse:

But if there be any thing betweene vs, then there is,

If there be not, then there is not: be or be not, all is one.

Lance. I doe perceiue by this, that there is something be-
tweene you, and *I* am very sorie for it.

Flow. You may be deceiued syr *Lancelot*, the *Italian*
Hath a pretie saying, *Questo*? *I* haue forgot it too,
Tis out of my head, but in my translation

The London Prodigall.

wln 0878
wln 0879
wln 0880
wln 0881
wln 0882
wln 0883
wln 0884
wln 0885
wln 0886
wln 0887
wln 0888
wln 0889
wln 0890
wln 0891
wln 0892
wln 0893
wln 0894
wln 0895
wln 0896
wln 0897
wln 0898
wln 0899
wln 0900
wln 0901
wln 0902
wln 0903
wln 0904
wln 0905
wln 0906
wln 0907
wln 0908
wln 0909
wln 0910
wln 0911
wln 0912
wln 0913
wln 0914
wln 0915
wln 0916

Ift hold thus, thou hast a friend, keepe him. (If a foe, trip him.
Lance. Come, *I* doe see by this there is somewhat betweene
And before God *I* could wish it otherwise. you,
Flow. Well what is betweene vs, can hardly be altered:
Syr Lancelot, *I* am to ride forth to morrow,
That way which *I* must ride, no man must denie
Me the Sunne, *I* would not by any particular man,
Be denied common and generall passage. If any one
Saith *Flowerdale,* thou passest not this way:
My answe is, *I* must either on or returne,
But returne is not my word, *I* must on:
If *I* cannot, then make my way, nature
Hath done the last for me, and thers the fine.
Lance. Maister *Flowerdale,* euery man hath one tongue,
And two eares, nature in her building,
Is a most curious worke-maister.
Flow. That is as much to say, a man should heare more
Then he should speake.
Lance. You say true, and indeed *I* haue heard more,
Then at this time *I* will speake,
Flow. You say well.
Lance. Slanders are more common then troathes maister
But prooffe is the rule for both. (*Flowerdale:*
Flow. You say true, what doe you call him
Hath it there in his third canton?
Lance. *I* haue heard you haue bin wild: *I* haue beleued it.
Flow. Twas fit, twas necessarie.
Lance. But *I* haue seene somewhat of late in you,
That hath confirmed in me an opinion of
Goodnesse toward you.
Flow. Yfaith syr, *I* am shure *I* neuer did you harme:
Some good *I* haue done, either to you or yours,
I am shure you know not, neither is it my will you should.
Lance. *I* your will syr.
Flow. *I* my will syr: sfoot doe you know ought of my will?
Begod and you doe syr, *I* am abused.
Lance. Goe maister *Flowerdale,* what *I* know, *I* know,
And know you thus much out of my knowledge,
That *I* truly loue you. For my daughter,

The London Prodigall.

wln 0917
wln 0918
wln 0919
wln 0920
wln 0921
wln 0922
wln 0923
wln 0924
wln 0925
wln 0926
wln 0927
wln 0928
wln 0929

She yours. And if you like a marriage better
Then a brawle, all quirks of reputation set aside, goe with me
presently: And where you should fight a bloodie battle, you
shall be married to a louely Ladie.

Flow. Nay but syr *Lancelot*?

Lance. If you will not imbrace my offer yet ashure your self
thus much, *I* will haue order to hinder your incounter.

Flow. Nay but heare me syr *Lancelot*.

Lance. Nay stand not you vpon imputatiue honour.
Tis meerey vnsound, vnprofitable, and idle:

Inferences your busines is to wedde my daughter therefore
giue me your present word to doe it, ile goe and provide the
maid, therefore giue mee your present resolution, either now,

(or neuer.

Flow. Will you so put me too it?

Luce. *I* afore God, either take me now, or take me neuer,
Else what *I* thought should be our match, shal be our parting,
So fare you well for euer.

Flow. Stay: fall out, what may fall, my loue
Is about all: *I* will come.

Lance. *I* expect you, and so fare you well.

(Exit syr Lancelot.

Fath. Now syr, how shall we doe for wedding apparell?

Flow. By the masse thats true: now helpe *Kyt*,
The marriage ended, wee make amendes for all.

Fath. Well no more, prepare you for your bride,
We will not want for cloathes, what so ere betide.

Flow. And thou shalt see, when once *I* haue my dower,
In mirth wee spend,
Full many a merry hower:

As for ths wench, *I* not regard a pin,
It is her gold must bring my pleasures in.

Fath. Ist possible, he hath his second liuing,
Forsaking God, himselfe to the diuel giuing:

But that *I* knew his mother firme and chast,
My heart would say, my hed she had disgrast:

Else would *I* swear, he neuer was my sonne,
But her faire mind, so fowle a deed did shun.

wln 0930
wln 0931
wln 0932
wln 0933
wln 0934
wln 0935
wln 0936
wln 0937
wln 0938
wln 0939
wln 0940
wln 0941
wln 0942
wln 0943
wln 0944
wln 0945
wln 0946
wln 0947
wln 0948
wln 0949
wln 0950
wln 0951
wln 0952
wln 0953

Enter

The London Prodigall.

wln 0954

Enter Vnckle.

wln 0955

Vnck. How now brother, how doe you find your sonne?

wln 0956

Fath. O brother, heedlesse as a libertine,

wln 0957

Euen growne a maister in the schoole of vice,

wln 0958

One that doth nothing, but inuent descent:

wln 0959

For all the day he humours vp and downe,

wln 0960

How he the next day might deceiue his friend,

wln 0961

He thinkes of nothing but the present time:

wln 0962

For one groat readie down, heele pay a shilling,

wln 0963

But then the lender must needes stay for it.

wln 0964

When I was young, I had the scope of youth,

wln 0965

Both wild, and wanton, carelesse and desperate:

wln 0966

But such mad straines, as hee's possest withall,

wln 0967

I thought it wonder for to dreame vpon.

wln 0968

Vnck. *I* told you so, but you would not beleue it.

wln 0969

Fath. Well *I* haue found it, but one thing comforts me.

wln 0970

Brother, to morrow hee's to be married

wln 0971

To beautious *Luce*, syr *Lancelots* *Spurcocks* daughter.

wln 0972

Vnck. Ist possible?

wln 0973

Fath. Tis true, and thus I meane to curbe him,

wln 0974

This day brother, *I* will you shall arrest him:

wln 0975

If any thing will tame him, it must be that,

wln 0976

For he is ranck in mischief, chained to a life,

wln 0977

That will increase his shame, and kill his wife.

wln 0978

Vnck. What, arrest him on his wedding day?

wln 0979

That were vnchristian, and an vnhumane part:

wln 0980

How many couple euen for that very day,

wln 0981

Hath purchast 7 yeares sorrow afterward?

wln 0982

Forbare him then to day, doe it to morrow,

wln 0983

And this day mingle not his ioy with sorrow.

wln 0984

Fath. Brother ile haue it done this very day,

wln 0985

And in the viewe of all, as he comes from Church:

wln 0986

Doe but obserue the course that he will take,

wln 0987

Vpon my life he will forswear the debt:

wln 0988

And for weele haue the summe shall not be slight,

wln 0989

Say that he owes you neere three thousand pound:

wln 0990

Good brother let be done immediatly:

The London Prodigall.

wln 0991
wln 0992
wln 0993
wln 0994
wln 0995
wln 0996
wln 0997
wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001
wln 1002
wln 1003
wln 1004
wln 1005
wln 1006
wln 1007
wln 1008
wln 1009
wln 1010
wln 1011
wln 1012
wln 1013
wln 1014
wln 1015
wln 1016
wln 1017
wln 1018
wln 1019
wln 1020
wln 1021
wln 1022
wln 1023
wln 1024
wln 1025
wln 1026
wln 1027
wln 1028

Vnck. Well, seeing you will haue it so,
Brother ile doot, and straitte prouide the Sheriffe.

Fath. So brother, by this meanes shall we perceiue
What syr *Lancelot* in this pinch will do:
And how his wife doth stand affected too him,
Her loue will then be tried to the vttermost:
And all the rest of them. Brother what *I* will doo,
Shall harme him much, and much auaille him too.

(*Exit.*

Oly. Cham ashured thicke be the place, that the scoundrell
Appointed to meet me, if a come zo: if a come not, zo.
And che war averse, he should make a coystrell an vs,
Ched vese him, and che vang him in hand, che would
Hoyst him, and giue it him too and againe, zo chud:
Who bin a there syr *Arthur*, chil staie aside.

Ar. *I* haue dogd the Deuen-shyre man into the field,
For feare of any harme that should befall him:
I had an inckling of that yesternight,
That *Flowerdale* and he should meet this morning:
Tho of my soule, *Oliuer* feares him not,
Yet for ide see faire play on either side,
Made me to come, to see their valours tride.
God morrow to maister *Oliuer*.

Oli. God an good morrow.

Ar. What maister *Oliuer* are you angry?

Oli. Why an it be, tyt and greeuen you?

Ar. Not me at all syr, but *I* imagine
By your being here thus armed,
You stay for some that you should fight withall.

Oli. Why and he doe, che would not dezire you to take his

Ar. No by my troath, I thinke you need it not, (part.
For he you looke for, *I* thinke meanes not to come. (place.

Oli. No & che war ashure a that, ched averse him in another

Daff. O syr *Arthur*, maister *Oliuer* aye me, (*Enter Daffidill.*
Your loue, and yours, and mine, sweet mistresse *Luce*,
This morne is married to young *Flowerdale*.

Ar. Married to *Flowerdale*! tis impossible.

Oli. Married man, che hope thou doest but iest:

To

Tht London Prodigall.

wln 1029
wln 1030
wln 1031
wln 1032
wln 1033
wln 1034
wln 1035
wln 1036
wln 1037
wln 1038
wln 1039
wln 1040
wln 1041
wln 1042
wln 1043
wln 1044
wln 1045
wln 1046
wln 1047
wln 1048
wln 1049
wln 1050
wln 1051
wln 1052
wln 1053
wln 1054
wln 1055
wln 1056
wln 1057
wln 1058
wln 1059
wln 1060
wln 1061
wln 1062
wln 1063
wln 1064
wln 1065
wln 1066

To make an a volowten meryment of it.
Daf. O tis too true. Here comes his Vncle.
Enter Flowerdale, Sheriffe, Officers.
Uncle. God morrow sir *Arthur*, good morrow M. *Oliuer*.
Oly. God and good morne M. *Flowerdale*. I pray you tellen
Is your scoundrell kinsman married? (vs,
Arth. M. *Oliuer*, call him what you will, but hee is maryed
To sir *Launcelots* daughter here.
Uncle. Sir *Arthur*, vnto her?
Oly. I, ha the olde vellow zarued me thicke trickes,
Why man he was a promise, chil chud a had her,
Is a zitch a voxe, chill looke to his water che vor him.
Uncle. The musicke playes, they are comming from the
Church.
Sheriffe doe your Office: fellowes, stand stoutly too it.
Enter all to the Wedding.
Oly. God giue you ioy, as the old zaid Prouerbe is, and
some zorrow among. You met vs well, did you not?
Lance. Nay be not angry sir, the fault is in me,
I haue done all the wrong, kept him from comming to the
field to you, as *I* might sir, for *I* am a Iustice, and sworne to
keepe the peace.
Whe. *I* marry is he sir, a very Iustice, and sworne to keepe
the peace, you must not disturbe the weddings.
Lanc. Nay, neuer frowne nor storme sir, if you doe,
Ile haue an order taken for you.
Oly. Well, Well, chill be quiet.
Whe. M. *Flowerdale*, sir *Lancelot*, looke you who here is?
M. *Flowerdale*.
Lance. M. *Flowerdale*, welcome with all my heart.
Flow. Vncle, this is she yfaith: Maister Vnder-sheriffe
Arrest me? at whose sute? draw *Kit*.
Unc. At my sute sir.
Lance. Why whats the matter M. *Flowerdale*?
Unc. This is the matter sir, this vnthrift here,
Hath cozened you, and hath had of me,
In seuerall summes three thousand pound.
Flow. Why Vncle, Vncle.

Vncle

The London Prodigall.

wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072
wln 1073
wln 1074
wln 1075
wln 1076
wln 1077
wln 1078
wln 1079
wln 1080
wln 1081
wln 1082
wln 1083
wln 1084
wln 1085
wln 1086
wln 1087
wln 1088
wln 1089
wln 1090
wln 1091
wln 1092
wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095
wln 1096
wln 1097
wln 1098
wln 1099
wln 1100
wln 1101
wln 1102
wln 1103
wln 1104

Unck. Cousen, cousen, you haue vnckled me,
And if you be not staid, youle proue
A cousoner vnto all that know you.

Lance. Why syr, suppose he be to you in debt
Ten thousand pound, his state to me appeare,
To be at least three thousand by the yeare.

Vnck. O syr, *I* was too late informed of that plot,
How that he went about to cousen you:
And formde a will, and sent it to your good
Friend there maister *Weathercocke*, in which was
Nothing true, but brags and lyes.

Lance. Ha, hath he not such Lordships, landes, and shippes?

Vnck. Not worth a groat, not worth a halfepenie he.

Lance. I pray tell vs true, be plaine young *Flowerdale*?

Flow. My vnckle **here** mad, and disposed to do me wrong,
But heer's my man, an honest fellow
By the lord, and of good credit, knowes all is true.

Fath. Not *I* syr, *I* am too old to lye, *I* rather know
You forgde a will, where euery line you writ,
You studied where to **coate** your landes might lye.

Wea. And I prethee, where be thy honest friends?

Fath. Yfaith no where syr, for he hath none at all.

Wea. Benedicitie, we are ore wretched *I* beleue.

Lance. *I* am cousend, and my hopefulst child vndone.

Flow. You are not cousend, nor is she vndone,
They slaunder me, by this light they slander me:
Looke you, my vnckle heres an vsurer, and would vndoe me,
But ile stand in law, do you but baile me, you shal do no more:
You brother *Ciuets*, and maister *Weathercocke*, doe but
Baile me, and let me haue my marriage mony
Paid me, and weele ride downe, and there your owne
Eyes shall see, how my poore tenants there wil welcome me.
You shall but baile me, you shall doe no more,
And you greedy gnat, their baile will serue.

Vnck. I syr, ile aske no better baile.

Lance. No syr you shall not take my baile, nor his,
Nor my sonne *Ciuets*'s, ile not be cheated *I*,
Shreeue take your prisoner, ile not deale with him:

Lets

The London Prodigall.

wln 1105
wln 1106
wln 1107
wln 1108
wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113
wln 1114
wln 1115
wln 1116
wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121
wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124
wln 1125
wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133
wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139

Let's Vncle make false dice with his false bones,
I will not haue to doe with him: mocked, guld, & wrongd.
Come Girle, though it be late it falls out well,
Thou shalt not liue with him in beggers hell.

Luc. He is my husband, & hie heauen doth know,
With what vnwillingnesse I went to Church,
But you inforced me, you compelled me too it:
The holy Church-man pronounced these words but now,
I must not leaue my husband in distresse:
Now I must comfort him, not goe with you.

Lanc. Comfort a cozoner? on my curse forsake him.

Luce. This day you caused me on your curse to take him:
Doe not *I* pray my greiued soule oppresse,
God knowes my heart doth bleed at his distresse. (match,

Lanc. *O M. Weathercock*, I must confesse I forced her to this
Led with opinion his false will was true.

Wea. A, he hath ouer-reached me too. (state.

Lanc. She might haue liued like *Delia*, in a happie Virgins

Delia. Father be patient, sorrow comes too late.

Lance. And on her knees she begd & did entreat,
If she must needes taste a sad marriage life,
She craued to be sir *Arthur Greene-sheilds* wife.

Ar. You haue done her & me the greater wrong.

Lanc. *O* take her yet. *Arthur.* Not I.

Lanc. Or, *M. Oliuer*, except my child, and halfe my wealth
is yours. *Oly.* No sir, chil breake no Lawes.

Luce. Neuer feare, she will not trouble you.

Delia. Yet sister in this passion doe not runne headlong to
confusion. You may affect him, though not follow him.

Frank. Doe sister, hang him, let him goe.

Wea. Doe faith Mistresse *Luce*, leaue him.

Luc. You are three grosse fooles, let me alone,
I swear ile liue with him in all mone.

Oly. But an he haue his legges at libertie,
Cham averd hee will neuer liue with you.

The London Prodigall.

wln 1140

Art. I but hee is now in hucksters handling for running

wln 1141

Lanc. Huswife, you heare how you and I am wrongd away.

wln 1142

And if you will redresse it yet you may:

wln 1143

But if you stand on tearmes to follow him,

wln 1144

Neuer come neere my sight nor looke on me,

wln 1145

Call me not father, looke not for a groat,

wln 1146

For all thy portion I wil this day giue

wln 1147

Vnto thy syster *Frances*.

wln 1148

Fran. How say you to that *Tom*, I shall haue a good deale,

wln 1149

Besides ile be a good wife: and a good wife

wln 1150

Is a good thing, I can tell.

wln 1151

Ciu. Peace *Franck*, I would be sorry to see thy sister

wln 1152

Cast away, as I am a Gentleman.

wln 1153

Lance. What, are you yet resolved?

wln 1154

Luc. Yes, I am resolved.

wln 1155

Lanc. Come then away, or now, or neuer come.

wln 1156

Luc. This way I turne, goe you vnto your feast,

wln 1157

And I to weepe, that am with grieffe opprest.

wln 1158

Lanc. For euer flie my sight: come gentlemen

wln 1159

Lets in, ile helpe you to far better wiues then her.

wln 1160

Delia vpon my blessing talke not too her,

wln 1161

Bace Baggage, in such hast to beggery?

wln 1162

Unc. Sheriffe take your prisoner to your charge.

wln 1163

Flo. Vncle, be-god you haue vsd me very hardly,

wln 1164

By my troth, vpon my wedding day.

wln 1165

Exit all: yong Flowerdale, his father, Vncle,

wln 1166

Sheriffe, and Officers.

wln 1167

Luc. O *M. Flowerdale*, but heare me speake,

wln 1168

Stay but a little while good *M. Sheriffe*,

wln 1169

If not for him, for my sake pittie him:

wln 1170

Good syr stop not your eares at my complaint,

wln 1171

My voyce growes weake, for womens words are faint.

wln 1172

Flow. Looke you Vncle, she kneeles to you.

Vncle.

The London Prodigall.

wln 1173
wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176
wln 1177
wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187
wln 1188
wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
wln 1192
wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196
wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203
wln 1204
wln 1205
wln 1206
wln 1207
wln 1208

Vnc. Faire maid, for you, *I* loue you with my heart,
And greeue sweet soule thy fortune is so bad,
That thou shouldst match with such a gracelesse
Go to thy father, thinke not vpon him, (Youth,
Whom hell hath marked to be the sonne of shame.

Luc. Impute his wildnesse syr, vnto his youth,
And thinke that now is the time he doth repent:
Alas, what good or gayne can you receiue,
To imprison him that nothing hath to pay?
And where nought is, the king doth lose his due,
O pittie him as God shall pittie you.

Vnc. Ladie, I know his humours all too well,
And nothing in the world can doe him good,
But miserie it selfe to chaine him with.

Luc. Say that your debts were paid, then is he free?

Vnc. I virgin, that being answered, *I* haue done,
But to him that is all as impossible,
As *I* to scale the hye Piramydies.
Sheriffe take your prisoner, Maiden fare thee well.

Luc. *O* goe not yet, good M. *Flowerdale*:
Take my word for the debt, my word, my bond.

Flow. *I* by God *Vncle*, and my bond too.

Luc. Alas, *I* nere ought nothing but *I* paid it,
And *I* can worke, alas he can doe nothing:
I haue some friends perhaps will pittie me,
His chieftest friends doe seeke his miserie.
All that *I* can, or beg, get, or receiue,
Shall be for you: *O* doe not turne away,
Me thinkes within a face so reuerent,
So well experienced in this tottering world,
Should haue some feeling of a maidens griefe:
For my sake, his fathers, and your brothers sake,
I for your soules sake that doth hope for ioy,
Pittie my state: do not two soules destroy.

Vnc. Faire maid stand vp, not in regard of him,
But in pittie of thy haplesse choise,

The London Prodigall.

wln 1209
wln 1210
wln 1211
wln 1212
wln 1213
wln 1214
wln 1215
wln 1216
wln 1217
wln 1218
wln 1219
wln 1220
wln 1221
wln 1222
wln 1223
wln 1224
wln 1225
wln 1226
wln 1227
wln 1228
wln 1229
wln 1230
wln 1231
wln 1232
wln 1233
wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236
wln 1237
wln 1238
wln 1239
wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243

I doe release him, M. Sheriffe I thanke you:
And officers there is for you to drinke.
Here maide take this monie, there is a 100. Angels,
And for I will be sure he shall not haue it,
Here *Kester* take it you, and vse it sparingly,
But let not her haue any want at all.
Dry your eyes Neece, doe not too much lament
For him, whose life hath beene in royt spent:
If well he vseth thee, he gets him friends,
If ill, a shamefull end on him depends.

Exit Vncle.

Flow. A plague goe with you for an old fornicator:
Come *Kyt* the monie, come honest *Kyt*.

Fath. Nay by my faith sir, you shall pardon me.

Flow. And why sir pardon you? giue me the mony
You old Rascall, or *I* shall make you.

Luc. Pray hold your hands, giue it him honest friend.

Fath. If you be so content, with all my heart.

Flow. Content syr, sblood shee shall be content
Whether she will or no. A rattle baby come to follow me:
Goe get you gone to the greasie chuffe your father,
Bring me your dowrie, or neuer looke on me.

Fath. Syr she hath forsooke her father, and all her friends for
you.

Flow. Hang thee, her friends and father altogether.

Fath. Yet part with something to prouide her lodging.

Flo. Yes, *I* meane to part with her and you, but if *I* part with
one Angel, hang me at a poste. Ile rather throwe them at a
cast at Dice, as *I* haue done a thousand of their fellowes.

Fath. Nay then *I* will be plaine degenerate boy,
Thou hadst a Father would haue beene ashamed.

Flow. My father was an Asse, an old Asse.

Fath. Thy father? proud lycentious villaine:
What are you at your foyles, ile foyle with you.

Luc. Good sir forbear him.

Fath.

The London Prodigall.

wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247
wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262
wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278

Fath. Did not this whining woman hang on me,
Ide teach thee what it was to abuse thy father:
Goe hang, beg, starue, dice, game, that when all is gone
Thou maist after dispaire and hang thy selfe.

Luce. O doe not curse him.

Fath. I doe not curse him, and to pray for him were vaine,
It grieues me that he beares his father name.

Flow. Well you old rascall, I shall meet with you,
Syrtha get you gone, I will not strip the liuery
Ouer your eares, because you paid for it: (not
But do not vse my name, syrtha doe you heare? looke you doe
Vse my name, you were best.

Fath. Pay me the twentie pound then, that I lent you,
Or giue me securitie, when I may haue it. none,

Flow. Ile pay thee not a penny, and for securitie, ile giue thee
Minckins looke you doe not follow me, looke you doe not:
If you doe begger, I shall slit your nose.

Luce. Alas what shall I doe?

Flow. Why turne whore, thats a good trade,
And so perhaps ile see thee now and then.

Exit Flowerdale.

Luce. Alas the day that euer I was borne.

Fath. Sweete mistresse doe not weepe, ile sticke to you.

Luce. Alas my friend, I know not what to do,
My father and my friends, they haue despised me:
And I a wretched maid, thus cast away,
Knowes neither where to goe, nor what to say.

Fath. It grieues me at the soule, to see her teares
Thus staine the crimson roses of her cheekes:
Lady take comfort, doe not mourne in vaine,
I haue a little liuing in this towne,
The which I thinke comes to a hundred pound,
All that and more shall be at your dispose,
Ile straitte goe helpe you to some strange disguise,
And place you in a seruice in this towne:

The London Prodigall.

wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282

Where you shal know all, yet your selfe vnknowne:
Come greue no more, where no helpe can be had,
Weepe not for him, that is more worse then bad.
Luce. I thanke you syr.

wln 1283

Enter syr Lancelot, maister VVeathercocke and them.

wln 1284
wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302
wln 1303
wln 1304
wln 1305

Oli. Well, cha a bin zerued many a sluttish tricke,
But such a lerripoope as thick ych was nere a sarued.

Lance. Son *Ciu*et, daughter *Fcances*, beare with me,
You see how *I* am pressed downe with inward grieffe,
About that lucklesse gyrl, your sister *Luce*:
But tis fallen out with me, as with many families beside,
They are most vnhappye, that are most beloued.

Ciu. Father tis so, tis euen fallen out so,
But what remedie, set hand to your heart, and let it passe:
Here is your daughter *Frances* and I, and weele not say,
Weele bring forth as wittie children, but as prettie
Children as euer she was: tho she had the pricke
And praise for a prettie wench: But father, done is
The mouse, youle come?

Lance. I sonne *Ciu*et, ile come.

Ciu. And you maister *Oli*uer?

Oli. I, for che a vext out this veast, chill see if a gan
Make a better veast there.

Ciu. And you syr *Arthur*?

Ar. I syr, although my heart be full,
Ile be a partner at your wedding feast.

Ciu. And welcome all indeed, and welcome, come *Francke*

(are you readie?)

Fran. Ieshue how hastie these husbands are, *I* pray father,
Pray to God to blesse me.

Lance. God blesse thee, and *I* doe: God make thee wise,
Send you both ioy, *I* wish it with wet eyes.

Fran. But

The London Prodigall.

wln 1310
wln 1311
wln 1312
wln 1313
wln 1314
wln 1315
wln 1316
wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330

wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343

Fran. But Father, shall not my sister *Delia* goe along with
She is excellent good at cookery and such things. (vs?)

Lance. Yes mary shall she: *Delia*, make you ready.

Deli. I am ready syr, *I* will first goe to *Greene-witch*,
From thence to my cousen *Chesterfeelds*, and so to *London*.

Ciu. It shall suffice good sister *Delia*, it shall suffice,
But faile vs not good sister, giue order to cookes, and others,
For *I* would not haue my sweet *Francke*
To soyle her fingers.

Fran. No by my troath not *I*, a gentlewoman, and a married
Gentlewoman too, to be companions to cookes,
And kitchin-boyes, not *I*, yfaith: *I* scorne that.

Ciu. Why *I* doe not meane thou shalt sweete heart,
Thou seest *I* doe not goe about it: well farewell too: (too?)
You, Gods pittie *M. Weathercocke*, we shal haue your cōpany

Wea. With all my heart, for *I* loue good cheare.

Ciu. Well, God be with you all, come *Francke*.

Fran. God be with you father, God be with you syr *Arthur*,
Maister *Oliuer*, and maister *Weathercocke*, sister, God be with
you all: God be with you father, God be with you euery one.

VVea. Why how now syr *Arthur*? all a mort maister *Oliuer*,
(how now man?)

Cheerely syr *Lancelot*, and merily say,
Who can hold that will away.

Lance. *I* shée is gone indeed, poore girle vndone,
But when theyle be selfewilled, children must smart.

Ar. But syr, that she is wronged, you are the chiefest cause.
Therefore tis reason, you redresse her wrong.

Wen. Indeed you must syr *Lancelot*, you must.

Lance. Must? who can compell me maister *VVeathercock*:
I hope *I* may doe what *I* list.

VVea. *I* grant you may, you may doe what you list.

Oli. Nay, but and you be well euisen, it were not good
By this vrampolnesse, and vrowardnesse, to cast away
As pretty a dowsabell, as am chould chance to see

The London Prodigall.

wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354

wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374

wln 1375
wln 1376

In a Sommers day, chil tell you what chall doe,
Chil goe spye vp and downe the towne, and see if I
Can heare any tale or dydings of her,
And take her away from thick a messell, vor cham
Ashured, heele but bring her to the spoile,
And so var you well, we shall meete at your sonne *Ciuets*.

Lance. I thanke you syr, I take it very kindly.

Arty. To find her out, ile spend my dearest blood.

Exit both.

So well I loued her, to affect her good.

Lance. O maister *Weathercocke*, what hap had I, to force

(my daughter

From maister *Oliuer*, and this good knight?

To one that hath no goodnesse in his thought.

Wea. Ill lucke, but what remedie.

Lance. Yes I haue almost deuised a remedy,

Young *Flowerdale*, is shure a prisoner.

Wea. Shure, nothing more shure.

Lance. And yet perhaps his Vnckle hath released him.

Wea. It may be very like, no doubt he hath.

Lance. Well if he be in prison, ile haue warrants

To tache my daughter till the lawe be tried,

For I will shue him vpon couzonage.

Wea. Mary may you, and ouerthrow him **toos**?

Lance. Nay thats not so, I may chance be scoft,

And sentence past with him.

Wea. Beleeue me so he may, therefore take heede.

Lance. Well howsoeuer, yet I will haue warrants,

In prison, or at libertie, alls one:

You will helpe to serue them maister *Weathercocke*?

Exit Omnes.

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague of the diuell, the diuell take the dyce,
The dyce, and the diuell, and his damme goe together:

Of

The London Prodigall.

wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390
wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404
wln 1405
wln 1406
wln 1407
wln 1408
wln 1409
wln 1410
wln 1411

Of all my hundred golden angels,
I haue not left me one denier:
A poxe of come a fiue, what shall *I* doe?
I can borrow no more of my credit:
There's not any of my acquaintance, man, nor boy,
But *I* haue borrowed more or lesse off:
I would *I* knewe where to take a good purse,
And goe cleare away, by this light ile venture for it,
Gods lid my sister *Delia*,
Ile rob her, by this hand.

Enter Delia, and Artichoake.

Deli. *I* prethee *Artichoake* goe not so fast,
The weather is hot, and *I* am something wearie.

Arti. Nay *I* warrant you mistresse *Delia* ile not tire you
With leading, weele goe an extreame moderate pace.

Flow. Stand, deliuer your purse.

Arti. O lord, theeues, theeues.

Exit Artichoake.

Flow. Come, come, your purse ladie, your purse.

Deli. That voice *I* haue heard often before this time,
What brother *Flowerdale*, become a theefe?

Flow. *I*, a plague ont, *I* thanke your father,
But sister, come, your mony, come:

What the world must find me, *I* am borne to liue,
Tis not a sinne to steale, when none will giue.

Deli. O God, is all grace banisht from thy heart,
Thinke of the shame that doth attend this fact.

Flow. Shame me no shames, come giue me your purse,
Ile bind you sister, least *I* faire the worse.

Deli. No, bind me not, hold there is all *I* haue,
And would that mony would redeeme thy shame.

Enter Oliuer syr Arthur, and Artichoake.

Arti. Theeues, theeues, theeues.

Oli. Theeues, where man? why how now mistresse *Delia*,
Ha you a liked to bin a robbed?

The London Prodigall.

wln 1412

Delia. No maister *Oliuer*, tis maister *Flowerdale*, hee did but
iest with me.

wln 1413

Oli. How, *Flowerdale*, that scoundrell? sirrha, you meten vs

wln 1414

Well, vang thee that. (charge.

wln 1415

Flow. Well sir, ile not meddle with you, because *I* haue a

wln 1416

Deli. Here brother *Flowerdale*, ile lend you this same mony.

wln 1417

Flow. *I* thanke you sister. (penny.

wln 1418

Oli. *I* wad you were ysplit, and you let the mezell haue a

wln 1419

But since you cannot keepe it, chil keepe it my selfe.

wln 1420

Ar. Tis pittie to releue him in this sort,

wln 1421

Who makes a triumphant life, his daily sport.

wln 1422

Delia. Brother, you see how all men consure you,
Farewell, and I pray God amend your life.

wln 1423

wln 1424

Oly. Come, chill bring you along, and you safe enough

wln 1425

From twentie such scoundrells as thick a one is,

wln 1426

Farewell and be hanged zyrرها, as I thinke so thou

wln 1427

Wilt be shortly, come syr *Arthur*.

wln 1428

Exit all but Flowerdale.

wln 1429

Flow. A plague goe with you for a karsie rascall:

wln 1430

This Deuenshyre man I think is made all of porke,

wln 1431

His hands made onely, for to heaue vp packs:

wln 1432

His hart as fat and big as his face,

wln 1433

As differing far from all braue gallant minds

wln 1434

As I to serue the hogges, and drinke with hindes,

wln 1435

As I am very neere now: well, what remedie,

wln 1436

When mony, meanes, and friends, doe growe so small,

wln 1437

Then farewell life, and ther's an end of all.

Exit omnes.

wln 1438

*Enter Father, Luce like a Dutch Frow, Ciuet, and his
wife mistresse Frances.*

wln 1439

wln 1440

Ciu. By my troath god a mercie for this good *Christopher*,

wln 1441

I thanke thee for my maide, *I* like her very well,

wln 1442

How doest thou like her *Frances*?

wln 1443

Fran. In good sadnesse *Tom*, very well, excellent well,

wln 1444

She speakes so prettily, I pray whats your name?

wln 1445

Luce. My name forsooth be called *Tanikin*.

Fran. By

Tht London Prodigall.

wln 1446
wln 1447
wln 1448
wln 1449
wln 1450
wln 1451
wln 1452
wln 1453
wln 1454
wln 1455
wln 1456
wln 1457
wln 1458
wln 1459
wln 1460
wln 1461
wln 1462
wln 1463

Fran. By my troath a fine name, O *Tanikin*, you are excel-
ment for dressing one head a newe fashion.
Luce. Me sall doe euery ting about da head.
Ciu. What countriwoman is she *Kester*?
Fath. A dutch woman sir.
Ciu. Why then she is outlandish, is she not?
Fath. *I Syr* she is. (and eares?)
Fran. O then thou canst tell how to helpe mee to cheekes
Luce. Yes mistresse verie vell.
Fath. Cheekes and eares, why mistresse *Frances*, want you
Cheekes and eares? me thinkes you haue very faire ones.
Fran. Thou art a foole indeed *Tom*, thou knowest what I
Ciu. I, I *Kester*, tis such as they weare a their heads, (meane,
I prethee *Kit* haue her in, and shewe her my house.
Fath. I will sir, come *Tanikin*.
Fran. O *Tom*, you haue not bussed me to day *Tom*.
Ciu. No *Frances*, we must not kisse afore folkes,
God saue me *Francke*,

wln 1464
wln 1465
wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468
wln 1469
wln 1470
wln 1471
wln 1472
wln 1473
wln 1474
wln 1475
wln 1476
wln 1477
wln 1478
wln 1479

Enter Delia, and Artichoake.
See yonder my sister *Delia* is come, welcome good sister.
Fran. Welcome good sister, how do you like the tier of my
Delia. Very well sister. (head?)
Ciu. I am glad you're come sister *Delia* to giue order for
Supper, they will be here soone.
Arty. I, but if good luck had not serued, she had
Not bin here now, filching *Flowerdale* had like
To peppord vs, but for maister *Oliuer*, we had bin robbed.
Deli. Peace syrrha, no more.
Fath. Robbed! by whom?
Arty. Marry by none but by *Flowerdale*, he is turned theefe.
Ciu. By my faith, but that is not well, but God be praised
For your escape, will you draw neere sister?
Fath. Syrrha come hither, would *Flowerdale*, hee that was
my maister, a robbed you, I prethee tell me true?

The London Prodigall.

wln 1480

Arty. Yes yfaith, euen that *Flowerdale*, that was thy mai-
(ster.

wln 1481

Fath. Hold thee, there is a French crowne, and speake no
(more of this.

wln 1482

Arty. Not *I*, not a word, now do I smell knauerie:

wln 1483

In euery purse *Flowerdale* takes, he is halfe:

wln 1484

And giues me this to keepe counsell, no not a word *I*.

wln 1485

Fath. Why God a mercy.

wln 1486

Fran. Sister looke here, *I* haue a new Dutch maid,

wln 1487

And she speakes so fine, it would doe your heart good.

wln 1488

Ciu. How doe you like her sister?

wln 1489

Deli. I like your maide well.

wln 1490

Ciu. Well deare sister, will you draw neere, and giue direc-
tions for supper, guesse will be here presently.

wln 1491

Delia. Yes brother, leade the way ile follow you.

wln 1492

wln 1493

Exit all but Delia and Luce.

wln 1494

Harke you Dutch frowe a word.

wln 1495

Luce. Vat is your vill wit me?

wln 1496

Deli Sister *Luce*, tis not your broken language,

wln 1497

Nor this same habit, can disguise your face

wln 1498

From *I* that know you: pray tell me, what meanes this?

wln 1499

Lucc. Sister, I see you know me, yet be secret:

wln 1500

This borrowed shape, that *I* haue tane vpon me,

wln 1501

Is but to keepe my selfe, a space vnknowne,

wln 1502

Both from my father, and my neerest friendes:

wln 1503

Vntill *I* see, how time will bring to passe,

wln 1504

The desperate course, of maister *Flowerdale*.

wln 1505

Deli. O hee is worse then bad, *I* prethee leaue him,

wln 1506

And let not once thy heart to thinke on him.

wln 1507

Luce. Do not perswade me, once to such a thought,

wln 1508

Imagine yet, that he is worse then naught:

wln 1509

Yet one **louers** time, may all that ill vndo,

wln 1510

That all his former life, did run into.

Therefore

The London Prodigall.

wln 1511
wln 1512
wln 1513
wln 1514
wln 1515
wln 1516
wln 1517

Therefore kind sister doe not disclose my estate,
If ere his heart doth turne, tis nere too late. (mind,

Dely. Well, seeing no counsell can remoue your
Ile not disclose you, that art wilfull blinde. (eies,

Luc. *Delia*, I thank you, I now must please her
My sister *Frances*, neither faire nor wise.

Exit Omnes.

wln 1518

Enter Flowerdale solus.

wln 1519
wln 1520
wln 1521
wln 1522
wln 1523
wln 1524
wln 1525
wln 1526
wln 1527
wln 1528
wln 1529
wln 1530

Flo. On goes he that knowes no end of his iourney,
I haue passed the very vtmost bounds of shifting,
I haue no course now but to hang my selfe:
I haue liued since yesterday two a clocke, of a
Spice-cake I had at a buriall: and for drinke,
I got it at an Ale-house among Porters, such as
Will beare out a man, if he haue no mony indeed.
I meane out of their companyes, for they are men
Of good carriage. Who comes heere?
The two Conycatchers, that woon all my mony of
Ile trie if thayle lend me any. (me.

Enter Dicke and Rafe.

wln 1531
wln 1532
wln 1533
wln 1534
wln 1535
wln 1536
wln 1537
wln 1538
wln 1539
wln 1540
wln 1541
wln 1542
wln 1543

What M. *Richard* how doe you?
How doest thou *Rafe*? By God gentlemē the world
Growes bare with me, will you do as much as lend
Me an Angel betweene you both, you know you
Won a hundred of me the other day.

Rafe. How, an Angel? God damb vs if we lost not euery
Peny, within an houre after thou wert gone.

Flow. I prethy lend me so much as will pay for my supper,
Ile pay you againe, as I am a Gentleman.

Rafe. I faith, we haue haue not a farthing, not a myte:
I wonder at it M. *Flowerdale*,
You will so carelesly vndo your selfe,
Why you will loose more mony in an houre,

The London Prodigall.

wln 1544
wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547
wln 1548
wln 1549
wln 1550
wln 1551
wln 1552
wln 1553
wln 1554
wln 1555
wln 1556
wln 1557
wln 1558
wln 1559

Then any honest man spend in a yeare,
For shame betake you to some honest Trade,
And liue not thus so like a Vagabond.

Exit both.

Flow. A Vagabond indeed, more villaines you:
They gaue me counsell that first cozend me:
Those Diuels first brought me to this I am,
And being thus, the first that doe me wrong.
Well, yet I haue one firiend left in store,
Not farre from hence, there dwels a Cokatryce,
One that I first put in a satten gowne,
And not a tooth that dwell within her head,
But stands me at the least in 20. pound:
Her will *I* visite now my coyne is gone,
And as *I* take it heere dwelles the Gentlewomen.
What ho, is Mistesse *Apricocke* within?

wln 1560
wln 1561
wln 1562
wln 1563
wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566
wln 1567
wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571

Enter Ruffyn.

Ruff. What sawsie Rascall is that which knocks so bold,
O, is it you? old spend-thrift, are you here?
One that is turned Cozoner about the towne:
My Mistresse saw you, and sends this word by me,
Either be packing quickly from the doore,
Or you shall haue such a greeting sent you strait,
As you will little like on, you had best be gone.

Flow. Why so, this is as it should be, being poore,
Thus art thou serued by a vile painted whoore.
Well, since thy damned crew doe so abuse thee,
Ile try of honest men, how they will vse mee.

wln 1572
wln 1573
wln 1574
wln 1575
wln 1576
wln 1577

Enter an auncient Citizen.

Sir *I* beseech you to take compassion of a man,
One whose Fortunes haue beene better then at this instant
they seeme to bee: but if *I* might craue of you so much little
portion, as would bring mee to my friends, I should rest
thankfull, vntill I had requited so great a curtesie.

Citizen

The London Prodigall.

wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581
wln 1582
wln 1583
wln 1584
wln 1585
wln 1586
wln 1587
wln 1588
wln 1589

Citizen. Fie, fie, yong man, this course is very bad,
Too many such haue wee about this Cittie,
Yet for *I* haue not seene you in this sort,
Nor noted you to be a common begger:
Hold theres an Angel, to beare your charges,
Downe, goe to your freinds, do not on this depend,
Such bad beginnings oft haue worser ends.

Exit Citt.

wln 1590
wln 1591
wln 1592
wln 1593
wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602
wln 1603
wln 1604
wln 1605
wln 1606
wln 1607
wln 1608
wln 1609
wln 1610
wln 1611

Flow. Worser endes: nay, if it fall out
No worse then in old angels *I* care not,
Nay now *I* haue had such a fortunate beginning,
Ile not let a sixepennie-purse escape me,
By the Masse, here comes another.

Enter a Citizens wife with a torch before her.

God blesse you faire Mistresse.
Now would it please you gentlewoman to looke into the
wants of a poore Gentle-man, a yonger brother, *I* doubt not
but God will treble restore it backe againe, one that neuer
before this time demanded pennie, halfpenie, nor farthing.

Citiz. Wife. Stay *Alexander*, now by my troth a very pro-
per man, and tis great pittie: hold my friend, theres all the
monie *I* haue about me, a couple of shillings, and God blesse
thee.

Flow. Now God thanke you sweete Lady: if you haue any
friend, or Garden-house, where you may imploy a poore
gentleman as your friend, *I* am yours to command in all se-
cret seruice.

Citiz. *I* thanke you good friend, *I* prethy let me see that a-
gaine, *I* gaue thee, there is one of them a brasse shilling, giue
me them, and here is halfe a crowne in gold. *He giues it her.*

Nowe out vpon thee Rascall, secret seruice: what doest
thou make of mee? it were a good deede to haue thee whipt:
now *I* haue my money againe, ile see thee hanged before
I giue thee a pennie: secret seruice: on good *Alexander*.

Exit both.

Flow. This

The London Prodigall.

wln 1612
wln 1613

Flow. This is villanous lucke, I perceiue dishonestie
Will not thriue: here comes more, God forgiue mee,

wln 1614
wln 1615
wln 1616

Sir *Arthur*, and M. *Oliuer*, afore God, Ile speake to them,
God saue you Sir *Arthur*: God saue you M. *Oliuer*.

Enter Sir Arthur, and M. Oliuer.

wln 1617
wln 1618
wln 1619

Oli. Byn you there zirrha, come will you ytaken your selfe
To your tooles, Coystrell?

wln 1620
wln 1621
wln 1622

Flow. Nay, M. *Oliuer*, Ile not fight with you,
Alas sir you know it was not my dooings,
It was onely a plot to get Sir *Lancelots* daughter:
By God, *I* neuer meant you harme.

wln 1623
wln 1624
wln 1625

Oli. And whore is the Gentle-woman thy wife, Mezell?
Whore is shee, Zyrria, ha?

wln 1626
wln 1627
wln 1628

Flow. By my troth M. *Oliuer*, sicke, very sicke;
And God is my Iudge, *I* know not what meanes to make for
her, good Gentlewoman.

wln 1629
wln 1630
wln 1631

Oli. Tell me true, is she sicke? tell me true itch vise thee?

wln 1632
wln 1633
wln 1634

Flow. Yes faith, *I* tell you true: M. *Oliuer*, if you would
doe mee the small kindnesse, but to lend me fortie shillings:
So God helpe me *I* will pay you So soone as my abilitie shall
make me able, as *I* am a gentleman.

wln 1635
wln 1636
wln 1637

Oli. Well thou zaist thy wife is zicke: hold, thers vortie
shillings, giued it to thy wife, looke thou giue it her, or *I* shall
zo veze thee, thou wert not so vezed this zeuen yeare, looke
too it.

wln 1638
wln 1639
wln 1640

Art. Yfaith M. *Oliuer*, it is in vaine
To giue to him that neuer thinkes of her.

Oli. Well, would che could yuind it. (man.

wln 1641
wln 1642
wln 1643

Flow. *I* tell you true, sir *Arthur*, as *I* am a gentle-

Oli. Well fare you well zyrrah: come sir *Arthur*.

Exit both:

wln 1644
wln 1645

Flow. By the Lord this is excellent.
Fiue golden Angels compast in an houre,
If this trade hold, ile neuer seeke a new.

Welcome

The London Prodigall.

wln 1646

Welcome sweet gold: and beggery adue.

wln 1647

Enter Vnckle and Father.

wln 1648

Vnc. See *Kester* if you can find the house.

wln 1649

Flow. Whose here, my Vnckle, and my man *Kester*?

wln 1650

By the masse tis they.

wln 1651

How doe you Vnckle, how dost thou *Kester*?

wln 1652

By my troath Vnckle, you must needes lend

wln 1653

Me some mony, the poore gentlewoman

wln 1654

My wife, so God helpe me, is verie sicke,

wln 1655

I was robde of the hundred angels

wln 1656

You gae me, they are gone.

wln 1657

Vnc. *I* they are gone indeed, come *Kester* away.

wln 1658

Flow. Nay Vnckle, do you heare? good Vnckle.

wln 1659

Unc. Out hypocrite, *I* will not heare thee speake,

wln 1660

Come leaue him *Kester*.

wln 1661

Flow. *Kester*, honest *Kester*.

wln 1662

Fath. Syr, *I* haue nought to say to you,

wln 1663

Open the doore to my kin, thou hadst best

wln 1664

Lockt fast, for theres a false knaue without.

wln 1665

Flow. you are an old lying Rascall,

wln 1666

So you are.

Exit both.

wln 1667

Enter Luce.

wln 1668

Luce. Vat is de matter, Vat be you yonker?

wln 1669

Flow. By this light a Dutch Froe, they say they are calde

wln 1670

Kind, by this light ile try her.

wln 1671

Luce. Vat bin you yonker, why doe you not speake?

wln 1672

Flow. By my troath sweet heart, a poore gentleman that

wln 1673

would desire of you, if it stand with your liking, the bountie of

wln 1674

your purse.

Enter father.

wln 1675

Luce. O here God, so young an armine.

wln 1676

Flow. Armine sweet-heart, *I* know not what you meane by

wln 1677

that, but *I* am almost a begger.

wln 1678

Luce. Are you not a married man, vere bin your vife?

wln 1679

Here is all *I* haue, take dis.

wln 1680

Flow. What gold young Froe? this is braue.

wln 1681

Fath. If he haue any grace, heele now repent.

wln 1682

G

Luce. Why

The London Prodigall.

wln 1683
wln 1684
wln 1685

wln 1686
wln 1687
wln 1688
wln 1689
wln 1690
wln 1691
wln 1692
wln 1693
wln 1694
wln 1695
wln 1696
wln 1697
wln 1698
wln 1699
wln 1700
wln 1701
wln 1702
wln 1703
wln 1704
wln 1705
wln 1706
wln 1707
wln 1708
wln 1709
wln 1710
wln 1711
wln 1712
wln 1713
wln 1714
wln 1715
wln 1716
wln 1717
wln 1718

Luce. Why speake you not, were be your wife?
Flow. Dead, dead, shees dead, tis she hath vndone me,
Spent me all *I* had, and kept rascalls vnder mine nose to braue
(me.)

Luce. Did you vse her vell?
Flow. Vse her, theres neuer a gentlewoman in *England*
could be better vsed then *I* did her, I could but Coatch her,
her diet stood me in fortie pound a moneth, but shee is dead
and in her graue, my cares are buried.

Luce. Indeed dat vas not scone.

Fath. He is turned more diuell then he was before.

Flow. Thou doest belong to maister *Ciuets* here, doest thou

Luce. Yes me doe. (not?)

Flow. Why theres it, theres not a handfull of plate
But belongs to me, Gods my Iudge:
If *I* had but such a wench as thou art,
Theres neuer a man in *England* would make more
Of her, then *I* would doe, so she had any stocke.

They call within:

Q why *Tanikin*.

Luce. Stay one doth call, I shall come by and by againe.

Flow. By this hand, this Dutch wench is in loue with me,
Were it not admirall to make her steale
All *Ciuets* Plate, and runne away.

Fath. Twere beastly. O maister *Flowerdale*,
Haue you no feare of God, nor conscience:
What doe you meane, by this vilde course you take?

Flow. What doe *I* meane, why to liue, that I meane.

Fath. To liue in this sort, fie vpon the course,
Your life doth show, you are a verie coward.

Flow. A coward, I pray in what?

Fath. Why you will borrow sixpence of a boy.

Flow. Snailles is there such cowardice in that, *I* dare
Borrow it of a man, *I* and of the tallest man
In England, if he will lend it me,
Let me borrowe it how I can, and let them come by it how
they dare.

And

Tht London Prodigall.

wln 1719

And it is well **kowne**, I might a'rid out a hundred times
If *I* would: so *I* might.

wln 1720

wln 1721

Fath. It was not want of will, but cowardice,

wln 1722

There is none that lends to you, but know they

wln 1723

And what is that but onely stealth in you, (gaine:

wln 1724

Delia might hang you now, did not her heart

wln 1725

Take pittie of you for her sisters sake.

wln 1726

Goe get you hence, least lingering here you stay,

wln 1727

You fall into their hands you looke not for.

wln 1728

Flow. Ile tarie here, till the Dutch Froe

wln 1729

Comes, if all the diuels in hell were here.

wln 1730

Exit. Father.

wln 1731

Enter syr Lancelot, maister Weathercocke, and

wln 1732

Artichoake.

wln 1733

Luce. Where is the doore, are we not past it *Artichoake*?

wln 1734

Arty. Bith masse heres one, ile aske him, doe you heare sir?

wln 1735

What are you so proud? doe you heare, which is the way

wln 1736

To maister *Ciuets* house? what will you not speake?

wln 1737

O me, this is filching *Flwoerdale*.

wln 1738

Lance. O wonderfull, is this leaude villaine here?

wln 1739

O you cheating Rogue, you cut-purse conicatcher,

wln 1740

VVhat ditch you villaine, is my daughters graue?

wln 1741

A cozening rascall, that must make a will,

wln 1742

Take on him that strict habit, very that:

wln 1743

VVhen he should turne to angell, a dying grace,

wln 1744

Ile father in lawe you syr, ile make a will,

wln 1745

Speake villaine, wheres my daughter?

wln 1746

Poysoned *I* warrant you, or knocked a the head: will,

wln 1747

And to abuse good maister *Weathercocke*, with his forded

wln 1748

And maister *Weathercocke*, to make my grounded resolution,

wln 1749

Then to abuse the Deuenshyre gentlemen:

wln 1750

Goe, away with him to prison.

wln 1751

Flow. VVherefore to prison? syr *I* will not goe.

wln 1752

Enter maister Ciuets his wife, Oliuer, syr Arthur,

wln 1753

Father, and Vnckle Delia.

G2

Luce. O

The London Prodigall.

wln 1754
wln 1755
wln 1756
wln 1757
wln 1758
wln 1759
wln 1760
wln 1761
wln 1762
wln 1763
wln 1764
wln 1765
wln 1766
wln 1767
wln 1768
wln 1769
wln 1770
wln 1771
wln 1772
wln 1773
wln 1774
wln 1775

wln 1776
wln 1777
wln 1778

wln 1779
wln 1780
wln 1781
wln 1782
wln 1783
wln 1784
wln 1785
wln 1786
wln 1787
wln 1788
wln 1789

Luce. O heeres his Vnckle, welcome gentlemen, welcome
Such a cozoner gentlemen, a murderer too (all,
For any thing *I* know, my daughter is missing:
Hath bin looked for, cannot be found, a vild vpon thee.
Unc. He is my kinsman, altho his life be vilde,
Therefore in Gods name, doe with him what you will.
Lance. Marrie to prison.
Flow. Wherefore to prison? snick vp, I owe you nothing.
Lance. Bring forth my daughter then, away with him.
Flow. Goe seeke your daughter, what doe you lay to my
Lance. Suspition of murder, goe? away with him. (charge,
Flow. Murder your dogs, I murder your daughter,
Come Vnckle, I know youle baile me.
Vnc. Not *I*, were there no more.
Then I the Iaylor, thou the prisoner.
Lance. Goe away with him.
Enter Luce like a Frowe.
Luce. O my life here, where will you ha de man?
Vat ha de younker done?
Wea. Woman he hath kild his wife.
Luce. His vife, dat is not good, dat is not seene.
Lance. Hang not vpon him huswife, if you doe ile lay you
(by him.
Luce. Haue me no, and or way doe you haue him,
He tell me dat he loue me hartily.
Fran. Lead away my maide to prison, why *Tom* will you
(suffer that?
Ciu. No by your leaue father, she is no vagrant:
She is my wiues chamber maid, & as true as the skin between
any mans browes here.
Lance. Goe too, you're both fooles: sonne *Ciu*et,
Of my life this is a plot,
Some stragling counterfait preferd to you:
No doubt to rob you of your plate and Iewels,
Ile haue you led away to prison trull.
Luce. I am no trull, neither outlandish Frowe,
Nor he, nor I shall to the prison goe:
Know you me now? nay neuer stand amazed.

Father,

The London Prodigall.

wln 1790
wln 1791
wln 1792
wln 1793
wln 1794
wln 1795
wln 1796
wln 1797
wln 1798
wln 1799
wln 1800
wln 1801
wln 1802
wln 1803
wln 1804
wln 1805
wln 1806
wln 1807
wln 1808
wln 1809
wln 1810
wln 1811
wln 1812
wln 1813
wln 1814
wln 1815
wln 1816
wln 1817
wln 1818
wln 1819
wln 1820
wln 1821
wln 1822
wln 1823
wln 1824
wln 1825
wln 1826
wln 1827

Father I know *I* haue offended you,
And tho that dutie wills me bend my knees
To you in dutie and obedience:
Yet this wayes doe I turne, and to him yeeld
My loue, my dutie and my humblenesse.
Lanc. Bastard in nature, kneele to such a slaue?
Luce. O M. *Flowerdale*, if too much grieffe
Haue not stopt vp the organs of your voyce,
Then speake to her that is thy faithfull wife,
Or doth contempt of me, thus tye thy tongue:
Turne not away, I am no *Æthyope*,
No wanton *Cressed*, nor a changing *Hellen*:
But rather one made wretched by thy losse.
What turnst thou still from me? O then
I gesse thee wofulst among haplesse men.
Flow. I am indeed wife, wonder among wiues!
Thy chastitie and vertue hath infused
Another soule in mee, red with defame,
For in my blushing cheekes is seene my shame.
Lanc. Out Hypocrite, I charge thee trust him not.
Luce. Not trust him, by hopes after blisse,
I know no sorrow can be compar'd to his.
Lan. Well since thou weart ordain'd to beggery,
Follow thy fortune, I defie thee *I*.
Oly. Y wood che were so well ydoused as was euer white
cloth in a tocking mill, and chea ha not made me weepe.
Fath. If he hath any grace heele now repent.
Art. It moues my heart.
Wea. By my troth I must weepe, *I* can not chuse.
Uncle. None but a beast would such a maide misuse.
Flow. Content thy selfe, I hope to win his fauour,
And to redeeme my reputation lost,
And Gentlemen beleue me, *I* beseech you,
I hope your eyes shall behold such change,
As shall deceiue your expectation.
Oly. I would che were ysplitted now, but che beleue him.
Lance. How, beleue him. *Wea.* By the mackins, I doe.
Lance. What doe you thinke that ere he will haue grace?

The London Prodigall.

wln 1828
wln 1829
wln 1830
wln 1831
wln 1832
wln 1833
wln 1834
wln 1835
wln 1836
wln 1837
wln 1838
wln 1839
wln 1840
wln 1841
wln 1842
wln 1843
wln 1844
wln 1845
wln 1846
wln 1847
wln 1848
wln 1849
wln 1850
wln 1851
wln 1852
wln 1853
wln 1854
wln 1855
wln 1856
wln 1857
wln 1858
wln 1859
wln 1860
wln 1861
wln 1862
wln 1863
wln 1864
wln 1865

Wea. By my faith it will goe hard.

Oly. Well che vorye he is changed: and M. *Flowerdale*, in hope you been so, hold theres vortie pound toward your zetting vp: what bee not ashamed, vang it man, vang it, bee a good husband, louen your wife: and you shall not want for vortie more, *I* che vor thee.

Arth. My meanes are little, but if youle follow
I will instruct you in my ablest power: (me,
But to your wife *I* giue this Diamond,
And proue true Dimond faire in all your life.

Flow. Thankes good sir *Arthur*, M. *Oliuer*,
You being my enemy, and growne so kind,
Bindes mee in all indeuour to restore.

Oly. What, restore me, no restorings man,
I haue vortie pound more for *Luce*, here vang it:
Zouth chil devie *London* els, what do not thinke me
A Mezel or a Scondrell to throw away my money, che haue
a hundred pound more to pace of any good spotation: *I* hope
you vnder and your vncler here wil vollow my zamples.

Vncler. You haue gest right of me, if he leaue of this course of
life, he shall be mine heire.

Lan. But he shall neuer get a groat of me,
A Cozoner, a deceiuer, one that kild his painefull
Father, honest Gentleman that passed the fearefull
Danger of the sea, to get him liuing and maintaine

Wea. What hath he kild his father? (him braue.

Lance. *I* sir, with conceit of his vild courses.

Fath. Sir, you are misinformed. (selfe.

Lanc. Why thou old knaue, thou toldst me so thy

Fa. *I* wrong'd him then: and toward my M. stock,
Thers 20. Nobles for to make amends.

Flo. No *Kester*, *I* haue troubled thee, and wrong thee
What thou in loue giues, *I* in loue restore. (more,

Frā Ha, ha, sister, there you playd bo-peepe with
Tom, What shall *I* giue her toward houshold?

Sister *Delia*, shall *I* giue her my Fanne?

Del. You were best aske your husband. *Fran.* Shal *I* *Tom*?

Ciueter. *I* do *Franck* ile by thee a new one, with a longer handle.

Franck.

The London Prodigall.

wln 1866
wln 1867
wln 1868
wln 1869
wln 1870
wln 1871
wln 1872
wln 1873
wln 1874
wln 1875
wln 1876
wln 1877
wln 1878
wln 1879
wln 1880
wln 1881
wln 1882
wln 1883
wln 1884
wln 1885
wln 1886
wln 1887
wln 1888
wln 1889
wln 1890
wln 1891
wln 1892
wln 1893
wln 1894
wln 1895
wln 1896
wln 1897
wln 1898
wln 1899
wln 1900
wln 1901
wln 1902
wln 1903

Franck. A russet one *Franke.* *Ciuit.* I with russet feathers.
Fran. Here sister, theres my Fanne toward household, to
Luce. I thanke, you sister. (keepe you warme.
Wea. Why this is well, and toward faire *Luces* stocke, heres
fortie shillings: and fortie good shillings more, Ile giue her
marrie. Come sir *Lancelot*, I must haue you friends.
Lance. Not I, all this is counterfeit,
He will consume it, were it a Million.
Fath. Sir, what is your daughters dower worth?
Lance. Had she been married to an honest man,
It had beene better then a thousand pound.
Fath. Pay it him, and ile giue you my bond,
To make her ioynter better worth then three.
Lance. Your bond sir, why what are you?
Fath. One whose word in *London* tho I say it,
Will passe there for as much as yours. (man?
Lanc. VVeart not thou late that vnthrifths seruing-
Fath. Looke on me better, now my scarre is off.
Nere muse man at this metamorphosie.
Lance. M. *Flowerdale.*
Flow. My father, O I shame to looke on him.
Pardon deare father the follyes that are past.
Fa. Sonne, sonne I doe, and ioy at this thy change,
And applaud thy fortune in this vertuous maide,
Whom heauen hath sent to thee to saue thy soule.
Luc. This addeth ioy to ioy, hie heauen be prais'd.
Wea. M. *Flowerdale*, welcome frō death, good M. *Flowerdale.*
Twas sed so here, twas sed so here good faith.
Fath. I caused that rumour to be spred my selfe,
Because ide see the humours of my sonne,
Which to relate the circumstance is needlesse:
And sirra see you runne no more into that same disease:
For he thats once cured of that maladie,
Of Ryot, Swearing, Drunkennes, and Pride,
And falles againe into the like distresse,
That feur is deadly, doth till death indure:
Such men die mad as of a callenture.
Flow. Heauen helping me, ile hate the course as hell.

Vncle.

The London Prodigall.

wln 1904
wln 1905
wln 1906
wln 1907
wln 1908
wln 1909
wln 1910
wln 1911
wln 1912
wln 1913
wln 1914
wln 1915
wln 1916
wln 1917
wln 1918
wln 1919
wln 1920
wln 1921
wln 1922
wln 1923
wln 1924
wln 1925
wln 1926
wln 1927
wln 1928
wln 1929
wln 1930
wln 1931
wln 1932
wln 1933
wln 1934
wln 1935
wln 1936
wln 1937
wln 1938

wln 1939

Unc. Say it and do it Cozen, all is well. (man,
Lanc. Wel being in hope youle proue an honest
I take you to my fauour brother *Flowerdale*,
Welcome with all my heart: *I* see your care
Hath brought these acts to this conclusion,
And I am glad of it, come lets in and feast.
Oly. Nay zoft you awhile, you promised to make
Sir *Arthur* and me amends, here is your wisest
Daughter, see which ans sheele haue. (hers.
Lanc. A Gods name, you haue my good will, get
Oly. How say you then Damsell, tyters hate?
Delia. I sir, am yours.
Oly. Why, then send for a Vicar, and chil haue it
Dispatched in a trice so chill.
Delia. Pardon me sir, I meane *I* am yours,
In loue, in dutie: and affection.
But not to loue as wife, shall neere be said,
Delya was buried married, but a mayd.
Arth. Doe not condemne your selfe for euer
Vertuous faire, you were borne to loue. (it
Oly. Why you say true sir *Arthur* she was ybere to
So well as her mother: but *I* pray you shew vs
Some zamples or reasons why you will not marry?
Deli. Not that *I* doe condemne a married life,
For tis no doubt a sanctimonious thing:
But for the care and crosses of a wife,
The trouble in this world that children bring,
My vow is in heauen in earth to liue alone,
Husbands howsoeuer good, I will haue none.
Oly. Why then chil will liue Batcheller too,
Che zet not a vig by a wife, if a wife zet not a vig
By me: Come shalls go to dinner? (*lane*:
Fa. To morrow I craue your companies in *Mark-*
To night weele frolike in M. *Ciuites* house,
And to each health, drinke downe a full carouse.

FINIS.

Textual Notes

1. **38 (4-a)**: Erroneous speech prefix. Suggest Flowerdale Senior.
2. **141 (5-b)**: The regularized reading *cannot* is amended from the original *cannon*.
3. **163 (5-b)**: The regularized reading *judge* comes from the original *iudge*, though possible variants include *judged*.
4. **184 (6-a)**: The regularized reading *fop* comes from the original *fop*, though possible variants include *fob*.
5. **184 (6-a)**: The regularized reading *of* comes from the original *of*, though possible variants include *off*.
6. **264 (7-a)**: The regularized reading *Sentences* is amended from the original *Sentesses*.
7. **295 (7-b)**: The regularized reading *inn* is amended from the original *Inne*.
8. **379 (8-b)**: The regularized reading *Greenshield* is amended from the original *Green-shood*.
9. **443 (9-b)**: Erroneous speech prefix. Suggest Arthur.
10. **561 (11-a)**: The regularized reading *servingman's* is amended from the original *seruiegmans*.
11. **730 (13-b)**: The regularized reading *demesnes* is amended from the original *demeanes*.
12. **917 (16-a)**: The regularized reading *She's* is amended from the original *She*.
13. **971 (16-b)**: The regularized reading *Lancelot* is amended from the original *Lancelots*.
14. **1081 (18-a)**: The regularized reading *here* comes from the original *here*, though possible variants include *here's*.
15. **1086 (18-a)**: The regularized reading *coat* comes from the original *coate*, though possible variants include *quote*.
16. **1140 (19-a)**: Ambiguous speech prefix. May be Artichoke or Arthur.
17. **1366 (22-a)**: The regularized reading *too* is amended from the original *toos*.
18. **1351 (22-a)**: Possibly erroneous speech prefix. Suggest Arthur.
19. **1509 (24-a)**: The regularized reading *lover's* comes from the original *louers*, though possible variants include *hour's*.
20. **1701 (27-a)**: Ambiguous speech attribution. Probably corresponds to preceding stage direction, likely spoken by Frances, Civet, and/or other household members.
21. **1719 (27-b)**: The regularized reading *known* is amended from the original *kowne*.
22. **1754 (28-a)**: Erroneous speech prefix. Suggest Lancelot.