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

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Enter old Flowerdale and his brother.

Father    Brother from Venice, being thus disguised,
I come to prove the humors of my son:
How hath he born himself since my departure,
I leaving you his patron and his guide?

Uncle     I’ faith brother so, as you will grieve to hear,
And I almost ashamed to report it.

Father    Why how is ’t brother? what doth he spend
Beyond the allowance I left him?

Uncle     How! beyond that? and far more: why, your exhibition
is nothing, he hath spent that, and since hath borrowed,
protested with oaths, alleged kindred to wring money from
me, by the love I bore his father, by the fortunes might fall
upon himself, to furnish his wants: that done, I have had since,
his bond, his friend and friend’s bond, although I know that he
spends is yours; yet it grieves me to see the unbridled wildness
that reigns over him.

Father    Brother, what is the manner of his life? how is the
name of his offenses? if they do not relish altogether of damnation,
his youth may privilege his wantonness: I myself
ran an unbridled course till thirty, nay almost till forty,
well, you see how I am: for vice once looked into with the eyes
of discretion, and well balanced with the weights of reason, the
Flowerdale knocks within.

course past, seems so abominable, that the Landlord of himself, which is the heart of his body, will rather entomb himself in the earth, or seek a new Tenant to remain in him, which once settled, how much better are they that in their youth have known all these vices, and left it, than those that knew little, and in their age runs into it? Believe me brother, they that die most virtuous, hath in their youth, lived most vicious, and none knows the danger of the fire, more than he that falls into it: But say, how is the course of his life? let’s hear his particulars.

Uncle Why I’ll tell you brother, he is a continual swearer, And a breaker of his oaths, which is bad.

Uncle I grant indeed to swear is bad, but not in keeping those oaths is better: for who will set by a bad thing? Nay by my faith, I hold this rather a virtue than a vice,

Well, I pray proceed.

Uncle He is a mighty brawler, and comes commonly by the worst.

Father By my faith this is none of the worst neither, for if he Brawl and be beaten for it, it will in time make him shun it: For what brings man or child, more to virtue, than correction? What reigns over him else?

Uncle He is a great drinker, and one that will forget himself.

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

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

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

Father Why you see so doth the sea, it borrows of all the small Currents in the world, to increase himself.

Uncle Ay, but the sea pays it again, and so will never your son.

Father No more would the sea neither, if it were as dry as my son.

Uncle Then brother, I see you rather like these vices in your son, Than any way condemn them.

Father Nay mistake me not brother, for though I slur them over now, As things slight and nothing, his crimes being in the bud, It would gall my heart, they should ever reign in him.

Flowerdale Ho! who’s within ho?

Flowerdale knocks within.

Uncle That’s your son, he is come to borrow more money.

Father For Godsake give it out I am dead, see how he’ll take it, Say I have brought you news from his father.
I have here drawn a formal will, as it were from myself,
Which I’ll deliver him.

Uncle  Go to brother, no more: I will.

Flowerdale  Uncle, where are you Uncle?

Within,

Uncle  Let my cousin in here.

Father  I am a Sailor come from Venice, and my name is Christopher.

Enter Flowerdale.

Flowerdale  By the Lord, in truth Uncle.

Uncle  In truth would ha’ served cousin, without the Lord.

Flowerdale  By your leave Uncle, the Lord, is the Lord of truth.

A couple of rascals at the gate, set upon me for my purse.

Uncle  You never come, but you bring a brawl in your mouth.

Flowerdale  By my truth Uncle, you must needs lend me ten pound.

Uncle  Give my cousin some small beer here.

Flowerdale  Nay look you, you turn it to a jest now, by this light,

I should ride to Croyden fair, to meet sir Lancelot Spurcock,

I should have his daughter Luce, and for scurvy

Ten pound, a man shall lose nine hundred threescore and

odd pounds, and a daily friend beside, by this hand Uncle ’tis true.

Uncle  Why, any thing is true for aught I know.

Flowerdale  To see now: why you shall have my bond Uncle,

or Tom White’s, James Brock’s, or Nick Hall’s, as good rapier

and dagger men, as any be in England, let’s be damned if we

do not pay you, the worst of us all will not damn ourselves

for ten pound. A pox of ten pound.

Uncle  Cousin, this is not the first time I have believed you.

Flowerdale  Why trust me now, you know not what may fall:

If one thing were but true, I would not greatly care,

I should not need ten pound, but when a man cannot be believed,

there’s it.

Uncle  Why what is it cousin?

Flowerdale  Marry this Uncle, can you tell me if the Katernhue

be come home or no?

Uncle  I marry is ’t.

Flowerdale  By God I thank you for that news.

What is ’t in the pool can you tell?

Uncle  It is; what of that?

Flowerdale  What? why then I have six pieces of velvet sent me

I’ll give you a piece Uncle: for thus said the letter,

A piece of Ash-color, a three-piled black, a colour-de-roy,

A crimson, a sad green, and a purple: yes i’ faith.

Uncle  From whom should you receive this?

Flowerdale  From who? why from my father? with commendations

to you Uncle, and thus he writes: I know saith he, thou
hast much troubled thy kind Uncle, whom God willing
at my return I will see amply satisfied: Amply, I remember
was the very word; so God help me.

Uncle Have you the letter here?

Flowerdale Yes I have the letter here, here is the letter: no, yes, no
let me see, what breeches wore I o’ Saturday: let me see, o’ Tuesday,
my Calamanco, o’ Wednesday, my peach color Satin, o’
Thursday my Velour, o’ Friday my Calamanco again, o’
Saturday, let me see o’ Saturday, for in those breeches I wore
o’ Saturday is the letter: O my riding breeches Ankle, those
that you thought had been velvet,
In those very breeches is the letter.

Uncle When should it be dated

Flowerdale Marry Didicimo tersios septembris, no no, trydisimo tersios
Octobris, Ay Octobris, so it is.

Uncle Dicditimo tersios Octobris: and here receive I a letter
that your father died in June: how say you Kester?

Father Yes truly sir, your father is dead, these hands of mine
holp to wind him.

Flowerdale Dead?

Father Ay sir dead.

Flowerdale ’Sblood, how should my father come dead?

Father I’ faith sir according to the old Proverb,
The child was born: and cried, became man,
After fell sick, and died.

Uncle Nay cousin do not take it so heavily.

Flowerdale Nay I cannot weep you extempore, marry some
two or three days hence, I shall weep without any stintance.
But I hope he died in good memory.

Father Very well sir, and set down every thing in good order,
And the Katherine and Hugh you talked of, I came over in:
And I saw all the bills of lading, and the velvet
That you talked of, there is no such aboard.

Flowerdale By God I assure you, then there is knavery abroad.

Father I’ll be sworn of that: there’s knavery abroad,
Although there were never a piece of velvet in Venise.

Flowerdale I hope he died in good estate.

Father To the report of the world he did, and made his will,
of which I am an unworthy bearer.

Flowerdale His will, have you his will?

Father Yes sir, and in the presence of your Uncle,
I was willed to deliver it.

Uncle I hope cousin, now God hath blessed you with
wealth, you will not be unmindful of me.

Flowerdale I’ll do reason Uncle, yet i’ faith I take the denial
of this ten pound very hardly.

Uncle Nay I denied you not.

Flowerdale By God you denied me directly.
Uncle I’ll be judge by this goodfellow.
Father Not directly sir.
Flowerdale Why he said he would lend me none, and that had wont to be a direct denial, if the old phrase hold:
Well Uncle, come we’ll fall to the Legacies,
In the name of God, Amen.
Item, I bequeath to my brother Flowerdale, three hundred pounds, to pay such trivial debts as I owe in London.
Item, to my son Mat Flowerdale, I bequeath two bail of false dice, Videlicit, high men, and low men, fulhams, stop cater-treys, and other bones of function.
Flowerdale ’Sblood what doth he mean by this?

Uncle Proceed cousin.
Flowerdale These precepts I leave him, let him borrow of his oath,
For of his word nobody will trust him.
Let him by no means marry an honest woman,
For the other will keep herself.
Let him steal as much as he can, that a guilty conscience
May bring him to his destinate repentance,
I think he means hanging. And this were his last will and Testament, the Devil stood laughing at his bed’s feet while he made it. ’Sblood, what doth he think to top of his posterity with Paradoxes.
Father This he made sir with his own hands.
Flowerdale Ay, well, nay come good Uncle, let me have this ten pound, Imagine you have lost it, or robbed of it, or misreckoned yourself so much: any way to make it come easily off, good Uncle.
Uncle Not a penny.
Father I’ faith lend it him sir; I myself have an estate in the City worth twenty pound, all that i’ll engage for him, he saith it concerns him in a marriage.
Flowerdale Ay marry doth it, this is a fellow of some sense, this:
Come good Uncle.
Uncle Will you give your word for it Kester?
Father I will sir, willingly.
Uncle Well cousin, come to me some hour hence, you shall have it ready.
Flowerdale Shall I not fail?
Uncle You shall not, come or send.
Flowerdale Nay i’ll come myself.
Father By my troth, would I were your worship’s man.
Flowerdale What wouldst thou serve?
Father Very willingly sir.
Flowerdale Why i’ll tell thee what thou shalt do, thou saith thou hast twenty pound, go into Burchin Lane, put thyself into clothes, thou shalt ride with me to Croyden fair.
Father I thank you sir, I will attend you.
Flowerdale  Well Uncle, you will not fail me an hour hence?
Uncle    I will not cousin.

Flowerdale  What’s thy name Kester?
Father    Ay sir.
Flowerdale  Well, provide thyself: Uncle farewell till anon.

Exit Flowerdale.

Uncle    Brother, how do you like your son?
Father    ‘Faith brother, like a mad unbridled colt,
Or as a Hawk, that never stooped to lure:
The one must be tamed with an iron bit,
The other must be watched, or still she is wild,
Such is my son, awhile let him be so:
For counsel still is folly’s deadly foe.
I’ll serve his youth, for youth must have his course,
For being restrained, it makes him ten times worse:
His pride, his riot, all that may be named,
Time may recall, and all his madness tamed.

Enter sir Lancelot, Master Weathercock, Daffodil,
   Artichoke, Luce, and Franck.

Lancelot    Sirrah Artichoke, get you home before,
And as you proved yourself a calf in buying,
Drive home your fellow calves that you have bought.

Artichoke    Yes forsooth, shall not my fellow Daffodil go along with me.

Lancelot    No sir, no, I must have one to wait on me.

Artichoke    Daffodil, farewell good fellow Daffodil,
You may see mistress, I am set up by the halves,
Instead of waiting on you, I am sent to drive home calves.

Lancelot    ‘Faith Franck, I must turn away this Daffodil,
He’s grown a very foolish saucy fellow.

Frances    Indeed la father, he was so since I had him:
Before he was wise enough, for a foolish servingman.

Weathercock    But what say you to me sir Lancelot?
Lancelot    O, about my daughters, well I will go forward,
Here’s two of them God save them: but the third,
O she’s a stranger in her course of life,
She hath refused you Master Weathercock.

Weathercock    Ay by the Rood sir Lancelot that she hath,
But had she tried me, she should ha’ found a man of me indeed.

Lancelot    Nay be not angry sir, at her denial,

She hath refused seven of the worshipful’st and worthiest
housekeepers this day in Kent:
Indeed she will not marry I suppose.

Weathercock    The more fool she.

Lancelot    What is it folly to love Charity?
Enter Monsieur Civet.

Weathercock. No mistake me not sir Lancelot,
But 'tis an old proverb, and you know it well,
That women dying maids, lead apes in hell.

Lancelot. That's a foolish proverb, and a false.

Weathercock. By the mass I think it be, and therefore let it go:
But who shall marry with mistress Frances?

Frances. By my troth they are talking of marrying me sister.

Luce. Peace, let them talk:
Fools may have leave to prattle as they walk.

Daffodil. Sentences still sweet mistress,
You have a wit, and it were your alabaster.

Luce. I' faith and thy tongue trips trenchmore.

Lancelot. No of my knighthood, not a suitor yet:
Alas God help her silly girl, a fool, a very fool:
But there's the other black-brows a shrewd girl,
She hath wit at will, and suitors two or three:
Sir Arthur Greenshield one, a gallant knight,
A valiant Soldier, but his power but poor.
Then there's young Oliver, the Devonshire lad,
A wary fellow, marry full of wit,
And rich by the rood, but there's a third all air,
Light as a feather, changing as the wind: young Flowerdale.

Weathercock. O he sir, he's a desperate dick indeed.

Bar him your house.

Lancelot. Fie not so, he's of good parentage.

Weathercock. By my fay and so he is, and a proper man.

Lancelot. Ay proper enough, had he good qualities.

Weathercock. Ay marry, there's the point sir Lancelot:
For there's an old saying,
Be he rich, or be he poor,
Be he high, or be he low:
Be he born in barn or hall,
'Tis manners makes the man and all.

Lancelot. You are in the right master Weathercock.

Enter Monsieur Civet.

Civet. Soul, I think I am sure crossed,
Or witched with an owl, I have haunted them: Inn after Inn,
booth, after booth, yet cannot find them, ha yonder they are,
that's she, I hope to God 'tis she, nay I know 'tis she now, for
she treads her shoe a little awry.

Lancelot. Where is this inn? we are past it Daffodil.

Daffodil. The good sign is here sir, but the back gate is before.

Civet. Save you sir, I pray may I borrow a piece of a
word with you?

Daffodil. No pieces sir.

Civet. Why then the whole.

I pray sir, what may yonder gentlewomen be?

Daffodil. They may be Ladies sir, if the destinies and mortality work.
Civet  What’s her name sir.
Daffodil  Mistress Frances Spurcock, sir Lancelot Spurcock’s daughter.
Civet  Is she a maid sir?
Daffodil  You may ask Pluto, and dame Proserpine that:
I would be loath to be riddled sir.
Civet  Is she married I mean sir?
Daffodil  The Fates knows not yet what shoemaker shall
make her wedding shoes.
Civet  I pray where Inn you sir? I would be very glad to bestow
the wine of that gentlewoman.
Daffodil  At the George sir.
Civet  God save you sir.
Daffodil  I pray your name sir?
Civet  My name is master Civet sir.
Daffodil  A sweet name, God be with you good master Civet.

Exit Civet

Lancelot  Ah, have we spied you stout Saint George?
For all your dragon, you had best sells good wine:
That needs no ivy-bush, well, we’ll not sit by it,
As you do on your horse, this room shall serve:
Drawer, let me have sack for us old men:
For these girls and knaves small wines are best.

A pint of sack, no more.
    Drawer  A quart of sack in the three Tuns,
    Lancelot  A pint, draw but a pint Daffodil,
Call for wine to make yourselves drink.
    Frances  And a cup of small beer, and a cake good Daffodil.
Enter young Flowerdale.

    Flowerdale  How now, fie, sit in the open room, now good sir
    Lancelot, and my kind friend worshipful Master Weathercock,
What at your pint, a quart for shame.
    Lancelot  Nay Roister by your leave we will away.
    Flowerdale  Come, gives some Music, we’ll go dance,
Begone sir Lancelot, what, and fair day too?
    Lancelot  ’Twere fouilly done, to dance within the fair.
    Flowerdale  Nay if you say so, fairest of all fairs,
Then i’ll not dance, a pox upon my tailor,
He hath spoiled me a peach color satin suit,
Cut upon cloth of silver, but if ever the Rascal serve me such
another trick, I’ll give him leave i’ faith to put me in the calendar
of fools: and you, and you, sir Lancelot; and Master
Weathercock, my goldsmith too on t’ other side, I bespoke thee
Luce, a carcanet of gold, and thought thou shouldst ha’ had it
for a fairing, and the Rogue puts me in rerages for Orient
Pearl: but thou shalt have it by sunday night wench.
Enter the Drawer.
    Drawer  Sir, here is one hath sent you a pottle of rhenish
Enter master Civet.

Exit Omnes.
Enter sir Arthur Greenshield, Oliver, Lieutenant and Soldiers.

Arthur  Lieutenant, lead your Soldiers to the ships, There let them have their coats, at their arrival They shall have pay: farewell, look to your charge.

Soldier  Ay, we are now sent away, and cannot so much as speak with our friends.

Oliver  No man what ere you used a zutch a fashion, thick you cannot take your leave of your vreens.

Arthur  Fellow no more, Lieutenant lead them off.

Soldier  Well, if I have not my pay and my clothes, I’ll venture a running away though I hang for ’t.

Arthur  Away sirrah, charm your tongue.

Exit Soldiers,

Oliver  Bin and you a presser sir?

Arthur  I am a commander sir under the King.

Oliver  ’Sfoot man, and you be ne’er zutch a commander Should ha’ spoke with my vreens before I chid agone, so should.

wln 0350
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Flowerdale  To me?

Drawer  No sir to the knight; and desires his more acquaintance.

Lancelot  To me? what’s he that proves so kind?

Daffodil  I have a trick to know his name sir, He hath a month’s mind here to mistress Frances, his name Is master Civet.

Lancelot  Call him in Daffodil.

Flowerdale  O I know him sir, he is a fool, But reasonable rich, his father was one of these lease-mongers, these corn-monger, these money-mongers, but he never had the wit to be a whore-monger.

Enter master Civet.

Lancelot  I promise you sir, you are at too much charge.

Civet  The charge is small charge sir, I thank God my father left me wherewithal, if it please you sir, I have a great mind to this gentlewoman, here in the way of marriage.

Lancelot  I thank you sir: please you come to Lewsome to my poor house, you shall be kindly welcome: I knew your father, he was a wary husband: to pay here Drawer.

Drawer  All is paid sir: this gentleman hath paid all.

Lancelot  I’ faith you do us wrong, But we shall live to make amends ere long: Master Flowerdale, is that your man?

Flowerdale  Yes faith, a good old knave.

Lancelot  Nay then I think you will turn wise, Now you take such a servant: Come, you’ll ride with us to Lewsome, let’s away, ’Tis scarce two hours to the end of day.

Exit Omnes.

"Enter sir Arthur Greenshield, Oliver, Lieutenant and Soldiers."

Arthur  Lieutenant, lead your Soldiers to the ships, There let them have their coats, at their arrival They shall have pay: farewell, look to your charge.
Enter sir Lancelot Weathercock, young Flowerdale, old Flowerdale, Luce, Franck.

Arthur  Content yourself man, my authority will stretch to press so good a man as you.

Oliver  Press me? I devye, press scoundrels, and thy mesels:

Press me, chee scorns thee i’ faith: For seest thee, here’s a worshipfull knight knows, cham not to be pressed by thee.

Lancelot  Sir Arthur, welcome to Lewsome, welcome by my troth, What’s the matter man, why are you vexed?

Oliver  Why man he would press me.

Lancelot  O Fie sir Arthur, press him? he is man of reckoning.

Weathercock  Ay that he is sir Arthur, he hath the nobles, The golden ruddocks he.

Arthur  The fitter for the wars: and were he not in favor With your worships, he should see, That I have power to press so good as he.

Oliver  Chill stand to the trial, so chill.

Flowerdale  Ay marry shall he, press-cloth and karsy, White pot and drowsen broth: tut, tut, he cannot.

Oliver  Well sir, though you see vlouten cloth and karsy, chee a zeene zutch a karsy coat wear out the town sick a zilken Jacket, as thick a one you wear.

Flowerdale  Well said vlitan vlattan.

Oliver  Ah and well said cocknel, and bow-bell too: what dost think cham aveard of thy zilken coat, no fear vere thee.

Lancelot  Nay come no more, be all lovers and friends.

Weathercock  Ay ’tis best so, good master Oliver.

Flowerdale  Is your name master Oliver I pray you?

Oliver  What tit and be tit, and grieve you.

Flowerdale  No but I’d gladly know if a man might not have a foolish plot out of master Oliver to work upon.

Oliver  Work thy plots upon me, stand aside, work thy foolish plots upon me, chil so use thee, thou wert never so used since thy dame bound thy head, work upon me?

Flowerdale  Let him come, let him come.

Oliver  Zyrha, zyrha, if it were not vor shame, chee would ha’ given thee zutch a whisterpoop under the ear, chee would ha’ made thee ha’ vanged another at my feet: stand aside let me lose, cham all of a flaming firebrand; Stand aside.

Flowerdale  Well I forbear you for your friends’ sake.

Oliver  A vig for all my vreens, dost thou tell me of my vreens?
Lancelot  No more good master Oliver, no more sir Arthur, And maiden, here in the sight of all your suitors, every man of worth, I’ll tell you whom I fainest would prefer to the hard bargain of your marriage bed: shall I be plain among you gentlemen?

Artichoke  Ay sir ’tis best.

Lancelot  Then sir, first to you, I do confess you a most gallant knight, a worthy soldier, and an honest man: but honesty maintains a french-hood, goes very seldom in a chain of gold, keeps a small train of servants: hath few friends: and for this wild oats here, young Flowerdale, I will not judge, God can work miracles, but he were better make a hundred new, than thee a thrifty and an honest one.

Weathercock  Believe me he hath bit you there, he hath touched you to the quick, that hath he.

Flowerdale  Woodcock o’ my side, why master Weathercock you know I am honest, howsoever trifles.

Weathercock  Now by my troth, I know no otherwise, O your old mother was a dame indeed: Heaven hath her soul, and my wives too I trust: And your good father, honest gentleman, He is gone a Journey as I hear, far hence.

Flowerdale  Ay God be praised, he is far enough, He is gone a pilgrimage to Paradise. And left me to cut a caper against care,

Luce  look on me that am as light as air.

Luce.  I’ faith I like not shadows, bubbles, broth, I hate a light a love, as I hate death.

Lancelot  Girl hold thee there: look on this Devonshire lad:

Fat, fair, and lovely, both in purse and person.

Oliver  Well sir, cham as the Lord hath made me, You know me well yvine, cha have threescore pack a kersey, and blackem hall, and chief credit beside, and my fortunes may be so good as another’s, zoe it may.

Lancelot  ’Tis you I love, whatsoever others say?

Arthur  Thanks fairest.

Flowerdale  What wouldst thou have me quarrel with him?

Father  Do but say he shall hear from you.

Lancelot  Yet gentleman, howsoever I prefer this Devonshire suitor,

I’ll enforce no love, my daughter shall have liberty to choose whom she likes best, in your love suit proceed: Not all of you, but only one must speed.

Weathercock  You have said well: indeed right well.

Artichoke  Mistress here’s one would speak with you, my
fellow Daffodil hath him in the cellar already, he knows him, he met him at Croyden fair.

Lancelot   O I remember a little man.
Artichoke   Ay a very little man.
Lancelot   And yet a proper man.
Artichoke   A very proper, very little man.
Lancelot   His name is Monsieur Civet.
Artichoke   The same sir.
Lancelot   Come Gentlemen, if other suitors come,

My foolish daughter will be fitted too:
But Delia my saint, no man dare move.

Exit all but young Flowerdale and Oliver, and old Flowerdale.

Flowerdale   Hark you sir, a word.
Oliver   What ha an you to say to me now?
Flowerdale   Ye shall hear from me, and that very shortly.
Oliver   Is that all, vare thee well, chee vere thee not, a vig.

Exit Oliver.

Flowerdale   What if should come more? I am fairly dressed.
Father   I do not mean that you shall meet with him,

But presently we’ll go and draw a will;
Where we’ll set down land, that we never saw,

And we will have it of so large a sum,
Sir Lancelot shall entreat you take his daughter:
This being formed, give it master Weathercock,
And make sir Lancelot’s daughter heir of all:
And make him swear, never to show the will
to anyone, until that you be dead,
This done, the foolish changing Weathercock,
Will straight discourse unto sir Lancelot,
The form and tenor of your Testament,
Nor stand to pause of it, be ruled by me:
What will ensue, that shall you quickly see.

Flowerdale   Come let’s about it: if that a will sweet Kit,
Can get the wench, I shall renown thy wit.

Exit omnes,

Enter Daffodil.

Daffodil   Mistress still froward?
No kind looks unto your Daffodil, now by the Gods.
Luce.  Away you foolish knave, let my hand go.
Daffodil   There is your hand, but this shall go with me:
My heart is thine, this is my true love’s fee.
Luce.  I’ll have your coat stripped o’er your ears for this,
You saucy rascal.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercock.

Lancelot   How now maid, what is the news with you?
Luce.  Your man is something saucy.

Lancelot   Go to sirrah, I’ll talk with you anon.
Exit Weathercock.

Exit Daffodil.

Enter sir Arthur and Luce.

Daffodil  Sir I am a man to be talked withal,
I am no horse I trow:
I Know my strength, then no more than so.

Weathercock  Ah by the mackins, good sir Lancelot, I saw him the
other day hold up the bucklers, like an Hercules,
I’ faith God-a-mercy lad, I like thee well.

Lancelot  Ay, I like him well, go sIRRah fetch me a cup of wine,
That ere I part with master Weathercock,
We may drink down our farewell in French wine.

Weathercock  I thank you sir, I thank you friendly knight,
I’ll come and visit you, by the mouse-foot I will:
In the mean time, take heed of cutting Flowerdale,
He is a desperate dick I warrant you.

Lancelot  He is, he is: fill Daffodil, fill me some wine, ha, what
wears he on his arm?
My daughter Luce’s bracelet, Ay ’tis the same:
Ha to you master Weathercock.

Weathercock  I thank you sir: Here Daffodil, an honest fellow and
a tall thou art: well, i’ll take my leave good knight, and hope to
have you and all your daughters at my poor house, in good sooth I must.

Lancelot  Thanks master Weathercock, I shall be bold to
trouble you be sure.

Weathercock  And welcome, heartily farewell. Exit Weathercock.

Lancelot  Sirrah I saw my daughter’s wrong, and withal her
bracelet on your arm, off with it: and with it my livery too,
Have I care to see my daughter matched with men of worship,
and are you grown so bold? Go sIRRah from my house,
or i’ll whip you hence.

Daffodil  I’ll not be whipped sir, there’s your livery.

This is a servingman’s reward, what care I,
I have means to trust too: I scorn service I.

Lancelot  Ay a lusty knave, but I must let him go,
Our servants must be taught, what they should know.

Enter sir Arthur and Luce.

Luce  Sir, as I am a maid, I do affect you above any suitor
that I have, although that soldiers scarce knows how to love.

Arthur  I am a soldier, and a gentleman,
Knows what belongs to war, what to a lady:
What man offends me, that my sword shall right:
What woman loves me, I am her faithful knight.

Luce  I neither doubt your valor, nor your love, but
there be some that bears a soldier’s form, that swears by him
they never think upon, goes swaggering up and down from
house to house, crying God pays: and.
Arthur  I’ faith Lady i’ll descry you such a man,  
Of them there be many which you have spoke of,  

That bear the name and shape of soldiers,  
Yet God knows very seldom saw the war:  
That haunt your Taverns, and your ordinaries,  
Your alehouses sometimes, for all alike  
To uphold the brutish humor of their minds,  
Being marked down, for the bondmen of despair:  
Their mirth begins in wine, but ends in blood,  
Their drink is clear, but their conceits are mud.

Luce.  Yet these are great gentlemen soldiers.  
Arthur  No they are wretched slaves,  
Whose desperate lives doth bring them timeless graves.

Luce.  Both for yourself, and for your form of life,  
If I may choose, i’ll be a soldier’s wife.

Enter sir Lancelot and Oliver.  

Oliver  And tit trust to it so then.

Lancelot  Assure yourself,  
You shall be married with all speed we may:  
One day shall serve for Frances and for Luce.

Oliver  Why che would vain know the time, for providing  
wedding raiments.

Lancelot  Why no more but this, first get your assurance made,  
touching my daughter’s jointure, that dispatched, we will in two  
days make provision.

Oliver  Why man chil have the writings made by tomorrow.

Lancelot  Tomorrow be it then, let’s meet at the king’s head  
in fish street.

Oliver  No fie man no, let’s meet at the Rose at Temple-bar,  
That will be nearer your counselor and mine.

Lancelot  At the Rose, be it then the hour nine,  
He that comes last, forfeits a pint of wine.

Oliver  A pint is no payment, let it be a whole quart, or nothing.

Enter Artichoke.

Artichoke  Master, here is a man would speak with master Oliver,  
he comes from young master Flowerdale.  

Oliver.  Why chill speak with him, chill speak with him.

Lancelot  Nay son Oliver, i’ll surely see,  
What young Flowerdale hath sent to you.  
I pray God it be no quarrel.

Oliver  Why man if he quarrel with me, chill give him his hands full.  
Father  God save you good sir Lancelot.

Lancelot  Welcome honest friend.  
Father  To you and yours my master wisheth health,  
But unto you sir this, and this he sends:
There is the length sir of his rapier,
And in that paper shall you know his mind.

---

Oliver  Here chill meet him my vreend, chill meet him.
Lancelot  Meet him, you shall not meet the Ruffian fie.

---

Oliver  And I do not meet him, chill give you leave to call
Me cut, where is ’t sirrah? where is ’t? where is ’t?

Father  The letter shows both the time and place,
And if you be a man, then keep your word.

Lancelot  Sir he shall not keep his word, he shall not meet.

Father  Why let him choose, he'll be the better known
For a base rascal, and reputed so.

Oliver  Zirrah, zirrah: and ’twere not an old fellow, and sent
after an arrant, chid give thee something, but chud be no money:
But hold thee, for I see thou art somewhat testern, hold
thee, there’s vorty shillings, bring thy master avield, chil give
thee vorty more, look thou bring him, chil mall him tell him,
chill mar his dancing trestles, chil use him, he was ne’er so used
since his dam bound his head, chill make him for capering any
more chy vor thee.

Father  You seem a man, stout and resolute,
And I will so report, whate’er befall.

Lancelot  And fall out ill, assure thy master this,
I’ll make him fly the land, or use him worse.

Father  My master sir, deserves not this of you,
And that you’ll shortly find.

Lancelot  Thy master is an unthrift, you a knave,
And i’lI attack you first, next clap him up:
Or have him bound unto his good behavior.

Oliver  I would you were a sprite if you do him any harm for
this: And you do, chill ne’er see you, nor any of yours, while
chill have eyes open: what do you think, chil be a-baffled
up and down the town for a mesel, and a scoundrel, no chy
bor you: zirrah chil come, zay no more, chil come tell him.

---

Father  Well sir, my Master deserves not this of you,
And that you’ll shortly find.

Oliver  No matter, he’s an unthrift, I defy him.

Lancelot  No, gentle son, let me know the place.

Oliver  No chy vore you.

Lancelot  Let me see the note.

Oliver  Nay, chill watch you for zutch a trick.
But if che meet him zoe, if not, zoe: chill make him know
me, or chill know why I shall not, chill vare the worse.

Lancelot  What will you then neglect my daughter’s love?
Venture your state and hers, for a loose brawl?

Oliver  Why man, chill not kill him, marry chill veze him too,
and again; and zoe God be with you father.

What man, we shall met tomorrow.

---

Lancelot  Who would ha’ thought he had been so desperate.
Enter Artichoke. Enter Weathercock.

Artichoke Now, what’s the matter? some brawl towards, I warrant you.

Lancelot Go get me thy sword bright scoured, thy buckler mended, O for that knave, that Villain Daffodil would have done good service. But to thee.

Artichoke Ay, this is the tricks of all you gentlemen, when you stand in need of a good fellow. O for that Daffodil, O where is he? but if you be angry, and it be but for the wagging of a straw, then out a doors with the knave, turn the coat over his ears. This is the humor of you all.

Lancelot O for that knave, that lusty Daffodil.

Artichoke Why there ’tis now: our year’s wages and our vails will scarce pay for broken swords and bucklers that we use in our quarrels. But I’ll not fight if Daffodil be a’ t’ other side, that’s flat.

Lancelot ’Tis no such matter man, get weapons ready, and be at London ere the break of day: watch near the lodging of the Devonshire Youth, but be unseen: and as he goes out, as he will go out, and that very early without doubt.

Artichoke What would you have me draw upon him, As he goes in the street?

Lancelot Not for a world man: into the fields.

For to the field he goes, there to meet the desperate Flowerdale,
Take thou the part of Oliver my son, for he shall be my son,
And marry Luce: Dost understand me knave?

Artichoke Ay sir I do understand you, but my young mistress might be better provided in matching with my fellow Daffodil. Exit.

Lancelot No more; Daffodil is a knave:
That Daffodil is a most notorious knave.

Enter Weathercock.

Master Weathercock you come in happy time, The desperate Flowerdale hath writ a challenge: And who think you must answer it? but the Devonshire man, my son Oliver.

Weathercock Marry I am sorry for it good sir Lancelot,
But if you will be ruled by me, we’ll stay the fury.

Lancelot As how I pray?

Weathercock Marry i’ll tell you, by promising young Flowerdale the red-lipped Luce.

Lancelot I’ll rather follow her unto her grave.

Weathercock Ay sir Lancelot I would have thought so too, but you and I have been deceived in him, come read this will, or deed, or what you call it, I know not: Come, come, your spectacles I pray.

Lancelot Nay I thank God, I see very well.

Weathercock Marry God bless your eyes, mine hath been dim almost
this thirty years,
   Lancelot    Ha what is this? what is this?
   Weathercock    Nay there is true love indeed, he gave it to me but
this very morn, and bid me keep it unseen from any one,
good youth, to see, how men may be deceived.
   Lancelot    Passion of me, what a wretch am I to hate this
loving youth, he hath made me, together with my Luce he
loves so dear, executors of all his wealth.
   Weathercock    All, all good man, he hath given you all.
   Lancelot    Three ships now in the straights, and homeward bound, 
Two Lordships of two hundred pound a year:
The one in Wales, the other in Gloucestershire:
Debts and accounts, are thirty thousand pound,
Plate, money, Jewels, sixteen thousand more,
Two housen furnished well in Coleman street:
Beside whatsoever his Uncle leaves to him,
Being of great demesnes and wealth at Peckham.
   Weathercock    How like you this good knight? how like you this?
   Lancelot    I have done him wrong, but now i’ll make amends, 
The Devonshire man shall whistle for a wife,
He marry Luce, Luce shall be Flowerdale’s.
   Weathercock    Why that is friendly said, let’s ride to London and prevent
their match, by promising your daughter to that lovely lad.

   Lancelot    We’ll ride to London, or it shall not need,
We’ll cross to Deptford Strand, and take a boat:
Where be these knaves? what Artichoke, what Fop?
   Enter Artichoke.
   Artichoke    Here be the very knaves, but not the merry knaves.
   Lancelot    Here take my cloak, i’ll have a walk to Deptford.
   Artichoke    Sir we have been scouring of our swords and bucklers
for your defense.
   Lancelot    Defense me no defense, let your swords rust, i’ll
have no fighting: Ay, let blows alone, bid Delia see all things be
in readiness against the wedding, we’ll have two at once,
and that will save charges master Weathercock.
   Artichoke    Well we will do it sir.

   Enter Civet, Franck, and Delia.

   Civet    By my truth this is good luck, I thank God for this,
In good sooth I have even my heart’s desire: sister Delia, now I
may boldly call you so, for your father hath frank and freely
given me his daughter Franck.
   Frances    Ay by my troth Tom, thou hast my good will too, for
I thank God I longed for a husband, and would I might never
stir, for one his name was Tom.
   Delia.    Why sister now you have your wish.
Civet: You say very true sister Delia, and I prithee call me nothing but Tom and i’ll call thee sweetheart, and Franck: will it not do well sister Delia?

Delia. It will do very well with both of you.

Frances But Tom, must I go as I do now when I am married?

Civet No Franck, i’ll have thee go like a Citizen
In a guarded gown, and a French hood.

Frances By my troth that will be excellent indeed.

Delia. Brother, maintain your wife to your estate, Apparel you yourself like to your father: And let her go like to your ancient mother, He sparing got his wealth, left it to you, Brother take heed of pride, some bids thrift adieu.

Civet So as my father and my mother went, that’s a jest indeed, why she went in a fringed gown, a single ruff, and a white cap.
And my father in a mockado coat, a pair of red satin sleeves, and a canvas back.

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

Civet My estate, my estate I thank God is forty pound a year, in good leases and tenements, besides twenty mark a year at cuckold’s haven, and that comes to us all by inheritance.

Delia. That may indeed, ’tis very fitly plied, I know not how it comes, but so it falls out That those whose fathers have died wondrous rich, And took no pleasure but to gather wealth, Thinking of little that they leave behind: For them they hope, will be of their like mind, But falls out contrary, forty years’ sparing Is scarce three seven years’ spending, never caring What will ensue, when all their coin is gone, And all too late, then thrift is thought upon: Oft have I heard, that pride and riot kissed, And then repentance cries, for had I wist.

Civet You say well sister Delia, you say well: but I mean to live within my bounds: for look you, I have set down my rest thus far, but to maintain my wife in her French hood, and her coach, keep a couple of geldings, and a brace of greyhounds, and this is all i’ll do.

Delia. And you’ll do this with forty pound a year?

Civet Ay, and a better penny sister.

Frances Sister you forget that at cuckold’s haven.

Civet By my troth well remembered Franck,
I’ll give thee that to buy thee pins.

Delia. Keep you the rest for points, alas the day,
Fools shall have wealth, though all the world say nay:
Come brother will you in, dinner stays for us.

Civet. Ay good sister with all my heart.
Frances Ay by my troth Tom, for I have a good stomach.
Civet. And I the like sweet Franck, no sister
Do not think i’ll go beyond my bounds.

Delia. God grant you may not.

Exit Omnes.

Enter young Flowerdale and his father, with foils
in their hands.

Flowerdale Sirrah Kit, tarry thou there, I have spied sir Lancelot,
and old Weathercock coming this way, they are hard at
hand, I will by no means be spoken withal.

Father I’ll warrant you, go get you in.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercock.

Lancelot Now my honest friend, thou dost belong to master Flowerdale?
Father I do sir.
Lancelot Is he within my good fellow?
Father No sir he is not within.
Lancelot I prithee if he be within, let me speak with him.
Father Sir to tell you true, my master is within, but indeed
would not be spoke withal: there be some terms that stands
upon his reputation, therefore he will not admit any conference
till he hath shook them off.

Lancelot I prithee tell him his very good friend sir Lancelot
Spurcock, entreats to speak with him.

Father. By my troth sir, if you come to take up the matter
between my master and the Devonshire man, you do but
beguile your hopes, and lose your labor.

Lancelot. Honest friend, I have not any such thing to him,
I come to speak with him about other matters.

Father For my master sir hath set down his resolution,
Either to redeem his honor, or leave his life behind him.

Lancelot. My friend I do not know any quarrel, touching

Thy master or any other person, my business is of a different
nature to him, and I prithee so tell him.

Father For howsoever the Devonshire man is, my master’s
Mind is bloody: that’s a round O.

And therefore sir, entreaty is but vaine:

Lancelot I have no such thing to him, I tell thee once again.

Father I will then so signify to him. Exit Father.

Lancelot Ah sirrah, I see this matter is hotly carried,
But i’ll labor to dissuade him from it,

Enter Flowerdale.

Good morrow master Flowerdale.

Flowerdale Good morrow good sir Lancelot, good morrow
master Weathercock.

By my troth gentlemen, I have been a-reading over

Nick Machiavel, I find him
Good to be known, not to be followed:
A pestilent humane fellow, I have made
Certain annotations of him such as they be:
And how is ’t sir Lancelot? ha? how sir?
A mad world, men cannot live quiet in it.

Lancelot  Master Flowerdale, I do understand there is some jar
Between the Devonshire man and you.

Father  They sir? they are good friends as can be.

Flowerdale  Who master Oliver and I? as good friends as can be.

Lancelot  It is a kind of safety in you to deny it, and a generous
Silence, which too few are endued withal: But sir, such
A thing I hear, and I could wish it otherwise.

Flowerdale  No such thing sir Lancelot, o’ my reputation,
As I am an honest man.

Lancelot  Now I do believe you then, if you do
Engage your reputation there is none.

Flowerdale  Nay I do not engage my reputation there is not,
You shall not bind me to any condition of hardness:
But if there be any thing between us, then there is,
If there be not, then there is not: be or be not, all is one.

Lancelot  I do perceive by this, that there is something between
you, and I am very sorry for it.

Flowerdale  You may be deceived sir Lancelot, the Italian
Hath a pretty saying, Questo? I have forgot it too,
’Tis out of my head, but in my translation

If ’t hold thus, thou hast a friend, keep him. If a foe, trip him.

Lancelot  Come, I do see by this there is somewhat between you,
And before God I could wish it otherwise.

Flowerdale  Well what is between us, can hardly be altered:
Sir Lancelot, I am to ride forth tomorrow,
That way which I must ride, no man must deny
Me the Sun, I would not by any particular man,
Be denied common and general passage. If any one
Saith Flowerdale, thou passest not this way:
My answer is, I must either on or return,
But return is not my word, I must on:
If I cannot, then make my way, nature
Hath done the last for me, and there’s the fine.

Lancelot  Master Flowerdale, every man hath one tongue,
And two ears, nature in her building,
Is a most curious workmaster.

Flowerdale  That is as much to say, a man should hear more
Than he should speak.

Lancelot  You say true, and indeed I have heard more,
Than at this time I will speak,

Flowerdale  You say well.

Lancelot  Slanders are more common than truths master Flowerdale:
But proof is the rule for both.
Exit sir Lancelot.

Flowerdale  You say true, what do you call him
Hath it there in his third canton?
  Lancelot  I have heard you have been wild: I have believed it.
  Flowerdale  'Twas fit, 'twas necessary.
  Lancelot  But I have seen somewhat of late in you,
That hath confirmed in me an opinion of
Goodness toward you.
  Flowerdale  'I' faith sir, I am sure I never did you harm:
Some good I have done, either to you or yours,
I am sure you know not, neither is it my will you should.
  Lancelot  Ay your will sir.
  Flowerdale  Ay my will sir: 'sfoot do you know aught of my will?
By god and you do sir, I am abused.
  Lancelot  Go master Flowerdale, what I know, I know,
And know you thus much out of my knowledge,
That I truly love you. For my daughter,

She's yours. And if you like a marriage better
Than a brawl, all quirks of reputation set aside, go with me
presently: And where you should fight a bloody battle, you
shall be married to a lovely Lady.
  Flowerdale  Nay but sir Lancelot?
  Lancelot  If you will not embrace my offer yet assure yourself
thus much, I will have order to hinder your encounter.
  Flowerdale  Nay but hear me sir Lancelot.
  Lancelot  Nay stand not you upon imputative honor.
'Tis merely unsound, unprofitable, and idle:
Inferences your business is to wed my daughter therefore
give me your present word to do it, I'll go and provide the
maid, therefore give me your present resolution, either now, or never.

  Flowerdale  Will you so put me too it?
  Luce.  Ay afore God, either take me now, or take me never,
Else what I thought should be our match, shall be our parting,
So fare you well for ever.
  Flowerdale  Stay: fall out, what may fall, my love
Is above all: I will come.
  Lancelot  I expect you, and so fare you well.

Exit sir Lancelot.

  Father  Now sir, how shall we do for wedding apparel?
  Flowerdale  By the mass that's true: now help Kit,
The marriage ended, we'll make amends for all.
  Father  Well no more, prepare you for your bride,
We will not want for clothes, whatsoever betide.
  Flowerdale  And thou shalt see, when once I have my dower,
In mirth we'll spend,
  Father  As for this wench, I not regard a pin,
It is her gold must bring my pleasures in.
Enter Uncle.

Father Is 't possible, he hath his second living,
Forsaking God, himself to the devil giving:
But that I knew his mother firm and chaste,
My heart would say, my head she had disgraced:
Else would I swear, he never was my son,
But her fair mind, so foul a deed did shun.

Uncle How now brother, how do you find your son?
Father O brother, heedless as a libertine,
Even grown a master in the school of vice,
One that doth nothing, but invent deceit:
For all the day he humors up and down,
How he the next day might deceive his friend,
He thinks of nothing but the present time:
For one groat ready down, he'll pay a shilling,
But then the lender must needs stay for it.
When I was young, I had the scope of youth,
Both wild, and wanton, careless and desperate:
But such mad strains, as he’s possessed withal,
I thought it wonder for to dream upon.
Uncle I told you so, but you would not believe it.
Father Well I have found it, but one thing comforts me.
Brother, tomorrow he’s to be married
To beauteous Luce, sir Lancelot Spurcock’s daughter.
Uncle Is 't possible?
Father 'Tis true, and thus I mean to curb him,
This day brother, I will you shall arrest him:
If any thing will tame him, it must be that,
For he is rank in mischief, chained to a life,
That will increase his shame, and kill his wife.
Uncle What, arrest him on his wedding day?
That were unchristian, and an unhuman part:
How many couple even for that very day,
Hath purchased seven years’ sorrow afterward?
Forbear him then today, do it tomorrow,
And this day mingle not his joy with sorrow.
Father Brother i’ll have it done this very day,
And in the view of all, as he comes from Church:
Do but observe the course that he will take,
Upon my life he will forswear the debt:
And for we’ll have the sum shall not be slight,
Say that he owes you near three thousand pound:
Good brother let be done immediately:

Uncle Well, seeing you will have it so,
Brother i’ll do ’t, and straight provide the Sheriff.

Father So brother, by this means shall we perceive
What sir Lancelot in this pinch will do:
And how his wife doth stand affected to him,
Her love will then be tried to the uttermost:
And all the rest of them. Brother what I will do,
Shall harm him much, and much avail him too.

Exit.

Oliver Cham assured thick be the place, that the scoundrel
Appointed to meet me, if ’a come zo: if ’a come not, zo.
And che war avise, he should make a coistrel an us,
Ched vese him, and che vang him in hand, che would
Hoist him, and give it him too and again, zo chud:
Who bin a-there sir Arthur, chil stay aside.

Arthur I have dogged the Devonshire man into the field,
For fear of any harm that should befall him:
I had an inkling of that yesternight,
That Flowerdale and he should meet this morning:
Though of my soul, Oliver fears him not,
Yet for i’d see fair play on either side,
Made me to come, to see their valors tried.
Good morrow to master Oliver.

Oliver God an’ good morrow.

Arthur What master Oliver are you angry?

Oliver Why an it be, tit and grieven you?

Arthur Not me at all sir, but I imagine
By your being here thus armed,
You stay for some that you should fight withal.

Oliver Why and he do, che would not desire you to take his part.

Arthur No by my troth, I think you need it not,
For he you look for, I think means not to come.

Oliver No and che war assure a’ that, ched a’ vese him in another place.

Enter Daffodil.

Daffodil O sir Arthur, master Oliver aye me,
Your love, and yours, and mine, sweet mistress Luce,
This morn is married to young Flowerdale.

Arthur Married to Flowerdale! ’tis impossible.

Oliver Married man, che hope thou dost but jest:

To make an a volowten merriment of it.

Daffodil O ’tis too true. Here comes his Uncle.

Enter Flowerdale, Sheriff, Officers.

Uncle. Good morrow sir Arthur, good morrow Master Oliver.

Oliver God and good morn Master Flowerdale. I pray you telly our,
Is your scoundrel kinsman married?

Arthur Master Oliver, call him what you will, but he is married
To sir Lancelot’s daughter here.

Uncle. Sir Arthur, unto her?

Oliver Ay, ha’ the old yellow zarved me thick trick,
Why man he was a promise, chil chud a’ had her,
Is a zitch a voxe, chill look to his water che vor him.

Uncle. The music plays, they are coming from the Church.

Sheriff do your Office: fellows, stand stoutly to it.

Enter all to the Wedding.

Oliver God give you joy, as the old said Proverb is, and some zorrow among. You met us well, did you not?

Lancelot Nay be not angry sir, the fault is in me,
I have done all the wrong, kept him from coming to the field to you, as I might sir, for I am a Justice, and sworn to keep the peace.

Weathercock Ay marry is he sir, a very Justice, and sworn to keep the peace, you must not disturb the weddings.

Lancelot Nay, never frown nor storm sir, if you do,
I’ll have an order taken for you.

Oliver Well, Well, chill be quiet.

Weathercock Master Flowerdale, sir Lancelot, look you who here is?

Lancelot Master Flowerdale, welcome with all my heart.

Flowerdale Uncle, this is she i’ faith: Master Under-sheriff

Arrest me? at whose suit? draw Kit.

Uncle At my suit sir.

Lancelot Why what’s the matter Master Flowerdale?

Uncle This is the matter sir, this unthrift here,

Hath cozened you, and hath had of me,

In several sums three thousand pound.

Flowerdale Why Uncle, Uncle.

Uncle. Cousin, cousin, you have uncle’d me,
And if you be not stayed, you’ll prove
A cozener unto all that know you.

Lancelot Why sir, suppose he be to you in debt
Ten thousand pound, his state to me appear,
To be at least three thousand by the year.

Uncle. O sir, I was too late informed of that plot,

How that he went about to cozen you:
And formed a will, and sent it to your good Friend there master Weathercock, in which was

Nothing true, but brags and lies.

Lancelot Ha, hath he not such Lordships, lands, and ships?

Uncle. Not worth a groat, not worth a halfpenny he.

Lancelot I pray tell us true, be plain young Flowerdale?

Flowerdale My uncle here mad, and disposed to do me wrong,

But here’s my man, an honest fellow

By the lord, and of good credit, knows all is true.

Fath. Not I sir, I am too old to lie, I rather know

You forged a will, where every line you writ,

You studied where to quote your lands might lie.
Weathercock. And I prithee, where be thy honest friends?

Father. I’ faith nowhere sir, for he hath none at all.

Weathercock. Benedicite, we are o’er-wretched I believe.

Lancelot. I am cozened, and my hopefull’st child undone.

Flowerdale. You are not cozened, nor is she undone,

They slander me, by this light they slander me:

Look you, my uncle here’s an usurer, and would undo me,

But i’ll stand in law, do you but bail me, you shall do no more:

You brother Civet, and master Weathercock, do but

Bail me, and let me have my marriage money

Paid me, and we’ll ride down, and there your own

Eyes shall see, how my poor tenants there will welcome me.

You shall but bail me, you shall do no more,

And you greedy gnat, their bail will serve.

Uncle. Ay sir, i’ll ask no better bail.

Lancelot. No sir you shall not take my bail, nor his,

Nor my son Civet’s, i’ll not be cheated I,

Shreeve take your prisoner, i’ll not deal with him:

Let’s Uncle make false dice with his false bones,

I will not have to do with him: mocked, gulled, and wronged.

Come Girl, though it be late it falls out well,

Thou shalt not live with him in beggars’ hell.

Luce. He is my husband, and high heaven doth know,

With what unwillingness I went to Church,

But you enforced me, you compelled me too it:

The holy Churchman pronounced these words but now,

I must not leave my husband in distress:

Now I must comfort him, not go with you.


Luce. This day you caused me on your curse to take him:

Do not I pray my grieved soul oppress,

God knows my heart doth bleed at his distress.

Lancelot. O Master Weathercock, I must confess I forced her to this match,

Led with opinion his false will was true.

Weathercock. Ah, he hath overreached me too.

Lancelot. She might have lived like Delia, in a happy Virgin’s state.

Delia. Father be patient, sorrow comes too late.

Lancelot. And on her knees she begged and did entreat,

If she must needs taste a sad marriage life,

She craved to be sir Arthur Greenshield’s wife.

Arthur. You have done her and me the greater wrong.


Lancelot. Or, Master Oliver, accept my child, and half my wealth

is yours. Oliver. No sir, chil break no Laws.

Luce. Never fear, she will not trouble you.

Delia. Yet sister in this passion do not run headlong to

confusion. You may affect him, though not follow him.

Franck. Do sister, hang him, let him go.
Weathercock  Do faith Mistress Luce, leave him.
Luce  You are three gross fools, let me alone,
      I swear i’ll live with him in all moan.
Oliver  But an he have his legs at liberty,
      Cham averd he will never live with you.

Arthur  Ay but he is now in huckster’s handling for running away.
Lancelot  Housewife, you hear how you and I am wronged,
      And if you will redress it yet you may:
       But if you stand on terms to follow him,
       Never come near my sight nor look on me,
       Call me not father, look not for a groat,
       For all thy portion I will this day give
       Unto thy sister Frances.
Frances  How say you to that Tom, I shall have a good deal,
       Besides i’ll be a good wife: and a good wife
       Is a good thing, I can tell.
Civet  Peace Franck, I would be sorry to see thy sister
       Cast away, as I am a Gentleman.
Lancelot  What, are you yet resolved?
Luce  Yes, I am resolved.
Lancelot  Come then away, or now, or never come.
Luce  This way I turn, go you unto your feast,
      And I to weep, that am with grief oppressed.
Lancelot  Forever fly my sight: come gentlemen
       Let’s in, i’ll help you to far better wives than her.
Delia  upon my blessing talk not to her,
       Base Baggage, in such haste to beggary?
Uncle  Sheriff take your prisoner to your charge.
Flowerdale  Uncle, by god you have used me very hardly,
       By my troth, upon my wedding day.

Exit all: young Flowerdale, his father, Uncle,
      Sheriff, and Officers.

Luce  O Master Flowerdale, but hear me speak,
      Stay but a little while good Master Sheriff,
      If not for him, for my sake pity him:
      Good sir stop not your ears at my complaint,
      My voice grows weak, for women’s words are faint.
Flowerdale  Look you Uncle, she kneels to you.

Uncle  Fair maid, for you, I love you with my heart,
      And grieve sweet soul thy fortune is so bad,
      That thou shouldst match with such a graceless Youth,
      Go to thy father, think not upon him,
      Whom hell hath marked to be the son of shame.
Luce  Impute his wildness sir, unto his youth,
And think that now is the time he doth repent:
Alas, what good or gain can you receive,
To imprison him that nothing hath to pay?
And where naught is, the king doth lose his due,
O pity him as God shall pity you.
Uncle  Lady, I know his humors all too well,
And nothing in the world can do him good,
But misery itself to chain him with.
Luce  Say that your debts were paid, then is he free?
Uncle  Ay virgin, that being answered, I have done,
But to him that is all as impossible,
As I to scale the high Pyramids.
Sheriff take your prisoner, Maiden fare thee well.
Luce  O go not yet, good Master Flowerdale:
Take my word for the debt, my word, my bond.
Flowerdale  Ay by God Uncle, and my bond too.
Luce  Alas, I ne’er ought nothing but I paid it,
And I can work, alas he can do nothing:
I have some friends perhaps will pity me,
His chiepest friends do seek his misery.
All that I can, or beg, get, or receive,
Shall be for you: O do not turn away,
Methinks within a face so reverent,
So well experienced in this tottering world,
Should have some feeling of a maiden’s grief:
For my sake, his father’s, and your brother’s sake,
Ay for your soul’s sake that doth hope for joy,
Pity my state: do not two souls destroy.
Uncle  Fair maid stand up, not in regard of him,
But in pity of thy hapless choice,

I do release him, Master Sheriff I thank you:
And officers there is for you to drink.
Here maid take this money, there is a hundred Angels,
And for I will be sure he shall not have it,
Here Kester take it you, and use it sparingly,
But let not her have any want at all.
Dry your eyes Niece, do not too much lament
For him, whose life hath been in riot spent:
If well he useth thee, he gets him friends,
If ill, a shameful end on him depends.

Exit Uncle.

Flowerdale  A plague go with you for an old fornicator:
Come Kit the money, come honest Kit.
Father  Nay by my faith sir, you shall pardon me.
Flowerdale  And why sir pardon you? give me the money
You old Rascal, or I shall make you.
Luce  Pray hold your hands, give it him honest friend.
Exit Flowerdale.

Father If you be so content, with all my heart.
Flowerdale Content sir, 'sblood she shall be content
Whether she will or no. A rattle-baby come to follow me:
Go get you gone to the greasy chuff your father,
Bring me your dowry, or never look on me.
Father Sir she hath forsook her father, and all her friends for you.
Flowerdale Hang thee, her friends and father altogether.
Father Yet part with something to provide her lodging.
Flowerdale Yes, I mean to part with her and you, but if I part with one Angel, hang me at a post. I'll rather throw them at a cast at Dice, as I have done a thousand of their fellows.
Father Nay then I will be plain degenerate boy,
Thou hadst a Father would have been ashamed.
Flowerdale My father was an Ass, an old Ass.
Father Thy father? proud licentious villain:
What are you at your foils, i'll foil with you.
Luce Good sir forbear him.

Father Did not this whining woman hang on me,
I'd teach thee what it was to abuse thy father:
Go hang, beg, starve, dice, game, that when all is gone
Thou mayst after despair and hang thyself.
Luce O do not curse him.
Father I do not curse him, and to pray for him were vain,
It grieves me that he bears his father name.
Flowerdale Well you old rascal, I shall meet with you,
Sirrah get you gone, I will not strip the livery
Over your ears, because you paid for it:
But do not use my name, sirrah do you hear? look you do not
Use my name, you were best.
Father Pay me the twenty pound then, that I lent you,
Or give me security, when I may have it.
Flowerdale I’ll pay thee not a penny, and for security, i’ll give thee none,
Minikins look you do not follow me, look you do not:
If you do beggar, I shall slit your nose.
Luce. Alas what shall I do?
Flowerdale Why turn whore, that’s a good trade,
And so perhaps i’ll see thee now and then.

Luce. Alas the day that ever I was born.
Father Sweet mistress do not weep, i’ll stick to you.
Luce. Alas my friend, I know not what to do,
My father and my friends, they have despised me:
And I a wretched maid, thus cast away,
Knows neither where to go, nor what to say.
Father It grieves me at the soul, to see her tears
Thus stain the crimson roses of her cheeks:
Lady take comfort, do not mourn in vain,
Enter sir Lancelot, master Weathercock and them.

Oliver  Well, cha a been zerved many a sluttish trick,  
        But such a liripoop as thick ich was ne’er a sarved.

Lancelot  Son Civet, daughter Frances, bear with me,  
        You see how I am pressed down with inward grief,  
        About that luckless girl, your sister Luce:  
        But ’tis fallen out with me, as with many families beside,  
        They are most unhappy, that are most beloved.

Civet    Father ’tis so, ’tis even fallen out so,  
        But what remedy, set hand to your heart, and let it pass:  
        Here is your daughter Frances and I, and we’ll not say,  
        We’ll bring forth as witty children, but as pretty  
        Children as ever she was: though she had the prick  
        And praise for a pretty wench: But father, dun is  
        The mouse, you’l1 come?

Lancelot  Ay son Civet, i’ll come.

Civet    And you master Oliver?

Oliver  Ay, for che a vexed out this veast, chill see if a gan  
        Make a better veast there.

Civet    And you sir Arthur?

Arthur  Ay sir, although my heart be full,  
        I’ll be a partner at your wedding feast.

Civet    And welcome all indeed, and welcome, come Franck are you ready?

Frances  Jesu how hasty these husbands are, I pray father,  
        Pray to God to bless me.

Lancelot  God bless thee, and I do: God make thee wise,  
        Send you both joy, I wish it with wet eyes.

Frances  But Father, shall not my sister Delia go along with us?
        She is excellent good at cookery and such things.

Lancelot  Yes marry shall she: Delia, make you ready.

Delia.  I am ready sir, I will first go to Greenwich,  
        From thence to my cousin Chesterfield’s, and so to London.
Exit both.

Civet It shall suffice good sister Delia, it shall suffice,
But fail us not good sister, give order to cooks, and others,
For I would not have my sweet Franck
To soil her fingers.

Frances No by my troth not I, a gentlewoman, and a married
Gentlewoman too, to be companions to cooks,
And kitchen-boys, not I, i’ faith: I scorn that.

Civet Why I do not mean thou shalt sweet heart,
Thou seest I do not go about it: well farewell too:
You, God’s pity Master Weathercock, we shall have your company too?
Weathercock With all my heart, for I love good cheer.

Civet Well, God be with you all, come Franck.

Frances Why how now sir Arthur? all amort master Oliver,
how now man?
Cheerly sir Lancelot, and merrily say,
Who can hold that will away.

Lancelot Ay she is gone indeed, poor girl undone,
But when they’ll be self-willed, children must smart.

Arthur But sir, that she is wronged, you are the chiefest cause.
Therefore ’tis reason, you redress her wrong.

Weathercock Indeed you must sir Lancelot, you must.
Lancelot Must? who can compel me master Weathercock:
I hope I may do what I list.

Weathercock I grant you may, you may do what you list.

Oliver Nay, but and you be well avisen, it were not good
By this vrampolnesse, and vrowardnesse, to cast away
As pretty a dowsabel, as am shoulde chance to see

In a Summer’s day, chil tell you what chall do,
Chil go spy up and down the town, and see if I
Can hear any tale or dydings of her,
And take her away from thick a mesel, vor cham
Assured, he’ll but bring her to the spoil,
And so var you well, we shall meet at your son Civet’s.

Lancelot I thank you sir, I take it very kindly.

Artichoke To find her out, i’ll spend my dearest blood.

So well I loved her, to effect her good.

Lancelot O master Weathercock, what hap had I, to force my daughter

From master Oliver, and this good knight?
To one that hath no goodness in his thought.

Weathercock Ill luck, but what remedy.

Lancelot Yes I have almost devised a remedy,
Young Flowerdale, is sure a prisoner.

Weathercock Sure, nothing more sure.
Lancelot  And yet perhaps his Uncle hath released him.
Weathercock  It may be very like, no doubt he hath.
Lancelot  Well if he be in prison, I’ll have warrants
To ’tach my daughter till the law be tried,
For I will sue him upon cozenage.
Weathercock  Marry may you, and overthrow him too?
Lancelot  Nay that’s not so, I may chance be scoffed,
And sentence passed with him.
Weathercock  Believe me so he may, therefore take heed.
Lancelot  Well howsoever, yet I will have warrants,
In prison, or at liberty, all’s one:
You will help to serve them master Weathercock?

Exit Omnes.

Enter Flowerdale.

Flowerdale. A plague of the devil, the devil take the dice,
The dice, and the devil, and his dam go together:

Of all my hundred golden angels,
I have not left me one denier:
A pox of come a five, what shall I do?
I can borrow no more of my credit:
There’s not any of my acquaintance, man, nor boy,
But I have borrowed more or less of:
I would I knew where to take a good purse,
And go clear away, by this light I’ll venture for it,
God’s lid my sister Delia,
I’ll rob her, by this hand.

Enter Delia, and Artichoke.

Delia  I prithee Artichoke go not so fast,
The weather is hot, and I am something weary.
Artichoke  Nay I warrant you mistress Delia I’ll not tire you
With leading, we’ll go an extreme moderate pace.
Flowerdale  Stand, deliver your purse.
Artichoke  O lord, thieves, thieves.

Exit Artichoke.

Flowerdale  Come, come, your purse lady, your purse.
Delia  That voice I have heard often before this time,
What brother Flowerdale, become a thief?
Flowerdale  Ay, a plague on ’t, I thank your father,
But sister, come, your money, come:
What the world must find me, I am born to live,
’Tis not a sin to steal, when none will give.
Delia  O God, is all grace banished from thy heart,
Think of the shame that doth attend this fact.
Flowerdale  Shame me no shames, come give me your purse,
I’ll bind you sister, lest I fare the worse.
Delia  No, bind me not, hold there is all I have,
And would that money would redeem thy shame.
Enter Oliver sir Arthur, and Artichoke.

Artichoke  Thieves, thieves, thieves.
Oliver  Thieves, where man? why how now mistress Delia,
Ha’ you a liked to bin a’ robbed?

Delia.  No master Oliver, ’tis master Flowerdale, he did but jest with me.

Oliver  How, Flowerdale, that scoundrel? sirrah, you meten us
Well, vang thee that.
Flowerdale  Well sir, i’l not meddle with you, because I have a charge.
Delia  Here brother Flowerdale, i’l lend you this same money.
Flowerdale  I thank you sister.
Oliver  I wad you were y-split, and you let the mesel have a penny.
But since you cannot keep it, chil keep it myself.
Arthur  ’Tis pity to relieve him in this sort,
Who makes a triumphant life, his daily sport.
Delia.  Brother, you see how all men censure you,
Farewell, and I pray God amend your life.
Oliver  Come, chill bring you along, and you safe enough
From twenty such scoundrels as thick a one is,
Farewell and be hanged zirrah, as I think so thou
Wilt be shortly, come sir Arthur.

Exit all but Flowerdale.

Flowerdale  A plague go with you for a kersey rascal:
This Devonshire man I think is made all of pork,
His hands made only, for to heave up packs:
His heart as fat and big as his face,
As differing far from all brave gallant minds
As I to serve the hogs, and drink with hinds,
As I am very near now: well, what remedy,
When money, means, and friends, do grow so small,
Then farewell life, and there’s an end of all.  Exit omnes.

Enter Father, Luce like a Dutch Frow, Civet, and his
wife mistress Frances.

Civet  By my troth god-a-mercy for this good Christopher,
I thank thee for my maid, I like her very well,
How dost thou like her Frances?
Frances  In good sadness Tom, very well, excellent well,
She speaks so prettily, I pray what’s your name?
Luce.  My name forsooth be called Tanikin.

Frances  By my troth a fine name, Oh Tanikin, you are excellent
for dressing one head a new fashion.
Luce.  Me sall do every ting about da head.
Civet  What countrywoman is she Kester?
Father  A dutch woman sir.
Civet  Why then she is outlandish, is she not?
Enter Delia, and Artichoke.

See yonder my sister Delia is come, welcome good sister.

Frances Welcome good sister, how do you like the tier of my head?

Delia Very well sister.

Civet I am glad you’re come sister Delia to give order for Supper, they will be here soon.

Artichoke Ay, but if good luck had not served, she had Not been here now, filching Flowerdale had like To peppered us, but for master Oliver, we had been robbed.

Delia Peace sirrah, no more.

Father Robbed! by whom?

Artichoke Marry by none but by Flowerdale, he is turned thief.

Civet By my faith, but that is not well, but God be praised For your escape, will you draw near sister?

Father Sirrah come hither, would Flowerdale, he that was my master, ha’ robbed you, I prithee tell me true?

Artichoke Yes i’ faith, even that Flowerdale, that was thy master.

Father Hold thee, there is a French crown, and speak no more of this.

Artichoke Not I, not a word, now do I smell knavery: In every purse Flowerdale takes, he is half: And gives me this to keep counsel, no not a word I.

Father Why God-a-mercy.

Frances Sister look here, I have a new Dutch maid, And she speaks so fine, it would do your heart good.

Civet How do you like her sister?

Delia I like your maid well.

Civet Well dear sister, will you draw near, and give directions for supper, guesse will be here presently.

Delia Yes brother, lead the way i’ll follow you.

Exit all but Delia and Luce.

Hark you Dutch frow a word.
Exit Omnes.
Enter Flowerdale solus.

Luce. Vat is your vill wit me?

Delia. Sister Luce, ’tis not your broken language,
Nor this same habit, can disguise your face
From I that know you: pray tell me, what means this?

Luce. Sister, I see you know me, yet be secret:
This borrowed shape, that I have ta’en upon me,
Is but to keep myself, a space unknown,
Both from my father, and my nearest friends:
Until I see, how time will bring to pass,
The desperate course, of master Flowerdale.

Delia. O he is worse than bad, I prithee leave him,
And let not once thy heart to think on him.

Luce. Do not persuade me, once to such a thought,
Imagine yet, that he is worse than naught:
Yet one lover’s time, may all that ill undo,
That all his former life, did run into.

Therefore kind sister do not disclose my estate,
If ere his heart doth turn, ’tis ne’er too late.

Delia. Well, seeing no counsel can remove your mind,
I’ll not disclose you, that art wilful blind.

Luce. Delia, I thank you, I now must please her eyes,
My sister Frances, neither fair nor wise.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Flowerdale solus.

Flowerdale. On goes he that knows no end of his journey,
I have passed the very utmost bounds of shifting,
I have no course now but to hang myself:
I have lived since yesterday two o’clock, of a
Spice-cake I had at a burial: and for drink,
I got it at an Alehouse among Porters, such as
Will bear out a man, if he have no money indeed.
I mean out of their companies, for they are men
Of good carriage. Who comes here?
The two Coney-catchers, that won all my money of me.
I’ll try if they’ll lend me any.

Enter Dick and Rafe.

What Master Richard how do you?
How dost thou Rafe? By God gentlemen the world
Grows bare with me, will you do as much as lend
Me an Angel between you both, you know you
Won a hundred of me the other day.

Rafe. How, an Angel? God damn us if we lost not every
Penny, within an hour after thou wert gone.

Flowerdale. I prithee lend me so much as will pay for my supper,
I’ll pay you again, as I am a Gentleman.

Rafe. I’ faith, we have have not a farthing, not a mite:
I wonder at it Master Flowerdale,  
You will so carelessly undo yourself,  
Why you will lose more money in an hour,

Than any honest man spend in a year,  
For shame betake you to some honest Trade,  
And live not thus so like a Vagabond.

Exit both.

Flowerdale  A Vagabond indeed, more villains you:  
They gave me counsel that first cozened me:  
Those Devils first brought me to this I am,  
And being thus, the first that do me wrong.  
Well, yet I have one friend left in store,  
Not far from hence, there dwells a Cockatrice,  
One that I first put in a satin gown,  
And not a tooth that dwell within her head,  
But stands me at the least in twenty pound:  
Her will I visit now my coin is gone,  
And as I take it here dwells the Gentlewomen.  
What ho, is Mistress Apricocke within?

Enter Ruffian.

Ruffian  What saucy Rascal is that which knocks so bold,  
O, is it you? old spendthrift, are you here?  
One that is turned Cozener about the town:  
My Mistress saw you, and sends this word by me,  
Either be packing quickly from the door,  
Or you shall have such a greeting sent you straight,  
As you will little like on, you had best be gone.  
Flowerdale  Why so, this is as it should be, being poor,  
Thus art thou served by a vile painted whore.  
Well, since thy damned crew do so abuse thee,  
I’ll try of honest men, how they will use me.

Enter an ancient Citizen.

Sir I beseech you to take compassion of a man,  
One whose Fortunes have been better than at this instant  
they seem to be: but if I might crave of you so much little portion, as would bring me to my friends, I should rest thankful, until I had requited so great a courtesy.

Citizen.  Fie, fie, young man, this course is very bad,  
Too many such have we about this City,  
Yet for I have not seen you in this sort,  
Nor noted you to be a common beggar:  
Hold there’s an Angel, to bear your charges,  
Down, go to your friends, do not on this depend,
Such bad beginnings oft have worser ends.

Flowerdale Worser ends: nay, if it fall out
No worse than in old angels I care not,
Nay now I have had such a fortunate beginning,
I’ll not let a sixpenny purse escape me,
By the Mass, here comes another.

Enter a Citizen’s wife with a torch before her.

God bless you fair Mistress.
Now would it please you gentlewoman to look into the
wants of a poor Gentleman, a younger brother, I doubt not
but God will treble restore it back again, one that never
before this time demanded penny, halfpenny, nor farthing.

Citizen’s Wife. Stay Alexander, now by my troth a very proper
man, and ’tis great pity: hold my friend, there’s all the
money I have about me, a couple of shillings, and God bless
thee.

Flowerdale Now God thank you sweet Lady: if you have any
friend, or Garden-house, where you may employ a poor
gentleman as your friend, I am yours to command in all secret
service.

Citizen I thank you good friend, I prithee let me see that again,
I gave thee, there is one of them a brass shilling, give
me them, and here is half a crown in gold.

He gives it her.

Flowerdale Now out upon thee Rascal, secret service: what dost
thou make of me? it were a good deed to have thee whipped:
now I have my money again, i’ll see thee hanged before
I give thee a penny: secret service: on good Alexander.

Exit both.

Flowerdale This is villainous luck, I perceive dishonesty
Will not thrive: here comes more, God forgive me,

Sir Arthur, and Master Oliver, afore God, I’ll speak to them,
God save you Sir Arthur: God save you Master Oliver.

Enter Sir Arthur, and Master Oliver.

Oliver Bin you there zirrah, come will you y-taken yourself
To your tools, Coistrel?

Flowerdale Nay, Master Oliver, I’ll not fight with you,
Alas sir you know it was not my doings,
It was only a plot to get Sir Lancelot’s daughter:
By God, I never meant you harm.

Oliver And whore is the Gentlewoman thy wife, Mesel?
Whore is she, Zirrah, ha?

Flowerdale By my troth Master Oliver, sick, very sick;
And God is my Judge, I know not what means to make for
her, good Gentlewoman.

Oliver Tell me true, is she sick? tell me true itch vise thee?

Flowerdale Yes faith, I tell you true: Master Oliver, if you would
do me the small kindness, but to lend me forty shillings:
So God help me I will pay you So soon as my ability shall
make me able, as I am a gentleman.

Oliver    Well thou zaist thy wife is zick: hold, there’s vorty
shillings, gived it to thy wife, look thou give it her, or I shall
zo veze thee, thou wert not so vezed this seven year, look
to it.

Arthur    I’ faith Master Oliver, it is in vain
To give to him that never thinks of her.

Oliver    Well, would che could y-vind it.

Flowerdale  I tell you true, sir Arthur, as I am a gentleman.

Oliver    Well fare you well zirrah: come sir Arthur.

Exit both:

Flowerdale    By the Lord this is excellent.
Five golden Angels compassed in an hour,
If this trade hold, i’ll never seek a new.

Welcome sweet gold: and beggary adieu.

Enter Uncle and Father.

Uncle.    See Kester if you can find the house.

Flowerdale  Who’s here, my Uncle, and my man Kester?
By the mass ’tis they.
How do you Uncle, how dost thou Kester?
By my troth Uncle, you must needs lend
Me some money, the poor gentlewoman
My wife, so God help me, is very sick,
I was robbed of the hundred angels
You gave me, they are gone.

Uncle    Ay they are gone indeed, come Kester away.

Flowerdale  Nay Uncle, do you hear? good Uncle.

Uncle    Out hypocrite, I will not hear thee speak,
Come leave him Kester.

Flowerdale  Kester, honest Kester.

Father    Sir, I have naught to say to you,
Open the door to my kin, thou hadst best
Lock ’t fast, for there’s a false knave without.

Flowerdale  you are an old lying Rascal,
So you are.

Exit both.

Enter Luce.

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

Flowerdale  By this light a Dutch Frow, they say they are called
Kind, by this light i’ll try her.

Luce.    Vat bin you younker, why do you not speak?

Flowerdale  By my troth sweet heart, a poor gentleman that
would desire of you, if it stand with your liking, the bounty of
your purse.

Enter father.

Luce.    O here God, so young an armine.
Flowerdale Armine sweetheart, I know not what you mean by that, but I am almost a beggar.

Luce. Are you not a married man, were your wife?

Here is all I have, take dis.

Flowerdale What gold young Frow? this is brave.

Father If he have any grace, he’ll now repent.

Luce. Why speak you not, were be your wife?

Flowerdale Dead, dead, she’s dead, ’tis she hath undone me,
Spent me all I had, and kept rascals under mine nose to brave me.

Luce. Did you use her well?

Flowerdale Use her, there’s never a gentlewoman in England could be better used than I did her, I could but Coach her,
er her diet stood me in forty pound a month, but she is dead
and in her grave, my cares are buried.

Luce. Indeed dat vas not sone.

Father He is turned more devil than he was before.

Flowerdale Thou dost belong to master Civet here, dost thou not?

Luce. Yes me do.

Flowerdale Why there’s it, there’s not a handful of plate
But belongs to me, God’s my Judge:
If I had but such a wench as thou art,
There’s never a man in England would make more
Of her, than I would do, so she had any stock.

They call within:

Q why Tannakin.

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

Flowerdale By this hand, this Dutch wench is in love with me,
Were it not admirable to make her steal
All Civet’s Plate, and run away.

Father ’Twere beastly. O master Flowerdale,
Have you no fear of God, nor conscience:
What do you mean, by this wild course you take?

Flowerdale What do I mean, why to live, that I mean.

Father To live in this sort, fie upon the course,
Your life doth show, you are a very coward.

Flowerdale A coward, I pray in what?

Father Why you will borrow sixpence of a boy.

Flowerdale Snails 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 borrow it how I can, and let them come by it how they dare.

And it is well known, I might ha’rid out a hundred times
If I would: so I might.
Father  It was not want of will, but cowardice,
There is none that lends to you, but know they gain:
And what is that but only stealth in you,
Delia might hang you now, did not her heart
Take pity of you for her sister’s sake.
Go get you hence, lest lingering here you stay,
You fall into their hands you look not for.

Flowerdale  I’ll tarry here, till the Dutch Frow
Comes, if all the devils in hell were here.

Exit. Father.

Enter sir Lancelot, master Weathercock, and
Artichoke.

Luce.  Where is the door, are we not past it Artichoke?
Artichoke  By th’ mass here’s one, i’ll ask him, do you hear sir?
What are you so proud? do you hear, which is the way
To master Civet’s house? what will you not speak?
O me, this is filching Flowerdale.

Lancelot  O wonderful, is this lewd villain here?
O you cheating Rogue, you cutpurse coney-catcher,
What ditch you villain, is my daughter’s grave?
A cozening rascal, that must make a will,
Take on him that strict habit, very that:
When he should turn to angel, a dying grace,
I’ll father-in-law you sir, i’ll make a will,
Speak villain, where’s my daughter?
Poisoned I warrant you, or knocked o’ the head:
And to abuse good master Weathercock, with his forged will,
And master Weathercock, to make my grounded resolution,
Then to abuse the Devonshire gentlemen:
Go, away with him to prison.

Flowerdale  Wherefore to prison? sir I will not go.

Enter master Civet his wife, Oliver, sir Arthur,
Father, and Uncle Delia.

Luce.  O here’s his Uncle, welcome gentlemen, welcome all,
Such a cozener gentlemen, a murderer too
For anything I know, my daughter is missing:
Hath been looked for, cannot be found, a vild upon thee.

Uncle  He is my kinsman, although his life be vild,
Therefore in God’s name, do with him what you will.

Lancelot  Marry to prison.

Flowerdale  Wherefore to prison? snick up, I owe you nothing.

Lancelot  Bring forth my daughter then, away with him.

Flowerdale  Go seek your daughter, what do you lay to my charge,

Lancelot  Suspicion of murder, go? away with him.

Flowerdale  Murder your dogs, I murder your daughter,
Come Uncle, I know you'll bail me.

Uncle Not I, were there no more.

Than I the Jailor, thou the prisoner.

Lancelot Go away with him.

Enter Luce like a Frow.

Luce. O my life here, where will you ha’ de man?

Vat ha’ de younker done?

Weathercock Woman he hath killed his wife.

Luce. His vife, dat is not good, dat is not seen.

Lancelot Hang not upon him housewife, if you do i’ll lay you by him.

Luce. Have me no, and or way do you have him,

He tell me dat he love me heartily.

Frances Lead away my maid to prison, why Tom will you suffer that?

Civet No by your leave father, she is no vagrant:

She is my wife’s chambermaid, and as true as the skin between any man’s brows here.

Lancelot Go to, you’re both fools: son Civet,

Of my life this is a plot,

Some straggling counterfeit preferred to you:

No doubt to rob you of your plate and Jewels,

I’ll have you led away to prison trull.

Luce. I am no trull, neither outlandish Frow,

Nor he, nor I shall to the prison go:

Know you me now? nay never stand amazed.

Father I know I have offended you,

And though that duty wills me bend my knees

To you in duty and obedience:

Yet this ways do I turn, and to him yield

My love, my duty and my humbleness.

Lancelot Bastard in nature, kneel to such a slave?

Luce. O Master Flowerdale, if to much grief

Have not stopped up the organs of your voice,

Then speak to her that is thy faithful wife,

Or doth contempt of me, thus tie thy tongue:

Turn not away, I am no Ethiop,

No wanton Cressid, nor a changing Helen:

But rather one made wretched by thy loss.

What turn’st thou still from me? O then

I guess thee woeful’st among hapless men.

Flowerdale I am indeed wife, wonder among wives!

Thy chastity and virtue hath infused

Another soul in me, red with defame,

For in my blushing cheeks is seen my shame.

Lancelot Out Hypocrite, I charge thee trust him not.

Luce. Not trust him, by hopes after bliss,

I know no sorrow can be compared to his.
Lancelot Well since thou wert ordained to beggary, 
Follow thy fortune, I defy thee. I.

Oliver Y would che were so well y-doused as was ever white 
cloth in a tucking mill, and chea ha’ not made me weep.

Father If he hath any grace he’ll now repent.

Arthur It moves my heart.

Weathercock By my troth I must weep, I can not choose.

Uncle None but a beast would such a maid misuse.

Flowerdale Content thyself, I hope to win his favor,
And to redeem my reputation lost,
And Gentlemen believe me, I beseech you,
I hope your eyes shall behold such change,
As shall deceive your expectation.

Oliver I would che were y-split now, but che believe him.

Lancelot How, believe him. Weathercock By the mackins, I do.

Lancelot What do you think that e’er he will have grace?

Weathercock By my faith it will go hard.

Oliver Well che vorye he is changed: and Master Flowerdale, in 
hope you been so, hold there’s vorty pound toward your zetting 
up: what be not ashamed, vang it man, vang it, be a 
good husband, loven your wife: and you shall not want for 
vorty more, I che vor thee.

Arthur My means are little, but if you’ll follow me, 
I will instruct you in my ablest power: 
But to your wife I give this Diamond, 
And prove true Diamond fair in all your life.

Flowerdale Thanks good sir Arthur, Master Oliver, 
You being my enemy, and grown so kind, 
Binds me in all endeavor to restore.

Oliver What, restore me, no restorings man, 
I have vorty pound more for Luce, here vang it: 
Zooth chil devy London else, what do not think me 
A Mesel or a Scoundrel to throw away my money, che have 
a hundred pound more to pace of any good spotation: I hope 
your under and your uncle here will vollow my zamples.

Uncle You have guessed right of me, if he leave of this course of 
life, he shall be mine heir.

Lancelot But he shall never get a groat of me, 
A Cozener, a deceiver, one that killed his painful 
Father, honest Gentleman that passed the fearful 
Danger of the sea, to get him living and maintain him brave.

Weathercock What hath he killed his father?

Lancelot Ay sir, with conceit of his vild courses.

Father Sir, you are misinformed.

Lancelot Why thou old knave, thou told’st me so thyself.

Father I wronged him then: and toward my Master’s stock, 
There’s twenty Nobles for to make amends.

Flowerdale No Kester, I have troubled thee, and wrong thee more,
What thou in love gives, I in love restore.

Frances Ha, ha, sister, there you played bo-peep with
Tom, What shall I give her toward household?
Sister Delia, shall I give her my Fan?
Delia You were best ask your husband. Frances Shall I Tom?

Civet Ay do Franck i’ll buy thee a new one, with a longer handle.

Franck A russet one Franck. Civet Ay with russet feathers.
Frances Here sister, there’s my Fan toward household, to keep you warm.
Luce I thank, you sister.
Weathercock Why this is well, and toward fair Luce’s stock, here’s forty shillings: and forty good shillings more, I’ll give her marry. Come sir Lancelot, I must have you friends.
Lancelot Not I, all this is counterfeit,
He will consume it, were it a Million.
Father Sir, what is your daughter’s dower worth?
Lancelot Had she been married to an honest man,
It had been better than a thousand pound.
Father Pay it him, and i’ll give you my bond,
To make her jointure better worth than three.
Lancelot Your bond sir, why what are you?
Father One whose word in London though I say it,
Will pass there for as much as yours.
Lancelot Wert not thou late that unthrift’s servingman?
Father Look on me better, now my scar is off.
Ne’er muse man at this metamorphosy.
Lancelot Master Flowerdale.
Flowerdale My father, O I shame to look on him.
Pardon dear father the follies that are past.
Father Son, son I do, and joy at this thy change,
And applaud thy fortune in this virtuous maid,
Whom heaven hath sent to thee to save thy soul.
Luce This addeth joy to joy, high heaven be praised.
Weathercock Master Flowerdale, welcome from death, good Master Flowerdale.
’twas said so here, ’twas said so here good faith.
Father I caused that rumor to be spread myself,
Because i’d see the humors of my son,
Which to relate the circumstance is needless:
And sirrah see you run no more into that same disease:
For he that’s once cured of that malady,
Of Riot, Swearing, Drunkenness, and Pride,
And falls again into the like distress,
That fever is deadly, doth till death endure:
Such men die mad as of a calenture.
Flowerdale Heaven helping me, i’ll hate the course as hell.

Uncle Say it and do it Cousin, all is well.
Lancelot. Well being in hope you’ll prove an honest man, I take you to my favor 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 let’s in and feast.

Oliver. Nay zoft you awhile, you promised to make Sir Arthur and me amends, here is your wisest Daughter, see which ans she’ll have.

Lancelot O’ God’s name, you have my good will, get hers.

Oliver How say you then Damsel, tyters hate?

Delia. Ay sir, am yours.

Oliver Why, then send for a Vicar, and chil have it Dispatched in a trice so chill.

Delia. Pardon me sir, I mean I am yours, In love, in duty: and affection. But not to love as wife, shall ne’er be said, Delia was buried married, but a maid. Arthur Do not condemn yourself for ever Virtuous fair, you were born to love.

Oliver Why you say true sir Arthur she was y-bere to it So well as her mother: but I pray you show us Some zamples or reasons why you will not marry? Delia Not that I do condemn 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 heaven in earth to live alone, Husbands howsoever good, I will have none.

Oliver Why then chil will live Bachelor too, Che zet not a vig by a wife, if a wife zet not a vig By me: Come shall’s go to dinner?

Father Tomorrow I crave your companies in Mark lane: Tonight we’ll frolic in Master Civet’s house, And to each health, drink down 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 *linne*.
8. **379 (8-b)**: The regularized reading *Greenshield* is amended from the original *Green-shood*.
10. **561 (11-a)**: The regularized reading *servingman’s* is amended from the original *serviegmans*.
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 *toos* 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*.