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The Roaring Girl.

OR

Moll Cutpurse.

As it hath lately been Acted on the Fortune stage by
the Prince his Players.

Written by T. Middleton and T. Dekker.

[Portrait of Moll Cutpurse]

My case is altered, I must work for my living.

Printed at London for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold at his
shop in Pope’s head-palace, near the Royal
Exchange. 1611.

To the Comic, Play-readers, Venery,

and Laughter.

THE fashion of playmaking, I can properly
compare to nothing, so naturally, as
the alteration in apparel: For in the time
of the Great crop-doublet, your huge
bombasted plays, quilted with mighty
words to lean purpose was only then
in fashion. And as the doublet fell, neater inventions
began to set up. Now in the time of spruceness, our
plays follow the niceness of our Garments, single plots,
quaint conceits, lecherous jests, dressed up in hanging
sleeves, and those are fit for the Times, and the Termers:
Such a kind of light-color Summer stuff, mingled with
diverse colors, you shall find this published Comedy,
good to keep you in an afternoon from dice, at home in
your chambers; and for venery you shall find enough,
for sixpence, but well couched and you mark it. For Venus
being a woman passes through the play in doublet
and breeches, a brave disguise and a safe one, if the Statute
untie not her codpiece point. The book I make no
question, but is fit for many of your companies, as well
as the person itself, and may be allowed both Gallery
room at the playhouse, and chamber-room at your
lodging: worse things I must needs confess the world

has taxed her for, than has been written of her; but 'tis
the excellency of a Writer, to leave things better than
he finds 'em; though some obscene fellow (that cares not
what he writes against others, yet keeps a mystical bawdy-house
himself, and entertains drunkards, to make
use of their pockets, and vent his private bottle-ale at
midnight) though such a one would have ripped up the
most nasty vice, that ever hell belched forth, and presented
it to a modest Assembly; yet we rather wish in such
discoveries, where reputation lies bleeding, a
slackness of truth, than fullness
of slander.

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

Prologus.

A Play (expected long) makes the Audience look
For wonders: — that each Scene should be a book,
Composed to all perfection; each one comes
And brings a play in 's head with him: up he sums,
What he would of a Roaring Girl have writ;
If that he finds not here, he mews at it.
Only we entreat you think our Scene.
Cannot speak high (the subject being but mean)
A Roaring Girl (whose notes till now never were)
Shall fill with laughter our vast Theater,
That's all which I dare promise: Tragic passion,
And such grave stuff, is this day out of fashion.
I see attention sets wide ope her gates
Of hearing, and with covetous listening waits,
To know what Girl, this Roaring Girl should be.
(For of that Tribe are many.) One is she
That roars at midnight in deep Tavern bowls,
That beats the watch, and Constables controls;
Another roars i' th' day time, swears, stabs, gives braves,
Yet sells her soul to the lust of fools and slaves.
Both these are Suburb-roarers. Then there's (besides)
A civil City Roaring Girl, whose pride,
Feasting, and riding, shakes her husband's state,
And leaves him Roaring through an iron grate.
None of these Roaring Girls is ours: she flies
With wings more lofty. Thus her character lies,
Yet what need characters? when to give a guess,
Is better than the person to express;
But would you know who 'tis? would you hear her name?
She is called mad Moll; her life, our acts proclaim.
Dramatis Personae.

Sir Alexander **Wengrave**, and **Neatfoot** his man.
Sir Adam Appleton.
Sir Davy Dapper.
Sir Beauteous Ganymede.
Lord Noland.
Young **Wengrave**.
Jack Dapper, and **Gull** his page.
**Goshawk**.
**Greenwit**.
**Laxton**.

**Tiltyard**. Cives et Uxores.
**Openwork**.
**Gallipot**.

**Moll** the Roaring Girl.
**Trapdoor**.

Sir **Guy Fitzallard**.
**Mary Fitzallard** his daughter.

**Curtilax** a Sergeant, and
**Hanger** his Yeoman.

Ministri.

The Roaring Girl.


Enter Mary Fitzallard disguised like a sempster with a case for bands, and Neatfoot a servingman with her, with a napkin on his shoulder, and a trencher in his hand as from table.

**Neatfoot**.
The young gentleman (our young master) Sir Alexander’s son, is it into his ears (sweet Damsel) (emblem of fragility) you desire to have a message transported, or to be transcendent.

**Mary** A private word or two Sir, nothing else.

**Neatfoot** You shall fructify in that which you come for: your pleasure shall be satisfied to your full contentation: I will (fairest tree of generation) watch when our young master is erected, (that is to say up) and deliver him to this your most white hand.
Mary    Thanks sir.

Neatfoot    And withal certify him, that I have culled out for him (now his belly is replenished) a daintier bit or modicum than any lay upon his trencher at dinner — hath he notion of your name, I beseech your chastity.

Mary    One Sir, of whom he bespake falling bands.

Neatfoot    Falling bands, it shall so be given him, — if you please to venture your modesty in the hall, amongst a curl-pated company of rude serving-men, and take such as they can set before you, you shall be most seriously, and ingeniously welcome.

Mary    I have died indeed already sir.

Neatfoot    — Or will you vouchsafe to kiss the lip of a cup of rich Orleans in the buttery amongst our waiting women.

Mary    Not now in truth sir.

Neatfoot    Our young Master shall then have a feeling of your being here presently it shall so be given him.     Exit Neatfoot,

Mary    I humbly thank you sir, but that my bosom
Is full of bitter sorrows, I could smile,
To see this formal Ape play Antic tricks:
But in my breast a poisoned arrow sticks,
And smiles cannot become me, Love woven slightly
(Such as thy false heart makes) wears out as lightly,
But love being truly bred i’ th’ soul (like mine)
Bleeds even to death, at the least wound it takes,
The more we quench this, the less it slakes: Oh me!

Enter Sebastian Wengrave with Neatfoot.

Sebastian    A Sempster speak with me, say’st thou.

Neatfoot    Yes sir, she’s there, viva voce, to deliver her auricular confession.

Sebastian    With me sweet heart. What is’t?

Mary    I have brought home your bands sir.

Sebastian    Bands: Neatfoot.

Neatfoot    Sir.

Sebastian    Prithée look in, for all the Gentlemen are upon rising.

Neatfoot    Yes sir, a most methodical attendance shall be given.

Sebastian    And dost hear, if my father call for me, say I am busy with a Sempster.

Neatfoot    Yes sir, he shall know it that you are busied with a needlewoman.

Sebastian    In ’s ear good Neatfoot,

Neatfoot    It shall be so given him.     Exit Neatfoot.

Sebastian    Bands, y’ are mistaken sweet heart, I bespake none,
when, where, I prithee, what bands, let me see them.

    Mary    Yes sir, a bond fast sealed, with solemn oaths,
Subscribed unto (as I thought) with your soul:  
Delivered as your deed in sight of heaven,  
Is this bond canceled, have you forgot me.  

    Sebastian    Ha! life of my life: Sir Guy Fitz-Allard’s daughter,  
What has transformed my love to this strange shape?  
Stay: make all sure, — so: now speak and be brief,  
Because the wolf’s at door that lies in wait,  
To prey upon us both albeit mine eyes  
Are blessed by thine, yet this so strange disguise  
Holds me with fear and wonder.  

    Mary    Mine’s a loathed sight,  
Why from it are you banished else so long.  

    Sebastian    I must cut short my speech, in broken language,  
Thus much sweet Moll, I must thy company shun,  
I court another Moll, my thoughts must run,  
As a horse runs, that’s blind, round in a Mill,  
Out every step, yet keeping one path still.  

    Mary    Uhm: must you shun my company, in one knot  
Have both our hands by th’ hands of heaven been tied,  
Now to be broke, I thought me once your Bride:  
Our fathers did agree on the time when,  
And must another bedfellow fill my room.  

    Sebastian    Sweet maid, let’s lose no time, ’tis in heaven’s book  
Set down, that I must have thee: an oath we took,  
To keep our vows, but when the knight your father  
Was from mine parted, storms began to sit  
Upon my covetous father’s brow: which fell  
From them on me, he reckoned up what gold  
This marriage would draw from him, at which he swore,  
To lose so much blood, could not grieve him more,  
He then dissuades me from thee, called thee not fair,  
And asked what is she, but a beggar’s heir?  
He scorned thy dowry of five thousand Marks.

If such a sum of money could be found,  
And I would match with that, he’d not undo it,  
Provided his bags might add nothing to it,  
But vowed, if I took thee, nay more, did swear it,  
Save birth from him I nothing should inherit.  

    Mary    What follows then, my shipwreck.  

    Sebastian    Dearest no:  
Though wildly in a labyrinth I go,  
My end is to meet thee: with a side wind  
Must I now sail, else I no haven can find  
But both must sink forever. There’s a wench  
Called Moll, mad Moll, or merry Moll, a creature  
So strange in quality, a whole city takes
Note of her name and person, all that affection
I owe to thee, on her in counterfeit passion,
I spend to mad my father: he believes
I dote upon this Roaring Girl, and grieves
As it becomes a father for a son,
That could be so bewitched: yet i’ll go on
This crooked way, sigh still for her, fain dreams,
In which I’ll talk only of her, these streams
Shall, I hope, force my father to consent
That here I anchor rather than be rent
Upon a rock so dangerous, Art thou pleased,
Because thou seest we are waylaid, that I take
A path that’s safe, though it be far about,
Mary My prayers with heaven guide thee,
Sebastian Then I will on,
My father is at hand, kiss and begone;
Hours shall be watched for meetings; I must now
As men for fear, to a strange Idol bow.
Mary Farewell.
Sebastian I’ll guide thee forth, when next we meet,
A story of Moll shall make our mirth more sweet. Exeunt
Enter Sir Alexander Wengrave, Sir Davy Dapper, Sir Adam
Appleton, Goshawk, Laxton, and Gentlemen.
Omnès Thanks good Sir Alexander for our bounteous cheer:

Alexander Fie, fie, in giving thanks you pay too dear.
Sir Dapper When bounty spreads the table, faith ’twere sin,
(at going off) if thanks should not step in.
Alexander No more of thanks, no more, Ay marry Sir,
Th’ inner room was too close, how do you like
This Parlor Gentlemen?
Omnès Oh passing well.
Adam What a sweet breath the air casts here, so cool,
Goshawk I like the prospect best.
Laxton See how ’tis furnished.
Sir Dapper A very fair sweet room.
Alexander Sir Davy Dapper,
The furniture that doth adorn this room,
Cost many a fair gray groat ere it came here,
But good things are most cheap, when th’ are most dear,
Nay when you look into my galleries,
How bravely they are trimmed up, you all shall swear
Y’ are highly pleased to see what’s set down there:
Stories of men and women (mixed together
Fair ones with foul, like sunshine in wet weather)
Within one square a thousand heads are laid
So close, that all of heads, the room seems made,
As many faces there (filled with blithe looks)
Show like the promising titles of new books,
(Writ merrily) the Readers being their own eyes,
Which seem to move and to give plaudities,
And here and there (whilst with obsequious ears,
Thronged heaps do listen) a cutpurse thrusts and leers
With hawk’s eyes for his prey: I need not show him,
By a hanging villainous look, yourselves may know him,
The face is drawn so rarely, Then sir below,
The very floor (as ’twere) waves to and fro,
And like a floating Island, seems to move,
Upon a sea bound in with shores above,

**Enter Sebastian and Omnes.** These sights are excellent. **Master Greenwit.**

**Alexander** I’ll show you all,

Since we are met, make our parting Comical.

**Sebastian** This gentleman (my friend) will take his leave Sir.
**Alexander** Ha, take his leave (Sebastian) who?

**Sebastian** This gentleman.
**Alexander** Your love sir, has already given me some time,

And if you please to trust my age with more,

It shall pay double interest: Good sir stay.

**Greenwit** I have been too bold.
**Alexander** Not so sir. A merry day

’Mongst friends being spent, is better than gold saved.

Some wine, some wine. Where be these knaves I keep.

**Enter three or four Serving-men, and Neatfoot.**

**Neatfoot** At your worshipful elbow, sir.
**Alexander** You are kissing my maids, drinking, or fast asleep.

**Neatfoot** Your worship has given it us right.
**Alexander** You varlets stir,

Chairs, stools and cushions: prithee sir Davy Dapper,

Make that chair thine.

**Sir Dapper** ’Tis but an easy gift,

And yet I thank you for it sir, I’ll take it.

**Alexander** A chair for old sir Adam Appleton.
**Neatfoot** A back friend to your worship.
**Adam.** Marry good Neatfoot,

I thank thee for it: back friends sometimes are good.

**Alexander** Pray make that stool your perch, good Master Goshawk.

**Goshawk** I stoop to your lure sir.

**Alexander** Son Sebastian,

Take Master Greenwit to you.

**Sebastian** Sit dear friend.

**Alexander** Nay master Laxton — furnish master Laxton

With what he wants (a stone) a stool I would say, a stool.

**Laxton.** I had rather stand sir. **Exeunt servants.**

**Alexander** I know you had (good Master Laxton.) So, so —

Now here’s a mess of friends, and (gentlemen)
Because time’s glass shall not be running long,
I’ll quicken it with a pretty tale.

Sir Dapper  Good tales do well,
In these bad days, where vice does so excel.
  
Adam.  Begin sir Alexander.

Alexander  Last day I met
An aged man upon whose head was scored,
A debt of just so many years as these,
Which I owe to my grave, the man you all know.

Omnes.  His name I pray you sir.

Alexander  Nay you shall pardon me,
But when he saw me (with a sigh that brake,
Or seemed to break his heartstrings) thus he spake:
Oh my good knight, says he, (and then his eyes
Were richer even by that which made them poor,
They had spent so many tears they had no more.)
Oh sir (says he) you know it, for you ha’ seen
Blessings to rain upon mine house and me:
Fortune (who slaves men) was my slave: her wheel
Hath spun me golden threads, for I thank heaven,
I ne’er had but one cause to curse my stars,
I asked him then, what that one cause might be.

Omnes.  So Sir.

Alexander  He paused, and as we often see,
A sea so much becalmed, there can be found
No wrinkle on his brow, his waves being drowned
In their own rage: but when th’ imperious wind,
Use strange invisible tyranny to shake
Both heaven’s and earth’s foundation at their noise:
The seas swelling with wrath to part that fray
Rise up, and are more wild, more mad, than they.
Even so this good old man was by my question
Stirred up to roughness, you might see his gall
Flow even in ’s eyes: then grew he fantastical.

Sir Dapper  Fantastical, ha, ha.

Alexander  Yes, and talk oddly.

Adam.  Pray sir proceed,
How did this old man end?

Alexander  Marry sir thus.

He left his wild fit to read o’er his cards,
Yet then (though age cast snow on all his hairs)
He joyed because (says he) the God of gold
Has been to me no niggard: that disease
(Of which all old men sicken) Avarice
Never infected me.
Laxton  He means not himself i’m sure.

Alexander  For like a lamp,
Fed with continual oil, I spend and throw
My light to all that need it, yet have still
Enough to serve myself, Oh but (quoth he)
Though heaven’s dew fall, thus on this aged tree,
I have a son that’s like a wedge doth cleave,
My very heart root,

Sir, Dapper  Had he such a son,
Sebastian  Now I do smell a fox strongly.
Alexander  Let’s see: no Master Greenwit is not yet
So mellow in years as he; but as like Sebastian,
Just like my son Sebastian, — such another.

Sebastian  How finely like a fencer my father fetches his by-blows
to hit me, but if I beat you not at your own weapon of
subtlety.

Alexander  This son (saith he) that should be
The column and main arch unto my house,
The crutch unto my age, becomes a whirlwind
Shaking the firm foundation,

Adam  ‘Tis some prodigal.
Sebastian  Well shot old Adam Bell.
Alexander  No city monster neither, no prodigal,
But sparing, wary, civil, and (though wifeless)
An excellent husband, and such a traveler,
He has more tongues in his head than some have teeth,

Sir Dapper  I have but two in mine
Goshawk  So sparing and so wary,
What then could vex his father so.

Alexander  Oh a woman.
Sebastian  A flesh fly, that can vex any man.

 Alexander  A scurvy woman,
On whom the passionate old man swore he doted:
A creature (saith he) nature hath brought forth
To mock the sex of woman. — It is a thing
One knows not how to name, her birth began
Ere she was all made. ’Tis woman more than man,
Man more than woman, and (which to none can hap)
The Sun gives her two shadows to one shape,
Nay more, let this strange thing, walk, stand or sit,
No blazing star draws more eyes after it.

Sir Dapper  A Monster, ’tis some Monster.
Alexander  She’s a varlet.
Sebastian  Now is my cue to bristle.
Alexander  A naughty pack.
Sebastian  ’Tis false.
Alexander  Ha boy.
Sebastian  ’Tis false.
Alexander What’s false, I say she’s naught.

Sebastian I say that tongue
That dares speak so (but yours) sticks in the throat
Of a rank villain, set yourself aside. —
Alexander So sir what then.
Sebastian Any here else had lied.
I think I shall fit you —
Alexander Lie.
Sebastian Yes.
Sir Dapper Doth this concern him.
Alexander Ah sirrah boy.

Is your blood heated: boils it: are you stung,
I’ll pierce you deeper yet: Oh my dear friends,
I am that wretched father, this that son,
That sees his ruin, yet headlong on doth run.

Adam Will you love such a poison.
Sir Dapper Fie, fie.
Sebastian Y’ are all mad.
Alexander Th’ art sick at heart, yet feel’st it not: of all these,
What Gentleman (but thou) knowing his disease

Mortal, would shun the cure: oh Master Greenwit,
Would you to such an Idol bow.

Greenwit Not I sir.
Alexander Here’s Master Laxton, has he mind to a woman
As thou hast.
Laxton No not I sir.
Alexander Sir I know it.
Laxton Their good parts are so rare, their bad so common,
I will have naught to do with any woman.

Sir Dapper ’Tis well done Master Laxton.
Alexander Oh thou cruel boy,
Thou wouldst with lust an old man’s life destroy,
Because thou seest I’m half-way in my grave,
Thou shovel’st dust upon me: would thou mightest have
Thy wish, most wicked, most unnatural.

Dapper Why sir, ’tis thought, sir Guy Fitz-Allard’s daughter
Shall wed your son Sebastian.
Alexander Sir Davy Dapper.
I have upon my knees, woed this fond boy,
To take that virtuous maiden.
Sebastian Hark you a word sir.
You on your knees have cursed that virtuous maiden,
And me for loving her, yet do you now
Thus baffle me to my face: were not your knees
In such entreats, give me Fitzallard’s daughter.

Alexander I’ll give thee ratsbane rather.
Sebastian Well then you know
What dish I mean to feed upon.
**Alexander**  Hark Gentlemen,
He swears to have this cutpurse drab, to spite my gall.

*Omnès.*  Master Sebastian.

**Sebastian**  I am deaf to you all.
I’m so bewitched, so bound to my desires,
Tears, prayers, threats, nothing can quench out those fires
That burn within me.  

**Alexander**  Her blood shall quench it then,
Lose him not, Oh dissuade him Gentlemen.

**Sir Dapper**  He shall be weaned I warrant you.

**Alexander**  Before his eyes
Lay down his shame, my grief, his miseries.

*Omnès.*  No more, no more, away.

**Alexander**  I wash a Negro,
Losing both pains and cost: but take thy flight,
I’ll be most near thee, when I’m least in sight.
Wild Buck I’ll hunt thee breathless, thou shalt run on,
But I will turn thee when I’m not thought upon.

*Enter Ralph Trapdoor:*

Now sirrah what are you, leave your Ape’s tricks and speak.

**Trapdoor**  A letter from my Captain to your Worship.

**Alexander**  Oh, Oh, now I remember ’tis to prefer thee into my service.

**Trapdoor**  To be a shifter under your Worship’s nose of a clean trencher, when there’s a good bit upon ’t.

**Alexander**  Troth honest fellow — humh — ha — let me see,
This knave shall be the axe to hew that down
At which I stumble, has a face that promiseth
Much of a villain, I will grind his wit,
And if the edge prove fine make use of it.
Come hither sirrah, canst thou be secret, ha.

**Trapdoor**  As two crafty Attorneys plotting the undoing of their clients.

**Alexander**  Didst never, as thou hast walked about this town
Hear of a wench called Moll, mad merry Moll.

**Trapdoor**  Moll cutpurse sir.

**Alexander**  The same, dost thou know her then,

**Trapdoor**  As well as I know ’twill rain upon Simon and Jude’s day
next, I will sift all the taverns i’ th’ city, and drink half pots
with all the Watermen a’ th’ bankside, but if you will sir I’ll find her out.

**Alexander**  That task is easy, do ’t then, hold thy hand up.
What’s this, is’t burnt?

**Trapdoor**  No sir no, a little singed with making fireworks.

**Alexander**  There’s money, spend it, that being spent fetch more.

**Trapdoor**  Oh sir that all the poor soldiers in England had
such a leader. For fetching no Water-spaniel is like me.

    Alexander  This wench we speak of, strays so from her kind
Nature repents she made her. 'Tis a Mermaid
Has tolled my son to shipwreck.

    Trapdoor   I'll cut her comb for you.
    Alexander   I'll tell out gold for thee then: hunt her forth,
Cast out a line hung full of silver hooks
To catch her to thy company: deep spendings
May draw her that's most chaste to a man's bosom.

    Trapdoor   The jingling of Golden bells, and a good fool with
a hobby-horse, will draw all the whores i' th' town to dance in a
    Alexander   or rather, for that's best, (they say sometimes
morris,
    Alexander   Play thou the subtle spider, weave fine nets
To ensnare her very life.

    Trapdoor   Her life.
    Alexander   Yes suck
Her heart-blood if thou canst, twist thou but cords
To catch her, I'll find law to hang her up.

    Trapdoor   Spoke like a Worshipful bencher.
    Alexander   Trace all her steps: at this she-fox's den
Watch what lambs enter: let me play the shepherd
To save their throats from bleeding, and cut hers.

    Trapdoor   This is the goll shall do 't.
    Alexander   Be firm and gain me
Ever thine own. This done I entertain thee:
How is thy name.

    Trapdoor   My name sir is Rafe Trapdoor, honest Raph.
    Alexander   Trapdoor, be like thy name, a dangerous step
For her to venture on, but unto me.

    Trapdoor   As fast as your sole to your boot or shoe sir.
    Alexander   Hence then, be little seen here as thou canst.

I'll still be at thine elbow.

    Trapdoor   The trapdoor's set.
_Moll_ if you budge y' are gone: this me shall crown,
A Roaring Boy, the Roaring Girl puts down,

    Alexander   God-a-mercy, lose no time.          _Exeunt._

_The three shops open in a rank: the first a Pothecary's shop, the next
a Feather shop: the third a Sempster's shop: Mistress Gallipot
in the first, Mistress Tiltyard in the next, Master Openwork_
and his wife in the third, to them enters Laxton, Goshawk and Greenwit.

Mistress Openwork  Gentlemen what is’t you lack. What is’t you buy, see fine bands and ruffs, fine lawns, fine cambrics, what is’t you lack Gentlemen, what is’t you buy?
  Laxton  Yonder’s the shop.
  Goshawk  Is that she.  Laxton  Peace.
  Greenwit  She that minces Tobacco.
  Laxton  Ay: she’s a Gentlewoman born I can tell you, though it be her hard fortune now to shred Indian pot-herbs.
  Goshawk  Oh sir ’tis many a good woman’s fortune, when her husband turns bankrupt, to begin with pipes and set up again.
  Laxton  And indeed the raising of the woman is the lifting up of the man’s head at all times, if one flourish, t’ other will bud as fast I warrant ye.
  Goshawk  Come th’ art familiarly acquainted there, I grope that.
  Laxton  And you grope no better i’ th’ dark you may chance lie i’ th’ ditch when y’ are drunk.
  Goshawk  Go th’ art a mystical lecher.
  Laxton  I will not deny but my credit may take up an ounce of pure smoke.
  Goshawk  May take up an ell of pure smock; away go, ’tis the closest striker. Life I think he commits venery forty foot deep, no man’s aware on t’, I like a palpable smockster go to work so openly, with the tricks of art, that I’m as apparently seen as a naked boy in a vial, and were it not for a gift of treachery that I have in me to betray my friend when he puts most trust in me (mass yonder he is too —) and by his injury to make good my access to her, I should appear as defective in courting, as a Farmer’s son the first day of his feather, that doth nothing at Court, but woe the hangings and glass windows for a month together, and some broken waiting-woman for ever after. I find those imperfections in my venery, that were ’t not for flattery and falsehood, I should want discourse and impudence, and he that wants impudence among women, is worthy to be kicked out at bed’s feet. — He shall not see me yet.
  Greenwit  Troth this is finely shred.
  Laxton  Oh women are the best mincers.
  Mistress Gallipot  ’T had been a good phrase for a Cook’s wife sir.
  Laxton  But ’twill serve generally, like the front of a new Almanac; as thus: Calculated for the meridian of Cooks’ wives, but generally for all Englishwomen.
  Mistress Gallipot  Nay you shall ha ’t sir, I have filled it for you.  She puts it to the fire.
  Laxton  The pipe’s in a good hand, and I wish mine always so.
  Greenwit  But not to be used a’ that fashion.
  Laxton  O pardon me sir, I understand no french.
I pray be covered. Jack a pipe of rich smoke.

_Goshawk_ Rich smoke; that’s six pence a pipe is’t?

_Greenwit_ To me sweet Lady.

_Mistress Gallipot_ Be not forgetful; respect my credit; seem strange;

Art and Wit makes a fool of suspicion: — pray be wary.

_Laxton_ Push, I warrant you: — come, how is’t gallants?

_Greenwit_ Pure and excellent.

_Laxton_ I thought ’twas good, you were grown so silent; you
are like those that love not to talk at victuals, though they make
a worse noise i’ the nose than a common fiddler’s prentice, and
discourse a whole Supper with snuffling; — I must speak a
word with you anon.

_Mistress Gallipot_ Make your way wisely then.

_Goshawk_ Oh what else sir, he’s perfection itself, full of manners,
But not an acre of ground belonging to ’em.

_Greenwit_ Ay and full of form, h’as ne’er a good stool in ’s
chamber.

_Goshawk_ But above all religious: he prayeth daily upon elder
brothers.

_Greenwit_ And valiant above measure; h’as run three streets
from a Sergeant.

_Laxton_ Puh, Puh. _he blows tobacco in their faces._

_Greenwit Goshawk_ Oh, puh, ho, ho.

_Laxton_ So, so.

_Mistress Gallipot_ What’s the matter now sir?

_Laxton_ I protest I’m in extreme want of money, if you can
supply me now with any means, you do me the greatest
pleasure, next to the bounty of your love, as ever poor gentleman
tasted.

_Mistress Gallipot_ What’s the sum would pleasure ye sir?
Though you deserve nothing less at my hands.

_Laxton_ Why ’tis but for want of opportunity thou know’st;
I put her off with opportunity still: by this light I hate her,
but for means to keep me in fashion with gallants; for what
I take from her, I spend upon other wenches, bear her in hand
still; she has wit enough to rob her husband, and I ways enough
to consume the money: why how now? what the
chincough?

_Goshawk_ Thou hast the cowardliest trick to come before a
man’s face and strangle him ere he be aware, I could find in
my heart to make a quarrel in earnest.

_Laxton_ Pox and thou dost, thou know’st I never use to fight
with my friends, thou ’ll but lose thy labor in ’t.

_Jack Dapper!_ _Enter Jack Dapper, and his man Gull._

_Greenwit_ Monsieur Dapper, I dive down to your ankles.

_Jack Dapper_ Save ye gentlemen all three in a peculiar salute.

_Goshawk_ He were ill to make a lawyer, he dispatches three at
once.
Laxton  So well said: but is this of the same Tobacco mistress Gallipot?
Mistress Gallipot  The same you had at first sir.
Laxton  I wish it no better: this will serve to drink at my chamber.
Goshawk  Shall we taste a pipe on ’t?

Laxton  Not of this by my troth Gentlemen, I have sworn before you.
Goshawk  What not Jack dapper.
Laxton  Pardon me sweet Jack, I’m sorry I made such a rash oath, but foolish oaths must stand: where art going Jack.
Jack Dapper  Faith to buy one feather.
Laxton  One feather, the fool’s peculiar still.
Jack Dapper  Gull
Gull  Master.
Jack Dapper  Here’s three halfpence for your ordinary, boy, meet me an hour hence in Paul’s.
Gull  How three single halfpence; life, this will scarce serve a man in sauce, a ha’p’orth of mustard, a ha’p’orth of oil, and a ha’p’orth of vinegar, what’s left then for the pickle herring: this shows like small beer i’ th’ morning after a great surfeit of wine o’er night, he could spend his three pound last night in a supper amongst girls and brave bawdy-house boys, I thought his pockets cackled not for nothing, these are the eggs of three pound, I’ll go sup ’em up presently. Exit Gull
Laxton  Fight, nine, ten Angels, good wenche i’ faith, and one that loves darkness well, she puts out a candle with the best tricks of any drugster’s wife in England: but that which mad her I rail upon opportunity still, and take no notice on ’t. The other night she would needs lead me into a room with a candle in her hand to show me a naked picture, where no sooner entered but the candle was sent of an errand: now I not intending to understand her, but like a puny at the Inns of venery, called for another light innocently, thus reward I all her cunning with simple mistaken. I know she cozens her husband to keep me, and I’ll keep her honest, as long as I can, to make the poor man some part of amends, an honest mind of a whoremaster, how think you amongst you, what a fresh pipe, draw in a third man.
Goshawk  No you’re a hoarder, you engross by th’ ounces.  At the Feather shop now.
Jack Dapper  Puh I like it not.
Mistress Tiltyard  What feather is’t you’d have sir.

These are most worn and most in fashion,
Amongst the Beaver gallants the stone Riders.
The private stage’s audience, the twelvepenny-stool Gentlemen,
I can inform you ’tis the general feather.
  *Jack Dapper* And therefore I dislike it, tell me of general.

Now a continual *Simon* and *Jude’s* rain
Beat all your feathers as flat down as pancakes.
Show me — a — spangled feather,
  *Mistress Titby* Oh to go a-feasting with,
You’d have it for a hench boy, you shall.  
  *Master Openwork* Mass I had quite forgot,
His Honor’s footman was here last night wife,
Ha’ you done with my Lord’s shirt.
  *Mistress Openwork* What’s that to you sir,
I was this morning at his Honor’s lodging,
Ere such a snake as you crept out of your shell.
  *Master Openwork* Oh ’twas well done good wife.
  *Mistress Openwork* I hold it better sir, than if you had done ’t yourself.
  *Master Openwork* Nay so say I: but is the Countess’s smock almost
done mouse.
  *Mistress Openwork* Here lies the cambric sirk, but wants I fear me.
  *Master Openwork* I’ll resolve you of that presently,
  *Mistress Openwork* Hey-day, Oh audacious groom,
Dare you presume to noblewomen’s linen,
Keep you your yard to measure shepherd’s holland,
I must confine you I see that.  
  *Goshawk* What say you to this gear.
  *Laxton* I dare the arrant’st critic in Tobacco
To lay one fault upon ’t.
  *Goshawk* Enter Moll in a frieze Jerkin and
  *Laxton* Life yonder’s Moll.  a black safeguard.
  *Laxton* Prithée let’s call her — Moll.
  *All* Moll, Moll, pist Moll.
  *Moll* How now, what’s the matter.
  *Goshawk* A pipe of good tobacco Moll.
  *Moll* I cannot stay.
  *Goshawk* Nay Moll puh, prithée hark, but one word i’ faith.

  *Moll* Well what is’t.
  *Greenwit* Prithée come hither sirrah.
  *Laxton* Heart I would give but too much money to be nibbling
with that wench, life, sh’as the Spirit of four great parishes,
and a voice that will drown all the City, methinks a brave
Captain might get all his soldiers upon her, and ne’er be
beholding to a company of mile-end milksops, if he could
come on, and come off quick enough: Such a *Moll* were a
marrowbone before an *Italian*, he would cry *bona roba*
till his ribs were nothing but bone. I’ll lay hard siege to her,
money is that *Aqua fortis*, that eats into many a maidenhead,
where the walls are flesh and blood I’ll ever pierce through with
a golden auger.
Goshawk  Now thy judgement Moll, is’t not good?
Moll    Yes faith ’tis very good tobacco, how do you sell an
       an ounce, farewell. God b’i’ you Mistress Gallipot,
Goshawk Why Moll, Moll.
Moll    I cannot stay now i’ faith, I am going to buy a shag
       ruff, the shop will be shut in presently.
Goshawk ’Tis the maddest fantastical’st girl: — I never knew so
       much flesh and so much nimbleness put together.
Laxton    She slips from one company to another, like a fat
       Eel between a Dutchman’s fingers: — I’ll watch my time for her.
Mistress Gallipot Some will not stick to say she’s a man
       And some both man and woman.
Laxton    That were excellent, she might first cuckold the husband
       and then make him do as much for the wife.

    The Feather shop again.
Moll.    Save you; how does Mistress Tiltyard?
Jack Dapper    Moll.
Jack Dapper    How dost Moll.
Moll    I’ll tell thee by and by, I go but to th’ next shop.
Jack Dapper    Thou shalt find me here this hour about a feather.
Moll    Nay and a feather hold you in play a whole hour, a
       goose will last you all the days of your life. Let me see a good
       shag ruff.

    The Sempster shop.

Master Openwork    Mistress Mary that shalt thou i’ faith, and the
       best in the shop.
Mistress Openwork    How now, greetings, love terms with a pox
       between you, have I found out one of your haunts, I send you
       for hollands, and you’re i’ th’ the low countries with a mischief,
       I’m served with good ware by th’ shift, that makes it lie dead so
       long upon my hands, I were as good shut up shop, for when I
       open it I take nothing.
Master Openwork    Nay and you fall a-ring once the devil cannot
       stop you, I’ll out of the Belfry as fast as I can — Moll.
Mistress Openwork    Get you from my shop.
Moll    I come to buy.
Mistress Openwork    I’ll sell ye nothing, I warn ye my house and shop
       Moll    You goody Openwork, you that prick out a poor living
       And sews many a bawdy skin-coat together,
       Thou private pandress between shirt and smock,
       I wish thee for a minute but a man:
       Thou shouldst never use more shapes, but as th’ art
       I pity my revenge, now my spleens up,    Enter a fellow with
       a long rapier by his side.

    I would not mock it willingly — ha’ be thankful.
    Now I forgive thee.
Mistress Openwork    Marry hang thee, I never asked forgiveness in
       my life.
Moll  You goodman swinesface.
Fellow  What will you murder me.
Moll  You remember slave, how you abused me t’ other night
in a Tavern.
Fellow  Not I by this light.
Moll  No, but by candlelight you did, you have tricks
to save your oaths, reservations have you, and I have reserved
somewhat for you, — as you like that call for more, you know
the sign again.
Fellow  Pox on 't, had I brought any company along with me
to have borne witness on 't, 'twould ne’er have grieved me, but
to be struck and nobody by, 'tis my ill fortune still, why tread
upon a worm they say 'twill turn tail, but indeed a Gentleman

should have more manners.

Exit fellow.

Laxton  Gallantly performed i’ faith Moll, and manfully, I love
thee for ever for 't, base rogue, had he offered but the least counterbuff,
by this hand I was prepared for him.
Moll  You prepared for him, why should you be prepared for
him, was he any more than a man.
Laxton  No nor so much by a yard and a handful London
measure..
Moll.  Why do you speak this then, do you think I cannot
ride a stone horse, unless one lead him by th’ snaffle.
Laxton  Yes and sit him bravely, I know thou canst Moll, 'twas
but an honest mistake through love, and I’ll make amends for 't
any way, prithee sweet plump Moll, when shall thou and I
go out o’ town together.
Moll  Whether to Tyburn prithee.
Laxton  Mass that’s out o’ town indeed, thou hang’st so many
jests upon thy friends still. I mean honestly to Brainford, Staines
or Ware.
Moll  What to do there.
Laxton  Nothing but be merry and lie together, I’ll hire a
coach with four horses.
Moll  I thought 'twould be a beastly journey, you may
leave out one well, three horses will serve, if I play the jade
myself.
Laxton  Nay push th’ art such another kicking wench, prithee
be kind and let’s meet.
Moll  'Tis hard but we shall meet sir.
Laxton  Nay but appoint the place then, there’s ten Angels in
fair gold Moll, you see I do not trifle with you, do but say thou
wilt meet me, and I’ll have a coach ready for thee.
Moll  Why here’s my hand I’ll meet you sir.
Laxton  Oh good gold, — the place sweet Moll.
Moll  It shall be your appointment.
Laxton  Somewhat near Holborn Moll.
Moll  In Gray’s Inn fields then.
Laxton  A match.  Moll  I'll meet you there.
Laxton  The hour.  Moll  Three.

Laxton  That will be time enough to sup at Brainford.
       Fall from them to the other.
Master Openwork  I am of such a nature sir, I cannot endure the house
when she scolds, sh' has a tongue will be heard further in a still
morning than Saint Antling's bell, she rails upon me for foreign
wenching, that I being a freeman must needs keep a whore
i' th' suburbs, and seek to impoverish the liberties, when we
fall out, I trouble you still to make all whole with my wife.
Goshawk  No trouble at all, 'tis a pleasure to me to join things
together.
Master Openwork  Go thy ways, I do this but to try thy honesty
Goshawk.  The Feather shop.
Jack Dapper  How lik' st thou this Moll.
Moll  Oh singularly, you're fitted now for a bunch, he looks
for all the world with those spangled feathers like a nobleman's
bedpost: The purity of your wench would I fain try, she
seems like Kent unconquered, and I believe as many wiles
are in her — Oh the gallants of these times are shallow lechers,
they put not their courtship home enough to a wench,
'tis impossible to know what woman is thoroughly honest, because
she's ne'er thoroughly tried, I am of that certain belief
there are more queans in this town of their own making,
than of any man's provoking, where lies the slackness then?
many a poor soul would down, and there's nobody will push 'em:
Women are courted but ne'er soundly tried,
As many walk in spurs that never ride.  The Sempster's shop.
Mistress, Openwork  Oh abominable.
Goshawk  Nay more I tell you in private, he keeps a whore i' th'
suburbs.
Mistress Openwork  O spittle dealing, I came to him a Gentlewoman
born. I'll show you mine arms when you please sir.
Goshawk  I had rather see your legs, and begin that way.
Mistress Openwork  'Tis well known he took me from a Lady's
service, where I was well beloved of the steward, I had
my Latin tongue, and a spice of the French before I came to
him, and now doth he keep a suburban whore under my
nostrils.

Goshawk  There's ways enough to cry quit with him, hark in
thine ear.
Mistress Openwork  There's a friend worth a Million.
Moll  I'll try one spear against your chastity Mistress Tiltyard
Though it prove too short by the burgh.
Trapdoor  Mass here she is.  Enter Ralph Trapdoor
I’m bound already to serve her, though it be but a sluttish trick. Bless my hopeful young Mistress with long life and great limbs, send her the upper hand of all bailiffs, and their hungry adherents.

Moll  How now, what art thou?
Trapdoor  A poor ebbing Gentleman, that would gladly wait for the young flood of your service.
Moll  My service! what should move you to offer your service to me sir?
Trapdoor  The love I bear to your heroic spirit and masculine womanhood.
Moll  So sir, put case we should retain you to us, what parts are there in you for a Gentlewoman’s service.
Trapdoor  Of two kinds right Worshipful: movable, and immovable: movable to run of errands, and immovable to stand when you have occasion to use me.
Moll  What strength have you.
Trapdoor  Strength Mistress Moll, I have gone up into a steeple, and stayed the great bell as ’t has been ringing; stopped a windmill going. 

Moll  trips up his heels he falls.
Moll  And never struck down yourself.
Trapdoor  Stood as upright as I do at this present.
Moll  Come I pardon you for this, it shall be no disgrace to you: I have struck up the heels of the high German’s size ere now, — what not stand.
Trapdoor  I am of that nature where I love, I’ll be at my mistress’ foot to do her service.
Moll  Why well said, but say your Mistress should receive injury, have you the spirit of fighting in you, durst you second her.
Trapdoor  Life I have kept a bridge myself, and drove seven at a time before me.  Moll  Ay.
Trapdoor  But they were all Lincolnshire bullocks by my troth.
Moll  Well, meet me in Gray’s Inn fields, between three and four this afternoon, and upon better consideration we’ll retain you.
Trapdoor  I humbly thank your good Mistress-ship,
Laxton  Remember three.
Moll.  Nay if I fail you hang me.
Laxton  Good wench I’ faith.
Moll.  Who’s this.
Master Openwork   ’Tis I Moll.
Moll.  Prithee tend thy shop and prevent bastards.
Master Openwork  We’ll have a pint of the same wine i’ faith 
Goshawk  Hark the bell rings, come Gentlemen.
Jack Dapper where shall’s all munch.

Jack Dapper I am for Parker’s ordinary.

Laxton He’s a good guest to ’m, he deserves his board,
He draws all the Gentlemen in a term time thither,
We’ll be your followers Jack, lead the way,
Look you by my faith the fool has feathered his nest well.

Exeunt Gallants.

Enter Master Gallipot, Master Tiltyard, and servants
with Water-spaniels and a duck.

Master Tiltyard Come shut up your shops, where’s Master Openwork.
Mistress Gallipot Nay ask not me Master Tiltyard.
Master Tiltyard Where’s his water dog, puh — pist — hur — hur—pist
Master Gallipot Come wenches come, we’re going all to Hogsden.
Mistress Gallipot To Hogsden husband.
Master Gallipot Ay to Hogsden pigsny.
Mistress Gallipot I’m not ready husband. spits in the dog’s mouth
Master Gallipot Faith that’s well — hum — pist — pist.

Master Gallipot Come Mistress Openwork you are so long.
Mistress Openwork I have no joy of my life Master Gallipot.
Master Gallipot Push, let your boy lead his Water-spaniel along,
and we’ll show you the bravest sport at parlous pond, he trug,
he trug, he trug, here’s the best duck in England, except my wife, he, he; fetch, fetch, fetch, come let’s away
Of all the year this is the sportful’st day.

Enter Sebastian solus.

Sebastian If a man have a free will, where should the use
More perfect shine than in his will to love.
All creatures have their liberty in that,
Though else kept under servile yoke and fear,
The very bondslave has his freedom there,
Amongst a world of creatures voiced and silent.
Must my desires wear fetters — yea are you
So near, then I must break with my heart’s truth;
Meet grief at a back way — well: why suppose.
The two lewd tongues of slander or of truth
Pronounce Moll loathsome: if before my love
She appear fair, what injury have I,
I have the thing I like? in all things else
Mine own eye guides me, and I find ’em prosper,
Life what should ail it now? I know that man
Ne’er truly loves, if he gainsay ’t he lies,
That winks and marries with his father’s eyes.
I’ll keep mine own wide open.

Enter Moll and a porter
Alexander Here’s brave wilfulness, with a viol on his back.

A made match, here she comes, they met a purpose.

Porter Must I carry this great fiddle to your chamber Mistress Mary.

Moll Fiddle goodman hog-rubber, some of these porters bear so much for others, they have no time to carry wit for themselves.

Porter To your own chamber Mistress Mary.

Moll Who’ll hear an Ass speak: whither else goodman pageant-bearer: they’re people of the worst memories.

Exit Porter.

Sebastian Why ’twere too great a burden love, to have them carry things in their minds, and a’ their backs together.

Moll Pardon me sir, I thought not you so near.

Alexander So, so, so.

Sebastian I would be nearer to thee, and in that fashion, That makes the best part of all creatures honest.

No otherwise I wish it.

Moll Sir I am so poor to requite you, you must look for nothing but thanks of me, I have no humor to marry, I love to lie a’ both sides a’ th’ bed myself; and again a’ th’ other side, a wife you know ought to be obedient, but I fear me I am too headstrong to obey, therefore I’ll ne’er go about it, I love you so well sir for your good will I’d be loath you should repent your bargain after, and therefore we’ll ne’er come together at first, I have the head now of myself, and am man enough for a woman, marriage is but a chopping and changing, where a maiden loses one head, and has a worse i’ th’ place.

Alexander The most comfortablist answer from a Roaring Girl, that ever mine ears drunk in.

Sebastian This were enough now to affright a fool for ever from thee, when ’tis the music that I love thee for,

Alexander There’s a boy spoils all again.

Moll Believe it sir I am not of that disdainful temper, but I could love you faithfully.

Alexander A pox on you for that word. I like you not now, Y’ are a cunning roarer I see that already.

Moll But sleep upon this once more sir, you may chance shift a mind tomorrow, be not too hasty to wrong yourself, never while you live sir take a wife running, many have run out at heels that have done ’t: you see sir I speak against myself, and if every woman would deal with their suitor so honestly, poor younger brothers would not be so often gull’d with old cozening widows, that turn o’er all their wealth in trust to some kinsman, and make the poor Gentleman work hard for a pension, fare you well sir.
Sebastian  Nay prithee one word more.
Alexander  How do I wrong this girl, she puts him off still.
Moll.  Think upon this in cold blood sir, you make as much haste as if you were a going upon a sturgeon voyage, take deliberation sir, never choose a wife as if you were going to Virginia.
Sebastian  And so we parted, my too-cursed fate.
Alexander  She is but cunning, gives him longer time in 't.

Enter a Tailor:

Tailor  Mistress Moll, Mistress Moll: so ho ho so ho.
Moll  There boy, there boy, what dost thou go a-hawking after me with a red clout on thy finger.
Tailor  I forgot to take measure on you for your new breeches.
Alexander  Hoyda breeches, what will he marry a monster with two trinkets, what age is this? if the wife go in breeches, the man must wear long coats like a fool.
Moll  What fiddlings here, would not the old pattern have served your turn.
Tailor:  You change the fashion, you say you'll have the great Dutch slop Mistress Mary.
Moll  Why sir I say so still.
Tailor.  Your breeches then will take up a yard more.
Moll  Well pray look it be put in then.
Tailor.  It shall stand round and full I warrant you,
Moll  Pray make 'em easy enough.
Tailor.  I know my fault now, t' other was somewhat stiff between the legs, I'll make these open enough I warrant you.
Alexander  Here's good gear towards, I have brought up my son to marry a Dutch slop, a French doublet, a codpiece daughter.
Tailor.  So, I have gone as far as I can go.
Moll  Why then farewell.
Tailor.  If you go presently to your chamber Mistress Mary, pray send me the measure of your thigh, by some honest body.

Moll  Well sir, I'll send it by a Porter presently.  Exit Moll
Tailor.  So you had need, it is a lusty one, both of them would make any porter's back ache in England.  Exit Tailor.

Sebastian  I have examined the best part of man, Reason and judgement, and in love they tell me, They leave me uncontrolled, he that is swayed By an unfeeling blood, past heat of love His springtime must needs err, his watch ne'er goes right That sets his dial by a rusty clock,
Alexander  So, and which is that rusty clock sir you.
Sebastian  The clock at Ludgate sir, it ne'er goes true.
Alexander But thou goest falser: not thy father’s cares
Can keep thee right, when that insensible work,
Obeys the workman’s art, lets off the hour
And stops again when time is satisfied,
But thou runn’st on, and judgement, thy main wheel,
Beats by all stops, as if the work would break
Begun with long pains for a minute’s ruin,
Much like a suffering man brought up with care.
At last bequeathed to shame and a short prayer,
   Sebastian I taste you bitterer than I can deserve sir.
Alexander Who has bewitch thee son, what devil or drug,
Hath wrought upon the weakness of thy blood,
And betrayed all her hopes to ruinous folly?
Oh wake from drowsy and enchanted shame,
Wherein thy soul sits with a golden dream
Flattered and poisoned, I am old my son,
Oh let me prevail quickly, for I have weightier business of mine own
Than to chide thee: I must not to my grave,
As a drunkard to his bed, whereon he lies
Only to sleep, and never cares to rise,
Let me dispatch in time, come no more near her.
   Sebastian Not honestly, not in the way of marriage,
Alexander What sayst thou marriage, in what place, the
Sessions-house, and who shall give the bride, prithee, an
indictment.
   Sebastian Sir now ye take part with the world to wrong her.

Alexander Why, wouldst thou fain marry to be pointed at,
Alas the number’s great, do not o’er burden ’t,
Why as good marry a beacon on a hill,
Which all the country fix their eyes upon
As her thy folly dotes on. If thou long’st
To have the story of thy infamous fortunes,
Serve for discourse in ordinaries and taverns
Th’ art in the way: or to confound thy name,
Keep on, thou canst not miss it: or to strike
Thy wretched father to untimely coldness,
Keep the left hand still, it will bring thee to ’t.
Yet if no tears wrung from thy father’s eyes,
Nor sighs that fly in sparkles, from his sorrows,
Had power to alter what is wilful in thee,
Methinks her very name should fright thee from her,
And never trouble me.
   Sebastian Why is the name of Moll so fatal sir.
   Alexander Many one sir, where suspect is entered,
For seek all London from one end to t’ other,
More whores of that name, than of any ten other.
   Sebastian What’s that to her? let those blush for themselves.
Can any guilt in others condemn her?
I’ve vowed to love her: let all storms oppose me,
That ever beat against the breast of man,
Nothing but death’s black tempest shall divide us.

Alexander  Oh folly that can dote on naught but shame.

Sebastian  Put case a wanton itch runs through one name
More than another, is that name the worse,
Where honesty sits possessed in ’t? it should rather
Appear more excellent, and deserve more praise,
When through foul mists a brightness it can raise.
Why there are of the devils, honest Gentlemen,
And well descended, keep an open house,
And some a’ th” (good man’s) that are arrant knaves.
He hates unworthily, that by rote contemns,
For the name neither saves, nor yet condemns,
And for her honesty, I have made such proof an ’t,

In several forms, so nearly watched her ways,
I will maintain that strict, against an army,
Excepting you my father: here’s her worst,
Sh’ has a bold spirit that mingles with mankind,
But nothing else comes near it: and oftentimes
Through her apparel somewhat shames her birth,
But she is loose in nothing but in mirth,
Would all Molls were no worse.

Alexander  This way I toil in vain and give but aim
To infamy and ruin: he will fall,
My blessing cannot stay him: all my joys
Stand at the brink of a devouring flood
And will be wilfully swallowed: wilfully.
But why so vain, let all these tears be lost,
I’ll pursue her to shame, and so all’s crossed.  Exit Sir Alexander

Sebastian  He is gone with some strange purpose, whose effect
Will hurt me little if he shoot so wide,
To think I love so blindly: I but feed
His heart to this match, to draw on th’ other.
Wherein my joy sits with a full wish crowned;
Only his mood excepted which must change.
By opposite policies, courses indirect,
Plain dealing in this world takes no effect.
This mad girl I’ll acquaint with my intent,
Get her assistance, make my fortunes known,
Twixt lovers’ hearts, she’s a fit instrument,
And has the art to help them to their own,
By her advice, for in that craft she’s wise,
My love and I may meet, spite of all spies.  Exit Sebastian.

Enter Laxton in Gray’s Inn fields with the Coachman.

Laxton  Coachman.
Coachman  Here sir.
Laxton  There’s a tester more, prithee drive thy coach to the hither end of Marybone park, a fit place for Moll to get in.
Coachman  Marybone park sir.

Laxton  Ay, it’s in our way thou know’st.
Coachman  It shall be done sir.
Laxton  Coachman.
Coachman  Anon sir.
Laxton  Are we fitted with good frampold jades.
Coachman  The best in Smithfield I warrant you sir.
Laxton  May we safely take the upper hand of any coached velvet cap or tuftaffety jacket, for they keep a vild swaggering in coaches nowadays, the highways are stopped with them.
Coachman  My life for yours and baffle ’em too sir, — why they are the same jades believe it sir, that have drawn all your famous whores to Ware.
Laxton  Nay then they know their business, they need no more instructions.
Coachman  They’re so used to such journeys sir, I never use whip to ’em; for if they catch but the scent of a wench once, they run like devils.  Exit Coachman with his whip.
Laxton  Fine Cerberus, that rogue will have the start of a thousand ones, for whilst others trot a foot, he’ll ride prancing to hell upon a coach-horse.
Stay, ’tis now about the hour of her appointment, but yet I see her not, hark what’s this, one, two three, three by the clock at Savoy, this is the hour, and Gray’s Inn fields’ the place, she swore she’d meet me: ha yonder’s two Insns a’ Court men with one wenche, but that’s not she, they walk toward Islington out of my way, I see none yet dressed like her, I must look for a shag ruff, a frieze jerkin, a short sword, and a safeguard, or I get none: why Moll prithee make haste, or the Coachman will curse us anon.

Enter Moll like a man.

Moll  Oh here’s my Gentleman: if they would keep their days as well with their Mercers as their hours with their harlots, no bankrupt would give seven score pound for a sergeant’s place, for would you know a catchpole rightly derived, the corruption of a Citizen, is the generation of a sergeant, how his eye hawks for venery. Come are you ready sir.
Laxton  Ready, for what sir.
Moll  Do you ask that now sir, why was this meeting
'pointed.

**Laxton** I thought you mistook me sir,
You seem to be some young barrister,
I have no suit in law — all my land’s sold
I praise heaven for ‘t; ‘t has rid me of much trouble,

**Moll** Then I must wake you sir, where stands the coach,

**Laxton** Who’s this, **Moll**: honest **Moll**.

**Moll** So young, and purblind, you’re an old wanton in your eyes I see that.

**Laxton** Th’ art admirably suited for the three pigeons at **Brainford**, I’ll swear I knew thee not.

**Moll** I’ll swear you did not: but you shall know me now.

**Laxton** No not here, we shall be spied i’ faith, the coach is better, come. **Moll** Stay.

**Laxton** What wilt thou untruss a point **Moll**.

*She puts off her cloak and draws.*

**Moll** Yes, here’s the point that I untruss, ’t has but one tag, ’twill serve though to tie up a rogue’s tongue.

**Laxton** How.

**Moll** There’s the gold with which you hired your hackney, here’s her pace, She racks hard, and perhaps your bones will feel it, Ten angels of mine own, I’ve put to thine, win ‘em, and wear ‘em,

**Laxton** Hold **Moll**, Mistress **Mary**.

**Moll** Draw or I’ll serve an execution on thee Shall lay thee up till doomsday.

**Laxton** Draw upon a woman, why what dost mean **Moll**?

**Moll** To teach thy base thoughts manners: th’ art one of those That thinks each woman thy fond flexible whore, If she but cast a liberal eye upon thee, Turn back her head, she’s thine, or amongst company, By chance drink first to thee: then she’s quite gone, There’s no means to help her: nay for a need, Wilt swear unto thy credulous fellow lechers.

That th’ art more in favor with a Lady at first sight Than her monkey all her lifetime, How many of our sex, by such as thou Have their good thoughts paid with a blasted name That never deserved loosely or did trip In path of whoresom, beyond cup and lip. But for the stain of conscience and of soul, Better had women fall into the hands Of an act silent, than a bragging nothing, There’s no mercy in ‘t — what durst move you sir, To think me whorisht? a name which I’d tear out From the high German’s throat, if it lay ledger there To dispatch privy slanders against me. In thee I defy all men, their worst hates, And their best flatteries, all their golden witchcrafts,
With which they entangle the poor spirits of fools,
Distressed needlewomen and trade-fall’n wives.
Fish that must needs bite, or themselves be bitten,
Such hungry things as these may soon be took
With a worm fastened on a golden hook.
Those are the lecher’s food, his prey, he watches
For quarreling wedlocks, and poor shifting sisters,
’Tis the best fish he takes: but why good fisherman,
Am I thought meat for you, that never yet
Had angling rod cast towards me? ’cause you’ll say
I’m given to sport, I’m often merry, jest,
Had mirth no kindred in the world but lust?
O shame take all her friends then: but howe’er
Thou and the baser world censure my life,
I’ll send ’em word by thee, and write so much
Upon thy breast, ’cause thou shalt bear ’t in mind,
Tell them ’twere base to yield, where I have conquered.
I scorn to prostitute myself to a man,
I that can prostitute a man to me,
And so I greet thee.

_Laxton_   Hear me.
_Moll_   Would the spirits of all my slanders, were clasped in thine.

That I might vex an army at one time,

_Laxton_   I do repent me, hold,
_Moll_   You’ll die the better Christian then.

_Laxton_   I do confess I have wronged thee _Moll_.
_Moll_   Confession is but poor amends for wrong,

Unless a rope would follow.

_Laxton_   I ask thee pardon.
_Moll_   I’m your hired whore sir.
_Laxton_   I yield both purse and body.
_Moll_   Both are mine, and now at my disposing.
_Laxton_   Spare my life.
_Moll_   I scorn to strike thee basely.

_Laxton_   Spoke like a noble girl i’ faith.
Heart I think I fight with a familiar, or the Ghost of a fencer,
Sh’ has wounded me gallantly, call you this a lecherous voyage?
Here’s blood would have served me this seven year in broken
heads and cut fingers, and it now runs all out together, pox a’ the
three pigeons, I would the coach were here now to carry me
to the Chirurgeons.

_Exit Laxton._

_Moll_   If I could meet my enemies one by one thus,
I might make pretty shift with ’em in time,
And make ’em know, she that has wit, and spirit,
May scorn to live beholding to her body for meat,
Or for apparel like your common dame,
That makes shame get her clothes, to cover shame.
Base is that mind, that kneels unto her body,
As if a husband stood in awe on’s wife,
My spirit shall be Mistress of this house,
As long as I have time in ‘t. — Oh
Here comes my man that would be: ’tis his hour.
Faith a good well-set fellow, if his spirit
Be answerable to his umbles; he walks stiff,
But whether he will stand to ’t stiffly, there’s the point;
Has a good calf for ’t, and ye shall have many a woman
Choose him she means to make her head, by his calf;
I do not know their tricks in ’t, faith he seems
A man without; I’ll try what he is within,

*Trapdoor*  She told me Gray’s Inn fields twixt three and four,
I’ll fit her Mistress-ship with a piece of service,
I’m hired to rid the town of one mad girl.  
What a pox ails you sir?
*Moll*  He begins like a Gentleman,
*Trapdoor*  Heart, is the field so narrow, or your eyesight:
Life he comes back again.  

*She justles him*

*Moll*  Was this spoke to me sir.
*Trapdoor*  I cannot tell sir.
*Moll*  Go y’ are a coxcomb.
*Trapdoor*  Coxcomb.
*Moll*  Y’ are a slave.
*Trapdoor*  I hope there’s law for you sir.
*Moll*  Ye, do you see sir.  
*Trapdoor*  Heart this is no good dealing, pray let me know what
house you’re of.
*Moll*  One of the Temple sir.  
*Trapdoor*  Mass so methinks.
*Moll*  And yet sometime I lie about chick lane.
*Trapdoor*  I like you the worse because you shift your lodging so often
I’ll not meddle with you for that trick sir.
*Moll*  A good shift, but it shall not serve your turn.
*Trapdoor*  You’ll give me leave to pass about my business sir.
*Moll*  Your business, I’ll make you wait on me before I
ha’ done, and glad to serve me too.
*Trapdoor*  How sir, serve you, not if there were no more men
in England.
*Moll*  But if there were no more women in England
I hope you’d wait upon your Mistress then,
*Trapdoor*  Mistress.
*Moll*  Oh you’re a tried spirit at a push sir,
*Trapdoor*  What would your Worship have me do.
*Moll*  You a fighter.
*Trapdoor*  No, I praise heaven, I had better grace and more manners.
*Moll*  As how I pray sir.
*Trapdoor*  Life, ’t had been a beastly part of me to have drawn
my weapons upon my Mistress, all the world would ha’ cried
shame of me for that.

Moll    Why but you knew me not.
Trapdoor  Do not say so Mistress, I knew you by your wide
straddle, as well as if I had been in your belly.
Moll    Well, we shall try you further, i’ th’ meantime we
give you entertainment.
Trapdoor  Thank your good Mistress-ship.
Moll    How many suits have you.
Trapdoor  No more suits than backs Mistress.
Moll    Well if you deserve, I cast off this, next week,
And you may creep into ’t.
Trapdoor  Thank your good Worship.
Moll    Come follow me to Saint Thomas Apostles,
I’ll put a livery cloak upon your back, the first thing I do,
Trapdoor  I follow my dear Mistress.     Exeunt omnes

Enter Mistress Gallipot as from supper, her husband after her.

Master Gallipot    What Pru, Nay sweet Prudence.
Mistress Gallipot   What a pruing keep you, I think the baby
would have a teat it kyes so, pray be not so fond of me, leave
your City humors, I’m vexed at you to see how like a calf
you come bleating after me.
Master Gallipot    Nay honey Pru: how does your rising up before
all the table show? and flinging from my friends so uncivilly,
fie Pru, fie, come.
Mistress Gallipot   Then up and ride i’ faith.
Master Gallipot    Up and ride, nay my pretty Pru, that’s far from
my thought, duck: why mouse, thy mind is nibbling at
something, what is’t, what lies upon thy Stomach?
Mistress Gallipot   Such an ass as you: hoyda, y’ are best turn midwife,
or Physician: y’ are a Pothecary already, but I’m none of
your drugs.
Master Gallipot    Thou art a sweet drug, sweetest Pru, and the
more thou art pounded, the more precious.
Mistress Gallipot   Must you be prying into a woman’s secrets: say ye?
Master Gallipot    Woman’s secrets.

Mistress Gallipot   What? I cannot have a qualm come upon me
but your teeth waters, till your nose hang over it.
Master Gallipot    It is my love dear wife.
Mistress Gallipot   Your love? your love is all words; give me
deeds, I cannot abide a man that’s too fond over me, so cookish;
thou dost not know how to handle a woman in her kind,
Master Gallipot    No Pru? why I hope I have handled. —
Mistress Gallipot   Handle a fool’s head of your own, — fie — fie.
Master Gallipot  Ha, ha, 'tis such a wasp; it does me good now to have her sting me, little rogue.

Mistress Gallipot  Now fie how you vex me, I cannot abide these apron husbands: such cotqueans, you overdo your things, they become you scurvily.

Master Gallipot  Upon my life she breeds, heaven knows how I have strained myself to please her, night and day: I wonder why we Citizens should get children so fretful and untoward in the breeding, their fathers being for the most part as gentle as milk kine: shall I leave thee my Pru.

Mistress Gallipot  Fie, fie, fie.

Master Gallipot  Thou shalt not be vexed no more, pretty kind rogue, take no cold sweet Pru. Exit Master Gallipot.

Mistress Gallipot  As your wit has done: now Master Laxton show your head, what news from you? would any husband suspect that a woman crying, Buy any scurvy-grass, should bring love letters amongst her herbs to his wife, pretty trick, fine conveyance? had jealousy a thousand eyes, a silly woman with scurvy-grass blinds them all; Laxton with bays crown I thy wit for this, it deserves praise. This makes me affect thee more, this proves thee wise, 'Lack what poor shift is love forced to devise? (to th' point)

She reads the letter.

O Sweet Creature — (a sweet beginning) pardon my long absence, for thou shalt shortly be possessed with my presence; though Demophon was false to Phyllis, I will be to thee as Pan-da-rus was to Cres-sida: though Aeneas made an ass of Dido, I will die to thee ere I do so; o sweetest creature make much of me, for no man beneath the silver moon shall make more of a woman than I do of thee, furnish me therefore with thirty pounds, you must do it of necessity for me; I languish till I see some comfort come from thee, protesting not to die in thy debt, but rather to live so, as hitherto I have and will.

Thy true Laxton ever.

Alas poor Gentleman, troth I pity him,
How shall I raise this money? thirty pound?
'Tis thirty sure, a 3 before an 0,
I know his threes too well; my childbed linen?
Shall I pawn that for him? then if my mark
Be known I am undone; it may be thought
My husband's bankrupt: which way shall I turn?
Laxton, what with my own fears, and thy wants,
I'm like a needle 'twixt two adamants.

Enter Master Gallipot hastily.

Master Gallipot  Nay, nay, wife, the women are all up, ha, how,
reading a' letters? I smell a goose, a couple of capons, and a gammon of bacon from her mother out of the country, I hold my life, — steal, — steal.  
*Master Gallipot*  What letter’s that? I’ll see ’t. *She tears the letter.*  
*Mistress Gallipot*  Oh would thou hadst no eyes to see the downfall of me and thyself: I’m for ever, for ever I’m undone.  
*Master Gallipot*  What ails my Pru? what paper’s that thou tear’st?  
*Mistress Gallipot*  Would I could tear My very heart in pieces: for my soul  Lies on the rack of shame, that tortures me  Beyond a woman’s suffering.  
*Master Gallipot*  What means this?  
*Mistress Gallipot*  Had you no other vengeance to throw down,  But even in height of all my joys?  
*Master Gallipot*  Dear woman.  
*Mistress Gallipot*  When the full sea of pleasure and content seemed to flow over me.  
*Master Gallipot*  As thou desirest to keep me out of bedlam,  

tell what troubles thee, is not thy child at nurse fall’n sick, or dead?  
*Mistress Gallipot*  Oh no.  
*Master Gallipot*  Heavens bless me, are my barns and houses Yonder at Hockley hole consumed with fire,  
I can build more, sweet *Pru.*  
*Mistress Gallipot*  ’Tis worse, ’tis worse.  
*Master Gallipot*  My factor broke, or is the *Jonas* sunk.  
*Mistress Gallipot*  Would all we had were swallowed in the waves,  Rather than both should be the scorn of slaves.  
*Master Gallipot*  I’m at my wit’s end.  
*Mistress Gallipot*  Oh my dear husband,  Where once I thought myself a fixed star,  Placed only in the heaven of thine arms,  I fear now I shall prove a wanderer,  
*Oh Laxton, Laxton,* is it then my fate  To be by thee o’erthrown?  
*Master Gallipot*  Defend me wisdom,  From falling into frenzy, on my knees.  
*Sweet Pru,* speak, what’s that *Laxton* who so heavy lies on thy bosom.  
*Mistress Gallipot*  I shall sure run mad.  
*Master Gallipot*  I shall run mad for company then: speak to me,  I’m *Gallipot* thy husband, — *Pru,* — why *Pru.*  
Art sick in conscience for some villainous deed  Thou wert about to act, didst mean to rob me,  Tush I forgive thee, hast thou on my bed  Thrust my soft pillow under another’s head?  
I’ll wink at all faults *Pru,* ’las that’s no more,  Than what some neighbors near thee, have done before,  
*Sweet honey Pru,* what’s that *Laxton?*
Mistress Gallipot  Oh.
Master Gallipot   Out with him.
Mistress Gallipot  Oh he’s born to be my undoer,
This hand which thou call’st thine, to him was given,
To him was I made sure i’ th’ sight of heaven.
Master Gallipot  I never heard this thunder.
Mistress Gallipot  Yes, yes, before

I was to thee contracted, to him I swore,
Since last I saw him twelve months three times told,
The Moon hath drawn through her light silver bow,
For o’er the seas he went, and it was said,
(But Rumor lies) that he in France was dead.
But he’s alive, oh he’s alive, he sent,
That letter to me, which in rage I rent,
Swearing with oaths most damningly to have me,
Or tear me from this bosom, oh heavens save me,

Master Gallipot  My heart will break, — shamed and undone
for ever.
Mistress Gallipot  So black a day (poor wretch) went o’er thee never.
Master Gallipot   If thou shouldst wrestle with him at the law,
Th’ art sure to fall, no odd slight, no prevention.
I’ll tell him th’ art with child.
Mistress Gallipot  Umh.
Master Gallipot   Or give out one of my men was ta’en abed
with thee.
Mistress Gallipot  Umh, umh.
Master Gallipot   Before I lose thee my dear Pru,
I’ll drive it to that push.
Mistress Gallipot  Worse, and worse still,
You embrace a mischief, to prevent an ill.
Master Gallipot    I’ll buy thee off him, stop his mouth with Gold,
Think’st thou ’twill do.
Mistress Gallipot  Oh me, heavens grant it would,
Yet now my senses are set more in tune,
He writ, as I remember in his letter,
That he in riding up and down had spent,
(Ere he could find me) thirty pounds, send that,
Stand not on thirty with him.
Master Gallipot  Forty Pru, say thou the word ’tis done, we
venture lives for wealth, but must do more to keep our wives,
 thirty or forty Pru.
Mistress Gallipot  Thirty good sweet
Of an ill bargain let’s save what we can,
I’ll pay it him with my tears, he was a man

When first I knew him of a meek spirit,
All goodness is not yet dried up I hope.

*Master Gallipot*  He shall have thirty pound, let that stop all: Love’s sweets taste best, when we have drunk down Gall.

*Enter Master Tiltyard, and his wife, Master Goshawk, and* 
*Mistress Openwork.*

Godso, our friends; come, come, smooth your cheek; 
After a storm the face of heaven looks sleek.

*Master Tiltyard*  Did I not tell you these turtles were together? 
*Mistress Tiltyard*  How dost thou sirrah? why sister Gallipot? 
*Mistress Openwork*  Lord how she’s changed? 
*Goshawk*  Is your wife ill sir? 
*Master Gallipot*  Yes indeed la sir, very ill, very ill, never worse, 
*Mistress Tiltyard*  How her head burns, feel how her pulses work. 
*Mistress Openwork*  Sister lie down a little, that always does me good. 

*Mistress Tiltyard*  In good sadness I find best ease in that too, 
Has she laid some hot thing to her Stomach? 
*Mistress Gallipot*  No, but I will lay something anon. 
*Master Tiltyard*  Come, come fools, you trouble her, shall’s go Master Goshawk? 

*Goshawk*  Yes sweet Master Tiltyard; sirrah Rosamond I hold my life Gallipot hath vexed his wife. 
*Mistress Openwork*  She has a horrible high color indeed. 
*Goshawk*  We shall have your face painted with the same red soon at night, when your husband comes from his rubbers in a false alley; thon wilt not believe me that his bowls run with a wrong bias. 

*Mistress Openwork*  It cannot sink into me, that he feeds upon stale mutton abroad, having better and fresher at home. 
*Goshawk*  What if I bring thee, where thou shalt see him stand at rack and manger? 
*Mistress Openwork*  I’ll saddle him in ’s kind, and spur him till he kick again. 
*Goshawk*  Shall thou and I ride our journey then.

*Mistress Openwork*  Here’s my hand. 
*Goshawk*  No more; come Master Tiltyard, shall we leap into the stirrups with our women, and amble home? 
*Master Tiltyard*  Yes, yes, come wife. 
*Mistress Tiltyard*  In troth sister, I hope you will do well for all this. 

*Master Gallipot*  Welcome brother, most kindly welcome sir. 
*Omnes*  Thanks sir for our good cheer. 

*Exeunt all but Gallipot and his wife.*

*Master Gallipot*  It shall be so, because a crafty knave 
Shall not outreach me, nor walk by my door
With my wife arm in arm, as ’twere his whore,
I’ll give him a golden coxcomb, thirty pound:
Tush Pru what’s thirty pound? sweet duck look cheerly.

Mistress Gallipot  Thou art worthy of my heart thou buy’st it dearly.

Enter Laxton muffled.

Laxton  Uds light the tide’s against me, a pox of your Pothecaryship:
oh for some glister to set him going; ’tis one of Hercules’
labors, to tread one of these City hens, because their
cocks are still crowing over them; there’s no turning tail here,
I must on.

Mistress Gallipot  Oh, husband see he comes.
Master Gallipot  Let me deal with him.
Laxton  Bless you sir.
Master Gallipot  Be you blessed too sir if you come in peace.
Laxton  Have you any good pudding Tobacco sir?
Mistress Gallipot  Oh pick no quarrels gentle sir, my husband
Is not a man of weapon, as you are,
He knows all, I have opened all before him, concerning you.

Laxton  Zounds has she shown my letters.
Mistress Gallipot  Suppose my case were yours, what would you do.
At such a pinch, such batteries, such assaults,
Of father, mother, kindred, to dissolve
The knot you tied, and to be bound to him?

How could you shift this storm off?

Laxton  If I know hang me.
Mistress Gallipot  Besides a story of your death was read
Each minute to me.

Laxton  What a pox means this riddling?
Master Gallipot  Be wise sir, let not you and I be tossed
On Lawyer’s pens; they have sharp nibs and draw
Men’s very heart-blood from them; what need you sir
To beat the drum of my wife’s infamy,
And call your friends together sir to prove
Your precontract, when sh’h’ has confessed it?

Laxton  Umh sir, — has she confessed it?
Master Gallipot  Sh’ has ’faith to me sir, upon your letter sending.
Mistress. Gallipot  I have, I have.
Laxton  If I let this iron cool call me slave,
Do you hear, you dame Prudence? think’st thou vile woman
I’ll take these blows and wink?

Mistress Gallipot  Upon my knees.
Laxton  Out impudence.
Master Gallipot  Good sir.
Laxton  You goatish slaves,
No wild foul to cut up but mine?
Master Gallipot  Alas sir,
You make her flesh to tremble, **fright** her not,
She shall do reason, and what’s fit.

*Laxton* I’ll have thee, wert thou more common
Than an hospital, and more diseased. —

*Master Gallipot* But one word good sir.

*Laxton* So sir.

*Master Gallipot* I married her, have **line** with her, and got
Two children on her body, think but on that;
Have you so beggarly an appetite
When I upon a dainty dish have fed
To dine upon my scraps, my leavings? ha sir?
Do I come near you now sir?

*Laxton* Be-lady you touch me.

*Master Gallipot* Would not you scorn to wear my clothes sir?

*Laxton* Right sir.

*Master Gallipot* Then pray sir wear not her, for she’s a garment
So fitting for my body, I’m loath
Another should put it on, you will undo both.
Your letter (as she said) complained you had spent
In quest of her, some thirty pound, I’ll pay it;
Shall that sir stop this gap up twixt you two?

*Laxton* Well if I swallow this wrong, let her thank you:
The money being paid sir, I am gone:
Farewell, oh women happy’s he trusts none.

*Mistress Gallipot* Dispatch him hence sweet husband.

*Master Gallipot* Yes dear wife: pray sir come in, ere Master Laxton part
Thou shalt in wine drink to him,

**Exit Master Gallipot and his wife.**

*Mistress Gallipot* With all my heart; — how dost thou like my wit?

*Laxton* Rarely, that wile
By which the Serpent did the first woman beguile,
Did ever since, all women’s bosoms fill;
Y’ are apple eaters all, deceivers still. **Exit Laxton.**

**Enter** Sir Alexander Wengrave: Sir Davy Dapper, Sir Adam

*Appleton, at one door, and Trapdoor at another door.*

*A Knaves* is in mine eye deep in my debt.

**Sir Dapper** Nay: if he be a knave sir, hold him fast.

*A Knaves* Speak softly, what egg is there hatching now.

**Trapdoor** A Duck’s egg sir, a duck that has eaten a frog, I
have cracked the shell, and some villainy or other will peep out
presently; the duck that sits is the bouncing Ramp (that
Roaring Girl my Mistress) the drake that must tread is your
son Sebastian.

*A Knaves* Be quick.

**Trapdoor** As the tongue of an oyster wench.
Alexander  And see thy news be true.
Trapdoor  As a barber’s every Saturday night — mad Moll.
Alexander  Ah.

Trapdoor  Must be let in without knocking at your back gate.
Alexander  So.
Trapdoor  Your chamber will be made bawdy.
Alexander  Good.
Trapdoor  She comes in a shirt of male.
Alexander  How shirt of mail?
Trapdoor  Yes sir or a male shirt, that’s to say in man’s apparel.
Alexander  To my son.
Trapdoor  Close to your son: your son and her Moon will be in conjunction, if all Almanacs lie not, her black safeguard is turned into a deep slop, the holes of her upper body to button holes, her waistcoat to a doublet, her placket to the ancient seat of a codpiece, and you shall take 'em both with standing collars.
Alexander  Art sure of this?
Trapdoor  As every throng is sure of a pickpocket, as sure as a whore is of the clients all Michaelmas Term, and of the pox after the Term.
Alexander  The time of their tilting?
Trapdoor  Three.
Alexander  The day?
Trapdoor  This.
Alexander  Away ply it, watch her.
Trapdoor  As the devil doth for the death of a bawd, I’ll watch her, do you catch her.
Alexander  She’s fast: here weave thou the nets; hark,
Trapdoor  They are made.
Alexander  I told them thou didst owe me money; hold it up: maintain ’t.
Trapdoor  Stiffly; as a Puritan does contention, Fox I owe thee not the value of a halfpenny halter.
Alexander  Thou shalt be hanged in ’t ere thou scape so.
Varlet I’ll make thee look through a grate.
Trapdoor  I’ll do ’t presently, through a Tavern grate, drawer: pish.  

Exit Trapdoor

Adam  Has the knave vexed you sir?
Alexander  Asked him my money,
He swears my son received it: oh that boy

Will ne’er leave heaping sorrows on my heart,
Till he has broke it quite.
Adam  Is he still wild?
Alexander  As is a russian Bear.
Adam  But he has left
His old haunt with that baggage.

*Alexander*    Worse still and worse,

He lays on me his shame, I on him my curse.

*Sir Davy:*    My son Jack Dapper then shall run with him,

All in one pasture.

*Adam:*    Proves your son bad too sir?

*Sir Davy:*    As villainy can make him: your Sebastian

Dotes but on one drab, mine on a thousand,

A noise of fiddlers, Tobacco, wine and a whore,

A Mercer that will let him take up more,

Dice, and a water-spaniel with a Duck: oh,

Bring him abed with these, when his purse jingles,

Roaring boys follow at ’s tail, fencers and ningles,

(Beasts *Adam* ne’er gave name to) these horse-leeches suck

My son, he being drawn dry, they all live on smoke.

*Alexander*    Tobacco?

*Sir Davy:*    Right, but I have in my brain

A windmill going that shall grind to dust

The follies of my son, and make him wise,

Or a stark fool; pray lend me your advice.

*Both:*    That shall you good sir Davy.

*Sir Davy:*    Here’s the springe

I ha’ set to catch this woodcock in: an action

In a false name (unknown to him) is entered.

I’ th’ Counter to arrest Jack Dapper.

*Both:*    Ha, ha, he.

*Sir Davy:*    Think you the Counter cannot break him?

*Adam:*    Break him?

Yes and break’s heart too if he lie there long.

*Sir Davy:*    I’ll make him sing a Counter tenor sure.

*Adam:*    No way to tame him like it, there he shall learn

What money is indeed, and how to spend it.

*Sis Davy:*    He’s bridled there.

*Alexander*    Ay, yet knows not how to mend it,

Bedlam cures not more madmen in a year,

Than one of the Counters does, men pay more dear

There for their wit than anywhere; a Counter

Why ’tis an university, who not sees?

As scholars there, so here men take degrees,

And follow the same studies (all alike.)

Scholars learn first Logic and Rhetoric.

So does a prisoner; with fine honeyed speech

At ’s first coming in he doth persuade, beseech,

He may be lodged with one that is not itchy;

To lie in a clean chamber, in sheets not lousy,

But when he has no money, then does he try,

By subtle Logic, and quaint sophistry,

To make the keepers trust him.
Adam. Say they do.

Alexander Then he’s a graduate.

Sir Davy. Say they trust him not,

Alexander Then is he held a freshman and a sot,

And never shall commence, but being still barred

Be expelled from the Master’s side, to th’ twopenny ward,

Or else i’ th’ hole, beg placed.

Adam. When then I pray proceeds a prisoner.

Alexander When money being the theme,

He can dispute with his hard creditors’ hearts,

And get out clear, he’s then a Master of Arts;

Sir Davy send your son to Woodstreet College,

A Gentleman can nowhere get more knowledge.

Sir Davy. There Gallants study hard.

Alexander True: to get money.

Sir Davy. 'lies by th’ heels i’ faith, thanks, thanks, I ha’ sent

For a couple of bears shall paw him.

Enter Sergeant Curtilax and Yeoman Hanger.

Adam. Who comes yonder?

Sir Davy. They look like puttocks, these should be they.

Alexander I know ’em, they are officers, sir we’ll leave you.

Sir Davy. My good knights.

Leave me, you see I’m haunted now with spirits.

Both. Fare you well sir. 

Exeunt Alexander and Adam,

Curtilax This old muzzle chops should be he

By the fellow’s description: Save you sir.

Sir Davy. Come hither you mad varlets, did not my man tell

you I watched here for you.

Curtilax One in a blue coat sir told us, that in this place an

old Gentleman would watch for us, a thing contrary to our

oath, for we are to watch for every wicked member in a City.

Sir Davy. You’ll watch then for ten thousand, what’s thy

name honesty?

Curtilax Sergeant Curtilax I sir.

Sir Davy. An excellent name for a Sergeant, Curtilax.

Sergeants indeed are weapons of the law,

When prodigal ruffians far in debt are grown,

Should not you cut them; Citizens were o’erthrown,

Thou dwell’st hereby in Holborn Curtilax.

Curtilax That’s my circuit sir, I conjure most in that circle.

Sir Davy. And what young toward whelp is this?

Hanger Of the same litter, his yeoman sir, my name’s Hanger.

Sir Davy. Yeoman Hanger.

One pair of shears sure cut out both your coats,

You have two names most dangerous to men’s throats,

You two are villainous loads on Gentlemen’s backs,
Dear ware, this *Hanger* and this *Curtilax*.

*Curtilax* We are as other men are sir, I cannot see but he who makes a show of honesty and religion, if his claws can fasten to his liking, he draws blood; all that live in the world, are but great fish and little fish, and feed upon one another, some eat up whole men, a Sergeant cares but for the shoulder of a man, they call us knaves and curs, but many times he that sets us on, worries more lambs one year, than we do in seven.

*Sir Davy:* Spoke like a noble *Cerberus*, is the action entered?

*Hanger* His name is entered in the book of unbelievers.

*Sir Davy.* What book’s that?

*Curtilax* The book where all prisoners’ names stand, and not one amongst forty, when he comes in, believes to come out in haste.

*Sir Dapper* Be as dogged to him as your office allows you to be.

*Both.* Oh sir.

*Sir Davy.* You know the unthrifft *Jack Dapper*.

*Curtilax* Ay, Ay, sir, that Gull? as well as I know my yeoman.

*Sir Davy.* And you know his father too, *SIR Davy Dapper*?

*Curtilax* As damned a usurer as ever was among Jews; if he were sure his father’s skin would yield him any money, he would when he dies flay it off, and sell it to cover drums for children at Bartholomew fair.

*Sir Davy.* What toads are these to spit poison on a man to his face? do you see (my honest rascals?) yonder greyhound is the dog he hunts with, out of that Tavern *Jack Dapper* will sally sa, sa; give the counter, on, set upon him.

*Both.* We’ll charge him upo’ th’ back sir.

*Sir Davy.* Take no bail, put mace enough into his caudle, double your files, traverse your ground.

*Both.* Brave sir.

*Sir Davy:* Cry arm, arm, arm.

*Both.* Thus sir.

*Sir Davy.* There boy, there boy, away: look to your prey my true English wolves, and and so I vanish. *Exit Sir Davy*

*Curtilax* Some warden of the Sergeants begat this old fellow upon my life, stand close.

*Hanger* Shall the ambuscado lie in one place?

*Curtilax* No nook thou yonder. *Enter Moll and Trapdoor.*

*Moll* Ralph.

*Trapdoor* What says my brave Captain male and female?

*Moll* This Holborn is such a wrangling street,

*Trapdoor* That’s because Lawyers walks to and fro in ’t.

*Moll* Here’s such justling, as if every one we met were drunk and reeled.

*Trapdoor* Stand Mistress do you not smell carrion?

*Moll* Carrion? no, yet I spy ravens.
Trapdoor  Some poor wind-shaken gallant will anon fall into
debs, lie in.
    Moll  Stand up.
Trapdoor  Like your new maypole.
Hanger   Whist, whew.
Curtilax Hump, no.
    Moll  Peeping? it shall go hard huntsmen, but I’ll spoil
your game, they look for all the world like two infected maltmen
coming muffled up in their cloaks in a frosty morning
to London.
Trapdoor  A course, Captain; a bear comes to the stake.
    Enter Jack Dapper and Gull.
    Moll  It should be so, for the dogs struggle to be let
loose.
    Hanger  Whew.  Curtilax  Hemp.
    Moll.  Hark Trapdoor, follow your leader.
Jack Dapper  Gull.
    Gull  Master.
Jack Dapper  Didst ever see such an ass as I am boy?
    Gull  No by my troth sir, to lose all your money, yet have
false dice of your own, why ’tis as I saw a great fellow used
t’other day, he had a fair sword and buckler, and yet a butcher
dry beat him with a cudgel.
    Both.  Honest Sergeant fly, fly Master Dapper you’ll be arrested
else.
    Jack Dapper  Run Gull and draw.
    Gull  Run Master, Gull follows you.
    Exit Dapper and Gull.
    Curtilax  I know you well enough, you’re but a whore to hang
upon any man.
    Moll  Whores then are like Sergeants, so now hang you, draw
rogue, but strike not: for a broken pate they’ll keep their beds,
and recover twenty marks damages.
Curtilax  You shall pay for this rescue, run down shoe lane
and meet him.

    Trapdoor  Shoo, is this a rescue Gentlemen or no?
    Moll  Rescue? a pox on ’em, Trapdoor let’s away,
I’m glad I have done perfect one good work today,
If any Gentleman be in Scrivener’s bands,
Send but for Moll, she’ll bail him by these hands.  Exeunt.

    Enter Sir Alexander Wengrave solus.

    Alexander  Unhappy in the follies of a son,
Led against judgement, sense, obedience,
And all the powers of nobleness and wit;  

Enter Trapdoor

Oh wretched father, now Trapdoor will she come?

Trapdoor In man’s apparel sir, I am in her heart now,
And share in all her secrets.

Alexander Peace, peace, peace.
Here take my German watch, hang ’t up in sight,
That I may see her hang in English for ’t.

Trapdoor I warrant you for that now, next Sessions rides her sir,
This watch will bring her in better than a hundred constables.

Alexander Good Trapdoor sayst thou so, thou cheer’st my heart
After a storm of sorrow, — my gold chain too,
Here take a hundred marks in yellow links.

Trapdoor That will do well to bring the watch to light sir.
And worth a thousand of your Headboroughs lanthorns.

Alexander Place that a’ the Court cupboard, let it lie
Full in the view of her thief-whorish eye.

Trapdoor She cannot miss it sir, I see ’t so plain, that I could
steal ’t myself.

Alexander Perhaps thou shalt too,
That or something as weighty; what she leaves,
Thou shalt come closely in, and filch away,
And all the weight upon her back I’ll lay.

Trapdoor You cannot assure that sir.

Alexander No, what lets it?

Trapdoor Being a stout girl, perhaps she’ll desire pressing,
Then all the weight must lie upon her belly.

Alexander Belly or back I care not so I’ve one.

Trapdoor You’re of my mind for that sir.

Alexander Hang up my ruff band with the diamond at it,
It may be she’ll like that best.

Trapdoor It’s well for her, that she must have her choice, he
thinks nothing too good for her, if you hold on this mind
a little longer, it shall be the first work I do to turn thief
myself; would do a man good to be hanged when he is so well
provided for.

Alexander So, well said; all hangs well, would she hung so too,
The sight would please me more, than all their gilsterings:
Oh that my mysteries to such straits should run,
That I must rob myself to bless my son.  

Exeunt.

Enter Sebastian, with Mary Fitzallard like a page, and Moll.

Sebastian Thou hast done me a kind office, without touch
Either of sin or shame, our loves are honest.

Moll I’d scorn to make such shift to bring you together else.

Sebastian Now have I time and opportunity
Without all fear to bid thee welcome love.  

Kiss.
Mary. Never with more desire and harder venture.

Moll How strange this shows one man to kiss another.

Sebastian I’d kiss such men to choose Moll,

Methinks a woman’s lip tastes well in a doublet:

Moll Many an old madam has the better fortune then,

Whose breathes grew stale before the fashion came,

If that will help ’em, as you think ’twill do,

They’ll learn in time to pluck on the hose too.

Sebastian The older they wax Moll, troth I speak seriously,

As some have a conceit their drink tastes better

In an outlandish cup than in our own,

So methinks every kiss she gives me now

In this strange form, is worth a pair of two,

Here we are safe, and furthest from the eye

Of all suspicion, this is my father’s chamber,

Upon which floor he never steps till night.

Here he mistrusts me not, nor I his coming,

At mine own chamber he still pries unto me,

My freedom is not there at mine own finding,

Still checked and curbed, here he shall miss his purpose.

Moll And what’s your business now, you have your mind sir;

At your great suit I promised you to come,

I pitied her for name’s sake, that a Moll

Should be so crossed in love, when there’s so many,

That owes nine lays apiece, and not so little:

My tailor fitted her, how like you his work?

Sebastian So well, no Art can mend it, for this purpose,

But to thy wit and help we’re chief in debt,

And must live still beholding.

Moll Any honest pity

I’m willing to bestow upon poor Ring-doves.

Sebastian I’ll offer no worse play.

Moll Nay and you should sir,

I should draw first and prove the quicker man,

Sebastian Hold, there shall need no weapon at this meeting,

But ’cause thou shalt not loose thy fury idle,

Here take this vial, run upon the guts,

And end thy quarrel singing.

Moll Like a swan above bridge,

For look you here’s the bridge, and here am I.

Sebastian Hold on sweet Moll.

Mary I’ve heard her much commended sir, for one that

was ne’er taught.

Moll I’m much beholding to ’em, well since you’ll needs

put us together sir, I’ll play my part as well as I can: it shall ne’er

be said I came into a Gentleman’s chamber, and let his instrument

hang by the walls.

Sebastian Why well said Moll i’ faith, it had been a shame for that
Gentleman then, that would have let it hung still, and ne’er offered thee it.

Moll  There it should have been still then for Moll, for though the world judge impudently of me, I ne’er came into that chamber yet, where I took down the instrument myself.

Sebastian  Pish let ’em prate abroad, th’ art here where thou art known and loved, there be a thousand close dames that will call the viol an unmannerly instrument for a woman, and therefore talk broadly of thee, when you shall have them sit wider to a worse quality.

Moll  Push, I ever fall asleep and think not of ’em sir, and thus I dream.

Sebastian  Prithee let’s hear thy dream Moll.

Moll  I dream there is a Mistress,
And she lays out the money,
She goes unto her Sisters,
She never comes at any.

Enter Sir Alexander behind them

She says she went to th’ Burse for patterns,
You shall find her at Saint Kathern’s,
And comes home with never a penny.

Sebastian  That’s a free Mistress ’faith.

Alexander  Ay, Ay, Ay, like her that sings it, one of thine own choosing.

Moll  But shall I dream again?

Here comes a wench will brave ye,
Her courage was so great,
She lay with one o’ the Navy,
Her husband lying i’ the Fleet.
Yet off with him she caviled,
I wonder what she ails,
Her husband’s ship lay gravelled,
When hers could hoise up sails,
Yet she began like all my foes,
To call whore first: for so do those;
A pox of all false tails.

Sebastian  Marry amen say I.

Alexander  So say I too.

Moll  Hang up the viol now sir: all this while I was in a dream, one shall lie rudely then; but being awake, I keep my legs together; a watch, what’s o’clock here.

Alexander  Now, now, she’s trapped.

Moll.  Between one and two; nay then I care not: a watch and a musician are cousin Germans in one thing, they must
both keep time well, or there’s no goodness in ’em, the one
else deserves to be dashed against a wall, and t’ other to have his
brains knocked out with a fiddle case, what? a loose chain and
a dangling Diamond.
Here were a brave booty for an evening-thief now,
There’s many a younger brother would be glad
To look twice in at a window for ’t,
And wriggle in and out, like an eel in a sandbag,
Oh if men’s secret youthful faults should judge ’em,
’Twould be the general’st execution,
That e’er was seen in England; there would be but few left to
sing the ballads, there would be so much work: most of our
brokers would be chosen for hangmen, a good day for them:
they might renew their wardropes of free cost then.

Sebastian This is the roaring wrench must do us good.
Mary. No poison sir but serves us for some use, which
is confirmed in her.

Sebastian Peace, peace, foot I did hear him sure, where’er he be.
Moll Who did you hear?
Sebastian My father, ’twas like a sight of his, I must be wary,
Alexander No wilt not be, am I alone so wretched
That nothing takes? I’ll put him to his plunge for ’t.

Sebastian Life, here he comes,—sir I beseech you take it,
Your way of teaching does so much content me,
I’ll make it four pound, here’s forty shillings sir.
I think I name it right: help me good Moll,
Forty in hand.

Moll Sir you shall pardon me,
I have more of the meanest scholar I can teach,
This pays me more, than you have offered yet.

Sebastian At the next quarter
When I receive the means my father ’lows me.
You shall have t’ other forty,
Alexander This were well now,
Were ’t to a man, whose sorrows had blind eyes,

But mine behold his follies and untruths,
With two clear glasses — how now?

Sebastian Sir.
Alexander What’s he there?
Sebastian You’re come in good time sir, I’ve a suit to you,
I’d crave your present kindness.
Alexander What is he there?
Sebastian A Gentleman, a musician sir, one of excellent fing’ring:
Alexander Ay, I think so, I wonder how they scaped her.
Sebastian H’as the most delicate stroke sir,
Alexander A stroke indeed, I feel it at my heart,
Sebastian Puts down all your famous musicians.
Alexander Ay, a whore may put down a hundred of ’em.
Sebastian  Forty shillings is the agreement sir between us,
Now sir, my present means, mounts but to half on ’t.
Alexander  And he stands upon the whole.
Sebastian  Ay indeed does he sir.
Alexander  And will do still, he’ll ne’er be in other tail,
Sebastian  Therefore I’d stop his mouth sir, and I could,
Alexander  Hum true, there is no other way indeed,
His folly hardens, shame must needs succeed.
Now sir I understand you profess music.

Moll  I am a poor servant to that liberal science sir.
Alexander  Where is it you teach?
Moll  Right against Clifford’s Inn.
Alexander  Hum that’s a fit place for it: you have many scholars.
Moll  And some of worth, whom I may call my masters.
Alexander  Ay true, a company of whoremasters; you teach to
sing too?
Moll  Marry do I sir.
Alexander  I think you’ll find an apt scholar of my son, especially
for pricksong.
Moll  I have much hope of him.
Alexander  I am sorry for ’t, I have the less for that: you can play
any lesson.
Moll  At first sight sir.
Alexander  There’s a thing called the witch, can you play that?

Moll  I would be sorry anyone should mend me in ’t.
Alexander  Ay, I believe thee, thou hast so bewitched my son,
No care will mend the work that thou hast done,
I have bethought myself since my art fails,
I’ll make her policy the Art to trap her.
Here are four Angels marked with holes in them
Fit for his cracked companions, gold he will give her,
These will I make induction to her ruin,
And rid shame from my house, grief from my heart
Here son, in what you take content and pleasure,
Want shall not curb you, pay the Gentleman
His latter half in gold.
Sebastian  I thank you sir.
Alexander  Oh may the operation an ’t, end three,
In her, life: shame, in him; and grief, in me.  
Exit Alexander.
Sebastian  Faith thou shalt have ’em ’tis my father’s gift,
Never was man beguiled with better shift.
Moll  He that can take me for a male musician,
I cannot choose but make him my instrument,
And play upon him.  
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Mistress Gallipot, and Mistress Openwork.

Mistress Gallipot  Is then that bird of yours (Master Goshawk) so wild?
Mistress Openwork  A Goshawk, a Puttock; all for prey: he angles for fish, but he loves flesh better.
Mistress Gallipot  Is’t possible his smooth face should have wrinkles in ’t, and we not see them?
Mistress Openwork  Possible? why have not many handsome legs in silk stockings villainous splay feet for all their great roses?
Mistress Gallipot  Troth sirrah thou sayst true.
Mistress Openwork  Didst never see an archer (as thou ’st walked by Bunhill) look a squint when he drew his bow?
Mistress Gallipot  Yes, when his arrows have fline towards Islington, his eyes have shot clear contrary towards Pimlico.
Mistress Openwork  For all the world so does Master Goshawk double with me.

Mistress Gallipot  Oh fie upon him, if he double once he’s not for me.
Mistress Openwork  Because Goshawk goes in a shag-ruff band, with a face sticking up in ’t, which shows like an agate set in a cramp-ring, he thinks I’m in love with him.
Mistress Gallipot  ’Las I think he takes his mark amiss in thee.
Mistress Openwork  He has by often beating into me made me believe that my husband kept a whore.
Mistress Gallipot  Very good.
Mistress Openwork  Swore to me that my husband this very morning went in a boat with a tilt over it, to the three pigeons at Brainford, and his punk with him under his tilt.
Mistress Gallipot  That were wholesome.
Mistress Openwork  I believed it, fell a-swearimg at him, cursing of harlots, made me ready to hoise up sail, and be there as soon as he.
Mistress Gallipot  So, so.
Mistress Openwork  And for that voyage Goshawk comes hither incontinently, but sirrah this water-spaniel dives after no duck, but me, his hope is having me at Brainford to make me cry quack.
Mistress Gallipot  Art sure of it?
Mistress Openwork  Sure of it? my poor innocent Openwork came in as I was poking my ruff, presently hit I him i’ the teeth with the three pigeons: he forswore all, I up and opened all, and now stands he (in a shop hard by) like a musket on a rest, to hit Goshawk i’ the eye, when he comes to fetch me to the boat.
Mistress Gallipot  Such another lame Gelding offered to carry me through thick and thin, (Laxton sirrah) but I am rid of him now.
Mistress Openwork  Happy is the woman can be rid of ’em all; ’las what are your whisking gallants to our husbands, weigh ’em rightly man for man.
Mistress Gallipot  Troth mere shallow things.
Mistress Openwork  Idle simple things, running heads, and yet let ’em run over us never so fast, we shopkeepers (when all’s done)
are sure to have ’em in our purse nets at length, and when they are in, Lord what simple animals they are.

Mistress Openwork Then they hang head.
Mistress Gallipot Then they droop.
Mistress Openwork Then they write letters.
Mistress Gallipot Then they cog.
Mistress Openwork Then they deal under hand with us, and we must ingle with our husbands abed, and we must swear they are our cousins, and able to do us a pleasure at Court.
Mistress Gallipot And yet when we have done our best, all’s but put into a riven dish, we are but frumped at and libeled upon.
Mistress Openwork Oh if it were the good Lord’s will, there were a law made, no Citizen should trust any ’em all.

Enter Goshawk.

Mistress Gallipot Hush sirrah, Goshawk flutters.
Goshawk How now, are you ready?
Mistress Openwork Nay are you ready? a little thing you see makes us ready.
Goshawk Us? why, must she make one i’ the voyage?
Mistress Openwork Oh by any means, do I know how my husband will handle me?
Goshawk ’Foot, how shall I find water, to keep these two mills going? Well since you’ll needs be clapped under hatches, if I sail not with you both till all split, hang me up at the main yard, and duck me; it’s but liquorings them both soundly, and then you shall see their cork heels fly up high, like two swans when their tails are above water, and their long necks under water, diving to catch gudgeons: come, come, oars stand ready, the tide’s with us, on with those false faces, blow winds and thou shalt take thy husband, casting out his net to catch fresh Salmon at Brainford.
Mistress Gallipot I believe you’ll eat of a cod’s head of your own dressing, before you reach half way thither.
Goshawk So, so, follow close, pin as you go.

Enter Laxton muffled.

Laxton Do you hear?
Mistress Gallipot Yes, I thank my ears.
Laxton I must have a bout with your Pothecaryship,
Mistress Gallipot At what weapon?

Laxton I must speak with you. Mistress Gallipot No.
Laxton No? you shall.
Mistress Gallipot Shall? away soused Sturgeon, half fish, half flesh.
Laxton ’Faith gib, are you spitting, I’ll cut your tail puss-cat for this.
Mistress Gallipot ’Las poor Laxton, I think thy tail’s cut already:
your worst;

    Laxton     If I do not, —          Exit Laxton.
    Goshawk    Come, ha’ you done?      Enter Master Openwork.

’Sfoot Rosamond, your husband.
    Master Openwork     How now? sweet Master Goshawk, none more welcome, I have wanted your embraces: when friends meet, The music of the spheres sounds not more sweet, Than does their conference: who is this? Rosamond:

Wife: how now sister?
    Goshawk    Silence if you love me.
    Master Openwork     Why masked?
    Mistress Openwork    Does a mask grievè you sir?
    Master Openwork     It does.
    Mistress Openwork    Then y’ are best get you a-mumming.
    Goshawk    S’ foot you’ll spoil all.
    Mistress Gallipot    May not we cover our bare faces with masks

As well as you cover your bald heads with hats?
    Master Openwork     No masks, why, th’ are thieves to beauty, that rob eyes
Of admiration in which true love lies,

    Why are masks worn? why good? or why desired?
Unless by their gay covers wits are fired
To read the vild’st looks; many bad faces,
(Because rich gems are treasured up in cases)
Pass by their privilege current, but as caves
Damn miser’s Gold, so masks are beauty’s graves,

Men ne’er meet women with such muffled eyes,
But they curse her, that first did masks devise,
And swear it was some beldame. Come off with ’t.

    Mistress Openwork     I will not.
    Master Openwork     Good faces masked are Jewels kept by spirits.
Hide none but bad ones, for they poison men’s sights,

Show then as shopkeepers do their broidered stuff,
(By owl light) fine wares cannot be open enough,
Prithée (sweet Rose) come strike this sail.

    Mistress Openwork     Sail?
    Master Openwork     Ha? yes wife strike sail, for storms are in thine eyes:
    Mistress Openwork     Th’ are here sir in my brows if any rise.
    Master Openwork     Ha brows? (what says she friend) pray tell me why

Your two flags were advanced; the Comedy,

Come what’s the Comedy?

    Mistress Openwork     Westward ho.
    Master Openwork     How?
    Mistress Openwork     ’Tis Westward ho she says.
    Goshawk    Are you both mad?
    Mistress Openwork     Is’t Market day at Brainford, and your ware not

sent up yet?
    Master Openwork     What market day? what ware?
    Mistress Openwork     A pie with three pigeons in ’t, ’tis drawn and
stays your cutting up.

_Goshawk_ As you regard my credit.
_Master Openwork_ Art mad?
_Mistress Openwork_ Yes lecherous goat; Baboon.
_Master Openwork_ Baboon? then toss me in a blanket,
_Mistress Openwork_ Do I it well? _Mistress Gallipot_ Rarely.
_Goshawk_ Belike sir she’s not well; best leave her.
_Master Openwork_ No,
I’ll stand the storm how fierce soe’er it blow.
_Mistress Openwork_ Did I for this lose all my friends? refuse
Rich hopes, and golden fortunes, to be made
A stale to a common whore?
_Master Openwork_ This does amaze me.
_Mistress Openwork_ Oh God, oh God, feed at reversion now?
A Strumpet’s leaving? _Master Openwork_ Rosamond,
_Goshawk_ I sweat, would I lay in cold harbor.
_Mistress Openwork_ Thou hast struck ten thousand daggers through
my heart.
_Master Openwork_ Not I by heaven sweet wife.
_Mistress Openwork_ Go devil go; that which thou swear’st by, damns thee

_Goshawk_ ’S’heart will you undo me?
_Mistress Openwork_ Why stay you here? the star, by which you
sail, shines yonder above Chelsea; you lose your shore if this
moon light you: seek out your light whore.
_Master Openwork_ Ha?
_Mistress Gallipot_ Push; your Western pug.
_Goshawk_ Zounds now hell roars.
_Mistress Openwork_ With whom you tilted in a pair of oars, this
very morning.
_Master Openwork_ Oars? _Mistress Openwork_ At Brainford sir.
_Master Openwork_ Rack not my patience: Master Goshawk, some
slave has buzzed this into her, has he not? I run a tilt in Brainford
with a woman? ’tis a lie: What old bawd tells thee this?
’Sdeath ’tis a lie.
_Mistress Openwork_ ’Tis one to thy face shall justify all that I speak.
_Master Openwork_ ’Ud’soul do but name that rascal.
_Mistress Openwork_ No sir I will not.
_Goshawk_ Keep thee there girl: — then!
_Mistress Openwork_ Sister know you this varlet? _Mistress Gallipot_ Yes.
_Master Openwork_ Swear true,
Is there a rogue so low damned? a second Judas? a common hangman?
cutting a man’s throat? does it to his face? bite me behind
my back? a cur dog? swear if you know this hellhound.
_Mistress Gallipot_ In truth I do,
_Master Openwork_ His name?
_Mistress Gallipot_ Not for the world;
To have you to stab him.
_Goshawk_ Oh brave girls: worth Gold.
Master Openwork  A word honest master Goshawk.

Goshawk  What do you mean sir?

Master Openwork  Keep off, and if the devil can give a name to
this new fury, holla it through my ear, or wrap it up in some
hid character: I’ll ride to Oxford, and watch out mine eyes, but
I’ll hear the brazen head speak: or else show me but one hair
of his head or beard, that I may sample it; if the fiend I meet (in
mine own house) I’ll kill him: — the street.

Or at the Church door: — there — (’cause he seeks to untie
The knot God fastens) he deserves most to die.
Mistress Openwork  My husband titles him.
Master Openwork  Master Goshawk, pray sir
Swear to me, that you know him or know him not,
Who makes me at Brainford to take up a petticoat beside my wife’s,
Goshawk  By heaven that man I know not.
Mistress Openwork  Come, come, you lie.
Goshawk  Will you not have all out?
By heaven I know no man beneath the moon
Should do you wrong, but if I had his name,
I’d print it in text letters.
Mistress Openwork  Print thine own then,
Did’st not thou swear to me he kept his whore?
Mistress Gallipot  And that in sinful Brainford they would commit
That which our lips did water at sir, — ha?
Mistress Openwork  Thou spider, that hast woven thy cunning web
In mine own house t’ ensnare me: hast not thou
Sucked nourishment even underneath this roof,
And turned it all to poison? spitting it,
On thy friend’s face (my husband?) he as ’twere sleeping:
Only to leave him ugly to mine eyes,
That they might glance on thee.
Mistress Gallipot  Speak, are these lies?
Goshawk  Mine own shame me confounds:
Mistress Openwork  No more, he’s stung;
Who’d think that in one body there could dwell
Deformity and beauty, (heaven and hell)
Goodness I see is but outside, we all set,
In rings of Gold, stones that be counterfeit:
I thought you none.
Goshawk  Pardon me.
Master Openwork  Truth I do.
This blemish grows in nature not in you,
For man’s creation stick even moles in scorn
On fairest cheeks, wife nothing is perfect born.
Mistress Openwork  I thought you had been born perfect.
Master Openwork  What’s this whole world but a gilt rotten pill?
For at the heart lies the old chore still.
I’ll tell you Master Goshawk, aye in your eye
I have seen wanton fire, and then to try
The soundness of my judgement, I told you
I kept a whore, made you believe ’twas true,
Only to feel how your pulse beat, but find,
The world can hardly yield a perfect friend.
Come, come, a trick of youth, and ’tis forgiven,
This rub put by, our love shall run more even.
Mistress Openwork  You’ll deal upon men’s wives no more?
Goshawk    No: — you teach me a trick for that.
Mistress Openwork  Troth do not, they’ll o’erreach thee.
Master Openwork  Make my house yours sir still.
Goshawk    No.
Master Openwork  I say you shall:
Seeing (thus besieged) it holds out, ’twill never fall.

Enter Master Gallipot, and Greenwit like a Sumner,
Laxton muffled aloof off.

Omnes    How now?
Master Gallipot  With me sir?
Greenwit    You sir? I have gone snaffling up and down by your
door this hour to watch for you.
Mistress Gallipot  What’s the matter husband?
Greenwit    — I have caught a cold in my head sir, by sitting up
late in the rose tavern, but I hope you understand my speech.
Master Gallipot  So sir.
Greenwit    I cite you by the name of Hippocrates Gallipot, and
you by the name of Prudence Gallipot, to appear upon Crastino,
do you see, Crastino sancti Dunstani (this Easter Term) in
Bow Church.

Master Gallipot  Where sir? what says he?
Greenwit    Bow: Bow Church, to answer to a libel of precontract
on the part and behalf of the said Prudence and another;
y’ are best sir take a copy of the citation, ’tis but twelvepence.

Omnes    A Citation?
Master Gallipot  You pocky-nosed rascal, what slave fees you to
this?
Laxton     Slave? I ha’ nothing to do with you, do you hear sir?
Goshawk   Laxton is’t not? — what fegary is this?
Master Gallipot  Trust me I thought sir this storm long ago had
been full laid, when (if you be remembered) I paid you the last
fifteen pound, besides the thirty you had first, — for then you
swore.
Laxton     Tush, tush sir, oaths,
Truth yet I’m loath to vex you, — tell you what;
Make up the money I had an hundred pound,
And take your belly full of her.
  Master Gallipot  An hundred pound?
  Mistress Gallipot  What a hundred pound? he gets none: what a hundred pound?
  Master Gallipot  Sweet Pru be calm, the Gentleman offers thus,
If I will make the moneys that are past
A hundred pound, he will discharge all courts,
And give his bond never to vex us more.
  Mistress Gallipot  A hundred pound? 'Las; take sir but threescore,
Do you seek my undoing?
  Laxton  I’ll not bate one sixpence, — I’ll maul you puss for spitting.
  Mistress Gallipot  Do thy worst,
Will fourscore stop thy mouth?
  Laxton  No.
  Mistress Gallipot  Y’ are a slave,
Thou Cheat, I’ll now tear money from thy throat,
Husband lay hold on yonder tawny coat.
  Greenwit  Nay Gentlemen, seeing your women are so hot, I must lose my hair in their company I see.
  Mistress Openwork  His hair sheds off, and yet he speaks not so much in the nose as he did before.
  Goshawk  He has had the better Chirurgeon, Master Greenwit,
is your wit so raw as to play no better a part than a Sumner’s?
  Master Gallipot  I pray who plays a knack to know an honest man in this company?

  Mistress Gallipot  Dear husband, pardon me, I did dissemble,
Told thee I was his precontracted wife,
When letters came from him for thirty pound,
I had no shift but that.
  Master Gallipot  A very clean shift: but able to make me lousy, On.
  Mistress Gallipot  Husband, I plucked (when he had tempted me to think well of him) Get feathers from thy wings, to make him fly more lofty.  Master Gallipot  O’ the top of you wife: on.
  Mistress Gallipot  He having wasted them, comes now for more,
Using me as a ruffian doth his whore,
Whose sin keeps him in breath: by heaven I vow,
Thy bed he never wronged, more than he does now.  
  Master Gallipot  My bed? ha, ha, like enough, a shop-board will serve to have a cuckold’s coat cut out upon: of that we’ll talk hereafter: y’ are a villain.
  Laxton  Hear me but speak sir, you shall find me none.
  Omnes  Pray sir, be patient and hear him.
  Master Gallipot  I am muzzled for biting sir, use me how you will.
  Laxton  The first hour that your wife was in my eye,
Myself with other Gentlemen sitting by,  
(In your shop) tasting smoke, and speech being used,  
That men who have fairest wives are most abused,  
And hardly scape the horn, your wife maintained  
That only such spots in City dames were stained,  
Justly, but by men’s slanders: for her own part,  
She vowed that you had so much of her heart;  
No man by all his wit, by any wile,  
Never so fine spun, should yourself beguile,  
Of what in her was yours.  

*Master Gallipot*    Yet Pru ’tis well: play out your game at Irish  
sir: Who wins?  

*Mistress Openwork*    The trial is when she comes to bearing:  

*Laxton*    I scorned one woman, thus, should brave all men,  
And (which more vexed me) a she-citizen.  
Therefore I laid siege to her, out she held,  
Gave many a brave repulse, and me compelled  

With shame to sound retreat to my hot lust,  
Then seeing all base desires raked up in dust,  
And that to tempt her modest ears, I swore  
Ne’er to presume again: she said, her eye  
Would ever give me welcome honestly,  
And (since I was a Gentleman) if it run low,  
She would my state relieve, not to o’erthrow  
Your own and hers: did so; then seeing I wrought  
Upon her meekness, me she set at naught,  
And yet to try if I could turn that tide,  
You see what stream I strove with, but sir I swear  
By heaven, and by those hopes men lay up there,  
I neither have, nor had a base intent  
To wrong your bed, what’s done, is merriment:  
Your Gold I pay back with this interest,  
When I had most power to do ’t I wronged you least.  

*Master Gallipot*    If this no gullery be sir,  

*Omnes*    No, no, on my life,  

*Master Gallipot*    Then sir I am beholden (not to you wife)  

But Master *Laxton* to your want of doing ill,  
Which it seems you have not Gentlemen,  
Tarry and dine here all.  

*Master Openwork*    Brother, we have a jest,  
As good as yours to furnish out a feast.  

*Master Gallipot*    We’ll crown our table with it: wife brag no more,  
Of holding out: who most brags is most whore.       Exeunt omnes.  


Enter Jack Dapper, Moll, *Sir* Beauteous Ganymede,  

*and Sir* Thomas Long.  

*Jack Dapper*    But prithee Master Captain *Jack* be plain and
perspicuous with me; was it your *Meg* of Westminster’s courage, that rescued me from the Poultry puttocks indeed.

*Moll*  The valor of my wit I ensure you sir fetched you off bravely, when you were i’ the forlorn hope among those desperates, Sir *Beauteous Ganymede* here, and sir *Thomas Long* heard that cuckoo (my man *Trapdoor*) sing the note of your ransom from captivity.

*Sir Beauteous*  Uds so *Moll*, where’s that *Trapdoor*?

*Moll*  Hanged I think by this time, a Justice in this town, (that speaks nothing but make a *Mitimus* away with him to Newgate) used that rogue like a firework to run upon a line betwixt him and me.

*Omens*  how, how?

*Moll*  Marry to lay trains of villainy to blow up my life; I smelt the powder, spied what linstock gave fire to shoot against the poor Captain of the Galley-foist, and away slid I my man, like a shovel-board shilling, he struts up and down the suburbs I think: and eats up whores: feeds upon a bawd’s garbage.

*Thomas Long.*  Sirrah *Jack Dapper*.

*Jack Dapper*  What say’st *Tom Long*?

*Thomas Long.*  Thou hadst a sweet faced boy hail fellow with thee to your little *Gull*: how is he spent?

*Jack Dapper*  Troth I whistled the poor little buzzard off a’ my fist, because when he waited upon me at the ordinaries, the gallants hit me i’ the teeth still, and said I looked like a painted Alderman’s tomb, and the boy at my elbow like a death’s head. Sirrah *Jack, Moll*.

*Moll*  What says my little *Dapper*?

*Sir Beauteous*  Come, come, walk and talk, walk and talk.

*Jack Dapper*  Moll and I’ll be i’ the midst.

*Moll*  These Knights shall have squires’ places belike then: well *Dapper* what say you?

*Jack Dapper*  Sirrah Captain mad *Mary*, the gull my own father (*Dapper* *Sir Davy*) laid these London boot-halers the catchp clubs in ambush to set upon me.

*Omens*  Your father? away *Jack*.

*Jack Dapper*  By the tassels of this handkercher ’tis true, and what was his warlike stratagem think you? he thought because a wicker cage tames a nightingale, a lousy prison could make an ass of me.

*Omens*  A nasty plot.

*Jack Dapper*  Ay; as though a Counter, which is a park, in which all the wild beasts of the City run head by head could tame me.
Enter the Lord Noland.

Moll. Yonder comes my Lord Noland.
Omnes. Save you my Lord.
Lord Noland. Well met Gentlemen all, good Sir Beauteous Ganymede, Sir Thomas Long?, and how does Master Dapper?
Jack Dapper. Thanks my Lord.
Moll. No Tobacco my Lord?
Lord Noland. No ’faith Jack.
Jack Dapper. My Lord Noland will you go to Pimlicico with us? we are making a boon voyage to that nappy land of spice-cakes
Lord Noland. Here’s such a merry ging, I could find in my heart to sail to the world’s end with such company, come Gentlemen let’s on.
Jack Dapper. Here’s most amorous weather my Lord.
Omnes. Amorous weather. They walk.
Jack Dapper. Is not amorous a good word?

Enter Trapdoor like a poor Soldier with a patch o’er one eye, and
Tear-Cat with him, all tatters.

Trapdoor. Shall we set upon the infantry, these troops of foot?
Zounds yonder comes Moll my whorish Master and Mistress, would I had her kidneys between my teeth.
Tear-Cat. I had rather have a cow-heel.
Trapdoor. Zounds I am so patched up, she cannot discover me: we’ll on.
Tear-Cat. Alla corago then.
Trapdoor. Good your Honors, and Worships, enlarge the ears of commiseration, and let the sound of a hoarse military organ-pipe, penetrate your pitiful bowels to extract out of them so many small drops of silver, as may give a hard straw-bed lodging to a couple of maimed soldiers.
Jack Dapper. Where are you maimed?

Tear-Cat. In both our nether limbs.
Moll. Come, come, Dapper, let’s give ’em something, ’las poor men, what money have you? by my troth I love a soldier with my soul.
Sir Beauteous. Stay, stay, where have you served?
Thomas Long. In any part of the Low countries?
Trapdoor. Not in the Low countries, if it please your manhood, but in Hungary against the Turk at the siege of Belgrade.
Lord Noland. Who served there with you sirrah?
Trapdoor. Many Hungarians, Moldavians, Walachians, and Transylvanians, with some Sclavonians, and retiring home sir, the Venetian Galleys took us prisoners, yet freed us, and suffered us to beg up and down the country.
Jack Dapper  You have ambled all over Italy then.

Trapdoor  Oh sir, from Venice to Roma, Vecchio, Bononia, Romania, Bolonia, Modena, Piacenza, and Tusccana, with all her Cities, as Pistoia, Valeria, Mountepulchena, Arrezzo, with the Siennois, and divers others.

Moll  Mere rogues, put spurs to ’em once more.

Jack Dapper  Thou look’st like a strange creature, a fat butter-box, yet speak’st English, What art thou?

Tear-Cat  Ick mine Here. Ick bin den ruffling Tear-cat.
Den, brave Soldado, Ick bin dorick all Dutchlant.
Gueresen: Der Shellum das meere Ine Beasa
Ine woert gaeb.
Ick slaag um strokes on tom Cop.
Dastick Den hundred touzun Devil hall,
Frolic mine Here.

Sir Beauteous  Here, here, let’s be rid of their jobbering,

Moll.  Not a cross Sir Beauteous, you base rogues, I have taken measure of you, better than a tailor can, and I’ll fit you, as you (monster with one eye) have fitted me,

Tear-Cat  Tear-Cat? To your Worship will not abuse a soldier.

Moll.  Soldier? thou deserv’st to be hanged up by that tongue which dishonors so noble a profession, soldier you skeldering varlet? hold, stand, there should be a trapdoor hereabouts.

Pull off his patch

Trapdoor  The balls of these glaziers of mine (mine eyes) shall be shot up and down in any hot piece of service for my invincible Mistress.

Jack Dapper  I did not think there had been such knavery in black patches as now I see.

Moll  Oh sir he hath been brought up in the Isle of dogs, and can both fawn like a Spaniel, and bite like a Mastiff, as he finds occasion.

Lord Noland  What are you sirrah? a bird of this feather too.

Tear-Cat  A man beaten from the wars sir.

Thomas Long.  I think so, for you never stood to fight.

Jack Dapper  What’s thy name fellow soldier?

Tear-Cat  I am called by those that have seen my valor, Tear-Cat.

Omnes  Tear-Cat?

Moll.  A mere whip-Jack, and that is in the Commonwealth of rogues, a slave, that can talk of sea-fight, name all your chief Pirates, discover more countries to you, than either the Dutch, Spanish, French, or English ever found out, yet indeed all his service is by land, and that is to rob a Fair, or some such venturous exploit; Tear-Cat, foot sirrah I have your name
now I remember me in my book of horners, horns for the thumb, you know how.

_Tear-Cat_  No indeed Captain _Moll_ (for I know you by sight) I am no such nipping Christian, but a maunderer upon the pad I confess, and meeting with honest _Trapdoor_ here, whom you had cashiered from bearing arms, out at elbows under your colors, I instructed him in the rudiments of roguery, and by my map made him sail over any Country you can name, so that now he can maunder better than myself.

_Jack Dapper_  So then _Trapdoor_ thou art turned soldier now.

_Trapdoor_  Alas sir, now there’s no wars, ’tis the safest course of life I could take.

_Moll_  I hope then you can cant, for by your cudgels, you sirrah are an upright man.

_Trapdoor_  As any walks the highway I assure you.

_Moll_  And _Tear-Cat_ what are you? a wild rogue, an angler, or a ruffler?

_Tear-Cat_  Brother to this upright man, flesh and blood, ruffling _Tear-Cat_ is my name, and a ruffler is my style, my title, my profession.

_Moll_  Sirrah where’s your Doxy, halt not with me.

_Ommes_  Doxy _Moll_, what’s that?

_Moll_  His wench.

_Trapdoor_  My doxy I have by the _Solomon_ a doxy, that carries a kinchin mort in her slate at her back, besides my dell and my dainty wild dell, with all whom I’ll tumble this next darkmans in the strummel, and drink ben _house_, and eat a fat gruntling cheat, a cackling cheat, and a quacking cheat.

_Jack Dapper_  Here’s old cheating.

_Trapdoor_  My doxy stays for me in a bousing ken, brave Captain.

_Moll_  He says his wench stays for him in an alehouse: you are no pure rogues.

_Tear-Cat_  Pure rogues? no, we scorn to be pure rogues, but if you come to our lib ken, or our stalling ken, you shall find neither him nor me, a queer cuffin.

_Moll_  So sir, no churl of you.

_Tear-Cat_  No, but a ben cave, a brave cave, a gentry cuffin.

_Lord Noland_  Call you this canting?

_Jack Dapper_  Zounds, I’ll give a schoolmaster half a crown a week, and teach me this pedlar’s French.

_Trapdoor_  Do but stroll sir, half a harvest with us sir, and you shall gabble your bellyful.

_Moll_  Come you rogue cant with me.

_Thomas Long._  Well said _Moll_, cant with her sirrah, and you shall have money, else not a penny.

_Trapdoor_  I’ll have a bout if she please.

_Moll_  Come on sirrah.
Trapdoor  Ben mort, shall you and I heave a booth, mill a ken or
nip a bung, and then we’ll couch a hogshead under the
Ruffmans, and there you shall wap with me, and I’ll niggle with you.
Moll    Out you damned impudent rascal.
Trapdoor  Cut benar whids, and hold your fambles and your
stamps.
Lord Noland  Nay, nay, Moll, why art thou angry? what was his
gibberish?
Moll  Marry this my Lord says he; Ben mort (good
wench) shall you and I heave a booth, mill a ken, or nip a bung?
shall you and I rob a house, or cut a purse?
Omnes   Very Good.
Moll  And then we’ll couch a hogshead under the Ruffmans:
And then we’ll lie under a hedge.
Trapdoor  That was my desire Captain, as ’tis fit a soldier
should lie.
Moll  And there you shall wap with me, and I’ll niggle
with you, and that’s all.
Sir Beauteous  Nay, nay Moll what’s that wap?
Jack Dapper  Nay teach me what niggling is, I’d fain be
niggling.
Moll  Wapping and niggling is all one, the rogue my man
can tell you.
Trapdoor  ’Tis faodolde: if it please you.
Sir Beauteous  This is excellent, one fit more good Moll,
Moll  Come you rogue sing with me.

A gage of ben Rom-bouse
In a bousing ken of Rom-ville.

Tear-Cat  Is Benar than a Caster,
Peck, pennam, lay or popler,
Which we mall in deuse a vile.
Oh I would lib all the lightmans.
Oh I would lib all the darkmans,
By the solomon under the Ruffmans.
By the solomon in the Hartmans.

Tear-Cat  And scour the Queer cramp-ring,
And couch till a palliard docked my dell,
So my bousy nab might skew rom-bouse well

Avast to the pad, let us bing,
Avast to the pad, let us bing.

Omnes  Fine knaves i’ faith.

Jack Dapper  The grating of ten new cartwheels, and the
grunting of five hundred hogs coming from Rumford market,
cannot make a worse noise than this canting language
does in my ears; pray my Lord Noland, let’s give these soldiers
their pay.

Sir Beauteous  Agreed, and let them march.
Lord Noland  Here Moll.
Moll  Now I see that you are stalled to the rogue, and are
not ashamed of your professions, look you: my Lord Noland
here and these Gentlemen, bestows upon you two, two
boards and a half, that’s two shillings six pence.
Trapdoor  Thanks to your Lordship.
Tear-Cat  Thanks heroical Captain.
Moll  Away.
Trapdoor  We shall cut ben whids of your Masters and Mistress-ship,
wheresoever we come.
Moll.  You’ll maintain sirrah the old Justice’s plot to his face.
Trapdoor  Else trine me on the cheats: hang me.
Moll  Be sure you meet me there.
Trapdoor  Without any more maund’ring I’ll do ’t, follow
brave Tear-Cat.

Exeunt they two

Tear-Cat  I prae, sequor, let us go mouse.

manet the rest.

Lord Noland  Moll what was in that canting song?
Moll  Troth my Lord, only a praise of good drink, the only milk
Which these wild beasts love to suck, and thus it was:
A rich cup of wine, oh it is juice Divine,
More wholesome for the head, than meat, drink, or bread,
To fill my drunken pate, with that, I’d sit up late,
By the heels would I lie, under a lousy hedge die,
Let a slave have a pull at my where, so I be full
Of that precious liquor; And a parcel of such stuff my Lord
Not worth the opening.

Enter a Cutpurse very gallant, with four or five men after
him, one with a wand.

Lord Noland  What gallant comes yonder?
Thomas Long.  Mass I think I know him, ’tis one of Cumberland.

1 Cutpurse  Shall we venture to shuffle in amongst yon heap of
Gallants, and strike?

2 Cutpurse  ’Tis a question whether there be any silver shells
amongst them, for all their satin outsides.

Ommes  Let’s try?
Moll  Pox on him, a gallant? shadow me, I know him: ’tis
one that cumbers the land indeed; if he swim near to the
shore of any of your pockets, look to your purses.

Ommes  Is’t possible?
Moll  This brave fellow is no better than a foist.
Ommes  Foist, what’s that?
Moll  A diver with two fingers, a pickpocket; all his
train study the figging law, that’s to say; cutting of purses and foisting; one of them is a nip, I took him once i’ the twopenny gallery at the Fortune; then there’s a cloyer, or snap, that dogs any new brother in that trade, and snaps will have half in any booty; He with the wand is both a stale, whose office is, to face a man i’ the streets, whilst shells are drawn by another, and then with his black conjuring rod in his hand, he by the nimbleness of his eye and juggling stick, will in cheaping a piece of plate at a goldsmith’s stall, make four or five rings mount from the top of his caduceus, and as if it were at leapfrog, they skip into his hand presently.

2. *Cutpurse* Zounds we are smoked. *Omnes.* Ha?

2. *Cutpurse* We are boiled, pox on her; see *Moll* the roaring drab.

I. *Cutpurse* All the diseases of sixteen hospitals boil her: away.

*Moll* Bless you sir.

I. *Cutpurse* And you good sir.

*Moll* Dost not ken me man?

I. *Cutpurse* No trust me sir.

*Moll* Heart, there’s a Knight to whom I’m bound for many favors, lost his purse at the last new play i’ the Swan, seven Angels in ‘t, make it good you’re best; do you see? no more.

I. *Cutpurse* A Synagogue shall be called Mistress Mary, disgrace me not; *pacus palabros*, I will conjure for you, farewell:

*Moll* Did not I tell you my Lord?

*Lord Noland* I wonder how thou cam’st to the knowledge of these nasty villains.

*Thomas Long.* And why do the foul mouths of the world call thee *Moll* cutpurse? a name, methinks, damned and odious.

*Moll* Dare any step forth to my face and say, I have ta’en thee doing so *Moll*? I must confess, In younger days, when I was apt to stray, I have sat amongst such adders; seen their stings, As any here might, and in full playhouses Watched their quick-diving hands, to bring to shame Such rogues, and in that stream met an ill name: When next my Lord you spy any one of those, So he be in his Art a scholar, question him, Tempt him with gold to open the large book Of his close villainies: and you yourself shall cant Better than poor *Moll* can, and know more laws Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foists, puggards, curbers, Withal the devil’s black guard, than it is fit Should be discovered to a noble wit.

I know they have their orders, offices, Circuits and circles, unto which they are bound, To raise their own damnation in.

*Jack Dapper* How dost thou know it?
Moll. As you do, I show it you, they to me show it.
Suppose my Lord you were in Venice.

Lord Noland. Well.

Moll. If some Italian pander there would tell
All the close tricks of courtesans; would not you
Harken to such a fellow?

Lord Noland. Yes.

Moll. And here,

Being come from Venice, to a friend most dear
That were to travel thither, you would proclaim
Your knowledge in those villainies, to save
Your friend from their quick danger: must you have
A black ill name, because ill things you know,
Good troth my Lord, I am made Moll cutpurse so.
How many are whores, in small ruffs and still looks?
How many chaste, whose names fill slander’s books?
Were all men cuckold, whom gallants in their scorns
Call so, we should not walk for going horns,
Perhaps for my mad going some reprove me,
I please myself, and care not else who loves me.

Ommes. A brave mind Moll i’ faith.

Thomas Long. Come my Lord, shall’s to the Ordinary?

Lord Noland. Ay, ’tis noon sure.

Moll. Good my Lord, let not my name condemn me to you or to the world:
A fencer I hope may be called a coward, is he so for that?
If all that have ill names in London, were to be whipped,
And to pay but twelve pence a piece to the beadle, I would rather
Have his office, than a Constable’s.

Jack Dapper. So would I Captain Moll: ’twere a sweet tickling
office i’ faith.

Enter Sir Alexander Wengrave, Goshawk and
Greenwit, and others.

Alexander. My son marry a thief, that impudent girl,
Whom all the world stick their worst eyes upon?

Greenwit. How will your care prevent it?

Goshawk. ’Tis impossible.

They marry close, they’re gone, but none knows whither.

Alexander. Oh Gentlemen, when has a father’s heart-strings

Enter a servant.

Held out so long from breaking: now what news sir?

Servant. They were met upo’ th’ water an hour since, sir,
Putting in towards the Sluice.

Alexander. The Sluice? come Gentlemen,
'Tis Lambeth works against us.

Greenwit  And that Lambeth, joins more mad matches, than
your six wet towns, twixt that and Windsor bridge, where
fares lie soaking.

Alexander  Delay no time sweet Gentlemen: to Blackfriars,
We’ll take a pair of Oars and make after ’em.

Enter Trapdoor.

Trapdoor  Your son, and that bold masculine ramp
My mistress, are landed now at Tower.

Alexander  Hoyda, at Tower?
Trapdoor  I heard it now reported.
Alexander  Which way Gentlemen shall I bestow my care?
I’m drawn in pieces betwixt deceit and shame.

Enter sir Fitzallard.

Fitzallard  Sir Alexander.
You’re well met, and most rightly served,
My daughter was a scorn to you.

Alexander  Say not so sir.
Fitzallard  A very abject, she poor Gentlewoman,
Your house had been dishonored. Give you joy sir,
Of your son’s Gascoin-bride, you’ll be a Grandfather shortly
To a fine crew of roaring sons and daughters,
’Twill help to stock the suburbs passing well sir.

Alexander  O play not with the miseries of my heart,
Wounds should be dressed and healed, not vexed, or left
Wide open, to the anguish of the patient,
And scornful air let in: rather let pity
And advise charitably help to refresh ’em.

Fitzallard  Who’d place his charity so unworthily.
Like one that gives alms to a cursing beggar,
Had I but found one spark of goodness in you
Towards my deserving child, which then grew fond
Of your son’s virtues, I had eased you now.
But I perceive both fire of youth and goodness,
Are raked up in the ashes of your age,
Else no such shame should have come near your house,
Nor such ignoble sorrow touch your heart,

Alexander  If not for worth, for pity’s sake assist me.
Greenwit  You urge a thing past sense, how can he help you?
All his assistance is as frail as ours,
Full as uncertain, where’s the place that holds ’em?
One brings us water-news; then comes another
With a full charged mouth, like a culverin’s voice,
And he reports the Tower; whose sounds are truest?

Goshawk  In vain you flatter him sir Alexander.
Fitzallard  I flatter him, Gentlemen you wrong me grossly.
Greenwit  He does it well i’ faith.
Fitzallard  Both news are false,
Of Tower or water: they took no such way yet.

*Alexander*  Oh strange: hear you this Gentlemen, yet more plunges?

*Fitzallard*  Th’ are nearer than you think for yet more close,

than if they were further off.

*Alexander*  How am I lost in these distractions?

*Fitzallard*  For your speeches Gentlemen,

In taxing me for rashness; ’fore you all,

I will engage my state to half his wealth,

Nay to his son’s revenues, which are less,

And yet nothing at all, till they come from him;

That I could (if my will stuck to my power),

Prevent this marriage yet, nay banish her

For ever from his thoughts, much more his arms.

*Alexander*  Slack not this goodness, though you heap upon me

Mountains of malice and revenge hereafter:

I’d willingly resign up half my state to him,

So he would marry the meanest drudge I hire.

*Greenwit*  He talks impossibilities, and you believe ’em.

*Fitzallard*  I talk no more, than I know how to finish,

My fortunes else are his that dares stake with me,

The poor young Gentleman I love and pity:

And to keep shame from him, (because the spring

Of his affection was my daughter’s first,

Till his frown blasted all,) do but estate him

In those possessions, which your love and care

Once pointed out for him, that he may have room,

To entertain fortunes of noble birth,

Where now his desperate wants casts him upon her:

And if I do not for his own sake chiefly,

Rid him of this disease, that now grows on him,

I’ll forfeit my whole state, before these Gentlemen.

*Greenwit*  Troth but you shall not undertake such matches,

We’ll persuade so much with you.

*Alexander*  Here’s my ring,

He will believe this token: ’fore these Gentlemen,

I will confirm it fully: all those lands,

My first love ’lotted him, he shall straight possess

In that refusal.

*Fitzallard*  If I change it not, change me into a beggar.

*Greenwit*  Are you mad sir?

*Fitzallard*  ’Tis done.

*Goshawk*  Will you undo yourself by doing,

And show a prodigal trick in your old days?

*Alexander*  ’Tis a match Gentlemen.

*Fitzallard*  Ay, Ay, sir Ay.

I ask no favor; trust to you for none,

My hope rests in the goodness of your son.  *Exit Fitzallard.*

*Greenwit*  He holds it up well yet.
No Priest will marry her, sir, for a woman,
While she’s on, and it was never known,
Two men were married and conjoined in one:
Your son hath made some shift to love another.
\textit{Alexander} Whate’er she be, she has my blessing with her,
May they be rich, and fruitful, and receive
Like comfort to their issue, as I take in them,
Has pleased me now, marrying not this,
Through a whole world he could not choose amiss.
\textit{Greenwit} Glad y’ are so penitent, for your former sin sir.
\textit{Goshawk} Say he should take a wench with her smock-dowry,
No portion with her, but her lips and arms?
\textit{Alexander} Why? who thrive better sir? they have most blessing,
Though other have more wealth, and least repent,
Many that want most, know the most content.
\textit{Greenwit} Say he should marry a kind youthful sinner.
\textit{Alexander} Age will quench that, any offense but theft and drunkenness,
Nothing but death can wipe away.
Their sins are green, even when their heads are gray,
Nay I despair not now, my heart’s cheered Gentlemen,
No face can come unfortunately to me,
Now sir, your news? \textit{Enter a servant.}
\textit{Servant} Your son with his fair Bride is near at hand,
\textit{Alexander} Fair may their fortunes be.
\textit{Greenwit} Now you’re resolved sir, it was never she,
\textit{Alexander} I find it in the music of my heart,

\textit{Enter Moll masked, in Sebastian’s hand, and Fitzallard.}

See where they come.
\textit{Goshawk} A proper lusty presence sir.
\textit{Alexander} Now has he pleased me right, I always counselled him
To choose a goodly personable creature,
Just of her pitch was my first wife his mother.

  Sebastian  Before I dare discover my offense, I kneel for pardon.
  Alexander;  My heart gave it thee, before thy tongue could ask it,
Rise, thou hast raised my joy to greater height.

Than to that seat where grief dejected it,
Both welcome to my love, and care for ever,
Hide not my happiness too long, all’s pardoned,
Here are our friends, salute her, Gentlemen.  They unmask her.

    Omnes.  Heart, who this Moll?
  Alexander  O my reviving shame, is’t I must live,
To be struck blind, be it the work of sorrow,
Before age take ’t in hand.
  Fitzallard  Darkness and death.
Have you deceived me thus? did I engage
My whole estate for this.
  Alexander  You asked no favor,
And you shall find as little, since my comforts,
Play false with me, I’ll be as cruel to thee
As grief to fathers’ hearts.
  Moll   Why what’s the matter with you?
'Less too much joy, should make your age forgetful,
Are you too well, too happy?
  Alexander  With a vengeance.
  Moll   Methinks you should be proud of such a daughter,
As good a man, as your son.
  Alexander  O monstrous impudence.
  Moll   You had no note before, an unmarked Knight,
Now all the town will take regard on you,
And all your enemies fear you for my sake,
You may pass where you list, through crowds most thick,
And come off bravely with your purse unpicked,
You do not know the benefits I bring with me,
No cheat dares work upon you, with thumb or knife,
While y’ave a roaring girl to your son’s wife.
  Alexander  A devil rampant.
  Fitzallard  Have you so much charity?
Yet to release me of my last rash bargain,
And I’ll give in your pledge.
  Alexander  No sir, I stand to ’t, I’ll work upon advantage,
As all mischiefs do upon me.
  Fitzallard  Content, bear witness all then

His are the lands, and so contention ends.
Here comes your son’s Bride, twixt two noble friends.
Enter the Lord Noland, and Sir Beauteous Ganymede, with Mary
Fitzallard between them, the Citizens and their
wives with them.

Moll  Now are you gulled as you would be, thank me for ’t,
I’d a forefinger in ’t.
  Sebastian  Forgive me father,
Though there before your eyes my sorrow feigned,
This still was she, for whom true love complained.
  Alexander  Blessings eternal, and the joys of Angels,
Begin your peace here, to be signed in heaven,
How short my sleep of sorrow seems now to me,
To this eternity of boundless comforts,
That finds no want but utterance, and expression.
My Lord your office here appears so honorably:
So full of ancient goodness, grace, and worthiness,
I never took more joy in sight of man,
Than in your comfortable presence now.
  Lord Noland  Nor I more delight in doing grace to virtue,
Than in this worthy Gentlewoman, your son’s Bride,
Noble Fitzallard’s daughter, to whose honor
And modest fame, I am a servant vowed,
So is this Knight.
  Alexander  Your loves make my joys proud,
Bring forth those deeds of land, my care laid ready,
And which, old knight, thy nobleness may challenge,
Joined with thy daughter’s virtues, whom I prize now,
As dearly as that flesh, I call mine own.
Forgive me worthy Gentlewoman, ’twas my blindness
When I rejected thee, I saw thee not,
Sorrow and wilful rashness grew like films
Over the eyes of judgement, now so clear
I see the brightness of thy worth appear.
  Mary.  Duty and love may I deserve in those,

And all my wishes have a perfect close,
  Alexander  That tongue can never err, the sound’s so sweet,
Here honest son, receive into thy hands,
The keys of wealth, possession of those lands,
Which my first care provided, they’re thine own,
Heaven give thee a blessing with ’em, the best joys,
That can in worldly shapes to man betide,
Are fertile lands, and a fair fruitful Bride,
Of which I hope thou ’rt sped.
  Sebastian  I hope so too sir.
  Moll  Father and son, I ha’ done you simple service here,
  Sebastian  For which thou shalt not part Moll unrequited.
  Alexander  Thou art a mad girl, and yet I cannot now condemn thee.
Moll  Condemn me? troth and you should sir,
I’d make you seek out one to hang in my room,
I’d give you the slip at Gallows, and cozen the people.
Heard you this jest my Lord?
  Lord Noland  What is it Jack?
  Moll  He was in fear his son would marry me,
But never dreamt that I would ne’er agree.
  Lord Noland  Why? thou hadst a suitor once Jack, when wilt marry?
  Moll  Who I my Lord, I’ll tell you when i’ faith,
When you shall hear,
Gallants void from Sergeants’ fear,
Honesty and truth unslandered,
Woman manned, but never pandered,
Cheats booted, but not coached,
Vessels older ere they’re broached.
If my mind be then not varied,
Next day following, I’ll be married.

  Lord Noland  This sounds like doomsday,
  Moll  Then were marriage best,
For if I should repent, I were soon at rest.
  Alexander  In troth thou ’rt a good wench, I’m sorry now,
The opinion was so hard, I conceived of thee.

Some wrongs I’ve done thee.  

  Trapdoor  Is the wind there now?
’Tis time for me to kneel and confess first,
For fear it come too late, and my brains feel it,
Upon my paws, I ask you pardon mistress.
  Moll  Pardon? for what sir? what has your rogueship done
now?
  Trapdoor  I have been from time to time hired to confound you,
by this old Gentleman.
  Moll  How?
  Trapdoor  Pray forgive him,
But may I counsel you, you should never do ’t.
Many a snare to entrap your Worship’s life,
Have I laid privily, chains, watches, Jewels,
And when he saw nothing could mount you up,
Four hollow-hearted Angels he then gave you,
By which he meant to trap you, I to save you.
  Alexander  To all which, shame and grief in me cry guilty,
Forgive me now, I cast the world’s eyes from me,
And look upon thee freely with mine own:
I see the most of many wrongs before he,
Cast from the jaws of envy and her people,
And nothing foul but that, I’ll never more
Condemn by common voice, for that’s the whore,
That deceives man’s opinion; mocks his trust,
Cozens his love, and makes his heart unjust.

_Moll_  Here be the Angels Gentlemen, they were given me
As a Musician, I pursue no pity,
Follow the law, and you can cuck me, spare not
Hang up my viol by me, and I care not.

_Alexander_  So far I’m sorry, I’ll thrice double ’em
To make thy wrongs amends,
Come worthy friends my honorable Lord,
Sir _Beauteous Ganymede_, and Noble _Fitzallard_,
And you kind Gentlewoman, whose sparkling presence,
Are glories set in marriage, beams of society,
For all your loves give luster to my joys,

The happiness of this day shall be remembered,
At the return of every smiling spring:
In my time now ’tis born, and may no sadness
Sit on the brows of men upon that day,
But as I am, so all go pleased away.

_Epilogus_,

A Painter having drawn with curious Art
The picture of a woman (every part,
Limbed to the life) hung out the piece to sell:
People (who passed along) viewing it well,
Gave several verdicts on it. some dispraised
The hair, some said the brows too high were raised,
Some hit her o’er the lips, misliked their color,
Some wished her nose were shorter; some, the eyes fuller,
Others said roses on her cheeks should grow,
Swearing they looked too pale, others cried no,
The workman still as fault was found, did mend it,
In hope to please all; (but this work being ended)
And hung open at stall, it was so vile,
So monstrous and so ugly all men did smile
At the poor Painter’s folly. Such we doubt
Is this our Comedy, Some perhaps do flout
The plot, saying; ’tis too thin, too weak, too mean,
Some for the person will revile the Scene.
And wonder, that a creature of her being
Should be the subject of a Poet, seeing
In the world’s eye, none weighs so light: others look

For all those base tricks published in a book,
(Foul as his brains they flowed from) of Cutpurse,
Of Nips and Foists, nasty, obscene discourses,
As full of lies, as empty of worth or wit,
For any honest ear, or eye unfit. And thus,
If we to every brain (that’s humorous)
Should fashion Scenes, we (with the Painter) shall
In striving to please all, please none at all.
Yet for such faults, as either the writer’s wit,
Or negligence of the Actors do commit,
Both crave your pardons: if what both have done,
Cannot full pay your expectation,
The Roaring Girl herself some few days hence,
Shall on this Stage, give larger recompense.
Which Mirth that you may share in, herself does woo you,
And craves this sign, your hands to beckon her to you.

FINIS.
Textual Notes

1. **7 (1-b)**: The caption is printed along the left vertical edge of the woodcut image.
2. **33 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *Wengrave* is amended from the original *Wentgraeue*.
3. **33 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *Neatfoot* is amended from the original *Neats-foot*.
4. **38 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *Wengrave* is amended from the original *Wentgraeue*.
5. **82 (5-a)**: The regularized reading *died* comes from the original *dyed*, though possible variants include *dined*.
6. **207 (6-b)**: The regularized reading *seems* is amended from the original *seeemes*.
7. **208 (6-b)**: The regularized reading *filled* is amended from the original *fiil’d*.
8. **693 (13-a)**: The regularized reading *Dapper* is amended from the original *Dapper*.
9. **836 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *Moll* is amended from the original *Mols*.
10. **1101 (18-b)**: The regularized reading *sir* is amended from the original *fир*.
11. **1107 (19-a)**: The regularized reading *you* is amended from the original *your*.
12. **1312 (21-b)**: The regularized reading *what* is amended from the original *whats*.
13. **1329 (22-a)**: The regularized reading *sting* is amended from the original *sing*.
14. **1370 (22-b)**: The regularized reading *like* is supplied for the original *[…]*.
15. **1545 (25-a)**: The regularized reading *precontract* is amended from the original *precontact*.
16. **1558 (25-a)**: The regularized reading *fright* is amended from the original *frighr*.
17. **1564 (25-a)**: The regularized reading *line* comes from the original *line*, though possible variants include *lain*.
18. **1585 (25-b)**: Erroneous stage direction: Mistress Gallipot must leave only after her next speech.
19. **1641 (26-a)**: The regularized reading *Adam* is supplied for the original *Ad[*]*jm*.
20. **1652 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *son* is amended from the original *sonmne*.
21. **1728 (27-b)**: The regularized reading *for* is amended from the original *fot*.
23. **2267 (35-a)**: The regularized reading *him* is amended from the original *hiw*.
24. **1833 (29-a)**: The regularized reading *Unhappy* is amended from the original *Vnahppy*.
25. **2505 (38-a)**: The regularized reading *would* is supplied for the original *wo[*]*ld*.
26. **2600 (39-b)**: The regularized reading *bouse* is amended from the original *baufe*.
27. **2651 (40-a)**: The regularized reading *lay* comes from the original *lay*, though possible variants include *lap*.
28. **2652 (40-a)**: The regularized reading *vile* comes from the original *vile*, though possible variants include *vill*.
29. **2729 (41-a)**: The regularized reading *trust* is amended from the original *rrust*. 
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