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



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img: 1-a

img: 1-b

sig: A2r

In 0001

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

In 0006

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]

In 0007

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

In 0008

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

In 0009

In 0010

img: 2-a

img: 2-b

sig: A3r

In 0001

In 0002

To the Comic, Play-readers, Venery,
and Laughter.

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

In 0006

In 0007

In 0008

In 0009

In 0010

In 0011

In 0012

In 0013

In 0014

In 0015

In 0016

In 0017

In 0018

In 0019

In 0020

In 0021

In 0022

In 0023

In 0024

In 0025

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

img: 3-a

sig: A3v

In 0026

In 0027

has taxed her for, than has been written of her; but 'tis

In 0028
In 0029
In 0030
In 0031
In 0032
In 0033
In 0034
In 0035
In 0036
In 0037

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.

In 0038

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

img: 3-b
sig: A4r

wln 0001

Prologus.

wln 0002

*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.*

wln 0003

wln 0004

wln 0005

wln 0006

wln 0007

wln 0008

wln 0009

wln 0010

wln 0011

wln 0012

wln 0013

wln 0014

wln 0015

wln 0016

wln 0017

wln 0018

wln 0019

wln 0020

wln 0021

wln 0022

wln 0023

wln 0024

wln 0025

wln 0026

wln 0027

wln 0028

wln 0029

wln 0030

wln 0031

*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.*

img: 4-a
sig: A4v

wln 0032

Dramatis Personae.

wln 0033

Sir *Alexander Wengrave*, and *Neatfoot* his man.

wln 0034

Sir *Adam Appleton*.

wln 0035

Sir *Davy Dapper*.

wln 0036

Sir *Beauteous Ganymede*.

wln 0037

Lord *Noland*.

wln 0038

Young *Wengrave*,

wln 0039

Jack Dapper, and *Gull* his page.

wln 0040

Goshawk.

wln 0041

Greenwit.

wln 0042

Laxton.

wln 0043

Tiltyard.

Cives et Uxores.

wln 0044

Openwork.

wln 0045

Gallipot.

wln 0046

Moll the Roaring Girl.

wln 0047

Trapdoor.

wln 0048

Sir *Guy Fitzallard*.

wln 0049

Mary Fitzallard his daughter.

wln 0050

Curtilax a Sergeant, and

wln 0051

Hanger his Yeoman.

wln 0052

Ministri.

img: 4-b

sig: B1r

wln 0053

The Roaring Girl.

wln 0054

Act. 1. Scene 1.

wln 0055

Enter Mary Fitzallard disguised like a sempster with a case for

wln 0056

bands, and Neatfoot a servingman with her, with a napkin on

wln 0057

his shoulder, and a trencher in his hand as from table.

wln 0058

Neatfoot.

wln 0059

THE young gentleman (our young master) Sir

wln 0060

Alexander's son, is it into his ears (sweet

wln 0061

Damsel) (emblem of fragility) you

wln 0062

desire to have a message transported, or to be

wln 0063

transcendent.

wln 0064

Mary A private word or two Sir, nothing

wln 0065

else.

wln 0066

Neatfoot You shall fructify in that which you come for: your

wln 0067

pleasure shall be satisfied to your full contentation: I will

wln 0068

(fairest tree of generation) watch when our young master is

wln 0069

erected, (that is to say up) and deliver him to this your most

wln 0070

white hand.

wln 0071
wln 0072
wln 0073
wln 0074
wln 0075
wln 0076

img: 5-a
sig: B1v

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.

wln 0077
wln 0078
wln 0079
wln 0080
wln 0081
wln 0082
wln 0083
wln 0084
wln 0085
wln 0086
wln 0087
wln 0088
wln 0089
wln 0090
wln 0091
wln 0092
wln 0093
wln 0094
wln 0095
wln 0096

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' the soul (like mine)
Bleeds even to death, at the least wound it takes,
The more we quench this, the less it slakes: Oh me!

wln 0097

Enter Sebastian Wengrave with Neatfoot.

wln 0098
wln 0099
wln 0100
wln 0101
wln 0102
wln 0103
wln 0104
wln 0105
wln 0106
wln 0107
wln 0108
wln 0109
wln 0110
wln 0111

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 Prithee 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*,

img: 5-b
sig: B2r

wln 0112
wln 0113

Neatfoot It shall be so given him. *Exit Neatfoot.*

Sebastian Bands, y' are mistaken sweet heart, I bespake none,

wln 0114
wln 0115
wln 0116
wln 0117
wln 0118
wln 0119
wln 0120
wln 0121
wln 0122
wln 0123
wln 0124
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wln 0144
wln 0145
wln 0146
wln 0147
wln 0148

img: 6-a
sig: B2v

wln 0149
wln 0150
wln 0151
wln 0152
wln 0153
wln 0154
wln 0155
wln 0156
wln 0157
wln 0158
wln 0159
wln 0160
wln 0161

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 Umh: 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

wln 0162
wln 0163
wln 0164
wln 0165
wln 0166
wln 0167
wln 0168
wln 0169
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wln 0171
wln 0172
wln 0173
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wln 0179
wln 0180
wln 0181
wln 0182
wln 0183
wln 0184
wln 0185

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.*
Omnes Thanks good Sir *Alexander* for our bounteous cheer:

img: 6-b
sig: B3r

wln 0186
wln 0187
wln 0188
wln 0189
wln 0190
wln 0191
wln 0192
wln 0193
wln 0194
wln 0195
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wln 0202
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wln 0204
wln 0205
wln 0206
wln 0207
wln 0208
wln 0209

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?
Omnes 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,

wln 0210
wln 0211
wln 0212
wln 0213
wln 0214
wln 0215
wln 0216
wln 0217
wln 0218
wln 0219
wln 0220
wln 0221
wln 0222

img: 7-a
sig: B3v

(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.

wln 0223
wln 0224
wln 0225
wln 0226
wln 0227
wln 0228
wln 0229
wln 0230
wln 0231
wln 0232

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.

wln 0233

Enter three or four Serving-men, and Neatfoot.

wln 0234
wln 0235
wln 0236
wln 0237
wln 0238
wln 0239
wln 0240
wln 0241
wln 0242
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wln 0250
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wln 0252
wln 0253
wln 0254
wln 0255

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)

wln 0256
wln 0257

img: 7-b
sig: B4r

wln 0258
wln 0259
wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264
wln 0265
wln 0266
wln 0267
wln 0268
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wln 0291
wln 0292
wln 0293
wln 0294

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.

img: 8-a
sig: B4v

wln 0295
wln 0296
wln 0297
wln 0298
wln 0299
wln 0300

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.

wln 0301
wln 0302
wln 0303
wln 0304
wln 0305
wln 0306
wln 0307
wln 0308
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wln 0322
wln 0323
wln 0324
wln 0325
wln 0326
wln 0327
wln 0328
wln 0329
wln 0330
wln 0331

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.

img: 8-b
sig: C1r

wln 0332
wln 0333
wln 0334
wln 0335
wln 0336
wln 0337
wln 0338
wln 0339
wln 0340
wln 0341
wln 0342
wln 0343
wln 0344
wln 0345
wln 0346
wln 0347
wln 0348

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.

wln 0349
wln 0350
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wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368

img: 9-a
sig: C1v

wln 0369
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wln 0380
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wln 0395
wln 0396

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 — aside.
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, wooed 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.

wln 0397
wln 0398
wln 0399
wln 0400
wln 0401
wln 0402
wln 0403
wln 0404
wln 0405

img: 9-b
sig: C2r

Alexander Hark Gentlemen,
He swears to have this cutpurse drab, to spite my gall.
Omnes. 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. *Exit Sebastian.*
Alexander Her blood shall quench it then,
Lose him not, Oh dissuade him Gentlemen.

wln 0406
wln 0407
wln 0408
wln 0409
wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412
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wln 0438
wln 0439
wln 0440
wln 0441
wln 0442

img: 10-a
sig: C2v

Sir Dapper He shall be weaned I warrant you.
Alexander Before his eyes
Lay down his shame, my grief, his miseries.
Omnes. No more, no more, away. *Exeunt all but sir*
Alexander I wash a *Negro*, *Alexander.*
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

wln 0443
wln 0444
wln 0445
wln 0446
wln 0447
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wln 0475
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wln 0479

img: 10-b
sig: C3r

wln 0480
wln 0481
wln 0482
wln 0483
wln 0484

wln 0485
wln 0486
wln 0487
wln 0488

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
morris,

Alexander Or rather, for that's best, (they say sometimes
She goes in breeches) follow her as her man.

Trapdoor And when her breeches are off, she shall follow me.

Alexander Beat all thy brains to serve her.

Trapdoor Zounds sir, as country wenches beat cream, till
butter comes.

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*

wln 0489

and his wife in the third, to them enters Laxton, Goshawk and Greenwit.

wln 0490

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?

wln 0491

Laxton Yonder's the shop.

wln 0492

Goshawk Is that she. *Laxton* Peace.

wln 0493

Greenwit She that minces Tobacco.

wln 0494

Laxton Ay: she's a Gentlewoman born I can tell you, though it be her hard fortune now to shred Indian pot-herbs.

wln 0495

Goshawk Oh sir 'tis many a good woman's fortune, when her husband turns bankrupt, to begin with pipes and set up again.

wln 0496

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.

wln 0497

Goshawk Come th' art familiarly acquainted there, I grope that.

wln 0498

Laxton And you grope no better i' th' dark you may chance lie i' th' ditch when y' are drunk.

wln 0499

Goshawk Go th' art a mystical lecher.

wln 0500

Laxton I will not deny but my credit may take up an ounce of pure smoke.

wln 0501

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

wln 0502

wln 0503

wln 0504

wln 0505

wln 0506

wln 0507

wln 0508

wln 0509

wln 0510

wln 0511

wln 0512

wln 0513

wln 0514

img: 11-a
sig: C3v

wln 0515

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.

wln 0516

Greenwit Troth this is finely shred.

wln 0517

Laxton Oh women are the best mincers.

wln 0518

Mistress Gallipot 'T had been a good phrase for a Cook's wife sir.

wln 0519

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.

wln 0520

Mistress Gallipot Nay you shall ha 't sir, I have filled it for you.

wln 0521

She puts it to the fire.

wln 0522

Laxton The pipe's in a good hand, and I wish mine always so.

wln 0523

Greenwit But not to be used a' that fashion.

wln 0524

Laxton O pardon me sir, I understand no french.

wln 0525

wln 0526

wln 0527

wln 0528

wln 0529

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wln 0551

img: 11-b
sig: C4r

wln 0552
wln 0553
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wln 0560
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wln 0576
wln 0577
wln 0578
wln 0579
wln 0580
wln 0581
wln 0582

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.

wln 0583
wln 0584
wln 0585
wln 0586
wln 0587
wln 0588

img: 12-a
sig: C4v

wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591
wln 0592
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wln 0622
wln 0623
wln 0624
wln 0625

img: 12-b
sig: D1r

wln 0626
wln 0627

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 wench 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 mads
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 ventry,
called for another light innocently, thus reward I all her cunning
with simple mistaking. 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.

wln 0628
wln 0629
wln 0630
wln 0631
wln 0632
wln 0633
wln 0634
wln 0635
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wln 0660
wln 0661
wln 0662

The private stage's audience, the twelvepenny-stool Gentlemen,
I can inform you 'tis the general feather.
Jack Dapper And therefore I mislike 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 Tiltyard Oh to go a-feasting with,
You'd have it for a hench boy, you shall. *At the Sempster's
shop now.*
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 sir, 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. *At the Tobacco shop now.*
Goshawk What say you to this gear.
Laxton I dare the arrant'st critic in Tobacco
To lay one fault upon 't. *Enter Moll in a frieze Jerkin and
a black safeguard.*
Goshawk Life yonder's *Moll*.
Laxton *Moll* which *Moll*. *Goshawk* honest *Moll*.
Laxton Prithee 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, prithee hark, but one word i' faith.

img: 13-a
sig: D1v

wln 0663
wln 0664
wln 0665
wln 0666
wln 0667
wln 0668
wln 0669
wln 0670
wln 0671
wln 0672
wln 0673
wln 0674
wln 0675

Moll Well what is't.
Greenwit Prithee 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.

wln 0676
wln 0677
wln 0678
wln 0679
wln 0680
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wln 0695
wln 0696
wln 0697
wln 0698
wln 0699

img: 13-b
sig: D2r

Goshawk Now thy judgement *Moll*, is't not good?

Moll Yes faith 'tis very good tobacco, how do you sell 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*.

Moll Jack **Dapper**.

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-ringing 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.

wln 0700
wln 0701
wln 0702
wln 0703
wln 0704
wln 0705
wln 0706
wln 0707
wln 0708
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wln 0735

img: 14-a
sig: D2v

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

wln 0737
wln 0738
wln 0739
wln 0740
wln 0741
wln 0742
wln 0743
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wln 0771

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.

wln 0772

wln 0773

img: 14-b
sig: D3r

wln 0774

wln 0775

wln 0776

wln 0777

wln 0778

wln 0779

wln 0780

wln 0781

wln 0782

wln 0783

wln 0784

wln 0785

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wln 0794

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wln 0797

wln 0798

wln 0799

wln 0800

wln 0801

wln 0802

wln 0803

wln 0804

wln 0805

wln 0806

wln 0807

wln 0808

wln 0809

wln 0810

img: 15-a
sig: D3v

wln 0811

wln 0812

wln 0813

wln 0814

wln 0815

wln 0816

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*

wln 0817
wln 0818
wln 0819
wln 0820
wln 0821
wln 0822
wln 0823
wln 0824
wln 0825
wln 0826
wln 0827
wln 0828
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wln 0840
wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847

img: 15-b
sig: D4r

wln 0848
wln 0849
wln 0850
wln 0851
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wln 0855
wln 0856
wln 0857
wln 0858
wln 0859
wln 0860
wln 0861
wln 0862
wln 0863
wln 0864

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. aside.

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,
I'll crack your neck for this kindness. *Exit Trapdoor*

Laxton Remember three. *Moll meets Laxton*

Moll. Nay if I fail you hang me.

Laxton Good wench I' faith. *then Openwork.*

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 *Moll.*
The bell rings.

Goshawk Hark the bell rings, come Gentlemen.

wln 0865
wln 0866
wln 0867
wln 0868
wln 0869
wln 0870
wln 0871
wln 0872
wln 0873

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.*

wln 0874
wln 0875
wln 0876
wln 0877
wln 0878
wln 0879
wln 0880
wln 0881
wln 0882
wln 0883

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.

img: 16-a
sig: D4v

wln 0884
wln 0885
wln 0886
wln 0887
wln 0888
wln 0889
wln 0890

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, he, fetch, fetch, fetch, come let's away
Of all the year this is the sportful'st day.

wln 0891

Enter Sebastian solus.

wln 0892
wln 0893
wln 0894
wln 0895
wln 0896
wln 0897
wln 0898
wln 0899
wln 0900
wln 0901
wln 0902
wln 0903
wln 0904
wln 0905
wln 0906
wln 0907
wln 0908
wln 0909

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, *Enter Sir Alexander
and listens to him.*
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*

wln 0910
wln 0911
wln 0912
wln 0913
wln 0914
wln 0915
wln 0916
wln 0917

img: 16-b
sig: E1r

wln 0919
wln 0920
wln 0921
wln 0922
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wln 0946
wln 0947
wln 0948
wln 0949
wln 0950
wln 0951
wln 0952
wln 0953
wln 0954
wln 0955

img: 17-a
sig: E1v

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 comfortablest 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 gulled 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.

wln 0956
wln 0957
wln 0958
wln 0959
wln 0960
wln 0961
wln 0962
wln 0963
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wln 0967
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wln 0986
wln 0987
wln 0988
wln 0989
wln 0990
wln 0991
wln 0992

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, and 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.

img: 17-b
sig: E2r

wln 0993
wln 0994
wln 0995
wln 0996
wln 0997
wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001
wln 1002
wln 1003

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.

wln 1004
wln 1005
wln 1006
wln 1007
wln 1008
wln 1009
wln 1010
wln 1011
wln 1012
wln 1013
wln 1014
wln 1015
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wln 1017
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wln 1020
wln 1021
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wln 1023
wln 1024
wln 1025
wln 1026
wln 1027
wln 1028
wln 1029

img: 18-a
sig: E2v

wln 1030
wln 1031
wln 1032
wln 1033
wln 1034
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wln 1049
wln 1050
wln 1051

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?

wln 1052
wln 1053
wln 1054
wln 1055
wln 1056
wln 1057
wln 1058
wln 1059
wln 1060
wln 1061
wln 1062
wln 1063
wln 1064
wln 1065
wln 1066

img: 18-b
sig: E3r

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,

wln 1067
wln 1068
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wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095

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.*

wln 1096
wln 1097

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

Laxton Coachman.

wln 1098
wln 1099
wln 1100
wln 1101

img: 19-a
sig: E3v

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.

wln 1102
wln 1103
wln 1104
wln 1105
wln 1106
wln 1107
wln 1108
wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113
wln 1114
wln 1115
wln 1116
wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121
wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124
wln 1125
wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131

The clock strikes three.

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 Inns a' Court men with one wench, 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

wln 1132

wln 1133
wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136

img: 19-b
sig: E4r

wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140

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

wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
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wln 1150
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wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
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wln 1163
wln 1164
wln 1165
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wln 1167
wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173

img: 20-a
sig: E4v

wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176
wln 1177
wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187
wln 1188

'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 whoredom, 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 whorish? 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,

wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
wln 1192
wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196
wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203
wln 1204
wln 1205
wln 1206
wln 1207
wln 1208
wln 1209
wln 1210

img: 20-b
sig: F1r

wln 1211
wln 1212
wln 1213
wln 1214
wln 1215
wln 1216
wln 1217
wln 1218
wln 1219
wln 1220
wln 1221
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wln 1228
wln 1229
wln 1230
wln 1231
wln 1232
wln 1233
wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236

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,

They fight.

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,

wln 1237
wln 1238
wln 1239
wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243
wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247

img: 21-a
sig: F1v

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 *Enter Trapdoor.*
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,

wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
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wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284

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. *She justles him*
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 comes towards 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. *Turn his hat.*
Trapdoor Heart this is no good dealing, pray let me know what
house you're of.
Moll One of the Temple sir. *Filips him.*
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

wln 1285

shame of me for that.

wln 1286

Moll Why but you knew me not.

wln 1287

Trapdoor Do not say so Mistress, I knew you by your wide straddle, as well as if I had been in your belly.

wln 1288

Moll Well, we shall try you further, i' th' meantime we give you entertainment.

wln 1289

Trapdoor Thank your good Mistress-ship.

wln 1290

Moll How many suits have you.

wln 1291

Trapdoor No more suits than backs Mistress.

wln 1292

Moll Well if you deserve, I cast off this, next week, And you may creep into 't.

wln 1293

Trapdoor Thank your good Worship.

wln 1294

Moll Come follow me to Saint *Thomas Apostles*,

wln 1295

I'll put a livery cloak upon your back, the first thing I do,

wln 1296

Trapdoor I follow my dear Mistress. *Exeunt omnes*

wln 1297

wln 1298

wln 1299

wln 1300

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

wln 1301

Master Gallipot What *Pru*, Nay sweet *Prudence*.

wln 1302

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.

wln 1303

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.

wln 1304

Mistress Gallipot Then up and ride i' faith.

wln 1305

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?

wln 1306

Mistress Gallipot Such an ass as you: hoyda, y' are best turn midwife, or Physician: y' are a Potheary already, but I'm none of your drugs.

wln 1307

Master Gallipot Thou art a sweet drug, sweetest *Pru*, and the more thou art pounded, the more precious.

wln 1308

Mistress Gallipot Must you be prying into a woman's secrets: say ye?

wln 1309

Master Gallipot Woman's secrets.

wln 1310

wln 1311

wln 1312

wln 1313

wln 1314

wln 1315

wln 1316

wln 1317

wln 1318

wln 1319

wln 1320

Mistress Gallipot What? I cannot have a qualm come upon me but your teeth waters, till your nose hang over it.

wln 1321

Master Gallipot It is my love dear wife.

wln 1322

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,

wln 1323

Master Gallipot No *Pru*? why I hope I have handled. —

wln 1324

Mistress Gallipot Handle a fool's head of your own, — fie — fie.

wln 1325

wln 1326

wln 1327

wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
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wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343
wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349

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 milch 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*

img: 22-b
sig: F3r

wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370

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.

wln 1371
wln 1372

Master Gallipot Nay, nay, wife, the women are all up, ha, how,

wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390

img: 23-a
sig: F3v

wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
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wln 1416
wln 1417
wln 1418
wln 1419
wln 1420

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. *Mistress Gallipot* O beshrew your heart.

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*?

wln 1421
wln 1422
wln 1423
wln 1424
wln 1425
wln 1426
wln 1427

img: 23-b
sig: F4r

wln 1428
wln 1429
wln 1430
wln 1431
wln 1432
wln 1433
wln 1434
wln 1435
wln 1436
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wln 1461
wln 1462
wln 1463
wln 1464

img: 24-a
sig: F4v

wln 1465

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 damnably 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,

wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468

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.

wln 1469
wln 1470

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

wln 1471
wln 1472

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

wln 1473

Master Tiltyard Did I not tell you these turtles were together?

wln 1474

Mistress Tiltyard How dost thou sirrah? why sister *Gallipot*?

wln 1475

Mistress Openwork Lord how she's changed?

wln 1476

Goshawk Is your wife ill sir?

wln 1477

Master Gallipot Yes indeed la sir, very ill, very ill, never worse,

wln 1478

Mistress Tiltyard How her head burns, feel how her pulses work.

wln 1479

Mistress Openwork Sister lie down a little, that always does me
good.

wln 1480

wln 1481

Mistress Tiltyard In good sadness I find best ease in that too,
Has she laid some hot thing to her Stomach?

wln 1482

Mistress Gallipot No, but I will lay something anon.

wln 1483

Master Tiltyard Come, come fools, you trouble her, shall's go
Master *Goshawk*?

wln 1484

wln 1485

wln 1486

Goshawk Yes sweet Master *Tiltyard*; sirrah *Rosamond* I hold my
life *Gallipot* hath vexed his wife.

wln 1487

Mistress Openwork She has a horrible high color indeed.

wln 1488

wln 1489

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; thou wilt not believe me that his bowls run with
a wrong bias.

wln 1490

wln 1491

wln 1492

wln 1493

Mistress Openwork It cannot sink into me, that he feeds upon
stale mutton abroad, having better and fresher at home.

wln 1494

wln 1495

Goshawk What if I bring thee, where thou shalt see him stand
at rack and manger?

wln 1496

wln 1497

Mistress Openwork I'll saddle him in 's kind, and spur him till he
kick again.

wln 1498

wln 1499

Goshawk Shall thou and I ride our journey then.

wln 1499

wln 1499

wln 1499

wln 1499

wln 1499

wln 1499

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wln 1499

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wln 1499

wln 1499

wln 1499

wln 1499

img: 24-b
sig: G1r

wln 1500

Mistress Openwork Here's my hand.

wln 1501

Goshawk No more; come Master *Tiltyard*, shall we leap into
the stirrups with our women, and amble home?

wln 1502

Master Tiltyard Yes, yes, come wife.

wln 1503

Mistress Tiltyard In troth sister, I hope you will do well for all this.

wln 1504

Mistress Gallipot I hope I shall: farewell good sister: sweet Master
Goshawk.

wln 1505

wln 1506

Master Gallipot Welcome brother, most kindly welcome sir.

wln 1507

Omnes Thanks sir for our good cheer.

wln 1508

wln 1509

wln 1509

wln 1509

wln 1509

wln 1509

wln 1509

wln 1509

wln 1509

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

wln 1512
wln 1513
wln 1514
wln 1515

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.

wln 1516

Enter Laxton muffled.

wln 1517
wln 1518
wln 1519
wln 1520
wln 1521
wln 1522
wln 1523
wln 1524
wln 1525
wln 1526
wln 1527
wln 1528
wln 1529
wln 1530
wln 1531
wln 1532
wln 1533
wln 1534

Laxton Uds light the tide's against me, a pox of your Pothearyship:
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?

img: 25-a
sig: G1v

wln 1535
wln 1536
wln 1537
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wln 1551
wln 1552
wln 1553
wln 1554
wln 1555
wln 1556
wln 1557

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' 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,

wln 1558
wln 1559
wln 1560
wln 1561
wln 1562
wln 1563
wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566
wln 1567
wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571

img: 25-b
sig: G2r

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.*

Alexander Out with your tale Sir *Davy*, to Sir *Adam*.

A Knave is in mine eye deep in my debt.

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

Alexander 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*.

Alexander Be quick.

Trapdoor As the tongue of an oyster wench.

wln 1591
wln 1592

wln 1593
wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602
wln 1603

wln 1604
wln 1605
wln 1606

img: 26-a
sig: G2v

wln 1607
wln 1608
wln 1609
wln 1610
wln 1611
wln 1612
wln 1613
wln 1614
wln 1615
wln 1616
wln 1617
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wln 1635
wln 1636
wln 1637
wln 1638
wln 1639
wln 1640
wln 1641
wln 1642
wln 1643

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

img: 26-b
sig: G3r

wln 1644
wln 1645
wln 1646
wln 1647
wln 1648

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

wln 1649
wln 1650
wln 1651
wln 1652
wln 1653
wln 1654
wln 1655
wln 1656
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wln 1674
wln 1675
wln 1676
wln 1677
wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680

img: 27-a
sig: G3v

wln 1681
wln 1682
wln 1683
wln 1684
wln 1685
wln 1686
wln 1687
wln 1688
wln 1689
wln 1690
wln 1691
wln 1692
wln 1693
wln 1694
wln 1695
wln 1696

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.

Sir 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.

wln 1697
wln 1698
wln 1699
wln 1700
wln 1701
wln 1702
wln 1703
wln 1704
wln 1705
wln 1706
wln 1707
wln 1708
wln 1709
wln 1710
wln 1711
wln 1712
wln 1713

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.

wln 1714

Enter Sergeant Curtilax and Yeoman Hanger.

wln 1715

Adam. Who comes yonder?

img: 27-b
sig: G4r

wln 1716
wln 1717
wln 1718
wln 1719
wln 1720
wln 1721
wln 1722
wln 1723
wln 1724
wln 1725
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wln 1733
wln 1734
wln 1735
wln 1736
wln 1737
wln 1738
wln 1739
wln 1740
wln 1741
wln 1742

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,

wln 1743
wln 1744
wln 1745
wln 1746
wln 1747
wln 1748
wln 1749
wln 1750
wln 1751
wln 1752

img: 28-a
sig: G4v

wln 1753
wln 1754
wln 1755
wln 1756
wln 1757
wln 1758
wln 1759
wln 1760
wln 1761
wln 1762
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wln 1784
wln 1785
wln 1786
wln 1787
wln 1788
wln 1789

img: 28-b

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 unthrift *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.

wln 1790
wln 1791
wln 1792
wln 1793
wln 1794
wln 1795
wln 1796
wln 1797
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wln 1821
wln 1822
wln 1823
wln 1824
wln 1825
wln 1826

Trapdoor Some poor wind-shaken gallant will anon fall into
sore labor, and these men-midwives must bring him to bed
i' the counter, there all those that are great with child with
debts, 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.

wln 1827
wln 1828
wln 1829
wln 1830
wln 1831

wln 1832

wln 1833

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,

wln 1834
wln 1835
wln 1836
wln 1837
wln 1838
wln 1839
wln 1840
wln 1841
wln 1842
wln 1843
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wln 1854
wln 1855
wln 1856
wln 1857
wln 1858
wln 1859
wln 1860
wln 1861

img: 29-b
sig: H2r

wln 1862
wln 1863
wln 1864
wln 1865
wln 1866
wln 1867
wln 1868
wln 1869
wln 1870
wln 1871
wln 1872
wln 1873

wln 1874

wln 1875
wln 1876
wln 1877
wln 1878
wln 1879

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 rids 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.*

wln 1880
wln 1881
wln 1882
wln 1883
wln 1884
wln 1885
wln 1886
wln 1887
wln 1888
wln 1889
wln 1890
wln 1891
wln 1892
wln 1893
wln 1894
wln 1895
wln 1896

img: 30-a
sig: H2v

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,

wln 1897
wln 1898
wln 1899
wln 1900
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wln 1924
wln 1925
wln 1926
wln 1927

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

wln 1928
wln 1929
wln 1930
wln 1931
wln 1932
wln 1933

img: 30-b
sig: H3r

wln 1934
wln 1935
wln 1936
wln 1937
wln 1938
wln 1939
wln 1940

wln 1941
wln 1942
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wln 1960
wln 1961
wln 1962

wln 1963
wln 1964
wln 1965
wln 1966
wln 1967
wln 1968

img: 31-a
sig: H3v

wln 1969
wln 1970

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.*

The song.

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 oft 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

wln 1971
wln 1972
wln 1973
wln 1974
wln 1975
wln 1976
wln 1977
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wln 1994
wln 1995
wln 1996
wln 1997
wln 1998
wln 1999
wln 2000
wln 2001
wln 2002
wln 2003
wln 2004
wln 2005

img: 31-b
sig: H4r

wln 2006
wln 2007
wln 2008
wln 2009
wln 2010
wln 2011
wln 2012
wln 2013
wln 2014
wln 2015
wln 2016
wln 2017
wln 2018

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 wench 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.

wln 2019
wln 2020
wln 2021
wln 2022
wln 2023
wln 2024
wln 2025
wln 2026
wln 2027
wln 2028
wln 2029
wln 2030
wln 2031
wln 2032
wln 2033
wln 2034
wln 2035
wln 2036
wln 2037
wln 2038
wln 2039
wln 2040
wln 2041
wln 2042

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?

img: 32-a
sig: H4v

wln 2043
wln 2044
wln 2045
wln 2046
wln 2047
wln 2048
wln 2049
wln 2050
wln 2051
wln 2052
wln 2053
wln 2054
wln 2055
wln 2056
wln 2057
wln 2058
wln 2059
wln 2060
wln 2061
wln 2062

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.*

wln 2063
wln 2064

Enter Mistress Gallipot, and Mistress Openwork.
Mistress Gallipot Is then that bird of yours (Master *Goshawk*) so wild?

wln 2065
wln 2066
wln 2067
wln 2068
wln 2069
wln 2070
wln 2071
wln 2072
wln 2073
wln 2074
wln 2075
wln 2076
wln 2077

img: 32-b
sig: 11r

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 clean contrary towards Pimlico.
Mistress Openwork For all the world so does Master *Goshawk* double with me.

wln 2078
wln 2079
wln 2080
wln 2081
wln 2082
wln 2083
wln 2084
wln 2085
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wln 2105
wln 2106
wln 2107
wln 2108
wln 2109
wln 2110
wln 2111
wln 2112

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-swearing 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)

wln 2113

wln 2114

img: 33-a
sig: I1v

wln 2115

wln 2116

wln 2117

wln 2118

wln 2119

wln 2120

wln 2121

wln 2122

wln 2123

wln 2124

wln 2125

wln 2126

wln 2127

wln 2128

wln 2129

wln 2130

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wln 2142

wln 2143

wln 2144

wln 2145

wln 2146

wln 2147

wln 2148

wln 2149

wln 2150

wln 2151

img: 33-b
sig: I2r

wln 2152

wln 2153

wln 2154

wln 2155

wln 2156

wln 2157

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 of '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 liquoring 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:

wln 2158
wln 2159
wln 2160
wln 2161
wln 2162
wln 2163
wln 2164
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wln 2166
wln 2167
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wln 2186
wln 2187
wln 2188

img: 34-a
sig: I2v

wln 2189
wln 2190
wln 2191
wln 2192
wln 2193
wln 2194
wln 2195
wln 2196
wln 2197
wln 2198
wln 2199
wln 2200
wln 2201
wln 2202
wln 2203
wln 2204
wln 2205

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 embracements: 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 grieve 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,

Prithee (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

wln 2206
wln 2207
wln 2208
wln 2209
wln 2210
wln 2211
wln 2212
wln 2213
wln 2214
wln 2215
wln 2216
wln 2217
wln 2218
wln 2219
wln 2220
wln 2221
wln 2222
wln 2223
wln 2224
wln 2225

img: 34-b
sig: I3r

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 now 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

wln 2226
wln 2227
wln 2228
wln 2229
wln 2230
wln 2231
wln 2232
wln 2233
wln 2234
wln 2235
wln 2236
wln 2237
wln 2238
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wln 2240
wln 2241
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wln 2243
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wln 2245
wln 2246
wln 2247
wln 2248
wln 2249
wln 2250
wln 2251
wln 2252
wln 2253

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.

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

img: 35-a
sig: I3v

wln 2263
wln 2264
wln 2265
wln 2266
wln 2267
wln 2268
wln 2269
wln 2270
wln 2271
wln 2272
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wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293
wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296
wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299

Master Openwork A word honest master *Goshawk*.
Draw out his sword

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.

img: 35-b
sig: I4r

wln 2300
wln 2301
wln 2302
wln 2303
wln 2304
wln 2305
wln 2306
wln 2307
wln 2308
wln 2309
wln 2310
wln 2311
wln 2312
wln 2313
wln 2314
wln 2315
wln 2316

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.

wln 2317
wln 2318

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

wln 2319
wln 2320
wln 2321
wln 2322
wln 2323
wln 2324
wln 2325
wln 2326
wln 2327
wln 2328
wln 2329
wln 2330
wln 2331
wln 2332
wln 2333
wln 2334

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 twelpepence.

img: 36-a
sig: I4v

wln 2335
wln 2336
wln 2337
wln 2338
wln 2339
wln 2340
wln 2341
wln 2342
wln 2343
wln 2344

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,

wln 2345
wln 2346
wln 2347
wln 2348
wln 2349
wln 2350
wln 2351
wln 2352
wln 2353
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wln 2364
wln 2365
wln 2366
wln 2367
wln 2368
wln 2369
wln 2370
wln 2371
wln 2372

img: 36-b
sig: K1r

wln 2373
wln 2374
wln 2375
wln 2376
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wln 2391
wln 2392

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,

wln 2393
wln 2394
wln 2395
wln 2396
wln 2397
wln 2398
wln 2399
wln 2400
wln 2401
wln 2402
wln 2403
wln 2404
wln 2405
wln 2406
wln 2407
wln 2408
wln 2409

img: 37-a
sig: K1v

wln 2410
wln 2411
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wln 2435

wln 2436
wln 2437
wln 2438

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 scaped 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

wln 2439
wln 2440
wln 2441
wln 2442
wln 2443
wln 2444

img: 37-b
sig: K2r

wln 2445
wln 2446
wln 2447
wln 2448
wln 2449
wln 2450
wln 2451
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wln 2475
wln 2476
wln 2477
wln 2478
wln 2479
wln 2480
wln 2481

img: 38-a
sig: K2v

wln 2482
wln 2483

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 *Mittimus* away with him to
Newgate) used that rogue like a firework to run upon a line
betwixt him and me.

Omnes 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
catchpolls in ambush to set upon me.

Omnes 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.

Omnes 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.

wln 2484

Enter the Lord Noland.

wln 2485

Moll. Yonder comes my Lord *Noland*.

wln 2486

Omnes Save you my Lord.

wln 2487

Lord Noland Well met Gentlemen all, good *Sir Beauteous Ganymede*,
Sir Thomas Long?, and how does Master *Dapper?*

wln 2489

Jack Dapper Thanks my Lord.

wln 2490

Moll No Tobacco my Lord?

wln 2491

Lord Noland No 'faith *Jack*.

wln 2492

Jack Dapper My Lord *Noland* will you go to Pimlico with
us? we are making a boon voyage to that nappy land of
spice-cakes

wln 2493

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.

wln 2494

Jack Dapper Here's most amorous weather my Lord.

wln 2495

Omnes Amorous weather.

They walk.

wln 2496

wln 2497

wln 2498

wln 2499

wln 2500

Jack Dapper Is not amorous a good word?

wln 2501

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

wln 2502

wln 2503

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.

wln 2504

Tear-Cat. I had rather have a cow-heel.

wln 2505

wln 2506

Trapdoor *Zounds* I am so patched up, she cannot discover me:
we'll on.

wln 2507

wln 2508

Tear-Cat Alla corago then.

wln 2509

wln 2510

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.

wln 2511

wln 2512

wln 2513

wln 2514

wln 2515

Jack Dapper Where are you maimed?

img: 38-b

sig: K3r

wln 2516

Tear-Cat In both our nether limbs.

wln 2517

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.

wln 2518

wln 2519

Sir Beauteous Stay, stay, where have you served?

wln 2520

Thomas Long. In any part of the Low countries?

wln 2521

Trapdoor Not in the Low countries, if it please your manhood,
but in *Hungary* against the *Turk* at the siege of *Belgrade*.

wln 2522

Lord Noland Who served there with you sirrah?

wln 2523

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.

wln 2524

wln 2525

wln 2526

wln 2527

wln 2528

wln 2529
wln 2530
wln 2531
wln 2532
wln 2533
wln 2534
wln 2535
wln 2536
wln 2537

Jack Dapper You have ambled all over *Italy* then.
Trapdoor Oh sir, from *Venice* to *Roma*, *Vecchio*, *Bononia*, *Romania*,
Bolonia, *Modena*, *Piacenza*, and *Tuscania*, with all her Cities, as
Pistoia, *Valteria*, *Mountepulchena*, *Arrezzo*, with the *Siennesis*, 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?

wln 2538
wln 2539
wln 2540
wln 2541
wln 2542
wln 2543
wln 2544

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.

wln 2545
wln 2546
wln 2547
wln 2548
wln 2549

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,
Trapdoor Your Worship will not abuse a soldier.

img: 39-a
sig: K3v

wln 2550
wln 2551
wln 2552
wln 2553
wln 2554
wln 2555
wln 2556
wln 2557
wln 2558
wln 2559
wln 2560
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wln 2566
wln 2567
wln 2568
wln 2569
wln 2570
wln 2571
wln 2572
wln 2573

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

wln 2574
wln 2575
wln 2576
wln 2577
wln 2578
wln 2579
wln 2580
wln 2581
wln 2582
wln 2583
wln 2584
wln 2585
wln 2586

img: 39-b
sig: K4r

wln 2587
wln 2588
wln 2589
wln 2590
wln 2591
wln 2592
wln 2593
wln 2594
wln 2595
wln 2596
wln 2597
wln 2598
wln 2599
wln 2600
wln 2601
wln 2602
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wln 2616
wln 2617
wln 2618
wln 2619
wln 2620
wln 2621

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.

Omnes 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.

wln 2622
wln 2623

img: 40-a
sig: K4v

wln 2624
wln 2625
wln 2626
wln 2627
wln 2628
wln 2629
wln 2630
wln 2631
wln 2632
wln 2633
wln 2634
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wln 2636
wln 2637
wln 2638
wln 2639
wln 2640
wln 2641
wln 2642
wln 2643
wln 2644
wln 2645
wln 2646
wln 2647

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 fadoodling: if it please you.

Sir Beauteous This is excellent, one fit more good *Moll*,

Moll Come you rogue sing with me.

wln 2648
wln 2649
wln 2650
wln 2651
wln 2652
wln 2653
wln 2654
wln 2655
wln 2656
wln 2657
wln 2658
wln 2659

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 mill in deuse a **vile**.

Oh I would lib all the lightmans.

The song.

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

img: 40-b
sig: L1r

wln 2660
wln 2661

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

wln 2662
wln 2663
wln 2664

Omnes Fine knaves i' faith.

Jack Dapper The grating of ten new cartwheels, and the
gruntling of five hundred hogs coming from Rumford market,

wln 2665
wln 2666
wln 2667
wln 2668
wln 2669
wln 2670
wln 2671
wln 2672
wln 2673
wln 2674
wln 2675
wln 2676
wln 2677
wln 2678
wln 2679
wln 2680
wln 2681
wln 2682
wln 2683
wln 2684
wln 2685
wln 2686
wln 2687
wln 2688
wln 2689
wln 2690
wln 2691
wln 2692
wln 2693
wln 2694

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 whore, so I be full
Of that precious liquor; And a parcel of such stuff my Lord
Not worth the opening.

img: 41-a
sig: L1v

wln 2695
wln 2696

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

wln 2697
wln 2698
wln 2699
wln 2700
wln 2701
wln 2702
wln 2703
wln 2704
wln 2705
wln 2706
wln 2707
wln 2708
wln 2709
wln 2710

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.

Omnes Let's try?

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

Omnes Is't possible?

Moll This brave fellow is no better than a foist.

Omnes. Foist, what's that?

Moll A diver with two fingers, a pickpocket; all his

wln 2711
wln 2712
wln 2713
wln 2714
wln 2715
wln 2716
wln 2717
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wln 2726
wln 2727
wln 2728
wln 2729

img: 41-b
sig: L2r

wln 2730
wln 2731
wln 2732
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wln 2756
wln 2757
wln 2758

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.

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

Moll Bless you sir.

1. *Cutpurse* And you good sir.

Moll Dost not ken me man?

1. *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.

1. *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?

wln 2759
wln 2760
wln 2761
wln 2762
wln 2763
wln 2764
wln 2765
wln 2766

img: 42-a
sig: L2v

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,

wln 2767
wln 2768
wln 2769
wln 2770
wln 2771
wln 2772
wln 2773
wln 2774
wln 2775
wln 2776
wln 2777
wln 2778
wln 2779
wln 2780
wln 2781
wln 2782
wln 2783
wln 2784
wln 2785
wln 2786
wln 2787
wln 2788

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 cuckolds, whom gallants in their scorns
Call so, we should not walk for goring horns,
Perhaps for my mad going some reprove me,
I please myself, and care not else who loves me.
Omnes 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. *Exeunt.*

wln 2789
wln 2790

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

wln 2791
wln 2792
wln 2793
wln 2794
wln 2795
wln 2796
wln 2797
wln 2798
wln 2799
wln 2800
wln 2801

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,

img: 42-b
sig: L3r

wln 2802
wln 2803
wln 2804
wln 2805
wln 2806
wln 2807
wln 2808
wln 2809
wln 2810
wln 2811
wln 2812
wln 2813
wln 2814
wln 2815
wln 2816
wln 2817
wln 2818
wln 2819
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wln 2824
wln 2825
wln 2826
wln 2827
wln 2828
wln 2829
wln 2830
wln 2831
wln 2832
wln 2833
wln 2834
wln 2835
wln 2836
wln 2837
wln 2838

img: 43-a
sig: L3v

wln 2839
wln 2840
wln 2841
wln 2842
wln 2843
wln 2844
wln 2845
wln 2846
wln 2847
wln 2848
wln 2849

'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,

wln 2850
wln 2851
wln 2852
wln 2853
wln 2854
wln 2855
wln 2856
wln 2857
wln 2858
wln 2859
wln 2860
wln 2861
wln 2862
wln 2863
wln 2864
wln 2865
wln 2866
wln 2867
wln 2868
wln 2869
wln 2870
wln 2871
wln 2872
wln 2873
wln 2874
wln 2875

img: 43-b
sig: L4r

wln 2876
wln 2877
wln 2878
wln 2879
wln 2880
wln 2881
wln 2882
wln 2883
wln 2884
wln 2885
wln 2886
wln 2887
wln 2888
wln 2889
wln 2890
wln 2891
wln 2892
wln 2893
wln 2894
wln 2895
wln 2896
wln 2897

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.

wln 2898
wln 2899
wln 2900
wln 2901
wln 2902
wln 2903
wln 2904
wln 2905
wln 2906
wln 2907
wln 2908
wln 2909
wln 2910
wln 2911
wln 2912
wln 2913

img: 44-a
sig: L4v

wln 2914
wln 2915
wln 2916
wln 2917
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wln 2920
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wln 2934
wln 2935
wln 2936
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wln 2938
wln 2939

wln 2940

wln 2941
wln 2942
wln 2943

Goshawk Of an old knight i' faith.
Alexander Cursed be the time, I laid his first love barren,
Wilfully barren, that before this hour
Had sprung forth fruits, of comfort and of honor;
He loved a virtuous Gentlewoman. *Enter Moll.*
Goshawk Life, here's *Moll*.
Greenwit *Jack*.
Goshawk How dost thou *Jack*?
Moll How dost thou Gallant?
Alexander Impudence, where's my son?
Moll. **Weakness**, go look him.
Alexander Is this your wedding gown?
Moll The man talks monthly:
Hot broth and a dark chamber for the knight,
I see he'll be stark mad at our next meeting. *Exit Moll*
Goshawk Why sir, take comfort now, there's no such matter,

No Priest will marry her, sir, for a woman,
Whiles that shape's on, and it was never known,
Two men were married and conjoined in one:
Your son hath made some shift to love another.
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.
Greenwit Glad y' are so penitent, for your former sin sir.
Goshawk Say he should take a wench with her smock-dowry,
No portion with her, but her lips and arms?
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.
Greenwit Say he should marry a kind youthful sinner.
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? *Enter a servant.*
Servant. Your son with his fair Bride is near at hand,
Alexander Fair may their fortunes be.
Greenwit Now you're resolved sir, it was never she,
Alexander I find it in the music of my heart,

Enter Moll masked, in Sebastian's hand, and Fitzallard.

See where they come.
Goshawk A proper lusty presence sir.
Alexander Now has he pleased me right, I always counselled him

wln 2944
wln 2945
wln 2946
wln 2947
wln 2948

img: 44-b
sig: M1r

wln 2949
wln 2950
wln 2951
wln 2952
wln 2953
wln 2954
wln 2955
wln 2956
wln 2957
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wln 2975
wln 2976
wln 2977
wln 2978
wln 2979
wln 2980
wln 2981
wln 2982
wln 2983
wln 2984
wln 2985

img: 45-a
sig: M1v

wln 2986
wln 2987

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.

wln 2988
wln 2989
wln 2990

*Enter the Lord Noland, and Sir Beauteous Ganymede, with Mary
Fitzallard between them, the Citizens and their
wives with them.*

wln 2991
wln 2992
wln 2993
wln 2994
wln 2995
wln 2996
wln 2997
wln 2998
wln 2999
wln 3000
wln 3001
wln 3002
wln 3003
wln 3004
wln 3005
wln 3006
wln 3007
wln 3008
wln 3009
wln 3010
wln 3011
wln 3012
wln 3013
wln 3014
wln 3015
wln 3016
wln 3017
wln 3018
wln 3019
wln 3020

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,

img: 45-b
sig: M2r

wln 3021
wln 3022
wln 3023
wln 3024
wln 3025
wln 3026
wln 3027
wln 3028
wln 3029
wln 3030
wln 3031
wln 3032
wln 3033
wln 3034

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.

wln 3035
wln 3036
wln 3037
wln 3038
wln 3039
wln 3040
wln 3041
wln 3042
wln 3043
wln 3044
wln 3045
wln 3046
wln 3047
wln 3048
wln 3049
wln 3050
wln 3051

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.

wln 3052
wln 3053
wln 3054
wln 3055
wln 3056

img: 46-a
sig: M2v

wln 3057
wln 3058
wln 3059
wln 3060
wln 3061
wln 3062
wln 3063
wln 3064
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wln 3073
wln 3074
wln 3075
wln 3076
wln 3077
wln 3078
wln 3079
wln 3080
wln 3081

Some wrongs I've done thee.

Enter Trapdoor.

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 roguishness 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,

wln 3082
wln 3083
wln 3084
wln 3085
wln 3086
wln 3087
wln 3088
wln 3089
wln 3090
wln 3091
wln 3092
wln 3093

img: 46-b
sig: M3r

wln 3094
wln 3095
wln 3096
wln 3097
wln 3098

wln 3099

wln 3100
wln 3101
wln 3102
wln 3103
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wln 3110
wln 3111
wln 3112
wln 3113
wln 3114
wln 3115
wln 3116
wln 3117
wln 3118
wln 3119
wln 3120

img: 47-a
sig: M3v

wln 3121
wln 3122
wln 3123

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 cuckold 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,

wln 3124
wln 3125
wln 3126
wln 3127
wln 3128
wln 3129
wln 3130
wln 3131
wln 3132
wln 3133
wln 3134
wln 3135
wln 3136

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.

img: 47-b
sig: [N/A]

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 *Wentgraue*.
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 *Wentgraue*.
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 *fil'd*.
8. **693 (13-a)**: The regularized reading *Dapper* is amended from the original *Dappper*.
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 *fir*.
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 *l[...]*.
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[*]m*.
20. **1652 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *son* is amended from the original *sonne*.
21. **1728 (27-b)**: The regularized reading *for* is amended from the original *for*.
22. **2198 (34-a)**: Erroneous speech prefix. Suggest Mistress Gallipot.
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 *wof[*]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*.

30. **2908 (43-b)**: The regularized reading *Weakness* is amended from the original *Weakensse*.
31. **2971 (44-b)**: The regularized reading *Knight* is amended from the original *Kinght*.
32. **2819 (42-b)**: The regularized reading *sir* is amended from the original *fir*.
33. **3060 (46-a)**: The regularized reading *it* is amended from the original *lt*.