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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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In 0001

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

A PLEASANT
Comedy, called
Summer's last will and
Testament.

Written by *Thomas Nash.*

In 0006

In 0007

In 0008

Imprinted at London by *Simon Stafford,*
for *Walter Burre.*
1600.

img: 2-a

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wln 0001

wln 0002

SUMMER'S
last will and Testament.

wln 0003

wln 0004

*Enter Will Summer in his fool's coat but half on,
coming out.*

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NOctem peccatis, et fraudibus obiice nubem.
There is no such fine time to play the knave
in, as the night. I am a Goose or a Ghost at
least; for what with turmoil of getting my
fool's apparel, and care of being perfect, I am
sure I have not yet supped tonight. *Will Summer's*
Ghost I should be, come to present you with *Summer's*
last will, and Testament. Be it so, if my cousin *Ned* will lend
me his Chain and his Fiddle. Other stately paced *Prologues*
use to attire themselves within: I that have a toy in my head,
more than ordinary, and use to go without money, without
garters, without girdle, without a hatband, without points to
my hose, without a knife to my dinner, and make so much use
of this word *without*, in every thing, will here dress me without.
Dick Huntley cries, Begin, begin: and all the whole
house, For shame come away; when I had my things but now
brought me out of the *Laundry*. God forgive me, I did not
see my Lord before. I'll set a good face on it, as though what
I had talked idly all this while, were my part. So it is, *boni viri*,
that one fool presents another; and I a fool by nature, and
by art, do speak to you in the person of the Idiot our Playmaker.
He like a Fop and an Ass, must be making himself a
public laughing stock, and have no thank for his labor; where
other *Magisterii*, whose invention is far more exquisite, are
content to sit still, and do nothing. I'll show you what a

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scurvy *Prologue* he had made me in an old vein of similitudes: if you be good fellows, give it the hearing, that you may judge of him thereafter.

The Prologue.

AT a solemn feast of the *Triumviri* in Rome, it was seen and observed, that the birds ceased to sing, and sat solitary on the house tops, by reason of the sight of a painted Serpent set openly to view. So fares it with us novices, that here betray our imperfections: we, afraid to look on the imaginary serpent of Envy, painted in men's affections, have ceased to tune any music of mirth to your ears this twelvemonth, thinking, that as it is the nature of the serpent to hiss: so childhood and ignorance would play the goslings, contemning, and condemning what they understood not. Their censures we weigh not, whose senses are not yet unswaddled. The little minutes will be continually striking, though no man regard them. Whelps will bark, before they can see, and strive to bite, before they have teeth. *Politianus* speaketh of a beast, who, while he is cut on the table, drinketh, and represents the motions and voices of a living creature. Such like foolish beasts are we, who, whilst we are cut, mocked, and flouted at, in every man's common talk, will notwithstanding proceed to shame ourselves, to make sport. No man pleaseth all, we seek to please one. *Didymus* wrote four thousand books, or as some say, six thousand, of the art of *Grammar*. Our Author hopes, it may be as lawful for him to write a thousand lines of as light a subject. *Socrates* (whom the Oracle pronounced the wisest man of Greece) sometimes danced. *Scipio* and *Laelius* by the seaside played at pebble-stone. *Semel insanivimus omnes*. Every man cannot, with *Archimedes*, make a heaven of brass, or dig gold out of the iron mines of the law. Such odd trifles, as Mathematicians' experiments be, Artificial flies to hang in the air by themselves, dancing balls, an eggshell that shall climb up to the top of a spear, fiery breathing goares, *Poetae noster* professeth not to make. *Placeat sibi quisque licebit*. What's a fool but his babble? Deep reaching wits, here is no deep

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stream for you to angle in. Moralizers, you that wrest a never meant meaning, out of every thing, applying all things to the present time, keep your attention for the common Stage: for here are no quips in Characters for you to read. Vain glozers, gather what you will. Spite, spell backwards, what thou canst. As the *Parthians* fight, flying away: so will we prate and talk, but stand to nothing that we say. How say you, my masters, do you not laugh at him for a Coxcomb? Why, he hath made a *Prologue* longer than his Play: nay, 'tis no Play neither, but a show. I'll be sworn,

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the Jig of Roland's Godson, is a Giant in comparison of it. What can be made of Summer's last will and Testament? Such another thing, as *Gillian of Brainford's* will, where she bequeathed a score of farts amongst her friends. Forsooth, because the plague reigns in most places in this latter end of summer, Summer must come in sick: he must call his officers to account, yield his throne to Autumn, make Winter his Executor, with tittle tattle Tom boy: God give you good night in Watling street. I care not what I say now: for I play no more than you hear; and some of that you heard too (by your leave) was extempore. He were as good have let me had the best part: for I'll be revenged on him to the uttermost, in this person of *Will Summer*, which I have put on to play the *Prologue*, and mean not to put off, till the play be done. I'll sit as a *Chorus*, and flout the *Actors* and him at the end of every Scene: I know they will not interrupt me, for fear of marring of all: but look to your cues, my masters; for I intend to play the knave in cue, and put you besides all your parts, if you take not the better heed. *Actors*, you Rogues, come away, clear your throats, blow your noses, and wipe your mouths ere you enter, that you may take no occasion to spit or to cough, when you are *nonplus*. And this I bar over and besides, That none of you stroke your beards, to make action, play with your codpiece points, or stand fumbling on your buttons, when you know not how to bestow your fingers. Serve God, and act cleanly; a fit of mirth, and an old song first, if you will.

*Enter Summer, leaning on Autumn's and Winter's shoulders,
and attended on with a train of Satyrs, and wood-Nymphs,
singing.*

*Fair Summer droops, droop men and beasts therefore:
So fair a summer look for never more.
All good things vanish, less than in a day,
Peace, plenty, pleasure suddenly decay.
Go not yet away bright soul of the sad year.
The earth is hell, when thou leav'st to appear.
What, shall those flowers that decked thy garland erst,
Upon thy grave be wastefully dispersed?
O trees, consume your sap in sorrow's source.
Streams, turn to tears your tributary course.
Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad year.
The earth is hell, when thou leav'st to appear.*

*The Satyrs and wood-Nymphs go out singing, and leave
Summer and Winter and Autumn on the stage.*

Will. Summer. A couple of pretty boys, if they would wash their faces, and were well breeched an hour or two. The rest of the green men have reasonable voices, good to sing catches, or the great *Jowben* by the fire's side, in a winter's evening. But let us hear what Summer can say for himself, why he

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should not be hissed at.

Summer. What pleasure **always** lasts? no joy endures:
Summer I was, I am not as I was:
Harvest and age have whitened my green head:
On Autumn now and Winter must I lean.
Needs must he fall, whom none but foes uphold.
Thus must the happiest man have his black day.
Omnibus una manet nox, et calcanda semel via lethi.
This month have I lain languishing a-bed,
Looking each hour to yield my life, and throne;
And died I had indeed unto the earth,
But that *Eliza* England's beauteous Queen,
On whom all seasons prosperously attend,
Forbade the execution of my fate,

Until her joyful progress was expired.
For her doth Summer live, and linger here,
And wisheth long to live to her content:
But wishes are not had when they wish well.
I must depart, my death-day is set down:
To these two must I leave my wheaten crown.
So unto unthrifths rich men leave their lands,
Who in an hour consume long labor's gains.
True is it that divinest Sidney sung,
O, he is marred, that is for others made.
Come near, my friends, for I am near my end.
In presence of this Honorable train,
Who love me (for I patronize their sports)
Mean I to make my final Testament:
But first I'll call my officers to count,
And of the wealth I gave them to dispose,
Know what is left. I may know what to give
Vertumnus then, that turnst the year about.
Summon them one by one to answer me,
First *Ver*, the spring, unto whose custody
I have committed more than to the rest:
The choice of all my fragrant meads and flowers,
And what delights soe'er nature affords.

Vertumnus I will, my Lord. *Ver*, lusty *Ver*, by the name of
lusty *Ver*, come into the court, lose a mark in issues.

*Enter Ver with his train, overlaid with suits of green moss,
representing short grass, singing.*

The Song.

*Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant King,
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.
The Palm and May make country houses gay.
Lambs frisk and play, the Shepherd's pipe all day,*

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*And we hear aye, birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.*

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*The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit:
In every street, these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.
Spring the sweet spring.*

Will Summer. By my troth, they have voices as clear as
Crystal: this is a pretty thing, if it be for nothing but to go
a-begging with.

Summer: Believe me, *Ver*, but thou art pleasant bent,
This humor should import a harmless mind:
Know'st thou the reason why I sent for thee?

Ver. No faith, nor care not, whether I do or no.
If you will dance a Galliard, so it is: if not, Falangtado, Falangtado,
to wear the black and yellow: Falangtado, Falangtado,
my mates are gone, I'll follow.

Summer. Nay, stay a while, we must confer and talk.
Ver, call to mind I am thy sovereign Lord,
And what thou hast, of me thou hast, and hold'st.
Unto no other end I sent for thee.

But to demand a reckoning at thy hands,
How well or ill thou hast employed my wealth.

Ver. If that be all, we will not disagree.
A clean trencher and a napkin you shall have presently.

Will Summer. The truth is, this fellow hath been a tapster in
his days.

*Ver goes in, and fetcheth out the Hobby-horse and the morris
dance, who dance about.*

Summer. How now? is this the reckoning we shall have?

Winter. My Lord, he doth abuse you: brook it not.

Autumn. *Summa totalis* I fear will prove him but a fool.

Ver. About, about, lively, put your horse to it, rein him
harder, jerk him with your wand, sit fast, sit fast, man; fool,
hold up your ladle there.

Will Summer. O brave hall! O, well said, butcher. Now for
the credit of Worcestershire. The finest set of Morris dancers
that is between this and Streatham: marry, methinks there is

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one of them danceth like a Clothier's horse, with a woolpack
on his back. You friend with the Hobby-horse, go not
too fast, for fear of wearing out my Lord's tilestones with
your hobnails.

Ver. So, so, so, trot the ring twice over, and away. May it
please my Lord, this is the grand capital sum, but there are
certain parcels behind, as you shall see.

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Summer. Nay, nay, no more; for this is all too much.
Ver. Content yourself, we'll have variety.
Here enter three Clowns, and three maids, singing this song, dancing.
Trip and go, heave and ho,
Up and down to and fro,
From the town, to the grove,
Two, and two, let us rove
A-Maying, a-playing:
Love hath no gainsaying:
So merrily trip and go.

Will Summer. Beshrew my heart, of a number of ill legs, I never saw worse dancers: how blessed are you, that the wenches of the parish do not see you!

Summer. Presumptuous *Ver.*, uncivil-nurtured boy, Think'st I will be derided thus of thee?
Is this th' account and reckoning that thou mak'st?

Ver. Troth, my Lord, to tell you plain, I can give you no other account: *nam quae habui, perdidit*; what I had, I have spent on good fellows, in these sports you have seen, which are proper to the Spring, and others of like sort, (as giving wenches green gowns, making garlands for Fencers, and tricking up children gay) have I bestowed all my flowery treasure, and flower of my youth.

Will Summer. A small matter. I know one spent in less than a year, eight and fifty pounds in mustard, and another that ran in debt, in the space of four or five year, above fourteen thousand pound in lute strings and gray paper.

Summer. O monstrous unthrift, whoe'er heard the like? The sea's vast throat in so short tract of time,

Devoureth nor consumeth half so much.
How well mightst thou have lived within thy bounds?

Ver. What talk you to me, of living within my bounds? I tell you, none but Asses live within their bounds: the silly beasts, if they be put in a pasture, that is eaten bare to the very earth, and where there is nothing to be had but thistles, will rather fall soberly to those thistles, and be hunger-starved, than they will offer to break their bounds; whereas the lusty courser, if he be in a barren plot, and spy better grass in some pasture near adjoining, breaks over hedge and ditch, and to go, ere he will be pent in, and not have his belly full. Peradventure, the horses lately sworn to be stolen, carried that youthful mind, who, if they had been Asses, would have been yet extant.

Will Summer. Thus we may see, the longer we live, the more we shall learn: I ne'er thought honesty an ass, till this day.

Ver. This world is transitory, it was made of nothing, and it must to nothing: wherefore, if we will do the will of our

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high Creator, (whose will it is, that it pass to nothing) we must help to consume it to nothing. Gold is more vile than men: Men die in thousands, and ten thousands, yea, many times in hundred thousands in one battle. If then, the best husband be so liberal of his best handiwork, to what end should we make much of a glittering excrement, or doubt to spend at a banquet as many pounds, as he spends men at a battle? Methinks I honor *Geta* the Roman Emperor, for a brave minded fellow: for he commanded a banquet to be made him of all meats under the Sun; which were served in after the order of the Alphabet; and the Clerk of the kitchen following the last dish (which was two mile off from the foremost) brought him an Index of their several names: Neither did he pingle when it was set on the board, but for the space of three days and three nights, never rose from the Table.

Will Summer. O intolerable lying villain, that was never begotten without the consent of a whetstone.

Summer. Ungracious man, how fondly he argueth!
Ver. Tell me, I pray, wherefore was gold laid under our feet in the veins of the earth, but that we should contemn it, and tread upon it, and so consequently tread thrift under our feet? It was not known, till the Iron age, *donec facinus invasit mortales*, as the Poet says; and the Scythians always detested it. I will prove it, that an unthrift, of any, comes nearest a happy man, in so much as he comes nearest to beggary. Cicero saith, *summum bonum* consists in *omnium rerum vacatione*, that it is the chiefest felicity that may be, to rest from all labors. Now, who doth so much *vacare à rebus*, who rests so much? who hath so little to do, as the beggar? Who can sing so merry a note, as he that cannot change a groat? *Cui nil est, nil deest*: he that hath nothing, wants nothing. On the other side, it is said of the Carl, *Omnia habeo, nec quicquam habeo*: I have all things, yet want every thing. *Multi mihi vitio vertunt, quia egeo*, saith Marcus Cato in Aulus Gellius, *at ego illis, quia nequeunt egere*: Many upbraid me, saith he, because I am poor: but I upbraid them, because they cannot live if they were poor. It is a common proverb, *Dinesque miserque*, a rich man, and a miserable: *nam natura paucis contenta*, none so contented as the poor man. Admit that the chiefest happiness were not rest or ease, but knowledge, as Herillus, Alcidas, and many of Socrates' followers affirm; why, *paupertas omnes perdocet arts*, poverty instructs a man in all arts, it makes a man hardy and venturous; and therefore it is called of the Poets, *Paupertas audax*, valiant poverty. It is not so much subject to inordinate desires, as wealth or prosperity. *Non habet unde suum paupertas pascit amorem*: poverty hath not wherewithal to feed lust. All the Poets were beggars: all Alchemists, and all Philosophers are beggars: *Omnia mea mecum*

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porto, quoth Bias, when he had nothing, but bread and cheese in a leathern bag, and two or three books in his bosom. Saint Francis, a holy Saint, and never had any money. It is madness to dote upon muck. That young man of Athens, (Aelianus makes mention of) may be an example to us, who

doted so extremely on the image of Fortune, that when he might not enjoy it, he died for sorrow. The earth yields all her fruits together, and why should not we spend them together? I thank heavens on my knees, that have made me an unthrift.

Summer. O vanity itself; O wit ill spent!
So study thousands not to mend their lives,
But to maintain the sin they most affect,
To be hell's advocates against their own souls.
Ver, since thou giv'st such praise to beggary,
And hast defended it so valiantly,
This be thy penance; Thou shalt ne'er appear,
Or come abroad, but Lent shall wait on thee:
His scarcity may countervail thy waste.
Riot may flourish, but finds want at last.
Take him away, that knoweth no good way,
And lead him the next way to woe and want.
Thus in the paths of knowledge many stray,
And from the means of life fetch their decay.

Exit Ver.

Will Summer. Heigh ho. Here is a coil indeed to bring beggars to stocks. I promise you truly, I was almost asleep; I thought I had been at a Sermon. Well, for this one night's exhortation, I vow (by God's grace) never to be good husband while I live. But what is this to the purpose? *Hur come to Powl* (as the Welshman says) *and hur pay an halfpenny for hur seat, and hur hear the Preacher talge, and a talge very well by gis, but yet a cannot make hur laugh: go a Theater, and hear a Queen's Fice, and he make hur laugh, and laugh hur bellyful.* So we come hither to laugh and be merry, and we hear a filthy beggarly Oration, in the praise of beggary. It is a beggarly Poet that writ it: and that makes him so much commend it, because he knows not how to mend himself. Well, rather than he shall have no employment but lick dishes, I will set him a work myself, to write in praise of the art of stooping, and how there was never any famous Thresher, Porter, Brewer, Pioneer, or Carpenter, that had straight back. Repair to my

chamber, poor fellow, when the play is done, and thou shalt see what I will say to thee.

Summer. *Vertumnus*, call *Solstitium*.

Vertumnus *Solstitium*, come into the court without: peace

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there below; make room for master *Solstitium*.

wln 0359

*Enter Solstitium like an aged Hermit, carrying a pair of
balances, with an hourglass in either of them; one hourglass
white, the other black: he is brought in by a number of shepherds,
playing upon Recorders.*

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Solstitium. All hail to Summer my dread sovereign Lord.

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Summer. Welcome, *Solstitium*, thou art one of them,

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To whose good husbandry we have referred

wln 0366

Part of those small revenues that we have.

wln 0367

What hast thou gained us? what hast thou brought in?

wln 0368

Solstitium. Alas, my Lord, what gave you me to keep,

wln 0369

But a few days' eyes in my prime of youth?

wln 0370

And those I have converted to white hairs:

wln 0371

I never loved ambitiously to climb,

wln 0372

Or thrust my hand too far into the fire.

wln 0373

To be in heaven, sure, is a blessed thing:

wln 0374

But Atlas-like, to prop heaven on one's back,

wln 0375

Cannot but be more labor than delight.

wln 0376

Such is the state of men in honor placed;

wln 0377

They are gold vessels made for servile uses,

wln 0378

High trees that keep the weather from low houses,

wln 0379

But cannot shield the tempest from themselves.

wln 0380

I love to dwell betwixt the hills and dales;

wln 0381

Neither to be so great to be envied,

wln 0382

Nor yet so poor the world should pity me.

wln 0383

Inter utrumque tene, medio tutissimus ibis.

wln 0384

Summer. What dost thou with those balances thou bear'st?

wln 0385

Solstitium. In them I weigh the day and night alike.

wln 0386

This white glass is the hourglass of the day:

wln 0387

This black one the just measure of the night;

wln 0388

One more than other holdeth not a grain:

img: 8-a

sig: C2v

wln 0389

Both serve times just proportion to maintain.

wln 0390

Summer. I like thy moderation wondrous well:

wln 0391

And this thy balance, weighing the white glass

wln 0392

And black, with equal poise and steadfast hand,

wln 0393

A pattern is to Princes and great men,

wln 0394

How to weigh all estates indifferently:

wln 0395

The Spirituality and Temporality alike,

wln 0396

Neither to be too prodigal of smiles,

wln 0397

Nor too severe in frowning without cause.

wln 0398

If you be wise, you Monarchs of the earth,

wln 0399

Have two such glasses still before your eyes;

wln 0400

Think as you have a white glass running on,

wln 0401

Good days, friends favor, and all things at beck,

wln 0402

So this white glass run out (as out it will)

wln 0403

The black comes next, your downfall is at hand,

wln 0404

Take this of me, for somewhat I have tried;

wln 0405
wln 0406
wln 0407
wln 0408
wln 0409
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img: 8-b
sig: D1r

wln 0425
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wln 0450

A mighty ebb follows a mighty tide.
But say, *Solstitium*, hadst thou naught besides?
Naught but days' eyes, and fair looks, gave I thee?
Solstitium. Nothing my Lord, nor aught more did I ask.
Summer. But hadst thou always kept thee in my sight,
Thy good deserts, though silent, would have asked.
Solstitium Deserts, my Lord, of ancient servitors,
Are like old sores, which may not be ripped up:
Such use these times have got, that none must beg,
But those that have young limbs to lavish fast.
Summer. I grieve, no more regard was had of thee:
A little sooner hadst thou spoke to me,
Thou hadst been heard, but now the time is past:
Death waiteth at the door for thee and me;
Let us go measure out our beds in clay:
Naught but good deeds hence shall we bear away.
Be, as thou wert, best steward of my hours,
And so return unto thy country bowers.
*Here Solstitium goes out with his music,
as he comes in.*

Will Summer. Fie, fie of honesty, fie: *Solstitium* is an ass,
perdie, this play is a gallimaufry: fetch me some drink,
somebody. What cheer, what cheer, my hearts? are not
you thirsty with listening to this dry sport? What have we to
do with scales, and hourglasses, except we were Bakers, or
Clock-keepers? I cannot tell how other men are addicted, but
it is against my profession to use any scales, but such as we play
at with a bowl, or keep any hours, but dinner or supper.
It is a pedantical thing, to respect times and seasons: if a man
be drinking with good fellows late, he must come home, for
fear the gates be shut; when I am in my warm bed, I must
rise to prayers, because the bell rings. I like no such foolish
customs. Actors, bring now a black Jack, and a rundlet of
of Rhenish wine, disputing of the antiquity of red noses; let the
prodigal child come out in his doublet and hose all greasy, his
shirt hanging forth, and ne'er a penny in his purse, and talk
what a fine thing it is to walk summerly, or sit whistling under
a hedge and keep hogs. Go forward in grace and virtue to
proceed; but let us have no more of these grave matters.
Summer. *Vertumnus*, will *Sol* come before us.
Vertumnus. *Sol, Sol, ut, re, me, fa, sol*, come to church while
the bell toll.

*Enter Sol, very richly attired, with a noise of Musicians
before him.*

Summer. Ay marry, here comes majesty in pomp,
Resplendent *Sol*, chief planet of the heavens,

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img: 9-a
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wln 0460
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wln 0494

img: 9-b
sig: D2r

wln 0495

He is our servant, looks he ne'er so big.
Sol. My liege, what crav'st thou at thy vassal's hands?
Summer. Hypocrisy, how it can change his shape!
How base is pride from his own dunghill put?
How I have raised thee, Sol, I list not tell,
Out of the Ocean of adversity,
To sit in height of honor's glorious heaven,
To be the eyesore of aspiring eyes,

To give the day her life, from thy bright looks,
And let naught thrive upon the face of earth,
From which thou shalt withdraw thy powerful smiles.
What hast thou done deserving such high grace?
What industry, or meritorious toil,
Canst thou produce, to prove my gift well placed?
Some service, or some profit I expect:
None is promoted but for some respect.
Sol. My Lord, what needs these terms betwixt us two?
Upbraiding, ill beseems your bounteous mind:
I do you honor for advancing me.
Why, 'tis a credit for your excellence,
To have so great a subject as I am:
This is your glory and magnificence,
That without stooping of your mightiness,
Or taking any whit from your high state,
You can make one as mighty as yourself.
Autumn. O arrogance exceeding all belief!
Summer my Lord, this saucy upstart Jack,
That now doth rule the chariot of the Sun,
And makes all stars derive their light from him,
Is a most base insinuating slave,
The son of parsimony, and disdain,
One that will shine, on friends and foes alike,
That under brightest smiles, hideth black showers:
Whose envious breath doth dry up springs and lakes,
And burns the grass, that beasts can get no food.
Winter. No dunghill hath so vild an excrement,
But with his beams he will forthwith exhale:
The fens and quagmires tithe to him their filth:
Forth purest mines he sucks a gainful dross:
Green Ivy-bushes at the Vintner's doors
He withers, and devoureth all their sap.
Autumn. Lascivious and intemperate he is.
The wrong of *Daphne* is a well-known tale:
Each evening he descends to *Thetis'* lap,

The while men think he bathes him in the sea.

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img: 10-a
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wln 0541
wln 0542
wln 0543

O, but when he returneth whence he came,
Down to the West, then dawns his deity,
Then doubled is the swelling of his looks;
He overloads his car with Orient gems,
And reins his fiery horses with rich pearl:
He terms himself the god of Poetry,
And setteth wanton songs unto the Lute.
Winter. Let him not talk; for he hath words at will,
And wit to make the baddest matter good.
Summer. Bad words, bad wit: o, where dwells faith or truth
Ill usury my favors reap from thee,
Usurping *Sol*, the hate of heaven and earth.
Sol. If Envy unconfuted may accuse,
Then Innocence must uncondemned die.
The name of Martyrdom offense hath gained,
When fury stopped a froward Judge's ears.
Much I'll not say (much speech much folly shows)
What I have done, you gave me leave to do.
The excrements you bred, whereon I feed,
To rid the earth of their contagious fumes;
With such gross carriage did I load my beams,
I burned no grass, I dried no springs and lakes:
I sucked no mines, I withered no green boughs.
But when to ripen harvest I was forced,
To make my rays more fervent than I wont,
For *Daphne's* wrongs and scapes in *Thetis's* lap,
All Gods are subject to the like mishap.
Stars daily fall ('tis use is all in all)
And men account the fall but nature's course:
Vaunting my jewels, hasting to the West,
Or rising early from the gray-eyed morn.
What do I vaunt but your large bountihood
And show how liberal a Lord I serve.
Music and poetry, my two last crimes,
Are those two exercises of delight,

Wherewith long labors I do weary out.
The dying Swan is not forbid to sing.
The waves of *Heber* played on *Orpheus's* strings,
When he (sweet music's *Trophy*) was destroyed.
And as for Poetry, woods' eloquence,
(Dead *Phaeton's* three sisters' funeral tears
That by the gods were to *Electrum* turned)
Not flint, or rocks of Icy cinders framed,
Deny the source of silver-falling streams.
Envy envieth not outcry's unrest:
In vain I plead, well, is to me a fault,
And these my words seem the slight web of art,
And not to have the taste of sounder truth.

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img: 10-b
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wln 0567
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wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591

Let none but fools, be cared for of the wise;
Knowledge' own children, knowledge most despise.
Summer Thou know'st too much, to know to keep the mean
He that sees all things, oft sees not himself.
The *Thames* is witness of thy tyranny,
Whose waves thou hast exhaust for winter showers.
The naked channel plains her of thy spite,
That laid'st her entrails unto open sight.
Unprofitably born to man and beast,
Which like to *Nilus* yet doth hide his head,
Some few years since thou lett'st o'erflow these walks,
And in the horse-race headlong ran at race,
While in a cloud, thou hid'st thy burning face:
Where was thy care to rid contagious filth,
When some men wetshod, (with his waters) drooped?
Others that ate the Eels his heat cast up,
Sickened and died by them empoisoned.
Sleep'st thou, or keep'st thou then *Admetus*' sheep,
Thou driv'st not back these flowings to the deep?
Sol. The winds, not I, have floods and tides in chase:
Diana, whom our fables call the moon,
Only commandeth o'er the raging main,
She leads his wallowing offspring up and down,

She waning, all streams ebb in the year:
She was eclipsed, when that the *Thames* was bare.
Summer. A bare conjecture, builded on perhaps;
In laying thus the blame upon the moon,
Thou imitat'st subtle *Pythagoras*,
Who, what he would the people should believe,
The same he wrote with blood upon a glass,
And turned it opposite 'gainst the new moon;
Whose beams reflecting on it with full force,
Showed all those lines, to them that stood behind,
Most plainly writ in circle of the moon,
And then he said, Not I, but the new moon
Fair *Cynthia* persuades you this and that;
With like collusion shalt thou not blind me:
But for abusing both the moon and me,
Long shalt thou be eclipsed by the moon,
And long in darkness live, and see no light.
Away with him, his doom hath no reverse.
Sol. What is eclipsed, will one day shine again:
Though winter frowns, the Spring will ease my pain.
Time, from the brow, doth wipe out every stain.

Exit Sol.

Will Summer. I think the Sun is not so long in passing
through the twelve signs, as the son of a fool hath been disputing
here, about had I wist. Out of doubt, the Poet is bribed

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wln 0597
wln 0598
wln 0599
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wln 0601
wln 0602

img: 11-a
sig: D3v

of some that have a mess of cream to eat, before my Lord
go to bed yet, to hold him half the night with riff, raff, of
the rumming of Elinor. If I can tell what it means, pray god,
I may never get breakfast more, when I am hungry. Troth,
I am of opinion, he is one of those *Hieroglyphical* writers, that by
the figures of beasts, planets, and of stones, express the mind,
as we do in A. B. C. or one that writes under hair, as I
have heard of a certain Notary *Histiaeus*, who following *Darius*
in the Persian wars, and desirous to disclose some secrets
of import, to his friend *Aristagoras*, that dwelt afar
off, found out this means: He had a servant that had been

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wln 0638

Imberbis
Apollo, a
beardless
Poet.

long sick of a pain in his eyes, whom, under pretence of curing
his malady, he shaved from one side of his head, to the
other, and with a soft pencil wrote upon his scalp, (as on
parchment) the discourse of his business, the fellow all the while
imagining, his master had done nothing but noint his head
with a feather. After this, he kept him secretly in his tent,
till his hair was somewhat grown, and then willed him to go
to *Aristagoras* into the country, and bid him shave him, as
he had done, and he should have perfect remedy. He did so:
Aristagoras shaved him with his own hands, read his friend's
letter; and when he had done, washed it out, that no man
should perceive it else, and sent him home to buy him a nightcap.
If I wist there were any such knavery, or Peter Bales'
Brachygraphy, under *Sol's* bushy hair, I would have a Barber,
my host of the Murrion's head, to be his Interpreter, who
would whet his razor on his Richmond cap, and give him the
terrible cut, like himself, but he would come as near as a
quart pot, to the construction of it. To be sententious, not
superfluous, *Sol* should have been beholding to the Barber,
and not the beard-master. Is it pride that is shadowed under
this two-legged Sun, that never came nearer heaven,
than *Dubbers* hill? That pride is not my sin, *Sloven's Hall*,
where I was born, be my record. As for covetousness, intemperance
and exaction, I meet with nothing in a whole year,
but a cup of wine, for such vices to be conversant in. *Pergite*
porro, my good children, and multiply the sins of your absurdities,
till you come to the full measure of the grand hiss,
and you shall hear how we will purge rheum with censuring
your imperfections.

Summer. Vertumnus, call *Orion*.

Vertumnus Orion, Urion, Arion; my Lord thou must look upon:
Orion, gentleman dog-keeper, huntsman, come into the
court: look you bring all hounds, and no bandogs. Peace
there, that we may hear their horns blow.

*Enter Orion like a hunter, with a horn about his neck, all his
men after the same sort hallowing, and blowing their horns.*

img: 11-b

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wln 0672
wln 0673
wln 0674

Orion. Sirrah, wast thou that called us from our game?
How durst thou (being but a petty God)
Disturb me in the entrance of my sports?
Summer. 'Twas I, *Orion*, caused thee to be called.
Orion. 'Tis I, dread Lord, that humbly will obey.
Summer. How haps't thou left'st the heavens, to hunt below?
As I remember, thou wert *Hireus*' son,
Whom of a huntsman Jove chose for a star,
And thou art called the Dog star, art thou not?
Autumn. Pleaseth your honor, heaven's circumference
Is not enough for him to hunt and range,
But with those venom-breathed curs he leads,
He comes to chase health from our earthly bounds:
Each one of those foul-mouthed mangy dogs
Governs a day, (no dog but hath his day)
And all the days by them so governed,
The Dog days' height, infectious fosterers
Of meteors from carrion that arise,
And putrified bodies of dead men,
Are they engendered to that ugly shape,
Being naught else but preserved corruption.
'Tis these that in the entrance of their reign
The plague and dangerous agues have brought in.
They arr and bark at night against the Moon,
For fetching in fresh tides to cleanse the streets.
They vomit flames, and blast the ripened fruits:
They are death's messengers unto all those,
That sicken while their malice beareth sway.
Orion. A tedious discourse, built on no ground,
A silly fancy *Autumn* hast thou told,
Which no Philosophy doth warrantize,
No old received poetry confirms.
I will not grace thee by confuting thee:
Yet in a jest (since thou railest so 'gainst dogs)
I'll speak a word or two in their defense:
That creature's best that comes most near to men.

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wln 0676
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wln 0684

That dogs of all come nearest, thus I prove:
First they excel us in all outward sense,
Which no one of experience will deny,
They hear, they smell, they see better than we,
To come to speech they have it questionless,
Although we understand them not so well:
They bark as good old Saxon as may be,
And that in more variety than we:
For they have one voice when they are in chase,
Another, when they wrangle for their meat,

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Another, when we beat them out of doors.
That they have reason, this I will allege,
They choose those things that are most fit for them,
And shun the contrary all that they may,
They know what is for their own diet best,
And seek about for 't very carefully.
At sight of any whip they run away,
As runs a thief from noise of hue and cry:
Nor live they on the sweat of others' brows,
But have their trades to get their living with,
Hunting and coney-catching, two fine arts:
Yea, there be of them as there be of men,
Of every occupation more or less:
Some carriers, and they fetch, some watermen,
And they will dive and swim when you bid them:
Some butchers, and they worry sheep by night:
Some cooks, and they do nothing but turn spits.
Chrysippus holds, dogs are Logicians,
In that by study and by canvasing,
They can distinguish twixt three several things,
As when he cometh where three broad ways meet,
And of those three hath stayed at two of them,
By which he guesseth that the game went not,
Without more pause he runneth on the third,
Which, as *Chrysippus* saith, insinuates,
As if he reasoned thus within himself:

Either he went this, that, or yonder way,
But neither that, nor yonder, therefore this:
But whether they Logicians be or no,
Cynics they are, for they will snarl and bite,
Right courtiers to flatter and to fawn,
Valiant to set upon the enemies,
Most faithful and most constant to their friends;
Nay they are wise, as *Homer* witnesseth,
Who talking of *Ulysses* coming home,
Saith all his household, but *Argus* his Dog,
Had quite forgot him: Ay, and his deep insight,
Nor *Pallas'* Art in altering of his shape,
Nor his base weeds, nor absence twenty years,
Could go beyond, or any way delude.
That Dogs Physicians are, thus I infer,
They are ne'er sick, but they know their disease,
And find out means to ease them of their grief,
Special good Surgeons to cure dangerous wounds:
For stricken with a stake into the flesh,
This policy they use to get it out:
They trail one of their feet upon the ground,
And gnaw the flesh about where the wound is,

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wln 0744
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img: 13-a
sig: E1v

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Till it be clean drawn out: and then, because
Ulcers and sores kept foul, are hardly cured,
They lick and purify it with their tongue,
And well observe Hippocrates' old rule,
The only medicine for the foot, is rest:
For if they have the least hurt in their feet,
They bear them up, and look they be not stirred:
When humors rise, they eat a sovereign herb,
Whereby what cloyes their stomachs, they cast up,
And as some writers of experience tell,
They were the first invented vomiting.
Sham'st thou not, *Autumn*, unadvisedly
To slander such rare creatures as they be?
Summer. We called thee not, *Orion*, to this end,

To tell a story of dogs' qualities.
With all thy hunting how are we enriched?
What tribute payest thou us for thy high place?
Orion. What tribute should I pay you out of naught?
Hunters do hunt for pleasure, not for gain.
While Dog days last, the harvest safely thrives:
The sun burns hot, to finish up fruits' growth:
There is no blood-letting to make men weak:
Physicians with their *Cataposia*,
r. tittle *Elinctoria*
Masticatorum and *Cataplastmata*:
Their Gargarisms, Clysters, and pitched clothes,
Their perfumes, syrups, and their treacles,
Refrain to poison the sick patients,
And dare not minister till I be out.
Then none will bathe, and so are fewer drowned:
All lust is perilsome, therefore less used.
In brief, the year without me cannot stand:
Summer, I am thy staff, and thy right hand.
Summer. A broken staff, a lame right hand I had,
If thou wert all the stay that held me up.
Nihil violentum perpetuum.
No violence that liveth to old age.
Ill-governed star, that never bod'st good luck,
I banish thee a twelvemonth and a day,
Forth of my presence, come not in my sight,
Nor show thy head, so much as in the night.
Orion. I am content, though hunting be not out,
We will go hunt in hell for better hap.
One parting blow, my hearts, unto our friends,
To bid the fields and huntsmen all farewell:
Toss up your bugle horns unto the stars.
Toil findeth ease, peace follows after wars.

img: 13-b
sig: E2r

wln 0781

wln 0782

*Here they go out, blowing their horns,
and hallowing, as they came in.*

wln 0783

wln 0784

wln 0785

wln 0786

wln 0787

wln 0788

wln 0789

wln 0790

wln 0791

wln 0792

wln 0793

wln 0794

wln 0795

wln 0796

wln 0797

wln 0798

wln 0799

wln 0800

wln 0801

wln 0802

wln 0803

wln 0804

wln 0805

wln 0806

wln 0807

wln 0808

wln 0809

Will Summer. Faith, this Scene of *Orion*, is right *prandium caninum*, a dog's dinner, which as it is without wine, so here's a coil about dogs, without wit. If I had thought the ship of fools would have stayed to take in fresh water at the Isle of dogs, I would have furnished it with a whole kennel of collections to the purpose. I have had a dog myself, that would dream, and talk in his sleep, turn round like Ned fool, and sleep all night in a porridge pot. Mark but the skirmish between sixpence and the fox, and it is miraculous, how they overcome one another in honorable courtesy. The fox, though he wears a chain, runs as though he were free, mocking us (as it is a crafty beast) because we having a Lord and master to attend on, run about at our pleasures, like masterless men. Young sixpence, the best page his master hath, plays a little, and retires. I warrant, he will not be far out of the way, when his master goes to dinner. Learn of him, you diminutive urchins, how to behave yourselves in your vocation, take not up your standings in a nut tree, when you should be waiting on my Lord's trencher. Shoot but a bit at butts, play but a span at points. Whatever you do, *memento mori*: remember to rise betimes in the morning.

Summer. *Vertumnus*, call *Harvest*.

Vertumnus. Harvest, by west, and by north, by south and southeast, show thyself like a beast. Goodman *Harvest* yeoman, come in, and say what you can: room for the scythe and the sickles there.

wln 0810

wln 0811

wln 0812

Enter Harvest with a scythe on his neck, and all his reapers with sickles, and a great black bowl with a posset in it, borne before him: they come in singing.

img: 14-a
sig: E2v

wln 0813

The Song.

wln 0814

wln 0815

wln 0816

wln 0817

wln 0818

*Merry, merry, merry, cheery, cheery, cheery,
Troll the black bowl to me,
Hey derry, derry, with a poup and a lerry,
I'll troll it again to thee:
Hooky, hooky, we have shorn,*

wln 0819
wln 0820
wln 0821

*and we have bound,
And we have brought Harvest
home to town.*

wln 0822
wln 0823
wln 0824
wln 0825
wln 0826

Summer. Harvest, the Bailie of my husbandry,
What plenty hast thou heaped into our Barns?
I hope thou hast sped well thou art so blithe.
Harvest. Sped well, or ill sir, I drink to you on the same:
Is your throat clear to help us to sing, *hooky, hooky?*

wln 0827

Here they all sing after him,

wln 0828
wln 0829
wln 0830
wln 0831

*Hooky, hooky, we have shorn,
and we have bound,
And we have brought harvest
home to town.*

wln 0832
wln 0833
wln 0834
wln 0835
wln 0836

Autumn. Thou Corydon, why answer'st not direct?
Harvest. Answer? why friend, I am no tapster, to say, Anon,
anon, sir: but leave you to molest me, goodman tawny
leaves, for fear (as the proverb says, leave is light) so I mow
off all your leaves with my scythe.

img: 14-b
sig: E3r

wln 0837
wln 0838
wln 0839
wln 0840
wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847
wln 0848
wln 0849
wln 0850
wln 0851
wln 0852
wln 0853
wln 0854
wln 0855
wln 0856
wln 0857
wln 0858
wln 0859
wln 0860
wln 0861
wln 0862

Winter. Mock not, and mow not too long you were best,
For fear we whet not your sith upon your pate.
Summer. Since thou art so perverse in answering,
Harvest, hear what complaints are brought to me.
Thou art accused by the public voice,
For an engrosser of the common store,
A Carl, that hast no conscience, nor remorse,
But dost impoverish the fruitful earth,
To make thy garners rise up to the heavens.
To whom givest thou? who feedeth at thy board?
No alms, but unreasonable gain,
Digests what thy huge iron teeth devour:
Small beer, coarse bread, the hinds and beggars cry,
Whilst thou withholdest both the malt and flour,
And giv'st us bran, and water, (fit for dogs.)
Harvest. Hooky, hooky, if you were not my Lord, I would
say you lie. First and foremost you say I am a Grocer. A
Grocer is a citizen: I am no citizen, therefore no Grocer. A
hoarder up of grain: that's false; for not so much but my elbows
eat wheat every time I lean on them. A Carl: that is
as much to say, as a coney-catcher of good fellowship. For that
one word, you shall pledge me a carouse: eat a spoonful of
the curd to allay your choler. My mates and fellows, sing no
more, Merry, merry: but weep out a lamentable hooky, hooky,
and let your Sickles cry, Sick, sick, and very sick, and sick,
and for the time; for Harvest your master is abused without

wln 0863
wln 0864
wln 0865
wln 0866
wln 0867
wln 0868
wln 0869
wln 0870
wln 0871
wln 0872

img: 15-a
sig: E3v

reason or rhyme. I have no conscience I; I'll come nearer to you, and yet I am no scab, nor no louse. Can you make proof wherever I sold away my conscience, or pawned it? do you know who would buy it, or lend any money upon it? I think I have given you the pose; blow your nose, master constable. But to say that I impoverish the earth, that I rob the man in the moon, that I take a purse on the top of Paul's steeple; by this straw and thread I swear, you are no gentleman, no proper man, no honest man, to make me sing, O man in desperation.

wln 0873
wln 0874
wln 0875
wln 0876
wln 0877
wln 0878
wln 0879
wln 0880
wln 0881
wln 0882
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wln 0902
wln 0903
wln 0904
wln 0905
wln 0906
wln 0907
wln 0908

Summer. I must give credit unto what I hear;
For other than I hear, attract I naught.

Harvest. Ay, Ay, naught seek, naught have: an ill husband is the first step to a knave. You object I feed none at my board. I am sure, if you were a hog, you would never say so: for, surreverence of their worships, they feed at my stable, table, every day. I keep good hospitality for hens and geese; Gleaners are oppressed with heavy burdens of my bounty. They rake me, and eat me to the very bones, till there be nothing left but gravel and stones, and yet I give no alms, but devour all. They say when a man cannot hear well, you hear with your harvest ears: but if you heard with your harvest ears, that is, with the ears of corn, which my almскарts scatters, they would tell you, that I am the very poor man's box of pity, that there are more holes of liberality open in harvest's heart, than in a sieve, or a dustbox. Suppose you were a craftsman, or an Artificer, and should come to buy corn of me, you should have bushels of me, not like the Baker's loaf, that should weigh but six ounces, but usury for your money, thousands for one: what would you have more? Eat me out of my apparel, if you will, if you suspect me for a miser.

Summer. I credit thee, and think thou wert belied.
But tell me, hadst thou a good crop this year?

Harvest. Hay, God's plenty, which was so sweet and so good, that when I jerted my whip, and said to my horses but Hay, they would go as they were mad.

Summer. But hay alone thou sayst not; but hay-ree.

Harvest. I sing hay-ree, that is, hay and rye: meaning, that they shall have hay and rye their bellyfuls, if they will draw hard; So we say, wa, hay, when they go out of the way: meaning, that they shall want hay, if they will not do as they should do.

Summer. How thrive thy oats, thy barley, and thy wheat?

Harvest. My oats grew like a cup of beer that makes the brewer rich: my rye like a Cavalier, that wears a huge feather

img: 15-b
sig: E4r

wln 0909
wln 0910
wln 0911
wln 0912
wln 0913
wln 0914
wln 0915
wln 0916
wln 0917
wln 0918
wln 0919
wln 0920
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wln 0927
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wln 0929
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wln 0931
wln 0932
wln 0933
wln 0934
wln 0935
wln 0936
wln 0937
wln 0938
wln 0939

in his cap, but hath no courage in his heart; had a long stalk,
a goodly husk, but nothing so great a kernel as it was wont:
my barley, even as many a novice is crossbitten, as soon as
ever he peeps out of the shell, so was it frost-bitten in the
blade, yet picked up his crumbs again afterwards, and bade,
Fill pot, hostess, in spite of a dear year. As for my
Peas and my Fetches, they are famous, and not to be
spoken of.

Autumn. Ay, Ay, such country-buttoned caps as you,
Do want no fetches to undo great towns.

Harvest. Will you make good your words, that we want
no fetches?

Winter. Ay, that he shall.

Harvest. Then fetch us a cloak-bag, to carry away
yourself in.

Summer. Plowswains are blunt, and will taunt
bitterly.

Harvest, when all is done, thou art the man,
Thou dost me the best service of them all:
Rest from thy labors till the year renews,
And let the husbandmen sing of thy praise.

Harvest. Rest from my labors, and let the husbandmen
sing of my praise? Nay, we do not mean to rest so; by your
leave, we'll have a largesse amongst you, ere we part.

All. A largesse, a largesse, a largesse.

Will Summer. Is there no man that will give them a hiss for
a largesse?

Harvest. No, that there is not, goodman Lungis: I see,
charity waxeth cold, and I think this house be her habitation,
for it is not very hot; we were as good even put up our pipes,
and sing Merry, merry, for we shall get no money.

Here they go out all singing,

*Merry, merry, merry, cheery, cheery, cheery,
Troll the black bowl to me:*

wln 0940

wln 0941
wln 0942

img: 16-a
sig: E4v

wln 0943
wln 0944
wln 0945
wln 0946

*Hey derry, derry, with a poup and a lerry,
I'll troll it again to thee:
Hooky, hooky, we have shorn and we have bound,
And we have brought harvest home to town.*

wln 0947
wln 0948
wln 0949
wln 0950
wln 0951

Will Summer. Well, go thy ways, thou bundle of straw;
I'll give thee this gift, thou shalt be a Clown while thou liv'st.
As lusty as they are, they run on the score with George's wife
for their posset, and God knows who shall pay goodman Yeomans,
for his wheat-sheaf: they may sing well enough, Troll

wln 0952
wln 0953
wln 0954
wln 0955
wln 0956
wln 0957
wln 0958
wln 0959
wln 0960
wln 0961
wln 0962
wln 0963
wln 0964
wln 0965
wln 0966
wln 0967
wln 0968
wln 0969
wln 0970
wln 0971

the black bowl to me, troll the black bowl to me:
for, a hundred to one, but they will be all drunk, ere
they go to bed: yet, of a slaving fool, that hath
no conceit in any thing, but in carrying a wand in his
hand, with commendation when he runneth by the highway
side, this stripling *Harvest* hath done reasonable well. O that
somebody had had the wit to set his thatched suit on fire, and
so lighted him out: If I had had but a Jet ring on my finger, I
might have done with him what I list; I had spoiled him, I had
took his apparel prisoner; for it being made of straw, and the
nature of let, to draw straw unto it, I would have nailed him
to the pommel of my chair, till the play were done, and then
have carried him to my chamber door, and laid him at the
threshold as a wisp, or a piece of mat, to wipe my shoes on,
every time I come up dirty.

Summer. *Vertumnus*, call *Bacchus*.

Vertumnus *Bacchus*, *Baccha*, *Bacchum*, god *Bacchus*, god fat-back,
Baron of double beer, and bottle ale, come in and show
thy nose that is nothing pale: back, back there, god barrel-belly
may enter.

wln 0972
wln 0973
wln 0974
wln 0975

*Enter Bacchus riding upon an Ass trapped in Ivy, himself dressed
in Vine leaves, and a garland of grapes on his head: his companions
having all Jacks in their hands, and Ivy garlands
on their heads, they come in singing.*

img: 16-b
sig: F1r

wln 0976
wln 0977
wln 0978
wln 0979
wln 0980
wln 0981
wln 0982
wln 0983
wln 0984
wln 0985
wln 0986
wln 0987
wln 0988
wln 0989
wln 0990
wln 0991
wln 0992
wln 0993
wln 0994
wln 0995
wln 0996
wln 0997

The Song.

*Monsieur Mingo, for quaffing doth surpass,
In Cup, in Can, or glass.
God Bacchus do me right,
And dub me knight Domingo.*

Bacchus. Wherefore didst thou call me, *Vertumnus*? hast
any drink to give me? One of you hold my Ass while I
light: walk him up and down the hall, till I talk a word or
two.

Summer. What, *Bacchus*: still *animus in patinis*, no mind
but on the pot?

Bacchus. Why, *Summer*, *Summer*, how wouldst do, but
for rain? What is a fair house without water coming to
it? Let me see how a smith can work, if he have not his
trough standing by him. What sets an edge on a knife? the
grindstone alone? no, the moist element poured upon it, which
grinds out all gaps, sets a point upon it, and scours it as bright
as the firmament. So, I tell thee, give a soldier wine before he
goes to battle, it grinds out all gaps, it makes him forget all
scars and wounds, and fight in the thickest of his enemies, as
though he were but at foils, amongst his fellows. Give a
scholar wine, going to his book, or being about to invent, it

wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001
wln 1002
wln 1003
wln 1004
wln 1005
wln 1006
wln 1007
wln 1008
wln 1009
wln 1010
wln 1011

img: 17-a
sig: F1v

wln 1012
wln 1013
wln 1014
wln 1015
wln 1016
wln 1017
wln 1018
wln 1019
wln 1020
wln 1021
wln 1022
wln 1023
wln 1024
wln 1025
wln 1026
wln 1027
wln 1028
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wln 1030
wln 1031
wln 1032
wln 1033
wln 1034
wln 1035
wln 1036
wln 1037
wln 1038
wln 1039
wln 1040
wln 1041
wln 1042
wln 1043
wln 1044
wln 1045

sets a new point on his wit, it glazeth it, it scours it, it gives him *acumen*. *Plato* saith, *vinum esse fomitem quemdam, et incitabilem ingenii virtutisque*. *Aristotle* saith, *Nulla est magna scientia absque mixtura dementiae*. There is no excellent knowledge without mixture of madness. And what makes a man more mad in the head than wine? *Qui bene vult poyein, debet ante pinyen*, he that will do well, must drink well. *Prome, prome, potum prome*: Ho butler, a fresh pot. *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero terra pulsanda*: a pox on him that leaves his drink behind him; hey *Rendezvous*.

Summer. It is wine's custom, to be full of words.
I pray thee, *Bacchus*, give us *vicissitudinem loquendi*.
Bacchus. A fiddlestick, ne'er tell me I am full of words.
Foecundi calices, quem non fecere disertum: aut epi, aut abi, either

take your drink, or you are an infidel.

Summer. I would about thy vintage question thee:
How thrive thy vines? hadst thou good store of grapes?

Bacchus *Vinum quasi venenum*, wine is poison to a sick body; a sick body is no sound body; *Ergo*, wine is a pure thing, and is poison to all corruption. Trilill, the hunter's hoop to you: i'll stand to it, *Alexander* was a brave man, and yet an arrant drunkard.

Winter. Fie, drunken sot, forget'st thou where thou art?
My Lord asks thee, what vintage thou hast made?

Bacchus Our vintage, was a vintage, for it did not work upon the advantage, it came in the vanguard of Summer, and winds and storms met it by the way, and made it cry, Alas and welladay.

Summer. That was not well, but all miscarried not?

Bacchus Faith, shall I tell you no lie? Because you are my countryman, and so forth, and a good fellow, is a good fellow, though he have never a penny in his purse: We had but even pot luck, a little to moisten our lips, and no more. That same *Sol*, is a Pagan, and a Proselyte, he shined so bright all summer, that he burned more grapes, than his beams were worth, were every beam as big as a weaver's beam. *A fabis abstinendum*: faith, he should have abstained: for what is flesh and blood without his liquor?

Autumn. Thou want'st no liquor, nor no flesh and blood.
I pray thee may I ask without offense?

How many tons of wine hast in thy paunch?

Methinks, that, built like a round church,

Should yet have some of Julius Caesar's wine:

I warrant, 'twas not broached this hundred year.

Bacchus. Hear'st, thou dough-belly, because thou talk'st, and talk'st, and dar'st not drink to me a black Jack, wilt thou give me leave, to broach this little kilderkin of my corpse, against thy back? I know thou art but a mitcher, and dar'st not stand me. *A vous, monsieur Winter*, a frolic upsy friese, cross, ho, *super nagulum*.

Winter. Gramercy, Bacchus, as much as though I did.
For this time thou must pardon me perforce.

wln 1046
wln 1047

upon his
thumb.

Bacchus. What, give me the disgrace? Go to, I say, I am no
Pope, to pardon any man. *Ran, ran, tarra*, cold beer makes good

img: 17-b
sig: [F2r]

wln 1048
wln 1049
wln 1050
wln 1051
wln 1052
wln 1053
wln 1054
wln 1055
wln 1056
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wln 1080
wln 1081
wln 1082
wln 1083
wln 1084

blood. Saint George for England: somewhat is better than nothing.
Let me see, hast thou done me justice? why so: thou art a king,
though there were no more kings in the cards but the knave.
Summer, wilt thou have a demi-culverin, that shall cry hustly
tusty, and make thy cup fly fine meal in the Element?

Summer. No, keep thy drink, I pray thee, to thyself.

Bacchus. This *Pupillonian* in the fool's coat, shall have a cast
of martins, and a whiff. To the health of Captain *Rhinocerotry*:
look to it, let him have weight and measure.

Will Summer. What an ass is this? I cannot drink so much,
though I should burst.

Bacchus. Fool, do not refuse your moist sustenance; come,
come, dog's head in the pot, do what you are born to.

Will Summer. If you will needs make me a drunkard against
my will, so it is, i'll try what burden my belly is of.

Bacchus. Crouch, crouch on your knees, fool, when you
pledge god *Bacchus*.

Here Will Summer drinks, and they sing about him. Bacchus begins.

*All, Monsieur Mingo for quaffing did surpass,
In Cup, in Can, or glass.*

Bacchus. Ho, well shot, a toucher, a toucher: for quaffing *Toy*
doth pass, in cup, in can, or glass.

All. God Bacchus do him right, and dub him knight.

Bacchus Rise up Sir Robert Tossopot. *Here he dubs Will Summer*

Summer No more of this, I hate it to the death. *with the black
Jack.*

No such deformer of the soul and sense,

As is this swinish damned-born drunkenness.

Bacchus, for thou abusest so earth's fruits,

Imprisoned live in cellars and in vaults,

Let none commit their counsels unto thee:

Thy wrath be fatal to thy dearest friends,

Unarmed run upon thy foemen's swords,

Never fear any plague, before it fall:

Dropsies, and wat'ry tympanies haunt thee,

Thy lungs with surfeiting be putrified,

To cause thee have an odious stinking breath,

Slaver and drivel like a child at mouth,

img: 18-a
sig: [F2v]

wln 1085
wln 1086
wln 1087
wln 1088
wln 1089
wln 1090

Be poor and beggarly in thy old age,
Let thy own kinsmen laugh, when thou complain'st,
And many tears gain nothing but blind scoffs.

This is the guerdon due to drunkenness;

Shame, sickness, misery, follow excess.

Bacchus. Now on my honor, Sim Summer, thou art a bad

wln 1091
wln 1092
wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095
wln 1096
wln 1097
wln 1098
wln 1099
wln 1100
wln 1101
wln 1102
wln 1103
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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

img: 18-b
sig: [F3r]

wln 1121
wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124
wln 1125
wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133
wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138

member, a Dunce, a mongrel, to discredit so worshipful an art after this order. Thou hast cursed me, and I will bless thee: Never cup of *Nipitaty* in London, come near thy niggardly habitation. I beseech the gods of good fellowship, thou mayst fall into a consumption with drinking small beer. Every day mayst thou eat fish, and let it stick in the midst of thy maw, for want of a cup of wine to swim away in. Venison be *Venenum* to thee: and may that Vintner have the plague in his house, that sells thee a drop of claret to kill the poison of it. As many wounds mayst thou have, as *Caesar* had in the Senate house, and get no white wine to wash them with: And to conclude, pine away in melancholy and sorrow, before thou hast the fourth part of a dram of my Juice to cheer up thy spirits.

Summer. Hale him away, he barketh like a wolf,
It is his drink, not he that rails on us.

Bacchus. Nay soft, brother Summer, back with that foot, here is a snuff in the bottom of the Jack, enough to light a man to bed withal, we'll leave no flocks behind us whatsoever we do.

Summer. Go drag him hence I say when I command.

Bacchus. Since we must needs go, let's go merrily.
Farewell, sir Robert Tossopot: sing amain, *Monsieur Mingo*, whilst I mount up my Ass.

Here they go out singing, Monsieur Mingo, as they came in.

Will Summer. Of all gods, this *Bacchus* is the ill-favored'st misshapen god that ever I saw. A pox on him, he hath christened me with a new nickname of sir *Robert Tossopot*, that will not part from me this twelvemonth. Ned fool's clothes are so perfumed with the beer he poured on me, that there shall not be a Dutchman within twenty mile, but he'll smell out and claim kindred

of him. What a beastly thing is it, to bottle up ale in a man's belly, when a man must set his guts on a gallon pot last, only to purchase the alehouse title of a *boon companion*? Carouse, pledge me and you dare: Swounds, i'll drink with thee for all that ever thou art worth. It is even as two men should strive who should run furthest into the sea for a wager. Methinks these are good household terms; Will it please you to be here, sir? I commend me to you: shall I be so bold as trouble you? saving your tale I drink to you. And if these were put in practice but a year or two in taverns, wine would soon fall from six and twenty pound a tun, and be beggars' money, a penny a quart, and take up his Inn with waste beer in the alms tub. I am a sinner as others: I must not say much of this argument. Everyone when he is whole, can give advice to them that are sick. My masters, you that be good fellows, get you into corners, and sup off your provender closely: report hath a blister on her tongue: open taverns are tell-tales. *Non peccat, quicumque potest peccasse negare.*

Summer. I'll call my servants to account said I?

wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150
wln 1151
wln 1152
wln 1153
wln 1154
wln 1155
wln 1156

img: 19-a
sig: [F3v]

A bad account: worse servants no man hath.
Quos credis fidus effuge, tutus eris:
The proverb I have proved to be too true,
Totidem domi hostes habemus, quot servos.
And that wise caution of *Democritus*,
Servus necessaria possessio, non autem dulcis:
Nowhere fidelity and labor dwells.
Hope, young heads count to build on had I wist.
Conscience but few respect, all hunt for gain:
Except the Camel have his provender
Hung at his mouth, he will not travel on.
Tiresias to *Narcissus* promised
Much prosperous hap, and many golden days,
If of his beauty he no knowledge took.
Knowledge breeds pride, pride breedeth discontent.
Black discontent, thou urgest to revenge.
Revenge opes not her ears to poor men's prayers.
That dolt destruction, is she without doubt,

wln 1157
wln 1158
wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162
wln 1163
wln 1164
wln 1165
wln 1166
wln 1167
wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173
wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176
wln 1177
wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186

That hailes her forth and feedeth her with naught.
Simplicity and plainness, you I love:
Hence double diligence, thou mean'st deceit.
Those that now serpent-like creep on the ground,
And seem to eat the dust, they crouch so low:
If they be disappointed of their prey,
Most traitorously will trace their tails and sting.
Yea, such as like the Lapwing build their nests
In a man's dung, come up by drudgery,
Will be the first, that like that foolish bird,
Will follow him with yelling and false cries.
Well sung a shepherd (that now sleeps in skies)
Dumb swains do love, and not vain chattering pies.
In mountains Poets say Echo is hid,
For her deformity and monstrous shape:
Those mountains are the houses of great Lords,
Where **Stentor** with his hundred voices sounds
A hundred trumps at once with rumor filled:
A woman they imagine her to be,
Because that sex keeps nothing close they hear:
And that's the reason magic writers frame,
There are more witches women than of men;
For women generally for the most part,
Of secrets more desirous of, than men,
Which having got, they have no power to hold.
In these times had Echo's first fathers lived,
No woman, but a man she had been feigned.
(Though women yet will want no news to prate.)
For men (mean men) the scum and dross of all,
Will talk and babble of they know not what,

wln 1187
wln 1188
wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
wln 1192

img: 19-b
sig: [F4r]

wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196
wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203
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wln 1205
wln 1206
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wln 1221
wln 1222
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wln 1225
wln 1226
wln 1227
wln 1228

img: 20-a
sig: [F4v]

wln 1229
wln 1230
wln 1231

Upbraid, deprave, and taunt, they care not whom:
Surmises pass for sound approved truths:
Familiarity and conference,
That were the sinews of societies,
Are now for underminings only used,
And novel wits, that love none but themselves,

Think wisdom's height as falsehood slyly couched,
Seeking each other to o'erthrow his mate.
O friendship, thy old temple is defaced.
Embracing every guileful courtesy,
Hath overgrown fraud-wanting honesty.
Examples live but in the idle schools:
Sinon bears all the sway in princes' courts:
Sickness, be thou my soul's physician:
Bring the Apothecary death with thee.
In earth is hell, true hell felicity,
Compared with this world the den of wolves.
Autumn My Lord, you are too passionate without cause.
Winter. Grieve not for that which cannot be recalled:
Is it your servant's carelessness you plain?
Tully by one of his own slaves was slain.
The husbandman close in his bosom nursed
A subtle snake, that after wrought his bane.
Autumn. *Servos fideles liberalitas facit*:
Where on the contrary, *servitutum*:
Those that attend upon illiberal Lords,
Whose covetise yields naught else but fair looks,
Even of those fair looks make their gainful use.
For as in *Ireland* and in *Denmark* both
Witches for gold will sell a man a wind,
Which in the corner of a napkin wrapped,
Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will:
So make ill servant's sale of their Lords wind,
Which wrapped up in a piece of parchment,
Blows many a knave forth danger of the law.
Summer. Enough of this, let me go make my will.
Ah it is made, although I hold my peace,
These two will share betwixt them what I have.
The surest way to get my will performed,
Is to make my executor my heir:
And he, if all be given him and none else,
Unfallibly will see it well performed.

Lions will feed, though none bid them go to.
Ill grows the tree affordeth ne'er a graft.
Had I some issue to sit in my throne,

wln 1232
wln 1233
wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236
wln 1237
wln 1238
wln 1239
wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243
wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247
wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262
wln 1263
wln 1264

img: 20-b
sig: G1r

My grief would die, death should not hear me groan.
But when perforce these must enjoy my wealth,
Which thank me not, but enter 't as a prey,
Bequeathed it is not, but clean cast away.
Autumn, be thou successor of my seat:
Hold, take my crown: look how he grasps for it.
Thou shalt not have it yet: but hold it too;
Why should I keep that needs I must forgo?
Winter. Then (duty laid aside) you do me wrong:
I am more worthy of it far than he.
He hath no skill nor courage for to rule,
A weather-beaten bankrupt ass it is,
That scatters and consumeth all he hath:
Each one do pluck from him without control.
He is nor hot nor cold, a silly soul,
That fain would please each party, if so he might:
He and the spring are scholars' favorites.
What scholars are, what thriftless kind of men,
Yourself be judge, and judge of him by them.
When Cerberus was headlong drawn from hell,
He voided a black poison from his mouth,
Called *Aconitum*, whereof ink was made:
That ink with reeds first laid on dried barks,
Served men a while to make rude works withal,
Till *Hermes*, secretary to the Gods,
Or *Hermes Trismegistus* as some will,
Weary with graving in blind characters,
And figures of familiar beasts and plants,
Invented letters to write lies withal.
In them he penned the fables of the Gods,
The giants' war, and thousand tales besides.
After each nation got these toys in use,
There grew up certain drunken parasites,

wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279

Termed Poets, which for a meal's meat or two,
Would promise monarchs immortality:
They vomited in verse all that they knew,
Found causes and beginnings of the world,
Fetched pedigrees of mountains and of floods,
From men and women whom the Gods transformed:
If any town or city, they passed by,
Had in compassion (thinking them mad men)
Forborn to whip them, or imprison them,
That city was not built by human hands,
'Twas raised by music, like Megara walls,
Apollo, poet's patron founded it,
Because they found one fitting favor there:
Musæus, Linus, Homer, Orpheus,
Were of this trade, and thereby won their fame.

wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284
wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300

img: 21-a
sig: G1v

Will. Summer. Fama malum, quo non velocius ullum.
Winter. Next them, a company of ragged knaves,
Sun-bathing beggars, lazy hedge-creepers,
Sleeping face upwards in the fields all night,
Dreamed strange devices of the Sun and Moon,
And they like Gypsies wand'ring up and down,
Told fortunes, juggled, nicknamed all the stars,
And were of idiots termed Philosophers:
Such was Pythagoras the silencer,
Prometheus, Thales, Milesius,
Who would all things of water should be made:
Anaximander, Anaximenes,
That positively said the air was God;
Zenocrates, that said there were eight Gods:
And Crotoniates, Alcmeon too,
Who thought the Sun and Moon, and stars were gods:
The poorer sort of them that could get naught,
Professed, like beggarly Franciscan Friars,
And the strict order of the Capuchins,
A voluntary wretched poverty,
Contempt of gold, thin fare, and lying hard:

wln 1301
wln 1302
wln 1303
wln 1304
wln 1305
wln 1306
wln 1307
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wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327

Yet he that was most vehement in these,
Diogenes the Cynic and the Dog,
Was taken coining money in his Cell.
Will Summer. What an old Ass was that? Methinks, he
should have coined Carrot roots rather: for as for money, he
had no use for, except it were to melt, and solder up holes in
his tub withal.
Winter. It were a whole *Olympiad's* work to tell,
How many devilish, *ergo* armed arts,
Sprung all as vices, of this Idleness:
For even as soldiers not employed in wars,
But living loosely in a quiet state,
Not having wherewithal to maintain pride,
Nay scarce to find their bellies any food,
Naught but walk melancholy, and devise
How they may cozen merchants, fleece young heirs,
Creep into favor by betraying men,
Rob churches, beg waste toys, court city dames,
Who shall undo their husbands for their sakes:
The baser rabble how to cheat and steal,
And yet be free from penalty of death.
So those word-warriors, lazy star-gazers,
Used to no labor, but to louse themselves,
Had their heads filled with cozening fantasies,
They plotted how to make their poverty,
Better esteemed of, than high Sovereignty:
They thought how they might plant a heaven on earth,

wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336

img: 21-b
sig: G2r

Whereof they would be principal low gods,
That heaven they called Contemplation,
As much to say, as a most pleasant sloth,
Which better I cannot compare than this,
That if a fellow licensed to beg,
Should all his lifetime go from fair to fair,
And buy gape-seed, having no business else.
That contemplation like an aged weed,
Engendered thousand sects, and all those sects

wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343
wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372

img: 22-a
sig: G2v

Were but as these times, cunning shrouded rogues,
Grammarians some: and wherein differ they
From beggars, that profess the Pedlar's French?
The Poets next, slovenly tattered slaves,
That wander, and sell Ballets in the streets.
Historiographers others there be,
And the like lazars by the highway side,
That for a penny, or a halfpenny,
Will call each knave a good-faced Gentleman,
Give honor unto Tinkers, for good Ale,
Prefer a Cobbler fore the Black prince far,
If he bestow but blacking of their shoes:
And as it is the Spittle-house's guise,
Over the gate to write their founder's names,
Or on the outside of their walls at least,
In hope by their examples others moved,
Will be more bountiful and liberal,
So in the forefront of their Chronicles,
Or *Peroratione operis*,
They learning's benefactors reckon up,
Who built this college, who gave that Free-school,
What King or Queen advanced Scholars most,
And in their times what writers flourished;
Rich men and magistrates whilst yet they live,
They flatter palpably, in hope of gain.
Smooth-tongued Orators, the fourth in place,
Lawyers, our commonwealth entitles them,
Mere swashbucklers, and ruffianly mates,
That will for twelve pence make a doughty fray,
Set men for straws together by the ears.
Sky-measuring Mathematicians;
Gold-breathing Alchemists also we have,
Both which are subtle-witted humorists,
That get their meals by telling miracles,
Which they have seen in travailing the skies,
Vain boasters, liars, makeshifts, they are all,

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
wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404
wln 1405
wln 1406
wln 1407
wln 1408

img: 22-b
sig: G3r

Men that removed from their inkhorn terms,
Bring forth no action worthy of their bread.
What should I speak of pale physicians?
Who as *Fismenus non nasatus* was,
(Upon a wager that his friends had laid)
Hired to live in a privy a whole year:
So are they hired for lucre and for gain,
All their whole life to smell on excrements.
Will Summer. Very true, for I have heard it for a proverb
many a time and oft, *Hunc os fatidum*, fah, he stinks like a
physician.
Winter. Innumerable monstrous practices,
Hath loit'ring contemplation brought forth more,
Which 'twere too long particular to recite:
Suffice they all conduce unto this end,
To banish labor, nourish slothfulness,
Pamper up lust, devise newfangled sins.
Nay I will justify there is no vice,
Which learning and vild knowledge brought not in,
Or in whose praise some learned have not wrote.
The art of murder Machiavel hath penned:
Whoredom hath Ovid to uphold her throne:
And Aretine of late in Italy,
Whose *Cortigiana* toucheth bawds their trade.
Gluttony Epicurus doth defend,
And books of th' art of cookery confirm:
Of which Platina hath not writ the least.
Drunkenness of his good behavior
Hath testimonial from where he was born:
That pleasant work *de arte bibendi*,
A drunken Dutchman spewed out few years since:
Nor wanteth sloth (although sloth's plague be want)
His paper pillars for to lean upon,
The praise of nothing pleads his worthiness.
Folly Erasmus sets a flourish on.
For baldness, a bald ass, I have forgot,

wln 1409
wln 1410
wln 1411
wln 1412
wln 1413
wln 1414
wln 1415
wln 1416
wln 1417
wln 1418
wln 1419
wln 1420

Patched up a pamphletary periwig.
Slovenry Grobianus magnifieth:
Sodomitry a Cardinal commends,
And Aristotle necessary deems.
In brief all books, divinity except,
Are naught but tales of the devil's laws,
Poison wrapped up in sugared words,
Man's pride, damnation's props, the world's abuse:
Then censure (good my Lord) what bookmen are
If they be pestilent members in a state;
He is unfit to sit at stern of state,
That favors such as will o'erthrow his state:

wln 1421
wln 1422
wln 1423
wln 1424
wln 1425
wln 1426
wln 1427
wln 1428
wln 1429
wln 1430
wln 1431
wln 1432
wln 1433
wln 1434
wln 1435
wln 1436
wln 1437
wln 1438
wln 1439
wln 1440
wln 1441
wln 1442
wln 1443
wln 1444

img: 23-a
sig: G3v

wln 1445
wln 1446
wln 1447
wln 1448
wln 1449
wln 1450
wln 1451
wln 1452
wln 1453
wln 1454
wln 1455
wln 1456
wln 1457
wln 1458
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wln 1464
wln 1465
wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468

Blessed is that government where no art thrives,
Vox populi, vox Dei:
The vulgar's voice, it is the voice of God.
Yet Tully saith, *Non est consilium in vulgo, non ratio, non discrimen,*
non differentia:
The vulgar have no learning, wit, nor sense.
Themistocles having spent all his time
In study of Philosophy and arts,
And noting well the vanity of them,
Wished with repentance, for his folly past,
Some would teach him th' art of oblivion,
How to forget the arts that he had learned.
And Cicero, whom we alleged before,
(As saith Valerius) stepping into old age,
Despised learning, loathed eloquence.
Naso, that could speak nothing but pure verse,
And had more wit than words to utter it,
And words as choice as ever Poet had,
Cried and exclaimed in bitter agony,
When knowledge had corrupted his chaste mind,
Discite qui sapitis non hæc quæ scimus inertes,
Sed trepidas acies, et fera bella sequi.
You that be wise, and ever mean to thrive,
O study not these toys we sluggards use,

But follow arms, and wait on barbarous wars.
Young men, young boys, beware of Schoolmasters,
They will infect you, mar you, blear your eyes:
They seek to lay the curse of God on you,
Namely confusion of languages,
Wherewith those that the tower of *Babel* built,
Accursed were in the world's infancy.
Latin, it was the speech of Infidels.
Logic hath naught to say in a true cause.
Philosophy is curiosity:
And *Socrates* was therefore put to death,
Only for he was a Philosopher:
Abhor, contemn, despise, these damned snares.
Will Summer. Out upon it, who would be a Scholar? not I,
I promise you: my mind always gave me, this learning was
such a filthy thing, which made me hate it so as I did: when I
should have been at school, construing *Batte, mi fili, mi fili, mi*
Batte, I was close under a hedge, or under a barn wall, playing
at span Counter, or Jack in a box: my master beat me,
my father beat me, my mother gave me bread and butter, yet
all this would not make me a squitter-book. It was my destiny,
I thank her as a most courteous goddess, that she hath
not cast me away upon gibridge. O, in what a mighty vain
am I now against Horn-books! Here before all this company,

wln 1469
wln 1470
wln 1471
wln 1472
wln 1473
wln 1474
wln 1475
wln 1476
wln 1477
wln 1478
wln 1479
wln 1480

img: 23-b
sig: G4r

I profess myself on open enemy to Ink and paper. I'll
make it good upon the Accidence body, that In speech is the
devil's Paternoster: Nouns and Pronouns, I pronounce
you as traitors to boys' buttocks, Syntaxis and Prosodia, you
are tormenters of wit, and good for nothing but to get a schoolmaster
two pence a week. Hang copies, fly out phrase books,
let pens be turned to picktooths: bowls, cards and dice, you are
the true liberal sciences, I'll ne'er be Goose-quill, gentlemen, while I live.
Summer Winter, with patience unto my grief,
I have attended thy invective tale:
So much untruth wit never shadowed:
Gainst her own bowels thou Art's weapons turn'st:

wln 1481
wln 1482
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wln 1516

Let none believe thee, that will ever thrive:
Words have their course, the wind blows where it lists;
He errs alone, in error that persists.
For thou gainst *Autumn* such exceptions tak'st,
I grant, his overseer thou shalt be,
His treasurer, protector, and his staff,
He shall do nothing without thy consent;
Provide thou for his weal, and his content.
Winter. Thanks, gracious Lord: so I'll dispose of him,
As it shall not repent you of your gift.
Autumn. On such conditions no crown will I take.
I challenge *Winter* for my enemy,
A most insatiate miserable carl,
That, to fill up his garners to the brim,
Cares not how he endamageth the earth:
What poverty he makes it to endure!
He over-bars the crystal streams with ice,
That none but he and his may drink of them:
All for a foul Back-winter he lays up;
Hard craggy ways, and uncouth slippery paths
He frames, that passengers may slide and fall:
Who quaketh not, that heareth but his name?
O, but two sons he hath, worse than himself,
Christmas the one, a pinchback, cutthroat churl,
That keeps no open house, as he should do,
Delighteth in no game or fellowship,
Loves no good deeds, and hateth talk,
But sitteth in a corner turning Crabs,
Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of Ale:
Back-winter th' other, that's his nown sweet boy,
Who like his father taketh in all points,
An elf it is, compact of envious pride,
A miscreant, born for a plague to men.
A monster, that devoureth all he meets:
Were but his father dead, so he would reign:
Yea he would go good-near, to deal by him,

img: 24-a
sig: G4v

wln 1517
wln 1518
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wln 1552

As *Nabuchodonozor's* ungracious son,
Evil-merodach by his father dealt:
Who, when his sire was turned to an Ox,
Full greedily snatcht up his sovereignty,
And thought himself a king without control.
So it fell out, seven years expired and gone,
Nabuchodonozor came to his shape again,
And dispossessed him of the regiment:
Which my young prince no little grieving at,
When that his father shortly after died,
Fearing lest he should come from death again,
As he came from an Ox to be a man,
Wiled that his body spoiled of coverture,
Should be cast forth into the open fields,
For Birds and Ravens, to devour at will,
Thinking if they bare every one of them,
A bill full of his flesh into their nests,
He would not rise, to trouble him in haste.

Will Summer. A virtuous son, and I'll lay my life on 't, he
was a Cavalier and a good fellow.

Winter. Pleaseth your honor, all he says, is false.
For my own part I love good husbandry,
But hate dishonorable covetise.
Youth ne'er aspires to virtues perfect growth,
Till his wild oats be sown: and so the earth,
Until his weeds be rotted, with my frosts,
Is not for any seed, or tillage fit.
He must be purged that hath surfeited:
The fields have surfeited with Summer fruits,
They must be purged, made poor, oppressed with snow,
Ere they recover their decayed pride,
For overbarring of the streams with Ice.
Who locks not poison from his children's taste?
When Winter reigns, the water is so cold,
That it is poison, present death to those
That wash, or bathe their limbs, in his cold streams.

img: 24-b
sig: H1r

wln 1553
wln 1554
wln 1555
wln 1556
wln 1557
wln 1558
wln 1559
wln 1560
wln 1561

The slipp'rier that ways are under us,
The better it makes us to heed our steps,
And look ere we presume too rashly on:
If that my sons have misbehaved themselves,
A God's name let them answer 't fore my Lord.
Autumn. Now I beseech your honor it may be so.
Summer. With all my heart: *Vertumnus*, go for them.
Will Summer. This same *Harry Baker* is such a necessary fellow
to go on errands, as you shall not find in a country. It is

wln 1562
wln 1563
wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566

pity but he should have another silver arrow, if it be but for
crossing the stage, with his cap on.

Summer. To weary out the time until they come,
Sing me some doleful ditty to the Lute,
That may complain my near approaching death.

wln 1567
wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571
wln 1572
wln 1573
wln 1574

The Song.

*Adieu, farewell earth's bliss,
This world uncertain is,
Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys,
None from his darts can fly,
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us.*

wln 1575
wln 1576
wln 1577
wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581

*Rich men, trust not in wealth,
Gold cannot buy you health,
Physic himself must fade.
All things, to end are made,
The plague full swift goes high,
I am sick, I must die,
Lord have mercy on us.*

img: 25-a
sig: H1v

wln 1582
wln 1583
wln 1584
wln 1585
wln 1586
wln 1587
wln 1588

*Beauty is but a flower,
Which wrinkles will devour,
Brightness falls from the air,
Queens have died young, and fair,
Dust hath closed Helen's eye.
I am sick, I must die,
Lord have mercy on us.*

wln 1589
wln 1590
wln 1591
wln 1592
wln 1593
wln 1594
wln 1595

*Strength stoops unto the grave,
Worms feed on Hector brave,
Swords may not fight with fate,
Earth still holds ope her gate,
Come, come, the **bells** do cry.
I am sick, I must die,
Lord have mercy on us.*

wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602

*Wit with his wantonness,
Tasteth death's bitterness,
Hell's executioner,
Hath no ears for to hear,
What vain art can reply.
I am sick, I must die,
Lord have mercy on us.*

wln 1603
wln 1604
wln 1605
wln 1606

img: 25-b
sig: H2r

*Haste therefore each degree,
To welcome destiny:
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage,*

wln 1607
wln 1608
wln 1609

*Mount we unto the sky.
I am sick, I must die,
Lord have mercy on us.*

wln 1610
wln 1611
wln 1612
wln 1613
wln 1614
wln 1615
wln 1616
wln 1617
wln 1618
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wln 1633
wln 1634
wln 1635
wln 1636
wln 1637
wln 1638
wln 1639
wln 1640

Summer. Beshrew me, but thy song hath moved me.
Will Summer. Lord have mercy on us, how lamentable 'tis!
*Enter Vertumnus with Christmas
and Back-winter.*

Vertumnus. I have dispatched, my Lord, I have brought you
them you sent me for.

Will Summer What sayst thou? hast thou made a good batch?
I pray thee give me a new loaf.

Summer. Christmas, how chance thou com'st not as the rest,
Accompanied with some music, or some song?
A merry Carol would have graced thee well,
Thy ancestors have used it heretofore.

Christmas. Ay, antiquity was the mother of ignorance: this
latter world that sees but with her spectacles, hath spied a pad
in those sports more than they could.

Summer. What, is't against thy conscience for to sing?

Christmas. No nor to say, by my troth, if I may get a good
bargain.

Summer. Why, thou shouldst spend, thou shouldst not
care to get. Christmas is god of hospitality.

Christmas. So will he never be of good husbandry. I may
say to you, there is many an old god, that is now grown out
of fashion. So is the god of hospitality.

Summer. What reason canst thou give he should be left?

Christmas. No other reason, but that Gluttony is a sin, and
too many dunghills are infectious. A man's belly was not made
for a powd'ring beef tub: to feed the poor twelve days, and
let them starve all the year after, would but stretch out the
guts wider than they should be, and so make famine a bigger den
in their bellies, than he had before. I should kill an ox, and have
some such fellow as *Milo* to come and eat it up at a mouthful.

img: 26-a
sig: H2v

wln 1641
wln 1642
wln 1643
wln 1644
wln 1645
wln 1646

Or like the *Sybarites*, do nothing all one year, but bid guests
against the next year. The scraping of trenchers you think
would put a man to no charges. It is not a hundred pound a
year would serve the scullions in dishclouts. My house stands
upon vaults, it will fall if it be overladen with a multitude. Besides,
have you never read of a city that was undermined and

wln 1647
wln 1648
wln 1649
wln 1650
wln 1651
wln 1652
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wln 1670
wln 1671
wln 1672
wln 1673
wln 1674
wln 1675
wln 1676

img: 26-b
sig: H3r

wln 1677
wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680
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

destroyed by Moles? So, say I keep hospitality, and a whole fair of beggars bid me to dinner every day, what with making legs, when they thank me at their going away, and settling their wallets handsomely on their backs, they would shake as many lice on the ground, as were able to undermine my house, and undo me utterly: It is their prayers would build it again, if it were overthrown by this vermin, would it? I pray, who begun feasting, and gourmandize first, but *Sardanapalus*, *Nero*, *Heliogabalus*, *Commodus*, tyrants, whoremasters, unthrifths? Some call them Emperors, but I respect no crowns, but crowns in the purse. Any man may wear a silver crown, that hath made a fray in Smithfield, and lost but a piece of his brainpan. And to tell you plain, your golden crowns are little better in substance, and many times got after the same sort.

Summer. Gross-headed sot, how light he makes of state!

Autumn. Who treadeth not on stars when they are fallen?

Who talketh not of states, when they are dead?

A fool conceits no further than he sees,

He hath no sense of aught, but what he feels.

Christmas. Ay, Ay, such wise men as you, come to beg at such fools' doors as we be.

Autumn. Thou shutt'st thy door, how should we beg of thee?

No alms but thy sink carries from thy house.

Will Summer. And I can tell you, that's as plentiful alms for the plague, as the sheriff's tub to them of Newgate.

Autumn. For feasts thou keepest none, cankers thou feed'st:

The worms will curse thy flesh another day,

Because it yieldeth them no fatter prey.

Christmas. What worms do another day I care not, but I'll be sworn upon a whole Kilderkin of single Beer, I will not

have a worm-eaten nose like a Pursuivant, while I live. Feasts are but puffing up of the flesh, the purveyors for diseases, travel, cost, time ill spent. O, it were a trim thing to send, as the *Romans* did, round about the world for provision for one banquet. I must rig ships to *Samos* for Peacocks, to *Paphos* for Pigeons, to *Austria* for Oysters, to *Phasis* for Pheasants, to *Arabia* for Phoenixes, to *Meander* for Swans, to the *Orcades* for Geese, to *Phrigia* for Woodcocks, to *Malta* for Cranes, to the Isle of Man for Puffins, to *Ambracia* for Goats, to *Tartole* for Lampreys, to *Egypt* for Dates, to *Spain* for Chestnuts, and all for one feast.

Will Summer. O sir, you need not, you may buy them at London better cheap.

Christmas. *Liberalitas liberalitate perit*, love me a little and love me long: our feet must have wherewithal to feed the stones, our backs walls of wool to keep out the cold that besiegeth our warm blood, our doors must have bars, our doublets must have buttons. Item, for an old sword to scrape

wln 1695
wln 1696
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wln 1706
wln 1707
wln 1708
wln 1709
wln 1710
wln 1711
wln 1712

img: 27-a
sig: H3v

wln 1713
wln 1714
wln 1715
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wln 1721
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wln 1736
wln 1737
wln 1738
wln 1739
wln 1740
wln 1741
wln 1742

the stones before the door with, three halfpence for stitching a wooden tankard that was burst. These Water-bearers will empty the conduit and a man's coffers at once. Not a Porter that brings a man a letter, but will have his penny. I am afraid to keep past one or two servants, lest hungry knaves they should rob me: and those I keep, I warrant I do not pamper up too lusty, I keep them under with red Herring and poor John all the year long. I have damned up all my chimneys for fear (though I burn nothing but small coal) my house should be set on fire with the smoke. I will not deny, but once in a dozen year when there is a great rot of sheep, and I know not what to do with them, I keep open house for all the beggars, in some of my outyards, marry they must bring bread with them, I am no Baker.

Will Summer. As good men as you, and have thought no scorn to serve their prenticeships on the pillory.

Summer. Winter, is this thy son? hear'st how he talks?

Winter. I am his father, therefore may not speak,

But otherwise I could excuse his fault.

Summer. Christmas, I tell thee plain, thou art a snudge.

And were 't not that we love thy father well,
Thou shouldst have felt, what 'longs to Avarice.

It is the honor of Nobility,
To keep high days and solemn festivals:
Then, to set their magnificence to view,
To frolic open with their favorites,
And use their neighbors with all courtesy,
When thou in hugger-mugger spend'st thy wealth.

Amend thy manners, breathe thy rusty gold:
Bounty will win thee love, when thou art old.

Will Summer. Ay, that bounty would I fain meet, to borrow money of, he is fairly blessed nowadays, that scapes blows when he begs. *Verba dandi et reddendi*, go together in the Grammar rule: there is no giving but with condition of restoring: ah *Benedicite*, well is he hath no necessity of gold ne of sustenance; slow good hap comes by chance; flattery best fares; Arts are but idle wares; fair words want giving hands; the Lento begs that hath no lands; fie on thee thou scurvy knave, that hast naught, and yet goest brave; a prison be thy death bed, or be hanged all save the head.

Summer. Back-winter, stand forth.

Vertumnus Stand forth, stand forth, hold up your head, speak out.

Back-winter. What, should I stand? or whether, should I go?

Summer. Autumn accuseth thee of sundry crimes,
Which here thou art to clear, or to confess.

Back-winter. With thee, or Autumn, have I naught to do:
I would you were both hanged face to face.

Summer. Is this the reverence that thou ow'st to us?

wln 1743
wln 1744
wln 1745
wln 1746
wln 1747
wln 1748

img: 27-b
sig: H4r

wln 1749
wln 1750
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wln 1752
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wln 1782
wln 1783
wln 1784

img: 28-a
sig: H4v

wln 1785
wln 1786
wln 1787

Back-winter. Why not? what art thou?
Shalt thou always live?
Autumn. It is the veriest Dog in Christendom.
Winter. That's for he barks at such a knave as thou.
Back-winter. Would I could bark the sun out of the sky,
Turn Moon and stars to frozen Meteors,

And make the Ocean a dry land of Ice,
With tempest of my breath, turn up high trees,
On mountains heap up second mounts of snow,
Which melted into water, might fall down,
As fell the deluge on the former world.
I hate the air, the fire, the Spring, the year,
And whatsoe'er brings mankind any good.
O that my looks were lightning to blast fruits!
Would I with thunder presently might die,
So I might speak in thunder, to slay men.
Earth, if I cannot injure thee enough,
I'll bite thee with my teeth, I'll scratch thee thus,
I'll beat down the partition with my heels,
Which as a mud-vault severs hell and thee.
Spirits, come up, 'tis I that knock for you,
One that envies the world, far more than you:
Come up in millions, millions are too few,
To execute the malice I intend.

Summer. *O scelus inauditum, O vox damnatorum!*
Not raging *Hecuba*, whose hollow eyes
Gave suck to fifty sorrows at one time,
That midwife to so many murders was,
Used half the execrations that thou dost.

Back-winter. More I will use, if more I may prevail:
Back-winter comes but seldom forth abroad,
But when he comes, he pincheth to the proof;
Winter is mild, his son is rough and stern.
Ovid could well write of my tyranny,
When he was banished to the frozen Zone.

Summer. And banished be thou from my fertile bounds.
Winter, imprison him in thy dark Cell,
Or with the winds, in bellowing caves of brass,
Let stern *Hipporlatos* lock him up safe,
Ne'er to peep forth, but when thou faint and weak
Want'st him to aid thee in thy regiment.

Back-winter. I will peep forth, thy kingdom to supplant:

My father I will quickly freeze to death,
And then sole Monarch will I sit and think,
How I may banish thee, as thou dost me.

wln 1788
wln 1789
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wln 1819
wln 1820
wln 1821

img: 28-b
sig: IIr

wln 1822
wln 1823
wln 1824
wln 1825
wln 1826
wln 1827
wln 1828
wln 1829
wln 1830
wln 1831
wln 1832
wln 1833
wln 1834
wln 1835

Winter. I see my downfall written in his brows:

Convey him hence, to his assigned hell.

Fathers are given to love their sons too well.

Will Summer. No by my troth, nor mothers neither, I am sure
I could never find it. This *Back-winter* plays a railing part to
no purpose, my small learning finds no reason for it, except as
a *Back-winter* or an after-winter is more raging tempestuous,
and violent than the beginning of *Winter*, so he brings him in
stamping and raging as if he were mad, when his father is a
jolly mild quiet old man, and stands still and does nothing.
The court accepts of your meaning; you might have writ in
the margent of your playbook, Let there be a few rushes
laid in the place where *Back-winter* shall tumble, for fear of
raying his clothes: or set down, Enter *Back-winter*, with his
boy, bringing a brush after him, to take off the dust if need require.
But you will ne'er have any wardrobe wit while you
live. I pray you hold the book well, we be not *nonplus* in the
latter end of the play.

Summer. This is the last stroke, my tongue's clock must strike,
My last will, which I will that you perform:
My crown I have disposed already of.
Item, I give my withered flowers, and herbs,
Unto dead corses, for to deck them with,
My shady walks to great men's servitors,
Who in their master's shadows walk secure,
My pleasant open air, and fragrant smells,
To Croyden and the grounds abutting round,
My heat and warmth to toiling laborers,
My long days to bondmen, and prisoners,
My short nights to young married souls,
My drought and thirst, to drunkards' quenchless throats,
My fruits to *Autumn* my adopted heir,
My murmuring springs, musicians of sweet sleep,
To murmuring malcontents, with their well-tuned cares,

Channeled in a sweet falling quatorzain,
Do lull their ears asleep, list'ning themselves.
And finally, O words, now cleanse your course,
Unto *Eliza* that most sacred Dame,
Whom none but Saints and Angels ought to name;
All my fair days remaining, I bequeath
To wait upon her till she be returned.
Autumn, I charge thee, when that I am dead,
Be prest and serviceable at her beck,
Present her with thy goodliest ripened fruits,
Unclothe no Arbors where she ever sat,
Touch not a tree, thou think'st she may pass by.
And *Winter*, with thy writen frosty face,
Smooth up thy visage when thou look'st on her,

wln 1836
wln 1837
wln 1838
wln 1839
wln 1840
wln 1841
wln 1842
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wln 1854
wln 1855
wln 1856
wln 1857

Thou never look'st on such bright majesty:
A charmed circle draw about her court,
Wherein warm days may dance, and no cold come,
On seas let winds make war, not vex her rest,
Quiet enclose her bed, thought fly her breast.
Ah gracious Queen, though Summer pine away,
Yet let thy flourishing stand at a stay,
First droop this universal's aged frame,
Ere any malady thy strength should tame:
Heaven raise up pillars to uphold thy hand,
Peace may have still his temple in thy land.
Lo, I have said, this is the total sum.
Autumn and Winter, on your faithfulness,
For the performance I do firmly build.
Farewell, my friends, Summer bids you farewell,
Archers, and bowlers, all my followers,
Adieu, and dwell with desolation,
Silence must be your master's mansion:
Slow marching thus, descend I to the fiends.
Weep heavens, mourn earth, here Summer ends.
*Here the Satyrs and Wood-nymphs carry him
out, singing as he came in.*

img: 29-a
sig: IIv

wln 1858

The Song.

wln 1859
wln 1860
wln 1861
wln 1862
wln 1863
wln 1864
wln 1865

*Autumn hath all the Summer's fruitful treasure,
Gone is our sport, fled is poor Croyden's pleasure:
Short days, sharp days, long nights come on apace,
Ah who shall hide us, from the Winter's face?
Cold doth increase, the sickness will not cease,
And here we lie God knows, with little ease:
From winter, plague and pestilence, good Lord deliver us.*

wln 1866
wln 1867
wln 1868
wln 1869
wln 1870
wln 1871
wln 1872

*London doth mourn, Lambeth is quite forlorn,
Trades cry, Woe worth, that ever they were born:
The want of Term, is town and City's harme,
Close chambers we do want, to keep us warm,
Long banished must we live from our friends:
This low-built house, will bring us to our ends.
From winter, plague and pestilence, good Lord deliver us.*

wln 1873
wln 1874
wln 1875
wln 1876
wln 1877
wln 1878
wln 1879

Will Summer. How is't? how is't? you that be of the graver
sort, do you think these youths worthy of a *Plaudite* for praying
for the Queen, and singing of the Litany? they are poor
fellows I must needs say, and have bestowed great labor in
sowing leaves, and grass, and straw, and moss upon cast
suits. You may do well to warm your hands with clapping,
before you go to bed, and send them to the tavern with merry

wln 1880
wln 1881
wln 1882
wln 1883
wln 1884
wln 1885

Enter a
little boy
with an
Epilogue.

hearts. Here is a pretty boy comes with an Epilogue, to get him audacity. I pray you sit still a little, and hear him say his lesson without book. It is a good boy, be not afraid, turn thy face to my Lord. Thou and I will play at poutch, tomorrow morning for a breakfast. Come and sit on my knee, and I'll dance thee, if thou canst not endure to stand.

img: 29-b
sig: I2r

wln 1886

The Epilogue.

wln 1887
wln 1888
wln 1889
wln 1890
wln 1891
wln 1892
wln 1893
wln 1894
wln 1895
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wln 1914
wln 1915
wln 1916
wln 1917

ULysses a Dwarf, and the prolocutor for the *Grecians*, gave me leave that am a Pigmy, to do an Embassage to you from the Cranes: Gentlemen (for Kings are no better) certain humble Animals, called our Actors, commend them unto you; who, what offense they have committed, I know not (except it be in purloining some hours out of time's treasury, that might have been better employed; but by me (the agent for their imperfections) they humbly crave pardon, if happily some of their terms have trod awry, or their tongues stumbled unwittingly on any man's content. In much Corn is some Cockle; in a heap of coin here and there a piece of Copper; wit hath his dregs as well as wine; words their waste, Ink his blots, every speech his Parenthesis, Poetical fury, as well Crabs as Sweetings for his Summer fruits. *Nemo sapit omnibus horis*. Their folly is deceased, their fear is yet living. Nothing can kill an Ass but cold: cold entertainment, discouraging scoffs, authorized disgraces, may kill a whole litter of young Asses of them here at once, that have traveled thus far in impudence, only in hope to sit a-sunning in your smiles. The Romans dedicated a Temple to the fever quartan, thinking it some great God, because it shook them so: and another, to Ill fortune in *Exquilliis* a Mountain in Rome, that it should not plague them at Cards and Dice. Your Graces' frowns are to them shaking fevers, your least disfavours, the greatest ill fortune that may betide them. They can build no Temples, but themselves and their best endeavors, with all prostrate reverence, they here dedicate and offer up, wholly to your service. *Sis bonus, O felixque tuis*. To make the gods merry, the celestial clown *Vulcan* tuned his polt-foot, to the measures of *Apollo's* Lute, and danced a limping Galliard in *Jove's* starry hall.

img: 30-a
sig: I2v

wln 1918
wln 1919
wln 1920
wln 1921
wln 1922

To make you merry that are the Gods of Art, and guides unto heaven, a number of rude *Vulcans*, unwieldy speakers, hammer-headed clowns (for so it pleaseth them in modesty to name themselves) have set their deformities to view, as it were in a dance here before you. Bear with their wants, lull melancholy

wln 1923
wln 1924
wln 1925
wln 1926
wln 1927
wln 1928
wln 1929
wln 1930
wln 1931
wln 1932
wln 1933
wln 1934
wln 1935

asleep with their absurdities, and expect hereafter
better fruits of their industry. Little creatures often terrify
great beasts: the Elephant flieth from a Ram, the Lion
from a Cock and from fire; the Crocodile from all Sea-fish,
the Whale from the noise of parched bones; light toys chase
great cares. The great fool *Toy* hath marred the play: Good
night, Gentlemen; I go, **let** him be carried away.

Will Summer. Is't true Jackanapes, do you serve me so? As
sure as this coat is too short for me, all the Points of your hose
for this are condemned to my pocket, if you and I e'er play at
span Counter more. *Valete, spectatores*, pay for this sport
with a *Plaudite*, and the next time the wind blows from this
corner, we will make you ten times as merry.

*Barbarus hic ego sum, quia non
intelligor ulli.*

FINIS.

wln 1936
wln 1937

img: 30-b
sig: [N/A]

Textual Notes

1. **7 (1-b)**: The regularized reading *Walter* is amended from the original *Water*.
2. **3 (2-b)**: The regularized reading *Summer* is amended from the original *Summers*.
3. **125 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *always* is amended from the original *alway*.
4. **182 (5-a)**: The regularized reading *Summer* is amended from the original *Summers*.
5. **260 (6-a)**: The regularized reading *Summer* is amended from the original *Summers*.
6. **280 (6-a)**: The regularized reading *Summer* is amended from the original *Summers*.
7. **1048 (17-b)**: Sig. F2r is missigned D2. The signature D2 is also printed in an unusual position on the page.
8. **1121 (18-b)**: Sig. F3r is missigned D3.
9. **1173 (19-a)**: The regularized reading *Stentor* is amended from the original *Scenter*.
10. **1193 (19-b)**: Sig. F4r is missigned D3.
11. **1593 (25-a)**: The regularized reading *bells* is amended from the original *hells*.
12. **1781 (27-b)**: The regularized reading *Hipporlatos* comes from the original *Hipporlatos*, though possible variants include *Hippotades*.
13. **1880 (29-a)**: The regularized reading *Enter* is supplied for the original *[·]nter*.
14. **1880 (29-a)**: The regularized reading *little* is supplied for the original *[·]tle*.
15. **1880 (29-a)**: The regularized reading *with* is supplied for the original *[·]ith[·]ith*.
16. **1880 (29-a)**: The regularized reading *Epilogue* is supplied for the original *[·]pilogue*.
17. **1929 (30-a)**: 'Let him be carried away' could be interpreted as a stage direction or as speech by another character.