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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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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

THE  
SHOEMAKERS'  
Holiday.  
OR  
*The Gentle Craft.*

In 0006

In 0007

In 0008

With the humorous life of Simon  
Eyre, shoemaker, and Lord Mayor  
of London.

In 0009

In 0010

In 0011

In 0012

As it was acted before the Queen's most excellent Majesty  
on New year's day at night last, by the right  
honorable the Earl of Nottingham, Lord high Admiral  
of England, his servants.

In 0013

In 0014

In 0015

In 0016

Printed by Valentine Simmes dwelling at the foot of **Adling**  
hill, near Baynard's Castle, at the sign of the White  
Swan, and are there to be sold.  
1600.

img: 3-a  
sig: A2v

ln 0001  
ln 0002  
ln 0003

To all good Fellows, Professors of  
the Gentle Craft; of what degree  
soever.

ln 0004  
ln 0005  
ln 0006  
ln 0007  
ln 0008  
ln 0009  
ln 0010  
ln 0011  
ln 0012  
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ln 0014  
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ln 0016  
ln 0017  
ln 0018  
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ln 0022  
ln 0023  
ln 0024  
ln 0025

*Kind Gentlemen, and honest boon Companions,  
I present you here with a merry conceited  
Comedy, called the Shoemakers' Holiday, acted  
by my Lord Admiral's Players this present  
Christmas, before the Queen's most excellent  
Majesty. For the mirth and pleasant matter, by her Highness  
graciously accepted; being indeed no way offensive. The  
Argument of the play I will set down in this Epistle: Sir  
Hugh Lacy Earl of Lincoln, had a young Gentleman of his  
own name, his near kinsman, that loved the Lord Mayor's  
daughter of London; to prevent and cross which love, the  
Earl caused his kinsman to be sent Colonel of a company  
into France: who resigned his place to another gentleman his  
friend, and came disguised like a Dutch Shoemaker, to the  
house of Simon Eyre in Tower street, who served the Mayor  
and his household with shoes. The merriments that passed in  
Eyre's house, his coming to be Mayor of London, Lacy's getting  
his love, and other accidents; with two merry Three-men's  
songs. Take all in good worth that is well intended, for  
nothing is purposed but mirth, mirth lengtheneth long life;  
which, with all other blessings I heartily wish you.*

*Farewell.*

img: 4-a  
sig: A3v

wln 0001

wln 0002

*The first Three-man's  
Song.*

wln 0003

wln 0004

wln 0005

wln 0006

O the month of May, the merry month of May,  
So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so green:  
O and then did I, unto my true love say,  
Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summer's Queen.

wln 0007

wln 0008

wln 0009

wln 0010

NOw the Nightingale, the pretty Nightingale,  
The sweetest singer in all the Forest's choir:  
Entreats thee sweet Peggy, to hear thy true love's tale,  
Lo, yonder she sitteth, her breast against a brier.

wln 0011

wln 0012

wln 0013

wln 0014

But O I spy the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo,  
See where she sitteth, come away my joy:  
Come away I prithee, I do not like the Cuckoo  
Should sing where my Peggy and I kiss and toy.

wln 0015

wln 0016

wln 0017

wln 0018

O the month of May, the merry month of May,  
So frolic, so gay, and so green, so green, so green:  
And then did I, unto my true love say,  
Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summer's Queen.



img: 4-b  
sig: A4r

wln 0019

wln 0020

*The Second Three-man's  
Song.*

wln 0021

*This is to be sung at the latter end.*

wln 0022

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,

wln 0023

Saint Hugh be our good speed:

wln 0024

Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,

wln 0025

Nor helps good hearts in need.

wln 0026

Troll the bowl, the jolly Nutbrown bowl,

wln 0027

And here kind mate to thee:

wln 0028

Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,

wln 0029

And down it merrily.

wln 0030

Down a down, hey down a down,

wln 0031

Hey derry derry down a down, Close with the tenor boy:

wln 0032

Ho well done, to me let come,

wln 0033

King compass gentle joy.

wln 0034

Troll the bowl, the Nutbrown bowl,

wln 0035

And here kind Etc. as often as there be men to drink.

wln 0036

At last when all have drunk, this verse.

wln 0037

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,

wln 0038

Saint Hugh be our good speed:

wln 0039

Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,

wln 0040

Nor helps good hearts in need.

img: 5-a  
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wln 0041  
wln 0042  
wln 0043

*The Prologue as it was pronounced  
before the Queen's  
Majesty.*

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wln 0045  
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wln 0059  
wln 0060  
wln 0061

AS wretches in a storm (expecting day)  
With trembling hands and eyes cast up to heaven,  
Make Prayers the anchor of their conquered hopes,  
So we (dear Goddess) wonder of all eyes,  
Your meanest vassals (through mistrust and fear,  
To sink into the bottom of disgrace,  
By our imperfect pastimes) prostrate thus  
On bended knees, our sails of hope do strike,  
Dreading the bitter storms of your dislike.  
Since then (unhappy men) our hap is such,  
That to ourselves ourselves no help can bring,  
But needs must perish, if your saintlike ears  
(Locking the temple where all mercy sits)  
Refuse the tribute of our begging tongues.  
Oh grant (bright mirror of true Chastity)  
From those life-breathing stars your sunlike eyes,  
One gracious smile: for your celestial breath  
Must send us life, or sentence us to death.

img: 5-b  
sig: B1r

wln 0062

wln 0063

wln 0064

wln 0065

wln 0066

wln 0067

wln 0068

wln 0069

wln 0070

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wln 0076

wln 0077

wln 0078

wln 0079

wln 0080

wln 0081

wln 0082

wln 0083

A pleasant Comedy of  
*the Gentle Craft.*

*Enter Lord Mayor, Lincoln.*

*Lincoln.*

MY Lord Mayor, you have sundry times  
Feasted myself, and many Courtiers more,  
Seldom, or never can we be so kind,  
To make requital of your courtesy:  
But leaving this, I hear my cousin Lacy  
Is much affected to your daughter Rose.

*Lord Mayor.* True my good Lord, and she loves him so well,  
That I mislike her boldness in the chase.

*Lincoln* Why my lord Mayor, think you it then a shame,  
To join a Lacy with an Oatley's name?

*Lord Mayor.* Too mean is my poor girl for his high birth,  
Poor Citizens must not with Courtiers wed,  
Who will in silks, and gay apparel spend  
More in one year, than I am worth by far,  
Therefore your honor need not doubt my girl.

*Lincoln.* Take heed my Lord, advise you what you do,  
A verier unthrift lives not in the world,  
Then is my cousin, for I'll tell you what,

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wln 0116

'Tis now almost a year since he requested  
To travel countries for experience,  
I furnished him with coin, bills of exchange,  
Letters of credit, men to wait on him,  
Solicited my friends in Italy  
Well to respect him: but to see the end:  
Scant had he journeyed through half Germany,  
But all his coin was spent, his men cast off,  
His bills embezzled, and my jolly coz,  
Ashamed to show his bankrupt presence here,  
Became a Shoemaker in Wittenberg,  
A goodly science for a gentleman  
Of such descent: now judge the rest by this.  
Suppose your daughter have a thousand pound,  
He did consume me more in one half year,  
And make him heir to all the wealth you have,  
One twelvemonth's rioting will waste it all,  
Then seek (my Lord) some honest Citizen  
To wed your daughter to.

*Lord Mayor.* I thank your Lordship,  
Well Fox, I understand your subtlety,  
As for your nephew, let your lordship's eye  
But watch his actions, and you need not fear,  
For I have my daughter far enough,  
And yet your cousin Rowland might do well  
Now he hath learned an occupation,  
And yet I scorn to call him son-in-law.

*Lincoln.* Ay but I have a better trade for him,  
I thank his grace he hath appointed him,  
Chief colonel of all those companies  
Mustered in London, and the shires about,  
To serve his highness in those wars of France:  
See where he comes: Lovell what news with you?

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*Enter Lovell, Lacy, and Askew.*

*Lovell.* My Lord of Lincoln, 'tis his highness' will,  
That presently your cousin ship for France  
With all his powers, he would not for a million,  
But they should land at Dieppe within four days.

*Lincoln* Go certify his grace it shall be done: *Exit Lovell.*  
Now cousin Lacy, in what forwardness  
Are all your companies?

*Lacy.* All well prepared,  
The men of Hartfordshire lie at Mile end,  
Suffolk, and Essex, train in Tothill fields,  
The Londoners, and those of Middlesex,  
All gallantly prepared in Finsbury,  
With frolic spirits, long for their parting hour.

*Lord Mayor* They have their imprest, coats, and furniture,  
And if it please your cousin Lacy come  
To the Guildhall, he shall receive his pay,  
And twenty pounds besides my brethren  
Will freely give him, to approve our loves  
We bear unto my Lord your uncle here.

*Lacy.* I thank your honor.

*Lincoln.* Thanks my good Lord Mayor.

*Lord Mayor* At the Guildhall we will expect your coming, *Exit.*

*Lincoln.* To approve your loves to me? no subtlety  
Nephew: that twenty pound he doth bestow,  
For joy to rid you from his daughter Rose:  
But cousins both, now here are none but friends,  
I would not have you cast an amorous eye  
Upon so mean a project, as the love  
Of a gay wanton painted citizen,  
I know this churl, even in the height of scorn,  
Doth hate the mixture of his blood with thine,  
I pray thee do thou so, remember coz,

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What honorable fortunes wait on thee,  
Increase the king's love which so brightly shines,  
And gilds thy hopes, I have no heir but thee:  
And yet not thee, if with a wayward spirit,  
Thou start from the true bias of my love.

*Lacy.* My Lord, I will (for honor (not desire  
Of land or livings) or to be your heir)  
So guide my actions in pursuit of France,  
As shall add glory to the Lacy's name.

*Lincoln.* Coz, for those words here's thirty Portugues  
And Nephew Askew, there's a few for you,  
Fair Honor in her loftiest eminence  
Stays in France for you till you fetch her thence,  
Then Nephews, clap swift wings on your designs,  
Be gone, be gone, make haste to the Guildhall,  
There presently I'll meet you, do not stay,  
Where honor becomes, shame attends delay.

*Exit.*

*Askew.* How gladly would your uncle have you gone?

*Lacy.* True coz, but I'll o'erreach his policies,  
I have some serious business for thrée days,  
Which nothing but my presence can dispatch,  
You therefore cousin with the companies  
Shall haste to Dover, there I'll meet with you,  
Or if I stay past my prefixed time,  
Away for France, we'll meet in Normandy,  
The twenty pounds my Lord Mayor gives to me  
You shall receive, and these ten portagues,  
Part of mine uncle's thirty, gentle coz,  
Have care to our great charge, I know your wisdom  
Hath tried itself in higher consequence.

*Askew.* Coz, all myself am yours, yet have this care,  
To lodge in London with all secrecy,  
Our uncle Lincoln hath (besides his own)

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wln 0213  
wln 0214  
wln 0215

Many a jealous eye, that in your face  
Stares only to watch means for your disgrace.

*Lacy.* Stay cousin, who be these?

*Enter Simon Eyre, his wife, Hodge, Firk, Jane, and Rafe with a piece.*

*Eyre.* Leave whining, leave whining, away with this  
whimpering, this puling, these blubbering tears, and these  
wet eyes, I'll get thy husband discharged, I warrant thee  
sweet Jane: go to.

*Hodge.* Master, here be the captains.

*Eyre.* Peace Hodge, husht ye knave, husht.

*Firk* Here be the cavaliers, and the colonels, master.

*Eyre.* Peace Firk, peace my fine Firk, stand by with  
your pishery-pashery, away, I am a man of the best presence,  
I'll speak to them and they were Popes, gentlemen, captains,  
colonels, commanders: brave men, brave leaders,  
may it please you to give me audience, I am Simon Eyre,  
the mad Shoemaker of Tower street, this wench with the  
mealy mouth that will never tire, is my wife I can tell you,  
here's Hodge my man, and my foreman, here's Firk my fine  
firking journeyman, and this is blubbered Jane, all we come  
to be suitors for this honest Rafe keep him at home, and as I  
am a true shoemaker, and a gentleman of the Gentle Craft,  
buy spurs yourself, and I'll find ye boots these seven years.

*Wife.* Seven years husband?

*Eyre.* Peace Midriff, peace, I know what I do, peace.

*Firk.* Truly master cormorant, you shall do God good service  
to let Rafe and his wife stay together, she's a young new  
married woman, if you take her husband away from her a  
night, you undo her, she may beg in the day time, for he's as  
good a workman at a prick and an awl, as any is in our trade.

*Jane.* O let him stay, else I shall be undone.

*Firk.* Ay truly, she shall be laid at one side like a pair of old  
shoes else, and be occupied for no use.

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*Lacy.* Truly my friends, it lies not in my power,  
The Londoners are prest, paid, and set forth  
By the Lord Mayor, I cannot change a man.

*Hodge.* Why then you were as good be a corporal, as a  
colonel, if you cannot discharge one good fellow, and I tell  
you true, I think you do more than you can answer, to  
press a man within a year and a day of his marriage.

*Eyre.* Well said melancholy Hodge, gramercy my fine  
foreman.

*Wife.* Truly gentlemen, it were ill done, for such as you,  
to stand so stiffly against a poor young wife: considering her  
case, she is new married, but let that pass: I pray deal not  
roughly with her, her husband is a young man and but newly  
entered, but let that pass.

*Eyre.* Away with your pishery-pashery, your pols and  
your edipols, peace Midriff, silence Cecily Bumtrinket, let  
your head speak.

*Firk.* Yea and the horns too, master.

*Eyre.* Too soon, my fine Firk, too soon: peace scoundrels,  
see you this man? Captains, you will not release him, well  
let him go, he's a proper shot, let him vanish, peace Jane,  
dry up thy tears, they'll make his powder dankish, take  
him brave men, Hector of Troy was an hackney to him,  
Hercules and Termagant scoundrels, Prince Arthur's  
Round table, by the Lord of Ludgate, ne'er fed such a tall,  
such a dapper swordman: by the life of Pharo, a brave resolute  
swordman, peace Jane, I say no more, mad knaves.

*Firk.* See, see Hodge, how my master raves in commendation  
of Rafe.

*Hodge.* Rafe, thou 'rt a gull by this hand, and thou goest.

*Askew.* I am glad (good master Eyre) it is my hap  
To meet so resolute a soldier.  
Trust me, for your report, and love to him,



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A common slight regard shall not respect him.

*Lacy.* Is thy name Rafe?

*Rafe* Yes sir.

*Lacy.* Give me thy hand,

Thou shalt not want, as I am a gentleman:

Woman, be patient, God (no doubt) will send

Thy husband safe again, but he must go,

His country's quarrel says, it shall be so.

*Hodge* Thou 'rt a gull by my stirrup, if thou dost not go, I

will not have thee strike thy gimlet into these weak vessels,

prick thine enemies Rafe.

*Enter Dodger.*

*Dodger* My lord, your uncle on the Tower hill,

Stays with the lord Mayor, and the Aldermen,

And doth request you with all speed you may

To hasten thither.

*exit Dodger.*

*Askew* Cousin, let's go.

*Lacy, Dodger* run you before, tell them we come,

This *Dodger* is mine uncle's parasite,

The arrant'st varlet that e'er breathed on earth,

He sets more discord in a noble house,

By one day's broaching of his pickthank tales,

Then can be salved again in twenty years,

And he (I fear) shall go with us to France,

To pry into our actions.

*Askew.* Therefore coz,

It shall behoove you to be circumspect,

*Lacy.* Fear not good cousin: Rafe, hie to your colors.

*Rafe* I must, because there's no remedy,

But gentle master and my loving dame,

As you have always been a friend to me,

So in mine absence think upon my wife.

*Jane.* Alas my Rafe.

*Wife.* She cannot speak for weeping.

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*Eyre.* Peace you cracked groats, you mustard tokens, disquiet  
not the brave soldier, go thy ways Rafe.

*Jane.* Ay Ay, you bid him go, what shall I do when he is gone?

*Firk.* Why be doing with me, or my fellow Hodge, be not idle.

*Eyre.* Let me see thy hand Jane, this fine hand, this white  
hand, these pretty fingers must spin, must card, must work,  
work you bombast cotton-candle quean, work for your  
living with a pox to you: hold thee Rafe, here's five sixpences  
for thee, fight for the honor of the *Gentle Craft*, for the gentlemen  
Shoemakers, the courageous Cordwainers, the flower  
of Saint Martin's, the mad knaves of Bedlam, Fleetstreet,  
Towerstreet, and white Chapel, crack me the crowns  
of the French knaves, a pox on them, crack them, fight, by  
the lord of Ludgate, fight my fine boy.

*Firk.* Here Rafe, here's three two pences, two carry into  
France, the third shall wash our souls at parting (for sorrow  
is dry) for my sake, Firk the *Basa mon cues*.

*Hodge.* Rafe, I am heavy at parting, but here's a shilling  
for thee, God send thee to cram thy slops with French  
crowns, and thy enemy's bellies with bullets.

*Rafe* I thank you master, and I thank you all:  
Now gentle wife, my loving lovely Jane,  
Rich men at parting, give their wives rich gifts,  
Jewels and rings, to grace their lily hands,  
Thou knowest our trade makes rings for women's heels:  
Here take this pair of shoes cut out by Hodge,  
Stitched by my fellow Firk, seamed by myself,  
Made up and pinked, with letters for thy name,  
Wear them my dear Jane, for thy husband's sake,  
And every morning when thou pullest them on,  
Remember me, and pray for my return,  
Make much of them, for I have made them so,  
That I can know them from a thousand mo'.

wln 0315  
wln 0316  
wln 0317  
wln 0318

*Sound drum, enter Lord Mayor, Lincoln, Lacy, Askew,  
Dodger, and soldiers, They pass over the stage, Rafe  
falls in amongst them, Firk and the rest cry farewell,  
Etc. and so Exeunt.*

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wln 0346

*Enter Rose alone making a Garland.*

Here sit thou down upon this flowery bank,  
And make a garland for thy *Lacy's* head,  
These pinks, these roses, and these violets,  
These blushing gillyflowers, these marigolds,  
The fair embroidery of his coronet,  
Carry not half such beauty in their cheeks,  
As the sweet countenance of my *Lacy* doth.  
O my most unkind father! O my stars!  
Why loured you so at my nativity,  
To make me love, yet live robbed of my love?  
Here as a thief am I imprisoned  
(For my dear *Lacy's* sake) within those walls,  
Which by my father's cost were builded up  
For better purposes: here must I languish  
For him that doth as much lament (I know)  
Mine absence, as for him I pine in woe.

*enter Sybil.*

*Sybil* Good morrow young Mistress, I am sure you make  
that garland for me, against I shall be Lady of the  
Harvest.

*Rose* *Sybil*, what news at London?

*Sybil* None but good: my lord Mayor your father, and  
master *Philpot* your uncle, and master *Scott* your cousin, and  
mistress *Frigbottom* by Doctors' Commons, do all (by my  
troth) send you most hearty commendations.

*Rose* Did *Lacy* send kind greetings to his love?

*Sybil* O yes, out of cry, by my troth, I scant knew him,  
here 'a wore scarf, and here a scarf, here a bunch of feathers,

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and here precious stones and jewels, and a pair of garters:  
O monstrous like one of our yellow silk curtains, at home  
here in Old-ford house, here in master *Bellymount's* chamber,  
I stood at our door in Cornhill, looked at him, he at me  
indeed, spake to him, but he not to me, not a word, marry gup  
thought I with a wanion, he passed by me as proud, marry  
foh, are you grown humorous thought I? and so shut the  
door, and in I came.

*Rose* O *Sybil*, how dost thou my *Lacy* wrong?  
My Rowland is as gentle as a lamb,  
No dove was ever half so mild as he.

*Sybil* Mild? yea, as a bushel of stamped crabs, he looked upon  
me as sour as verjuice: go thy ways thought I, thou  
mayst be much in my gaskins, but nothing in my netherstocks:  
this is your fault mistress, to love him that loves not  
you, he thinks scorn to do as he's done to, but if I were as  
you, I'd cry, go by *Jeronimo*, go by, I'd set mine old debts  
against my new driblets, and the hare's foot against the goose  
giblets, for if ever I sigh when sleep I should take, pray  
God I may lose my maidenhead when I wake.

*Rose* Will my love leave me then and go to France?

*Sybil* I know not that, but I am sure I see him stalk  
before the soldiers, by my troth he is a proper man, but  
he is proper that proper doth, let him go snick-up young  
mistress.

*Rose* Get thee to London, and learn perfectly,  
Whether my *Lacy* go to France, or no:  
Do this, and I will give thee for thy pains,  
My cambric apron, and my romish gloves,  
My purple stockings, and a stomacher,  
Say, wilt thou do this *Sybil* for my sake?

*Sybil* Will I quoth 'a? at whose suit? by my troth yes, I'll  
go, a cambric apron, gloves, a pair of purple stockings,

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and a stomacher, I'll sweat in purple mistress for you, I'll take  
any thing that comes a' God's name, O rich, a Cambric apron;  
faith then have at up tails all, I'll go, Jiggy, Jeggy to  
London, and be here in a trice young mistress.

*Exit.*

*Rose.* Do so good Sybil, mean time wretched I  
Will sit and sigh for his lost company.

*Exit.*

*Enter Rowland Lacy like a Dutch Shoemaker.*

*Lacy.* How many shapes have gods and kings devised,  
Thereby to compass their desired loves?  
It is no shame for Rowland Lacy then,  
To clothe his cunning with the Gentle Craft,  
That thus disguised, I may unknown possess,  
The only happy presence of my Rose:  
For her have I forsook my charge in France,  
Incurred the King's displeasure, and stirred up  
Rough hatred in mine uncle Lincoln's breast:  
O love, how powerful art thou, that canst change  
High birth to bareness, and a noble mind,  
To the mean semblance of a shoemaker?  
But thus it must be: for her cruel father,  
Hating the single union of our souls,  
Hath secretly conveyed my Rose from London,  
To bar me of her presence, but I trust  
Fortune and this disguise will further me  
Once more to view her beauty, gain her sight.  
Here in Towerstreet, with Eyre the shoemaker,  
Mean I a while to work, I know the trade,  
I learnt it when I was in Wittenberg:  
Then cheer thy hoping sprites, be not dismayed,  
Thou canst not want, do fortune what she can,  
The Gentle Craft is living for a man.

*exit.*

*Enter Eyre making himself ready.*

*Eyre.* Where be these boys, these girls, these drabs,

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these scoundrels, they wallow in the fat brewis of my bounty,  
and lick up the crumbs of my table, yet will not rise to see  
my walks cleansed: come out you powder-beef queans,  
what Nan, what Madge-mumble-crust, come out you fat  
Midriff-swag, belly-whores, and sweep me these kennels,  
that the noisome stench offend not the nose of my neighbors:  
what Firk I say, what Hodge? open my shop windows,  
what Firk I say. *Enter Firk.*

*Firk.* O master, is't you that speak bandog and bedlam  
this morning, I was in a dream, and mused what mad  
man was got into the street so early, have you drunk this  
morning that your throat is so clear?

*Eyre.* Ah well said Firk, well said Firk, to work my  
fine knave, to work, wash thy face, and **thou 'lt** be more blest.

*Firk.* Let them wash my face that will eat it, good master  
send for a souse wife, if you'll have my face cleaner.

*enter Hodge.*

*Eyre.* Away sloven, avaunt scoundrel, good morrow  
Hodge, good morrow my fine foreman.

*Hodge.* O master, good morrow, y' are an early stirrer,  
here's a fair morning, good morrow Firk, I could have  
slept this hour, here's a brave day towards.

*Eyre.* O haste to work my fine foreman, haste to work.

*Firk.* Master I am dry as dust, to hear my fellow Roger  
talk of fair weather, let us pray for good leather, and let  
clowns and plowboys, and those that work in the fields,  
pray for brave days, we work in a dry shop, what care  
I if it rain? *enter Eyre's wife.*

*Eyre.* How now dame Margery, can you see to rise? trip  
and go, call up the drabs your maids.

*Wife.* See to rise? I hope 'tis time enough, 'tis early enough  
for any woman to be seen abroad, I marvel how many  
wives in Towerstreet are up so soon? God's me, 'tis not noon,

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here's a yawling.

*Eyre.* Peace Margery, peace, where's Cecily Bumtrinket your maid? she has a privy fault, she farts in her sleep, call the quean up, if my men want shoethread, I'll swinge her in a stirrup.

*Firk.* Yet that's but a dry beating, here's still a sign of drought. *enter Lacy singing.*

*Lacy.* Der was een bore van Gelderland, Frolic sie byen, He was als dronck he could nyet stand, upsolce sie byen, Tap eens de canneken drincke **schone** mannekin.

*Firk.* Master, for my life yonder's a brother of the Gentle Craft, if he bear not saint Hugh's bones, I'll forfeit my bones, he's some uplandish workman, hire him good master, that I may learn some gibble-gabble, 'twill make us work the faster.

*Eyre.* Peace Firk, a hard world, let him pass, let him vanish, we have journeymen enough, peace my fine Firk.

*Wife.* Nay, nay, y' are best follow your man's counsel, you shall see what will come on 't: we have not men enough, but we must entertain every butterbox: but let that pass.

*Hodge.* Dame, fore God if my master follow your counsel, he'll consume little beef, he shall be glad of men and he can catch them.

*Firk.* Ay that he shall.

*Hodge.* Fore God a proper man, and I warrant a fine workman: master farewell, dame adieu, if such a man as he cannot find work, Hodge is not for you. *offer to go.*

*Eyre.* Stay my fine Hodge.

*Firk.* Faith, and your foreman go, dame you must take a journey to seek a new journeyman, if Roger remove, Firk follows, if Saint Hugh's bones shall not be set a work, I may prick mine awl in the walls, and go play: fare ye well master, Goodbye dame.

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*Eyre.* Tarry my fine Hodge, my brisk foreman, stay  
Firk, peace pudding broth, by the lord of Ludgate I love  
my men as my life, peace you gallimaufry, Hodge if he want  
work I'll hire him, one of you to him, stay, he comes to us.

*Lacy.* Goeden dach meester, ende yow vro oak.

*Firk.* 'Nails if I should speak after him without drinking,  
I should choke, and you friend Oak are you of the Gentle Craft?

*Lacy.* Yaw yaw, Ik bin den skomawker.

*Firk.* Den skomaker quoth 'a, and hark you skomaker,  
have you all your tools, a good rubbing pin, a good stopper,  
a good dresser, your four sorts of awls and your two balls  
of wax, your paring knife, your hand and thumb-leathers,  
and good Saint Hugh's bones to smooth up your work.

*Lacy.* Yaw yaw be niet vorveard, Ik hab all de dingen,  
voour mack shoes groot and clean.

*Firk.* Ha ha good master hire him, he'll make me laugh  
so that I shall work more in mirth, than I can in earnest.

*Eyre.* Hear ye friend, have ye any skill in the mystery of  
Cordwainers?

*Lacy.* Ik wéet niet wat yow seg ich vestaw you niet.

*Firk.* Why thus man, Ich verste yow niet quoth 'a.

*Lacy.* Yaw, yaw, yaw, ick can dat well doen.

*Firk.* Yaw, yaw, he speaks yawing like a Jack daw,  
that gapes to be fed with cheese curds, O he'll give a villainous  
pull at a Can of double Beer, but Hodge and I have  
the vantage, we must drink first, because we are the eldest  
journeyman.

*Eyre.* What is thy name?

*Lacy.* Hans, Hans, Meulter.

*Eyre.* Give me thy hand, th'art welcome, Hodge entertain  
him, Firk bid him welcome, come Hans, run wife,  
bid your maids, your Trullibubs, make ready my fine men's  
breakfasts: to him Hodge.



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*Hodge.* Hans, th' art welcome, use thyself friendly, for we are good fellows, if not thou shalt be fought with, wert thou bigger than a Giant.

*Firk* Yea and drunk with, wert thou Gargantua, my master keeps no cowards, I tell thee: ho, boy, bring him an heel-block, here's a new journeyman.

*Enter boy.*

*Lacy.* Oich wersto, you Ich moet een halve dossen Cans betaelen: here boy nempt dis skilling, tap eens fréelicke.

*Exit boy.*

*Eyre.* Quick snipper-snapper, away Firk, scour thy throat, thou shalt wash it with Castilian liquor, come my last of the fives, give me a Can, have to thee Hans, here Hodge, here Firk, drink you mad Greeks, and work like true Trojans, and pray for Simon Eyre the Shoemaker: here Hans, and th' art welcome.

*Enter boy.*

*Firk* Lo dame you would have lost a good fellow that will teach us to laugh, this beer came hopping in well.

*Wife.* Simon it is almost seven.

*Eyre.* Is't so dame clapper dudgeon, is't seven a' clock, and my men's breakfast not ready? trip and go yow soused conger, away, come you mad Hyperboreans, follow me Hodge, follow me Hans, come after my fine Firk, to work, to work a while and then to breakfast.

*Exit.*

*Firk* Soft, yaw, yaw, good Hans, though my master have no more wit, but to call you afore me, I am not so foolish to go behind you, I being the elder journeyman.

*exeunt.*

*Halloing within. Enter Warner, and Hammon, like hunters.*

*Hammon.* Cousin, beat every brake, the game's not far, This way with winged feet he fled from death, Whilst the pursuing hounds scenting his steps: Find out his high way to destruction,

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Besides, the miller's boy told me even now,  
He saw him take sail, and he halloed him,  
Affirming him so embossed,  
That long he could not hold.

*Warner.* If it be so,  
'Tis best we trace these meadows by old Ford.

*A noise of hunters within, enter a boy.*

*Hammon.* How now boy, where's the deer? speak, saw'st thou him?

*Boy.* O, yea I saw him scape through a hedge, and then over a ditch, then at my Lord Mayor's pale, over he skipped me and in he went me, and holla the hunters cried, and there boy there boy, but there he is a' mine honesty.

*Hammon* Boy God-a-mercy, cousin let's away,  
I hope we shall find better sport today.

*exeunt.*

*Hunting within, enter Rose, and Sybil.*

*Rose.* Why Sybil wilt thou prove a forester?

*Sybil* Upon some no, forester, go by: no faith mistress, the deer came running into the barn through the orchard, and over the pale, I wot well, I looked as pale as a new cheese to see him, but whip says goodman pin-close, up with his flail, and our Nick with a prong, and down he fell, and they upon him, and I upon them, by my troth we had such sport, and in the end we ended him, his throat we cut, flayed him, unhorned him, and my lord Mayor shall eat of him anon when he comes.

*Horns sound within.*

*Rose.* Hark hark, the hunters come, y' are best take heed  
They'll have a saying to you for this deed.

*Enter Hammon, Warner, huntsmen, and boy.*

*Hammon* God save you fair ladies.

*Sybil.* Ladies, O gross!

*Warner* Came not a buck this way?

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wln 0610

*Rose.* No, but two Does.  
*Hammon* And which way went they? faith we'll hunt at those  
*Sybil* At those? upon some no: when, can you tell?  
*Warner* Upon some, Ay.  
*Sybil* Good Lord!  
*Warner* Wounds then farewell.  
*Hammon* Boy, which way went he?  
*Boy.* This way sir he ran.  
*Hammon* This way he ran indeed, fair mistress Rose,  
Our game was lately in your orchard seen.  
*Warner* Can you advise which way he took his flight?  
*Sybil.* Follow your nose, his horns will guide you  
right.  
*Warner* Th' art a mad wench.  
*Sybil* O rich!  
*Rose.* Trust me, not I,  
It is not like the wild forest deer,  
Would come so near to places of resort,  
You are deceived, he fled some other way.  
*Warner* Which way my sugar-candy, can you show?  
*Sybil* Come up good honeysops, upon some, no.  
*Rose.* Why do you stay, and not pursue your game?  
*Sybil* I'll hold my life their hunting nags be lame.  
*Hammon* A deer, more dear is found within this place.  
*Rose.* But not the deer (sir) which you had in chase.  
*Hammon* I chased the deer, but this dear chaseth me.  
*Rose.* The strangest hunting that ever I see,  
But where's your park?  
*She offers to go away.*  
*Hammon* 'Tis here: O stay.  
*Rose.* Impale me, and then I will not stray.  
*Warner* They wrangle wench, we are more kind than they  
*Sybil* What kind of hart is that (deer hart) you seek?

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wln 0612  
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wln 0641  
wln 0642  
wln 0643

*Warner* A heart, dear heart.

*Sybil* Whoever saw the like?

*Rose* To lose your hart, is't possible you can?

*Hammon* My heart is lost.

*Rose* Alack good gentleman.

*Hammon* This poor lost heart would I wish you might find.

*Rose* You by such luck might prove your hart a hind.

*Hammon* Why Luck had horns, so have I heard some say.

*Rose* Now God and 't be his will send Luck into your way.

*Enter Lord Mayor, and servants.*

*Lord Mayor* What Master Hammon, welcome to old Ford.

*Sybil* God's pittikins, hands off sir, here's my Lord.

*Lord Mayor* I hear you had ill luck, and lost your game.

*Hammon* 'Tis true my Lord.

*Lord Mayor* I am sorry for the same.

What gentleman is this?

*Hammon* My brother-in-law.

*Lord Mayor* Y' are welcome both, sith Fortune offers you

Into my hands, you shall not part from hence,

Until you have refreshed your wearied limbs:

Go Sybil cover the board, you shall be guest

To no good cheer, but even a hunter's feast.

*Hammon* I thank your Lordship: cousin, on my life

For our lost venison, I shall find a wife.

*exeunt.*

*Lord Mayor* In gentlemen, I'll not be absent long.

This Hammon is a proper gentleman,

A citizen by birth, fairly allied,

How fit an husband were he for my girl?

Well, I will in, and do the best I can,

To match my daughter to this gentléman.

*exit.*

*Enter Lacy, Skipper, Hodge, and Firk.*

*Skipper* Ick sal yow what seggen Hans, dis skip dat comen  
from Candy is al wol, by gots sacrament, van sugar, civet,

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wln 0676

almonds, cambric, end alle dingen towsand towsand ding,  
nempt it Hans, nempt it vor yow meester, daer be de bils van  
laden, your meester Simon Eyre sal hae good copen, wat  
seggen yow Hans?

*Firk.* Wat seggen de reggen de copen, slopen, laugh Hodge  
laugh.

*Lacy.* Mine liever brother Firk, bringt meester Eyre tot  
den sign un swannekin, daer sal yow find dis skipper end  
me, wat seggen yow broder Firk? do 't it Hodge, come  
skipper.

*exeunt.*

*Firk.* Bring him quoth you, here's no knavery, to bring my  
master to buy a ship, worth the lading of 2 or 3 hundred thousand  
pounds, alas that's nothing, a trifle, a babble Hodge.

*Hodge* The truth is Firk, that the merchant owner of the  
ship dares not show his head, and therefore this skipper that  
deals for him, for the love he bears to Hans, offers my master  
Eyre a bargain in the commodities, he shall have a reasonable  
day of payment, he may sell the wares by that time,  
and be an huge gainer himself.

*Firk.* Yea, but can my fellow Hans lend my master twenty  
porpentines as an earnest penny.

*Hodge.* Portugues thou wouldst say, here they be Firk,  
hark, they jingle in my pocket like Saint Mary Overy's bells.

*enter Eyre and his wife.*

*Firk.* Mum, here comes my dame and my master, she'll  
scold on my life, for loitering this Monday, but all's one, let  
them all say what they can, Monday's our holiday.

*Wife.* You sing sir sauce, but I beshrew your heart,  
I fear for this your singing we shall smart.

*Firk.* Smart for me dame, why dame, why?

*Hodge* Master I hope you'll not suffer my dame to take  
down your journeymen.

*Firk.* If she take me down, I'll take her up, yea and take

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her down too, a button-hole lower.

*Eyre.* Peace Firk, not I Hodge, by the life of Pharaoh, by the Lord of Ludgate, by this beard, every hair whereof I value at a king's ransom, she shall not meddle with you, peace you bombast-cotton-candle Quean, away queen of Clubs, quarrel not with me and my men, with me and my fine Firk, I'll firk you if you do.

*Wife.* Yea, yea man, you may use me as you please: but let that pass.

*Eyre.* Let it pass, let it vanish away: peace, am I not Simon Eyre? are not these my brave men? brave shoemakers, all gentlemen of the gentle craft? prince am I none, yet am I nobly born, as being the sole son of a Shoemaker, away rubbish, vanish, melt, melt like kitchen-stuff.

*Wife.* Yea, yea, 'tis well, I must be called rubbish, kitchen-stuff, for a sort of knaves.

*Firk.* Nay dame, you shall not weep and wail in woe for me: master I'll stay no longer, here's a venentory of my shop tools: adieu master, Hodge farewell.

*Hodge.* Nay stay Firk, thou shalt not go alone.

*Wife.* I pray let them go, there be mo' maids than malkin, more men than Hodge, and more fools than Firk.

*Firk.* Fools? nails if I tarry now, I would my guts might be turned to shoe-thread.

*Hodge.* And if I stay, I pray God I may be turned to a Turk, and set in Finsbury for boys to shoot at: come Firk.

*Eyre.* Stay my fine knaves, you arms of my trade, you pillars of my profession. What, shall a tittle-tattle's words make you forsake Simon Eyre? avaunt kitchen-stuff, rip you brown bread tannakin, out of my sight, move me not, have not I ta'en you from selling tripes in Eastcheap, and set you in my shop, and made you hail fellow with

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Simon Eyre the shoemaker? and now do you deal thus with my Journeymen? Look you powder-beef quean on the face of Hodge, here's a face for a Lord.

*Firk.* And here's a face for any Lady in Christendom.

*Eyre.* Rip you chitterling, avaunt boy, bid the tapster of the Boar's head fill me a dozen Cans of beer for my journeymen.

*Firk.* A dozen Cans? O brave, Hodge now I'll stay.

*Eyre.* And the knave fills any more than two, he pays for them: a dozen Cans of beer for my journeymen, hear you mad Mesopotamians, wash your livers with this liquor, where be the odd ten? no more Madge, no more, well said, drink and to work: what work dost thou Hodge? what work?

*Hodge.* I am a making a pair of shoes for my Lord Mayor's daughter, mistress Rose.

*Firk.* And I a pair of shoes for Sybil my Lord's maid, I deal with her.

*Eyre.* Sybil? fie, defile not thy fine workmanly fingers with the feet of Kitchen-stuff, and basting ladies, Ladies of the Court, fine Ladies, my lads, commit their feet to our appareling, put gross work to Hans; yerk and seam, yerk and seam.

*Firk.* For yerking and seeming let me alone, and I come to 't.

*Hodge.* Well master, all this is from the bias, do you remember the ship my fellow Hans told you of, the Skipper and he are both drinking at the swan? here be the Portugues to give earnest, if you go through with it, you can not choose but be a Lord at least.

*Firk.* Nay dame, if my master prove not a Lord, and you a Lady, hang me.

*Wife.* Yea like enough, if you may loiter and tipple thus.

*Firk.* Tipple dame? no, we have been bargaining with Skellum Skanderbag: can you Dutch spoken for a ship of

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silk Cypress, laden with sugar Candy.

*Enter the boy with a velvet coat, and an Alderman's gown.*

*Eyre puts it on.*

*Eyre.* Peace Firk, silence tittle-tattle: Hodge, I'll go through with it, here's a seal ring, and I have sent for a guarded gown, and a damask Cassock, see where it comes, look here Maggy, help me Firk, apparel me Hodge, silk and satin you mad Philistines, silk and satin.

*Firk.* Ha, ha, my master will be as proud as a dog in a doublet, all in beaten damask and velvet.

*Eyre.* Softly Firk, for rearing of the nap, and wearing threadbare my garments: how dost thou like me Firk? how do I look, my fine Hodge?

*Hodge.* Why now you look like your selfmaster, I warrant you, there's few in the city, but will give you the wall, and come upon you with the right worshipful.

*Firk.* Nails my master looks like a threadbare cloak new turned, and dressed: Lord, Lord, to see what good raiment both? dame, dame, are you not enamored?

*Eyre.* How sayest thou Maggy, am I not brisk? am I not fine?

*Wife.* Fine? by my troth sweet heart very fine: by my troth I never liked thee so well in my life sweet heart. But let that pass, I warrant there be many women in the city have not such handsome husbands, but only for their apparel, but let that pass too. *Enter Hans and Skipper.*

*Hans.* Godden day mester, dis be de skipper dat heb de skip van merchandise de commodity ben good, nempt it master, nempt it.

*Eyre.* God-a-mercy Hans, welcome skipper, where lies this ship of merchandise?

*Skipper.* De skip ben in rovere: dor be van Sugar, Civet, Almonds, Cambric, and a tousand tousand tings, god's sacrament, nempt it mester, yo sal heb good copen.



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*Firk.* To him master, O sweet master, O sweet wares,  
prunes, almonds, sugar-candy, carrot roots, turnips, O brave  
fattening meat, let not a man buy a nutmeg but yourself.

*Eyre.* Peace Firk, come Skipper, I'll go abroad with  
you, Hans have you made him drink?

*Skipper.* Yaw, yaw, ic heb veale ge drunck.

*Eyre.* Come Hans follow me: Skipper, thou shalt have  
my countenance in the City.

*Exeunt.*

*Firk.* Yaw heb veale ge drunck, quoth 'a: they may well  
be called butter-boxes, when they drink fat veal, and thick  
bear too: but come dame, I hope you'll chide us no more.

*Wife.* No faith Firk, no perdie Hodge, I do feel honor  
creep upon me, and which is more, a certain rising in my  
flesh, but let that pass.

*Firk.* Rising in your flesh do you feel say you? Ay you may  
be with child, but why should not my master feel a rising  
in his flesh, having a gown and a gold ring on, but you are  
such a shrew, you'll soon pull him down.

*Wife.* Ha, ha, prithee peace, thou mak'st my worship  
laugh, but let that pass: come I'll go in Hodge, prithee go  
before me, Firk follow me.

*Firk.* Firk doth follow, Hodge pass out in state.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lincoln and Dodger.*

*Lincoln.* How now good Dodger, what's the news in France?

*Dodger.* My Lord, upon the eighteen day of May,  
The French and English were prepared to fight,  
Each side with eager fury gave the sign  
Of a most hot encounter, five long hours  
Both armies fought together: at the length,  
The lot of victory fell on our sides,  
Twelve thousand of the Frenchmen that day died,  
Four thousand English, and no man of name,  
But Captain Hyam, and young Ardington,

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Two gallant Gentlemen, I knew them well.  
*Lincoln.* But Dodger, prithee tell me in this fight,  
How did my cousin Lacy bear himself?  
*Dodger.* My Lord, your cousin Lacy was not there.  
*Lincoln* Not there? *Dodger.* No, my good Lord.  
*Lincoln.* Sure thou mistakest,  
I saw him shipped, and a thousand eyes beside  
Were witnesses of the farewells which he gave,  
When I with weeping eyes bid him adieu:  
Dodger take heed.  
*Dodger.* My Lord I am advised,  
That what I spake is true: to prove it so,  
His cousin Askew that supplied his place,  
Sent me for him from France, that secretly  
He might convey himself hither.  
*Lincoln.* Is't even so.  
Dares he so carelessly venture his life,  
Upon the indignation of a King?  
Hath he despised my love, and spurned those favors,  
Which I with prodigal hand poured on his head?  
He shall repent his rashness with his soul,  
Since of my love he makes no estimate,  
I'll make him wish he had not known my hate,  
Thou hast no other news?  
*Dodger.* None else, my Lord.  
*Lincoln.* None worse I know thou hast: procure the king  
To crown his giddy brows with ample honors,  
Send him chief Colonel, and all my hope  
Thus to be dashed? but 'tis in vain to grieve,  
One evil cannot a worse relieve:  
Upon my life I have found out his plot,  
That old dog Love that fawned upon him so,  
Love to that puling girl, his fair cheeked Rose,

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The Lord Mayor's daughter hath distracted him,  
And in the fire of that love's lunacy,  
Hath he burnt up himself, consumed his credit,  
Lost the king's love, yea and I fear, his life,  
Only to get a wanton to his wife:

Dodger, it is so.

*Dodger.* I fear so, my good Lord.

*Lincoln.* It is so, nay sure it cannot be,  
I am at my wit's end Dodger.

*Dodger.* Yea my Lord.

*Lincoln.* Thou art acquainted with my Nephew's haunts,  
Spend this gold for thy pains, go seek him out,  
Watch at my Lord Mayor's (there if he live)  
Dodger, thou shalt be sure to meet with him:

Prithee be diligent. Lacy thy name  
Lived once in honor, now dead in shame:

Be circumspect.

*exit.*

*Dodger.* I warrant you my Lord.

*exit.*

*Enter Lord Mayor, and master Scott.*

*Lord Mayor* Good master Scott, I have been bold with you,  
To be a witness to a wedding knot,  
Betwixt young master Hammon and my daughter,  
O stand aside, see where the lovers come.

*Enter Hammon, and Rose.*

*Rose* Can it be possible you love me so?  
No, no, within those eyeballs I espy,  
Apparent likelihoods of flattery,  
Pray now let go my hand.

*Hammon.* Sweet mistress Rose,  
Misconstrue not my words, nor misconceive  
Of my affection, whose devoted soul  
Swears that I love thee dearer than my heart.

*Rose.* As dear as your own heart? I judge it right.

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Men love their hearts best when they're out of sight.  
*Hammon.* I love you, by this hand.  
*Rose.* Yet hands off now:  
If flesh be frail, how weak and frail's your vow?  
*Hammon.* Then by my life I swear.  
*Rose.* Then do not brawl,  
One quarrel loseth wife and life and all,  
Is not your meaning thus?  
*Hammon.* In faith you jest.  
*Rose.* Love loves to sport, therefore leave love y' are best.  
*Lord Mayor* What? square they master Scott?  
*Scott* Sir, never doubt,  
Lovers are quickly in, and quickly out.  
*Hammon* Sweet Rose, be not so strange in fancying me,  
Nay never turn aside, shun not my sight,  
I am not grown so fond, to found my love  
On any that shall quit it with disdain,  
If you will love me, so, if not, farewell.  
*Lord Mayor* Why how now lovers, are you both agreed?  
*Hammon* Yes faith my Lord.  
*Lord Mayor.* 'Tis well, give me your hand, give me yours daughter.  
How now, both pull back, what means this, girl?  
*Rose.* I mean to live a maid.  
*Hammon* But not to die one, pause ere that be said. *aside.*  
*Lord Mayor* Will you still cross me? still be obstinate?  
*Hammon.* Nay chide her not my Lord for doing well,  
If she can live an happy virgin's life,  
'Tis far more blessed than to be a wife.  
*Rose.* Say sir I cannot, I have made a vow,  
Whoever be my husband, 'tis not you.  
*Lord Mayor* Your tongue is quick, but Master Hammon know,  
I bade you welcome to another end.  
*Hammon* What, would you have me pule, and pine, and pray,

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With lovely lady mistress of my heart,  
Pardon your servant, and the rhymer play,  
Railing on Cupid, and his tyrant's dart,  
Or that I undertake some martial spoil,  
Wearing your glove at tourney, and at tilt,  
And tell how many gallants I unhorsed,  
Sweet, will this pleasure you?

*Rose.* Yea, when wilt begin?

What love-rhymes man? fie on that deadly sin.

*Lord Mayor.* If you will have her, I'll make her agree.

*Hammon* Enforced love is worse than hate to me,  
There is a wench keeps shop in the old change,  
To her will I, it is not wealth I seek,  
I have enough, and will prefer her love  
Before the world: my good lord Mayor adieu,  
Old love for me, I have no luck with new.

*Exit.*

*Lord Mayor* Now mammet you have well behaved yourself,  
But you shall curse your coyness if I live,  
Who's within there? see you convey your mistress  
Straight to th' old Ford, I'll keep you straight enough,  
Fore God I would have sworn the puling girl,  
Would willingly accepted Hammon's love,  
But banish him my thoughts, go minion in,  
Now tell me master Scott would you have thought,  
That master Simon Eyre the shoemaker,  
Had been of wealth to buy such merchandise?

*exit Rose.*

*Scott* 'Twas well my Lord, your honor, and myself,  
Grew partners with him for your bills of lading,  
Show that Eyre's gains in one commodity,  
Rise at the least to full three thousand pound,  
Besides like gain in other merchandise.

*Lord Mayor.* Well he shall spend some of his thousands now

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For I have sent for him to the Guildhall, *enter Eyre.*  
See where he comes: good morrow master Eyre.  
*Eyre.* Poor Simon Eyre, my Lord, your shoemaker.  
*Lord Mayor.* Well well, it likes yourself to term you so,  
Now Master Dodger, what's the news with you?  
*Enter Dodger.*  
*Dodger.* I'd gladly speak in private to your honor.  
*Lord Mayor.* You shall, you shall: master Eyre, and Master Scott,  
I have some business with this gentleman,  
I pray let me entreat you to walk before  
To the Guildhall, I'll follow presently,  
Master Eyre, I hope ere noon to call you Sheriff.  
*Eyre* I would not care (my Lord) if you might call me  
king of Spain, come master Scott.  
*Lord Mayor.* Now master Dodger, what's the news you  
bring?  
*Dodger* The Earl of Lincoln by me greets your lordship  
And earnestly requests you (if you can)  
Inform him where his Nephew Lacy keeps.  
*Lord Mayor.* Is not his Nephew Lacy now in France?  
*Dodger.* No I assure your lordship, but disguised  
Lurks here in London.  
*Lord Mayor.* London? is't even so?  
It may be, but upon my faith and soul,  
I know not where he lives, or whether he lives,  
So tell my Lord of Lincoln, lurk in London?  
Well master Dodger, you perhaps may start him,  
Be but the means to rid him into France,  
I'll give you a dozen angels for your pains,  
So much I love his honor, hate his Nephew,  
And prithee so inform thy lord from me.  
*Dodger.* I take my leave. *exit. Dodger.*  
*Lord Mayor.* Farewell good master Dodger.

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Lacy in London? I dare pawn my life,  
My daughter knows thereof, and for that cause,  
Denied young Master Hammon in his love,  
Well I am glad I sent her to old Ford,  
God's lord 'tis late, to Guildhall I must hie,  
I know my brethren stay my company.

*exit.*

*Enter Firk, Eyre's wife, Hans, and Roger.*

*Wife.* Thou goest too fast for me Roger.

*Firk.* Ay forsooth.

*Wife.* I pray thee run (do you hear) run to Guildhall,  
and learn if my husband master Eyre will take that  
worshipful vocation of Master Sheriff upon him, hie thee good  
Firk.

*Firk.* Take it? well I go, and he should not take it, Firk  
swears to forswear him, yes forsooth I go to Guildhall.

*Wife.* Nay when? thou art too compendious, and tedious.

*Firk.* O rare, your excellence is full of eloquence, how  
like a new cartwheel my dame speaks, and she looks like  
an old musty ale-bottle going to scalding.

*Wife.* Nay when? thou wilt make me melancholy.

*Firk.* God forbid your worship should fall into that humor,  
I run.

*exit.*

*Wife.* Let me see now Roger and Hans.

*Hans.* Ay forsooth dame (mistress I should say) but the old term  
so sticks to the roof of my mouth, I can hardly lick it off.

*Wife.* Even what thou wilt good Roger, dame is a fair  
name for any honest christian, but let that pass, how dost  
thou Hans?

*Hans.* Me tanck you vro.

*Wife.* Well Hans and Roger you see God hath blest your  
master, and perdie if ever he comes to be Master Sheriff of  
London (as we are all mortal) you shall see I will have some  
odd thing or other in a corner for you: I will not be your

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backfriend, but let that pass, Hans pray thee tie my shoe.

*Hans.* Yaw it sal vro.

*Wife* Roger, thou know'st the length of my foot, as it is none of the biggest, so I thank God it is handsome enough, prithee let me have a pair of shoes made, cork good Roger, wooden heel too.

*Hodge.* You shall.

*Wife.* Art thou acquainted with never a farthingale-maker, nor a French-hood maker, I must enlarge my bum, ha ha, how shall I look in a hood I wonder? perdie oddly I think.

*Roger.* As a cat out of a pillory, very well I warrant you mistress.

*Wife.* Indeed all flesh is grass, and Roger, canst thou tell where I may buy a good hair?

*Roger.* Yes forsooth, at the poulterers in Gracious street.

*Wife* Thou art an ungracious wag, perdie, I mean a false hair for my periwig.

*Roger.* Why mistress, the next time I cut my beard, you shall have the shavings of it, but they are all true hairs.

*Wife* It is very hot, I must get me a fan or else a mask.

*Roger* So you had need, to hide your wicked face.

*Wife* Fie upon it, how costly this world's calling is, perdie, but that it is one of the wonderful works of God, I would not deal with it: is not Firk come yet? Hans be not so sad, let it pass and vanish, as my husband's worship says.

*Hans.* Ick been vrolicke, lot see yow so.

*Roger.* Mistress, will you drink a pipe of Tobacco?

*Wife.* O fie upon it Roger, perdie, these filthy Tobacco pipes are the most idle slaving babbles that ever I felt: out upon it, God bless us, men look not like men that use them.



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*Enter Rafe being lame.*

*Roger.* What fellow Rafe? Mistress look here, Jane's husband, why how, lame? Hans make much of him, he's a brother of our trade, a good workman, and a tall soldier.

*Hans.* You be welcome broder.

*Wife.* Perdie I knew him not, how dost thou good Rafe? I am glad to see thee well.

*Rafe.* I would God you saw me dame as well, As when I went from London into France.

*Wife.* Trust me I am sorry Rafe to see thee impotent, Lord how the wars have made him Sunburnt: the left leg is not well: 'twas a fair gift of God the infirmity took not hold a little higher, considering thou camest from France: but let that pass.

*Rafe.* I am glad to see you well, and I rejoice To hear that God hath blest my master so Since my departure.

*Wife.* Yea truly Rafe, I thank my maker: but let that pass.

*Roger.* And sirrah Rafe, what news, what news in France?

*Rafe.* Tell me good Roger first, what news in England? How does my Jane? when didst thou see my wife? Where lives my poor heart? she'll be poor indeed Now I want limbs to get whereon to feed.

*Roger.* Limbs? hast thou not hands man? thou shalt never see a shoemaker want bread, though he have but thrée fingers on a hand.

*Rafe.* Yet all this while I hear not of my Jane.

*Wife.* O Rafe your wife, perdie we know not what's become of her: she was here a while, and because she was married grew more stately than became her, I checked her, and so forth, away she flung, never returned, nor said bye

wln 1073  
wln 1074  
wln 1075  
wln 1076  
wln 1077  
wln 1078  
wln 1079  
wln 1080  
wln 1081  
wln 1082

nor bah: and Rafe you know ka me, ka thee. And so as I  
tell ye. Roger is not Firk come yet?

*Roger.* No forsooth.

*Wife.* And so indeed we heard not of her, but I hear  
she lives in London: but let that pass. If she had wanted,  
she might have opened her case to me or my husband, or  
to any of my men, I am sure there's not any of them perdie,  
but would have done her good to his power. Hans look if  
Firk be come.

*Exit Hans.*

wln 1083  
wln 1084  
wln 1085  
wln 1086  
wln 1087  
wln 1088  
wln 1089  
wln 1090  
wln 1091  
wln 1092  
wln 1093  
wln 1094  
wln 1095  
wln 1096  
wln 1097  
wln 1098  
wln 1099

*Hans.* Yaw it sal vro.

*Wife.* And so as I said: but Rafe, why dost thou weep?  
thou knowest that naked we came out of our mother's  
womb, and naked we must return, and therefore thank  
God for all things.

*Roger.* No faith Jane is a stranger here, but Rafe  
pull up a good heart, I know thou hast one, thy wife man,  
is in London, one told me he saw her a while ago very  
brave and neat, we'll ferret her out, and London hold  
her.

*Wife.* Alas, poor soul, he's overcome with sorrow,  
he does but as I do, weep for the loss of any good thing:  
but Rafe, get thee in, call for some meat and drink, thou  
shalt find me worshipful towards thee.

*Rafe.* I thank you dame, since I want limbs and lands,  
I'll to God, my good friends, and to these my hands.

*exit.*

wln 1100  
  
wln 1101  
wln 1102

*Enter Hans, and Firk running.*

*Firk.* Run good Hans, O Hodge, O mistress, Hodge.  
heave up thine ears, mistress smug up your looks, on

wln 1103  
wln 1104  
wln 1105  
wln 1106  
wln 1107  
wln 1108  
wln 1109  
wln 1110  
wln 1111  
wln 1112  
wln 1113  
wln 1114  
wln 1115  
wln 1116  
wln 1117  
wln 1118  
wln 1119  
wln 1120  
wln 1121  
wln 1122  
wln 1123  
wln 1124

with your best apparel, my master is chosen, my master is called, nay condemned by the cry of the country to be sheriff of the City, for this famous year now to come: and time now being, a great many men in **black** gowns were asked for their voices, and their hands, and my master had all their fists about his ears presently, and they cried Ay, Ay, Ay, Ay, and so I came away, wherefore without all other grieve, I do salute you mistress shrieve.

*Hans.* Yaw, my mester is de groot man, de shrieve.

*Roger.* Did not I tell you mistress? now I may boldly say, good morrow to your worship.

*Wife.* Good morrow good Roger, I thank you my good people all. Firk, hold up thy hand, here's a threepenny piece for thy tidings.

*Firk.* 'Tis but three halfpence, I think: yes, 'tis threepence, I smell the Rose.

*Roger.* But mistress, be ruled by me, and do not speak so pulingly.

*Firk.* 'Tis her worship speaks so, and not she, no faith mistress, speak me in the old key, too it Firk, there good Firk, ply your business Hodge, Hodge, with a full mouth: I'll fill your bellies with good cheer till they cry twang.

wln 1125  
wln 1126  
wln 1127  
wln 1128  
wln 1129  
wln 1130  
wln 1131  
wln 1132  
wln 1133  
wln 1134

*Enter Simon Eyre wearing a gold chain.*

*Hans.* See mine liever broder, here compt my meester.

*Wife.* Welcome home master shrieve, I pray God continue you in health and wealth.

*Eyre.* See here my Maggy, a chain, a gold chain for Simon Eyre, I shall make thee a Lady, here's a French hood for thee, on with it, on with it, dress thy brows with this flap of a shoulder of mutton, to make thee look lovely: where be my fine men? Roger, I'll make over my shop and tools to thee: Firk, thou shalt be the foreman: Hans, thou shalt

wln 1135  
wln 1136  
wln 1137  
wln 1138  
wln 1139  
wln 1140  
wln 1141  
wln 1142  
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wln 1156  
wln 1157  
wln 1158  
wln 1159  
wln 1160  
wln 1161  
wln 1162  
wln 1163  
wln 1164  
wln 1165  
wln 1166  
wln 1167

have an hundred for twenty, be as mad knaves as your  
master Sim Eyre hath been, and you shall live to be Sheriffs  
of London: how dost thou like me Margery? Prince am I  
none, yet am I princely born, Firk, Hodge, and Hans.

*All 3.* Ay forsooth, what says your worship mistress Sheriff?

*Eyre.* Worship and honor you Babylonian knaves, for  
the Gentle Craft: but I forgot myself, I am bidden by my  
Lord Mayor to dinner to old Ford, he's gone before, I must  
after: come Hodge, on with your trinkets: now my true  
Trojans, my fine Firk, my dapper Hodge, my honest  
Hans, some device, some odd crochets, some morris, or such  
like, for the honor of the gentle shoemakers, meet me at  
old Ford, you know my mind: come Madge, away shut  
up the shop knaves, and make holiday.

*exeunt.*

*Firk.* O rare, O brave, come Hodge, follow me Hans,  
We'll be with them for a morris dance.

*exeunt.*

*Enter Lord Mayor, Eyre, his wife, Sybil in a French hood,  
and other servants.*

*Lord Mayor.* Trust me you are as welcome to old Ford,  
as I myself.

*Wife.* Truly I thank your Lordship.

*Lord Mayor.* Would our bad cheer were worth the thanks  
you give.

*Eyre.* Good cheer my Lord Mayor, fine cheer, a fine  
house, fine walls, all fine and neat.

*Lord Mayor.* Now by my troth I'll tell thee master Eyre,  
It does me good and all my brethren,  
That such a madcap fellow as thyself  
Is entered into our society.

*Wife.* Ay but my Lord, he must learn now to put on  
gravity.

*Eyre.* Peace Maggy, a fig for gravity, when I go to Guildhall  
in my scarlet gown, I'll look as demurely as a saint, and

wln 1168  
wln 1169  
wln 1170  
wln 1171  
wln 1172  
wln 1173  
wln 1174  
wln 1175  
wln 1176  
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wln 1178  
wln 1179  
wln 1180  
wln 1181  
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wln 1188  
wln 1189  
wln 1190  
wln 1191  
wln 1192  
wln 1193  
wln 1194  
wln 1195  
wln 1196  
wln 1197  
wln 1198  
wln 1199  
wln 1200

speak as gravely as a Justice of peace, but now I am here at  
old Ford, at my good Lord Mayor's house, let it go by, vanish  
Maggy, I'll be merry, away with flip flap, these fooleries,  
these gulleries: what honey? prince am I none, yet am I  
princely born: what says my Lord Mayor?

*Lord Mayor.* Ha, ha, ha, I had rather than a thousand pound,  
I had an heart but half so light as yours.

*Eyre.* Why what should I do my Lord? a pound of care  
pays not a dram of debt: hum, let's be merry whiles we are  
young, old age, sack and sugar will steal upon us ere we be  
aware.

*Lord Mayor* It's well done mistress Eyre, pray give good counsel  
to my daughter.

*Wife.* I hope mistress Rose will have the grace to take nothing  
that's bad.

*Lord Mayor* Pray God she do, for i' faith mistress Eyre,  
I would bestow upon that peevish girl  
A thousand Marks more than I mean to give her,  
Upon condition She'd be ruled by me,  
The Ape still crosseth me: there came of late,  
A proper Gentleman of fair revenues,  
Whom gladly I would call son-in-law:  
But my fine cockney would have none of him.  
You'll prove a coxcomb for it ere you die,  
A courtier, or no man must please your eye.

*Eyre.* Be ruled sweet Rose, th' art ripe for a man: marry  
not with a boy, that has no more hair on his face than thou  
hast on thy cheeks: a courtier, wash, go by, stand not upon  
pishery-pashery: those silken fellows are but painted Images,  
outsides, outsides Rose, their inner linings are torn:  
no my fine mouse, marry me with a Gentleman Grocer like  
my Lord Mayor your Father, a Grocer is a sweet trade,  
Plums, Plums: had I a son or Daughter should marry

wln 1201  
wln 1202  
wln 1203

out of the generation and blood of the shoemakers, he  
should pack: what, the Gentle trade is a living for a man  
through Europe, through the world.

wln 1204  
wln 1205  
wln 1206  
wln 1207  
wln 1208

*A noise within of a Taber and a Pipe.*

*Mayor.* What noise is this?

*Eyre.* O my Lord Mayor, a crew of good fellows that  
for love to your honor, are come hither with a morris-dance,  
come in my Mesopotamians cheerily.

wln 1209  
wln 1210

*Enter Hodge, Hans, Rafe, Firk, and other shoe-makers in a morris:  
after a little dancing the Lord Mayor speaks.*

wln 1211  
wln 1212  
wln 1213  
wln 1214  
wln 1215  
wln 1216  
wln 1217  
wln 1218  
wln 1219  
wln 1220  
wln 1221  
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wln 1223  
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wln 1225  
wln 1226  
wln 1227  
wln 1228  
wln 1229  
wln 1230

*Mayor.* Master Eyre, are all these shoemakers?

*Eyre.* All Cordwainers my good Lord Mayor.

*Rose.* How like my Lacy looks yond shoemaker.

*Hans.* O that I durst but speak unto my love!

*Mayor.* Sybil, go fetch some wine to make these drink,  
You are all welcome.

*All.* We thank your Lordship.

*Rose takes a cup of wine and goes to Hans.*

*Rose.* For his sake whose fair shape thou represent'st,  
Good friend I drink to thee.

*Hans.* It be dancke good frister.

*Eyre's Wife.* I see mistress Rose you do not want judgement,  
you have drunk to the properest man I keep.

*Firk.* Here be some have done their parts to be as proper  
as he.

*Mayor.* Well, urgent business calls me back to London:  
Good fellows, first go in and taste our cheer,  
And to make merry as you homeward go,  
Spend these two angels in beer at Stratford Bow.

*Eyre.* To these two (my mad lads) Sim Eyre adds

wln 1231  
wln 1232

another, then cheerily Firk, tickle it Hans, and all for  
the honor of shoemakers.

wln 1233

*All go dancing out.*

wln 1234

*Mayor* Come master Eyre, let's have your company. *exeunt.*

wln 1235

*Rose.* Sybil What shall I do?

wln 1236

*Sybil* Why what's the matter?

wln 1237

*Rose.* That Hans the shoemaker is my love Lacy,

wln 1238

Disguised in that attire to find me out,

wln 1239

How should I find the means to speak with him?

wln 1240

*Sybil* What mistress, never fear, I dare venter my maidenhead

wln 1241

to nothing, and that's great odds, that Hans the

wln 1242

Dutchman when we come to London, shall not only see and

wln 1243

speak with you, but in spite of all your Father's policies,

wln 1244

steal you away and marry you, will not this please you?

wln 1245

*Rose.* Do this, and ever be assured of my love.

wln 1246

*Sybil.* Away then and follow your father to London, lest

wln 1247

your absence cause him to suspect something:

wln 1248

Tomorrow if my counsel be obeyed,

wln 1249

I'll bind you prentice to the gentle trade.

wln 1250

*Enter Jane in a Sempster's shop working, and Hammon muffled*

wln 1251

*at another door, he stands aloof.*

wln 1252

*Hammon.* Yonder's the shop, and there my fair love sits,

wln 1253

She's fair and lovely, but she is not mine,

wln 1254

O would she were, thrice have I courted her,

wln 1255

Thrice hath my hand been moistened with her hand,

wln 1256

Whilst my poor famished eyes do feed on that

wln 1257

Which made them famish: I am infortunate,

wln 1258

I still love one, yet nobody loves me,

wln 1259

I muse in other men what women see,

wln 1260  
wln 1261  
wln 1262  
wln 1263  
wln 1264  
wln 1265  
wln 1266  
wln 1267  
wln 1268  
wln 1269  
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wln 1288  
wln 1289  
wln 1290  
wln 1291  
wln 1292

That I so want? fine mistress Rose was coy,  
And this too curious, oh no, she is chaste,  
And for she thinks me wanton, she denies  
To cheer my cold heart with her sunny eyes:  
How prettily she works, oh pretty hand!  
Oh happy work, it doth me good to stand  
unseen to see her, thus I oft have stood,  
In frosty evenings, a light burning by her,  
Enduring biting cold, only to eye her,  
One only look hath seemed as rich to me  
As a king's crown, such is love's lunacy:  
Muffled I'll pass along, and by that try  
Whether she know me.

*Jane.* Sir, what is't you buy?  
What is't you lack sir? calico, or lawn,  
Fine cambric shirts, or bands, what will you buy?

*Hammon* That which thou wilt not sell, faith yet I'll try:  
How do you sell this handkercher?

*Jane.* Good cheap.

*Hammon* And how these ruffs?

*Jane.* Cheap too.

*Hammon* And how this band?

*Jane.* Cheap too.

*Hammon* All cheap, how sell you then this hand?

*Jane.* My hands are not to be sold.

*Hammon* To be given then: nay faith I come to buy.

*Jane.* But none knows when.

*Hammon* Good sweet, leave work a little while, let's play.

*Jane.* I cannot live by keeping holiday.

*Hammon* I'll pay you for the time which shall be lost.

*Jane.* With me you shall not be at so much cost.

*Hammon* Look how you wound this cloth, so you wound me.

*Jane.* It may be so.



wln 1293  
wln 1294  
wln 1295  
wln 1296  
wln 1297  
wln 1298  
wln 1299  
wln 1300  
wln 1301  
wln 1302  
wln 1303  
wln 1304  
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wln 1320  
wln 1321  
wln 1322  
wln 1323  
wln 1324  
wln 1325

*Hammon* 'Tis so.

*Jane.* What remedy?

*Hammon* Nay faith you are too coy.

*Jane.* Let go my hand.

*Hammon* I will do any task of your command,  
I would let go this beauty, were I not  
In mind to disobey you by a power  
That controls kings: I love you.

*Jane.* So, now part.

*Hammon* With hands I may, but never with my heart,  
In faith I love you.

*Jane.* I believe you do.

*Hammon* Shall a true love in me breed hate in you?

*Jane.* I hate you not.

*Hammon* Then you must love.

*Jane.* I do, what are you better now? I love not you,

*Hammon* All this I hope is but a woman's fray,  
That means, come to me, when she cries, away:  
In earnest mistress I do not jest,  
A true chaste love hath entered in my breast,  
I love you dearly as I love my life,  
I love you as a husband loves a wife.  
That, and no other love my love requires,  
Thy wealth I know is little, my desires  
Thirst not for gold, sweet beauteous Jane what's mine,  
Shall (if thou make myself thine) all be thine,  
Say, judge, what is thy sentence, life or death?  
Mercy or cruelty lies in thy breath.

*Jane.* Good sir, I do believe you love me well:

For 'tis a seely conquest, seely pride,  
For one like you (I mean a gentleman)  
To boast, that by his love tricks he hath brought,  
Such and such women to his amorous lure:

wln 1326  
wln 1327  
wln 1328  
wln 1329  
wln 1330  
wln 1331  
wln 1332  
wln 1333  
wln 1334  
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wln 1350  
wln 1351  
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wln 1353  
wln 1354  
wln 1355  
wln 1356  
wln 1357  
wln 1358

I think you do not so, yet many do,  
And make it even a very trade to woo,  
I could be coy, as many women be,  
Feed you with sunshine smiles, and wanton looks,  
But I detest witchcraft, say that I  
Do constantly believe you, constant have.

*Hammon* Why dost thou not believe me?

*Jane.* I believe you,

But yet good sir, because I will not grieve you,  
With hopes to taste fruit, which will never fall,  
In simple truth this is the sum of all  
My husband lives, at least I hope he lives,  
Prest was he to these bitter wars in France,  
Bitter they are to me by wanting him,  
I have but one heart, and that heart's his due,  
How can I then bestow the same on you?  
Whilst he lives, his I live, be it ne'er so poor,  
And rather be his wife, than a king's whore.

*Hammon* Chaste and dear woman, I will not abuse thee,  
Although it cost my life, if thou refuse me,  
Thy husband prest for France, what was his name?

*Jane.* Rafe Dampport.

*Hammon* Dampport, here's a letter sent  
From France to me, from a dear friend of mine,  
A gentleman of place, here he doth write,  
Their names that have been slain in every fight.

*Jane.* I hope death's scroll contains not my love's name

*Hammon* Cannot you read?

*Jane.* I can.

*Hammon* Peruse the same,  
To my remembrance such a name I read  
Amongst the rest: see here.

*Jane.* Aye me, he's dead:

wln 1359  
wln 1360  
wln 1361  
wln 1362  
wln 1363  
wln 1364  
wln 1365  
wln 1366  
wln 1367  
wln 1368  
wln 1369  
wln 1370  
wln 1371  
wln 1372  
wln 1373  
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wln 1379  
wln 1380  
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wln 1385  
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wln 1387  
wln 1388  
wln 1389  
wln 1390  
wln 1391

He's dead, if this be true my dear heart's slain.

*Hammon* Have patience, dear love.

*Jane.* Hence, hence.

*Hammon* Nay sweet Jane,

Make not poor sorrow proud with these rich tears,

I mourn thy husband's death because thou mournest.

*Jane.* That bill is forged; 'tis signed by forgery.

*Hammon* I'll bring thee letters sent besides to many

Carrying the like report: Jane 'tis too true,

Come, weep not: mourning though it rise from love

Helps not the mourned, yet hurts them that mourn.

*Jane.* For God's sake leave me.

*Hammon* Whither dost thou turn?

Forget the dead, love them that are alive,

His love is faded, try how mine will thrive.

*Jane.* 'Tis now no time for me to think on love,

*Hammon* 'Tis now best time for you to think on love, because  
your love lives not.

*Jane.* Though he be dead, my love to him shall not be buried:

For God's sake leave me to myself alone.

*Hammon* 'Twould kill my soul to leave thee drowned in moan:

Answer me to my suit, and I am gone,

Say to me, yea, or no.

*Jane.* No.

*Hammon* Then farewell, one farewell will not serve, I come  
again, come dry these wet cheeks, tell me faith sweet Jane,  
yea, or no, once more.

*Jane.* Once more I say no, once more be gone I pray, else  
will I go.

*Hammon* Nay then I will grow rude by this white hand,

Until you change that cold no, here i'll stand,

Till by your hard heart

*Jane.* Nay, for God's love peace,

wln 1392  
wln 1393  
wln 1394  
wln 1395  
wln 1396  
wln 1397  
wln 1398  
wln 1399  
wln 1400  
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wln 1422  
wln 1423  
wln 1424

My sorrows by your presence more increase,  
Not that you thus are present, but all grief  
Desires to be alone, therefore in brief  
Thus much I say, and saying bid adieu,  
If ever I wed man it shall be you.

*Hammon* Oh blessed voice, dear Jane I'll urge no more,  
Thy breath hath made me rich.

*Jane.* Death makes me poor.

*exeunt.*

*Enter Hodge at his shop board, Rafe, Firk, Hans,  
and a boy at work.*

*All.* Hey down, a down, down derie.

*Hodge.* Well said my hearts, ply your work today, we  
loitered yesterday, to it pell-mell, that we may live to be Lord  
Mayors, or Aldermen at least.

*Firk.* Hey down a down derie.

*Hodge.* Well said i' faith, how sayest thou Hans, doth not  
Firk tickle it?

*Hans.* Yaw mester.

*Firk.* Not so neither, my organ pipe squeaks this morning  
for want of liquoring: hey down a down derie.

*Hans.* Forward Firk, tow best un jolly youngster hort I mester  
ic bid yo cut me un pair vamps vor mester jeffer's boots.

*Hodge.* Thou shalt Hans.

*Firk.* Master.

*Hodge.* How now, boy?

*Firk.* Pray, now you are in the cutting vein, cut me  
out a pair of counterfeits, or else my work will not pass  
current, hey down a down.

*Hodge.* Tell me sirs, are my cousin Mistress Priscilla's shoes  
done?

*Firk.* Your cousin? no master, one of your aunts, hang  
her, let them alone.

*Rafe.* I am in hand with them, she gave charge that none

wln 1425  
wln 1426  
wln 1427  
wln 1428  
wln 1429  
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wln 1431  
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wln 1455  
wln 1456  
wln 1457

but I should do them for her.

*Firk* Thou do for her? then **'twill be a lame doing, and** that she loves not: Rafe, thou **might'st have sent her to me,** in faith I would have yerked and **firked your Priscilla, hey** down a down derry, this gear **will not hold.**

*Hodge* How sayest thou *Firk*? were **we not merry at old** Ford?

*Firk* How merry? why our buttocks went Jiggy joggy like a quagmire: well sir Roger Oatmeal, if I thought all meal of that nature, I would eat nothing but bag puddings.

*Rafe* Of all good fortunes, my fellow Hans had the best.

*Firk* 'Tis true, because mistress Rose drank to him.

*Hodge* Well, well, work apace, they say seven of the Aldermen be dead, or very sick.

*Firk* I care not, I'll be none.

*Rafe* No nor I, but then my Master Eyre will come quickly to be Lord Mayor. *Enter Sybil.*

*Firk* Whoop, yonder comes Sybil.

*Hodge* Sybil, welcome i' faith, and how dost thou mad wench?

*Firk* Syb whore, welcome to London.

*Sybil* God-a-mercy sweet Firk: good Lord Hodge, what a delicious shop you have got, you tickle it i' faith.

*Rafe* God-a-mercy Sybil for our good cheer at old Ford.

*Sybil* That you shall have Rafe.

*Firk* Nay by the mass, we had tickling cheer Sybil, and how the plague dost thou and mistress Rose, and my Lord Mayor? I put the women in first.

*Sybil* Well God-a-mercy: but God's me, I forget myself, where's Hans the Fleming?

*Firk* Hark butterbox, now you must yely out some spreken.

wln 1458  
wln 1459  
wln 1460  
wln 1461  
wln 1462  
wln 1463  
wln 1464  
wln 1465  
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wln 1484  
wln 1485  
wln 1486  
wln 1487  
wln 1488

***Hans.*** **Vat begaie gon vat** vod gon Frister.

***Sybil.*** **Marry you must come** to my young mistress, to pull  
**on her shoes** you **made last**.

***Hans.*** **Vare ben your egle** fro, vare ben your mistress?

***Sybil.*** **Marry here at** our London house in Cornwall

***Firk.*** **Will nobody** serve her turn but Hans?

*Sybil* No **sir**, come Hans, I stand upon needles.

*Hodge* Why then Sybil, take heed of pricking.

*Sybil* For that let me alone, I have a trick in my budget,  
come Hans.

*Hans.* Yaw, yaw, ic sall meet yo gane.

*Exit Hans and Sybil*

*Hodge.* Go Hans, make haste again: come, who lacks  
work?

*Firk.* I master, for I lack my breakfast, 'tis munching  
time, and past

*Hodge* Is't so? why then leave work Rafe, to breakfast,  
boy look to the tools, come Rafe, come Firk.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter a Servingman.*

*Servingman* Let me see now, the sign of the last in Towerstreet,  
mass yonder's the house: what haw, who's within?

*Enter Rafe.*

*Rafe* Who calls there, what want you sir?

*Servant* Marry I would have a pair of shoes made for a  
Gentlewoman against tomorrow morning, what can you  
do them?

*Rafe* Yes sir, you shall have them, but what length's her  
foot?

*Servant* Why you must make them in all parts like this  
shoe, but at any hand fail not to do them, for the Gentlewoman  
is to be married very early in the morning.

wln 1489  
wln 1490  
wln 1491  
wln 1492  
wln 1493  
wln 1494  
wln 1495  
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wln 1497  
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wln 1514  
wln 1515  
wln 1516  
  
wln 1517  
  
wln 1518  
wln 1519

*Rafe* How? by this shoe must it be made? by this, are you sure sir by this?

*Servant* How, by this am I sure, by this? art thou in thy wits? I tell thee I must have a pair of shoes, dost thou mark me? a pair of shoes, two shoes, made by this very shoe, this same shoe, against tomorrow morning by four o'clock, dost understand me, canst thou do 't?

*Rafe* Yes sir, yes, Ay, Ay, I can do 't, by this shoe you say: I should know this shoe, yes sir, yes, by this shoe, I can do 't, four o'clock, well, whither shall I bring them?

*Servant* To the sign of the golden ball in Watlingstreet, inquire for one master Hammon a gentleman, my master.

*Rafe* Yea sir, by this shoe you say.

*Servant* I say master Hammon at the golden ball, he's the Bridegroom, and those shoes are for his bride.

*Rafe* They shall be done by this shoe: well, well, Master Hammon at the golden shoe, I would say the golden Ball, very well, very well, but I pray you sir where must master Hammon be married?

*Servant* At Saint Faith's Church under Paul's: but what's that to thee? prithee dispatch those shoes, and so farewell.

*exit.*

*Rafe* By this shoe said he, how am I amazed  
At this strange accident? upon my life,  
This was the very shoe I gave my wife  
When I was prest for France, since when alas,  
I never could hear of her: it is the same,  
And Hammon's Bride no other but my Jane.

*Enter Firk.*

*Firk.* 'Snails Rafe thou hast lost thy part of thrée pots,  
a countryman of mine gave me to breakfast.

wln 1520  
wln 1521  
wln 1522  
wln 1523  
wln 1524  
wln 1525  
wln 1526  
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wln 1545  
wln 1546  
wln 1547  
wln 1548  
wln 1549  
wln 1550  
wln 1551  
wln 1552

*Rafe* I care not, I have found a better thing.

*Firk* A thing? away, is it a man's thing, or a woman's thing?

*Rafe* Firk, dost thou know this shoe?

*Firk* No by my troth, neither doth that know me? I have no acquaintance with it, 'tis a mere stranger to me.

*Rafe* Why then I do, this shoe I durst be sworn  
Once covered the instep of my Jane:

This is her size, her breadth, thus trod my love,

These true love knots I pricked, I hold my life,

By this old shoe I shall find out my wife.

*Firk* Ha ha old shoe, that wert new, how a murrain came  
this ague fit of foolishness upon thee?

*Rafe* Thus Firk, even now here came a servingman,

By this shoe would he have a new pair made

Against tomorrow morning for his mistress,

That's to be married to a Gentleman,

And why may not this be my sweet Jane?

*Firk* And why mayst not thou be my sweet Ass? ha, ha.

*Rafe* Well, laugh, and spare not: but the truth is this.

Against tomorrow morning I'll provide,

A lusty crew of honest shoemakers,

To watch the going of the bride to church,

If she prove Jane, I'll take her in despite,

From Hammon and the devil, were he by,

If it be not my Jane, what remedy?

Hereof am I sure, I shall live till I die,

Although I never with a woman lie.

*exit.*

*Firk* Thou he with a woman to build nothing but Cripplegates!

Well, God sends fools fortune, and it may be he

may light upon his matrimony by such a device, for wedding

and hanging goes by destiny.

*exit.*



wln 1553  
wln 1554  
wln 1555  
wln 1556  
wln 1557  
wln 1558  
wln 1559  
wln 1560  
wln 1561  
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wln 1583  
wln 1584  
wln 1585

*Enter Hans, and Rose arm in arm.*

*Hans.* How happy am I by embracing thee,  
Oh I did fear such cross mishaps did reign,  
That I should never see my Rose again.

*Rose.* Sweet Lacy, since fair Opportunity  
Offers herself to further our escape,  
Let not too overfond esteem of me  
Hinder that happy hour, invent the means,  
And Rose will follow thee through all the world.

*Hans.* Oh how I surfeit with excess of joy,  
Made happy by thy rich perfection,  
But since thou payest sweet interest to my hopes,  
Redoubling love on love, let me once more,  
Like to a bold faced debtor crave of thee,  
This night to steal abroad, and at Eyre's house,  
Who now by death of certain Aldermen,  
Is Mayor of London, and my master once,  
Meet thou thy Lacy where in spite of change,  
Your father's anger, and mine uncle's hate,  
Our happy nuptials will me consummate.

*Enter Sybil*

*Sybil* Oh God, what will you do mistress? shift for yourself,  
your father is at hand, he's coming, he's coming,  
master Lacy hide yourself in my mistress, for God's sake  
shift for yourselves.

*Hans* Your father come, sweet Rose, what shall I do?  
Where shall I hide me? how shall I escape?

*Rose.* A man and want wit in extremity,  
Come, come, be Hans still, play the shoemaker,  
Pull on my shoe.

*Enter Lord Mayor.*

*Hans* Mass, and that's well remembered.

*Sybil* Here comes your father.

wln 1586  
wln 1587  
wln 1588  
wln 1589  
wln 1590  
wln 1591  
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wln 1615  
wln 1616  
wln 1617

*Hans.* Forware metresse, 'tis un good skow, it sal vel dute,  
or ye sal neit betallen.

*Rose.* Oh God it pincheth me, what will you do?

*Hans.* Your father's presence pincheth, not the shoe.

*Lord Mayor* Well done, fit my daughter well, and she shall  
please thee well.

*Hans.* Yaw, yaw, ick weit dat well, for ware 'tis un good  
shoe, 'tis gi mait van neits leither, se ener mine here.

*Enter a prentice.*

*Lord Mayor* I do believe it, what's the news with you?

*Prentice* Please you, the Earl of Lincoln at the gate is  
newly lighted, and would speak with you.

*Lord Mayor* The Earl of Lincoln come speak with me?  
Well, well, I know his errand: daughter Rose,  
Send hence your shoemaker, dispatch, have done:  
Syb, make things handsome: sir boy follow me.

*Exit.*

*Hans.* Mine uncle come, oh what may this portend?  
Sweet Rose, this of our love threatens an end.

*Rose.* Be not dismayed at this whate'er befall,  
Rose is thine own, to witness I speak truth,  
Where thou appoints the place I'll meet with thee,  
I will not fix a day to follow thee,  
But presently steal hence, do not reply.  
Love which gave strength to bear my father's hate,  
Shall now add wings to further our escape.

*exeunt.*

*Enter Lord Mayor, and Lincoln.*

*Lord Mayor* Believe me, on my credit I speak truth,  
Since first your nephew Lacy went to France,  
I have not seen him. It seemed strange to me,  
When Dodger told me that he stayed behind,

wln 1618  
wln 1619  
wln 1620  
wln 1621  
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wln 1640  
wln 1641  
wln 1642  
wln 1643  
wln 1644  
wln 1645  
wln 1646  
wln 1647  
wln 1648  
wln 1649  
wln 1650

Neglecting the high charge the King imposed.

*Lincoln* Trust me (sir Roger Oatley) I did think  
Your counsel had given head to this attempt,  
Drawn to it by the love he bears your child.  
Here I did hope to find him in your house,  
But now I see mine error, and confess  
My judgement wronged you by conceiving so.

*Lord Mayor* Lodge in my house, say you? trust me my Lord,  
I love your Nephew Lacy too too dearly  
So much to wrong his honor, and he hath done so,  
That first gave him advice to stay from France.  
To witness I speak truth, I let you know  
How careful I have been to keep my daughter  
Free from all conference, or speech of him,  
Not that I scorn your Nephew, but in love  
I bear your honor, lest your noble blood,  
Should by my mean worth be dishonored.

*Lincoln.* How far the churl's tongue wanders from his heart,  
Well, well sir Roger Oatley I believe you,  
With more than many thanks for the kind love,  
So much you seem to bear me: but my Lord,  
Let me request your help to seek my Nephew,  
Whom if I find, I'll straight embark for France,  
So shall my Rose be free, your thoughts at rest,  
And much care die which now dies in my breast. *Enter Sybil*

*Sybil* Oh Lord, help for God's sake, my mistress, oh my  
young mistress.

*Lord Mayor* Where is thy mistress? what's become of her?

*Sybil* She's gone, she's fled.

*Lord Mayor* Gone? whither is she fled?

*Sybil* I know not forsooth, she's fled out of doors with  
Hans the Shoemaker, I saw them scud, scud, scud, apace,  
apace.

wln 1651  
wln 1652  
wln 1653  
wln 1654  
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wln 1681  
wln 1682  
wln 1683

*Lord Mayor* Which way? what John, where be my men?  
which way?

*Sybil* I know not, and it please your worship.

*Lord mayor* Fled with a shoemaker, can this be true?

*Sybil* Oh Lord sir, as true as God's in heaven.

*Lincoln* Her love turned shoemaker? I am glad of this.

*Lord Mayor* A fleeming butterbox, a shoemaker,  
Will she forget her birth? requite my care

With such ingratitude? scorned she young Hammon,  
To love a honnikin, a needy knave?

Well let her fly, I'll not fly after her,

Let her starve if she will, she's none of mine.

*Lincoln* Be not so cruel sir.

*Enter Firk with shoes.*

*Sybil* I am glad she's scaped.

*Lord Mayor* I'll not account of her as of my child:

Was there no better object for her eyes,

But a foul drunken lubber, swill belly,

A shoemaker, that's brave.

*Firk.* Yea forsooth, 'tis a very brave shoe, and as fit as a  
pudding.

*Lord Mayor* How now, what knave is this, from whence comest  
thou?

*Firk* No knave sir, I am Firk the shoemaker, lusty Roger's  
chief lusty journeyman, and I come hither to take up  
the pretty leg of sweet mistress Rose, and thus hoping  
your worship is in as good health as I was at the making  
hereof, I bid you farewell, yours Firk.

*Lord Mayor* Stay stay sir knave.

*Lincoln* Come hither shoemaker.

*Firk* 'Tis happy the knave is put before the shoemaker,  
or else I would not have vouchsafed to come back to you, I  
am moved, for I stir.

wln 1684  
wln 1685  
wln 1686  
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wln 1711  
wln 1712  
wln 1713  
wln 1714

*Lord Mayor* My Lord, this villain calls us knaves by craft.

*Firk* Then 'tis by the Gentle Craft, and to call one knave gently, is no harm: sit your worship merry: Syb your young mistress I'll so bob then, now my master Master Eyre is Lord Mayor of London.

*Lord Mayor* Tell me sirrah, who's man are you?

*Firk* I am glad to see your worship so merry, I have no maw to this gear, no stomach as yet to a red petticoat.

*Pointing to Sybil.*

*Lincoln* He means not sir to woo you to his maid, But only doth demand whose man you are.

*Firk* I sing now to the tune of Rogero, Roger my fellow is now my master.

*Lincoln* Sirrah, know'st thou one Hans a shoemaker?

*Firk* Hans shoemaker, oh yes, stay, yes I have him, I tell you what, I speak it in secret, mistress Rose, and he are by this time: no not so, but shortly are to come over one another with, Can you dance the shaking of the sheets? it is that Hans, I'll so gull these diggers.

*Lord Mayor* Know'st thou then where he is?

*Firk* Yes forsooth, yea marry.

*Lincoln* Canst thou in sadness?

*Firk* No forsooth, no marry.

*Lord Mayor* Tell me good honest fellow where he is, And thou shalt see what I'll bestow of thee.

*Firk* Honest fellow, no sir, not so sir, my profession is the Gentle Craft, I care not for seeing, I love feeling, let me feel it here, *aurium tenus*, ten pieces of gold, *genuum tenus*, ten pieces of silver, and then Firk is your man in a new pair of stretchers.

wln 1715  
wln 1716  
wln 1717  
wln 1718  
wln 1719  
wln 1720  
wln 1721  
wln 1722  
wln 1723

*Lord Mayor* Here is an Angel, part of thy reward,  
Which I will give thee, tell me where he is.  
*Firk.* No point: shall I betray my brother? no, shall I prove  
Judas to Hans? no, shall I cry treason to my corporation?  
no, I shall be firked and yerked then, but give me your angel,  
your angel shall tell you.  
*Lincoln* Do so good fellow, 'tis no hurt to thee.  
*Firk* Send simpering Syb away.  
*Lord Mayor* Huswife, get you in.

wln 1724

*exit Syb.*

wln 1725  
wln 1726  
wln 1727  
wln 1728  
wln 1729  
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wln 1731  
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wln 1740  
wln 1741  
wln 1742  
wln 1743  
wln 1744  
wln 1745

*Firk.* Pitchers have ears, and maids have wide  
mouths: but for Hans Prans, upon my word tomorrow  
morning, he and young mistress Rose go to this gear, they  
shall be married together, by this rush, or else turn  
Firk to a firkin of butter to tan leather withal.  
*Lord Mayor* But art thou sure of this?  
*Firk* Am I sure that Paul's steeple is a handful higher  
than London stone? or that the pissing conduit leaks  
nothing but pure mother Bunch? am I sure I am lusty  
Firk, God's nails do you think I am so base to gull  
you?  
*Lincoln* Where are they married? dost thou know the  
church?  
*Firk* I never go to church, but I know the name of it,  
it is a swearing church, stay a while, 'tis: Ay by the mass, no,  
no, 'tis Ay by my troth, no nor that, 'tis Ay by my faith, that that,  
'tis Ay by my Faith's church under Paul's cross, there they  
shall be knit like a pair of stockings in matrimony, there  
they'll be incony.  
*Lincoln.* Upon my life, my Nephew Lacy walks  
In the disguise of this Dutch shoemaker.

wln 1746  
wln 1747  
wln 1748  
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wln 1751  
wln 1752  
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wln 1775  
wln 1776  
wln 1777  
wln 1778

*Firk* Yes forsooth.

*Lincoln* Doth he not honest fellow?

*Firk* No forsooth, I think Hans is nobody, but Hans  
no spirit.

*Lord Mayor* My mind misgives me now 'tis so indeed.

*Lincoln.* My cousin speaks the language, knows the trade.

*Lord Mayor* Let me request your company my Lord,  
Your honorable presence may, no doubt,  
Refrain their headstrong rashness, when myself  
Going alone perchance may be o'erborne,  
Shall I request this favor?

*Lincoln* This, or what else.

*Firk* Then you must rise betimes, for they mean to fall  
to their hey pass, and repass, pindy-pandy, which hand will  
you have, very early.

*Lord Mayor* My care shall every way equal their haste,  
This night accept your lodging in my house,  
The earlier shall we stir, and at Saint Faith's  
Prevent this giddy harebrained nuptial,  
This traffic of hot love shall yield cold gains,  
They ban our loves, and we'll forbid their banns.

*exeunt.*

*Lincoln* At Saint Faith's church thou sayest.

*Firk* Yes, by their troth.

*Lincoln* Be secret on thy life.

*Firk* Yes, when I kiss your wife, ha, ha, here's no craft  
in the Gentle Craft, I came hither of purpose with shoes to  
sir Roger's worship, whilst Rose his daughter be coney-catched  
by Hans: soft now, these two gulls will be at Saint  
Faith's church tomorrow morning, to take master Bridegroom,  
and mistress Bride napping, and they in the meantime  
shall chop up the matter at the Savoy: but the best sport  
is, sir Roger Oatley will find my fellow lame, Rafe's wife going

wln 1779  
wln 1780  
wln 1781  
wln 1782  
wln 1783  
wln 1784  
wln 1785

to marry a gentleman, and then he'll stop her instead of his daughter; oh brave, there will be fine tickling sport: soft now, what have I to do? oh I know now a mess of shoemakers meet at the wool sack in Ivy lane, to cozen my gentleman of lame Rafe's wife, that's true, alack, alack girls, hold out tack, for now smocks for this tumbling shall go to wrack.

*exit*

wln 1786

*Enter Eyre, his Wife, hans, and Rose.*

wln 1787  
wln 1788  
wln 1789  
wln 1790  
wln 1791  
wln 1792  
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wln 1807  
wln 1808  
wln 1809

*Eyre* This is the morning then, stay my bully my honest Hans, is it not?

*Hans* This is the morning that must make us two happy, or miserable, therefore if you

*Eyre* Away with these ifs and ands Hans, and these *et caeteraes*, by mine honor *Rowland Lacy* none but the king shall wrong thee: come, fear nothing, am not I Sim Eyre? Is not Sim Eyre Lord mayor of London? fear nothing Rose, let them all say what they can, dainty come thou to me: laughest thou?

*Wife* Good my lord, stand her friend in what thing you may.

*Eyre* Why my sweet lady Madgy, think you Simon Eyre can forget his fine dutch Journeyman? No vah. Fie I scorn it, it shall never be cast in my teeth, that I was unthankful. Lady Madgy, thou hadst never covered thy Saracen's head with this french flap, nor loaden thy bum with this farthingale, 'tis trash, trumpery, vanity, Simon Eyre had never walked in a red petticoat, nor wore a chain of gold, but for my fine Journeyman's portigues, and shall I leave him? No: Prince am I none, yet bear a princely mind.

*Hans* My Lord, 'tis time for us to part from hence.



wln 1810  
wln 1811  
wln 1812  
wln 1813  
wln 1814  
wln 1815  
wln 1816  
wln 1817  
wln 1818  
wln 1819  
wln 1820  
wln 1821  
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wln 1824  
wln 1825  
wln 1826

*Eyre* Lady Madgy, lady Madgy, take two or thrée of my  
piecrust eaters, my buff-jerkin varlets, that do walk in  
black gowns at Simon Eyre's heels, take them good lady  
Madgy, trip and go, my brown Queen of Periwigs,  
with my delicate Rose, and my jolly Rowland to  
the Savoy, see them linked, countenance the marriage,  
and when it is done, cling, cling together, you Hamborow  
Turtle Doves, I'll bear you out, come to Simon Eyre,  
come dwell with me Hans, thou shalt eat minced pies,  
and marchpane. Rose, away cricket, trip and go, my  
Lady Madgy to the Savoy, Hans, wed, and to bed, kiss  
and away, go, vanish.

*Wife* Farewell my lord.

*Rose* Make haste sweet love.

*Wife* She'd fain the deed were done.

*Hans* Come my sweet *Rose*, faster than Deer we'll  
run.

wln 1827

*They go out.*

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wln 1839  
wln 1840  
wln 1841

*Eyre* Go, vanish, vanish, avaunt I say: by the lord of  
Ludgate, it's a mad life to be a lord Mayor, it's a stirring  
life, a fine life, a velvet life, a careful life. Well  
Simon Eyre, yet set a good face on it, in the honor of saint  
Hugh. Soft, the king this day comes to dine with me, to  
see my new buildings, his majesty is welcome, he shall have  
good cheer, delicate cheer, princely cheer. This day my fellow  
prentices of London come to dine with me too, they shall  
have fine cheer, gentlemanlike cheer. I promised the mad  
Cappadocians, when we all served at the Conduit together,  
that if ever I came to be Mayor of London, I would feast  
them all, and I'll do 't, I'll do 't by the life of Pharaoh, by this  
beard Sim Eyre will be no flincher. Besides, I have procured,  
that upon

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wln 1873  
wln 1874

every Shrove-Tuesday, at the sound of the pancake bell: my fine dapper Assyrian lads, shall clap up their shop windows, and away, this is the day, and this day they shall do 't, they shall do 't: boys, that day are you free, let master's care, and prentices shall pray for Simon Eyre.

*exit.*

*Enter Hodge, Firk, Rafe, and five or six shoemakers, all with cudgels, or such weapons.*

*Hodge* Come Rafe, stand to it Firk: my masters, as we are the brave bloods of the shoemakers, heirs apparent to saint Hugh, and perpetual benefactors to all good fellows: thou shalt have no wrong, were Hammon a king of spades, he should not delve in thy close without thy sufferance: but tell me Rafe, art thou sure 'tis thy wife?

*Rafe* Am I sure this is Firk? This morning when I stroked on her shoes, I looked upon her, and she upon me, and sighed, asked me if ever I knew one Rafe. Yes said I: for his sake said she (tears standing in her eyes) and for thou art somewhat like him, spend this piece of gold: I took it: my lame leg, and my travel beyond sea made me unknown, all is one for that, I know she's mine.

*Firk* Did she give thee this gold? O glorious glittering gold; she's thine own, 'tis thy wife, and she loves thee, for I'll stand to 't, there's no woman will give gold to any man, but she thinks better of him than she thinks of them she gives silver to: and for Hammon, neither Hammon nor Hangman shall wrong thee in London: Is not our old master Eyre lord Mayor? Speak my hearts.

*All.* Yes, and Hammon shall know it to his cost.

*Enter hammon, his man, Jane, and others.*

*Hodge* Peace my bullies, yonder they come.

*Rafe,* Stand to 't my hearts, Firk, let me speak first.

*Hodge* No Rafe, let me: Hammon, whither away so early?

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*Hammon* Unmannerly rude slave, what's that to thee?

*Firk* To him sir? yes sir, and to me, and others: good morrow Jane, how dost thou? good Lord, how the world is changed with you, God be thanked.

*Hammon* Villains, hands off, how dare you touch my love?

*All.* villains? down with them, cry clubs for prentices.

*Hodge* Hold, my hearts: touch her Hammon? yea and more than that, we'll carry her away with us. My masters and gentlemen, never draw your bird spits, shoemakers are steel to the back, men every inch of them, all spirit.

*All of Hammon's side* Well, and what of all this?

*Hodge* I'll show you: Jane, dost thou know this man? 'tis Rafe I can tell thee: nay, 'tis he in faith, though he be lamed by the wars, yet look not strange, but run to him, fold him about the neck and kiss him.

*Jane* Lives then my husband? oh God let me go, Let me embrace my Rafe.

*Hammon* What means my Jane?

*Jane* Nay, what meant you to tell me he was slain?

*Hammon* Pardon me dear love for being misled, 'Twas rumored here in London thou wert dead.

*Firk* Thou seest he lives: Lass, go pack home with him: now Master Hammon, where's your mistress your wife?

*Servant* 'Swounds Master fight for her, will you thus lose her?

*All.* Down with that creature, clubs, down with him.

*Hodge* Hold, hold.

*Hammon* Hold fool, sirs he shall do no wrong, Will my Jane leave me thus, and break her faith?

*Firk* Yea sir, she must sir, she shall sir, what then? mend it.

*Hodge* Hark fellow Rafe, follow my counsel, set the wench in the midst, and let her choose her man, and let her be his woman.

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*Jane* Whom should I choose? whom should my thoughts affect?  
But him whom heaven hath made to be my love,  
Thou art my husband and these humble weeds,  
Makes thee more beautiful than all his wealth,  
Therefore I will but put off his attire,  
Returning it into the owner's hand,  
And after ever be thy constant wife.

*Hodge.* Not a rag Jane, the law's on our side, he that  
sows in another man's ground forfeits his harvest, get thee  
home Rafe, follow him Jane, he shall not have so much as a  
busk point from thee.

*Firk* Stand to that Rafe, the appurtenances are thine  
own, Hammon, look not at her.

*Servant* O 'swoonds no.

*Firk* Blue coat be quiet, we'll give you a new livery  
else, we'll make Shrove Tuesday Saint George's day for  
you: look not Hammon, leer not, I'll Firk you, for thy  
head now, one glance, one sheep's eye, anything at her,  
touch not a rag, lest I and my brethren beat you to  
clouts.

*Servant* Come master Hammon, there's no striving here.

*Hammon* Good fellows, hear me speak: and honest Rafe,  
Whom I have injured most by loving Jane,  
Mark what I offer thee: here in fair gold  
Is twenty pound, I'll give it for thy Jane,  
If this content thee not, thou shalt have more.

*Hodge.* Sell not thy wife Rafe, make her not a whore.

*Hammon* Say, wilt thou freely cease thy claim in her,  
And let her be my wife?

*All.* No, do not Rafe.

*Rafe* Sirrah Hammon Hammon, dost thou think a  
Shoemaker is so base, to be a bawd to his own  
wife for commodity, take thy gold, choke with it, were

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I not lame, I would make thee eat thy words.

*Firk* A shoemaker sell his flesh and blood, oh indignity!

*Hodge* Sirrah, take up your pelf, and be packing.

*Hammon* I will not touch one penny, but in lieu  
Of that great wrong I offered thy Jane,

To Jane and thee I give that twenty pound,

Since I have failed of her, during my life

I vow no woman else shall be my wife:

Farewell good fellows of the Gentle trade,

Your morning's mirth my mourning day hath made.

*exeunt*

*Firk* Touch the gold creature if you dare, y' are best be  
trudging: here Jane take thou it, now lets home my hearts.

*Hodge* Stay, who comes here? Jane, on again with thy  
mask.

*Enter Lincoln, Lord Mayor, and servants.*

*Lincoln* Yonder's the lying varlet mocked us so.

*Lord Mayor* Come hither sirrah.

*Firk.* Ay sir, I am sirrah, you mean me, do you not?

*Lincoln* Where is my Nephew married?

*Firk* Is he married? God give him joy, I am glad of it:  
they have a fair day, and the sign is in a good planet, Mars  
in Venus.

*Lord Mayor* Villain, thou toldst me that my daughter Rose,  
This morning should be married at Saint Faith's,  
We have watched there these thrée hours at the least,  
Yet see we no such thing.

*Firk* Truly I am sorry for 't, a Bride's a pretty thing.

*Hodge* Come to the purpose, yonder's the Bride and  
Bridegroom you look for I hope: though you be Lords,  
you are not to bar, by your authority, men from women,  
are you?

*Lord Mayor* See see my daughter's masked.

*Lincoln* True, and my Nephew.

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wln 2006

To hide his guilt, counterfeits him lame.  
*Firk* Yea truly god help the poor couple, they are lame and blind.  
*Lord Mayor* I'll ease her blindness.  
*Lincoln.* I'll his lameness cure.  
*Firk* Lie down sirs, and laugh, my fellow Rafe is taken  
for *Rowland Lacy*, and Jane for mistress damask rose, this  
is all my knavery.  
*Lord Mayor* What, have I found you minion?  
*Lincoln* O base wretch,  
Nay hide thy face, the horror of thy guilt,  
Can hardly be washed off: where are thy powers?  
What battles have you made? O yes I see  
Thou foughtst with Shame, and shame hath conquered thee.  
This lameness will not serve.  
*Lord Mayor* Unmask yourself.  
*Lincoln.* Lead home your daughter.  
*Lord Mayor* Take your Nephew hence.  
*Rafe.* Hence, 'swounds, what mean you? are you mad? I  
hope you cannot enforce my wife from me, where's Hammon?  
*Lord Mayor* Your wife.  
*Lincoln.* What Hammon?  
*Rafe* Yea my wife, and therefore the proudest of you that  
lays hands on her first, I'll lay my crutch cross his pate.  
*Firk* To him lame Rafe, here's brave sport.  
*Rafe* Rose call you her? why her name is Jane, look  
here else, do you know her now?  
*Lincoln.* Is this your daughter?  
*Lord Mayor* No, nor this your nephew:  
My Lord of Lincoln, we are both abused  
By this base crafty varlet.  
*Firk* Yea forsooth no varlet, forsooth no base, forsooth I am  
but mean, no crafty neither, but of the Gentle Craft.  
*Lord Mayor* Where is my daughter Rose? where is my child?

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wln 2039

*Lincoln.* Where is my nephew Lacy married?

*Firk* Why here is good laced mutton as I promised you.

*Lincoln.* Villain, I'll have thee punished for this wrong.

*Firk* Punish the journeyman villain, but not the journeyman  
shoemaker. *Enter Dodger.*

*Dodger.* My Lord I come to bring unwelcome news,  
Your Nephew Lacy, and your daughter Rose,  
Early this morning wedded at the Savoy,  
None being present but the Lady Mayoress:  
Besides I learnt among the officers,  
The Lord Mayor vows to stand in their defense,  
'Gainst any that shall seek to cross the match.

*Lincoln.* Dares Eyre the shoemaker uphold the deed?

*Firk* Yes sir, shoemakers dare stand in a woman's quarrel  
I warrant you, as deep as another, and deeper too.

*Dodger* Besides, his grace, today dines with the Mayor,  
Who on his knees humbly intends to fall,  
And beg a pardon for your Nephew's fault.

*Lincoln.* But I'll prevent him come sir Roger Oatley,  
The king will do us justice in this cause,  
Howe'er their hands have made them man and wife,  
I will disjoin the match, or lose my life. *exeunt.*

*Firk* Adieu monsieur Dodger, farewell fools, ha ha,  
Oh if they had stayed I would have so lambed them with  
flouts, O heart, my codpiece point is ready to fly in pieces  
every time I think upon mistress Rose, but let that pass, as  
my Lady Mayoress says.

*Hodge* This matter is answered: come Rafe, home with  
thy wife, come my fine shoemakers, let's to our master's the  
new lord Mayor and there swagger this shrove Tuesday, I'll  
promise you wine enough, for Madge keeps the cellar.

*All.* O rare! Madge is a good wench.

*Firk* And I'll promise you meat enough, for simpering

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wln 2072

Susan keeps the larder, I'll lead you to victuals my brave soldiers, follow your captain, O brave, hark, hark.

*Bell rings.*

*All.* The Pancake bell rings, the pancake bell, tri-lill my hearts.

*Firk* Oh brave, oh sweet bell, O delicate pancakes, open the doors my hearts, and shut up the windows, keep in the house, let out the pancakes: oh rare my hearts, let's march together for the honor of saint Hugh to the great new hall in Gracious street corner, which our Master the new lord Mayor hath built.

*Rafe* O the crew of good fellows that will dine at my lord, Mayor's cost today!

*Hodge* By the lord, my lord Mayor is a most brave man, how shall prentices be bound to pray for him, and the honor of the gentlemen shoemakers? let's feed and be fat with my Lord's bounty.

*Firk* O musical bell still! O Hodge, O my brethren! there's cheer for the heavens, venison **pasties** walk up and down piping hot, like sergeants, beef and brewis comes marching in dry fats, fritters and pancakes comes trolling in in wheelbarrows, hens and oranges hopping in porters baskets, collops and eggs in scuttles, and tarts and custards comes quavering in in malt shovels.

*Enter more prentices.*

*All.* Whoop, look here, look here.

*Hodge* How now mad lads, whither away so fast?

*I Prentice* Whither, why to the great new hall, know you not why? The lord Mayor hath bidden all the prentices in London to breakfast this morning.

*All.* Oh brave shoemaker, oh brave lord of incomprehensible good fellowship, who, hark you, the pancake bell rings.

*Cast up caps.*



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*Firk* Nay more my hearts, every Shrove-Tuesday is our year of Jubilee: and when the pancake bell rings, we are as free as my lord Mayor, we may shut up our shops, and make holiday: I'll have it called, Saint Hugh's Holiday.

*All.* Agreed, agreed, *Saint Hugh's Holiday*.

*Hodge* And this shall continue forever.

*All.* Oh brave! come come my hearts, away, away.

*Firk* O eternal credit to us of the gentle Craft, march fair my hearts, oh rare.

*exeunt.*

*Enter King and his train over the stage.*

*King* Is our lord Mayor of London such a gallant?

*Noble man* One of the merriest madcaps in your land, Your Grace will think, when you behold the man, He's rather a wild ruffian than a Mayor: Yet thus much I'll ensure your majesty, In all his actions that concern his state, He is as serious, provident, and wise, As full of gravity amongst the grave, As any mayor hath been these many years.

*King* I am with child till I behold this huff-cap, But all my doubt is, when we come in presence, His madness will be dashed clean out of countenance.

*Noble man* It may be so, my Liege.

*King* Which to prevent, Let some one give him notice, 'tis our pleasure, That he put on his wonted merriment: Set forward. *All.* On afore.

*exeunt.*

*Enter Eyre Hodge, Firk, Rafe, and other shoemakers, all with napkins on their shoulders.*

*Eyre* Come my fine Hodge, my jolly gentlemen shoemakers, soft, where be these Cannibals, these varlets my officers, let them all walk and wait upon my brethren, for my meaning is, that none but shoemakers, none but the livery

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wln 2138

of my Company shall in their satin hoods wait upon the  
trencher of my sovereign.

*Firk* O my Lord, it will be rare.

*Eyre* No more Firk, come lively, let your fellow prentices  
want no cheer, let wine be plentiful as beer, and beer  
as water, hang these penny pinching fathers, that cram  
wealth in innocent lamb skins, rip knaves, avaunt, look  
to my guests

*Hodge* My Lord, we are at our wits end for room, those  
hundred tables will not feast the fourth part of them.

*Eyre* Then cover me those hundred tables again, and  
again, till all my jolly prentices be feasted: avoid Hodge,  
run Rafe, frisk about my nimble Firk, carouse me fathom  
healths to the honor of the shoemakers: do they drink  
lively Hodge? do they tickle it Firk?

*Firk* Tickle it? some of them have taken their liquor standing  
so long, that they can stand no longer: but for meat,  
they would eat it and they had it.

*Eyre* Want they meat? where's this swagbelly, this  
greasy kitchenstuff cook, call the varlet to me: want meat!  
Firk, Hodge, lame Rafe, run my tall men, beleaguer the  
shambles, beggar all Eastcheap, serve me whole oxen in  
chargers, and let sheep whine upon the tables like pigs  
for want of good fellows to eat them. Want meat! vanish  
Firk, avaunt Hodge.

*Hodge* Your lordship mistakes my man Firk, he means  
their bellies want meat, not the boards, for they have drunk  
so much they can eat nothing.

*Enter* hans, Rose, and Wife.

*Wife* Where is my Lord.

*Eyre* How now lady Madgy.

*Wife* The king's most excellent majesty is new come, he  
sends me for thy honor: one of his most worshipful Peers,

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bade me tell thou must be merry, and so forth: but let that pass.

*Eyre* Is my Sovereign come? vanish my tall shoemakers,  
my nimble brethren, look to my guests the prentices:  
yet stay a little, how now Hans, how looks my little Rose?

*Hans* Let me request you to remember me,  
I know your honor easily may obtain,  
Free pardon of the king for me and Rose,  
And reconcile me to my uncle's grace.

*Eyre* Have done my good Hans, my honest journeyman,  
look cheerly, I'll fall upon both my knees till they be as  
hard as horn, but I'll get thy pardon.

*Wife* Good my Lord have a care what you speak to his  
grace.

*Eyre* Away you Islington whitepot, hence you hopperarse,  
you barley pudding full of maggots, you broiled carbonado,  
avaunt, avaunt, avoid Mephistopheles: shall Sim  
Eyre leave to speak of you Lady Madgy? vanish mother  
Miniver cap, vanish, go, trip and go, meddle with your  
partlets, and your pishery-pashery, your flews and your  
whirligigs, go, rub, out of mine alley: Sim Eyre knows  
how to speak to a Pope, to Sultan Soliman, to Tamburlaine  
and he were here: and shall I melt? shall I droop before  
my Sovereign? no, come my Lady Madgy, follow me  
Hans, about your business my frolic freebooters: Firk,  
frisk about, and about, and about, for the honor of mad Simon  
Eyre Lord Mayor of London.

*Firk* Hey for the honor of the shoemakers. *exeunt.*  
*A long flourish or two: enter King, Nobles, Eyre, his wife, Lacy,*

*Rose: Lacy and Rose kneel.*

*King* Well Lacy though the fact was very foul,  
Of your revolting from our kingly love,  
And your own duty, yet we pardon you,  
Rise both, and mistress Lacy, thank my Lord Mayor

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For your young bridegroom here.

*Eyre* So my dear liege, Sim Eyre and my brethren the gentlemen shoemakers shall set your sweet majesty's image, cheek by jowl by Saint Hugh, for this honor you have done poor Simon Eyre, I beseeth your grace pardon my rude behavior, I am a handicraftsman, yet my heart is without craft, I would be sorry at my soul, that my boldness should offend my king.

*King* Nay, I pray thee good lord Mayor, be even as merry as if thou wert among thy shoemakers, It does me good to see thee in this humor.

*Eyre* Sayest thou me so my sweet Dioclesian? then hump, Prince am I none, yet am I princely born, by the Lord of Ludgate my Liege, I'll be as merry as a pie.

*King* Tell me in faith mad Eyre, how old thou art.

*Eyre* My Liege a very boy, a stripling, a younker, you see not a white hair on my head, not a gray in this beard, every hair I assure thy majesty that sticks in this beard, Sim Eyre values at the king of Babylon's ransom, **Tamar** Cham's beard was a rubbing brush to 't: yet I'll shave it off, and stuff tennis balls with it to please my bully king.

*King* But all this while I do not know your age.

*Eyre* My liege, I am six and fifty year old, yet I can cry hump, with a sound heart for the honor of Saint Hugh: mark this old wench, my king, I danced the shaking of the sheets with her six and thirty years ago, and yet I hope to get two or three young Lord Mayors ere I die: I am lusty still, Sim Eyre still: care, and cold lodging brings white hairs. My sweet Majesty, let care vanish, cast it upon thy Nobles, it will make thee look always young like Apollo, and cry hump: Prince am I none, yet am

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wln 2235

I princely born.

*King* Ha ha: say Cornwall, didst thou ever see his like?

*Noble man* Not I, my Lord.

*Enter Lincoln, and Lord Mayor.*

*King* Lincoln, what news with you?

*Lincoln* My gracious Lord, have care unto yourself, For there are traitors here.

*All.* Traitors, where? who?

*Eyre* Traitors in my house? God forbid, where be my officers? I'll spend my soul ere my king feel harm.

*King* Where is the traitor? Lincoln.

*Lincoln* Here he stands.

*King* Cornwall, lay hold on Lacy: Lincoln, speak: What canst thou lay unto thy Nephew's charge?

*Lincoln* This my dear liege: your grace to do me honor, Heaped on the head of this degenerous boy, Desertless favors, you made choice of him, To be commander over powers in France, But he.

*King* Good Lincoln prithee pause a while, Even in thine eyes I read what thou wouldst speak, I know how Lacy did neglect our love, Ran himself deeply (in the highest degree) Into vile treason.

*Lincoln* Is he not a traitor?

*King* Lincoln, he was: now have we pardoned him, 'Twas not a base want of true valor's fire, That held him out of France, but love's desire.

*Lincoln* I will not bear his shame upon my back.

*King* Nor shalt thou Lincoln, I forgive you both.

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wln 2266  
wln 2267  
wln 2268

*Lincoln* Then (good my liege) forbid the boy to wed  
One, whose mean birth will much disgrace his bed.

*King* Are they not married?

*Lincoln* No my Liege.

*Both* We are.

*King* Shall I divorce them then? O be it far,  
That any hand on earth should dare untie,  
The sacred knot knit by God's majesty,  
I would not for my crown disjoin their hands,  
That are conjoined in holy nuptial bands,

How sayest thou Lacy? wouldst thou lose thy Rose?

*Hans* Not for all Indians' wealth, my sovereign.

*King* But Rose I am sure her Lacy would forgo.

*Rose* If Rose were asked that question, She'd say, no.

*King* You hear them Lincoln.

*Lincoln* Yea my liege, I do.

*King* Yet canst thou find i' th' heart to part these two?  
Who seeks, besides you, to divorce these lovers?

*Lord Mayor* I do (my gracious Lord) I am her father.

*King* Sir Roger Oatley, our last Mayor I think,

*Noble* The same my liege.

*King* Would you offend Love's laws?

Well, you shall have your wills, you sue to me,  
To prohibit the match: Soft, let me see,  
You both are married, Lacy, art thou not?

*Hans* I am, dread Sovereign.

*King* Then upon thy life,

I charge thee, not to call this woman wife.

*Lord Mayor* I thank your grace.

*Rose* O my most gracious Lord!

*kneel*

*King* Nay Rose, never woo me, I tell you true,  
Although as yet I am a bachelor,  
Yet I believe I shall not marry you.

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wln 2301

*Rose* Can you divide the body from the soul,  
Yet make the body live?

*King* Yea, so profound?  
I cannot *Rose*, but you I must divide:  
Fair maid, this bridegroom cannot be your bride.  
Are you pleased *Lincoln*? *Oatley*, are you pleased?

*Both* Yes my Lord.

*King* Then must my heart be eased,  
For credit me, my conscience lives in pain,  
Till these whom I divorced be joined again:  
*Lacy*, give me thy hand, *Rose*, lend me thine.  
Be what you would be: kiss now: so, that's fine,  
At night (lovers) to bed: now let me see,  
Which of you all mislikes this harmony?

*Lord Mayor* Will you then take from me my child perforce?

*King* Why tell me *Oatley*, shines not *Lacy's* name,  
As bright in the world's eye, as the gay beams  
Of any citizen?

*Lincoln* Yea but my gracious Lord,  
I do mislike the match far more than he,  
Her blood is too too base.

*King* *Lincoln*, no more,  
Dost thou not know, that love respects no blood?  
Cares not for difference of birth, or state,  
The maid is young, well born, fair, virtuous,  
A worthy bride for any gentleman:  
Besides, your nephew for her sake did stoop  
To bare necessity: and as I hear,  
Forgetting honors, and all courtly pleasures,  
To gain her love, became a shoemaker.  
As for the honor which he lost in France,  
Thus I redeem it: *Lacy*, kneel thee down,  
Arise sir *Rowland Lacy*: tell me now,

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wln 2332  
wln 2333

Tell me in earnest Oatley, canst thou chide?  
Seeing thy Rose a lady and a bride.

*Lord Mayor.* I am content with what your Grace hath done.

*Lincoln* And I my liege, since there's no remedy.

*King* Come on then, all shake hands, I'll have you friends,  
Where there is much love, all discord ends,  
What says my mad Lord Mayor to all this love?

*Eyre* O my liege, this honor you have done to my fine  
journeyman here, Rowland Lacy, and all these favors  
which you have shown to me this day in my poor house,  
will make Simon Eyre live longer by one dozen of warm  
summers more than he should.

*King* Nay, my mad Lord Mayor (that shall be thy name)  
If any grace of mine can length thy life,  
One honor more I'll do thee, that new building,  
Which at thy cost in Cornhill is erected,  
Shall take a name from us, we'll have it called,  
The Leaden hall, because in digging it,  
You found the lead that covereth the same.

*Eyre* I thank your Majesty.

*Wife* God bless your Grace.

*King* Lincoln, a word with you.

*Enter Hodge, Firk, Rafe, and more shoemakers.*

*Eyre* How now my mad knaves? Peace, speak softly,  
yonder is the king.

*King* With the old troop which there we keep in pay,  
We will incorporate a new supply:  
Before one summer more pass o'er my head,  
France shall repent England was injured.  
What are all those?

*Hans* All shoemakers, my Liege,



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wln 2364  
wln 2365  
wln 2366

Sometimes my fellows, in their companies  
I lived as merry as an emperor.

*King* My mad lord Mayor, are all these shoemakers?

*Eyre* All Shoemakers, my Liege, all gentlemen of the  
Gentle Craft, true Trojans, courageous Cordwainers, they  
all kneel to the shrine of holy saint Hugh.

*All.* God save your majesty all shoemakers

*King* Mad Simon, would they any thing with us?

*Eyre* Mum mad knaves, not a word, I'll do 't, I warrant  
you. They are all beggars, my Liege, all for themselves: and  
I for them all, on both my knees do entreat, that for the honor  
of poor Simon Eyre, and the good of his brethren these  
mad knaves, your Grace would vouchsafe some privilege to  
my new Leaden hall, that it may be lawful for us to buy and  
sell leather there two days a week.

*King* Mad Sim, I grant your suit, you shall have patent  
To hold two market days in Leaden hall,  
Mondays and Fridays, those shall be the times:  
Will this content you?

*All.* Jesus bless your Grace.

*Eyre* In the name of these my poor brethren shoemakers,  
I most humbly thank your Grace. But before I rise, seeing  
you are in the Giving vain, and we in the Begging,  
grant Sim Eyre one boon more.

*King* What is it my Lord Mayor?

*Eyre* Vouchsafe to taste of a poor banquet that stands  
sweetly waiting for your sweet presence.

*King* I shall undo thee Eyre, only with feasts,  
Already have I been too troublesome,  
Say, have I not?

*Eyre* O my dear king, Sim Eyre was taken unawares  
upon a day of shroving which I promised long ago to the prentices  
of London: for an 't please your Highness, in time past

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wln 2381  
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wln 2383  
wln 2384  
wln 2385

I bore the water tankard, and my coat  
Sits not a whit the worse upon my back:  
And then upon a morning some mad boys,  
It was Shrove-Tuesday even as 'tis now,  
Gave me my breakfast, and I swore then by the stopple of  
my tankard, if ever I came to be Lord Mayor of London, I  
would feast all the prentices, This day (my liege) I did it, and  
the slaves had an hundred tables five times covered, they  
are gone home and vanished: yet add more honor to the  
Gentle Trade, taste of Eyre's banquet, Simon's happy  
made.

*King* Eyre, I will taste of thy banquet, and will say,  
I have not met more pleasure on a day,  
Friends of the Gentle Craft, thanks to you all,  
Thanks my kind Lady Mayoress for our cheer,  
Come Lords, a while let's revel it at home,  
When all our sports, and banquetings are done,  
Wars must right wrongs which frenchmen have begun.

*Exeunt.*

wln 2386

FINIS.

**img: 41-b**  
**sig: [N/A]**

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## Textual Notes

1. **13 (2-b)**: The regularized reading *Adling* comes from the original *Adling*, though possible variants include *Addle*.
2. **426 (11-a)**: The regularized reading *thou 'lt* is supplied for the original *thou[\*]t*.
3. **455 (11-b)**: The regularized reading *schone* is amended from the original *scheue*.
4. **546 (13-a)**: The regularized reading *sail* comes from the original *saile*, though possible variants include *soil*.
5. **1106 (21-b)**: The regularized reading *black* is supplied for the original *bla[\*]ke*.
6. **1426 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *'twill* is supplied for the original [◇].
7. **1426 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *be* is supplied for the original [◇].
8. **1426 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *a* is supplied for the original [◇].
9. **1426 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *lame* is supplied for the original [◇].
10. **1426 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *doing* is supplied for the original [◇].
11. **1426 (26-b)**: The regularized reading , is supplied for the original [\*].
12. **1426 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *and* is supplied for the original [◇].
13. **1427 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *might 'st* is supplied for the original [\*\*\*\*\*].
14. **1427 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *have* is supplied for the original [◇].
15. **1427 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *sent* is supplied for the original [◇].
16. **1427 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *her* is supplied for the original [◇].
17. **1427 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *to* is supplied for the original [◇].
18. **1427 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *me* is supplied for the original [◇].
19. **1427 (26-b)**: The regularized reading , is supplied for the original [\*].
20. **1428 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *firked* is supplied for the original [◇].
21. **1428 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *your* is supplied for the original [◇].
22. **1428 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *Priscilla* is supplied for the original [◇].
23. **1428 (26-b)**: The regularized reading , is supplied for the original [\*].
24. **1428 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *hey* is supplied for the original [◇].
25. **1429 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *will* is supplied for the original *w[\*\*\*]*.
26. **1429 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *not* is supplied for the original [◇].
27. **1429 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *hold* is supplied for the original [◇].
28. **1430 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *we* is supplied for the original [◇].
29. **1430 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *not* is supplied for the original [◇].
30. **1430 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *merry* is supplied for the original [◇].
31. **1430 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *at* is supplied for the original [◇].
32. **1430 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *old* is supplied for the original [◇].
33. **1458 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *Hans* is supplied for the original [◇].
34. **1458 (27-a)**: The regularized reading . is supplied for the original [\*].
35. **1458 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *Vat* is supplied for the original [◇].
36. **1458 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *begaie* is supplied for the original [◇].
37. **1458 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *gon* is supplied for the original [◇].
38. **1458 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *vat* is supplied for the original [◇].
39. **1459 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *Sybil* is supplied for the original [◇].
40. **1459 (27-a)**: The regularized reading . is supplied for the original [\*].
41. **1459 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *Marry* is supplied for the original [◇].
42. **1459 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *you* is supplied for the original [◇].

43. **1459 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *must* is supplied for the original [◇].
44. **1459 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *come* is supplied for the original [\*\*]me.
45. **1460 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *on* is supplied for the original [◇].
46. **1460 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *her* is supplied for the original [◇].
47. **1460 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *shoes* is supplied for the original [◇].
48. **1460 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *you* is supplied for the original [◇].
49. **1460 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *made* is supplied for the original [◇].
50. **1460 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *last* is supplied for the original [◇].
51. **1460 (27-a)**: The regularized reading . is supplied for the original [\*].
52. **1461 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *Hans* is supplied for the original [◇].
53. **1461 (27-a)**: The regularized reading . is supplied for the original [◇].
54. **1461 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *Vare* is supplied for the original [◇].
55. **1461 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *ben* is supplied for the original [◇].
56. **1461 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *your* is supplied for the original [◇].
57. **1461 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *egle* is supplied for the original [\*\*]le.
58. **1462 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *Sybil* is supplied for the original [◇].
59. **1462 (27-a)**: The regularized reading . is supplied for the original [◇].
60. **1462 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *Marry* is supplied for the original [◇].
61. **1462 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *here* is supplied for the original [◇].
62. **1462 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *at* is supplied for the original [◇].
63. **1463 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *Firk* is supplied for the original [◇].
64. **1463 (27-a)**: The regularized reading . is supplied for the original [\*].
65. **1463 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *Will* is supplied for the original [◇].
66. **1463 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *nobody* is supplied for the original [◇].
67. **1464 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *sir* is supplied for the original [◇].
68. **2058 (36-a)**: The regularized reading *pasties* is amended from the original *pastimes*.
69. **2134 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *Enter* is amended from the original *Eneer*.
70. **2191 (38-a)**: The regularized reading *Tamar* is amended from the original *Tama*.