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



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img: 1-a

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THE
SHOEMAKERS'
Holiday.
OR
The Gentle Craft.

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

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.

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.

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

*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*

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img: 4-b

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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.

*The first Three-man's
Song.*

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.

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.

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.

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.

*The Second Three-man's
Song.*

This is to be sung at the latter end.

COLD's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed:
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

Troll the bowl, the jolly Nutbrown bowl,
And here kind mate to thee:
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily.

Down a down, hey down a down,
Hey derry derry down a down, Close with the tenor boy:
Ho well done, to me let come,
King compass gentle joy.

Troll the bowl, the Nutbrown bowl,
And here kind Etc. as often as there be men to drink.

wln 0036
wln 0037
wln 0038
wln 0039

img: 5-a
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wln 0041
wln 0042
wln 0043

At last when all have drunk, this verse.
Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed:
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

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

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wln 0045
wln 0046
wln 0047
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wln 0050
wln 0051
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wln 0056
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wln 0058
wln 0059
wln 0060

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wln 0062
wln 0063

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.

*A pleasant Comedy of
the Gentle Craft.*

wln 0064

Enter Lord Mayor, Lincoln.

wln 0065
wln 0066
wln 0067
wln 0068
wln 0069
wln 0070
wln 0071
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wln 0074
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wln 0081

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,

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wln 0083

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wln 0124
wln 0125
wln 0126

A verier unthrift lives not in the world,
Then is my cousin, for I'll tell you what,

'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?

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:
Now cousin Lacy, in what forwardness
Are all your companies?

Lacy. All well prepared,
The men of Hartfordshire lie at Mile end,

Exit Lovell.

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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,

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,

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wln 0182

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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 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.

img: 8-a
sig: B3v

wln 0216
wln 0217
wln 0218
wln 0219

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

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wln 0267

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,

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,

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wln 0279
wln 0280
wln 0281

img: 9-a
sig: B4v

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'.

img: 9-b

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 0320
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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

wln 0360
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img: 10-b
sig: C2r

wln 0380
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wln 0405
wln 0406
wln 0407

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,

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:

wln 0408
wln 0409
wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412

img: 11-a
sig: C2v

wln 0413
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wln 0445

img: 11-b
sig: C3r

wln 0446
wln 0447
wln 0448
wln 0449
wln 0450
wln 0451
wln 0452

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,

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 'It** 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,

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.

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wln 0455
wln 0456
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wln 0459
wln 0460
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img: 12-a
sig: C3v

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wln 0498
wln 0499
wln 0500

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.

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.

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wln 0502
wln 0503
wln 0504
wln 0505
wln 0506
wln 0507
wln 0508
wln 0509
wln 0510
wln 0511

img: 12-b
sig: C4r

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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wln 0513
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wln 0542
wln 0543
wln 0544

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,

img: 13-a
sig: C4v

wln 0545

Besides, the miller's boy told me even now,

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wln 0547
wln 0548
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img: 13-b
sig: D1r

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wln 0591
wln 0592
wln 0593

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?

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,

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wln 0610

img: 14-a
sig: D1v

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wln 0640
wln 0641

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?

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.

wln 0642
wln 0643

img: 14-b
sig: D2r

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wln 0684
wln 0685
wln 0686

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

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

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

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img: 15-b
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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

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; yerck and seam, yerck
and seam.

Firk. For yercking 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

wln 0735
wln 0736
wln 0737
wln 0738
wln 0739
wln 0740
wln 0741
wln 0742

img: 16-a
sig: D3v

wln 0743
wln 0744
wln 0745
wln 0746
wln 0747
wln 0748
wln 0749
wln 0750
wln 0751
wln 0752
wln 0753
wln 0754
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wln 0756
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wln 0766
wln 0767
wln 0768
wln 0769
wln 0770
wln 0771
wln 0772
wln 0773
wln 0774
wln 0775

img: 16-b
sig: D4r

wln 0776
wln 0777
wln 0778
wln 0779

and he are both drinking at the swan? here be the Portuges
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 sprekken for a ship of

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.

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

Eyre. Peace Firk, come Skipper, I'll go abroad with

wln 0780
wln 0781
wln 0782
wln 0783
wln 0784
wln 0785
wln 0786
wln 0787
wln 0788
wln 0789
wln 0790
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wln 0799
wln 0800
wln 0801
wln 0802
wln 0803
wln 0804
wln 0805
wln 0806
wln 0807
wln 0808

img: 17-a
sig: D4v

wln 0809
wln 0810
wln 0811
wln 0812
wln 0813
wln 0814
wln 0815
wln 0816
wln 0817
wln 0818
wln 0819
wln 0820
wln 0821
wln 0822
wln 0823
wln 0824
wln 0825
wln 0826
wln 0827

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, pritheee peace, thou mak'st my worship laugh, but let that pass: come I'll go in Hodge, pritheee 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,

Two gallant Gentlemen, I knew them well.

Lincoln. But Dodger, pritheee 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,

wln 0828
wln 0829
wln 0830
wln 0831
wln 0832
wln 0833
wln 0834
wln 0835
wln 0836
wln 0837
wln 0838
wln 0839
wln 0840
wln 0841

img: 17-b
sig: E1r

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,

wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847
wln 0848
wln 0849
wln 0850
wln 0851
wln 0852
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wln 0870
wln 0871
wln 0872
wln 0873
wln 0874

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.

img: 18-a

wln 0875 Men love their hearts best when they're out of sight.
 wln 0876 *Hammon.* I love you, by this hand.
 wln 0877 *Rose.* Yet hands off now:
 wln 0878 If flesh be frail, how weak and frail's your vow?
 wln 0879 *Hammon.* Then by my life I swear.
 wln 0880 *Rose.* Then do not brawl,
 wln 0881 One quarrel loseth wife and life and all,
 wln 0882 Is not your meaning thus?
 wln 0883 *Hammon.* In faith you jest.
 wln 0884 *Rose.* Love loves to sport, therefore leave love y' are best.
 wln 0885 *Lord Mayor* What? square they master Scott?
 wln 0886 *Scott* Sir, never doubt,
 wln 0887 Lovers are quickly in, and quickly out.
 wln 0888 *Hammon* Sweet Rose, be not so strange in fancying me,
 wln 0889 Nay never turn aside, shun not my sight,
 wln 0890 I am not grown so fond, to found my love
 wln 0891 On any that shall quit it with disdain,
 wln 0892 If you will love me, so, if not, farewell.
 wln 0893 *Lord Mayor* Why how now lovers, are you both agreed?
 wln 0894 *Hammon* Yes faith my Lord.
 wln 0895 *Lord Mayor.* 'Tis well, give me your hand, give me yours daughter.
 wln 0896 How now, both pull back, what means this, girl?
 wln 0897 *Rose.* I mean to live a maid.
 wln 0898 *Hammon* But not to die one, pause ere that be said. *aside.*
 wln 0899 *Lord Mayor* Will you still cross me? still be obstinate?
 wln 0900 *Hammon.* Nay chide her not my Lord for doing well,
 wln 0901 If she can live an happy virgin's life,
 wln 0902 'Tis far more blessed than to be a wife.
 wln 0903 *Rose.* Say sir I cannot, I have made a vow,
 wln 0904 Whoever be my husband, 'tis not you.
 wln 0905 *Lord Mayor* Your tongue is quick, but Master Hammon know,
 wln 0906 I bade you welcome to another end.
 wln 0907 *Hammon* What, would you have me pule, and pine, and pray,

wln 0908 With lovely lady mistress of my heart,
 wln 0909 Pardon your servant, and the rhymer play,
 wln 0910 Railing on Cupid, and his tyrant's dart,
 wln 0911 Or that I undertake some martial spoil,
 wln 0912 Wearing your glove at tourney, and at tilt,
 wln 0913 And tell how many gallants I unhorsed,
 wln 0914 Sweet, will this pleasure you?
 wln 0915 *Rose.* Yea, when wilt begin?
 wln 0916 What love-rhymes man? fie on that deadly sin.
 wln 0917 *Lord Mayor.* If you will have her, I'll make her agree.
 wln 0918 *Hammon* Enforced love is worse than hate to me,
 wln 0919 There is a wench keeps shop in the old change,
 wln 0920 To her will I, it is not wealth I seek,

wln 0921
wln 0922
wln 0923
wln 0924
wln 0925
wln 0926
wln 0927
wln 0928
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wln 0932
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wln 0934
wln 0935
wln 0936
wln 0937
wln 0938
wln 0939
wln 0940

img: 19-a
sig: E2v

wln 0941
wln 0942
wln 0943
wln 0944
wln 0945
wln 0946
wln 0947
wln 0948
wln 0949
wln 0950
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wln 0960
wln 0961
wln 0962
wln 0963
wln 0964
wln 0965
wln 0966
wln 0967
wln 0968

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, *exit Rose.*
Now tell me master Scott would you have thought,
That master Simon Eyre the shoemaker,
Had been of wealth to buy such merchandise?

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

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,

wln 0969
wln 0970
wln 0971
wln 0972
wln 0973

img: 19-b
sig: E3r

wln 0974
wln 0975
wln 0976
wln 0977
wln 0978
wln 0979
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wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001
wln 1002
wln 1003
wln 1004
wln 1005
wln 1006

img: 20-a
sig: E3v

wln 1007
wln 1008
wln 1009
wln 1010
wln 1011
wln 1012
wln 1013

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.

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

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.

wln 1014
wln 1015
wln 1016
wln 1017
wln 1018
wln 1019
wln 1020
wln 1021
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wln 1037
wln 1038
wln 1039

img: 20-b
sig: E4r

wln 1040
wln 1041
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wln 1059
wln 1060
wln 1061

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.

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?

wln 1062
wln 1063
wln 1064
wln 1065
wln 1066
wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072

img: 21-a
sig: E4v

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

Enter Hans, and Firk running.

wln 1101
wln 1102

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

img: 21-b
sig: F1r

wln 1103

with your best apparel, my master is chosen, my master is

wln 1104
wln 1105
wln 1106
wln 1107
wln 1108
wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113
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wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121
wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124

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.

Enter Simon Eyre wearing a gold chain.

Hans. See mine liever broder, here comt 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 1125
wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133
wln 1134

img: 22-a
sig: F1v

wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150

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.

wln 1151
wln 1152
wln 1153
wln 1154
wln 1155
wln 1156
wln 1157
wln 1158
wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162
wln 1163
wln 1164
wln 1165
wln 1166
wln 1167

img: 22-b
sig: F2r

wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173
wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176
wln 1177
wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187
wln 1188
wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
wln 1192
wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196
wln 1197
wln 1198

*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

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

wln 1199

wln 1200

img: 23-a
sig: F2v

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

A noise within of a Taber and a Pipe.

wln 1205

Mayor. What noise is this?

wln 1206

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 1207

wln 1208

wln 1209

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

wln 1210

wln 1211

Mayor. Master Eyre, are all these shoemakers?

wln 1212

Eyre. All Cordwainers my good Lord Mayor.

wln 1213

Rose. How like my Lacy looks yond shoemaker.

wln 1214

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

wln 1215

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

wln 1216

All. We thank your Lordship.

wln 1217

Rose takes a cup of wine and goes to Hans.

wln 1218

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

wln 1219

Hans. It be dancke good frister.

wln 1220

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

wln 1221

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

wln 1222

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.

wln 1223

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

wln 1224

wln 1225

wln 1226

wln 1227

wln 1228

wln 1229

wln 1230

img: 23-b
sig: F3r

wln 1231

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

wln 1232

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,
Disguised in that attire to find me out,

wln 1238

wln 1239
wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243
wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247
wln 1248
wln 1249

How should I find the means to speak with him?

Sybil What mistress, never fear, I dare venter my maidenhead to nothing, and that's great odds, that Hans the Dutchman when we come to London, shall not only see and speak with you, but in spite of all your Father's policies, steal you away and marry you, will not this please you?

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

Sybil. Away then and follow your father to London, lest your absence cause him to suspect something:
Tomorrow if my counsel be obeyed,
I'll bind you prentice to the gentle trade.

wln 1250
wln 1251

Enter Jane in a Sempster's shop working, and Hammon muffled at another door, he stands aloof.

wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259

Hammon. Yonder's the shop, and there my fair love sits, She's fair and lovely, but she is not mine,
O would she were, thrice have I courted her,
Thrice hath my hand been moistened with her hand,
Whilst my poor famished eyes do feed on that
Which made them famish: I am unfortunate,
I still love one, yet nobody loves me,
I muse in other men what women see,

img: 24-a
sig: F3v

wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262
wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284

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.

wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292

img: 24-b
sig: F4r

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
wln 1305
wln 1306
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wln 1310
wln 1311
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wln 1313
wln 1314
wln 1315
wln 1316
wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319
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:

img: 25-a
sig: F4v

wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329

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,

wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343
wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358

img: 25-b
sig: G1r

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
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377

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:

wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390
wln 1391

img: 26-a
sig: G1v

wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404
wln 1405
wln 1406
wln 1407
wln 1408
wln 1409
wln 1410
wln 1411
wln 1412
wln 1413
wln 1414
wln 1415
wln 1416
wln 1417
wln 1418
wln 1419
wln 1420
wln 1421
wln 1422
wln 1423
wln 1424

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,

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

img: 26-b

wln 1425
wln 1426
wln 1427
wln 1428
wln 1429
wln 1430
wln 1431
wln 1432
wln 1433
wln 1434
wln 1435
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wln 1452
wln 1453
wln 1454
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.

img: 27-a
sig: G2v

wln 1458
wln 1459
wln 1460
wln 1461
wln 1462
wln 1463
wln 1464
wln 1465
wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468
wln 1469
wln 1470

***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

wln 1471
wln 1472
wln 1473
wln 1474
wln 1475

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.*

wln 1476
wln 1477
wln 1478

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?

wln 1479
wln 1480
wln 1481
wln 1482
wln 1483
wln 1484
wln 1485
wln 1486
wln 1487
wln 1488

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.

img: 27-b
sig: G3r

wln 1489
wln 1490
wln 1491
wln 1492
wln 1493
wln 1494
wln 1495
wln 1496
wln 1497
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wln 1509
wln 1510
wln 1511
wln 1512
wln 1513
wln 1514
wln 1515
wln 1516

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.

wln 1517

Enter Firk.

wln 1518

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

wln 1519

img: 28-a
sig: G3v

wln 1520

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

wln 1521

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

wln 1522

Rafe Firk, dost thou know this shoe?

wln 1523

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

wln 1524

Rafe Why then I do, this shoe I durst be sworn

wln 1525

Once covered the instep of my Jane:

wln 1526

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

wln 1527

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

wln 1528

By this old shoe I shall find out my wife.

wln 1529

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

wln 1530

Rafe Thus Firk, even now here came a servingman,

wln 1531

By this shoe would he have a new pair made

wln 1532

Against tomorrow morning for his mistress,

wln 1533

That's to be married to a Gentleman,

wln 1534

And why may not this be my sweet Jane?

wln 1535

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

wln 1536

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

wln 1537

Against tomorrow morning I'll provide,

wln 1538

A lusty crew of honest shoemakers,

wln 1539

To watch the going of the bride to church,

wln 1540

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

wln 1541

From Hammon and the devil, were he by,

wln 1542

If it be not my Jane, what remedy?

wln 1543

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

wln 1544

Although I never with a woman lie.

wln 1545

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

wln 1546

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

wln 1547

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

wln 1548

and hanging goes by destiny.

wln 1549

exit.

wln 1550

wln 1551

wln 1552

wln 1553

wln 1554

wln 1555

wln 1556

wln 1557

wln 1558

wln 1559

img: 28-b
sig: G4r

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

wln 1560
wln 1561
wln 1562
wln 1563
wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566
wln 1567
wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
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wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581
wln 1582
wln 1583
wln 1584
wln 1585

img: 29-a
sig: G4v

wln 1586
wln 1587
wln 1588
wln 1589
wln 1590
wln 1591
wln 1592
wln 1593
wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602
wln 1603
wln 1604
wln 1605
wln 1606
wln 1607

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.

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,

wln 1608
wln 1609
wln 1610
wln 1611
wln 1612

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.

wln 1613
wln 1614
wln 1615
wln 1616
wln 1617

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,

img: 29-b
sig: H1r

wln 1618
wln 1619
wln 1620
wln 1621
wln 1622
wln 1623
wln 1624
wln 1625
wln 1626
wln 1627
wln 1628
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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.

img: 30-a
sig: H1v

wln 1651

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

wln 1652
wln 1653
wln 1654
wln 1655
wln 1656
wln 1657
wln 1658
wln 1659
wln 1660
wln 1661
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wln 1680
wln 1681
wln 1682
wln 1683

img: 30-b
sig: H2r

wln 1684
wln 1685
wln 1686
wln 1687
wln 1688
wln 1689
wln 1690
wln 1691
wln 1692

wln 1693

wln 1694
wln 1695
wln 1696
wln 1697

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 Fleming 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.

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.

wln 1698
wln 1699
wln 1700
wln 1701
wln 1702
wln 1703
wln 1704
wln 1705
wln 1706
wln 1707
wln 1708
wln 1709
wln 1710
wln 1711
wln 1712
wln 1713
wln 1714

img: 31-a
sig: H2v

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.

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
wln 1730
wln 1731
wln 1732
wln 1733
wln 1734
wln 1735
wln 1736
wln 1737
wln 1738
wln 1739
wln 1740
wln 1741
wln 1742
wln 1743

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.

wln 1744
wln 1745

img: 31-b
sig: H3r

wln 1746
wln 1747
wln 1748
wln 1749
wln 1750
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wln 1774
wln 1775
wln 1776
wln 1777
wln 1778

img: 32-a
sig: H3v

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

wln 1786

Lincoln. Upon my life, my Nephew Lacy walks
In the disguise of this Dutch shoemaker.

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

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

Enter Eyre, his Wife, hans, and Rose.

wln 1787
wln 1788
wln 1789
wln 1790
wln 1791
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wln 1794
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wln 1807
wln 1808
wln 1809

img: 32-b
sig: H4r

wln 1810
wln 1811
wln 1812
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wln 1814
wln 1815
wln 1816
wln 1817
wln 1818
wln 1819
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wln 1826

wln 1827

wln 1828
wln 1829
wln 1830
wln 1831
wln 1832

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.

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.

They go out.

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

wln 1833
wln 1834
wln 1835
wln 1836
wln 1837
wln 1838
wln 1839
wln 1840
wln 1841

img: 33-a
sig: H4v

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

wln 1842
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wln 1872
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?

img: 33-b
sig: 11r

wln 1875
wln 1876
wln 1877

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

wln 1878
wln 1879
wln 1880
wln 1881
wln 1882
wln 1883
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wln 1902
wln 1903
wln 1904
wln 1905
wln 1906
wln 1907

img: 34-a
sig: IIv

wln 1908
wln 1909
wln 1910
wln 1911
wln 1912
wln 1913
wln 1914
wln 1915
wln 1916
wln 1917
wln 1918
wln 1919
wln 1920
wln 1921
wln 1922
wln 1923
wln 1924
wln 1925

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.

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 'swounds 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,

wln 1926
wln 1927
wln 1928
wln 1929
wln 1930
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wln 1932
wln 1933
wln 1934
wln 1935
wln 1936
wln 1937
wln 1938
wln 1939
wln 1940

img: 34-b
sig: I2r

wln 1941
wln 1942
wln 1943
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wln 1971
wln 1972
wln 1973

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

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.

img: 35-a
sig: I2v

wln 1974
wln 1975
wln 1976
wln 1977
wln 1978
wln 1979
wln 1980
wln 1981
wln 1982
wln 1983
wln 1984
wln 1985
wln 1986
wln 1987
wln 1988
wln 1989
wln 1990
wln 1991
wln 1992
wln 1993
wln 1994
wln 1995
wln 1996
wln 1997
wln 1998
wln 1999
wln 2000
wln 2001
wln 2002
wln 2003
wln 2004
wln 2005
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?

img: 35-b
sig: I3r

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

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.

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

img: 36-a
sig: I3v

wln 2040
wln 2041
wln 2042
wln 2043
wln 2044
wln 2045
wln 2046
wln 2047
wln 2048
wln 2049
wln 2050
wln 2051
wln 2052
wln 2053
wln 2054
wln 2055
wln 2056
wln 2057
wln 2058
wln 2059
wln 2060
wln 2061
wln 2062
wln 2063
wln 2064
wln 2065
wln 2066

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

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?

wln 2067
wln 2068
wln 2069
wln 2070
wln 2071
wln 2072

img: 36-b
sig: 14r

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.

wln 2073
wln 2074
wln 2075
wln 2076
wln 2077
wln 2078
wln 2079
wln 2080
wln 2081
wln 2082
wln 2083
wln 2084
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wln 2086
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wln 2093
wln 2094
wln 2095
wln 2096
wln 2097
wln 2098
wln 2099
wln 2100
wln 2101
wln 2102
wln 2103
wln 2104
wln 2105

img: 37-a
sig: 14v

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

wln 2106
wln 2107
wln 2108
wln 2109
wln 2110
wln 2111

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

wln 2112
wln 2113
wln 2114
wln 2115
wln 2116
wln 2117
wln 2118
wln 2119
wln 2120
wln 2121
wln 2122
wln 2123
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wln 2131
wln 2132
wln 2133
wln 2134
wln 2135
wln 2136
wln 2137
wln 2138

img: 37-b
sig: K1r

wln 2139
wln 2140
wln 2141
wln 2142
wln 2143
wln 2144
wln 2145
wln 2146
wln 2147
wln 2148
wln 2149
wln 2150
wln 2151
wln 2152
wln 2153
wln 2154
wln 2155
wln 2156
wln 2157
wln 2158
wln 2159

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,

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

wln 2160
wln 2161
wln 2162
wln 2163
wln 2164
wln 2165
wln 2166
wln 2167
wln 2168
wln 2169
wln 2170
wln 2171

img: 38-a
sig: K1v

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

wln 2172
wln 2173
wln 2174
wln 2175
wln 2176
wln 2177
wln 2178
wln 2179
wln 2180
wln 2181
wln 2182
wln 2183
wln 2184
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wln 2193
wln 2194
wln 2195
wln 2196
wln 2197
wln 2198
wln 2199
wln 2200
wln 2201
wln 2202
wln 2203
wln 2204

img: 38-b
sig: K2r

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

wln 2205
wln 2206
wln 2207
wln 2208

wln 2209

wln 2210
wln 2211
wln 2212
wln 2213
wln 2214
wln 2215
wln 2216
wln 2217
wln 2218
wln 2219
wln 2220
wln 2221
wln 2222
wln 2223
wln 2224
wln 2225
wln 2226
wln 2227
wln 2228
wln 2229
wln 2230
wln 2231
wln 2232
wln 2233
wln 2234
wln 2235

img: 39-a
sig: K2v

wln 2236
wln 2237
wln 2238
wln 2239
wln 2240
wln 2241
wln 2242
wln 2243
wln 2244
wln 2245
wln 2246
wln 2247
wln 2248
wln 2249
wln 2250

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.

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.

wln 2251
wln 2252
wln 2253
wln 2254
wln 2255
wln 2256
wln 2257
wln 2258
wln 2259
wln 2260
wln 2261
wln 2262
wln 2263
wln 2264
wln 2265
wln 2266
wln 2267
wln 2268

img: 39-b
sig: K3r

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!
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.

kneel

wln 2269
wln 2270
wln 2271
wln 2272
wln 2273
wln 2274
wln 2275
wln 2276
wln 2277
wln 2278
wln 2279
wln 2280
wln 2281
wln 2282
wln 2283
wln 2284
wln 2285
wln 2286
wln 2287
wln 2288
wln 2289
wln 2290
wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293
wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296
wln 2297
wln 2298

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 dislikes 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 dislike 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.

wln 2299
wln 2300
wln 2301

img: 40-a
sig: K3v

As for the honor which he lost in France,
Thus I redeem it: *Lacy*, kneel thee down,
Arise sir *Rowland Lacy*: tell me now,

wln 2302
wln 2303
wln 2304
wln 2305
wln 2306
wln 2307
wln 2308
wln 2309
wln 2310
wln 2311
wln 2312
wln 2313
wln 2314
wln 2315
wln 2316
wln 2317
wln 2318
wln 2319
wln 2320
wln 2321
wln 2322
wln 2323
wln 2324

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.

wln 2325
wln 2326
wln 2327
wln 2328
wln 2329
wln 2330
wln 2331
wln 2332
wln 2333

img: 40-b
sig: K4r

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,

wln 2334
wln 2335
wln 2336
wln 2337
wln 2338
wln 2339
wln 2340
wln 2341
wln 2342

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

wln 2343
wln 2344
wln 2345
wln 2346
wln 2347
wln 2348
wln 2349
wln 2350
wln 2351
wln 2352
wln 2353
wln 2354
wln 2355
wln 2356
wln 2357
wln 2358
wln 2359
wln 2360
wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363
wln 2364
wln 2365
wln 2366

img: 41-a
sig: K4v

wln 2367
wln 2368
wln 2369
wln 2370
wln 2371
wln 2372
wln 2373
wln 2374
wln 2375
wln 2376
wln 2377
wln 2378
wln 2379
wln 2380
wln 2381
wln 2382
wln 2383
wln 2384
wln 2385

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

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

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.

FINIS.

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*.