

Anonymous. Everie woman in her humor London: Printed
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Prologue

Enter Flauia as a prologue,

Gentles of both sexes, and all sortes, I am sent to bid
Yee welcome, I am but instead of a Prologue: for a she
prologue is as rare as an Vsurers Almes: non reperitur
in vsu, and the rather I come v)man, because men are
apt to take kindlye any kinde thing at a womans hand;
and wee poore soules are but too kinde, if we be
kindely intreated, marry otherwise, there I make my
Aposiopesis: the Author hath indeede made me an
honest merrie wench, one of his humorists, yet I am so
much beholding to him, I cannot get mee a husband in
his play that's worthe the hauing, vnlesse I be better
halfe of the sutor my selfe: and hauing imposed this
audacity on me, he sends me hither first for exercise I
come among ye these are the Contentes, that you would
heare With patience, iudge with lenity, and correct with
smiles, for the which our endeauours shall shew it selfe
like a tall fellow in action: If vve shall ioyne hands, a
bargaine. As a lowe y earnest, I glue this curtesie
before, And in conceite I giue ye twenty more.

Enter Accutus and Graccus_

Nay, but Accutus, prethee what mis-shapen vizard of
Melancholly hast thou mask't thy selfe in? thou lookst
as thou wer't changing thy religion: what? is there a
breach In thy Faith? come, declare, and let me set thy
wits on worke, to amend it.

Acut_ Ha ha ha!

Grac. Prettie: a man's well aduisd to offer good
 counsell, and be laught at for his labour: we shall
 shortly haue no Counsellors but Physitians, I spend my
 breath to thee, and thou answerest me some halfe an
 houre after in a sembreue, or like to a Sexton with a
 Sobeit or Amem

Acu. Condemne my Stars them
I should wrong am then, as thou dost with a false
 inditement, I know it tooke not, beeing at thy birth, thou
 hast bene merrie, thou hast sounded hoopes, swallowed
 whiffes, walkt late, va)rne fauours, seene whoresons:
 thou canst feele and vnderstand, come, thou hast bene a
 sinner: vnload, discharge, vntune, confesse, is venus
 dominatrix? art not in loue?

Acut Yes, I loue God and my neighbors

Grac. Then either for Gods sake or thy Neighbors, or
 both, be smothe, and participate, ist not some
 vnderlayer, some she Cammell that Will beare as much
 of her belly, as three beastes on their backes? some
 Lanthorne-maker, 1251 Ile holde thy head: come, vp
 With't_

Acut. Prethee I hate none, but heauen hate me if I be
 in loue with any.

Grac Off with these clogs, then break prison, and
 get out of this melancholly Gaole, harke how the
 generall noise doth welcome from the Parthian wars,
 each spirits iocund, fraught with glee, then wrong not
 thine with this dull meditation

Acut_ Oh! how doe they then wrong my meditation? my
 thoughts are with themselues at a counsell, til with
 noise and thou with continuall talke, hast driuen them to
 a nonplus.

Gra. Then make me of thy counsel', and take my
 aduice, for ile take no deny all, Ile not leaue thee til the
 next new Almanackes be out of date: let him threaten
 the shar pest weather he can, in Saint Swith/n week, or

it snow on our Ladies face, ile not budge, ile be thy
mid-wife til thou beest deliuered of this passiom

Acut. Partake then, and glue me the beleefe: thinkst
thou or knowst thou any of this opinion, that, that
moouing mansh element, that swels and swages as it
please the moone, to be in bignes equall to that solide
lump that brings vs

Gra. I was sure thou wert beyond the Antipodes: fa
th I am of that faith I was brought vp in, I haue heard
my Father say, and i'me sure his Recordes came from
his Father, that the Land and Sea are in nature thus
much alike; the owne growes by the Sunne, the other by
the Moone, both by Gods blessing; and the Sea rather
the greater, and so thinke I.

Acut_ Good: there we haue a farther scope, and
holde the sea, can (as a looking glasse) answeare with a
meere smile any moouing shape vpon the earth.

Gra. Nay, that's most certaine, I haue heard of Sea-
horses, Sea-calues, and Sea-monsters.

Acut Oh, they are monstrous madde, merrie
wenches, and they are monsters Graccus, they call them
Sea-maides or Mermaides singing sweetelye, but none
dares trust them, and are verie ike our Land-wenches,
deuouring Serpents from the middle downeward.

Acut Thou hast euen giuen me satisfaction: but hast
thou this by prooffe?

Grac Not by my trauels (so God helpe me) marrie
ile bring ye fortie Saylers will sweare they haue seene
them.

Acut In truth!

Pr In truth or otherwise.

Acu. Faith they are not vnlike our land monsters,
else why should this Maximilian Lord, for whom these
shoots and noyses befits thus, forsake his honours, to
sing a Lullabye? These seeming Saints, alluring euils,
That make earth Erebus, and mortals deuils. Come,

thou art Sea-sicke, and will not be well at ease til thou
hast tane a vomit, vp with't.

Why ifalth I must, I can not soothe the world
With veluet words, and oyly flatteries,
And kisse the sweatie seete of magnitude,
To purchase smiles, or a deade mans office,
I cannot holde to see a rib of man
A moyue of it selfe, commaund the whole
Bafful, and bend to muliebritie
Of female scandals; obserue, doe but obserue,
Heere one walks ore-growne in weeds of pride,
The earth wants shape, to apply a simile,
A body prisoned vp with walles of wyer,
With bones of whales, somewhat hat allyed to fish
But from the wast declining, more loose doth hang,
Then her wanton dangling lasciuious locke
Thats whirld and blowne With euerie lustfull breath
Her necke in chaines, all naked lyes her brest,
Her body lighter then the feathered crest.
Another powtes and scoules, and hangs the lip,
Euen as the banckrout credit of her husband,
Cannot equall her with honors liuerie,
What doth she care, if for to decke her braue,
11001 Hee's carryed from a Gate-house to his graue_
Another in a rayl ng pu ppet key,
Drawes through her nose the accent of her voice,
And in the presence of her good man Goate,
Cries fye, now fye vppon these wicked mem
That vse such beastly and Inhumane talke:
When being in priuate, all her studies warne,
To make him enter into Capricorne_
Another as she goes, treads a Canarie pace,
lets it so fine, and minces so demure,
As mistris Bride vpon her marriage day:
Her heeles are Corke, her body Atlas,
Her Beautie bought, her soule an Atomus_

Another with a spleene deuoured face,
Her eies as hollow as Anatomy:
Her tung more venome then a Serpents sting,
Which when it waggess within her chap-faln iawes,
Is noise more horrid then a cry of hounds
With open mouthes, pursuing of their game,
Wants she but ritch attire or costly dyet,
With her the Deuill can nere liue in quiet.
Yet these are weaker vessels, heauen doth knowe,
Lay on them ought but ease, you doe them wrong:
They are as weake as water, and indeede as strong,
And then like mightie ships, when pellets sincke,
To them lay more men, sheele neuer shrinke.

- Boss. Mistris, that face wants a fresh Glosse
Gent, Prethee dib it in well Bos_
Acut. Pigmaleon, Pigmaleon, I coniure thee appeare,
 To worke, to worke, make more Marble Ingles, Nature,
 thou art a foole, Art is about thee: Belzebub, paint thy
 face, there's some will loue thee.
- Bos Rare, Mistris, heeres a cheek like a Camelion
 or a blasing Star: you shall heere me blaze it, heere's
 two saucers sanguine in a sable field, pomegranet, a
 pure pendat, Ready to drop out of the stable, a pin and
 web argent in hayre de Roy.
- Grac And a fooles head in the Crest.
- Bos. In the Crest? oh sweete Vermilion mistris! tis
 pittie the Vermilion Wormes should eate thee, ile set it
 with pretious stones and ye will.
- Gent Enough sweete Bosse, throwe a little water to
 spurt's face and lets away. Hold vp, so sir now away: oh
 Mistris Your scantling, most sweete mistris most dery
 dent starre
- Acut. Then most rydent starres faire fall ye. Nay
 sure tis the Moone her selfe, for there's her man and her
 Dogge before.

Bosse I sir, but the man is not in the moon, 'my
 bushis before me, ergo not at my backe, et ergo, not
 moone sir.

Gent. What's your will sir?

Accut That you would leaue vs.

Bosse Leaue you zoundes sir, we scorne their
 companies, come, they are full, doe not open to them,
 we haue no Conies to catchn

Acut Away, keepe no distance, euen both together,
 For wit, ye may be Coacht together.
 What sleeke browde Saint can see this Idiotisme,
 The shape and workemanship of omnipotency,
 To be so blinde with drugs of beastlinesse,
 And will not bend the browe, and bite the lippe,
 Trouble his quiet soule, with venome spleene,
 And feare least the all ouer-seeer,
 Can without vengeance, see these ignomies_

Grac Why therfore are they belooued like
 Sargeants, and entertained like Beggars, thinkst thou
 but any honorable Gate but will be shut against these
 Butter-flies?

Accut_ Oh Graecus! thou beguil'st opinion,
 The Gates of great men stand more wide
 To entertaine a foole, then Cresus armes,
 To hug his Golden God: and faster bard
 Against necessitie, then Diues entrance
 At Oympus gate.

Enter Sernulas, Scillicet, Philantus and Boy

Sernu. Fa, la, sol, la sol: Boy a Glasse;

Boy. Tis but one and all sir.

Acut Angels protect vs, what haue we heare? Ye
 haue a good memorie Sir, for they are fiue minutes ere
 windefall of your Glasse. Sir, be credible, tis ballanst to
 be a superlatiue politicke custome in these houres to

dwel in shallowe accoutrements, as a defence for the
abilitie of his pursse, from the infringed Oath of some
impudent face, that will borrowe a gentlemas
reuenewes, if he be vestally adornff Ile tell you sir, by
this bright Horison

Scil A word I pray Yee sir ere ye goe any further:
Boy my Tables?

Boy. Your Tables are ready Sir, and all the men ye
keep which is indeede halfe a Boy, Scillicet, Videlicet

Scil I pray ye let me request that oath of you. A
gracefull enquire, and well obseru'd: Sir my company
shal make ye copious of nouelties let your Tables
befriend your memorie write, by this bright Horison----

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Phy Here's none but only I, sing: Boy, how lik'st
thou my head of hayre?

Boy. Your Glasse may flatter ye, but truely I will
not, your head is not a hayre better then it should be.

Phy Is there any scarcitie of haire Boy?

Boy. Somewhat thin, and yet there is more hayre
then wit.

Phy: How Boy? Then wit of man can number sir,
take it i'th right sence I pray yee_

Phy. Most ingenious!

A cu. O muffle, muffle good Graccus, doe not taint
thy sence,

With Sight of these infectious animalles,

Least reason in thee haue the vpper hand

To gouerne sence, to see and shun the sight:

Here's new discovered sins, past all the rest,

Men striue by practise how to sweare the best.

Scil I haue quoted it sir, by this bright Hore, Hore
son, pronounce ye sir.

Seru, Horison

Scil: Horison the Widowes mite Sir? Not for the
Soldans crowne sir.

Scil Indeede Yee shall, by this bright horison ye
shall, beleue me if I sweare, be no common oath. Seru
I thinke my selfe beholding, for I know it to Were it
common, it past not these doores: Sir, I shift my oathes
as I wash my hands, twice in the artificial day, for in
daloguising, tis to be obseru'd, your sentences must
Ironically, metaphorical y, and altogether figuratiuely
mixt with your morning oathes.

Scil: Faith tis verie true.

Accu, That he neither knowes what he saies, nor
thou vnderstandest. As for example, by this illuminate
welkin.

Scil: Oh excellent! it shall downe to.

Accut There's another Ducket, he vtters his oathes
apace. Sure this Villaine has no soule, and for golde
Heele damme his body too, hee's at peace with hell, An
brings his Marchandise from thence to sell. I haue heere
two Mistresses, but if the best were cHosen out, if
Poliphemus to there ye were out, his choice might be as
good as Argus broade waking, so difficultis the
difference.

Phy. Boy, sleepe wamard thoughts.

Phy Is it not now most amyable and faire?

Boy. Yes sir God be praised.

Phy What meanst thou Boy?

Boy. The weather sir.

Phy I meane my haire and face Boy Twere amiable
if it would not alter

Phy. Wherfore, I often repaire it.

Boy: Me thinkes that should weare it the sooner.

Phy Not so Boy, for to trimme the Hayre well, is a
rare qual tie: to bee rare lye quallified is to be wise,
apply Boy.

Boy. That you are wise in trimming your hayre
Maister?

Phy. 12501 Right, to be wise is to be rare, for it is rare to see a wise man. True Maister: but if youle see a foole looke in your Glasse maister.

Phy Goe to, I must correct you Boy.

Boy. You can correct no more then is your own, I am but halfe yours to commaund, if you steale away any parte that is not your owne, you are so farre in daunger as the strik ng of an other mans seruant_

Phy: By this illuminate welkin most sincere and singular, as a small remembrance.

Seru Not for to winne the faire Angelica. By this illuminate Welkin ye shall now. Sir, I doe not bestowe it for that I thinke you haue neede of it, for if you had, by this bright Horizon I would not glue it, for I know tis no credit to giue to the poore, by this illuminate welkin, I haue (since I tooke vpon me this fleshie desire of a Gentleman) throwne out of a window for a huntsvp, when I had as leef haue heard the grinding of a Mustard Mill, for tHose are thinges are heere too day and gone to morrowe: this will sticke by a man, and doe him credit where ere hee goes.

Acut: I, when the foole is clad in clay, It will sticke sore vnto thy soule for aye.

Phy: Signior Scil/icet, I assure you I haue discouered the moste queint and new found deuce for the encounter of the Ladies at the enteruiew, tis in prickesong.

Scil That's excellent and rare.

Phi I, for prick-song to Ladies is moste pleasant and delightfull, as thus for your congie, Al hayle to my belooued: then for your departure, sad dispaire doth driue me hence: for all must be to effect.

Grac. Nay, prethee raise no quarrels.

Acut I can holde no longer, heare you sir, are not you a foole? and you an Asse? and you a knaue?

Phy zoundes an Asse?

Scil A Foole?
 Ser. A Knaue without respect?
 Acut. I, for an Asse can beare, a Foole abide, and a
 Knaue deserue:
 Omn. Helpe, helpe!
 Gra Prethee lets away.
 Acut. Fooles oftentimes brings wisemen to trouble,
 Farwell, another time ile pay ye double.

Enter Host, Hostesse,

Host, Bring your Clubs out of doores, there goe in
 my fine Hostes, ile talke to the proudest: what knaues
 are i'th streete, my dore is my dore, my house is my
 castell, goe in dame Helena, let thine Host alon with
 this he that knocks at my hobby, while I haue Ale In my
 house, shall pay for a Surgeon: the honest shal come In,
 the knaues shall go by: bring Clubs I say.

Scil Nay sir, the heare is past, they that did it haue
 tooke them to their heeles, for indeede heere are of
 vsâ€”

Host. Away with your Clubs then, welcome my
 braue Bullies, my Guests shal take no wrong, but
 welcome my Bullies_

Scil Indeede sir I am a man of few words, I haue
 put vp a little bloodshed, marrie I hope it shall be no
 staine to my manhoode, if I keepe it out of my clothes.

Host. He shall pay for the blood-shed, my gueses
 shal take no wrong: mine Host will spend his Cruse as
 franke as an Emperour: welcome my braue bullies.

ser. Sir, be pacificall, the fellowe was possest with
 some critique frenzie, and wee impute it to his madnes

Scil: Madde! by Gods slid If he were as madde as a
 weauer, I can hardly put it vp: for my blow: I care not
 so much, but he cald me foole: slid if I hue till I dye, the
 one of vs shall proue it.

Host: Some prophane Villaine, ile warrant him.

Scil Doe you thinke I may not haue an action
against him?

Host: There's so many swaggerers, but alasse, how
felye out?

Scil: By the welk n I gaue him not a foule word:
first he calles me foole, then he makes a full blowe at
my body, and if by good chance I had not warded it
with my head, he might haue spoild me.

Enter prentices,

Host. There, there, my fine fil-pots: giue the word as
you passe: anon anon sir, anom heere and there in the
twinkling looke well to the barre, there againe my little
Mercuries, froath them vp to the brimme, and fill as tis
needefull: if their pates be full of W ne, let your Pattles
be three quarters, trip and goe, here and there: now any
braue Lad wash thy woundes with good Wine: bidde
am welcom my little Sybil: put sugar in his hole there, I
must in to my guests, sleepe sound y till morning:
Canarie is a lewell, and a Figge for Browne-bastard.

Exit.

Hostes. Gentlemen, ye are welcom, though my husband be
a little talkatiue, yet truly he is an vnreasonable honest
man, Yee shall finde his words and his sayings all one

Scil: I thinke no lesse, yet I would desire to enter as
time and place shall serue.

Hostes: Ile lead the way forsooth_

Phy Nay pray ye Hostesse a word, I say little, but
i'me sure I haue sustained the most wrong: by this I ght,
I had rather he had broke my head in three places, I
pray you lend me a brush, hee has put my hat quite out
of fashion

Host. That shall ye sir, a brush there hoe!

Bos Salue, sis saluus, I pray Yee which of you siue
is the Hostis of the house?

Boy: Thats easily discernd, for foure weare
breeches.

Bos: Nere the sooner for that my diminitue YOUTH,
for women now adaies weare breeches as well as men,
mary the difference lies in the bawble.

Hostis Well sir, to open the truth I am the Hostesse.

Bos The fruit is knowne by the Tree at the first
view, as the Author writes learnedly, come, basilus
manus

Scil This kissing becomes a Gentleman, ile vse it
suret

Bos: Secondly, Mistris Hostesse, I would knowe
what lodging ye haue for my Lady and her traine-----

Hostis: What will serue your turne sir?

Bos Ile call my selfe to account and specif e thus:
my Lady and her Dogge that's two visible: then there's
the Dogge and my Lady, that's foure inuisible: then
there's my Ladles dogge and I quoth the dogge, that's
six: then there's sequence of three, viz. the Dogge and I
and my Lady: then there's a paire of Knaues, viz the
Dogge 'my selfe, 'my Lady turnd vp: viz my Lady
sequence of three: a paire of knaues, &my Lady turn'd
vp to play vpon, we can haue no lesse then fiue beds.

HOS Truly must ye close together, (the Seruants I
meane) for I am so thrust with Guest I can hardly spare
so many.

Bos Faith wee le lie together as close as we can:
there's my Lady and her dogge lye altogether, and I at
the beds feete, and there's all our family of Loue.

Hos How farre is your mistris behinde?

Bos The truth is, the fatall sisters haue cut the
thred of her Corke-shoe, &shee's Stept aside into a
Coblers shop to take a true stitch, whether I meane to

send my selfe as a Court of Guard to conduct her: but
see, oh, inconstant fortune I see where shee comes
solus.

Gent, Bos, you serue me well to let me waite vpon
my selfe.

Bos Of two euils the least is to be cHosen, I had a
care of your puppie being lesse then your selfe

Scil, Gentlewoman haue an excellent Ch: I haue an
appetite as a man would say.

Gent, What's your will sir?

Scil, Truth will to light, and the truth is, I haue an
appetite to kisse you

Phil: This point would become a Gentleman sure, I
pray who trim'd it so?

Gent, My man forsoote

Phy, Sir, I desire your acquaintance, tis excellent
rare.

Gent; You would haue saide so, had you seene it an
houre since.

Ser. Heeres game for me, I hunt for fooles, and
haue sprung a couey-----

Hostis Gentles, please draw neere? leade the way into
the chambers. Bos, is the name of a thing may be seene,
felt, heard, or vnderstood, and the nominatiue case goes
before, my Mistris the Verbe, my mistris requires an
accusatiue case to follow, as vsus femine proptus facit

Exeunt al but Hostis

Hostis; Oh fye vpont, who would be an Hostis, 'could do
otherwise? Ladie, as the moste lasciuious life, conges
and kisses, the tyre, the hood, the rebato, the loose
bodyed Gowne, the pin in the haire, and euerie day
change, when an Hostis must come and go at euerye
mans pleasure and what's a Lady more then another
body? wee haue legs and hands, rowling eyes, hanging

lips, sleek browes, &cherie cheeks, 'other things as
Ladies haue, but the fashion carries it away.

prentices passe ouer,

Host; There, there my little Lacky boies, againe, again, my
fine fil-pots, where is my fine Hostis? come, come my
little dido, set your corks on a creaking, my knaues are
vn thrifty, dance not your canaries, heere, vp &down,
look about to my Guests I say

Hostis: I haue much ioy, an Hostesse!

Host, What, abides my Penenelope? heere stand thy
Vlisses, ile tarry with thee stil, thou shalt wat for no
cost, ile buy thee a braue whistle, looke about to my
Guestes I say.

Hostis Hostesses will bee knowne shortlye as their
Signes, still in one weather-beaten suite, as though none
weare hoodes but Monkes and Ladies: and feathers, but
fore-horses, and Wait ng Gentlewomen: or chaines but
prisoners and Courtiers: no Perywigges but Players and
Pictures, but the weakest must to the wall still.

Host. Tush tush, these are toies, ile none of these
Flip-flaps, ile haue no soping, no puffes, nor no
Cobwebs: no busks nor burbarrels: thou shalt wear
thine own haire, & fine cloath of Sheep-skins thy colour
shal be Dowlas, as white as a Lillie ile kisse these chop-
cheries, thou shall goe Gossip at Shroue-tide, look
about to my Guests then.

Exit.

Hostis. 'twas my hard fortune to be an Hostesse, time was I
might haue done otherwise.

Enter Cittizens Wife,

Citie w: Why how now Woman, a'th olde disease still? will it neuer be better? cannot a Woman finde one kinde man amongst twentie? ah the daies: I haue seen, when a Womans will was a lawe: if I had had a minde to such a thing, or such a thing, I could haue had it, but twa's neuer better since men were Purse-bearers

Host Mine is eene the vnnaturallist man to his Wife
Citie w Truly, and commonly are all such fat men: ile tell thee Gossip, I haue buried sixe, I fixe husbands, but if I should liue to haue as many more, as I know not what may happen, but sure ide neuer haue such a fatte man: they be the moste vnweldy men, that women shall not want a sore stomack that's troubled With them I warrant her.

Hostis And hee maintaines me heare like I knowe not what.
City w, and what say, they are their wiues head, well, if he be the head, shee's the body, and the body is to beare the head, and the body is to beare the pursse_

Hostis They cannot misse vs, yet they regard vs not.
Cittie wife. Misse vs! no faith, but would all women were of my minde, they call vs the weaker vessels: they should finde vessels of vs, but no weake vessels I warrant them.

Mistris my Maister cals for ye-----

Hos Goe, ile come anon, hee's not so hastie to glue me what I want I warrant ye,

City w No, would he were, little thinkes the husband what goes through the wiues hand washing, wringing and rubbing, vp earely, downe late, &a thousand things they looke not too.

Hos And yet they must haue the gouernment of all.
Citty w. And great reason they haue for it, but a wise man will put in a Womans hand, what? sheele saue that hee spends.

Hostis You haue a prettie Ruffe, how deepe is it?

Citty w. Nay this is but shallowe, marrie I haue a Ruffe that
is a quarter deepe, measured by the yard.

Hostis Indeede by the yard!

Citty w. By the standard, you haue a pretty set too: how big
is the steele you set it with?

Hostis. As bigge as a reasonable sufficient

Enter Prentice.

Mistris, my Maister Would desire to come im

Citty w. What? she shall not come yet, if you lay down the
bucklers you lose the victorie

Hos By my troth I must goe, wee shall haue such a
Coyle else.

City w, A Coyle! why haue you not a tongue in Your head?
faith if ye win not all at that weapon, Yee are not
worthy to be a Woman, you heare not the news
abroade:

Hostis: No, what newes?

Cittie wife. No, I warrant ye, you neuer come abroad, this
is to be troubled with a fatte man, he neuer comes
abroad himselfe, nor suffers his wife out of his sight:
Yee shal euer haue a fatte Host, either on his bech at the
dore, or in his chair in the chimney, ethere he spits
&spaules a roome like twentie Tobacco takers, oh fye
on them beasts.

Hostis. But I prethee what newes?

Citty w. Oh woman! the moste hard fauourd newes, and
without al conscience, they say there's a statute made
any woman that buries her husband, is not to marrie
againe of two monethes after

Hostis. A teadious time by Lady, a month were enough.

Cittie w. I halfe a month, winter nights are long, and colde,
ile tell ye, I haue buried sixe, and I thank my good

fortune, I euer knewe the next ere the other was in his winding sheete.

Mistris, my maister is angrie, and the Guests cal for their Hostesse

Hostis Goe, I come, Gossip when shall I see you age?
Citty w. Nay, when shall I see abroad, sildome i'me sure.

Hostis I must needes away, God buy you Gossip.
Cittie w. God buy ye, Gods so, I haue forgot wherefore I came: a word ere you goe, the partie Yee wott on commendes him vnto ye, he that met the other party in the white felt, the yellowe scarfe, and the round Venetian, when the other party kist and I broake the iest on him: when hee saide, kisses kindeles Coales, and loue searches.

Hostis Oh! I remember him, yes faith, hee's prettie well set: hee ha's the right tricke with the tongue in his kisse, and hee dances reasonably comely, but he fals heauie.

Citty w. He sauours of a kinde of Gallant, but not of a Courtyer.

Hostis Well, wee haue a night ont, god be with ye Gossip.
Cittie wife. God buy ye.

Exeunt

Enter Lentulus and Tulley

Len.

Not yours nor her owne Terentia, your's in modestie
Flauia,
See Tulleywhat an actiue passiue loue hath plaide,
I loue, and am againe beloued, but at the shrine
Where I doe offer vp my Cordiall sacrifice,
I am returnd with peremptorie scorne,
And where I stand but as a gazer,

Viewing all alike, I am pursude
With violent passions a speaking eye
Bindes fauours, and now discovering lines,
Thy counsell now deere friend, for at
Thy direction stands my thrall or freedome.
Oh my Lord, affection is vnlimited,
Daring all dangers, hauing nor tipe nor
figure, but beyond all arte,
Then tye not that (great Lord) to Tullies awe,
Fancy forsweares all reason, loue all 'awe.

Lent

How well thy power can shun, that which
I followe with obedience, too true yfaith,
Thou mightst as well put out the eie of day,
15501 Or couer sinne from heauen, or to erect
A towre of sand, on the vncertaine surge,
Or any thing that were more inficient,
Then to remooue one doting thought of mine
From her disdaine, thy aide deere Tulley_
Be thou an Orratour for Lentulus,
My tongue stands tund to a harsher method,
Breath in her eares tHose Organs of receite,
A quintessence distild of honny words,
And charme with a beguiling lul aby, e
Her free consent to thine and my request
Which done, that's done, which IS my sole delight,
Which done, that's done, that I can neuer quite

Tull:

All which to me are problematique mines,
Obscurde enigmaes, and to my studies
Incognite language: yet if my powers,
Haue power to cloath my tongue in loue,
Ile be a Louer, and In loue so pleade,
As if that Tully oued Terentia_

Lent.

Thankes sweete Cicero, this day weedine with olde
Flamiuius, The forward Father of my Aukeward loue---
His willing minde doth striue to make the peace,
Betwixt our discord thoughts: his free consent Is guen
to Lentulus, there Tulleytaketh on holde, And when a
Sunne of thy intent shines fayre, Onset loues fort, with
polliticke assaults, And conquer conquest In obtaining
that, Where victors are repulst: but see, Our talke hath
ouer-tane our way, see olde Flaminius Comes to
welcome vs, With him a looke, looke the bright orient
verge, At the vprising of Auroraes shine.

Enter Flaminius, Terentia and Flauia,

Flam. And my good Lord, yare happily met. Heartily
welcome: pung Tullie welcome to, Yee come wel to
ease my charge, these Ladies finde fault with their
Guardian, I goe too soft y for them: old blood is stiffe,
'young Ladles wil not beare with age: I resigne, I esigne
to you that followe_

Lent. If they admit vs for their Guardian, Weele
dare dangers ere we part from them.

Flam Why well saide my Lords, Soldiers will not
flye indeede, I haue seene the day I could haue crackt a
tree of yew, made my bowstring, whisper in mine eare
if they twang: tost my pike lustilye: tis since the Sledge
of Parthia, bith' mas a great while, I was lustie then, at
the seruice was done there, yet I loue the discourse:
come my Lord, I chuse your companye, leaue Tulley to
the Ladies, he can tell them tales of Venus and Adonis,
and that best pleaseth them. Now I must heere of raps
aud blowes, and 16001 ails and Guns, and swords and
bucklers: I loued it once, come, our Cookes are
backward, discourse will begette stomacks, y'are like
to tarrie long for leane Cates.

Lent.

Now gentle Tulley, aduocate my suite,
Her fore-amazing person makes me mute.
Ile beare these Ladies company,
If they shall deeme acceptance.

Exit

Teren_ With Interest of thanks to Cicero,

Flau: Faith I like not this ods of female, an equallitie
were better: yet of both twere fitter the woman should
vndergoe the oddes, I had rather a said three men to one
woman, then two women to one man heeres Tulley
addrest to Terentia, Terentla drawing neere to Tully:
hets smal comfot left for Flaura, wel gentles, ile leaue
ye to the Goddesse: so ho my Lords, take me With ye_

Teren. Nay, stay good Flauia, Youle not loose the
sight of Lentulus_ Nor you of Tulley, come if tel. ile
blab. But sweete Lady, Tully is not heere.

Fla But Cicero is, his nere friend, that's as good.
He was Lady, till hee changed his habit, by putting on the
office of an vnskillfull Seruingman, intending to garde
Terentla to her fathers house.

Fla Then Flauia must gard her selfe: wel, vse good
words, and good action, and stalke well before your
Ladie, shee's kindey faith, and a litle thing will please
her.

Terent, Will it please Haula to partake?

Fla. Oh fye, twere an iniurie, I could brook my self
therfore, ile leaue ye, but be breefe, stand not on
pointes, cut them all first, gif ye fall to kissing, kisse not
to long for feare ye kisse the post.

Exit

Teren Goe to, youle still be a wagge Flauia But what
saies Tulleyto Terentia?

Cicero. Lady I must maintaine my former argument,
Tullie's not heere, but heere is Tullies friend, For ere I
speake, I must intreate, you wil Transforme poore
Tulley Into Lentulus.

Teren

I haue no power of Metamorphosing,
If Tulley be not heere, you must conceale,
I cannot make of Tulley Lentulus
Nor can the world make Cicero so worthy,
Yet for an houre discourse a Pesant; shape,
Nay represent the person of a king
Then in the person of great Lentulus,
I doe salute Sunne-bright Terentia,
Lady, vouchsafe a Saint-like smile on him,
From that angell form; wHose honord minde
Lies prostrate lowly at Terentias feete,
Who hath put off a Golden victors honour,
And left the Parthyan spoyle to Lepido,
Whome many Ladies haue bedeckt with fauours,
Of rich esteeme, oh proud! he deign'd to weare them,
Yet guiftes and giuers hee did slight esteeme_
For why? the purpose of his thoughts were bent,
To seeke the loue of faire Terentia_
The choce is such, as choiser cannot bee,
Euen with a nimble eye his vertues, through
HIS smile is like the Meridian Sol,
Discern'd a dauncing in the burbling brook:
His frowne out-dares the Austerest face,
Of warre or Tyranny: to sease vpon
His shape might force the Virgine huntresse
With him for euer liue a vestal' life,
His minde is vertues ouer-matcht yet this 'more
Shal dye, if this and more want force,
To winne the loue of faire Terentla,
Then gentle Lady, giue a gentle dome,
Neuer was brest the Landlord to a heart,

More louiug, faithful', or more loyal',
Then is the brest of noble.

Teren: Tullie.

Tut Lentulus! And why not Tullie?

Tul It stands not aptly.

Tere It wants a sillible. It doth_

Tere Then noble Cicero.

Tut Thats too deere.

Tere Gentle is as good,

Then say the best of gentle Cicero.

Good Lady wrong not your honour so,

To seate vnworthy Tulleywith your worth,

Oh looke vpon the worth of Lentulus,

Let Your faire hand be beame vnto the ballance,

And with a stedded peyze, lift vp that beame,

In on the scale, put the worth of Lentulus

His state, his honors, and his reuenewes,

Against that heauy Waite: put pouertie,

The poore and naked name of Cicero,

A partner of vnregarded Orators,

Then shall see with what celeritie,

One title of his worth Will soone pull vp,

Poore Tullies dignitie.

Tere:

Iust to the height of Terentias heart,

Where I will keepe and Character that name,

And to that name my heart shall adde that loue,

That shall wey downe the worth of Lentulus_

Tut Deare Madam

Ter.

Speake still if thou wilt, but not for him,

The more thou speak'st, the more augments my loue,

If that thou canst adde more to infinite,

The more thou speakest, the more decreaseth his,

If thou canst take away, ought from nothing,

Thinke Tulley, if Lentulus can loue me,

So much and more, Terentia doth loue thee_

Tuff: Oh Madam! Tulley is poore, and poore is
 counted base.

Ter

Vertue is ritch and blots a poore disgrace.

Lentulus is great, his frowne's my woe,

And of a friend he will become my foe

As he is friend, we will intreate his loue,

As he is great, his threatnings shall not make me loue_

Tul Your fathers graunt, makes Lentulus your
 Lord,

Teren_

But if thereto his daughter not accord,

That graunt is cancel'd, fathers may commaund,

Life before loue, for life to true loue's paunce

How will Flaminius brooke my pouertie?

Ter.

VVell, when Flaminius see's no remedie,

Lord how woman like are men, when they are woe'd?

Tully, weigh me not ight, nere did immodest blush

Colour these cheekes, but ardent.

Tul Silence sweete Lady, heere comes Flauia Fie,
 fie, how teadious ye are: yonders great looking for
 Tulley, the olde Senate has put on his spectacles, and
 Lentulus and hee are turning the leaues of a doghay,
 leaues of a worme eaten Chronicle, and they want
 Tullies iudgement. About what sweete Lady? To know
 what yeare it was the showers of raine fell in April: I
 can resolute it by rote Lady, twas that yeare the Cuckoo
 sung in May: another token Lady, there rained in
 Rome a great Tyrant that yere, and many Maides lost
 their heads for vsing flesh on Fishdales And some were
 sacrificed as a burnt offering to the Gods of
 Hospitallitie, were they not?

Tul Y'are a wag Flauia, but talk and you, must
 needes haue a parting blowe:

Flau_ No matter so we stand out and close not.
Tull: Or part faire at the close and too't againe.
Flau: Nay, if we should too't againe Terentia would
 growe icalous. Ladies, I take my leaue, And my loue_
Ter. Take heede ye sigh not, nor looke red at the
 table Tully.
Flau_ Your shoe wrings you Lady.

Exit.

Ter. Go to, ye are a wanton Flauia
Fla. How now Terentia, in your nine Muses?
 There's none must pleade in Your case but an Orator.
Ter. I want one indeede Wench, but thou hast two,
 and the gentle destinies may send thee three, nere blush:
 for smoke and the fire of a womans loue cannot bee hid.
 oh a fine tongue, dipt in Helicon, a comedian tongue is
 the onely perswasieue ornament to win a Lady, why his
 discourse is as pleasantâ€” As how I prethee?
Ter. And keepes as good decorum; his prologue
 with obedience to the skirt, a rough Sceane of ciuill
 Warres, with a clapping conclusion, perhappes a ligge,
 If not the Tragicomicall Tale of Mars and Venus, then
 must shee take the Tale by the end, where hee
 defending Mars, &she Venus, must fall from billing to
 byting, from byting to blowes, to get the supremacie_ A
 good policie to praise Cicero, For feare I rob of your
 Lentulus.
Ter. Faith a Souldier is not for thy humor, now I
 crie a Warriar, he fights stout ye in a field bed,
 discharges his worke sure, vnder his Curtaines would I
 fight, but come, our Louers melt while wee meditate;
 thou for thy scholler, I for my souldier: and if we
 cannot please them so, wee le shake off this loose habit,
 and turne Pages to please their humors.

Exeunt,

Enter Accutus and Graccus_

Grae. Come Accutus, discharge your follower, let's
leau rubbing a while, since the byas runs so much the
17751 wrong way: Sirra, these bowles which we roule
and turn in our lower spher, are by vse made wodden
worldlings right for euery one striues who shall ye
neerest the mistris. They post indeed, as their nature is,
in an euen way, but they are cowards, theile abide no
danger, they rub at euerie mole-hi', and if they tyre in
going vp a hill, they retire and come backe againe_

Grac Well, let them al ey, bet all, then to rest, away,
begone.

Scil S'foote Graccus, heeres a couple of oar old
gamsters, oh for quicke conceite to beget a iest: here's
two that either a man must be acquainted or quarrell
with, 'of two eu Is Ile cHose the latter, I hope to make it
the lesser: if I should be acquainted, the foole will haunt
me: if I quarrell, I may be so blest as to be rid of a foole
I haue a womans wit for a suddaine stratageme.

Scil: No by my troth, by this bright horrisonâ€”

Enter Scil and Sernulus.

Accut An excellent Cuckoo, hee keepes his note in
Winter

Scil I haue no appetite at all to liue in the countrie
any more: now as they say, I haue got a smacke on the
Cittie, slid I thinke (as the prouerbe goes) I was wrapt
In my mothers mocke the day I was begotten, I thanke
the Goddessse Cupid for it, I am so fauourd of the
Women, my Hostes loues me execrably.

Accut: Good reason, fooles make good spom

Grac: Seuer, seuer, ere wee bee discovered.

Ser. Sir, the respectiue regard of Your well
gouerned partes do challenge a mellifluous spec es of
enduemēt, or contumelious estimation.

Grac: Gentles, God saue ye, well ouer-taken
Gallants

Scil Welcome by the welkin.

Grac Tis a verie pleasant weather.

Ser. Sir, the ayre is frugal'. Is that Gentleman of
your Company?

Scil Our company sir, no, we are no companions
for lame Souldiers

Grac. Proper man, pittie he is so regardles: a good
legge, it seemes he has some greefe in it.

Scil Nay, and he be lame ile talke to him, there's so
many lustie knaues walkes now a daies, will not sticke
to giue a man hard words, if he be not disposed to
charitie: harke ye sir, I vnderstand ye are a proper
man, and that haue a good legge

Accut And what of that Sir?

Scil What of that? slid he answeres me like a
sturdy beggar alreadye: by the fiue elements or sences; I
aske ye for no hurt, ide bestowe my charitie as franke
asâ€”

Acut Stoope and looke out, zoundes a Gentleman
cannot come by a misfortune in seruice or so, but euerie
foole wil ride him take thatâ€”

Gra Sirra, stay, ile combat thee in his defence. Sir,
be pacificall, the impotent must bee lightly regarded.

Grac Giue mee leaue Gentlemen, ile follow him.

Scil Nay, I pray you be malcontented, I haue no
great hurt: but in reuenge hee's a rascall for vsing mee
so, hee may thank God, discretion gouerned me, tis wel
known I haue alwaies bene a man of peace, Ile not
strike Yee the least mouse in anger, nor hurt the poorest
Conney that goes In the street, for I know of fighting
comes quarrelling, of quarrelling comes brawl ng, and

of brawling growes hard words, and as the learned
puerelis writes, tis good sleeping in a whole skin. Sir,
your discretion shall gouerne me at this time, your
name I pray ye sir?

Scil My name is sigmor Scillicet.

Grac. Euen so sir? nay sir, I doe not forget Your
Argument.

Enter Accutus.

Acut; Saue ye sir, saw you not a Gentleman come
this way euen now, somewhat hurt in the one of his
Legges?

Scil He went by euen now sir, is he a friend of
yours? A deare friend, and a propper Gentleman sir.

Scil By the horison hee's a propper man indeede,
he gaue me the time of the day, as hee went by: I haue a
gallon of wine for him at any time, If ye see any thing
in me 18501 worth commendations, I pray ye commend
me to him.

Acut I will sir, twere best you gaue me good words,
but ile trie ye farther yet, fare ye well sir.

Scil I pray you remember me to him, you see my
anger is ouer already.

Grac Sir, I did not note ye, what fellow was that?

Scil Sir, hee's a friend of his, that strooke mee euen
now.

Would ye not strike him? lets followe.

Scil Indeede ye shall not, I hate it.

Ser. I will not be barren of my armorie, in my
future perambulation for the lower element

Grac You are to patient in wrongs sir, Zoundes I
know not how to picke a quarrell.

Serr Sir, the grieuous youth is inwardlye possest
with a supple spirit, hee can brooke Impugnyng, but tis
aduerse to my spirit if I were armed.

Enter Accutus.

Accut_ Saue ye gallants, sawe ye not a fellowe come
 halting this way of late?

Scil: Hath he done any hurt, or is hee a friend of
 yours?

Accut Hee's a Rascall, and ile maintaine him so.

Scil: Hee's a verie Rascall indeede, and hee vsed
 mee like a knaue: if ere I meete him I shall hardly put it
 vp, I haue it in blacke and blew to shew heere_

Serr, 18751 Say I breath defyance to his front

Acut: Challenge him the field.

Scil: Doost thinke heele answere me? ile challenge
 him at the pich-forke, or the Flaile, or ile wrastle a fall
 with him for a bloody nose, anye weapon I haue bene
 brought vp in, ileâ€”

Accut: What will ye? heere he is, you minime that w
 Il be friend with friends, and foe with foes, and that will
 defie Hercules, and out-braue Mars, and feares not the
 Deuill, passe bladder ile make ye swell.

Scil: By Gods-lid if I had knowne it had bene you, I
 would not haue saide so to your face.

Exeunt

Accut: Away with your Champion, goe. This was
 excellentlye performd, ifaith a better breathing then a
 game at bowles_

Accut Theile giue the good salue any time this
 month, for I am sure they haue saluing enough for so
 long.

Grac: I pittie the foole yfaith, but the tother
 Horseleach, I wish his blowes trebleff I conuerst with
 him, but a Rogue so stuf with a lybrary of new minited
 words, so tearing the sence, I neuer met with.

Accut But now we haue spoilde our determinate
 dinner at my Hostesse of the Hobbye, we shall nowe
 bee knowne_

Grac: That holds well still, I am taken for a prooued
 friend, and thou shalt be disguised till I haue wrought a
 league by vertue of a pottle of Canarie

Acut: Content, mine Host shall be accessarie, and ile
 be a seruiter to obserue myracles.

Gra They are good subiects for idle houres: but
 soft what second course is entngnng heere?

Enter Phy. Bos and Boy.

Phy For I did but kisse her: Bos, how lik'st thou
 my relish?

Bos. Oh Sir, relish but Your licour as doe your
 song, may goe drunke to bed any day in the weeke.

Phy Sister awake, close not, does my face hold
 colour still?

BOS I, and you would but scauiage the pau lion of
 your nose. I marrie Accutus how likst thou this
 Gentlewoman Gallant?

Accut A good states man, for common wealth of
 Brownists, the Rogue hates a Church like a Counter.

Gra. I, and if my Ladie Argentile were dead, he
 wold rather liue vppon almes then fall to worke,

Accut_ So: he might haue tolleration, What, shal's
 close with them?

Gra. In any case, but in some milde imbrace, for if
 we should continue thus rough, we should be shund like
 an Appoplex_

Accut Gallants, the fortune of the day runs with ye,
 what all at mum chance? how ist? how ist?

Phy Sir, I think twas you bestowd some abuse of
 me tother day.

Accu Which I would wipe out of your memorie with
sat sfaction of a double curtesie.

Phy I accept it yfaith sir, I am not prone to anger, I
assure ye the following night knewe not my anger: your
acquaintance Signior.

Gra Fye, without ceremony; lets yoake this
triplicity as we did in the daies of olde, with mirth and
melody.

Phy I, say you so? then Coll her and clip her,
&kisse her too,

Bos The triplic tie, heere's those has supt at an
ordinarie_ This gallant humors.

Gra But the other walkes a loose.

Bos The triplic tie, heere's tHose has crackt
Glasses, &drawne blood of a Tapster. The visitation of
your hand sir.

Bos The Triplicitie, will colours change?

Acut: Sir, take no offence I beseech ye, we gaue
onely satisfaction for an olde iniurie, but in the degree
of amitie your selfe sits in the superlatiue_

Bos Not so sir, but in respect.

Gra. What kinde is Your Dogge of Sir?

Bos: Verie kinde to anything but his meate, that hee
deuours with great alacritie.

Grac Where was he bred?

Bos In a Bitch.

Gra What countrie?

Bos A kinde of Mungrill, he will carrie, but not
fetch, marrie hee is to be put to a dauncing schoole for
instruction

Acut_ The tricke of the rope were excellent in him,
&that ile teach him if I misse not my mark: come
Gallants, we waste time, the first Tauerne wee ariue at,
weele see the race of an heure-glasse.

Phy Can ye a part in a Song? Verie tollerably_

Phy Weele haue a catch then, if with sol, sol, la:
Gentlemen, haue any good herbe? you haue match boy,
Boy: Your pipe shall want no fire sir.
Acur Oh without ceremony: now Graccus, if we can
but pawne their sences in Sacks and Sugar, let mee
alone to pursue the sequell
Gra. Follow it, away.

Exeunt,

Enter Hostis Cittizens Wife, Scruiu/us and Scillicet.

Hostis: Come, come, bring them out of the ayre: alas
good hearts, what rogorous villaine would commit with
him? ile tell ye Gossip, hee's eene as kinde an animall,
he not wrong them yfaith_

Citie wife Tush, feare nothing woman, I hope to make
him so againe: alacke, alacke, how fell you out, all at
head? oh Butcher! are ye hurt In another place?

Hostis: Did he not throw you against the stones? If he
did, doe not conceale, I dare say gaue them not a foule
word.

Scil By the illuminate welkin not a word till my
mouth was full of blood, and so made my words foule.

Cittie wife Is not this Gentleman hurt to?

Serr Onelye the extrauagant Artire of my arme is
brused

Cittie wi: See, see, the extrauagant of his arme is brused
to, alas how could ye quarrell so?

Serr I will demonstrate, in defence of the generous
youth, I did appugne, my aduerse let violently flie

Cittie wife: Ah good hearts! would I had stood betwen
you when he let flie so violently

Ser: We voide of Hostile armes.

Hostis I, if they had had horses, they had sau'd their
armes_ Be capable, I meane, voide of armorie.

Citty wife: Vntill ye had had armor on
 Serr Had I bene accompaigned with my Toledo, or
 morglay
 Citty wife: your Dogge or Bitch:
 Serr Il Continue I beseech, I meane my sword, sole
 ye my sword:
 Citty wife Or solely your sword, better a bad toole then
 none at all.
 Serr. In the concourse.
 Citty w. Nay, the concourse will light on him for it I
 warrant.
 Serr I, for the tuition of my Capital', did mount my
 Semisphere three degrees, that as a strong & stony guard
 did defend my Capitall_
 Citty w. Twas well Yee kept him out, for if hee had
 entred on your stony Guard, he wold haue spoilde Your
 Capitall.
 Serr In fine being mortally assaile, he did
 preambulate or walke off.
 Scil: Yes faith, he did preambulate, and walke mee
 finely.
 Citty w Good heartes, how many were there of them?
 Serr. About the number of seauen_
 Scil I there was seauem
 Serr Or eight.
 Scil Or eight. Rather more.
 City w, I more at least I warrant ye_
 Hostis. A lasse ye cannot chuse but be more hurt, but
 ile search you throughly be assured.
 Citty w: And if she cannot helpe ye, fewe can, shee
 knowes what belongs to a Tent or a bruse, and
 experience is good in those cases. I haue a concupiscent
 forme of trust in your skil, it will malladise.
 Citty wi I feare not, put both Your concupisces in me
 for that matter _

Serr The generous will disburse coynage for
satisfaction of your metaphisicall endeuour,

Scil Yes, yes, I will discharge all.

Cittie wife: Wee make no doubt of that, come into a
chamber, ye shall lye downe awhile, perhaps youle bee
stiffe anon, then you shall vse your legges, the more
you striue with it, the better, alas good hearts.

Exeunt

Phy So, sol, 10, Tapster, giue attendance
Gentlemen, I hope all we are friends, the welkin is skie
colour still, and men must growe by degrees, you must
pardon me, I must spmspeake my minde_ The
vttermost of your minde at this time cannot be
offensiue_

Phy The fryer was in the sol, sol, draw the tother
quart, I hope you are not angrie gallants? and Yee come
to my lodging, ye shall be welcome, my Hostes shall
bid you welcome: shee's a good wench, if I say the
word, she wil fulfill it.

Acut Sirra drawer, for the other thats a sleepe, let
him so remaine: for the Dog let him be bound to a post
for his appearance, till I take order for his vndooing.

Draw. The foole and the Dogge shall both take rest at
your commaund Sir

Phy Gentlemen, I hope we are all friends, sol, sol,
shals haue a catch? I, come come, euerie one, catch a
part Sing

Phy. Hey good boies ifaith, now a three mans song,
or the olde downe a downe well, things must be as they
may, Sils the other quart, muskadlne with an egge is
fine, theres a time for all things, bonos nocthus. Sleepe

Grac Good night to you siL

Accut

So, now Graccus see, what a polluted lumpe,

A deformed Chaos of vnsteddy earth
Man is, being In this Il kinde vnmad, seeming somthing
Bestiall man, brutish well tis thus decreede
He shall be what he seemes, that's deade_
For what in him showes life, but a breathing ayre,
Which by a free constraint it selfe ingenders
In things Without life: as twixt a paire of bellows
We feele a forcible aire, hauing of it selfe
Force &being, no more is this breathing block,
But for his vse in kinde: giue out in some bursse or
cogregation

Among the multitude, Philantus death.
Let all the customarie rights of funerall,
His knell or what else be solemnly obserued,
Ile take order for his winding sheete:
And further, to furnish it with further suertie,
Ile haue a potion, that for twentie houres,
Shall quench the motion of his breath.
Goe, spread, let me alone to effect it.

Ile sow it I warrant thee, thou talkst of bursse, I haue
away worth ten on't, ile first giue it out in my
Barbers shop, then at my ordinarie, and that's as
good as a broad: and as I crosse Tiber, my
waterman shall attach It, heele send it away with the
tide, then let it come out to an Oyster wenches eare,
and sheele crie it vp and downe the streetes.

Acut: Let's first secure him from eyes, and at night
he shall be portered to our chamber: so, now away.

Grac Oh a couple that would spread earely, let's giue
it for loues sake.

Enter Hostis Cittizens wife.

Acur Call, call,
Grac. Hem, hem.

Cittiy wife A pox on your hemmings, doe you think we
 care for your hemmings,

Hos Tis some stinking troublesome knaue I
 warrant ye.

Cittie wife: Il Hang him, regard him not, theres hemming
 indeede like a Cat, (God blesse vs) with a burre in her
 throate

Exeun

Grac. S'hart, how we are riprvp for this? Oh man,
 this hemming is the most hatefulst thing, there's not the
 moste publique punck, nor worme-eaten bawd that can
 abide it, and honestie would runne madde to heare it,
 but come, wee wast, time, tis now about the mid of day,
 we must sowe arethmatlke by the houres, that let the
 morrowes height Philantus awake againe, at which time
 hee shall bee on his Hearse, and all the Guestes of the
 Hobbye inulted to accompany his gHost, when being
 awake himselfe, and all shall see, if drunkennesse be
 not mad misterie

Grac But I prethee practise some milder behauiour
 at the ordinarie, be not al madman.

Acut Push, ile bee all obseruatiue, and yet ifalth I
 gneue to see this double garded age, all side coate, all
 foole, fye, thou keepest the sports from the marke,
 away, and retunre what newes is now in progresse_

Grac: I haue the newest, Terentia Daughter to the
 olde Senate, thogh Lentulus left the field to come to
 her, yet she hath forsaken him In the open field, and
 shee's for our Young Oratour Tully, she has vovd by
 Venus legge, and the little

God of Loue, he shal be her captaine, sheele 111251 serue
 vnder him till death vs depart, and thereto I plight thee
 my troth

Acut.

More Ladies Terentias, I crie still,
That prise a Saint before a Silken foole,
She that loues true learning and pompe disdaines,
Treades on Tartarus, and Olympus gaines_
I marrie, but then would learning be
In colours proud, proud, then would not foure nobles
purchase a benefice, two Sermons in a yeare

Accut

I Graccus, now thou hitst the finger right,
Vpon the shoulder of Ingratitude:
Thou hast clapt an action of flat felony
Now ill be tide that partiall iudgement,
That doomes a farmers rich, adultus,
to the supremacy of a Deanrie.
When needie, yet true grounded Discipline,
Is gouern'd with a threed bare Vycarage_

Grac I thou speak'st well of their Sides that are
liberally ouerseene in the sciences, I take no hold on't,
but were all men of thy minde, then would euerie
Schoolemaister bee a Senate, and there would neuer
come Cobler to be Constable againe_

Accut Ynough, ynough Graccus, let silence seale vp
Our secret thoughts, and libertie say, Virtus sola summa
gloria, Que format homines, vera honore.

Exeunt

Enter Flaminius and Tully

Flam Goe to I say, vrge no more, tis Tauerne talk,
for Tauerners Table talke for all, the wmit of rumor:
what newes sales one? none so new as this, Tully shall
be married to Terentia what newes saies another? the
same, the same, wHose consent haue ye? not mine, I
deny it, I must knowe of it, ile haue a hand, goe to, no
more. Gentle sir, Lay not that leaden load of foule

reproach, Vpon so weake a prop, what's done is past
recall, If ought is done, vnfitling to be done, The worst
is done, my life must answere it.

Flam. I, you shall answere it in the Senate house, the
Emperor shall knowe it: if she be my childe, I will rule
her, ile bridle her: ile curbe her: ile raine her, if she will
not, let her goe, starue, begge, hang, drawe, sinck,
swimme she gets not a doit, a deneire, ile not owne heL

Tul Reuerend Sir be more patient.

Flam. I am impatient: I am troubled: I am vext: I am
scoft: I am pointed at: ile not endure it: ile not abide it:
ile be reuenged, I will of her: of you both proud boy:
wanton giglot, aspyring hautie, knowe your equals,
shee's not for ye, ifye persist, by my holy maker you
shall answere it, looke to it, you shall, you shall
indeede_

Tull

I shall, I must, I will, I will indeede,
Euen to the greatest I will answere it:
If great mens eares be ope to innocency,
If greatnesse be not part all with greatnesse,
Euen to the greatest I will answere It,
Perhaps some shallowe we censurer will say,
The Orator was proud, he would climbe too hie:
But heauen and truth will say the contrarie_
My greatest grieve is, I haue my friend betraide,
The treason's done, I, and the Traitor's free,
Yet innocent Treason needes not to flee,
H s loyaltie bids me abide his frowne,
And he hath power to raise, or hurle me downe.

Tere

What ailes my Tully, wherefore look'st thou sad?
What discontent hath stopt the crimson current
Which ran so cheerefully within that brow,
And makes it sullen ike a standing Poole?
Tell me, who ist hath wrong my Cicero?

Oh wrong him not.

Tere

Who is it then that wrongs my Tully so?
What hath Terentia ought offended thee?
Doost thou recall thy former promises?
Dost thou repent thee ofâ€”

Tul Oh wrong me not.

Tere

What hath my Father done this iniurie?
There, there, thy thoughts accord to say tis so,
I wil deny him then, hee's not my father,
Hee's not my friend will enuie Cicero

Tul Wrong not thy selfe

Teren_

What heauie string doost thou deuide vpon?
Wrong not him, wrong not me, wrong not thy selfe,
Where didst thou learne that dolefull mandrakes note,
To kill the hearers? Tully,
Canst thou not indure a little danger for my loue?
The fierie spleene of an angrie Father,
Who like a storme will soone consume it selfe,
I haue indurde a thousand iarring houres,
Since first he did mistrust my fancies aime:
And will indure a thousand thousand more,
If life or discord either liue so long

Tul

The like will I for sweete Terentia,
Feare not, I haue approoued armour on,
Will bide the brunt of popular reproach,
Or whatsoever_

Ter. Enough Tully, we are discouerecl

Fla Ye faith, are ye at it? what is there neuer a
louing teare shed on neither side? nor you? nor YOLI?
Tulliesare red, come, come ye fooles, be more breefe, I
would haue buried three husbands before youle be
married

Tul Why liues Flauia a Virgin still? Because I
 haue vow'd virginitie til I can get a husband

Teren. Why Flauia you haue many suitors.

Flau_ Oh I am loaden with suitors: for indeede I am
 faine to beare with any of them, I haue a dumbe shewe
 of all their pictures, each has sent In his seuerall
 shadow, and I sweare I had rather haue them then the
 substance of any of them. Can you not describe them in
 action?

Flau_ Yes, and their action: I haue one honest man
 of the age of fortie fiue or there about, that traueses his
 ground three mile euerie morning to speake to mee, and
 when hee is come; after the saluting ceremony of how
 do you Lady, hee falles to calculating the natiuitie of
 the Moone, prognosticating what faire weather will
 follow, if it either snow or raine, sometime with a
 gentle pinche by the fingar, intermixed with the valley
 of Sighes: hee falles to discoursing of the prise of
 pease, and that is as pleasing to me as a stinking breath.
 A good description.

Fla. Another bringes Letters of commendation
 from the Constable of the Parish, or the Churchwarden,
 of his good behauiour and bringing vp, how hee could
 write and reade written hand: further, desiring that his
 Father would request my Father that his Fathers Sonne
 might marrie my Fathers Daughter, and heele make her
 a ioynter of a Il 2501 hundred pound a yeare, and beget
 three or foure fooles to boote_

Teren. Better and better.

Flau_ Vjus promptus facit.

Fla lmina ludificantur viros, well, forward,

Tul I haue another, that I prise derer then the rest,
 a most sweete youth, and if the winde stand with him I
 can smell him halfe a mile ere hee come at me, indeede
 hee weares a Musk-cat, what call ye it about him? What

doe you call it? What ye will, but hee smels better then
burnt Rosemarie, as well as a perfuming pan, and euerie
night after his first sleepe, writes lousesicke sonnets,
rayling against left handed fortune his foe, that suffers
his sweete heart to frowne on him so.

Tul Then it seemes you graunt him no fauour.

Flau: Faith I dare not venture on him for feare hee
 should be rotten: giue me nature, not arte.

Tere Here comes Lord Lentulus_

Tul Swift danger now ride poaste through this
 passage, health to your honour_ And happines to you

Tul Tis heauen deere Lord, butâ€”

Lent. Tush, tush, on earth, come, come, I know your
 suite, tis graunted sure what ere it be. I My sute craues
 death for treason to my friend.

Teren. The Traitor liues while I haue breath to spend,
 Then let me die to satisfie your will

Lent Neither yfalth, kneele not, rise, rise, I pray
 You both confesse haue offended me. Both. We doe,
 we haue_

Lent

 Then for this offence, be the Your doome,
 Tulley must die, but not till fates decree
 To cut Your vitall threed, or Terentia
 Finde In her heart to be your Deathes-man?

Flau. Faith the Fates may doe as they may, but
 Terent/a will neuer finde in her heart to kill him, sheele
 first burie him quick The like is doomde to faire
 Terentai, How say you both, are Yee content?

Tere.

 My thoughts are plung'd in admiration.
 But can Your honour burie such a wrong?
 I can, I can, heere Tully, take Terentia,
 Liue many happie yeares In faithfull loue,
 This is no more then friendships lawes allow,
 Thinke me thy selfe another Cicero.

Flau: Twere better my Lord, you did perswade her
to think you another Cicero, so you might claim some
interest in her now and then.

Lent That I would claime with you, faire Ladie,
hark in your eare, nay, I must conclude with

Rau: Y'oule not bite my Lord? No, of my faith my
Lady.

Tere Thus far my loue, our hopes haue good
successe, One storme more past, my griefes were much
the lesse_ Friendship it selfe hath beene more prodigal,
Then a bolde face could begge vpon a friend.

Lent Why then, theres a bargaine_
Strike hands vpon the same, I am yours to commaund. Ile
loue with ye, ile lie with ye, ile loue with all my heart,
With all my strength, with all my power and vertue:
Seald and delluered in the presence of vs:

Lent. Marcus, Tul/ius, and Cicero. Then deliuer this
as your act and deede? I doe, and seale it with thisâ€”

Lent. Why well said, tis done, see, we begin but
now, And are as ready to goe to Church as you: What
needes further ceremony?

Flau_ Yes, a little matrimony.

Lent I Lady, come Tully and Terentia, One day
shall shine on both our Nuptialls, Feare not, ile quench
the fire of Your Fathers heate With my consent I
prethee appoint the time.

Lent About a weeke hence loue.

Flau. 113251 Oh, tis too Intollerable ong

Lent Then foure daies_

Flau. Foure daies is foure times foure &twenty
hours that's too long too.

Lent We cannot sooner be readie Yes and vnreadie
too, in a day and a halfe.

Lent. Well then two daies.

Flau_ Til then weele feede on conceite, Tully thanke
me but for Your companye, I would not tarrie so long:

come Tully since wee shall bee married all at one time,
weele goe to bed so, and he shall be malster of the
Cockpit, that bids his Gossips first.

Exeunt

Enter Acutus and Graccus_

Acut Nay quicke Graccus, least our houre fore-stall
vs, ile in and deale for your disguise, tarrie thou, 'glue
mine Host a share of our intent, marry charge him to
keep it as secret as his Garbage. Hee vndoes our drift
and cloathes the foole in sack-cloath during his life.

Gra. Ile warrant thee ile manage it with as good
iudgement as a Constable his charge.

Acut_ And I mine as a watchman his office.

Gra Better I hope: well about it.

Exit.

Host, There, there, my little lackey boyes, giue the
word as ye passe, look about to my guests there, score
vp at the Bar there; again, agen my f ne Mercuries; if
youle hue in the facultie be rulde by Instructions: you
must bee 113501 eyed like a Serieant, an eare ike a
Belfounder, your conscience a Schoolemaister, a knee
ike a Courtier: afoole like a Lackey, and a tongue like a
Lawyere, away, away, my braue bullies: welcome
sweete Signior, I cannot bow to thy knee I'me as stout
gas stiff as a new made knight, but if I say the word
mine Host bids the Cobler

Gra May I craue a word of mine Host?

Host, Thou shalt, whisper in mine eare, I will see
and say little, what I say, dus the mouse 'welcom my
bullies.

Enter Scillicet and Getica,

Scil By the torrid zone (sweetheart) I haue thought
 well of you euer since I loued ye, as a man wold say
 (like a young dauncer out of all measure) if it please
 you yfalth, any thing I haue promised ile performe it to
 a haire, ere to morrow night.

Get. I wounder I can heare no newes of my man
 and my puppie_

Scil Doe you thinke sweet heart, to be maried by
 day light or by torch-light.

Get By night is more Lady- ike, ile haue a cryer to
 crie my puppie sure.

Scil What thinkeye if we had an offering?

Get. That were most base yfaith_

Scil Base, slid I cannot tel, if it were as base as a
 sag but ile be syorne tis as common as a whore, tis euen
 as common to see a Bason at the Church doore as a box
 at a Playhouse

Get. It greeues me not so much for my man, as for
 my puppie, my man can shift for himselfe, but my poor
 puppie, truely I thinke I must take Phisicke euen for
 feare sweeteheart.

Host, Tut, tut, I warrant thee, ile be as close as a
 bawd, ile keepe mine owne counsel', be merrie and
 close, merrie hart liues long, let my guests take no
 wrong, & welcome my bullie

Exit.

Grac. Theres none ment beleeeue it siL

Scil: Signior, by the welkin well met, what, all
 three so luckely?

Enter Seruulus,

Ser. Gallants, sauing the Ceremonie, Stroke Your
 haire vp and admire, forswear sacke_

Scil Forswear Sacke, slid not for the spending of
 two farmes more, if they were come into my hands I
 say be astonisht, and forswear sacke, for by the
 cumbustion influence of sacke fiue men lye breathlesse,
 ready to be folded in the terrestiall element.

Grac: Fiue slaine with Sacke, ist possible? These
 eyes are testators.

Scil Nay then tis so.

Getical Sir, haue not heard of a puppie in your trauels.

Grac: No, indeed, Gentlewomam

Ser. Fiue beleue me Sir. Fiue of one, oh duil!
 what limme of him but a complete Vllaine,
 A tongue prophaner then Idolatrie:
 His eye a Beacon, fixed in his place:
 Discouering illes, but hood winckt vnto grace,
 Her heart a nest of vice, kept by the Deuill,
 His good is none at all, his all, is euill,

Hostis; Oh the father, Gallants, yonders the most hard
 fauourd newes walkes the streetes, seauen men goeing
 to their graues that dyed with drinking and bisseling_

Acut_ Good still, nay, then I see the deuill has some
 power ouer a woman more then a man, seauen! t'wl bee
 more anon.

Get. Now I beseech Bacchus my puppie has not
 ouer seene himselfe.

Scil This is verie strange.

Hostis_ And as true a report I assure

Cittie wife: Out alas, where's my Gosip? oh woman! haue
 you not heard the newes?

Hostis Yes, I haue heard on't.

Cittie wife. Oh woman, did your childe childe euer see
 the like, nine men to bee buried too day, that drunke
 healthes last night.

Acut: Better and better, goodnes neuer mends so fast
in the carrying: nine!

Cittie wife. They say one is your guest Philantus,
Acut And all I dare sweare, whome ile reuiue
again

Cittie wife Well, he was a propper man yfaith.

Hostis: I, and had good skill in prick-song, yet hee had
a fault in his humor, as none are without (but Puritans:)
he would sweare like an Elephant, and stampe and stare
(God blesse vs) like a play-house book-keeper, when
the actors misse their entrance.

Scil Nay harke ye sir, I can brooke much iniurie,
but not that, meddle with me, but not with my trade,
shee is mine owne, shee's meus, tuus, suus, no mans
else, I assure ye we are sure together.

Grac. Sure ye are together sir, but is Your wife, your
trade? you meane to liue vpon Your wife then.

Acut_ The foole has some wit though his money bee
gone

Grac Sir, I hope ye are not offended, I assure ye
would be loath to offend the least haire of caput,
sisslput, or occiput.

Scil Occiput: what meane you by occiput?

Grac The former part of your head.

Scil The former part of your head, why I hope I
haue not an occput, in the former part of my head,
Signior Seruulus, what meanes he by it?

Sem The signification of the word onely a mounts
to this, the former part of your head.

Accut The foole is iealous, prethee feede it.

Scil S'lid I cannot be so sussified, I pray you
Signior what meanes he by occput?

Grac: No hurt verieley, onely, the word signifies, and
the reason is (saith Varro) being a great deriuier from
originals it is called occiput, for that the former part of
the head looks ikest the Oxe.

Scil: Likest the Oxe, by gad, if ere I come to talke
 with that Varro, ile make him show a better reason for
 it. But howsoeuer, it proceeded from me all in kindenes

Scil: Sir, I accept it so, for I tell ye I am of a mollify
 ng nature, I can strut, and againe in kindnesse, I can
 suffer a man to breake my head, and put It vp without
 anger _

Accut I claime that priu ledge sir, I thinke I offended
 you once that way.

Scil I loue ye then for it sir, yet I cannot remember
 that euer a Tapster broke my head, yet I call to minde I
 haue broke many Tapsters heads.

Accut Not as a Tapster, for I but borrow this habyt.

Scil The fruite is knowne by the tree, by gad I
 knewe by your apem ye were a gentleman, but
 speciallye by your flat cap. I call to memorie, let vs
 vnite with kinde imbrace.

Cittie wife. Now well fare your harts, by my truth tis ioy
 to a woman, to see men kinde, faith courtiers are mad
 fellowes, you care not in your humors to stab man or
 woman that standes in your way, but in the end your
 kindenes appeares.

Hostis_ You can resolute vs sir, we hear of great reuels
 to be at Court shortly.

Grac. At the marriage of Lentulus, and the Orator:
 verie true.

Hostis Might not a company of Wiues be beholding
 to thee for places that would be there without their
 husbands knowledge if neede were?

Grac. A moitie of friendship that, ile place ye where
 ye shall sit and see all.

Cittie wife: Sit nay if there were but good standinges, we
 care not. S'foot Graccuswe tarrie too long I feare, the
 houre wil ouer take vs, tarrie thou and inuite the Guests,
 and Ile goe see his course mounted.

Grac About it.

Hostis_ Whether goes that Gentleman?

Grac About a needefull trouble this gentleman Hath
at the charges of his charitie, Preperde to inter, a friend
of his, Though lately entertained a friend of yours.
Acquaintance to you all, Philantus: and would desire
You would with him accompany his ghost To funerall,
which will be presently on his iourney.

Cittie wife. Of his charge, dyed he not able to purchase a
Winding sheete?

Grac Twere sinne to wrong the dead, you shal heare
the iouentorie of his pocket. Inprimis, A brush and a
Item, a looking Glasse. Item, A case of Tobacco Item,
Tobacco halfe an ounz_ Item, in money and golde.
Summa total is halfe penny.

Hostis. What was his suite worth?

Grac: His sute was colde, because not his owne, and
the owner caused it to be restored as part of
recompence, hauing lost the principall.

Acut: What, are they readie the Corse is on his
iourney hetherwards_

Grac Tush, two womens tungs giue as loud report
as a campe royall of double cannons.

Enter Host, Cornutus,

Host. Tut, tut, thou art welcom, Cornutus is my
neighbour, I loue him as my selfe, tha'st a shrowe to thy
wife, gaue her tongue to much string, but let mine Host
giue Il 5251 thee counsell, heele teach thee a remedie.

Cornu. No, no, my good Host, mum, mum, no words
against my wife, shee's mine owne, one flesh & one
blood, I shall feele her hurt, her tongue is her owne, so
are her hands, mum, mum, no words against Your wife.

Host. Tut, tut, thou art a foole, keepe her close from
the poticarie, let her taste of no licoras, twill make her
long winded: no plums, nor no parseneps, no peares,

nor no Popperins, sheele dreame in her sleepe then, let
her liue vpon Hasels, glue her nuts for her dyet while a
tooth's in her head: giue her cheese for digestion: twil
make her short winded if that will not serue, set fire to
the pan and blow her vp with Gun-powder.

Cittie wife I, mine Host, you are well imployed to giue a
man counsell against his wife, they are apt enough to ill
I warrant ye.

Cornu: Mum, mum, my sweete wife, I know the
world wel enough, I haue an eare, but I heare not: an
eye, but I see not: whats spoake against thee, I regard
not: mum, mum, I knowe the world well enough.

Cittie wife. I, and twere more seemely you were at your
owne house too, your wife cannot goe abroad but you
must follow, husbands must bee fringed to their wiues
Petticoates, I pray Your tarrie you, ile goe home. Not so
my sweet wife, I am gone, I am vanisht, mum, mum, no
anger shall stirre thee, no words, I know the world well
Inough.

Hostis_ Twere better by thrice deuce-ace in a weeke
euery woman could awe her husband so well as she.

Gracc, Ist possible, sfoot well, I thought it had bene
but a fable al this while, that lo/e shold make great
Hercules spit on his thombes, &spin, but now I see, if a
man were as great as Cesar, lulius, or Augustus, or both
in one, a woman may take him downe.

Hostis Gossip, faith ile vse a little of your counsel,
but my husband is so fat, I feare I shall neuer bring him
to it Now gentles, you that can prepare a few teares to
shed, for now enters a sad sceane of sorrowe.

Enter Fryer and course

Man is flesh, and flesh is fraile,
The strongest man at length must faile,
Man is flesh, and flesh is grasse,

Consuming time as in a glasse_
Now is vp, and now is downe,
And is not purchast by a Crowne.
Now seede, and now we are sowen,
Now we wither, now are mowen,
Frater noster heere doth lye,
In paupertate he did die.
And now is gone his *viam longam*,
That leades vnto his *requiem Aternam*
But dying needie, poore and bare,
Wanting to discharge the Fryer,
Vnto his graue, hees ike to passe,
Hauing neither Dirge nor Masse.
So set forward, let him goe,
Et benedicamus Domino.

Phy And then to Apollo, hollo trees, hollo, Tapster
a few more cloathes to my feete. *Omnes* Oh heauens!

Acut Gentles, keep your places, feare nothing: in
the name of God what art thou?

Phy. My Hearse and winding sheete: what meanes
this? why Gentles I am a liuing mam

Acur Spirit thou Ifst, thou deludest vs.

Cittie wife: Coniure him Fryer.

Fryer.

In nomino Domini, I thee charge,
Responde mihi heere at large.
Cuium pecus whence thou art:
Et quam obrem, thou makest vs start,
In spiritusof the gloomy night?
Qui Venis huc vs to affright
per trinitatem I there charge thee,
Quid tu vis hicto tell to me.

Phy Why gentles, I am a liuing man Philantus,
what instance shall I giue ye? heare me, I haue sight,
vnderstanding, I know mine Hostes, I see that
Gentlewoman, I can feelee.

Scil Feele this Gentlewoman! s'ild if Yee were ten
Ghosts, ile not indure it.

Acut Spirit thou deludest vs.

Phy Why, what should I say? will ye hsare my
wice, heres none but---

Scil Nay, thats a lye, then tis a liu ng spirit, ile
haue a bout with him.

Accut Oh sir, meddle not with shadowes, spirit thou
lyest, I saw thee dead, so did many moe: We know ye
wandnng dwellers In the dark, Haue power to shape I
ke mortallitie, To beguile the simple, &deceue their
soules, Thou art a Deuill

Phy Sweet Gent, beholde I am flesh and blood,
heres my flesh feele it.

Cittie wife By my troth methinkes hee should be aliue, I
could finde in my heart to feele his flesh.

Grac Trie with your Rapier Accutus, if he bleede
hee liues_

Phy If I bleed I die, sweet Gentlemen draw no
blood. How shall wee knowe thou art flesh and blood
then?

Grac: Take heede Accutus heele blast thee.

Phy What instance shall I giue ye? I am Phylantus,
he that must needes confesse he was drunk in your
companies last day, sweet Gentlemen conceiue me
aright.

Accut Why true, true, that we know, and tHose
syilling bowels, Death did arrest thee, many saw thee
deade, Else needles were these rites of funeral's, And
since that time till now, no breath was knowne, Flye
from you: and twentie times the houre-glasse, Hath
turnd his vpside downe: and twenty times The nimble
current sand hath left his vpper To ly beneath, since
sparke of life appeard, In all which time, my care
imploide it selfe, To giue the rights of burial': now If
you liue, Who so glad as I?

Phy Sir, Your loue hath showne it selfe abundant,
but the colde aire is a meanes to deuorce me from Your
companies: mine Host let me craue passage to my
chamber.

Host: Out of my dores knaue, thou enterest not my
dores, I haue no chalke in my house, my posts shal not
be garded with a little sing song, si nihil attu/eris ibis
Homere foras

Accut Ha, how now man? see'st now any errors?
Nay, this is nothing he hath but showne A patterne In
himselfe, what thou shall sinde In others: search
through the Globe of earth If there mongst twentie, two
thou doost finde Honester then himselfe, ile be buried
straight, Now thinke what shame tis to be vilde, And
how vilde to be drunk: looke round, where? Nay looke
vp, beholde yon Christall pallace, There sits an
vbiquitarie ludge, From whome arcna nulla abscondita.
That see's all and at pleasure punisheth, Thou canst not
scape scot free, how canst thou? Why sencelesse man,
in that, sinne will betray H s father, brother, nay, him
himselfe: feares not To commit the worst of euils:
secure, if Thunder boults should drop from heauen,
dreading Nor heauen nor hell: indeede hss best state Is
worse then least, prised at highest rate. ser. This critique
is hoarsh, vnsauerie, and reproofeful, avoyd him.

Scil Hee speakes well, but I like not his
dispraising of drunkennes: tis Phisicke to me, and it
makes mee to sleep like a good horse, with my nose in
the maunger, come sweete heart.

Hostis Signior Philantus I pray ye a word

Acut_

Exit

How now, whispering? s'foot if they should giue our purpose another crosse point, where are wee then? note, note.

Hostis, Heere take the key, conuey Your selfe into the Chamber, but in any case take heede my husband see you

Phy. Feare not: gentles, be thanks the guerden of your loue, till time giue better abilitie,

Exit.

Acut: Ha! nay s'foot, I must claw out another deuice: we must not part so, Graccus prethee keepe the sceane til I fetch more actors to fill it fuller

Gra. But prethee let me partake.

Acur Not till I returne, pardon me,

Exit

Hostis By my troth gossip I am halfe sicke of a conceit

Cittiy wife, What woman? passion of my heart, tel me your greefe?

Hostis I shall goe to court now, and attired like an old Darie woman, a Ruffe, holland of eight groates, three inches deepe of the olde cut, and a hat as farre out of fashion as a close placket.

Cittie wife, Why I hope your husband is able to maintaine you better: are there not nights as well as daies? does he not sleepe some times? has hee no pockets about him? cannot you search his breeches? anye thing you sinde in his breeches is your owne

Hostis But may a woman doe that with safetie?

Cittie wife. I and more, why should shee not? why what is his is yours, what's yours, your owne:

Hostis The best hope I haue is, knowe my Guest
Mistris Gettica, she has pawnd her iewels to me
already, and this night I look for her Hood, and her tyer,
or If the worst chance, I knowe I can intreate her to
weare my cloathes, and let me goe in her attire to Court.
Cittie wife. Or if all faile, may hire a good suite at a
lewes: or at a broakers, tis a common thing and spec al
y among the common sort.

Enter Host and Constable.

Host. To search through my house, I haue no Varlets
no knaues, no stewd prunes, no she fierie phagies, my
Chambers are swept, my sinkes are all scowred, the
honest shal come In, the knaues shall go by, yet wil I
maister Constable, goe search through my house, I care
not a sheepes skin.

Const. We are compeld to doe it mine Host, a
Gentlema is robd last night, ewe are to search euery
pnuy corner.

Host, Mine Host is true Mettall, a man of reputation,
a true Holefernes, he loues iuice of grapes, and welcom
maister Constable.

Exit

Acut_ Graccus, how likst thou this?

Grac Excellent, for now must he needes fall into the
Constables hands: and if he haue any grace, twil appear
in his face, when he shall be carried through the streete
in a white sheet twill be a good penance for his fault.

Hostis_ Now fortune fauour that my husband find him
not

Cittie wife, Heele be horne mad, & neuer able to indure it:
why woman if he haue but as much man in him as a

Marlbone, heele take the burthen vppon his own necke,
and neuer discouer you
Hostis Alas heere they come, lets away Gossip.

Exeunt,

Fortune my foe, why doost,
Acut: Oh fye, that's bitter, prethe goe comfort him.
Grac. Faith he should be innocent by his garment:
 Signior, I grieue for this, but if I can help, looke for it.
Phy I thanke ye sir.
Const, We must contaminate our office, pray regard
 vs as little as ye cam
Accut: Me thinkes this shold put him quite out of
 tune: now so, let him goe, now to mine Host, theres he,
 and hee, and hee, theres shee, and she, ile haue about
 with all: 'critiques, honnys sweetest, mixt with gal.

Exeunt

Enter Host Cornutus.

Host; Goe to, there's knaues in my house, I know of
 no Varlets, I haue an eye has his sence, a braine that can
 reach, I haue bene cald Polititian, my wife is my wife, I
 am her top, i'me her head: if mine Host say the word,
 the Mouse shall be dum
Corm Not so my sweet Host, mum, mum, no words
 against Your wife, he that meanes to liue quiet, to sleep
 in cleane sheetes, a Pillowe vnder his head, his dyet
 drest cteanely, mum, mum, no words against his wife.
Host. Thar't a foole, thar't a foole, bee rulde by mine
 Host, shew thy self a braue man of the true seede of
 Troy; a gallant Agamemnon, tha'st a shrew to thy wife,
 if shee crosse thy braue humors, kicke thy heele at her
 huckle bone.

Enter Accutus,

Acut Gentles, most happily encountred, how good
hap hath turnd two labours Into one, I was addrest to
both, and at once haue met both sure I must intreate that
you must not deny.

Host. Say on my sweete bullie, mine Host will
attend thee, speake roundly to the purpose and welcome
my bullie.

Accut Marrie thus: there are are great reuels & shews
preparde to beautifie the nuptials of Lentulus and Tully,
in which the Cittizens haue the least share, now would
but and some others that I shall collect, ioyne hands
with me in some queintiest, Our shew shall deserue
grace, and braue the rest.

Host. I haue thee braue spirit, tha'rt of the true seed
of Troy, lets bee merrie and wise, merrie hearts liue
long mine Host, my braue Host with his neighbor
Cornutus shall bee two of the Maskers, and the Morrice
shall bee daunc'd, Not so mine Host, I dare not doe so,
t'wil destemper my wife, my house will be vnquiet,
mum, mum, I know the world well enough.

Host. Thou shalt goe saies mine Host, merrie hearts
liue long, welcome bully, mine Host shall make one, so
shal my Cornutus, for if I say the word, the mouse shall
be dun.

Enter Bos with Porters.

Porters. Saue ye mine Host, heeres a parcel' of Corne
was directed to be deliuered at your house.

Host: What ware my little Atlas, what ware is it?

2 Por I know not, but i'me sure tis as heaueie as a
horse and---

1 Por I thinke tis a barrel of oyle, for it spurg'd at my
 backe.
 Bos It was oyle, for I drew the Tap.
 Grac What Bos, what makst thou heere? Oh chara
 deum soboles magnum bouis increm entum! Bos art
 there there?
 Bos: As sure as you are there Signior
 Grac: Bos, will ye not forsake your Cabbin?
 Bos Oh sir, he that has not a tilde house must bee
 glad of a thatcht house: may I craue a suite of signior?
 Grac: What suite Bos?
 Bos What you please, beggers must not chuse.
 Accut_ Bos is growne misticall, hee's too dark.
 Bos I speake hebrew indeed like Adam and Eue,
 before they fel to spinning: not a rag.
 Grac. What, naked Bos?
 Bos As ye see, will ye heare my suite signior?
 Gra: Drunk 'his cloathes stoln, what theef wold do
 it?
 Bos: Any theefe sir, but no true mam
 Gra Wel Bos, to obtaine a suite at my handes, and
 to doe some pennance for your fault, you shal here
 maintaine an argument in the defence of drunkennes:
 mine Host shall heare it ile be your oppoment, Acutus
 moderator: wilt thou doe it.
 Host: A mad merrie prig, all good spirits, wilt thou
 doe it Bos?
 Bos Ile doo't_
 Grac. Seate Yee, heres my place, now Bos
 propound.
 Bos_ Drunkennes is a vertue.
 Gra: Your proofe_
 Bos. Good drinke is full of vertue, Now full of
 good drinke is drunke, Erge, to be drunke is to be
 vertuous_

Grac. I deny it, good drinke is full of vice, Drinke
takes away the sences, Man that is sencelesse is vitious,
Ergo, good drinke is full of vice

Bos I deny it still, good drinke makes good bloud,
Good blood needes no Barber, Ergo, tis good to drinke
good drinke.

Accu Hee holdes ye hard Graccus_

Bos Heeres stronger prooffe, drunkennesse
Ingenders with two of the morrall vertues, and sixe of
the lyberall sciences.

Gra Let him prooue that and Ile yeeld.

Host: A mad spirit yfaytm

Bos_ A drunkard is valiant and lyberall, heele out-
face Mars, braue Hercules, and feares not the Deuill,
then for the most part hee's iberall, for heele giue all
the cloathes off his backe, though hee weepe ike a
Widowe all the day following: nay, for the sciences,
hee's a good phisitian hee vomits himselfe rarelie, and
will giue any man else a vomit that lookes on him (if
hee haue not a verie good stomacke) perfect in
Geomitrie, for he hanges in the aire by his owne
conceite, and feeles no ground: and hee's all musicall,
the world turnes round with him, euerie face in the
painted cloath shewes like a Fairie dauncing about him,
and euerie spar in the house a minstrell Good: forward.

Bos Then hee's a good Lawyer, for hees neuer w
thout a fierie facies, &the leaste Capias will take his
habeas Corpus: besides, another point of a Lawyere,
heelle raile and raue against his dearest friends, and
make the world think they are enemies, when the net
day theile laugh, bee fat and drunk together: and a rare
Astronomer, for he has starres twinckling in his eyes, in
the darkest night, when a wise man discernes none in
the firmanent, and will take great paines in the practise:
for lay him on his backe in the open fields ouermight,
and you shall be sure to finde him there In the morning:

haue I sed well, or shall I giue you a stronger prooffe?
an honest man will be as good as his word: Signior
Graccus is an honest man, Ergo I must haue a new
suite.

Accu, The moderator concludes so, Graccus is
ouerthrown so far as the damage of a suite, so away
with him, come, our fire will out, strip vs, mine Host
and you wee expect your companies, we must craue
absence awhile, better to furnishe our purposes: the
time of the day to ye.

Host, Farwel my good bullies, mine Host has sed
'the mouse is dun.

Enter the dumb shew of the marriage, Lentulus, Tully, and
the rest Enter Hostis in Getticaes apparel, Getic, in hers,
& Mistris Dama,

Hostis_ Come Gossip, by my troth I cannot keepe my
hood in frame.

Cittie wife. Let me helpe ye woman.

Get Sir, we shall be troublesome to ye.

Gra: Oh vrge not that I pray ye.

Get. I pray Yee what showe will be heere to night?
I haue seen the Babones already, the Cittie of new
Niniuie, and Iulius Caesar acted by the Mammets.

Grac Oh gentlewoman, tHose are showes for tHose
places they are vsed in, marry here you must expect
some rare deuice as Diana bathing her selfe, being
discouered or occulated, by Acteon, he was trafigured
to a hart, &werried to death with his own dogs.

Cit w That's prettie in good truth, 'must Diana be
naked?

Gra. Oh of necessitie, if it be that show.

Hostis_ And Acteon too: thats prettie ifaith

Enter Caesar, Lent, Tully, Teren, Flauia.

Caes

Now gallant Bridegroomes, and your louely Brides,
That haue in geminate, in endlesse league,
Your troth-plight hearts in your nuptial vowes,
Tyed true loue knots, that nothing can disolue,
Till death that meager purseuant of loue,
That Cancels all bonds: we are to clowdie,
My spirit a typtoe nothing I could chide so much,
As winged time that gins to free a passage,
To his turrent glasse, and crops our day-light.
That mistie night will summon vs to rest,
Before we feele the burthen of our ey-ids.
The time is teadious, wants varietie,
But that I may shew what delightfull raptures,
Combats my soule, to see this vnion,
And with what boundles ioy I doe imbrace it,
We heere commaund all prison gates flye ope,
Freeing all prisoners, (traitors all except,
That poore mens prayers may increase our daies,
And writers circle ye with wreathes of bayes.

Grac S'foot Accutus lets lay hold of this, to free our
 captiue.

Actr Content; ile prosecute it.

Tul

Dreade soueraigne, heauen witnesse with me,
With what bended spirit I haue attaine
This height of happinesse: and how vnwillingly,
Till heauens decree, Terentias loue, and your
Faire consents, did meet in one, to make
Me Lord thereof: nor shall it adde one scruple,
Of high thought to my lowly minde.
Tully is Tully, parentage poore, the best,
An Orator, but equall with the least.

Lent

Oh no doubt Accutus, be the attempt,
My perill, his royall promise is past
In that behalfe: my soueraigne, this Gentlemans

Request, takes holde vpon your gatiuous promise,
For the releasement of a prisoner.

Caes My promise is irreuocable, take it: but what is
 hee and the qualitie of his fault?

Acur A gentleman, may it please your grace, his
 fault suspition, and most likely Innocent.

Caes He hath freedome, and I prethee let him be
 brought hither Perhaps in his presence we shall win
 some smiles, For I haue noted ost in a simple braine
 (Only stnuing to excell It selfe) Hath corrupted
 language that hath turnd To pleasant laughter, in
 iuditious eares: Such may this prooue, for now me
 thinkes Each minute, wanting sport doth seeme As long
 and teadlous, as a feauer: but who doth knowe The true
 condition of this Accutus?

Tully: My Leige, of him something my knowledge,
 Can discouer, his spirit is free as aire, his temper
 temperate, if ought's vneeuē, his spleene waies downe
 lenitie: but how Stird by reproofe, and then hee's bitter,
 and like his name, Acute, vice to him is a foule eye-
 sore. And could he stifle it in bitterest words, he would,
 And who so offends, to him is paralell, He will as soone
 reprotoe the Caesar state, As the lowe shrub.

Enter Acut and Philant.

Phy. Nay good Accutus let me not enter the
 presence:

Accut Oh sir, I assure you your presence w I be more
 acceptable in the presence at this time, then a farre
 ritcher present: May it please your maiestie, this IS the
 man. Let him stand forward

Cit w, Alas we shal see nothing, would I were neere
 now hee stands forwards

Cittie wife. What qualities hath he Accutus?

Accut_ Few good ones (may it please you) he handles
 a comb wel, a brush better, and will drink Downe a
 Dutchman, 'has good skill in prick song.

Hostis. I, ile be sworne, he had when he was my
 Guest,

Acut: Please it your Maiestie to commaund him?

Caes Oh, we can no otherwise so well be pleased.

Phy I beseech your Maiestie, I cannot sing. Nay,
 Your denyall will breed but greater expectation of your
 skill.

Acut I, I, please it Your grace to heare? now he
 begins.

Phy. My loue can sing no other song, but still
 complaines I did her, I beseech your Maiestie to let me
 goe_

Caes: With all our heart, Acutus giue him libertie_

Accut Goe, and for voice sake Yee shall sing Ballads
 in the suburbes, and if euer heereafter ye chance to
 purchase a suite by what your friends shal leaue ye, or
 the credit of your friend, be not drunk again, & giue him
 hard words for his labour_

Exit

Caes What, ist effected Graccus?

Gra I haue wrought the foole, Scilicet comes
 alone, & his Lady keeps the yomen company.

Accu. Tush, weele haue a room scantly furnisht with
 ights that shall further it. What sound is that?

Acut: I, would ye so faine enter? ile further it: please
 it your Malestie to accept what is not worth acceptance?
 heere are a company to Gratulate these nuptials, haue
 preparad a show, I feare not worth the sight, if you shall
 deeme to giue them the beholding of

Caes Else should we wrong their kindnes much:
 Accutus, be it your care to giue them kindest welcome,

we cannot recompence their loues without much
beholdings

Acut Now for the cunning vizarding of them, 'tis
done,

Hos Now we shall beholde the showes. Get
Acteon and his Dogs I pray lupiteL Enter the marke and the
Song, Chaunt birds in euerie bush The Blackbird and
the Thrush The chirping Nightingale, The Mauis and
Wagtaile, The Linnet and the Larke Oh how they begin,
harke, harke!

Scil: Sli'd there's one bird I doe not like her voice.
Sing againe & Exeunt,

Hostis_

By my troth me thought one should be my husband,
I could euen discerne his voice thorough his vizard.
Cit tie wife.'

And truely by his head one should be mine

Get:

And surely by his eares one should be my sweet heart
Caes, Accutus, you haue deserued much of our loue,
But might we not breake the law of sport so farre, As to
know to whome our thanks is due, By seeing them
vnmaskt, and the reason of their habits?

Acut: Most willingly my Soueraigne, ile cause their
returne_

Hostis_ Oh excellent! now we shal see them vnmaskt_

Exit

Get. In troth I had good hope the formost had bene
Acteon when I saw his hornes.

Cit. wif. Sure the middlemost was my husband, see if
he haue not a wen in his fore-head.

Enter Maskers

Host: God blesse thee noble Caesar, gall these braue
bridegroomes with their fine little dy-doppers, that
looke before they sleep to throw away their maiden
heads: I am Host of the Hobbie, Cornut is my
neighbour, but wele pull of his bopeeper, thou't know
me by my nose, I am a mad merie grig, come to make
thy grace laugh, sir Scillicet my guest, all true canaries
that loue iuce of grapes, god blesse thy Maiestie_

Acut. How now mine Host?

Host. Ha, ha, I spie a iest, ha ha, Cornutus,
Cornutus_

Acut Nay mine Host, heeres a moate in Your eye to.

Scil: SI'id I hope they haue not seru'd me so: by the
torrid y'are an asse, a flat Asse, but the best is I know
who did it, t'was either you or some body else, for I was
in no company of mankinde else, by gad I remember it
as wel as if it were done now.

Host: Tou shalt answere it to my leige, ile not be so
misused, ye haue a wrong element, there's fire in my
face, weelee mout and ascend. I'me misusd the mad
comrades haue plaide the knaues, Iustice my braue
Caesar

Accut Ile answere ye mine Host: pardon greate
Caesar, The intent was merriment, the reason this A
true brow bends, to see good things amisse, Men turnd
to beasts, and such are mine Host See you this, this
represents a beast, That cannot see his shame, 'such are
you mine Host. Ile show you else, you are a Goate,
looke heere! Now come this is yours, you know it, doe
you not? How old are you? are pu not a Goate now?
Shall I teach thee how to vse a wife and keepe her? In
the ranke of goodnes linke her to thy soule, Deuide not
indiuidium, be her and shee thee, Keepe her from the
Serpent, let her not Gad To euerie Gossips
congregation, For there is blushing modestie laide out,

And a free reyne to sensual turpitude, Giuen out at length
and lybldinous acts, Free chat, each giuing counsell and
sensure_ Capream maritum facere, such art thou Goate,
Be not so secure: and you my graund Cornutus, Thou
Ram, thou seest thy shame a pent-house To thy eye-
browes: doost not glorie in it, doost? Thou'lt lyein a
Trucklebed, at thy wiues bed feete, And let her goe a
Gossiping while thou sweepst the ktchin, Look, she
shall witnesses against thee.

Corm My wife there? I must be gone them

Acut Oh fie, betray not thy selfe so grossely_ I Pray
ye pardon me.

Accut: I dare not.

Cor: I sir, but afterward may come after claps, I
know the world well enough.

Accut_ Mischiefe of the Deuill, be man not all beast,
doe not lye, if both sheetes doe not.

Cit w: I warrant this fellow has as many eies as a
Lamprey, hee could neuer see so farre Into the world
else.

Accu. And thou pure asse, meere asse, thy eares
become thee well yfaith

Scil I think ment to make a Musition of me, you
furnish me with a good eare

Accut Thou deserudst it, thou't make thy selfe a
Cucckold be it but for company sake, thou hast long
eares, and thinkest them hornes, thy conceites cuckolds
thee, thou art iealious if thou seest thy wiues-- With
another mans palme_ And foole, thy state in that sence
is the best: thou art claspt with simplicitie, (a great
badge of honestie) for she poore foole has paund her
cloathes to redeeme thy vnthrlftines: be lealious no
more, vnlesse thoult weare thine eares still, for all shall
be well and you shall haue your puppie againe_

Get. Shal I? by my troth I shall be beholding to you
then.

Now to ye all, be firmaments to stars,
Be stars to Firmaments, and as you are
Splendent, so be fixed, not wandring, nor
Irregular, both keeping course together,
Shine not in pride, and gorgeous attire,
When clouds doe faile, the pole where thou art fixt
Obey, cherish, honor, be kinde enough,
But let them weare no changeable stuffe,
Keepe them, as shall become your state,
Comely, and to creepe ere they goe.
Let them partake your loyes, and weep with you,
Curle not the snarles that dwel vpon these browes,
In all things be you kinde of all enough,
But let them weare no changeable stuffe.

Host: Fore God a mad spirit

Hostis

Will ye beleeeue, what such a bisket brain'd fellow as this
saies? he has a mouth like a double cannon, the report
will be heard all ore the towne.

Cittie wife: I warrant he ranne mad for loue, because no
good face could endure the sight of him, and euer since
he railes against women like a whot shot.

Len. Nay, nay, we must haue all friendes_ larring
discords are no marriage musick, Throw not Hymen in
a cuckstoole, dimple Your furrowed browes, since all
but mirth was ment, Let vs not then conclude in
discontent. Say, shall we all in friendly straine Measure
our paces to bed-ward? Will Terentia follow?

Teren: If Tully be her Leader.

Host: Good bloods, good spirits, let me answere for
all, none speake but mine Host, hee has his pols and his
aedypols, his times and his tricks, his quirkes and his qu
lits, and his demise and dementions, God blesse thee
Noble Caesar, and all these braue spirits, I am Host of
the Hobby, Cornutus is my neighbour: Graccus a mad
spirit, Accutus is my friend, Sir Scillicetis my guest, al

mad comrades of the true seed of troy, that loue iuice of
Grapes: we are all true friends, merrie harts liue long,
let the Pipers strike vp Ile daunce my cinquepace, cut a
loft my braue capers, whirle about my toe, doe my
tricks aboute ground, ile kisse my sweet Hostesse, make a
curtesie to thy grace, God blesse thy Maiestie, and the
Mouse shall be dum

Cor: Come wife, will you dance?

Wife: Ile not daunce I, must you come to the Court
to haue hornes set on your head? I could haue done that
at home.

Host: I, I, be rulde at this time, what, for one merrie
day wele finde a whole moone at mid-sommer_ Daunce

Caes. Gentles, wee thanke Yee all, the night hath
spent his youth, and drowsie Morpheus bids vs battell,
We will defie him still, weelee keepe him out While we
haue power to doe it, sound Your lowdest noise, Set
forward to our chamber.

Gra Aduance your light.

Caes Good rest to all.

Omn God giue your grace Godnight.

Exeunt

FINIS