

Anonymous. Everie woman in her humor London: Printed  
by E. A for Thomas Archer (etc), 1609.

### Prologue

Enter Flauia as a prologue,

Gentles of both sexes, and all sortes, I am sent to bid  
Yee welcome, I am but insteade of a Prologue: for a she  
prologue is as rare as an Vsurers Almes: non reperitur  
in vsu, and the rather I come va)man, because men are  
apt to take kindelye 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 merrye 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: vnloade, 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 leauue 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) answere 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 downward.

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

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 ifalrh I must, I can not soothe the world  
With velvet 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 breatn  
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 vpon 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 wagges 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 aboue thee: Belzebub, paint thy  
face, there's some will loue thee.  
Bos            Rare, Mistris, heeres a cheeke 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 leauve vs.

Bosse Leauve 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 workmanship 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 belouued 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 Dives 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 ballanrst to  
be a superlatiue politicke custome in these houres to

dwell 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 Horrison

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 enquirie, and well obseru'd: Sir my company  
                  shal make ye copious of nouelties let your Tables  
                  befriend your memorie write, by this bright Horrison----

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

Boy.            Your Glassee 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 discouered 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  
dalogising, 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 vters 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 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 Glassee 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 glie 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 deuice 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 belouued: then for your departure, sad dispaire doth drue 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:  
0mn.           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 streeete, 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 guestes  
                  shal take no wrong: mine Host will spend his Cruse as  
                  franke as an Emperor: 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  
twinckling 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 talkatue, 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 diminitiue YOuth,  
for women now adaiers 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 fие beds.

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

Bos Faith weeble 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 vnnaturalist man to his Wife

Citie w        Truely, 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 stomach 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. Missee 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.

City 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  
abread 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 tedious 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, weeble 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  
Flavia,  
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 discouering 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 beguil ng lul abyne,  
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 Terentla—

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 thankes 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 comfort 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 vnskilfull 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 litele 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 Parthyen spoyle to Lepido,  
Whome many Ladies haue bedeckt with fauours,  
Of rich esteeme, oh proud! he deignd 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 threatnigs 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 Flaminus brooke my pouertie?

Ter.

VVel, when Flaminus 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 Flavia Fie,  
fie, how tedious 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 raigned 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 Flavia, 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 perswasive ornament to win a Lady, why his  
discourse is as pleasantâe" 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 Warrier, 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 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  
leauue 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 Goddesse 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 discouered.

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

Grac: Gentles, God sauе 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. Propper 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 propper  
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 alreadie: by the fие elements or sences; I  
ask 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 leauе 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 gourne 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;        Suae 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\_      Suae 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 stuft 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 entnng 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 vpon 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 gauie  
onelye 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  
instrucion

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 houre-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, Scruu/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 extraugant Artire of my arme is  
              brused

Cittie wi:     See, see, the extraugant 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: Vntlll ye had had armor on  
Serr Had I bene accompaigned with my Toledo, or  
morglay  
Cittie wife: your Dogge or Bitch:  
Serr Il Continue I beseech, I meane my sword, sole  
ye my sword:  
Cittie wife Or solely your sword, better a bad toole then  
none at all.  
Serr. In the concourse.  
Cittie 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\_  
Cittie 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 assaild, he did  
preambulate or walke off.  
Scil: Yes faith, he did preambulate, and walke mee  
finely.  
Cittie 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 concupisences 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 thaths 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, muskadne 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 bellowes  
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 wench's 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 spred 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 arethmatlk 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 behauiuour  
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 vowd 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 dissaines,  
Treades on Tartarus, and Olimpus gaines—  
I marrie, but then would learning be  
In colours proud, proud, then would not foure nobles  
purchase a benefice, two Sermons in a yea're

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 loade of foule

reproach, Vpon so weake a prop, what's done is past  
recall, If ought is done, vnfittng 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 vexed: I am  
scoff: 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 whatsoeuer\_

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 fие or there about, that trauerses 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 nativitie 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 brings Letters of commendation  
              from the Constable of the Parish, or the Churchwarden,  
              of his good behauour 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 II 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 louesicke 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, shee  
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 beleue it siL

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

Enter Seruulus,

Ser.            Gallants, sauing the Ceremonie, Stroke Your  
haire vp and admire, forswearre sacke\_

Scil            Forswearre Sacke, slid not for the spending of  
two farmes more, if they were come into my hands I  
say be astonisht, and forswearre 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.

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

Grac:          No, indeed, Gentlewomam

Ser.            Fiue beleeue me Sir. Fiue of one, oh duil!  
what limme of him but a complete Vllaine,

A tongue prophane 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 reuie  
againe

Cittie wife Well, he was a propper man yfaith.

Hostis: I, and had good skll 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 veriely, onely, the word signifies, and  
the reason is (saith Varro) being a great deriuer 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 break my head, and put It vp without  
anger \_

Accut I claime that priu ledge sir, I think 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 appears.

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, Preparde to inter, a friend  
of his, Though lately entertaind 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 royll 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 toothe'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 employed 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  $\tilde{A}$ lternam  
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 nomine Domini, I thee charge,  
Responde mihi heere at large.  
Cuium pecus whence thou art:  
Et quam obrem, thou makest vs start,  
In spiritus of 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 feele.

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, that's 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 DeullL

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 oure-glassse, 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 shoune 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

Acut Ha, how now man? see'st now any errors?

Nay, this is nothing he hath but shoune 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 reprooeful, avoyd him.

Scil Hee speakes well, but I like not his  
dispraysing 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 sick 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 intreat 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 streeete  
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 encountered, 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 heauie 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 mysticall, 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 prooфе\_

Bos. Good drinke is full of vertue, Now full of  
good drinke is drunke, Erge, to be drunke is to be  
virtuous\_

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

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 iberal, 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,  
heele raile and rauie 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 ouermght,  
and you shall be sure to finde him there In the morning:

haue I sed well, or shall I giue you a stronger proofe?  
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 shewe 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 nuptiall vowes,  
Tyed true loue knots, that nothing can disolute,  
Till death that meager purseuant of loue,  
That Cancels all bonds: we are to clowdie,  
My spirit a typtoe nothing I could chid 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 soueralgne, heauen witnesse with me,  
With what bended spirit I haue attainde  
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 gatioues 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 vneuen, 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  
              reprooue 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 forwarcl

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 suburbs, and if euer heereafter ye chance to  
purchase a suite by what your friends shal leauye, 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, weeble haue a room scantily furnishit 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  
prepard 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 thankes 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 boopeeper, thou't know  
me by my nose, I am a mad merie gris, 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: Slid 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 answer it to my leige, ile not be so  
misused, ye haue a wrong element, there's fire in my  
face, weeble mout and ascend. I'me misusd the mad  
comrades haue plaide the knaues, Iustice my braue  
Caesar

Accut Ile answer ye mine Host: pardon greate  
Caesar, The intent was merriment, the reason this A  
true brow bende, 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  
individuum, 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'ltye in a  
Trucklebed, at thy wiues bed feete, And let her goe a  
Gossiping while thou sweepest 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\_ Mischife 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  
Cuckold be it but for company sake, thou hast long  
eares, and thinkest them hornes, thy conceites cuckolds  
thee, thou art iealous 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 lealous 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 wandnng, 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 stiffe,  
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 stiffe.

Host: Fore God a mad spirit

Hostis

Will ye beleue, 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 aboue groud, 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 l, 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