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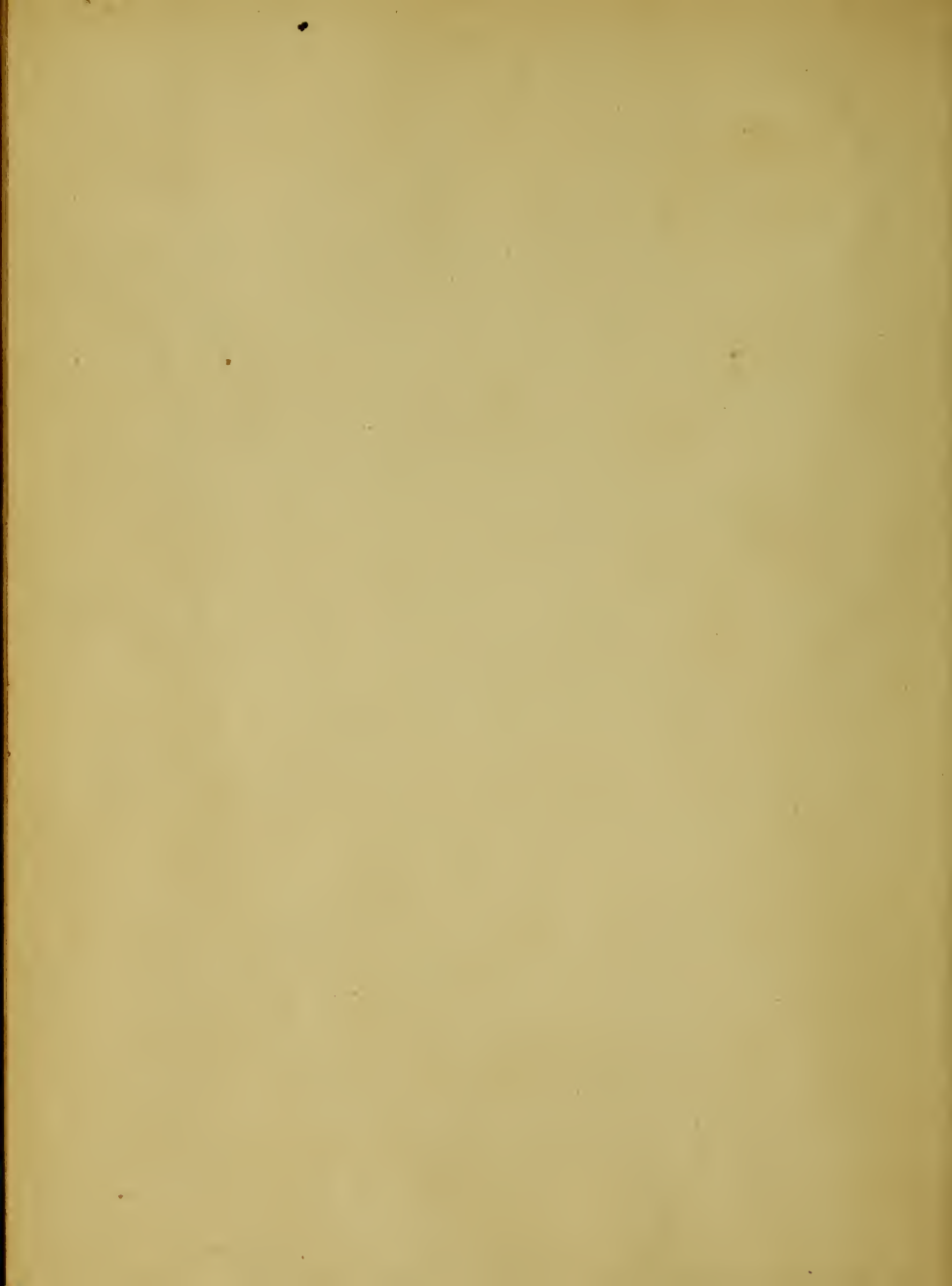
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DEKKER (T.) The Shoo makers Holy-day, or the Gentle Craft, as
it was acted before the Queenes most excellent Majesty on New
Yeares day at night, black letter, £1 8s *Binding, 100.6^o* 4to, 1631 *R.D.D.,*
Jan. 1. 1847.



Sam. Moore

THE
Shoo-makers Holy-day.
OR
THE GENTLE CRAFT.

With the humorous life of SIMON EYRE,
Shoo-maker, and Lord Mayor of
LONDON.

As it was acted before the Queenes most excellent
Majesty on New yeares day at night, by the right
Honourable Earle of Nottingham, Lord high
Admirall of England, his
Servants.



LONDON,

Printed for *John Wright*, and are to be sold at his
Shop without Newgate. 1631.

THE

X9

3970

33

day-makers Holy-day

149,707

THE GENTLE CRAFT.

May, 1873.

With the harmonious life of Snowflakes

the snow-kissed land of Norway

LONDON.

London: Published by the author, 15, Abchurch Lane, E.C. 4.

Printed and bound by the author, 15, Abchurch Lane, E.C. 4.

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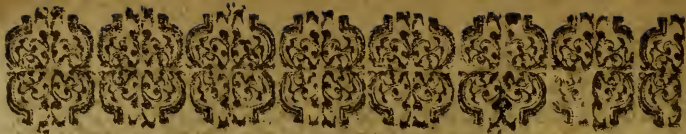


To all good Fellowes; Professors of
*the Gentle Craft: of what
degree soeuer.*



Inde Gentlemen, and honest boone Companions, I present you here with a merry conceited Comedie, called, the *Shoemakers Holiday*, acted by my Lord Admirals Players at a Christmas time, before the Queens most excellent Maiesty. For the mirth and pleasant matter, by her Highnesse graciously accepted, being indeed no way offensive. The Argument of the Play I will set downe in this Epistle. Sir *Hugh Lacy* Earle of *Lincolne*, had a young Gentleman of his owne name his neere kinsman, that loued the Lord Maiors daughter of London; to preuent and crosse which loue, the Earle caused his kinsman to be sent Coronell of a company into France: who resigned his place to another Gentleman his friend, and came disguised like a Dutch Shoemaker, to the house of *Simon Eyre* in Tower street who serued the Maior and his household with shooes. The merriments that passed in *Eyres* house, his coming to be Maior of London, *Lacies* getting his loue, and other accidents; with two merry Three mens songs. Take all in good worth that is well intended, for nothing is purposed but mirth, mirth lengtheneth long life, which, with all other blessings, I heartily wish you.

Farewell.



To sing The first Three-mans

Song.


O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolike, so gay, and so greene, so greene, so greene:
O and then did I ynto my true-loue say,
Sweet *Peg*, thou shalt be my Summers *Queene*.

Now the Nightingale, the pretty Nightingale,
The sweetest singer in all the Forest Duier:
Intreats the sweet *Peggy* to heare thy true-loues tale,
Loe vnder the sitteth, her breast against a bayer.

But O I spye the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo,
See where she sitteth, come away my toy:
Come away I praye, I doe not like the Cuckoo
Should sing where my *Peggy* and I kisse and toy.

O the Month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolike, so gay, and so greene, so greene, so greene,
And then did I ynto my true-loue say,
Sweet *Peg*, thou shalt be my Summers *Queene*.





The second Three-mans
Song.

This is to be sung at the latter end.

Cold's the winde, and wet's the raine,
Saint Hugh be our god speed:
All is the weather that bringeth no gaine,
no; helps god hearts in need.

Trowle the bowle, the iolly Put-browne bowle,
and here kinde mate to the:
Let's ſing a dirge for Saint Hughs Soule,
and downe it merrily.

Downe a downe, hey downe a downe,
hey, dery, dery, downe, a downe, Close with the tenor boy.
Hoe well done, to me let come,
ring compasse gentle toy.

Trowle the bowle, the Put-browne bowle,
and here kinde, &c. as often as there be mento drinke:
A last when all have drunke, this verse.

Cold's the winde, and wet's the raine,
Saint Hugh be our god speed:
All is the weather that bringeth no gaine,
No; helps god hearts in need.





The Prologue as it was pronounced *before the Queens Maiesty.*

AS wretches in a Storme (expecting day)
With trembling hands, and eyes cast vp to heauen
Make prayers the Anchor of their conquered hopes,
So we (deare Goddesse, wonder of all eyes)
Your meanest vassals (through mistrust and feare;
To sinke into the bottome of disgrace
By our imperfect pastimes) prostrate thus
On bended knees, our sayles of hope doe strike,
Dreading the bitter stormes of your dislike.
Since then (vnhappy men) our hap is such,
That to our selues our selues no helpe can bring,
But needs must perish, if your Saint-like eares
(Locking the Temple where all mercy sits)
Refuse the tribute of our begging tongues.
O grant (bright mirror of true Chastity)
From those life-breathing starres, your Sun-like eyes,
One gracious smile: for your celestiall breath
Must send vs life, or sentence vs to death.





A pleasant Comedie of the Gentle Craft.

*Enter Lord Mayor, Lincolne.
Lincolne.*

MY Lord Mayor, you haue sundry times
Feasted my selfe, and many Courtiers more,
Seldome or neuer can we be so kinde,
To make requitall of your courtesse :

But leauing this I heare my Cousin Lacy,
Is much affected to your daughter Rose.

L. Maior. True my good Lord, and she loues him so well,
That I mislike her boldnesse in the chace.

Lin. Why my Lord Mayor, thinke you it then a shame,
To ioyne a Lacy with an Oleyes name ?

L. Maior. Too meane is my poore girle for his high birth,
Poore Citizens must not with Courtiers wed,
Who will in silkes, and gay apparell spend
More in one yeare, than I am worth by farre,
Therefore your honour need not doubt my girle.

Lincolne. Take heed my Lord, aduise you what you doe,
A verier birthright liues not in the world,
Then is my Cosen, for I tell you what,
Tis now almost a yeare since he requested,
To trauell Countries for experience,
I furnisht him with coyne, bills of exchange,
Letters of credit, men to wait on him,
Solicited my friends in Italy
Well to respect him : but see the end :
Scant had he iourneyed through halfe Germany,

But

A pleasant Comedie of

But all his coyne was spent, his merrit off,
His bills imbezeld, and my iolly Cuze
I shau'd to shew his bankrupt presence here,
Became a Shoemaker in Wittenberge,
A goodly Science for a Gentleman
Of such descent: now iudge the rest by this.
Suppose your daughter haue a thousand pound,
He did consume more in one halfe yeare,
And make him heire to all the wealth you haue,
One twelue months roting will waste it all,
Then seeke my Lord some honest Citizen
To wed your daughter to.

L. Maior. I thanke your Lordship;
Well For, I vnderstand your subtilty,
As for your Nephew, let your Lordships eye
But watch his actions, and you need not feare,
For I haue sent my Daughter farr enough,
And yet your Cosen Rowland might doe well,
Now he hath learn'd an Occupation,
And yet I scoone to call him son in Law.

Lincolne. But I haue a better trade for him
I thanke his Grace he hath appointed him
Chiefe Colonell of all those Companies
Mustred in London, and the shires about,
To serue his Highnesse in those warres of France:
See where he comes: Louell what newes with you?

Enter Louell, Lacy, and Askew.

Louell. My Lord of Lincolne, 'tis his Highnesse will,
That presently your Cosen ship for France
With all his powers, he would not for a million,
But they should land at Deepe within foure dayes.

Lincolne. Goe certifie his Grace it shall be done,
Now Cosen Lacy in what forwardnesse
Are all your Companies?

Lacy. All well prepar'd,
The men of Hartford-shire are at Myle-end,
Suffolke and Essex traine in Tuttle-Fields.
The Londoners and those of Middlesex,

All gallantly prepar'd in Finsbury,
 With frolike spirits long for their parting houre.

L.Ma. They haue their imprest, coats and furniture,
 And if it please your cozen Lacy come
 To the Guild-hall, he shall receiue his pay,
 And twenty pounds besides, my Betheren
 Will freely giue him, to approue our loues
 We heare vnto my Lord your vncke here.

Lacy. I thanke your Honour.

Lincolne. Thankes my good Lord Maior.

L.Ma. At the Guild hall we will expect your comming. Exit.

Linc. To approue your loues to me: no subtilty
 Nephew: that twentie pound he doth bestow
 For ioy to rid you from his daughter Rose:
 But Cozens both, now here are none but friends,
 I would not haue you cast an amorous eye
 Upon so meane a proiect as the loue
 Of a gay wanton painted Citizen,
 I know this Churle euen in the height of scozne,
 Doth hate the mixture of his bloud with thine:
 I pray thee doe thou so remember Coze
 What honourable fortunes wait on thee,
 Increase the kings loue which so brightly shines,
 And gilds thy hopes: I haue no heire but thee,
 And yet not thee, if with a wayward spirit,
 Thou start from the true bias of my loue.

Lacy. My Lord I will, for honour, not desire
 Of lands or liuings, (or to be your heire)
 So guide my actions in pursuit of France,
 As shall adde glozy to the Lacyes name.

Linc. Coze, For those words here's thirty Portugues,
 And Nephew Askew there's a few for you,
 Faire honour in her loftiest eminence,
 Stayes in France for you till you fetch her thence,
 Then Nephew clap swift wings on your designes,
 Be gone, be gone, make hark to the Guild-hall,
 There presently Ile meet you, doe not stay,
 Where honour becomes, shame attends delay. Exit.

A pleasant Comedic of

Askew. How gladly would your Uncle haue you gone?
Lacy. True Coze, but I'le oze-reach his policies,
I haue some serious businesse for thre dayes,
Which nothing but my pzeſence can diſpatch,
You therefore Coſen with the Companies
Shall haſt to Douer, there I'le mēt with you;
Or if I ſtay paſſ my preſired time,
Away for France, we'e'll mēt in Normandie:
The twentieth pounds my Lord Bayoz giues to me,
You ſhall receiue, and theſe ten Portugues,
Part of mine Uncles thirtie, gentle Coze.
Haue care to our great charge, I know your wiſdome
Hath tride it ſelſe in higher conſequence.

Ask. Coze, all my ſelſe am yours, yet haue this care,
To lodge in London with all ſecreſie,
Our Uncle Lincolne hath (beſides his owne)
Many a iealous eye, that in your face
Stares onely to watch meanes for your diſgrace.

Enter Sy. Eyre, his wife, Hodge, Firke, Iane, and Raſe with a peece.

Eyre. Leaue whining, leaue whining, away with this
Whimpering, this puling, theſe blubbering teares, and theſe
wet eyes, I'le get thy husband diſcharged, I warant thee, ſweet
Iane: go to.

Hodge. Maſter here be the Captaines.

Eyre. Peace Hodge, huſht you knaue, huſht.

Firke. Here be the Caualliers and the Cozonels, maſter.

Eyre. Peace Firke, peace my fine Firke, ſtand by with your
piſhery paſhery, away, I am a man of the beſt pzeſence, I'le
ſpeake to them an they were Popes. Gentlemen, Captaines,
Colonels, Commanders, braus men, braue leaders, may it
pleaſe you to giue me audience; I am Symon Eyre the mad
Shomaker of Tower-ſtreet, this ſwench with the mealy mouth
is my wife, I can tell you: Here's Hodge my man, and my fore-
wan; Here's Firke my fine ſicking Journey man, and this his
blubbered Iane, all we come to be ſutozs for this honeſt Raſe,
kepe him at home, and as I am a true Shomaker, and a Gen-
tleman of the Gentle Craft, buy ſpurres your ſelſe, and I'le
finde you wots theſe ſeuen yeares,

Wife

the gentle Craft.

Wife. Seven yeares husband :

Eyre: Peace Midriffe, peace, I know what I doe, peace.

Firke. Truly master Cozmozant, you shall doe God good service to let Rafe and his wife stay together, she's a young new married woman, if you take her husband away from her a night, you vndoe her, she may beg in the day time, for he's as good a workeman at a picke and awle, as any is in our Trade.

Iane. O let him stay, else I shall be vndone,

Firke. I trulie, she shall be laid a one side like a paire of old shes else, and be occupied for no vse.

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

Hodge. Why then you were as good be a Cozpozall as a Colonell, if you cannot discharge one good fellow, and I tell you true, I thinke you doe more than you can answer, to presse a man within a yeare and a day of his mariage.

Eyre. Well said melanchollie Hodge, gramarcie my fine foze-man.

Wife. Truly Gentlemen it were ill done for such as you to stand so stiffelie against a poore young wife, considering her case, she is newly married ; but let that passe : I pray deale not roughlie with her, her husband is a young man, and but newly entred, but let that passe.

Eyre. Away with your pithery pashery, your pols, and poare edipols, peace Midriffe, Silence Cissy Suntrinket, let your head speake.

Firke. Pea and the horns too, master.

Eyre. To soone my fine Firke, to soone : peace scoundzels, see you this man ? Captaines, you will not release him, well, let him goe, he is a proper thot, let him banish : peace Iane, dry by thy teares, they'll make his powder dankish; take him bzaue men Hector of Troy was a Hackney to him, Hercules and Ter-magant scoundzels, Prince Arthurs round Table, by the Lord of Ludgate, nere sed such a tall, such a dapper swordman, by the life of Pharaoh, a bzaue resolute swordman : peace Iane, I say no moze, mad knaues.

A pleasant Comedie of

Firke. See see Hodge, how my master raues in commendation of Rafe.

Hodge. Rafe thou'rt a gull by this hand an thou goest not.

Ask. I am glad (good master Eyc) it is my hap

To meet so resolute a souldier :

Trust me, for your report and loue to him,
A common sleight regard shall not respect him.

Lacy. Is thy name Rafe?

Rafe. Yes sir.

Lacy. Giue me thy hand,

Thou shalt not want as I am a Gentleman.
Woman be patient, God (no doubt) will send
Thy husband safe againe, but he must goe,
His Countries quarell sayes it must be so.

Hodge. Thou'rt a gull by my stirrop, if thou dost not goe,
I will not haue thee strike thy ginlet into these weake vessels,
picke thine enemies Rafe. Enter Dodger.

Dodger. By Lord your Uncle on the Tower-hill
Stayes with the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen,
And doth request you with all speed you may
To hasten thither. Exit Dodger.

Askew. Cosen, come let vs goe.

Lacy. Dodger, run you befoze, tell them we come :
This Dodger is my Uncles parasite,
The arrant barlet that ere bzeath'd on earth,
He sets moze discord in a noble house
By one days bzoaching in his pick-thanke tales,
Than can be salu'd againe in twentie yeares,
And he I feare shall goe with vs to France,
To przie into our actions.

Askew. Therefore Coze,

It shall behoue you to be circumspect,

Lacy. Feare not god Cozen. Rafe, hie to your Colours.

Rafe. I must because there is no remedy,
But gentle master and my louing dame,
As you haue alwayes borne a friend to me,
So in my absence thinke vpon my wife.

Iane. Alas my Rafe.

to the Gentle Craft.

Wife. She cannot speake for weeping.

Eyre. Peace you crackt groats, you mustard tokens disquiet not the haue souldier, goe thy wayes Rafe.

Iane. I, I, you bid him goe, what shall I doe when he is gone?

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

Eyre. Let me see thy hand Iane, this fine hand, this white hand, these pretty fingers must spin, must card, must worke, worke you humbust cotten candle Dneane, worke for your liuing with a por to you. Hold thee Rafe, here's fine sixpences for thee, fight for the honour of the Gentle Craft, for the Gentlemen Shoemakers, the couragious Cordwainers, the flower of S. Martins, the mad knaues of Bedlem, Fleetstreet, Towerstreet and White-Chappell, cracke me the crownes of the French knaues, a por on them, cracke them, fight by the Lord of Ludgate, fight my fine boy.

Firke. Here Rafe, here's two twopences, to carry into France, the third shall wash our soules at parting, (for sorrow is dry) for my sake firke the Bala-mon cucs.

Hodge. Rafe, I am heavy at parting, but here's a willing for thee. God send thee to cram thy slops with French crownes, and thy enemies bellies with bullets.

Rafe. I thanke ye master, and I thanke you all:

Now gentle wife, my louing louely Iane,

Rich men at patting giue their wines rich gifts,

Jewells and rings to grace their lilly hands,

Thou know'st our trade makes rings for womens haels:

Here take these paire of Shoes cut out by Hodge,

Sticht by my fellow Firke, seam'd by my selfe,

Made by and pint with letters for thy name,

Weare them my deare Iane, for thy husbands sake,

And euery morning when thou pul'st them on,

Remember me, and pray for my returne,

Make much of them for I haue made them so,

That I can know them from a thousand mo.

Sound Drum. Enter L. Mayor, Lincolne, Lacy, Askew, Dodger, and souldiers: they passe ouer the Stage, Rafe falls in amongst them, Firke and the rest cry farewell, &c. and so exeunt.

A pleasant Comedie of

Enter Rose alone making a garland.

Rose. Here sit thou downe vpon this Rowzie banke,
And make a garland for thy Lacy's head,
These Pinkes, these Roses, and these Violets,
These blushing Gillyflowers, these Marigolds,
The faire embroidery of his Coronet,
Carrie not halfe such beautie in their cheekes,
As the sweet countenance of my Lacy doth.
O my most unkinde Father! O my starres!
O my lou'd you so at my Patiuitie.
To make me loue, yet hie rob'd of my loue:
Here as a these am I imprisoned
(For my deare Lacy's sake) within those walles,
Which by my Fathers cost were builded by
For better purposes: here must I languish
For him that's not) as much lament (I know)
In his absence, as for him I pine in woe.

Enter Sibill.

Sibill. Good morrow young Mistris, I am sure you make
that garland for me, against I shall be Lady of the
harnett.

Rose. Sibill, what newes at London?

Sib. None but good: my Lord Mayor your Father, and ma-
ster Philpot your Uncle, and master Scot your Cousen, and
Mistris Frigbottome by Doctors Commons, doe all by my troth
send you most hearty commendations.

Rose. Did Lacy send kinde greetings to his loue?

Sib. O yes, out of cry by my troth, I scant knew him, here
a woze a scarfe, and here a scarfe, here a bunch of feathers,
and here precious stones and Jewels, and a paire of garters:
O monstrous like one of our yellow silke Curtaines, at home
here in Old-fozd house, here in master Bellymounts cham-
ber, I stood at our doze in Cozne-hill, lookt at him, he at me
indeed, spake to him, but hee to me not a word, marry gip
thought I with a wanion, he pass by me as proud, marry soh,
are you growne humorous. thought I: and so thut the doze
and in I came.

Rose. O Sibill, how dost thou my Lacy wrong?
My Rowland is as gentle as a lambe,

the Gentle Craft.

No Doubt was euer halfe so milde as he.

Sibill. Milde : yea as a bushell of stamp crabs, he lookt by on me as slowe as beruice : goe thy wayes thought I, thou mayst be much in my gaskins, but nothing in my neather-stocks : this is your fault Mistris, to loue him that loues not you, he thinkes scozne to doe as he's done to, but if I were as you, I'de cry, go by Ieronimo, go by ; I'de set my old debts against my new driblets, and the hares foot against the gosse-giblets, soz if euer I sigh when scape I should take, pray God I may lose my maydenhead when I wake.

Rosc. Will my loue leaue me then and go to France ?

Sibill. I know not that, but I am sure I see him stalk before the souldiers, by my troth he is a proper man, but he is proper that proper doth, let him goe snick-by young Mistris.

Rosc. Get thee to London, and learne perfectly,

Whether my Lacy go to France or no :

Doe this, and I will giue thee for thy paines,

My Cambzicke apron, and my Romish Gloues,

My Purple Stockins, and a Stomacher,

Say, wilt thou doe this Sibill for my sake ?

Sibill. Will I quotha : at whose suit : by my troth yea, I'le go, a cambzick apron, gloues and a paire of purple stockins, & a stomacher, I'le sweat in purple mistris for you, I'le take any thing that comes in Gods name, Orich, a cambzicke apron ; faith then haue at by taites all, I'le goe Aggy Joggy to London, and be here in a trice young mistris.

Rosc. Doe so good Sibill, meane time wretched I,

Will sit and sigh for his lost company.

Enter Rowland Lacy like a Dutch Shoomaker.

Lacy. How many shapes haue Gods and Kings deuise,
Thereby to compasse their desired loues, :

It is no shame for Rowland Lacy then,

To cloth his cunning with the Gentle Craft,

That thus disguised, I may vnknowne possesse

The onely happy presence of my Rose :

For her haue I forsoke my charge in France,

Incur'd the Kings displeasure, and stir'd by

Rough hatred in my vncle Lincolnes breast :

A pleasant Comodic of

O loue how powerfull art thou, that canst change
High birth to basenesse, and a noble minde,
To the meane semblance of a Shoemaker,
But thus it must be, for her cruell father,
Hating the single vniou of our soules,
Hath secretly conuey'd my Rose from London,
To barre me of her presence, but I trust
Fortune and this disguise will further me
Once more to view her beautie, gaine her sight:
Here in Tower-street with Eyre the Shoemaker,
I speake a while to worke, I know the trade,
I learnt it when I was at Wittemberge,
Then chere thy hopingspirits, be not dismayd,
Thou canst not want doe Fortune what she can,
The Gentle Craft is liuing for a man. Exit.

Enter Eyre making himselfe ready.

Eyre. Where be these boyes, these girles, these drabbes,
these scoundzels, they wallow in the fat breuets of my bounty,
and licke by the crums of my table, yet will not rise to see my
walkes cleansed: come out you powderboef-queanes: what
Nan, what Madge Mumble-crust, come out you fat Idiottif-
swag-belly whores, and sweepe me these kennels, that the noy-
some filth offend not the noses of neighbours: what Firke I say,
what Hodge, open my Shop windowes, what Firke I say.

Enter Firke.

Firke. O Master, ist you that speake bandog and Bedlam
this morning, I was in a dreame, and mused what mad-man
was got into the street so earely, haue you drunke this morning
that your throat is so cleare?

Eyre. Ah well said Firke, well said Firke, to worke my fine
knaue, to worke, wash thy face, and thou'lt be more blest.

Firke. Let them wash my face that will eat it, good Master
send for a House-wife, if you will haue my face cleaner.

Enter Hodge.

Eyre. Away flouen, auant scoundzell, good morow Hodge,
good morow my fine Foze-man.

Hodge. O Master, good morow, y'are an early stirrer,
here's

the gentle Craft.

here's a faire morning, god morrow Firke, I could haue slept this houre, heer's a bzauē day towards.

Eyre. Hast to worke my fine Foze-man, hast to worke.

Firke. Master, I am drie as dust to heare my fellow Roger talke of faire weather, let vs pray for good leather, and let Clownes and Plow-boyes, and those that worke in the fields pray for bzauē dayes, we worke in a drie thap, what care I if it raine?

Enter Eyres wife.

Eyre. How now dame Margerie, can you see to rise? trip and goe, call by the dzabs your maides.

Wife. See to rise? I hope 'tis time inough, 'tis earlie enough for any Woman to be sent abroad, I maruell how many wines in Towler-Street are by so sone: Gods me 'tis not none, here's a pawling.

Eyre. Peace Margerie, peace, wher's Cissy Bumtrinket your maid? she hath a priuie fault, she farts in her sleepe, call the Queane by, if my men want thoe threed, I'le swinge her in a stirrop.

Firke. Yet that's but a drie beating, here's still a signe of dzought.

Enter Lacy singing.

Lacy. Der was een boze van Gelderland, Frolick si byen
He was als dzunke he cold nyet stand, vp solcese byen,
Tap eens de canneken dzinck scheue mannekin.

Firke. Master, for my life ponders a brother of the Gentle Craft, if he beare not Saint Hughe's bones I'le forfeit my bones, he's some vnländish worke-man, hire him god Master, that I may learne some gibble gabble, 'twill make vs worke the faster.

Eyre. Peace Firke, a hard world, let him passe, let him vanish we haue Journymen enow, peace my fine Firke.

Wife. Nay nay y'are best follow your mans counsell, you shall see what will come on't, we haue not men enow, but wee must entertaine euery butterboze; but let that passe.

Hodge. Dame, forso God if my wasser follow your counsell hee le consume little beefe, he shall be glad of men, and he can catch them.

Firke. I that he shall.

Hodge. Afoze God a proper man, and I warrant a fine worke.

A pleasant Comedie of

wozkeran : Master farewell, dame adue, if such a man as he cannot finde woꝛke, Hodgc is not for you. *Officio goe.*

Eyre. Stay my fine Hodgc.

Firke. Faith and your foze-man goe dame you must take a iourney to seeke a new Journey-man, if Rogei remoue, Firke followes, if Saint Hughes bones shall not be set a woꝛke, I may pꝛicke mine awle in the wals, and goe play : fare ye well master, God buy dame.

Eyre. Carrie my fine Hodgc, my bziske foze-man, stay Firke, peace pudding broth, by the Lord of Ludgate I loue my men as my life, peace you gallinaufrey, Hodgc if he want woꝛke I hire him, one of you to him, stay he comes to vs.

Lacy. Goeden dach maester, end v bzo oak.

Firke. Hailes if I should speak after him without drinking, I should choak, & you friend Dake are you of the gentle craft?

Lacy. Paw, paw, ich beene den skowaker.

Firke. Den skowaker quoth a, and hearke you skowaker, haue you all your toles, a god rubbing pin, a god stopper, a god dzeller, your soure sozt of Aules, and your two halles of war, your paring knife, your hand and thun-leathers, and god Saint Hughes bones to smooth your woꝛke.

Lacy. Paw, paw, he niet boꝛ beard, ik hab all de dinggen, hoir Mack shoes grot and cleane.

Firke. Ha, ha, god master hire him, he'll make me laugh so that I shall woꝛke moze in mirth than I can in earnest.

Eyre. Heare you friend, haue you any skill in the mystry of Cordwainers.?

Lacy. Ich weet niet wat you seg ich ber skalv you niet.

Firke. Why thus man, Ich ber ste v niet, quoth a.

Lacy. Paw, paw, paw, ich candat well doen.

Firke. Paw paw, he speakes pawning like a Jack daw, that gapes to be fed with cheese curds, & he'll giue a villanous pull at a Can of double beere, but Hodgc, and I haue the vantage, we must dzinke first, because we are the eldest Journey-men.

Eyre. What is thy name.?

Lacy. Hans, Hans, Meulter.

Eyre. Giue me thy hand, thou art welcome, Hodgc, enter-
taine

the Gentle Craft.

taine him, Firke bid him welcome, come Hans, run wife, bid your maids, your trullibubs, make ready my fine mens breakfasts: to him Hodge.

Hodge. Hans, th'art welcome, vse thy selfe friendly, for we are good fellowes, if not, thou shalt be fought with, wert thou bigger than a Spant.

Firke. Yea, and drunk with wert thou Gargantua, my master hopes no Cowards, I tell thee: hœ, boy, bring him an hœ-blocke, here's a new Journeyman.

Enter Boy.

Lacy. Ich versto you, ich moet een halne dossen Cans betalen: nere boy nempt dis skilling, tap oens frœelicke.

Exit Boy.

Eyre. Quicke snipper snapper, away Firke, scowze thy thzoat, thou shalt wash it with Castillian liquor. *Enter Boy.* Come up last of the fives, giue me a Can, haue to thee Hans, here Hodge, here Firke, drinke you mad Grækes, and worke like true Trojans, and pray for Simon Eyre the Shomaker, here Hans and th'art welcome.

Firke. Lo dame, you would haue lost a good fellow that will teach us to laugh, this bære came hopping in well.

Wife. Simon, it is almost seuen.

Eyre. It so dame clapper dudgeon, itt seuen a clocke, and my mens breakfast not readie: tip and goe you solwst cunger, away, come you mad Hyperbozeans, follow me Hodge, follow me Hans, come after my fine Firke, to worke to worke a while, and then to breakfast. *Exit.*

Firke. Soft, paw, paw, good Hans, though my master haue no moze wit but to call you afoze me, I am not so foolish to goe behinde you, I being the elder Journeyman. *Exeunt*

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

Ham. Cosen, beat euery bzake, the game's not farre,
This way with winged feet he fled from death,
Whilst the persuing hounds senting his steps,
Find out his high way to destruction.
Besides, the Millers boy told me euen now,
He saw him take soile and he hollowed him:

A pleasant Comedie of

Affirming him so embold,
That long he could not hold,

Warner. If it be so,
Tis best we trace these meddleswes by Old-Fozd.

A noise of hunters within, enter a Boy.

Hammon. How now boy, where's the Dære? Speake,
saw'st thou him.

Boy. O yea, I saw him leape through a hedge, and then
ouer a ditch, then at my Lord Mayoꝝs pale ouer he skipt me,
and in he went me, and holla the hunters cride, and there boy,
there boy, but there he is a mine honestie,

Hammon. Boy God a mercie, Cosen let's alway,
I hope I shall finde better sport to day. *Exeunt.*

Hunting within, enter Rose and Sibill.

Rose. Why Sibill, wilt thou proue a Fozrestter?

Sibill. Upon some no, Fozrestter goeby: no faith mistris,
the Dære came running into the Barne, through the Orchard
and ouer the pale, I wot well, I lok't as pale as a new cheese
to see him, but whyp saies godman Pinclose vp with his haile,
and our Nicke with a prong, and downe he fell, and they vpon
him, and I vpon them, by my troth we had such sport, and in
the end we ended him, his throate we cut, dead him, vnhorned
him, and my Lord Mayoꝝ shall eat of him anon when he
comes.

Hornes sound within.

Rose. Heark, heark, the hunters come, y'are best take heed,
They'l haue a saying to you for this deed.

Enter Hammon, Warner, huntsmen, and Boy.

Ham. God saue you faire Ladies.

Sibill. Ladies? O grosse!

War. Came not a Bucke this way?

Rose. No, but two Does.

Ham. And which way went they? saith we'll hunt at those.

Sibill. At those? vpon some no: when, can you tell?

War. Upon some, I.

Sibill. God Lord.

War. Zounds then farewell.

Ham. Boy, whtch way went he?

the Gentle Craft.

Boy. This way sir he ran.

Ham. This way he ran indeed, faire Mistris Rose,

Our game was lately in your Orchard scene.

War. Can you aduise which way he took his flight?

Sibill. Follow your nose, his hoznes will guide you right.

War. Th'art a mad wench.

Sibill. O rich!

Rose. Trust me, not I.

It is not like that the wilde Forrest Deere,

Would come so rarie to places of resort,

You are deceiu'd, he fled some other way.

War. Which way my sugar-candy, can you shew?

Sibill. Come by good honifops, vpon some no.

Rose. Why doe you stay and not pursue your game?

Sibill. I'le hold my life their hunting-nags be lame.

Ham. A deere, moze deere is found within this place.

Rose. But not the Deere (sir) which you had in chace.

Ham. I chae'd the Deere, but this Deere chaseth me.

Rose. The strangest hunting that euer I see,

But where's your parke?

She offers to goe away.

Ham. Tis here: O stay.

Rose. Impale me, and then I will not stay.

War. They wrangle wench, we are moze kinde than they.

Sibill. What kinde of heart is that (dare heart) you seeke?

War. A Hart, dare heart.

Sibill. Who euer saw the like?

Rose. To lose your heart, is't possible you can?

Ham. My heart is lost,

Rose. Alacke good Gentleman.

Ham. This poze lost heart would I wish you might finde.

Rose. You by such lucke might proue your Hart a Hind.

Ham. Why Lucke had hoznes, so haue I heard some say?

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

Enter L. Mayor and seruants.

L. Ma. What D. Hammon, welcome to Old-Ford.

Sibill. Gods pittikins, hands off sir, here's my Lord.

L. Ma. I heare you had ill lucke, and lost your game.

A pleasant Comedie of

Ham. 'Tis true my Lord.

L. Mayor. I am soyy for the same.

What gentleman is this?

Ham. My brother in law.

L. Ma. You are welcome both, sith Fortune offers you
Into my hands, you shall not part from hence,
Untill you haue refresht your weared limbes.
Goe Sibill couer the boord, you shall be guest
To no god chere, but euen a hunters feast.

Ham. I thanke your Lordship: Cosen, on my life,
For our lost venison I shall finde a wife. Exeunt.

L. Ma. In gentlemen, I le not be absent long,
This Hammon is a proper gentleman,
A Citizen by birth, fairely allide,
How fit a husband were he for my girle?
Well, I will in, and doe the best I can,
To match my daughter to this gentleman, Exie.

Enter Lacy, Skipper, Hodge, and Firke.

Skip. Ick sal yow wat seggen Hans, dis skip dat comen
from Candy is alwol, by Gots sacrament, van sugar, ciuet,
almond, Cambzicke, end alle dingen towsand towsand ding,
nempt it Hans, nempt it boz vmaester, daer be de bills van
laden, your maester Symon Eyre sal hae god copen, wat seg-
gen yow Hans.

Firke. Wat seggen de reggen de copen, slopen, laugh Hodge
laugh.

Lacy. Mine lieuer broder Firke, bringt maester Eyre lot
det signe van swannekin, dare sall you finds dis skipper end
me, wat seggen yow broder Firke? doet it Hodge, come
Skipper. Exeunt.

Firke. Bring him god. you here's no knauerie, to bring my
maester to buy a ship, worth the lading of 2. or 3. hundred thou-
sand pounds, alas that's nothing, a trifle, a bable Hodge.

Hodge. The truth is Firke, that the Marchant owner of the
Ship dares not shew his head, and therefore this Skipper that
deales for him, for the loue he beares to Hans, offers my ma-
ster Eyre a bargaine in the commodities, he shall haue a reason-
able

the Gentle Craft.

nable day of payment, he may sell the wares by that time and be an huge gainer himselfe.

Firke. *Dea*, but can my fellow Hans lend my master twenty porpentines as an earnest pennie.

Hodge. *Portegues* thou wouldst say, here they be Firke. *harke*, they ginge in my pocket like *S. Mary Overies* bells.

Enter Eyre and his Wife.

Firke. *Gum*, here comes my Dame and my Master, the'll sco'd on my life, for loptering this Monday, but all's one, let them all say what they can, Monday's our holyday.

Wife. *You* sing *sic* sauce, but I beshew your heart, I feare so: this your singing we shall smart.

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

Hodge. *Master*, I hope you'll not suffer my dame to take downe your Journeymen.

Firke. If the take me downe, Ile take her up, yea and take her downe too, a button-hole lower.

Eyre. *Peace* Firke, not I Hodge, by the life of Pharao, by the Lord of Ludgate, by this beard, every haire whereof I value at a Kings ransome, the shall not meddle with you, peace you humbust-cotten-candle queane, away *Quene of Clubs*, quarrell not with me and my men, with me and my fine Firke, Ile strike you if you doe.

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

Eyre. Let it passe, let it vanish away: peace, am not I Simon Eyre? are not those my braue men? braue Shoemakers, all gentlemen of the Gentle Craft? Whince am I none, yet am I nobly borne, as being the sole sonne of a Shoemaker, away rubbish, vanish, melt, melt like kitchenstuffe.

Wife. *Dea*, yea, 'tis well, I must be call'd rubbish, kitchenstuffe, for a sort of knaves.

Firke. *Stay* dame, you shall not weepe and waile in woe for me: master Ile stay no longer, here's an enuentoy of my shop toles: adue master, Hodge farewell.

Hodge. *Stay* stay Firke, thou shalt not goe alone.

Wife. I pray let them goe, there be more maids than *Patwa* kin, more men than Hodge, and more soles than Firke.

Firke

A pleasant Comedie of

Firke. Holes & nailes if I tarrie now, I would my guts might be turned to shoe-thread.

Hod. And if I stay, I pray God I may be turn'd to a Turk, and set in Finsbury for boys to shoot at: come Firke.

Eyre. Stay my fine knaues, you armes of my trade, you pillars of my profession. What, shall a tittle rattles word make you forsake Symon Eyre? auant Kitchinstuffe, rippe you browne-bread tarrikur, out of my sight, moue me not, haue not I tane you from selling Tripes in Galtcheape, and set you in my shop, and make you haile fellow with Simon Eyre the Showmaker: and now doe you deal thus with my Journey-men? Looke you powder-biefe Queane on the face of Hodge: here's a face for a Lord.

Firke. And here's a face for any Lady in Chzistendome.

Eyre. Rip you chitterling, auant boy, bid the Tapster of the Bozes head fill me a dozen Cannes of bere for my iourneymen.

Firke. A dozen Cannies: O haue Hodge now I'll stay.

Eyre. And the knaue fills any more than two, he payes for them: a dozen Cannies of bere for my Journey-men, here you mad Meloporamians, wash your liuers with this liquour, where be the odds ten? no more Hodge, no more, well said, drinke & to worke: what worke dost thou Hodge? what worke?

Hodge. I am making a paire of shoes for my Lord Mayors daughter, mistris Rose.

Firke. And I a paire of shoes for Sibill my Lords maide, I deale with her.

Eyre. Sibill? fie, defile not thy fine workemanly fingers with the feet of Kitchingstuffe, and hasting ladies, Ladies of the Court, fine Ladies, my lads, commit their feet to our apperrelling, put grosse worke to Hans: yarke and seame: yarke and seame.

Firke. For parking and seaming let me alone, & I come too.

Hodge. Well Walker, all this is from the bias, doe you remember the Ship my fellow Hans told you of, the Skipper and he are both drinking at the Swan: here be the Portugues to giue earnest, if you goe thozow with it, you cannot choise but be a Lord at least.

Firke.

the Gentle Craft.

Firke. *May dame, if my master proue not a Lord, and you a Lady, hang me.*

Wife. *Pea like enough, if you may loyter and tittle thus.*

Firke. *Tittle Dame? no we haue bene bargaining with Skellum Scanderbag: can you Dutch speaken, for a Shippe of Silke Cipresse, laden with Sugar Candy.*

*Enter the boy with a veluet coat, and an Aldermans
gowne, Eyre puts it on.*

Eyre. *Peace Firke, silence tittle tattle: Hodge, I'll goe thozow with it, here's a seale ring and I haue sent for a garded golwne and a damaske casocke, see where it comes, looke here Maggy, helpe me Firke, apparell me Hodge, silke and satten you mad Whilistines, silke and satten.*

Firke. *Ha, ha, my Master will be as proude as a dogge in a doublet, all in beaten damaske and veluet.*

Eyre. *Softly Firke, for rearing of the nap, and wearing threed-bare my garments; how dost thou like me Firke? how doe I looke my fine Hodge?*

Hodge. *Why now you looke like your selfe master, I warrant you, there's few in the Citie, but will giue you the wall, and come vpon you with the right worshopfull.*

Firke. *Pailes my Master lookes like a threed-bare clocke new turn'd, and dzest: Lord, Lord, to see what god raiment doth: dame, dame, are you not enamoured?*

Eyre. *How saist thou Maggy, am I not byisk: am I not fine?*

Wife. *Fine: by my troth swæet heart very fine: by my troth I neuer likt thee so well in my life swæet heart. But let that passe, I warrant there be many women in the Citie haue not such handsome husbands, but onely for their apparell, but let that passe too.*

Enter Hans and Skipper.

Hans. *Godden day mæster, dis be de skipper dat heb de skip van marchandize, de commodity ben good, nempt it mæster, nempt it.*

Eyre. *God a mercy Hans, welcome Skipper, where lies this ship of merchandize?*

Skip, *De skip bene in rouere: doz be van sugar, ciuit, Almonds, Cambricke, and a towsand towsand tings, Gots sacrament, nempt it mæster, ye sal hab god copen.*

A pleasant Comedie of

Firke. To him master, O sweet master, O sweet wares,
Bzunes, Almonds, Suger-candy, Carret rootes, Turnips, O
bzaue fatting meat, let not a man buy a nutmeg but your selfe.

Eyre. Peace Firke, come Skipper, I le goe aboard with you,
Hans haue you made him drinke?

Skip. Yaw, yaw, ic heb beale ge drunke.

Eyre. Come Hans, follow me Skipper, thou shalt haue my
countenance in the City. Exeunt.

Firke. Yaw heb beale ge drunke, quotha: they may well
be called butter-bores, when they drinke fat beale, and thicke
beere too: but come Dame, I hope youle chide vs no moze.

Wife. No faith Firke, no perdy Hodge, I doe feele honour
creepe vpon me, and which is moze, a certaine rising in my
flesh, but let that passe.

Firke. Rising in your flesh doe you feele you say? I, you may
be with childe, but why should not my master feele a rising in
his flesh, hauing a gowne and a gold ring on, but you are such a
shrew, youle soone pull him downe.

Wife. Ha, ha, pze the peace, thou mak'st my woꝛship laugh,
but let that passe: come I le goe in Hodge, pze the goe before
me, Firke follow me.

Firke. Firke doth follow, Hodge passe out in state. Exeunt.

Enter Lincolne and Dodger.

Lin. How now god Dodger, what's the newes in France?

Dodger. My Lord, vpon the eighteenth day of May,
The French and English were prepared to fight,
Each side with eager furie gaue the signe,
Of a most hot encounter, fise long houres
Both armies fought together: at the length
The lot of vitorie fell on our sides,
Twelue thousand of the Frenchmen that day dide,
Foure thousand English, and no man of name,
But Captaine Hyam, and young Ardington,
Two gallant gentlemen, I knew them well.

Lin. But Dodger, pze the tell me in this fight,
How did my cozen Lacy beare himselfe?

Dod. My Lord your cozen Lacy was not there.

Lin. Not there? Dod. No, my god Lord.

Lin.

the Gentle Craft.

Lin. Sure thou mistakest,
I saw him thipt, and a thousand eyes beside
Were witnesse of the farewells which he gaue,
When I with weeping eyes bid him adieu :
Dodger take heed.

Dod. My Lord I am aduis'de
That what I speake is true: to proue it so,
His cozen Askew that supplide his place,
Sent me for him from France, that secretly
He might conuey himselfe hither.

Lin. It euen so,
Dares he so carelesly venture his life,
Upon the indignation of a King ?
Hath he dispil'd my loue, and spurnd those fauoures
Which I with prodigall hand powred on his head ?
He shall repent his rashnesse with his soule,
Since of my leue he makes no estimate,
I'le make him wish he had not knowne my hate,
Thou hast no other newes ?

Dod. None else, my Lord.

Lin. None worse I know thou hast: procure the King
To crowne his giddie browes with ample honours.
Send him chiefe Colonell, and all my hope
Thus to be dashed: but tis in vaine to grieue,
One euill cannot a worse relæue:
Upon my life I haue found out this plot,
The old dog Loue that salund vpon him so,
Loue to that puling girle, his faire cheekt Rose,
The Lord Mayors daughter hath distracted him,
And in the fire of that loues lunacie,
Hath he burnt vp himselfe, consum'd his credit,
Lost the Kings loue, yea and I feare his life,
Onely to get a wanton to his wife:
Dodger, it is so.

Dod. I feare so my good Lord.

Lin. It is so, nay sure it cannot be.
I am at my wits end Dodger.

Dod. Yea my Lord.

A pleasant Comedie of

Liv. Thou art acquainted with my Nephewes haunts,
Spend this gold for thy paines, go seeke him out,
Watch at my Lord Mayors, there (if he liue)
Dodger, thou shalt be sure to meet with him :
Prethee be diligent. Lacy thy name
Liu'd once in honour, now dead in shame :
Be circumspect. Exit,

Dod. I warrant you my Lord. Exit.

Enter Lord Maior, and Master Scot.

L. Ma. Good master Scot, I haue bene bold with you,
To be a witness to a wedding knot,
Betwixt young master Hammon and my daughter.
Stand aside, see where the louers come.

Enter Hammon and Rose.

Rose. Can it be possible you loue me so ?
No, no, within those eye-balls I espie,
Apparant likelyhoods of flatterie,
Pray now let goe my hand.

Ham. Swæet mistress Rose,
Misconstrue not my words, nor misconceiue
Of my affection, whose deuoted soule
Sweares that I loue thee deerer than my heart.

Rose. As deere as your owne heart ? I iudge it right,
Men loue their hearts best when th'are out of sight.

Ham. I loue you by this hand.

Rose. Yet hands off now :

If flesh be fraile, how weake and frail's your bow :

Ham. Then by my life I sweare.

Rose. Then doe not brawle,

One quarrell loseth wife and life and all,
Is not your meaning thus ?

Ham. In faith you iest.

Rose. Loue loues to sport, ther'efoze leaue loue y'are best.

L. Ma. What ? square they master Scot ?

Scot. Sir neuer doubt,

Louers are quickly in, and quickly out.

Ham. Swæet Rose, be not so strange in fansying me,
Pray neuer turne aside, shun not my sight,

I am not growne so fond, to fond my loue
 On any that shall quit it with disdain,
 If you will loue me, so: if not, farewell.

L.Ma. Why how now louers, are you both agreed?

Ham. Yes faith my Lord. (daughter.

L.Ma. Tis well, giue me your hand, giue me yours
 How now, both pull backe, what meanes this, Oyle?

Rose. I meane to liue a maid.

Ham. But not to die one, patise ere that be said. aside.

L.Ma. Will you still crosse me? still be obstinate?

Ham. Nay chide her not my Lord for doing well,
 If she can liue an happy virgins life,
 Tis farre more blessed than to be a wife.

Rose. Say sir I cannot, I haue made a vow,
 Who euer be my husband tis not you.

L.Ma. Your tongue is quicke, but Hammon know,
 I had you welcome to another end.

Ham. What, would you haue me pule, and pine, and pray,
 With louely Lady mistris of my heart,
 Pardon your seruant, and the rimer play,
 Rayling on Cupid, and his tyrants dart?
 Or shall I vnder take some martiall spoile,
 Wearing your gloue at Turney, and at Tilt,
 And tell how many gallants I vnhoist,
 Sweet, will this pleasure you?

Rose. Yes, when will begin?
 What loue-rimes man? sit on that deadly sinne.

L.Ma. If you will haue her, Ile make her agré.

Ham. Enforced loue is worse than hate to me,
 There is a wench keeps shop in the old change,
 To her will I, it is not wealth I seeke,
 I haue enough, and will prefer her loue
 Befoze the world: my good Lord Dayor adew,
 Old loue for me, I haue no lucke with new. Exit.

L.Ma. How mammet you haue well behau'd your selfe,
 But you shall curse your coyneffe if I liue:
 Who's within there? see you conuey your mistris
 Straight to th'old Ford, Ile keepe you straighte enough,

A pleasant Comedie of

Forso God I would haue sworne the puling girle
Would willingly accept Hammons loue ;
But banish him my thoughts, goe minion in. Exit Rose.
Now tell me master Scot, would you haue thought
That master Simon Eyre the Shoemaker
Had bene of wealth to buy such merchandize :

Scot. 'Twas well my Lord, your honour, and my selfe,
Grew partners with him, for your bills of lading
Shew that Eyres gaines in one commoditie
Rise at the least to full thre thousand pound,
Besides like gaine in other merchandize.

L.Ma. Well, he shall spend some of his thousands now,
For I haue sent for him to the Guild Hall, Enter Eyre.
See where he comes : god morrow master Eyre.

Eyre. Forso Simon Eyre, my Lord, your Shoemaker.

L.Ma. Well well, it likes your selfe to terme you so.

Enter Dodger.

Now M. Dodger what's the news with you ?

Dod. I do gladly speake in priuate to your Honour.

L.Ma. You shall, you shall : master Eyre, and M. Scot,
I haue some businesse with this gentleman,
I pray let me intreate you to walke befoze
To the Guildhall, I le follow presently,
Master Eyre, I hope ere none to call you Sherife.

Eyre. I would not care (my Lord) if you might call me
King of Spaine, come master Scot. Exit.

L.Ma. Now master Dodger, what's the newes you bring :

Dod. The Earle of Lincolne by me greets your Lordship,
And earnestly requests you (if you can)
Informe him where his nephew Lacy keeps.

L.Ma. Is not his nephew Lacy now in France ?

Dod. No I assure your Lordship, but disguis'd
Lurkes here in London.

L.Ma. London ? ist euen so ?

It may be ; but vpon my faith and soule,
I know not where he liues, or whether he liues,
So tell my Lord of Lincolne: lurke in London ?
Well master Dodger, you perhaps may start him,

the Gentle Craft.

Be but the meanes to rid him into France,
I'll give you a dosen angels for your paines,
So much I loue his honoz, hate his nephew,
And pzethe so infor me thy Lord from me.

Dod. I take my leaue.

Exit Dodger.

L. Ma. Farewell good M. Dodger.

Lacy's in London I dare palune my life,
My daughter knowes thereof, and for that cause,
Denied young Master Hammon in his loue,
Well, I am glad I sent her to old Ford,
Gods Lord tis late, to Guild hall I must hie,
I know my bzythen lacke my companie.

Exit.

Enter Firke, Eyres wife, Hans, Roger.

Wife. Thou goest to fast for me Roger, M. Firke.

Firke. I forsoth.

Wife. I pray the run (doe you heare) run to Guild Hall,
and learne if my husband M. Eyre will take that worshopfull
vocation of M. Sherife vpon him, hie the god Firke.

Firke. Take it? well I goe, and he should not take it, Firke
swears to forswear him, yes forsoth I goe to Guild Hall.

Wife. Nay when? th'art two compendious and tedious.

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

Wife. Nay when? thou wilt make me melancholly.

Firke. God forbid your Worshop should fall into that hu-
mour; I run.

Exit.

Wife. Let me see now Roger and Hans.

Ro. I forsoth dame, (mistris I should say) but the old terme
so stickes to the roofe of my mouth, I can hardly like it off.

Wife. Euen what thou wilt god Roger, Dame is a faire
name for my honest Christian, but let that passe, how dost
thou Hans?

Hans. We tanck you vzo.

Wife. Well Hans and Roger, you see God hath blest your
master, and perdie if euer he come to be M. Sherife of Lon-
don, (as we are all mortall) you shall see, I will haue some

A pleasant Comedie of

adde thing or other in a corner for you, I will not be your backe friend, but let that passe, Hans, pray the tie my shoe.

Hans. Paw il sal bzo.

Wife. Roger, thou knowest the length of my foot, as it is none of the biggest, so I thanke God it is handsome enough, pre the let me haue a paire of shoes made, Corke god Roger, wooden hiele to.

Hodge. You shall.

Wife. Art thou not acquainted with neuer a Fardingale-maker, nor a French-hood-maker, I must enlarge my humme, ha, ha, ha, how shall I loke in a hood I wonder, perdie odly I thinke.

Roger. As a Cat out of a Pillozy, very well I warrant you Mistresse.

Wife. Indeed all flesh is grasse, and Roger, canst thou tell where I may buy a good haire?

Roger. Yes forsooth, at the Poulterers in Gracious street.

Wife. Thou art an vngacious wag, perdye, I meane a false haire for my perewig.

Roger. Why Mistris, the next time that I cut my beard, you shall haue the shauings of it, but mine are all true haire.

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

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

Wife. Fie vpon it, how costly this worlds calling is, perdy, but that it is one of the wonderfull workes of God, I would not deale with it: is not Firke come yet? Hans, be not so sad, let it passe and vanish as my husbands worshop sairs.

Hans. Ack bin brolicke, lot see you so.

Roger. Mistris, will you drinke a pipe of Tobacco?

Wife. O fie vpon it Roger, perdy, these filthy tobaco pipes are the most idle flauering bables that euer I felt: out vpon it, God blesse vs, men loke not like men that vse them.

Enter Rafe being lame.

Roger. What fellow Rafe? Mistresse loke here, Ianes husband: why how now, lame? Hans make much of him, he's a brother of our Trade, a good workeman, and a tall Souldier.

Hans. You be welcom broder.

Wife.

the Gentle Craft.

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

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

Wife. Trust me I am soyrre Rafe to see thee impotent,
LORD how the warres haue made him Sun-burnt: thy left leg
is not well, 'twas the faire gift of God, the infirmitie toke not
hold a little higher, considering thou canst from France, but
let that passe.

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

Wife. Hea truly Rafe, I thanke my maker: but let that
passe.

Rog. And sirra Rafe, what newes, what newes in France?

Rafe. Tell me good Roger first what newes in England?
How does my lane? when didst thou see my wife?

Where liues my poore heart? shee be poore indeed,
How I want limbs to get whereon to feed.

Rog. Limbs? hast thou not hands man? thou shalt ne-
uer see a thowmaker want bread, though he haue but three fin-
gers on a hand.

Rafe. Yet all this while I heare not of my lane.

Wife. O Rafe your wife, perdie we know not what's be-
come of her: she was here a while, and because she was mar-
ried, grew moze stately than became her, I cheekt her, and so
forth, away she flung, neuer returned, nor said hiy nor bah:
and Rafe you know, ka me, ka thee, And so as I tell ye. Roger
is not Firke come yet?

Rog. No forsooth.

Wife. And so indeed we heard not of her, but I heare she
liues in London: but let that passe. If she had wanted, she
might haue opened her case to me or my husband, or to any of
my men, I am sure there is not any of them perdie, but would
haue done her good to his power. Hans, looke if Firke be
come.

Exit Hans.

Hans. Pa'wit sal byo.

Wife. And so as I said: but Rafe, why dost thou weepe?

A pleasant Comedie of

thou knowest that naked we came out of our mothers wombe, and naked we must returne, and therefore thanke God for all things.

Roger. No faith, Iane is a stranger here, but Rafe pull by a good heart, I know thou hast one, thy wife man is in London, one told me he saw her awhile agoe very braue and neat, woe'le ferret her out, an London hold her.

Wife. Alas poore soule, he's ouer-come with sorrow, he does but as I doe, weepe for the losse of any good thing : but Rafe, get thee in, call for some meat and drinke, thou shalt finde me worshipfull towards thee.

Rafe. I thanke you Dame, since I want limbs and lands, I'll trust to God, my good friends, and to my hands. Exit.

Enter Hans and Firke running.

Firke. Runne good Hans, O Hodge, O Mistris ; Hodge heaue by thine eares, Mistris smugge by your lokes, on with your best apparell, my Master is chosen, my Master is called, nay condemned by the cry of the Countrie to be Sherife of the Citie, for this fawours yeare now to come : and time now being, a great many men in blacke gownes were askt for their voices, and their hands, and my master had all their fists about his eares presently, and they cried, I, I, I, I, and so I came away, wherefoze without all other grieue, I doe salute you Mistris Shrieue.

Hans. Wal, my maester is de goot man, de Shrieue.

Roger. Did not I tell you mistris, now I may boldly say, god morrow to your worship.

Wife. God morrow god Roger, I thanke you my good people all, Firke, hold by thy hand, here's a thre-pennie peece for thy tidings.

Firke. 'Tis but thre halfe pence, I thinke: yes 'tis thre pence I smell the Rose.

Hodge. But mistris, be rul'd by me, and doe not speake so pulingly.

Firke. 'Tis her worship speakes so & not she, no faith mistris speake me in the old key, to it Firke, there god Firke, ply your
business

the Gentle Craft.

business Hodge, Hodge with a full mouth : I'le fill your bellies with good chere till they crie twang.

Enter Simon Eyre wearing a gold chaine.

Hans. See mine lieuer broder, here comt my maister.

Wife. Welcome home maister Shrieue, I pray God continue you in health and wealth.

Eyre. See here my Maggy, a Chaine, a gold Chaine for Simon Eyre, I shall make thee a Lady, here's a Frenchhood for thee, on with it, on with it, dresse thy brodes with this flap of a shoulder of mutton, to make thee looke louely : where'be my fine men ? Roger, I'le make ouer my shop and toles to thee : Firke, thou shalt be the fore-man : Hans, thou shalt haue an hundred for twenty, be as mad knaues as your maister Sim Eyre hath bene, and you shall liue to be Sherifes of London : how dost thou like me Margerie ? Prince am I none, yet am I princely bozne, Firke, Hodge, and Hans.

All 3. I forsooth, what saies your worshop mistris Sherife?

Eyre. Worship and honour ye Babilonian knaues, for the Gentle Craft : but I forgot my selfe, I am bidden to my Lord Mayor to dinner to old Ford, he's gone befoze, I must after : come Madge, on with your trinkets : now my true Troians, my fine Firke, my dapper Hodge, my honest Hans, some deuices, some odde crochets, some morris, or such like, for the honour of the Gentlemen Shoemakers, meet me at old Ford, you know my minde. Come Madge away, shut vp the shop knaues, and make Holiday.

Exeunt.

Firke. O rare, O haue, come Hodge, follow me Hans, We'le be with them for a Morris dance. Exeunt.

Enter Lord Maior, Eyre, his wife in a French-hood, Sibill, and other Seruants.

L. Mayor. Trust me you are as welcome to old Ford, as my selfe.

Wife. Truly I thanke your Lordship.

L. Mayor. Would our bad chere were worth the thanks you giue.

Eyre. Good chere my Lord Mayor, fine chere, a fine house, fine walles, all fine and neat.

A pleasant Comedie of

L.Ma. Now by my troth, I'll tell thee master Eyre,
It does me good and all my Brethren,
That such a mad-cap fellow as thy selfe
Is entred into our societie.

Wife. I but my Lord hee must learne now to put on gra-
uitie.

Eyre. Peace Maggy a fig for grauitie, when I goe to Guild-
Hall in my Scarlet gowne, I'll looke as deuotely as a Saint,
and speake as gravely as a Iustice of Peace, but now I am
here at old Ford, at my good Lord Mayors house, let it goe by,
banish Maggy, I'll be merry, away with slip flap, these scold-
eries, these gulleries: what hunny? Prince am I none, yet am
Princely hozne: what sayes my Lord Mayor?

L.Ma. Ha, ha, ha, I had rather than a thousand pound, I
had an heart but halfe so light as yours.

Eyre. Why what should I doe my Lord: a pound of care
payes not a dram of debt: hum, let's be merry while we are
young, old Age sacke and sugar will steale vpon vs ere we be
aware.

L.Ma. It's well done, Mistris Eyre, pray giue good coun-
sell to my daughter.

Wife. I hope mistris Rose will haue the grace to take no-
thing that's bad.

L.Ma. May God shee doe, for if aith mistris Eyre,
I would bestow vpon that peeuish girdle
A thousand markes moze than I means to giue her,
Upon condition she be rul'd by me.
The Ape still crosseth me: there came of late,
A proper gentleman of faire reueneues,
Whom gladly I would call Sonne in law:
But my fine Cockney would haue none of him,
You'll proue a Cockscombe for it ere you die,
A Courtier or no man must please your eye.

Eyre. Be rul'd sweet Rose, th'art ripe for a man: marrie
not with a boy that has no moze haire on his face than thou
hast on thy cheekes: a Courtier, wash, goe by, stand not vpon
pitherie, pitherie: those silken fellowes are but painted Ima-
ges, outsid'es, outsid'es Rose, their inner linings are tozne:

no my fine mouse, marrie me with a Gentleman Grocer like my Lord Mayor your father; a Grocer is a sweet trade, plums, plums: had I a sonne or daughter should marrie out of the generation and blood of the Shoemakers, he should pack: what, the gentle trade is a living for a man thozow Europe, thozow the world.

A noise within of a Taber and a Pipe.

L.Ma. What noise is this?

Eyre. O my Lord Mayor, a crue of good fellows that for loue to your honour, are come hither with a Morildance; come in my Mesopotamians cheerly.

Enter Hodge, Hans, Rafe, Firke, and other Shoemakers in a morris: after a little dancing the Lord Mayor speakes.

L.Ma. Master Eyre, are all these Shoemakers?

Eyre. All Cordwainers my good Lord Mayor.

Rose. How like my Lacy looks yond Shoemaker.

Hans. O that I durst but speake vnto my loue!

L.Ma. Sibill, goe fetch some wine to make these drinke, you are all welcome.

All. We thanke your Lordship.

Rose takes a cup of wine and goes to Hans.

Rose. For his sake whose faire shape thou representest, God friend I drinke to thee.

Hans. It be dancke god frister.

Wife. I see mistris Rose you doe not want iudgement, you haue drinke to the properest man I keepe.

Firke. Here be some haue done their parts so be as proper as he.

L.Ma. Well, vrgent businesse calls me backe to London: God fellows first go in and tast our cheare, And to make merrie as you homeward goe, Spend these two angels in here at Stratford Boe.

Eyre. To these two (my mad lads) Simon Eyre addes another, then cheerly Firke, tickle it Hans, and all for the honour of Shoemakers.

All goe dancing out.

A pleasant Comedie of

L. Ma. Come master Eyre, let's haue your company. Exeunt.

Rose. Sibill what shall I doe ?

Sibill. Why what's the matter ?

Rose. That Hans the Shonaker is my loue Lacy,
Disguis'd in that attire to finde me out,
How should I finde the meanes to speake with him ?

Sib. What mistris, neuer feare, I dare venter my mayden-
head to nothing, and that's great oddes, that Hans the Dutch-
man when we come to London, shall not onely see and speake
with you, but in spite of all your Fathers polices, steale
you away and marrie you, will not this please you ?

Rose. Doe this, and euer be assured of my loue.

Sibill. Away then, and follow your Father to London,
Lest your absence cause him to suspect something:
To morrow if my counsell be obaide,
I'll binde you prentise to the gentle trade.

Enter Iane in a Semsters shop working, and Hammon muffled
at another dore, he stands aloofe.

Ham. Wonder's the shop, and there my faire loue sits,
She's faire and louely, but she is not mine,
I would she were, thrice haue I courted her,
Thrice hath mine hand bene moistned with her hand,
Whill my poore famisht eyes doe feed on that
Which made them famish: I am infortunate,
I still loue one, yet no bodie loues me,
I muse in other men what women see,
That I so want: fine mistris Rose was coy,
And this too curious, oh no, she is chaste,
And so she thinkes me wanton, she denies
To cheare my cold heart with her sunny eyes,
How prettily she worke, oh pretie hand!
Oh happy worke, it doth me good to stand
Vnsene to see her, thus I oft haue stood,
In frosty euening, a light burning by her,
Enduring biting cold, onely to eye her,
One onely loke hath seem'd as rich to me
As a kings crowne, such is loues lunacie :

the Gentle Craft.

uffled I le passe along, and by that try
Whether she know me.

Ianc. Sir, what ist you buy?

What ist you lacke sir? callico, or lalune,
Fine cambrycke sprints, or bands, what will you buy?

Ham. What which thou wilt not sell, faith yet I le trie:
How doe you sell this handkercher?

Ianc. Good chsape.

Ham. And how these ruffes?

Ianc. Cheape too.

Ham. And how this band?

Ianc. Cheape too.

Ham. All cheape, how sell you then this band?

Ianc. My hands are not to be sold.

Ham. To be giuen then, nay faith I come to buy.

Ianc. But none knowes when.

I Ham. God sweet leaue wꝛke a little while, let's play.

Ianc. I cannot liue by keeping holliday.

Ham. I le pay you for tꝛe time which shall be lost.

Ianc. With me you shall not be at so much coll.

I Ham. Loke how you wound this cloth, so you wound me.

Ianc. It may be so.

Ham. T'is so.

Ianc. What remedy?

Ham. Pay faith you are too coy.

Ianc. Let goe me hand.

Ham. I will doe any taske at your command,

I would let go this beantie, were I not

In minde to disobey you by a power

That controules things: I loue you.

Ianc. So, now part.

Ham. With hands I may, but neuer with my heart,

In faith I loue you.

Ianc. I beleue you doe.

Ham. Shall a true loue in me breed hate in you?

Ianc. I hate you not.

Ham. Then you must loue.

Ianc. I doe, what are you better now? I loue not you.

Ham.

A pleasant Comedie of

Ham. All this I hope is but a womans fray,
That meanes come to me, when she cries, away:
In earnest mistis I do not iest,
A true chaste loue hath entred in my brest,
I loue you dearely as I do my life,
I loue you as a husband loues a wife,
That, and no other loue my loue requires,
Thy wealth I know is little, my desires
Whirle not for gold sweet beautious Iane what's mine,
Shall (if thou make my selfe thine) all be thine,
Say, fudge, what is thy sentence, life, or death:
Percie or crueltie lies in thy breath.

Iane. Good sir I doe beleue you loue me well:
For tis a seely conquest, seely pride,
For one like you (I meane a Gentleman)
To boast, that by his loue tricks he hath brought,
Such and such women to his amorous lure:
I thinke you doe not sa, yet many doe,
And make it euen a very trade to woe:
I could be coy, as many women be,
Feed you with Sun-shine smiles, and wanton looks,
But I detest witch-craft: say that I
Doe constantly beleue you, constant haue.

Ham. Why dost thou not beleue me

Iane. I beleue you,
But yet good sir, because I will not grieue you,
With hopes to taste fruit which will neuer fall,
In simple truth this is the summe of all,
My husband liues, at least I hope he liues,
Wrest was he to those bitter warres in France,
Bitter they are to me by wanting him,
I haue but one heart, and that heart's his due.
How can I then bestow the same on you?
Whilst he liues his I liue, be it nere so poore,
And rather he his wife, than a Kings whoze.

Ham. Chaste and deare woman, I will not abuse thee,
Although it cost my life, if thou refuse,
Thy husband wrest for France, what was his name?

the Gentle Craft.

Iane. Rafe Dampport.

Ham. Dampport, her's a letter sent
From France to me, from a deare friend of mine,
A Gentleman of place, here he doth wryts,
Their names that haue beene slaine in euery fight.

Iane. I hope deaths scrowle containes not my loues name.

Ham. Can you read?

Iane. I can.

Ham. Peruse the same.

To my remembrance such a name I read
Amongst the rest: see here.

Iane. Ay me, he's dead,

He's dead, if this be true my deare hearts slaine.

Ham. Haue patience, deare loue.

Iane. Hence, hence.

Ham. Nay sweet Iane,

Make not poore sorow proud with these rich teares,
I mourne thy husbands death because thou mournt.

Iane. That bill is forged, tis signe by forgerie.

Ham. He bying thee letters sent besides to many
Carrying the like report: Iane tis too true,
Come, wepe not: mourning though it rise from loue,
Helps not the mourned, yet hurts them that mourne.

Iane. For Gods sake leaue me.

Ham. Whither dost thou turne?

Forget the dead, loue them that are aliuie,
His loue is faded, trie how mine will thriue.

Iane. 'Tis now no time for me to thinke on loue.

Ham. 'Tis now best time for you to thinke on loue, because
your loue liues not.

Iane. Though he be dead, my loue to him shall not be buried,
For Gods sake leaue me to my selfe alone.

Ham. 'T would kill my soule to leaue thee drownd in mone:
Answer me to my sute, and I am gone,
Say to me, yea, or no.

Iane. No.

Ham. Then farewell, one farewell will not serue, I come
again, come drie these wet cheekes, tell me, faith sweet

I

Iane.

A pleasant Comedie of

Iane, yea or no, once more.

Iane. Once more I say no, once more be gone I pray, else will I goe.

Ham. Nay then I will grow rude, by this white hand,
Till you change that cold no, here I'll stand,
Till by you hard heart

Iane. Nay for Gods loue peace,
My sorrows by your presence more increase,
Not that you thus are present, but all grieve
Desires to be alone, therefore in brieve
Thus much I say, and saying bid adew,
If ever I wed man it shall be you.

Ham. Oh blessed voice, deare Iane, I'll bidge no more,
Thy breath hath made me rich.

Iane. Death makes me poore, Exeunt.

Enter Hodge at his shop boord, Rafe, Firke, Hans,
and a boy at worke.

All. Hey downe, a downe dery.

Hodge. Well said my hearts, plie your worke to day, we
lovtred yester day, to it pell mell, that we may liue to be Lord
Mayors, or Aldermen at least.

Firke. Hey downe a downe dery.

Hodge. Well said ifaith, how saist thou Hans, doth not Firke
tickle it?

Hans. Walwæster.

Firke. Not so neither, my Organ pipe squeakes this morn-
ing for want of liquoring: hey downe a downe dery.

Hans. Forward Firke, to w best on iolly yongster ho: I me-
ster to bid yo cut me on paire banzyres bo: mester Effres boots.

Hodge. Thou shalt Hans.

Firke. Master.

Hodge. How now, boy?

Firke. Nay, now you are in the cutting baine, cut me out
a paire of counterfeits, or else my worke will not passe cur-
rant, hey downe a downe dery.

Hodge. Tell me sirs, are my cozen M. Priscillas shoes done?

Firke. Your cozen? no matter, one of your aunts, hang her
let them alone.

Rafe. I am in hand with them, the gaue charge that none but I should doe them for her.

Firke. Thou doe for her? then 'twill be but a lame doing, and that she lous not: Rafe, thou might'st haue sent her to me, in faith I would haue yeard and firkt your Piceilla, hey downe a downe very, this geere will not hold.

Hodge. How saist thou Firke? were we not merry at Old-Ford?

Firke. How merry? why our buttockes went jiggy Jogggy like a quagnire: well sir Roger Oatemeale, if I thought all meate of that nature, I would eate nothing but Waggpud-dings.

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

Firke. 'Tis true, because mistress Roke dranke to him.

Hodge. Well, well, was he apace, they say seuen of the Aldermen be dead, or very sicke.

Firke. I care not, 't he be none,

Rafe. So nor I, but then my M. Eyre will come quickly to be Lord Mayor.

Enter Sibill.

Firke. With hope, yonder comes Sibill.

Hodge. Shall, welcome ifaith, and how dost thou madde wench?

Firke. Sib. whoze, welcome to London.

Sibill. Godamercy sweet Firke: god Lord, Hodge, what a delicious shop you haue got, you tickle it ifaith.

Rafe. God a mercy Sibill for our god chere at old Ford.

Sibill. That you shall haue Rafe.

Firke. Pay by the masse, we had tickling chere Sibill, and how the plague dost thou and mistress Roke, and my M. Mayoer?

I put the woman in first.

Sibill. Well Godamercy: but Gods me, I forget my selfe, where's Hans the Flemming?

Firke. Hearke butter-box, now you must yelp out some speken.

Hans. Wat begaie gon dat bod gon Frisser.

Sibill. Marrie you must come to my young mistress, to pull on her shoes you made last.

Hans. Wat ben your egle fro, bare ben your mistress?

A pleasant Comedie of

Sibill. ~~Marrie~~ here at our London house in Cornhill.
Firke. Will no body serue her turne but Hans?
Sibill. No sir, come Hans I stand upon needles.
Hod. Why then Sibill take heed of pricking.
Sibill. For that let me alone, I haue a tricke in my budget,
come Hans.
Hans. yaw, yaw, ic fall mee te you gane.

Exit Hans and Sibill.

Hodge. Goe Hans, make hast againe: come, who lackes
worke?
Firke. I watter, for I lacke my bzeakefast, 'tis nunching
time, and pass.

Hodge. If so, why then leaue worke Rafe, to bzeakefast,
boy looke to the toles, come Rafe, come Firke. Exeunt.

Enter a Seruingman.
Ser. Let me see now, the signe of the Last in Towerstreet,
mas ponders the house: what haue, who's within?
Enter Rafe.

Rafe. Who calls there, what want you sir?
Ser. Marrie I would haue a paire of shoes made for a
Gentlewoman against to morrow morning, what can you doe
them?

Rafe. Yes sir, you shall haue them, but what length's her
foot.

Ser. Why, you must make them in all parts like this shoe,
but at any hand faile not to doe them; for the Gentlewoman
is to be married very carely in the morning.

Rafe. How by this shoe must it be made: by this: are you
sure sir by this?

Ser. How, by this I am sure, by this art thou in thy wits:
I tell thee I must haue a paire of shoes, dost thou marke me:
a paire of shoes, two shoes made by this very shoe, this same
shoe, against to morrow morning by foure a clocke, dost thou
vnderstand me, canst doe it?

Rafe. Yes sir, yes, I, I, I can do't, by this shoe you say: I
should know this shoe: yes sir, yes, by this shoe, I can do't,
foure a clocke, well, whither shall I bring them?

Ser. To the signe of the golden ball in Watling street, en-
quire

the Gentle Craft.

quire for one master Hammon, a Gentleman, my master.

Rafe. Dea sir, by this shoe you say.

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

Rafe. They shall be done by this shoe; well, well, master Hammon at the golden shoe, I would say the golden ball, well, very well, but I pray you sir, where must master Hammon be married?

Ser. At Saint Faith's Church under Pauls: but what's that to thee: prethee dispatch those shoes, and so farewell.

Exit.

Rafe. By this shoe said he, how I am amazed
At this strange accident: vpon my life,
This was the very shoe I gaue my wife
When I was prest for France; since when, alas,
I neuer could heare of her: tis the same,
And Hammons bride no other than my lane.

Enter Firke.

Firke. Snailles Rafe, thou hast lost thy part of thre pots, a countryman of mine gaue me to bzeakefast.

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

Firke. A thing: away; is it a mans tyeing or a womans thing.

Rafe. Firke, dost thou know this shoe?

Firke. No by my troth, neither dosty that know me: I haue no acquaintance with it, tis a mere stranger to me.

Rafe. Why then I doe; this shoe I durst be sworne
Once covered the instep of my lane:

This is her size, her bzeadth, thus trod my loue,

These true-loue knots I prickt, I hold my life,

By this old shoe I shall finde out my wife.

Firke. Ha ha old shoe, that were new, how a murren came
this ague fit of foolishnesse vpon thee?

Rafe. Thus Firke, euen now here came a securing man,

By this shoe would he haue a new paire made

Against to morrow morning for his mistress,

That's to be married to a Gentleman,

And why may not this be my sweet lane?

A pleasant Comedie of

Firke. And why maiest not thou be my sweet Alle : ha, ha, ha
Rafe. Well, laugh and spare not, but the truth is this,
Against to morrow morning I'll prouide
A lusty crew of honest Shoemakers,
To watch the going of the hyde to Church :
If she proue Iane, I'll take her in despite
Of Ham non and the Deuill, were he by,
If it be not my Iane, what remedy ?
Hereof I am sure I shall liue till I die,
Although I neuer with a woman lie.

Firke. Thou lie with a woman to build nothing but Crip-
plegates. : Well, God sends soles fortune, and it may be he
may light vpon his matrimony by s. ch a deuice, for wedding
and hanging goes by destinie. Exeunt

Enter Hans and Rose arme in arme.

Hans. How hapie am I by embracing thee,
O I did feare such crosse mishaps did raigne,
That I should neuer see my Rose againe.

Rose. Sweet Lacy, since faire oppoztunitie,
Offers her selfe to fit ther our escape,
Let not too ouer fond esteeme of me,
Vnder that happie houre, inuent the meanes,
And Rose will follow thee thozow all the world.

Hans. O how I surfet with excelle of ioy,
Vade happie by thy rich perfection :
But since thou payst swet interest to my hopes,
Redoubling loue on loue, let me once moze
Like to a bold-fac'd debtoz craue of thee,
This night to steale abroad, and at Eyres house,
Who now by death of certaine Aldermen,
Is Mayor of London, and my master once,
Wete thou thy Lacy, where in spite of change,
Vour fathers anger, and mine vncles hate,
Our happy nuptials will we consummate. Enter Sibill.

Sibill. Oh God, what will you do mistress : Whiff for your
selfe, your father is at hand, he's comming, he's comming,
master Lacy hide your selfe in my mistress, for Gods sake whiff
for youe selues.

Hans.

the Gentle Craft.

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

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

Enter L. Maior.

Hans. Was and that's well remembred.

Sibill. Here comes your father.

Hans. For ware metresse, tis vn god skow, it fall bel dute,
oz ye sal niet betfallen.

Rose. O God it pincheth me, what will you doe.

Hans. Your fathers presence pincheth, not the shoe.

L. Ma. Well done, fit wy daughter well, and she shall please
the well.

Hans. Paw, paw, ick wiet dat well, for ware tis vn god
skow, tis gi mait van niecs leither, se ener mins here.

Enter a Prentise.

L. Ma. I doe beleue it, what's the newes, with you?

Prent. Please you the Carle of Lincolne at the gate is new-
ly lighted, and would speake with you.

L. Ma. The Carle of Lincolne come speake with me?

Well, well, I know his errand, daughter Rose
Send hence your Shoemaker dispatch, haue done:

Sib. make things handsome, sir boy follow me.

Exit.

Hans. My father come; O what may this portend?
Sweet Rose, this of our loue threatens an end.

Rose. Be not dismayd at this, what ere befall,
Rose is thine owne, to witnesse I speake truth,
Where thou appointst the place, I le meet with thee;
I will not sere a day to follow thee,

But presently steale hence: doe not repleie,
Loue which gaue strength to beare my fathers hate,
Shall now adde wings to further our escape.

Exeunt.

Enter Lord Maior and Lincolne.

L. Ma. Beleue me on my credit I speake truth,
Since first your nephew Lacy went to France,
I haue not seens him: It seem'd strange to me,
When Dodger told me that he staid behinde,
Neglecting the high charge the King imposed.

Lin.

A pleasant Comedie of

Lin. Trust me (sir Roger Oeley) I did thinke
 Your counsell had giuen head to this attempt,
 Drawne to it by the loue he beares your childe,
 Here I did hope to finde him in your house,
 But now I see mine error, and confesse
 My iudgement wrong'd you by conceiuing so.

L.Ma. Lodge in my house, say you? trust me my Lord,
 I loue your nephew Lacy too too dearely,
 So much to wrong his honour: and he hath done so,
 That first gaue him aduice to stay from France.
 To witnesse I speake truth, I let you know
 How carefull I haue bene to keepe my daughter
 Frae from all conference or speech of him,
 Not that I scozne your nephew, but in loue
 I beare your honour, lest your noble blond,
 Should by my meane worth be dishonoured.

Lin. How far the churles tongue wanders from his heart,
 Well, well sir Roger Oeley, I belæue you,
 With more than many thanks for the kinde loue,
 So much you seeme to beare me: but my Lord,
 Let me request your helpe to seeke my nephew,
 Whom if I finde, I'll straight imbarke for France;
 So shall your Rose be frae, my thoughts at rest,
 And much care die which now lies in my brest. Enter Sibill.

Sibill. Oh Lord, helpe for Gods sake, my mistress, Oh my
 young mistress.

L.Ma. Where is thy mistress? what's become of her?

Sibill. She's gone she's fled.

L.Ma. Gone? whither is she fled?

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

L.Ma. Which way? what Iohn? where be my men?
 which waie.

Sib. I know not and it please your worship.

L.Ma. Fled with a Shoemaker, can this be true?

Sib. O Lord sir, as true as you are Lord Mayor.

Lin. Her loue turnd Shoemaker? I am glad of this.

L.Ma. A Flemming butter-box, a Shoemaker.

the Gentle Craft.

Will she forget her birth : requite my care
With such ingratitude : scoz'n'd the young Hammon,
To loue an honnikin, a needy knaue :
Well let her die, I'le not die after her,
Let her starue if she will, she's none of mine.
Lin. Be not so cruell sir.

Enter Firke with shoes.

Sib. I am glad she's scapt.

L.Ma. I'le not account of her as my childe,
Was there no better obiect for her eyes,
But a foule drunken lubbery swill-bellie,
A shomaker, that's bzaue.

Firke. Psea forsooth 'tis a very bzaue shoe, and as fit as a pudding.

L.Ma. How now, what knaue is this, from whence comest thou ?

Firke. As knaue sir, I am Firke the shomaker, lussie Rogers chiefe lussy iourneyman, and I come hither to take by the prettie leg of sweet mistress Rose, and thus hoping that your worship is in as good health as I was at the making hereof, I bid you farewell, yours
Firke.

L.Ma. Stay, stay, sir knaue.

Lin. Come hither shomaker.

Firke, 'Tis happie the knaue is put befoze the shomaker, or else I would not haue bouchsafed to come backe to you, I am moued, for I sirre.

L.Ma. By Lord, this villaine calls vs knaues by craft.

Firke. When 'tis by the Gentle Craft, and to call one knaue gently is no harme : sit your worship merrie : Sib your young mistress. I'le so bob them, now my master M. Eyre is Lord Mayor of London.

L.Ma. Tell me sirra, whose man are you.

Firke. I am glad to see your worship so merrie, I haue no maw to this giers, no stomacke as yet to a red peticoat.

Pointing to Sibill.

Lin. He meanes not sir to wooe you to this maid,
But onely doth demand whose man you are.

A pleasant Comedie of

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

Lin. Sirra, knowst thou one Hans a Shoemaker ?

Firke. Hans Shoemaker, oh yes, say, yes I haue him, I tell
you what, I speake it in secret, mistris Rose and he are by this
time, no not so, but shortly are to come ouer one another, with
Can you dance the shaking of the sheets : it is that Hans, I le
so gull these diggers.

L.Ma. Knowst thou then where he is ?

Firke. Yes forsooth, yea marry.

Lin. Canst thou in sadnesse ?

Firke. No forsooth, no marry.

L.Ma. Tell me good honest fellow where he is,
And thou shalt see what I le bestow of thee.

Firke. Honest fellow, no sir, not so sir, my profession is the
Gentle Craft, I care not for seeing, I loue feeling, let me seele
if here *aurum tenuis* ten peeces of gold, *genuum tenuis*, ten peeces
of siluer, and then Firke is your man in a new paire of
stretchers.

L.Ma. Here is an angell part of thy reward,
Which I will giue thee, tell me where he is.

Firke. No point, shall I betray my brother: no: shall I prooue
Indas to Hans? no: shall I cry treason to my corporation: no,
I shall be firkt and yerkt then, but giue me your angell, your
angell shall tell you.

Lin. Doe so good fellow, 'tis no hurt to thee.

Firke. Send smyping Sib away.

L.Ma. Huswife get you in.

Firke. Pitchers haue eares, and maids haue wide mouthes:
but for Hans praunce, vpon my word to morrow morning he
and young mistris Rose goe to this gere, they shall be marri-
ed together by this rush, or else turne Firke to a skin of butter
to tan leather withall.

L.Ma. But art thou sure of this ?

Firke. Am I sure that Paules-steeple is a handfull higher
than London stone : or that the pissing Conduit leakes nothing
but pure mother Bunch : am I sure I am lustie Firke : snailles
doe you thinke I am so base to gull you ?

the Gentle Craft.

Lincolne. Where are they married? dost thou know the Church?

Firke. I neuer goe to Church, but I know the name of it, it is a swearing Church, stay a while, 'tis, I by the mas: no, no 'tis, I by my troth, no noz that, 'tis I by my faith, that that, 'tis I by my faiths Church vnder Paules Crosse, there they shall be knit like a paire of stockins in matrimony, there they'le be in cony.

Lin. Upon my life my Nephew Lacy walkes,
In the disguise of this Dutch Shoemaker.

Firke. Yes forsooth.

Lin. Dost he not honest Shoemaker?

Firke. No forsooth I thinke Hans is no body but Hans, no spirit.

L.Ma. My minde misgiues me now 'tis so indeed.

Lin. My cozen speakes the language, knowes the trade.

L.Ma. Let me request your company my Lord,

Your honourable presence may, no doubt,

Restraine their head-strong rashnesse, when my selfe

Going alone, perchance may be ore-bozne:

Shall I request this fauour?

Lin. This, or what else.

Firke. Then you must rise betimes, for they meane to fall to their hey passe, and repasse, pindy pandy, which hand will you haue very early.

L.Ma. My care shall euery way equall their halfe,

This night accept your lodging in my house,

The earlier shall we stir, and at Saint Faiths

Preuent this gloddie hare-braind Nuptiall,

This trafficke of hot loue shall yeld cold gaines,

They ban our loues and wee'le forbid their baines.

Exit.

Lin. At Saint Faiths Church thou'st say?

Firke. Yes, by their troth.

Lin. Be secret on thy life.

Exit.

Firke. Yet when I kille your wife, ha, ha, here's no craft in the Gentle Craft, I came hither of purpose with shoes to Sir Rogers worshop, whilst Rose his daughter be cony-catcht by Hans: soft now, these two gulles will be at Saint Faiths

A pleasant Comedic of

Church to morrow morning to take master Bridegrome and mistris Bride tapping, and they in the meane time shall chop vp the matter at the Sauoy : but the best sport is, Sir Roger Oley will finde my fellow lame Rases wife going to marrie a Gentleman : and then he'le stop her in stead of his Daughter ; D'haue, there will be fine tickling sport : soft now, what haue I to doe ? O I know, now a messe of thomakers meat at the Woll-sacke in Iuy lane, to cozen my Gentleman of lame Rases wife, that's true, alacke alacke, girleshold out tacke, so; now smockes for this unnbliing shall goe to wꝛacke.

Exit.

Enter Eyre, his wife, Hans and Rose.

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

Hans. This is the morning that must make vs two happie or miserable, therefore if you —

Eyre. Away with these ifs and ands Hans, and these & ceteraes, by mine honour Rowland Lacy, none but the King shall wrong thee : come feare nothing, an not I Sim Eyre ? Is not Sim Eyre Lord Maior of London ? feare nothing Rose, let them say all what they can, daintie come thou to me, laughst thou ?

Wife. God my Lord stand her friend in what thing you may.

Eyre. Why my sweet Lady Maggy, thinke you Simon Eyre can forget his fine Dutch Journeyman ? no bah. Fie I scozneit, it shall neuer be cast in my teeth, that I was unthankfull. Lady Maggy, thou hadst neuer couered thy Saracens head with this French flappe, nor loaden thy bumme with this farthingale, 'tis trash, trumperie, banitie, Simon Eyre had neuer walkt in a red peticote, nor wore a chaine of Gold but for my fine Journeymans Portugues, and shall I leaue him ? No : Prince am I none, yet heare a Princely minde.

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

Eyre. Lady Maggy, Lady Maggy, take two or thre of my Pie-crust eaters, my Buffe-ierkin varlets, that doe walke in blacke gownes at Simon Eyres heeles, take them good Ladie
Maggy

the Gentle Craft.

Maggy, trip and goe, my browne Quene of Periwigs, with my delicate Rose, and my iolly Rowland to the Sauoy, see them linkt, countenance the marriage, and when it is done, cling, cling together, you Harbozow Turtle Doves, I'le beare you out, come to Simon Eyre, come dwell with me Hans, thou shalt eate mine'd pies, and marchpane. Rose, away cricket, trip and goe, my Lady Maggy to the Sauoy. Hans, wed, and to bed, kisse and away, goe vanish.

Wife. Farewell my Lord.

Rose. Make hast sweet loue.

Wife. Sh'ed faine the deed were done.

Hans. Come my sweet Rose, faster than Dêre wê'll run.

Exeunt.

Eyre. Goe, vanish, vanish, auant I say : by the Lord of Ludgate, it's a mad life to be a Lord Mayor, it's a stirring life, a fine life, a beluet life, a carefull life. Well Simon Eyre, yet set a good face on it, in the honour of Saint Hugh. Dost, the King this day comes to dine with me, to see my new buildings, his Maiesty is welcome, he shall haue good chère, delicate chère, princely chère. This day my fellow prentizes of London come to dine with me too, they shall haue fine chère, gentle man like chère. I promised the mad Cappadocians, when we all serued at the Conduit together, that if euer I came to be Mayor of London, I would feast them all, & I'le dō't, I'le dō't by the life of Pharaoh, by this beard Sim Eyre will be no Sinker. Besides I haue procured, that vpon euery Shrouetues-day at the sound of the Pancake bell, my fine dapper Assirian lads shall clap by their shop windowes, and away; this is the day, and this day they shall dō't, they shall dō't boyes, that day are you free, let masters care, and prentizes shall pray for Simon Eyre.

Exit.

Enter Hodge, Frike, Rafe, and five or six Shoemakers, all with cudgels, or such weapons.

Hodge. Come Rafe, stand to it Firke : my masters, as we are the bzaue blouds of the Shoemakers, heires apparant to Saint Hugh, and perpetuall benefactors to all good fellows : thou shalt haue no wrong : were Hammon a King of Spades, he should not delue in thy close without thy sufferance : but

A pleasant Comedie of

tell me Rafe, art thou sure 'tis thy wife?

Rafe. Am I sure this is Firke? This morning when I strokt on her shoes, I lookt vpon her, and shee vpon me, and sighed, askt me if euer I knew one Rafe. Yes said I: for his sake said she (teares standing in her eyes) and for that thou art somewhat like him, spend this peece of gold: I toke it: my lame leg, and my trauell beyond sea made me vnknowne, all is one for that, I know she's mine.

Firke. Did she giue thee this gold? O glorious glittering gold: shee's thine owne, 'tis thy wife, and she loues thee, for she stand to't, there's no woman will giue gold to any man, but she thinkes better of him than she thinkes of them shee giues sluer to: and for Hammon, neither Hammon nor Hangman shall wrong thee in London: Is not our old Master Eyre Lord Mayor? Speake my hearts.

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

Enter Hammon, his man, and Iane, and others.

Hodge. Peace my bullies. ponder they come.

Rafe. Stand to't my hearts, Firke, let me speake first.

Hodge. So Rafe, let me: Hammon, whither away so early?

Ham. Unmannerly rude slaue, what's that to thee?

Firke. To him sir? yes sir, and to me, and others: god morrow Iane, how dost thou? god Lord, how the world is changed with you, God bethanked.

Ham. Villaines, hands off, how dare you touch my loue?

All. Villaines: downe with them, cry clubs for prentizes.

Hodge. Hold, my hearts: touch her Hammon? yea and more than that, we'll carrie her away with vs. By masters and gentlemen, neuer draw your bird spits, thowmakers are Steele to the backe, men euery inch of them all spirit.

All of Hammons side. Well and what of all this?

Hod. I'll shew you: Iane, dost thou know this man? 'tis Rafe I can tell thee: nay, 'tis he in faith, though he be lam'd by the warres, yet looke not strange, but run to him, sold him about the necke and kisse him.

Iane. Lives then my husband? oh God let me goe,
Let me embrace my Rafe.

Ham.

the Gentle Craft.

Ham. What meanes my Iane?

Iane. Say what meant you, to tell me he was slaine ?

Ham. Pardon me deare loue for being misled,

'Twas rumozd here in London thou wert dead.

Firke. Thou seest he liues: Vasse, goe packe home with him :

now M. Hammon, where's your mistris your wife ?

Ser. S'wounds M. fight for her, will you thus lose her ?

All. Downe with that creature, clubs, downe with him.

Hodge. Hold, hold.

Ham. Hold so: sirs he shall doe no wrong,

'Twill my Iane leaue me thus, and bryake her faith ?

Firke. Yes sir, she must sir, she shall sir, what then : mend it.

Hodge. Hearke fellow Rafe, follow my counsell, set the wench in the middelt, and let her chuse her man, and let her be his woman.

Iane. Whom should I chuse : whom should my thoughts
But him whom Heauen hath made to be my loue ? (affect,
Thou art my husband, and these humble weedes,
Make thee more beautifull than all his wealth,
Therefore I will but put off his attire,
Returning it into the owners hand,
And euer after be thy constant wife.

Hodge. Not a ragge Iane, the Law's on our side, he that
solues in another mans ground forseits his harness, get thee
home Rafe, follow him Iane, he shall not haue so much as a buske
point from thee.

Firke. Stand to that Rafe, the appurtenances are thine
alone, Hammon, loke not at her.

Ser. S'wounds no.

Firke. Blew coat be quiet, we'll giue you a new Lincric
elke, we'll make Shroue Tuesday Saint Georges day for
you : loke not Hammon, leaue not, I'll firke you, for thy
head now, one glance, one shayes eye, any thing at her,
touch not a ragge, lest I and my brethren beate you to
clowts.

Ser. Come master Hammon, there's no struiuing here.

Ham. God fellowes, heare me speake : and honest Rafe,
Whom I haue iniured most by louing Iane,

A pleasant Comedie of

Marke what I offer thee: here in faire gold,
Is twentie pound, I'le giue it for thy Iane,
If this content thee not, thou shalt haue more.

Hodge. Sell not thy wife Rafe, make her not a whoze.

Ham. Say, wilt thou freely cease thy claime in her,
And let her be my wife:

All. No, doe not Rafe.

Rafe. Sirra Hammon Hammon, dost thou thinke a shoemaker is so base, to be a balwd to his owne wife for comodity: take thy gold, choke with it: were I not lame, I would make thee eate thy words.

Firke. A shoemaker sell his flesh and bloud, oh indignitie!

Hodge. Sirra take by your pelfe, and be packing.

Ham. I will not touch one pennie, but in lieu,
Of that great wrong I offered thy Iane?
To Iane and thee I giue that twentie pound,
Since I haue faild of her, during my life,
I bow no woman else shall be my wife:
Farewell god fellows of the gentle trade,
Your moyning mirth my mourning day hath made. Exit.

Firke. Touch the gold creature if you dare, y'are best be trudging: here Iane take thou it, now let's home my hearts.

Hodge. Stay, who comes here: Iane, on againe with thy maske.

Enter Lincolne, Lord Mayor, and seruants.

Lin. Ponders the lying barlet mockt vs so.

L.Ma. Come hither sirra.

Firke. I sir, I am sirra you meane me, doe you not?

Lin. Where is my nephew married?

Firke. Is he married? God giue him ioy, I am glad of it: they haue a faire day, and the signe is in a good Planet, Mars in Venus.

L.Ma. Villaine, thou toldst me that my daughter Rose, This moyning should be married at Saint Faiths, We haue watcht there these thre houres at the least, Yet we see no such thing.

Firke. Truly I am sorry for't, a Bride's a prettie thing.

Hodge. Come to the purpose, ponder's the Bride and
Bride-

the Gentle Craft.

Widgegrome you loke for I hope: though you bee Lords,
you are not to barre by your authozitie men from Women,
are you?

L. Ma. See see my daughter's maskt.

Lin. True, and my nephew,
To hide his guilt, counterfeits him lame.

Firke. Yea truly, God helpe the poore couple, they are lame
and blind.

L. Ma. He ease her blindnesse.

Lin. He his lamenesse cure.

Firke. Lye downe sirs, and laugh, my fellow Raph is taken
for Rowland Lacy, and Iane: for mistris damaske Rose, this is
all my knauerie.

L. Ma. What haue I found you minion?

Lin. O base wretch,

Raph hide thy face, the hozroz of thy guilt
Can hardly be washt off: where are thy powers?
What battells haue you made? O yes I see,
Thou foughtst with shame, and shame hath conquer'd thee;
This lamenesse will not serue.

L. Ma. Unmaske your selfe.

Lin. Lead home your daughter.

L. Ma. Take your nephew hence.

Raph. Hence, swounds what meane you? are you mad? I
hope you cannot enforze my wife from me, wher's Hammon?

L. Ma. Your wife?

Lin. What Hammon?

Raph. Yea my wife, and therefore the proudest of you that
laies hands on her first, He lay my Crutch crosse his pate.

Firke. To him lame Raph, here's bzaue sport.

Raph. Rose call you her? why her name is Iane, loke here
else, doe you know her now?

Lin. Is this your daughter?

L. Ma. No no, this your nephew:

My Lord of Lincolne, we are both abus'd,
By this base craftie varlet.

Firke. Yea forsooth no varlet, forsooth no base, forsooth I am
but means, not craftie neither, but of the gentle Craft.

A pleasant Comedie of -

L. Ma. Where is my daughter Rose? Where is my childe?

Lin. Where is my Nephew Lacy married?

Firke. Why here is good lac'd mutton as I promise you.

Lin. Villaine I'll haue thee punished for this wrong.

Firke. Punish the Journeyman villaine, but not the Journeyman Shoemaker.

Enter Dodger.

Dod. My Lord I come to bring vnwelcome newes,

Your Nephew Lacy, and your daughter Rose,

Carely this morning wedded at the Sauoy,

None being present but the Lady Mayresse:

Besides I learnt among the Officers,

The Lord Mayor bowes to stand in their defence,

Gainst any that shall seeke to crosse the match.

Lin. Dares Eyre the Shoemaker vphold the deed?

Firke. Yes sir, Shoemakers dare stand in a womans quarrell
I warrant as deepe as another, and deeper too.

Dod. Besides his Grace to day dines with the Mayor,

Who on his knees humbly intends to fall;

And beg a pardon for your Nephews fault.

Lin. But I'll prevent him, come sir Roger Ouley,

The King will doe vs iustice in this cause;

How ere their hands haue made them man and wife,

I will disioyne the match, or lose my life. Exeunt.

Firke. Adue Monsieur Dodger, farewell soles, ha, ha.

Oh if they had staid I would haue so lamb'd them with flouts,
O heart, my Codpers-point is readie to slye in piéces every
time I thinke vpon missis Rose, but let that passe, as my La-
die Mayresse saies.

Hodge. This matter is answered: come Rafe, home with
thy wife, come my fine Shoemakers, let's to our masters the
new Lord Mayor, and there swagger this Shrou-Tuesday,
I'll promise you wine enough, for Madge keeps the Sallet.

All. O rare! Madge is a good wench.

Firke. And I'll promise you meat enough, for sinning Susan
keeps the Larder, I'll lead you to victuals my braxe souldiers,
follow your Captains, O braxe, hearken, hearken. Bell rings.

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

Firke.

the Gentle Craft.

Firke. Oh bzaue, oh sweet bell, O delicate Pancakes, open the doze my hearts, and shut vp the windowes, keepe in the house, let out the Pancakes, oh rare my hearts, let's march together for the honoz of S. Hugh, to the great new hall in Gracious street cozner, which our Master the new Lord Mayor hath built.

Rafe. O the crew of good fellowes that will dine at my Lord Mayors cost to day.

Hodge. The Lord Mayor is a most bzaue man, how shall Wrentises be bound to pray for him and the honour of the Gentlemen Shoemakers? let's feed and be fat with my Lord Mayors bountie.

Firke. O muscalle Bell still! O Hodge, O my brethren; there's chere for the Heauens, venison pasties walke by and dolone piping hot like Serieants: Bese and Bzewe comes marching in drifattes, fritters and Pancakes come trowling in whele-barrewes, hens and oranges hopping in pozters baskets collops and egges in scuttles, and Tarts and Custards comes quauering in malt thowels.

Enter more prentises.

All. Whop, loke here.

Hodge. How now mad lads whither away so fast?

1 Pren. Whither? why to the great new Hall, know you not why? the Lord Mayor hath bidden all the prentises in London to breakefast this morning.

All. Oh bzaue Shoemaker! oh bzaue Lord of incomprehen-
sible good fellowship, who! hearke you, the Pancake-Bell
rings. Cast vp Caps.

Firke. Pay more my hearts, every Shroue-tuesday is our yeare of Jubile: and when the Pancake-Bell rings, we are as free as my Lord Mayor, we may shut vp our Shoppes and make holiday: I le haue it call'd Saint Hughs Holiday.

All. Agreed, agreed, Saint Hughs Holiday.

Hodge. And this shall continue for euer.

All. Oh bzaue, come come my hearts, away, away.

Firke. O eternall credit to vs of the Gentle Craft, march
faire my hearts, O rare Exeunt.

A pleasant Comedie of

Enter the King and his traine ouer the stage.

King. Is our Lord Maior of London such a gallant ?

Nobleman. One of the merriest madcaps in your Land,
Your Grace will thinke when you behold the man,
He's rather a wild Ruffian than a Maior :
Yet thus much Ie ensure your Maiestie,
In all his actions that concerne his state,
He is as serious, prouident, and wise,
As full of gravity amongst the graue,
As any Maior hath bene this many yeares.

King. I am with child till I behold this tuffe-cap,
But all my doubt is when we come in presence,
His madnesse will be dasht cleane out of countenance.

Nobleman. It may be so my Liege.

King. Which to prevent,
Let some one giue him notice 't'is our pleasure,
That he put on his wonted merriment :
Set forward. All. On afoze. Exeunt.

Enter, Eyre, Hodge, Firke, Rafe, and other Shoemakers,
all with napkins on their shoulders.

Eyre. Come my fine Hodge, my iolly Gentlemen Shoemakers, soft, where be these Caniballes, these varlets my officers ? let them all walke and wait vpon my brethren, for my meaning is, that none but Shoemakers, none but the liuerie of my Company shall in their sattin hoods wait vpon the trencher of my Soueraigne.

Firke. O my Lord, it will be rare.

Eyre. No more Firke, come liuely, let your fellow prentises want no chere, let wine be plentiful as beere, and beere as water, hang these peny pinching fathers, that cram wealth in innocent Lambs skinnes, rip knaues, auant, looks to my guests.

Hodge. My Lord, we are at our wits end soz rone, those hundred Tables will not feast the fourth part of them.

Eyre. Then couer me those hundred Tables againe and againe, till all my iolly prentises bee feasted : auoid Hodge, runne Raph, strike about my nimble Firke, rarowie mee : fa-
done

some healths to the honour of Shoemakers, doe they drinke liuely Hodge? doe they tickle it Firke?

Firke. Tickle it: some of them haue taken their liquoz standing so long, that they can stand no longer: but for meat they would eat it and they had it.

Eyre. Want they meat? where's this swag-belly, this greasie kitchin stuffe coke, call the bai let to me: want meat? Firke, Hodge, lame Rafe, runne my tall men, beleaguer the Shambles, begger all Cast-cheape, serue me whole Dren in Chargers, and let Sheepe whine vpon the tables like Pigs, for want of god fellowes to eat them. Want meat? banish Firke, auant Hodge.

Hodge. Your Lordship mistakes my man Firke, he meanes their bellies want meat not the words, for they haue drunke so much they can eat nothing.

Enter Hans, Rose, and Wife.

Wife. Where is my Lord?

Eyre. How now Lady Maggy?

Wife. The Kings most excellent Paestie is new come, he sends me for thy honoz, one of his most worshipfull Peeres bad me tell thou must be merrie, and so forth: but let that passe.

Eyre. Is my Soueraigne come: banish my tall Shoemakers, my nimble brethren, looke to my guests the prentizes: yet stay a little, how now Hans, how looks my little Rose?

Hans. Let me request you to remember me, I know your honour easily may obtaine Free pardon from the King for me and Rose, And reconcile me to my Uncles grace.

Eyre. Haue done my good Hans, my honest Journeyman, loke cheerily, I'll fall vpon both my knees till they be as hard as hozne, but I'll get thy pardon.

Wife. God my Lord haue a care what you speake to his Grace.

Eyre. Away you Illington whitepot, hence you hopper-arse, you Barely pudding full of maggots, you broild Carbo-nado, auant, auant, auoyd Mephistophilus: shall Sim Eyre learne to speake of you Lady Maggy? banish mother Miner-Cap, banish, goe, trip and goe, needle with your platters and

A pleasant Comedie of

your pisherie pasherie, your stowes and your shirligigs, goe,
rubout of mine alley : Sim Eyre knowes how to speake to a
Dope, to Sulcan Solyman, to Tamberlaine and he were here :
and shall I trust, shall I dwope before my Soueraigne : no,
come my Lady Maggy, fellow me Hans, about your buidnesse
my frolike freebooters : Firke, friske about, and about, and
about for the honour of mad Simon Eyre, Lord Mayor of
London.

Firke. Hey for the honour of Shoemakers. Exeunt.

A long flourish or two, enter the King, Nobles, Eyre, his Wife,
Lacy, Rose : Lacy and Rose kneele.

King. Well Lacy, though the fact was very foule,
Of your Reuolting from our kingly love,
And your owne dutie, yet we pardon you,
Rise both, and Mistris Lacy, thanke my Lord Mayor
For your young bridegcome here.

Eyre. So my deare Liege, Sim Eyre and my brethren the
Gentlemen Shoemakers shall set your swart Maiesties image
cheeke by tole by Saint Hugh, for this honour you haue done
poore Simon Eyre, I beseech your Grace pardon my rude be-
hauour, I am a handie crafts man, yet my heart is without
craft, I would be sorie at my soule that my boldnesse should
offend my King.

King. Pay, I pray thee good Lord Mayor, be euen as merry
As if thou wert among thy Shoemakers,
It does me good to see thee in this humour.

Eyre. Saist thou me to my swart Dioclesian ? then huape,
Prince am I none, yet am I Princely borne, by the Lord of
Dwogate my Liege, Ile be as merrie as a Pie.

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

Eyre. My Liege, a very boy, a scripling, a yonker, you
see not a white haire on my head, nor a gray in this beard,
every haire I assure thy Maiesty that stikes in this beard,
Sim Eyre halews at the King of Babilons ransome, Tamar
Chams beard was a rubbing brush too't, yet Ile haue it off,
and stusse tennise balles with it to please my bully King.

King. But all this while I doe not know your age.

Eyre.

the Gentle Craft.

Eyre. My Liege, I am six and fifty yeare old, yet I can cry humpe, with a sound heart, for the honour of Saint Hugh: marke this old wench my King, I danc't the Shaking of the Sheets with her six and thirtie yeares agoe, and yet I hope to get two or thrie Lord Mayors ere I die: I am lusty still, Sir Eyre still: care: & cold lodging brings white haire. My sweet Hairesty, let care vanish, cast it vpon thy Nobles, it will make the Locke always young like Apollo, and cry humpe: Prince am I none, yet am I Princely borne.

King. Ha, ha, say Cornwall, didst thou ever see his like? Nobleman. Not I my Lord.

Enter Lincolne and Lord Mayor.

King. Lincolne what news with you?

Lin. My gracious Lord haue care vnto your selfe, For there are Traitors here.

All. Traitors where? who?

Eyre. Traitors in my house: God forbid, where be my Officers: I le spend my soule ere my King take harme.

King. Where is the Traitor Lincolne?

Lin. Here he stands.

King. Cornwall, lay hands on Lacy: Lincolne speake, What canst thou lay vnto thy Nephewes charge?

Lin. This my deare Liege, your Grace to doe me honour, Heapt on the head of this degenerate boy, Desertlesse fauours, you made choise of him To be Commander ouer powers in France: But he:

King. Good Lincolne, prethee pause a while, Cuen in thine eyes I read what thou wouldst speake: I know how Lacy did neglect our loue, Ran himselfe deeply (in the highest degree) Into vile treason.

Lin. Is he not a Traitor?

King. Lincolne, he was, now haue we pardoned him: 'Twas not a base want of true valour, but a long desire That held him out of France, but long desire

Lin. I will not beare his shame vpon my backe,

King.

A pleasant Comedie of

King. No; shalt thou Lincolne, I forgive you both.
Lin. Then good my Liege forbid the boy to wed
One whose meane birthe will much disgrace his bed.

King. Are they not married?

Lin. No my Liege.

Both. We are.

King. Salt I diuorce them then? O be it farre,
That any hand on earth should dare vntie
The sacred knot knit by Gods Maestie;
I would not for my Crowne disioyne their hands,
That are conioyn'd in holy nuptiall bands;
How saist thou Lacy, wouldst thou lose thy Rose?

Hans. Not for all Indians wealth, my Soueraigne.

King. But Rose I'me sure her Lacy would forgoe.

Rose. If Rose were askt that question she'd say no.

King. You heare them Lincolne.

Lin. Yea my Liege I doe.

King. And canst thou finde in heart to part these two?
Who seeks besides you to diuorce these louers?

L.Ma. I doe (my gracious Lord) I am her father.

King. Sir Roger Otely, our last Mayor I thinke.

Nob. The same my Liege.

King. Would you offend Lones lawes?

Well you shall haue your Wills: you sued to me
To prohibit the match: Soft; let me see,
You both are married, Lacy art thou not?

Hans. I am dread Soueraigne.

King. Then vpon thy life,
I charge thee not to call this woman wife.

L.Ma. I thanke your Grace.

Rose. O my most gracious Lord.

kneele.

King. Nay Rose neuer woe me, I tell you true,
Although as yet I am a Batchelor,
Yet I beleue I shall not marrie you.

Rose. Can you diuide the body from the soule,
Yet make the body liue?

King. Yea so profound?
I cannot Rose, but you I must diuide,

the Gentle Craft.

Faire maid this Bridegrome cannot be your Bride,
Are you pleas'd Lincolne? Oley, are you pleas'd?

Both. Yes my Lord,

King. There must my heart be eas'd,

For credit me, my conscience liues in paine,
Till these whom I diuorc'd be toynd againe :

Lacy giue me thy hand, Rose lend me thine,
Be what you would be: kisse now: so, that's fine,

At night (Louers) to bed: now let me see,

Which of you all mislikes this harmony?

L.Ma. Will you then take from me my childe perforce?

King. Why tell me Oley shines not Lacys name,

As bright in the worlds eye, as the gay beames

Of any Citizen.

Lin. Hea but my gracious Lord,

I doe mislike the match farre more than he,

Her blood is too base.

King. Lincolne no more,

Dost thou not know, that loue respects no blood?

Cares not for difference of birth or state,

The maid is young, well boine, faire, vertuous,

A worthy Bride for any Gentleman:

Besides your Nephew for her sake did stoupe

To bare necessitie; and as I heare,

Forgetting honours and all Courtly pleasures,

To gaine her loue became a Shoemaker:

As for the honour which he lost in France,

Thus I redeme it: Lacy kneele thee downe,

Arise Sir Rowland Lacy: tell me now,

Tell me in earnest Oley, canst thou chide?

Seeing thy Rose a Lady and a Bride,

L.Ma. I am content with what your Grace hath done.

Lin. And I my Leige since there's no remedy.

King. Come on then, all shake hands, I'le haue your friends

Where there's is much loue all discord ends:

What saies my inad Lord Mayor to all this loue?

Eyre. O my Liege; the honour you haue done to my faire
Journeyman here, Rowland Lacy, and all these fauours which

A pleasant Comedie of

you haue sholue to me this day in my poore house, will make Simon Eyre liue longer by one dozen of warme Summers more than he should.

King. Pay my mad Lord Mayor, (that shall be thy name) If any grace of mine can length thy life:
One honour more I'le doe thee, that new building,
Which at thy cost in Coznehill is erected,
Shall take a name from vs, we'le haue it call'd,
The Leaden Hall, because in digging it,
You found the lead that couereth the same.

Eyre. I thanke your Maiesty.

Wif. God blesse your grace.

King. Lincolne, a word with you.

Enter Hodge, Firke, and more Shoemakers.

Eyre. How now my mad knaues? Peace, speake softly,
ponder is the King.

King. With the old troupe which there we keepe in pay,
We will incorporate a new supply:
Before one Summer more passe oze my head,
France shall repent England was iniurd,
What are those?

Hans. All Showmakers my Liege,
Sometimes my fellows, in their companie
I liu'd as merry as an Emperoz.

King. My mad Lord Mayor, are all these Showmakers?

Eyre. All Showmakers my Liege, all Gentlemen of the
Gentle Craft, true Trojans, couragious Cordwainers, they
all kneele to the Shrine of holy Saint Hugh.

All. God saue your Maiesty.

King. Mad Simon, would they any thing with vs?

Eyre. My mad knaues not a word, I'ledn't I warrant
you. They are all Beggers my Liege, all for themselves and I
for them all, on both my knes doe intreat, that for the honour
of poore Simon Eyre, and the god of his Brethren these mad
knaues your Grace would bouchsafe some priuilege to my
new Leaden hall, that it may be lawfull for vs to buy and sell
Leather there two dayes in a weeke.

King. Bid Sim, I grant your sute, you shall haue Patent

the Gentle Craft.

To hold two market dayes in Leaden-Hall,
Mondays and Fridays, those shall be the times:
Will this content you?

All. Iesus blesse your Grace.

Eyre. In the name of these my poore brethren Shoemakers,
I most humbly thanke your Grace. But before I rise, seeing
you are in the giuing beine, and we in the begging, grant Sim
Eyre one hone more.

King. What is it my Lord Mayor?

Eyre. Touchsafe to tast of a poore Banquet, that's sweetly
waiting for your sweet presence.

King. I shall vndoe thee Eyre only with this,
Alreadie haue I bene too troublesome,
Say, haue I not?

Eyre. O my deare King, Sim Eyre cannot say so; vpon a
day of Mourning which I promise to all the merrie Prentises
of London: for an't please you when I was prentise
I bare the water-tankard, and my coat
Sits not a whit the worse vpon my backe:
And then vpon a morning, some mad boyes
(It was Shroue-tuesday, euen as 'tis now)

Gaue me my breakfast, and I swoze then by the stopple of
my Tankard, if euer I came to be Lord Mayor of London, I
would feast the Prentises. This day my Liege I did it, and
the slaues had an hundred Tables five times covered, they are
gone home and banisht.

Yet adde more glorie to the Gentle Trade,
Take of Eyres Banquet, Simon's happie made.

King. I will taste of thy Banquet, and will say,
I haue not met more pleasure on a day;
Friends of the Gentle Craft, thanks to you all,
Thanks my kinde Lady Mayresse for our chere:
Come Lords a while let's reuell it at home,
When all our words and banquetings are done,
We must right wozongs which Frenchmen haue begun.

1850

Received of the Treasurer of the State of New York
the sum of \$1000.00 for the year 1850

in full for the year 1850 of the sum of \$1000.00
for the purchase of land for the State of New York

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