



27 1/2 Pence  
(19)



William Holgate.







Haughton

Very scarce. Fine copy.

See C 3 recto. "His heart was not confederat with his tongue".

from Rich. II. Act. 3. "My heart was not confederate with my hand."

F recto. "Night's candles burn obscure" see Rom. and Jul. A. III. Sc. 5.

H 2 verso. "Lust, yet as great in love," See Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 1, 64.  
"the same expression is found in Plays before  
Shakespeare's time." Malone.

ENGLISH-MEN

For my Money:

OR,

A pleasant Comedy,  
called,

A Woman will hate her Will.



Imprinted at London by W. White,  
dwelling in Cow-lane, 1616.

5072

# The Actors names.

*Pisaro, a Portingale.*

*Laurentia,*  
*Marina,* } *Pisaros Daughters.*  
*Mathea,* }

151.887  
May 1873

*Anthony, a Schoolemaister to them.*

*Harvie,*  
*Ferdinand, or Heigham,* } *Suters to Pisaros Daughters.*  
*Ned, or Walgraue,* }

*Delion, a Frenchman,*  
*Aluaro, an Italian,* } *Suters also to the 3. daughters.*  
*Vandalle, a Dutchman,* }

*Frisco a Clowne, Pisaros man.*

*M. Moore.*

*Towerson a Marchant.*

*Balsaro.*

*Browne a Clothier*

*A Post.*

*A Belman.*

W. W. ... ..  
... ..





## Enter PISARO.

*Pisaro.*

**H**ow smugge this gray-eyde Morning seemes to bee,  
A pleasant sight; but yet more pleasure haue I  
To thinke vpon this moystning South-west Winde,  
That driues my laden Shippes from fertile *Spaine*:

But come what will, no Winde can come amisse,

For two and thirty Windes that rules the Seas,

And blowes about this ayerie Region;

Thirtie two Shippes haue I to equall them:

Whose wealthy fraughts doe make *Pisaro* rich:

Thus euery Soyle to mee is naturall:

Indeed by birth, I am a *Portingale*,

Who driuen by Westerne winds on *English* shore,

Heere liking of the soyle, I married,

And haue Three Daughters: But impartiall Death

Long since, depriude mee of her dearest life:

Since whose discease, in *London* I haue dwelt:

And by the sweete loude trade of *Usurie*,

Letting for Interest, and on Morgages,

Doe I waxe rich, though many Gentlemen

By my extortion comes to miserie:

Amongst the rest, three *English* Gentlemen,

Haue pawnde to mee their Liuinges and their Lands:

Each seuerall hoping, though their hopes are vaine,

By marriage of my Daughters, to possesse

Their Patrimonies and their Landes againe:

But Gold is sweete, and they deceiue them-selues;

For though I guild my Temples with a smile,

It is but *Indas*-like, to worke their endes.

*English-men for my money: or,*

But soft, What noyse of footing doe I heare?

*Enter Laurentia, Marina, Mathea, and Anthony.*

*Laur.* Now Maister, what intend you to read to vs?

*Anth.* *Pisaro* your Father would haue me read morall *Phi-*

*Mari.* What's that?

*(osophy.*

*Anth.* First tell mee how you like it?

*Math.* First tell vs what it is.

*Pisa.* They be my Daughters and their Schoole-maister,  
*Pisaro*, not a word, but list their talke.

*Anth.* Gentlewomen, to paint *Philosophy*,

Is to present youth with so sowre a dish,

As their abhorring stomackes nill digestes.

When first my mother *Oxford* (*Englands* pride)

Fostred mee puple-like, with her rich store,

My study was to read *Philosophy*:

But since, my head-strong youths vabridled will,

Scorning the leaden fetters of restraint,

Hath prunde my feathers to a higher pitch.

Gentlewomen, Morall *Philosophy* is a kind of art,

The most contrary to your tender sexes;

It teacheth to be graue: and on that brow,

Where Beawtie in her rarest glory shines,

Plants the sad semblance of decayed age:

Those Weedes that with their riches should adorne,

And grace faire Natures curious workmanship,

Must be conuerted to a blacke fac'd vayle,

Griefes liuerie, and Sorrowes semblance:

Your food must be your hearts abundant sighes,

Steep'd in the brinish licquor of your teares:

Day-light as darke-night, darke-night spent in prayer:

Thoughts your companions, and repentant mindes,

The recreation of your tired spirits:

Gentlewomen, if you can like this modestie,

Then will I read to you *Philosophy*.

*Laur*

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Laur.* Not I.

*Mari.* Fie vpon it.

*Math.* Hang vp *Philosophy*, Ile none of it.

*Pisar.* A Tutor said I; a Tutor for the Diuell.

*Anth.* No Gentlewomen, *Anthony* hath learn'd  
To read a Lector of more pleasing worth.

*Marina*, read these lines, young *Harnie* sent them,  
There euery line repugnes *Philosophy*:

Then loue him, for he hates the thing thou hates.

*Laurentia*, this is thine from *Ferdinande*:

Thinke euery golden circle that thou see'st,

The rich vnualue'd circle of his worthe.

*Mathea*, with these Gloues thy *Ned* salutes thee;

As often as these, hide these from the Sunne,

And Wanton steales a kisse from thy faire hand,

Presents his seruiceable true harts zeale,

Which waites vpon the censure of thy doome:

What though their Lands be morgag'd to your Father;

Yet may your Dowries redeeme that debt:

Thinke they are Gentlemen, and thinke they loue;

And be that thought, their true loues aduocate.

Say you should wed for Wealth; for to that scope

Your Fathers greedy disposition tendes,

The world would say, that you were had for Wealth,

And so faire Beauties honour quite distinct:

A masse of Wealth being powrde vpon another,

Little augments the shew, although the summe;

But beeing lightly scattred by it selfe,

It doubles what it seem'd, although but one:

Euen so your selues, for wedded to the Rich,

His stile was as it was, a Rich man still:

But wedding these, to wed true Loue, is dutie:

You makethem rich in Wealth, but more in Beautie:

I need not plead that smile, that smile shewes hearts con-

That kisse shew'd loue, that on that gift was lent: (sent;

And last thine Eyes, that teares of true ioy sendes,

*English-men for my money: or,*

As comfortable tidings for my friends. (procure,

*Mari.* Haue done, haue done; what need'st thou more.  
When long ere this I stoop'd to that faire lure:

Thy euer louing *Harrie* I delight it:

*Marina* euer louing shall requite it young.

Teach vs *Philosophy*? Ile be no *Nunne*;

Age scornes Delight, I loue it being:

There's not a word of this, not a words part;

But shall be stamp'd, seal'd, printed on my heart;

On this Ile read, on this my senses ply:

All Arts being vaine, but this *Philosophy*.

*Laur.* Why was I made a *Mayde*, but for a *Man*?

And why *Laurentia*, but for *Ferdinand*?

The chastest Soule these *Angels* could intice?

Much more himselfe, an *Angell* of more price:

were't thy selfe present, as my heart could wish,

Such vsage thou shouldst haue, as I giue this.

*Anth.* Then you would kisse him?

*Laur.* If I did, how then?

*Anth.* Nay I say nothing to it, but *Amen*.

*Pisa.* The *Clarke* must haue his fees, Ile pay you them.

*Math.* Good God, how abiect is this single life,

Ile not abide it; *Father*, *Friends*, nor *Kin*,

Shall once dissuade me from affecting:

A man's a man; and *Ned* is more then one:

Yfayth Ile haue thee *Ned*, or Ile haue none;

Doe what they can, chafe, chide, or storme their fill,

*Mathea* is resolu'd to haue her will.

*Pisa.* I can no longer hold my patience.

Impudent villanie, and laciuious *Girles*,

I haue ore-heard your vild conuersions:

You scorne *Philosophy*: You'le be no *Nunne*,

You must needs kisse the *Purffe*, because he sent it.

And you forsooth, you flurgill, minion,

A brat scant folded in the dozens at most,

You'le haue your will forsooth; What will you haue?

*Math.*

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Math.* But twelue yeare old? nay Father that's not so,  
Our Sexton told mee I was three yeares mo.

*Pisa.* I say but twelue: you'r best tell mee I lye.

What sirra *Anthony.*

*Anth.* Heere fir.

*Pisa.* Come here fir, & you light huswiues get you in:  
Stare not vpon me, moue me not to ire: *Exeunt sisters.*

Nay sirra stay you here, Ile talke with you:

Did I retaine thee (villaine) in my house,

Gaue thee a stipend twenty Markes by yeare,

And hast thou thus infected my three Girles,

Vrging the loue of those, I most abhord;

Vnthrifts, Beggars; what is worse,

And all because they are your Country-men?

*Anth.* Why fir, I taught them not to keepe a Marchants  
Booke, or cast accompt: yet to a word much like that  
word Accounte.

*Pisa.* A Knaue past grace, is past recouerie.

Why sirra *Frisco,* Villaine, Loggerhead, where art thou?

*Enter Frisco, the Clowne.*

*Frisco.* Heere's a calling indeed; a man were better to  
liue a Lords life and doe nothing, then a Seruing creature,  
and neuer be idle. Oh Maister, what a messe of Brewesse  
standes now vpon the poynt of spoyling by your hasti-  
nesse; why they were able to haue got a good Stomacke  
with child euen with the sight of them; and for a Vapour,  
oh precious Vapour, let but a Wench come nere them  
with a Painted face, and you should see the Paint drop and  
curdle on her Cheekes, like a peece of dry Essex Cheese  
toasted at the fire.

*Pisa.* Well sirra, leaue this thought, & minde my words,  
Giue diligence, inquire about

For one that is expert in Languages,

A good Musitian, and a *French-man* borne;

And bring him hither to instruct my Daughters,

Ile nere trust more a smooth-fac'd *English-man.*

*Frisco.* What, must I bring one that can speake *Langua-*  
*ges,*

*English-men for my money: or,*

ges? what an old Ass is my Maister; why he may speake  
*flaunte taunte* as well as *French*, for I cannot vnderstand him.

*Pisa.* If he speake *French*, thus he will say, *Awee awee*:  
What, canst thou remember it?

*Frisco.* Oh, I haue it now, for I remember my great  
Grandfathers Grandmothers sisters coosen told mee, that  
Pigges and *French-men*, speake one Language, *awee awee*; I  
am Dogg at this: But what must he speake else?

*Pisa. Dutch.* *Frisco.* Let's heare it?

*Pisa. Haunce butterkin slompin.*

*Frisco.* Oh this is nothing, for I can speake perfect *Dutch*  
when I list.

*Pisa.* Can you, I pray let's heare some?

*Frisco.* Nay I must haue my mouth full of Meate first,  
and then you shall heare me grumble it foorth full mouth,  
as *Haunce Butterkin slompin frokin*: No, I am a simple *Dutch-*  
*man*: Well, Ile about it.

*Pisa.* Stay sirra, you are too hastie; for hee must speake  
one Language more.

*Frisco.* More Languages? I trust he shall haue Tongues  
enough for one mouth: But what is the third?

*Pisa. Italian.*

*Frisco.* Why that is the easiest of all, for I can tell whether  
he haue any *Italian* in him euen by looking on him.

*Pisa.* Can you so, as how?

*Frisco.* Marry by these three poynts; a Wanton Eye,  
Pride in his Apparell, and the Diuell in his Countenance.  
Well, God keepe me from the Diuel in seeking this *French-*  
*man*: But doe you heare mee Maister, what shall my fel-  
low *Anthony* doe, it seemes he shall serue for nothing but to  
put *Lattin* into my young Mistresses. *Exit Frisco.*

*Pisa.* Hence asse, hence loggerhead, begon I say.  
And now to you that reades *Philosophy*,  
Packe from my house, I doe discharge thy seruice,  
And come not neere my dares; for if thou dost,  
Ile make thee a publike example to the world.

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Antho.* Well crafty Fox, you that worke by wit,  
It may be, I may liue to fit you yet. *Exit Antho.*

*Pisa.* Ah sirra, this tricke was spide in time,  
For if but two such Lectures more they'd heard,  
For euer had their honest names been marde:  
He in and rate them: yet that's not best,  
The Girles are wilfull, and seueritie  
May make them carelesse, mad, or desperate.  
What shall I doe? Oh! I haue found it now,  
There are three wealthy Marchants in the Towne,  
All Strangers, and my very speciall friendes,  
The one of them is an *Italian*:  
A *French-man*, and a *Dutch-man*, be the other:  
These three intyrelly doe affect my Daughters,  
And therefore meane I, they shall haue the tongues,  
That they may answere in their severall Language:  
But what helpes that? they must not stay so long,  
For whiles they are a learning Languages,  
My English Youths, both wed, and bed them too:  
Which to preuent, He seeke the Strangers out,  
Let's looke: tis past a leuen, Exchange time full,  
There shall I meete them, and conferre with them,  
This worke craues hast, my Daughters must be Wedde,  
For one Months stay, sayth farrewell Maiden head.

*Exit.*

*Enter Harvie, Heigham, and Walgraue.*

*Heigh.* Come Gentlemen, w'are almost at the house,  
I promise you this walke ore Tower-hill,  
Of all the places London can afforde,  
Hath sweetest Ayre, and fitting our desires.

*Hars.* Good reason, so it leades to Croched-Fryers,  
Where old *Pisaro*, and his Daughters dwell,  
Looke to your feete, the broad way leades to Hell:  
They say Hell standes below, downe in the deepe,

*English-men for my money: or,*

Ile downe that Hill, where such good Wenches keepe,  
But sirra *Ned*, what sayes *Mathea* to thee?

Wilt fadge? wilt fadge? What, will it be a match?

*Walg.* A match say you? a mischiefe twill as soone:

Sould I can scarce begin to speake to her,

But I am interrupted by her father.

Ha, what say you? and then put ore his snoute,

Able to shadow *Powles*, it is so great.

Well, tis no matter, sirrs, this is his House,

Knocke for the Churle bid him bring out his Daughter;

Ile, sbloud I will, though I be hanged for it,

*Heigh.* Hoyda, hoyda, nothing with you but vp & ride,

Youle be within, ere you can reach the Dore,

And haue the Wench, before you compass her:

You are too hastie, *Pisaro* is a man,

Not to be fedde with Words, but wonne with Gold.

But who comes heere?

*Enter Anthony.*

*Walg.* Whom, *Anthony* our friend?

Say man, how fares our Loues? How doth *Mathea*?

Can she loue *Ned*? how doth she like my sute?

Will old *Pisaro* take me for his Sonne;

For I thanke God, he kindly takes our Landes,

Swearing, Good Gentlemen you shall not want,

Whilst old *Pisaro*, and his credite holds:

He will be damn'd the Roage, before he do't?

*Haru.* Prethy talke milder: let but thee alone,

And thou in one bare hower will aske him more,

Then heele remember in a hundred yeares:

Come from him *Anthony*, and say what newes?

*Antho.* The newes for me is badd; and this it is:

*Pisaro* hath discharg'd me of his seruice.

*Heigh.* Discharg'd thee of his seruice; for what cause?

*Anth.* Nothing, but that his Daughters learne *Philosophy*.

*Haru.* Maydes should reade, that it teacheth modestie.

*Antho.*



*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Antho.* I, but I left out mediocritie,  
And with effectuall reasons, vrgd your loues.

*Walg.* The fault was small, we three will to thy Maister  
And begge thy pardon.

*Antho.* Oh, that cannot be,  
Hee hates you farre worser, then he hates me;  
For all the loue he shewes, is for your Lands,  
Which he hopes sure will fall into his hands:  
Yet Gentlemen, this comfort take of me,  
His Daughters to your loues affected be:  
Their father is abroad, they three at home,  
Goe chearely in, and cease that is your owne:  
And for my selfe, but grace what I intend,  
Ile ouerreach the Churle, and helpe my Friend.

*Heigh.* Build on our helpes, and but deuise the meanes.

*Antho.* *Pisaro* did coinmaund *Frisco* his man,  
(A simple sotte, kept onely but for myrth)  
To inquire about in *London* for a man,  
That were a *French-man* and Musitian,  
To be (as I suppose) his Daughters Tutor:  
Him if you meete, as like enough you shall,  
He will inquire of you of his affayres;  
Then make him answere, you three came from *Paules*,  
And in the middle walke, one you espide,  
Fit for his purpose; then discribe this Cloake,  
This Beard and Hatte: for in this borrowed shape,  
Must I beguile and ouer-reach the Foole:  
The Maydes must be acquainted with this drift.  
The Doore doth ope, I dare not stay reply,  
Least beeing discride: Gentlemen adue,  
And helpe him now, that oft hath helped you. *Exit.*

*Enter Frisco the Clowne.*

*Wal.* How now sirra, whither are you going?

*Fris.* Whither am I going, how shall I tell you; when I  
doe not know my selfe, nor vnderstand my selfe?

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Heigh.* What dost thou meane by that?

*Frisco.* Marry sir, I am seeking a Needle in a Bottle of Hay, a Monster in the liknesse of a Man: one that in stead of good morrow, asketh what Porrage you haue to Dinner, *Parley vous signiour?* one that neuer washes his fingers, but lickes them cleane with kisses; a clipper of the Kings English: and to conclude, an eternall enemy to all good Language.

*Haru.* What's this? what's this?

*Frisco.* Doe not you smell me? Well, I perceiue that witte doth not alway dwel in a Satten-dublet: why, tis a *French-man*, *Bassimon cue*, how doe you?

*Haru.* I thanke you sir, but tell me what wouldest thou doe with a *French-man*:

*Frisco.* Nay fayth, I would doe nothing with him, vnlesse I set him to teach Parrets to speake: marry the old Assemy Maister, would haue him to teach his Daughters, though I trust the whole world sees, that there be such in his house that can serue his Daughters turne, as well as the proudest *French-man*: but if you be good laddes, tell me where I may finde such a man?

*Heigh.* We will, goe hye thee straight to *Paules*, There shalt thou finde one fitting thy desire; Thou soone mayst know him, for his Beard is blacke, Such is his rayment, if thou runn'st appace, Thou canst not misse him *Frisco*.

*Frisco.* Lord, Lord, how shall poore *Phrisco* rewarde your rich tydings Gentlemen: I am yours till Shrouetewesday, for then change I my Cobby, & looke like nothing but Red-Herring Cobbes, and Stock-Fish; yet Ile doe somewhat for you in the meane time: my Maister is abroad, and my young Mistresses at home: if you can doe any good on them before the *French-man* come, why so? Ah Gentlemen, doe not suffer a litter of Languages to spring vp amongst vs: I must to the Walke in *Paules*, you

*A Woman will haue her will.*

to the Vestrie. Gentlemen, as to my selfe, and so foorth.

*Exit Frisco,*

*Haru.* Fooles tell the truth men say, and so may he:  
Wenches we come now, Loue our conduct be.  
*Ned,* knocke at the doore: but soft forbear;

*Enter Lawrence, Marina, and Mathea.*

The Clouds breakes vp, and our three Sunnes appeare.  
To this I fly, shine bright my liues sole stay,  
And make griefes night a gloryous summers day.

*Mari.* Gentlemen, how welcome you are here,  
Guesse by our lookes, for other meanes by feare  
Preuented is: our fathers quicke returne  
Forbids the welcome, else we would haue done.

*Walg. Mathea,* How these faythfull thoughts obey,

*Mat.* No more sweet loue, I know what thou would'st  
You say you loue me, so I wish you still, (say:  
Loue hath loues hier, being ballancst with good will:  
But say; come you to vs, or come you rather  
To pawne more Lands for mony to our father?  
I know tis so, a Gods name spend at large:  
What man? our mariage day will all discharge;  
Our father (by his leaue) must pardon vs,  
Age saue of age, of nothing can discusse:  
But in our loues, the prouerbe weele fulfill:  
Women and Maydes, must alwayes haue their will.

*Heigh.* Say thou as much, and adde life to this Coarse,

*Law.* Your selfe & your good news doth more enforce:  
How these haue set forth ioue by all their witte,  
I swear in heart, I more then double it.  
Sisters be glad, for he hath made it playne,  
The meanes to get our Schoole-maister againe:  
But Gentlemen, for this time cease our loues,  
This open streete perhaps suspition moues,  
Fayne we would stay, bid you walke in more rather,

*English-men for my money: or,*

But that we feare the comming of our father :  
Goe to th'Exchange, craue Gold as you intend,  
*Pisaro* scrapes for vs ; for vs you spend.  
We say farewell, more fadlier be bold,  
Then would my greedy father to his Gold:  
Wee here, you there, aske Gold ; and Gold you shall :  
Weele pay the intrest, and the principall. *Exeunt Sisters*  
*Walg.* That's my good Girles, and Ile pay you for all.  
*Haru.* Come to th'Exchange, and when I seele decay,  
Send me such Wenches, Heauens I still shall pray. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Pisaro, Delion the Frenchman, Vandalle the Dutchman,  
Aluaro the Italian, and other Marchants, at seuerall doores.*

*Pisa.* Good morrow, M. Strangers.

*Strang.* Good morrow sir.

*Pisaro.* This (louing friends) hath thus emboldned me,  
For knowing the affection and the loue  
Maister *Vandalle*, that you beare my Daughter:  
Likwise, and that with ioy considering too,  
you *Monsieur Delion*, would faine dispatch :  
I promise you, mee thinkes the time did fit,  
And does bir-Lady too, in mine aduice,  
This day to clap a full conclusion vp ;  
And therefore made I bold to call on you,  
Meaning (our businesse done here at the *Burse*)  
That you at mine intreaty should walke home,  
And take in worth such Viands as I haue :  
And then we would, and so I hope we shall,  
Loosely tye vp the knot that you desire,  
But for a day or two ; and then Church rites  
Shall sure conforme, confirme, and make all fast.

*Vand.* Seker Mester *Pisaro*, mee do so groterly dancke  
you, dat you macke mee so sure of de Wench, datt ic can  
neit dancke you genough.

*Delio.* Monsieur *Pisaro*, mon pere, mon Vadere, Oh de  
grande

*A Woman will haue her will.*

grande ioye you giuerne (conte) mee sal go home to your  
House, sal eat your Bakon, sal eat your Beeffe, and shal  
tacke de Wench, de fine Damoyfella.

*Pisa.* You shall, and welcome; welcome as my soule:  
But were my third Sonne sweete *Aluaro* heere,  
Wee would not stay at the Exchange to day,  
But hye vs home and there end our affayres.

*Enter Moore, and Towerfon.*

*Moore.* Good day maister *Pisaro.*

*Pisa.* Maister *Moore*, marry with all my heart good  
morrow sir; What newes? What newes?

*Moore.* This Marchant heere my friend, would speake  
with you.

*Tower.* Sir, this iolly South-west wind with gentle blast,  
Hath driuen home our long expected Shippes,  
All laden with the wealth of ample *Spaine*,  
And but a day is past since they ariude  
Safely at *Plimmouth*, where they yet abide.

*Pisa.* Thankes is too small a guerdon for such newes.  
How like you this Newes friends? Maister *Vandalle*,  
Heer's somewhat towards for my Daughters Dowrie:  
Heer's somewhat more then we did yet expect.

*Tower.* But heare you sir, my businesse is not done;  
From these same Shippes I did receiue these lines,  
And there inclosde this same Bill of exchange,  
To pay at sight; if so you please accept it.

*Pisa.* Accept it, why? What sir should I accept,  
Haue you receiued Letters, and not I?  
Where is this lazic villaine, this slow Poast?  
What, brings he euery man his Letters home,  
And makes mee no bodie; does hee, does hee?  
I would not haue you bring me counterfeit;  
And if you doe, assure you I shall smell it:  
I know my Factors writing well enough.

*Tower.* You doe sir; then see your Factors writing:

*English-men for my money: or,*

I scorne as much as you, to counterfeite,  
*Pisa.* Tis well you doe sir.

*Enter Haruie, Walgrau, and Heighun.*

What Maister *Walgrau*, and my other frindes:  
You are growne strangers to *Pisaro*s house,  
I pray make bold with me.

*Walsg.* I, with your Daughters  
You may be sworne, weele be as bold as may be.

*Pisa.* Would you haue ought with me, I pray now speak.

*Heigh.* Sir, I thinke you vnderstand our sute,  
By the repaying we haue had to you:  
Gentlemen you know, must want no Coyne,  
Nor are they slaues vnto it, when they haue:  
You may perceiue our minds; What say you to't?

*Pisa.* Gentlemen all, I loue you all:  
Which more to manifest, this after noone  
Betweene the howers of two and three reaire to mee,  
And were it halfe the substance that I haue,  
Whilst it is mine, tis yours to commaunde.  
But Gentlemen, as I haue regard to you,  
So doe I wish you'll haue respect to mee:  
You know that all of vs are mortall men,  
Subiect to change and mutabilitie;  
You may, or I may, soone pitch ore the Pearch,  
Or so, or so, haue contrary crosses:  
Wherefore I deeme but meere equitie,  
That some thing may betwixt vs be to shew.

*Heigh. M. Pisaro,* within this two months without faile,  
We will repay.

*Enter Browne.*

*Browne.* God saue you Gentlemen.

*Gentlemen.* Good morrow sir.

*Pisa.* What *M. Browne*, the onely man I wisht for,  
Does your price fall? what shall I haue these Cloathes?

*A Woman will haue her will.*

For I would ship them straight away for *Stoide* :  
I doe with you my Mony fore another.

*Brow.* Fayth you know my price sir, if you haue them.

*Pisa.* You are to deare in sadnesse, maister *Heigham* :  
You were about to say somewhat, pray proceede.

*Heigh.* Then this it was : those Landes that are not  
morgag'd

*Enter Post.*

*Post.* God blesse your worship.

*Pisaro.* I must craue pardon; Oh sirra, are you come?

*Walg.* Hoyda, hoyda; Whats the matter now ;  
Sure, yonder fellow will be torne in peeces. (about:

*Haru.* Whats hee, sweete youths; that so they flocke,  
What old *Pisaro* tainted with this madnesse?

*Heigh.* Vpon my life, tis some body brings newes ;  
The Courte breakes vp, and wee shall know their Coun-  
Looke, looke, how busely they fall to reading. (sell:

*Pisa.* I am the last, you should haue kept it still :  
Well, we shall see what newes you bring with you ;  
Our duty premised, and we haue sent vnto your worship  
Sacke, fluill Oyles, Pepper, Barbery sugar, and such other  
commodities as we thought most requisite, we wanted  
mony therefore we are fayne to take vp 200. l. of Maister  
*Towersons* man, which by a bill of Exchange sent to him,  
we would request your worship pay accordingly.  
You shall commaund sir, you shall commaunde sir,  
The newes here is, that the English shipes, the Fortune,  
your shipe, the aduenture and good lucke of London coa-  
sting along by *Italy* Towards *Turky*, were set vpon by to  
*Spanish-galleis*, what became of them we know not, but  
doubt much by reason of the weathers calmnesse.

*Pisa* How ist fix to one the weather calme,  
Now afore God who would not doubt their safety,  
A plague vpon these *Spanish-galli* Pirattes,

C.

Roring

*English-men for my money: or,*

Roaring *Caribdis*, or deuouring *Scilla*,  
Were halfe such terrour to the anticke world,  
As these same anticke Villaines now of late,  
Hauemade the *Straights* twixt *Spaine* and *Barbary*.

*Tower*. Now fir, what doth your Factors letters say?

*Pisa*. Marrie he saith, these witleffe lucklesse doults,  
Hauemet, and are beset with *Spanish* Gallies,  
As they did saile along by *Italy*:

What a bots made the doults neere *Italy*,  
Could they not keepe the coast of *Barbary*,  
Or hauing past it, gone for *Tripoly*,  
Beeing on the other side of *Sicily*,

As neere, as where they were vnto the *Straights*:  
For by the Gloabe, both *Tripoly* and it,  
Lie from the *Straights* some twentie fiae degrees,  
And each degree makes three-score english miles?

*Tower*. Very true fir: But it makes nothing to my Bill  
of exchange: this dealing fits not one of your account.

*Pisa*. And what fits yours? a prating wrangling tounge,  
A womans ceaselesse and incessant babling,  
That sees the world turnd topsie turuie with me;  
Yet hath not so much witte to stay a while,  
Till I bemone my late excessiue losse.

*Wal*. S'wounds tis dinner time, Ile stay no longer:  
Harke you a word fir.

*Pisa*. I tell you fir, it would haue made you whine  
Worse then if shooles of lucklesse croking Rauens,  
Had ceafd on you to feed their famisht paunches:  
Had you heard newes of such a rauenous rout,  
Ready to cease on halfe the wealth you haue.

*Wal*. Sbloud you might haue kept at home & be hangd,  
What a pox care I.

*Enter a Post.*

*Post*. God saue your worship, a littlemony and so forth.

*Pisa*. But men are sencelesse now of others woe,  
This stony age is growne so stony harted,  
That none respects their neighbours miseries,



*A Woman will haue her will.*

I wish (as Poets doe) that Saturnes times  
The long out worne world weare in vse againe,  
That men might sayle without impediment.

*Post.* I marry sir that were a merry world indeede, I  
would hope to gette more mony of your worship in one  
quarter of a yeare, then I can doe now in a whole twelue-  
moneth.

*Enter Balsaro.*

*Balsa.* Maister *Pisaro* how I haue runne about,  
How I haue toyld to day to finde you out,  
At home, abroade, at this mans house, at that,  
Why I was here an hower agoe and more,  
Where I was tould you were, but could not finde you.

*Pisa.* Fayth sir I was here but was driuen home,  
Heres such a common hant of Crack-rope boyes,  
That what for feare to haue m' apparell spoyld,  
Or my Ruffes durted, or Eyes strucke out :  
Idare not walke where people doe expect mee:  
Well, things (I thinke) might be better lookt vnto,  
And such Coyne to, which is bestowde on Knaues,  
Which should, but doe not see things be reformd,  
Might be imployde to many better vses :  
But what of beardlesse Boyes, or such like trash;  
The *Spanish Gallies* : Oh, a vengeance on them.

*Post.* Masse, this man hath the lucke on't, I thinke I can  
scarce euer come to him for money, but this a vengeance  
on, and that a vengeance on't, doth so trouble him, that I  
can get no Coyne: Well, a vengeance on't for my part; for  
he shall fetch the next Letters him selfe.

*Browne.* I prethee, when thinkest thou the Ships will be  
come about from *Plimmouth*? *Post.* Next weeke, sir.

*Heigh.* Came you sir from *Spaine* lately?

*Post.* I sir; Why aske you that?

*Ha.* Marry sir, thou seemes to haue bin in the hot countries,  
thy face looks so like a peece of rusty Bacon : had thy Host  
at *Plimmoth* meat enough in the house, whē thou wert there?

*Post.* What though he had not sir? but he had, how then?

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Harru.* Marry thanke God for it; for otherwise, he would doubtles haue Cut thee out in Rashers to haue eaten thee; thou look'st as thou weart through broyld already.

*Post.* You haue sayd sir; but I am no meate for his moing, nor yours neither: If I had you in place where, you should find me tough enough in digestion, I warrant you.

*Walgr.* What will you swagger for, will yee swagger?

*Brow.* I beseech you Sir, hold your hand; Gette home yee patch, cannot you suffer Gentlemen Iest with you?

*Post.* Ide teach him a Gentle trick and I had him of the burse; but Ile watch him a good turne I warrant him.

*Moor.* Assure yee maister *Towerson*, I cannot blame him, I warrant you it is no easie losse;

How thinke you maister *Stranger*? by my fayth sir, Ther's twentie Marchants will be sorry for it, That shall be partners with him in his losse.

*Stra.* Why sir, whats the matter.

*Moor.* The Spanish-gallies haue besette our shippes, That lately were bound out for *Siria*.

*March.* What not? I promise you I am sorry for it.

*Walgr.* What an old Ass is this to keepe vs here: Maister *Pisaro*, pray dispatch vs hence.

*Pisa.* Maister *Vandalle* I confesse I wronge you; But Ile but talke a word or two with him, and straight turne to you.

Ah sir, and how then y fayth?

*Heigh.* Turne to vs, turne to the Gallowes if you will,

*Harru.* Tis Midsumer-Moone with him: let him alone, He call's *Ned Walgraue*, Maister *Vandalle*. (*Pisaro.*)

*Walgr.* Let it be shrouetide, Ile not stay an ynche maister

*Pisa.* What should you feare: ende as I haue vow'd be- So now againe; my Daughters shalbe yours: (fore,

And therefore I beseech you and your friendes,

Deferre your businesse till Dinner time;

And what youd say, keepe it for table talke.

*Harru.*

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Harn.* Marrie and shall; a right good motion;  
Sirrs, old *Pisaro* is growne kind of late,  
And in pure loue, hath bid vs home to dianer.

*Heigh.* Good newes in truth; But wherfore art thou sad?

*Walg.* For feare the slaue ere it be dinner time,  
Remembring what he did, recall his word:  
For by his idle speaches, you may sweare,  
His heart was not confederat with histongue.

*Harn.* Tut neuer doubt, keepe stomacks till anone,  
And then we shall haue cates to feede vpon.

*Pisa.* Well sir, since things doe fall so crosciy out,  
I must dispose my selfe to patience:  
But for your businesse, doe you assure your selfe,  
At my repaying home from the Exchange,  
He set a helping hand vnto the same.

*Enter Aluaro the Italian.*

*Alua.* *Bon iurno* signeour Padre, why be de malancollie so  
much, and graue in you a: wat Newes make you looke  
so naught?

*Pisa.* Naught is too good an epithite by much,  
For to distinguish such contrarioufnesse:  
Hath not swift Fame told you our slow sailde Shippes  
Haue been ore-taken by the swift saile Gallies,  
And all my cared-for goods within the lurch  
Of that same Catterpillar brood of *Spaine*.

*Alua.* Signor si, how de Spaniola haue almost tacke de  
Ship dat go for Turkie: my Pader, harke you me on word,  
I haue receiue vn lettre from my Factor de *Vernise*, dat after  
vn piculo battalion, for vn halfe howre de come a Winde  
fra de North, & de Sea go tumble here, & tumble dare, dat  
make de Gallies run away for feare be almost drownde.

*Pisa.* How sir, did the Winde rise at North, and Seas  
waxe rough: and were the Gallies therefore glad to fly?

*Alu.* Signior si, & de Ship go drite on de *Iscola de Candy*.

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Pisa.* Wert thou not my *Aluaro* my beloued,  
One whom I know does dearly count of mee,  
Much should I doubt me that some scoffing Iacke,  
Had sent thee in the middest of all my griefes,  
To tell a feigned tale of happy lucke.

*Alua.* Wil you no beleue me? see dare dan, see de lettre.

*Pisa.* What is this world? or what this state of man,  
How in a moment curst, in a trice blest?

But euen now my happie state gan fade,  
And now againe, my state is happie made,  
My Goods all safe, my Ships all scapt away,  
And none to bring me newes of such good lucke,  
But whom the Heauens haue markt to be my Sonne:  
Were I a Lord as great as *Alexander*,  
None should more willingly be made mine Heyre  
Then thee thou golden tongue, thou good-newes teller  
Ioy stops my mouth.

*The Exchange Bell rings.*

*Balsa.* M. *Pisaro*, the day is late, the Bell doth ring:  
Wilt please you hasten to performe this businesse?

*Pisa.* What businesse sir? Gods mee, I cry you mercie:  
Doc it, yes sir, you shall commaund me more.

*Tower.* But sir, What doe you meane, doe you intend  
To pay this Bill, or else to palter with mee?

*Pisa.* Marry God sheild, that I should palter with you:  
I doe accept it, and come when you please;  
You shall haue money, you shall haue your money due.

*Post.* I beseech your worship to consider mee.

*Pisa.* Oh, you cannot cegge: Goe to, take that,  
Pray for my life: pray that I haue good lucke,  
And thou shalt see; I will not be thy worst maister.

*Post.* Marry God blesse your Worship; I came in happy  
time: What, a French crowne? sure hee knowes not what  
he does: Well, Ile begon, least he remember himselfe, and  
take it from me againe.

*Exit Post.*

*Pisa.* Come on my lads, M. *Vandalle*, sweet sonne *Aluaro*:

Come

*A Woman will have her will.*

Come don *Balsaro*, lets be iogging home,  
Bir laken firs, I thinke tis one a clocke.

*Exit Pisaro, Balsaro, Aluaro, Delion, and Vandalle.*

*Brow.* Come *M. Moore*, th'Exchange is waxen thin,  
I thinke it best we get vs home to dinner.

*Moor.* I know that I am lookt for long ere this:  
Come maister *Touerson*, let's walke along.

*Exit Moore, Broune, Touerson, Strangers, & Marchant.*

*Heigh.* And if you be so hot vpon your dinner,  
Your best way is, to haste *Pisaro* on,  
For he is cold enough, and slow enough;  
He hath so late digested such cold newes.

*Walg.* Mary and shall: Heare you maister *Pisaro*.

*Haru.* Many *Pisaros* heere: Why how now *Ned*;  
Where is your *Matt*? your welcome, and good cheare?

*Walg.* Swounds, lets follow him; why stay we heere?

*Heigh.* Nay prethee *Ned Walg.* lets bethinke our selues,  
There's no such haste, we may come time enough:

At first *Pisaro* bade vs come to him  
Twixt two or three a clocke at after noone?

Then was he old *Pisaro*: but since then,  
What with his grieffe for losse, and ioy for finding,

Hee quite forgat himselfe, when he did bid vs,  
And afterward forgat, that he had bade vs.

*Walg.* I care not, I remember't well enough:

Hee bade vs home; and I will goe, that's flat,  
To teach him better witte another time.

*Haru.* Heer'le be a gallantieft, when we come there,  
To see how maz'd the greedie chuffe will looke

Vpon the nations, sects, and factions,  
That now haue borne him company to dinner:

But harke you, lets not goe to vexe the man;  
Prethee sweet *Ned* lets tarry, doe not goe.

*Walg.* Not goe? indeed you may doe what you please;  
He goe, that's flat: nay, I am gon already,

Stay

*English-men for my money: or,*

Stay you two, and consider further of it.

*Heigh.* Nay all will goe, if one: I prethee stay;  
Thou'rt such a rash and giddie headed youth,  
Each Stone's a Thorne: Hoy da, he skips for haste;  
Young *Harvie* did but iest; I know heele goe.

*Walg.* Nay, he may chuse for mee: But if he will,  
Why does he not? why stands he prating still?  
If youle goe, come: if not, fare-well?

*Haru.* Hier a Poast-horse for him (*gentle Francke*)  
Heer's haste, and more haste then a hastie Pudding;  
You mad-man, mad-cap, wild-oates, we are for you,  
It bootes not stay, when you intend to goe.

*Walg.* Come away then.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Pisaro, Aluaro, Delion, and Vandalle.*

*Pisa.* A thousand welcomes friendes: Monsieur *Delion*,  
Ten thousand Ben-venues vnto your selfe,  
Signior *Aluaro*, Maister *Vandalle*;  
Proude am I, that my roofe containes such Friends.  
Why *Mall*, *Larentia*, *Matth*; Where be these Girles?

*Enter the three Sisters.*

Liuely my Girles, and bid these Strangers welcome;  
They are my friends, your friends, and our wel-willers:  
You cannot tell what good you may haue on them.  
Gods mee, Why stirre you not? Harke in your care,  
These be the men the choyse of many millions,  
That I your carefull Father haue prouided  
To be your Husbands: therefore bid them welcome.

*Math.* Nay by my troth, tis not the guyse of maydes,  
To giue a slauring Salute to men: *(aside,*  
If these sweete youths haue not the witte to doe it,  
Wee haue the honestie to let them stand.

*Vanda.* Gods sekerlin, dats vn-fra meskin, Monsieur  
*Delion* dare de Grote freister, dare wode ic zene, tis vn-fra  
Daughter, dare heb ic so long loude, dare Heb my desire  
so long gewest.

*Aluaro.*

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Alua.* Ah *Venice, Roma, Italia, Frauncia, Anglitora*, nor all  
dis orbe can shew so much belliza, veremante de *secunda*,  
*Madona de granda bentie.*

*Delio.* Certes me dincke de mine depeteta de little An-  
gloise, de me *Matresse Pifaro* is vn nette, vn becues, vn fra,  
et vn tendra *Damosella.*

*Pifa.* What Stocks, what stones, what fenceles Truncks  
be these?

When as I bid you speake, you hold your tongue:  
When I bid peace, then can you prate, and chat,  
And gossip: But goe too, speake and bid welcome,  
Or (as I liue) you were as good you did.

*Mari.* I cannot tell what Language I should speake:  
Yf I speake *English* (as I can none other)  
They cannot vnderstand mee, nor my welcome.

*Alua.* *Bella Madona*, dare is no language so dulce; dulce,  
dat is sweete, as de language, dat you shall speake, and de  
vell come dat you sal say, sal be well know per faytemente.

*Mari.* Pray sir, What is all this in *English*?

*Alua.* De vsa sal vell teash you vat dat is; and if you sal  
please, I will teash you to parler *Italiano.*

*Pifa.* And that mee thinkes sir, not without need:  
And with *Italian*, to a Childes obedience,  
With such desire to seeke to please their Parents,  
As others farre more vertuous then them selues,  
Doe dayly striue to doe: But tis no matter,  
Ile shortly pull your haughtie stomachs downe:  
Ile teach you vрге your Father; make you runne,  
When I bid runne: and speake, when I bid speake:  
What greater crosse can carefull parents haue (*knock within*)  
Then carelesse Children. Stirre and see who knocks?

*Enter Harrie, Walgrau, and Heigham.*

*Walgr.* Good morrow to my good Mistris *Mathea.*

*Mathe.* As good a morrow, to the morrow giuer.

*Pifa.* A murren, what make these? What do they heere?

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Heigh.* You see maister *Pisaro*, we are bold guesstes,  
You could haue bid no surer men then wee.

*Pisa.* Harke you Gentlemen; I did expect you  
At after noone, not before two a clocke.

*Hara,* Why sir, if you please, you shall haue vs heere at  
two a clocke, at three a clocke, at foure a clock; nay till to  
morrow this time: yet I assure you, sir, wee came not to  
your house without inuiting.

*Pisa.* Why Gentlemen, I pray who bade you now?  
Who euer did it, sure hath done you wrong;  
For scarcely could you come to worser cheare.

*Heigh.* It was your owne selfe bade vs to your cheare,  
When you were busie with *Balsaro* talking,  
You bade vs cease our suites till dinner time,  
And then to vse it for our table talke:  
And wee I warrant you, are as sure as Steele.

*Pisa.* A murren on your selues, and surenes too:  
How am I crost: Gods mee, what shall I doe,  
This was that ill newes of the *Spanish* Pirats,  
That so disturb'd mee: well, I must dissemble,  
And bid them welcome; but for my Daughters  
Ile send them hence, they shall not stand and prate.  
Well my Maisters, Gentlemen, and Friends,  
Though vnexpected, yet most heartily welcome;  
(Welcome with a vengeance) but for your cheare,  
That will be small: yet too too much for you.

*Mall,* in and get things readie.

*Laurentia,* bid *Mandlin* lay the Cloth, take vp the Meate:  
Looke how she stirres; you sullen Elfe, you Callet,  
Is this the haste you make? *Exeunt Marina & Laurentia.*

*Alua.* Signor *Pisaro*, ne soiat so malcontento de Gentle-  
woman your filigola did parler but a litella to, de gentle  
homa your graunde *amico*.

*Pisa.* But that graunde *amico*, is your graunde *inimico*:  
One, if they be suffred to parlar,



*A Woman will haue her will.*

Will poll you, I and pill you of your Wife :  
They loue together : and the other two,  
Loues her two Sisters : but tis onely you  
Shall crop the flower, that they esteeme so much.

*Alua.* Do dey so; vell let me lone, sal see me giue dem  
de such graund mocke, sal be shame of dem selues.

*Pisa.* Doe sir, I pray you doe; set lustily vpon them;  
And lle be ready still to second you.

*Walg.* But *Matt*, art thou so mad as to turne *French*?

*Math.* Yes marry, when two Sundayes come together;  
Thinke you lle learne to speake this gibberidge,  
Or the Pigges language? Why, if I fall sicke,  
They le say, the *French* (et-cetera) infected mee.

*Pisa.* Why how now Minion; what, is this your seruice;  
Your other Sisters busie are imployde,  
And you stande idle : get you in, or. *Exit Mathes.*

*Walg.* Yf you chide her, chide me (*Nā. Pisaro* :  
For but for mee, she had gon in long since.

*Pisa.* I thinke she had : for we are sprights to scare her;  
But er't be long, lle driue that humor from her.

*Alua.* Signor, methinks you sould no macke de wen she  
so hardee, so disobedient to de padre as ditt madona *Matt*.

*Walg.* Signor, me thinks you should learne to speake,  
before you should be so foole-hardy, as to woe such a  
Mayden as that *Madona Matt*?

*Delio.* Warrent you Monsieur, he sal parle wen you sal  
stande out the doure.

*Haru.* Harke you Monsieur, you would wish your selfe  
halfe hang'd, you were as sure to be let in as hee.

*Van.* Macke no doubt de signor *Alua*, sal do vel enough

*Heigh.* perhaps so; but me thinks your best way were to  
ship your selfe for *Stoad*, and there to batter your selfe for a  
commodity; for I can tell you, you are here out of liking.

*Pisa.* The worst perhappes dislike him, but the best  
esteems him best.

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Haru.* But by your patience sir, mee thinks none should know better who's Lord, then the Lady.

*Alua.* Den de Lady, vat Lady?

*Haru.* Marry sir, the Lady let her alone: one that meanes to let you alone for feare of trouble.

*Pisa.* Euery man as he may: yet sometimes the blinde may catch a Hare.

*Heigh.* I sir, but he will first eate many a Fly: You know it must be a wonder, if a Crab catch a Fowle.

*Vand.* *Maer hort ens*; if he & ic & monsier *Delion* be de Crab, we sal kash de Fowle wel enough, I warrent you.

*Walg.* I, and the Foole well enough I warrant you; And much good may it doe yee.

*Alua.* Mee dincke such a piculo man as you be, sal haue no de such grande lucke madere.

*Delio.* Non da Monsieur, and he be so granda amorous op de Damofella, he sal haue *Mawdlyn* de witt Wenshe in de Kichine by maiter *Pisaros* leaue.

*Walg.* By M. *Pisaros* leaue, *Monsieur* Ile mumble you, except you learne to know, whom you speake to: I tell thee *Francois*, Ile haue (maugre thy teeth) her that shall make thee gnash thy teeth to want.

*Pisa.* Yet a man may want of his will, and bate an Ace of his wish: But Gentlemen, euery man as his lucke serues, and so agree wee; I would not haue you fall out in my house: Come, come, all this was in iest, now lets too't in earnest; I meane with our teeth, and try who's the best Trencher-man. *Exeunt.*

*Euter Frisco.*

*Frisco.* Ah sirra, now I know, what manner of thing *Powles* is; I did so marle afore what it was out of ail count: For my maister would say, Would I had *Powles* full of Gold. My young Mistresses, and *Grimkin* our Taylor, would wish they had *Powles* full of Needles: I, one askt my maister halfe a yard of Freeze to makeme a Coate and hee

*A Woman will haue her will.*

hee cride whoope holly-day, it was big enough to make *Powles* a Night-gowne. I haue been told, that Duke *Humfrie* dwelles here, and that he keeps open house, and that a braue sort of *Cammileres* dine with him euery day; now if I could see any vision in the world towards dinner, I would set in a foote: But the best is, a the auncient English romaine Orator saith, *So-lame-men, Misers, Howsewines*, and so foorth: the best is, that I haue great store of companie that doe nothing but goe vp and downe, and goe vp and downe, and make a grumbling together, that the meate is so long making readie: Well, if I could meete this scuruie *Frenchman*, they should stay mee, for I would be gone home.

*Enter Anthony.*

*Antho.* I beseech you *Monsieur*, giue mee audience.

*Frisco.* What would you haue? What should I giue you?

*Antho.* Pardon, sir mine vnciuill and presumptuous intrusion, who indeauour nothing lesse, then to prouoke or exasperat you against mee.

*Frisco.* They say, a word to the Wife is enough: so by this litle *French* that he speakes, I see hee is the very man I seeke for: Sir, I pray what is your name?

*Antho.* I am nominated *Monsieur Le Mouche*, and rest at your *bon seruice*.

*Frisco.* I vnderstand him partly; yea, and partly nay: Can you speake *French*? *Content pore vous monsieur Madamo.*

*Antho.* If I could not sir, I should ill vnderstand you: you speake the best *French* that euer trode vpon Shoe of Leather.

*Frisco.* Nay, I can speake more Languages then that: This is *Italian*, is it not? *Nella surde Curte zana.*

*Antho.* Yes sir, and you speake it like a very Naturall.

*Frisco.* I beleue you well: now for *Dutch*:

*Ducky de doe matt heb jee ge brought.*

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Antho.* I pray stop your mouth, for I neuer heard such Dutch before brocht.

*Ersc.* Nay I thinke you haue not met with no pezzant: Heare you *M. Mouse*, (so your name is I take it) I haue considered of your learning in these aforesaid Languages, and find you reasonable: So, so, now this is the matter; Can you take the ease to teach these Tongues to two or three Gentlewomen of mine acquaintance, and I will see you paid for your labour.

*Antho.* Yes sir, and that most willingly.

*Ersc.* Why then *M. Mouse*, to their vse, I entertaine yee, which had not been but for the troubles of the world, that I my selfe haue no leasure to shew my skill: Well sir, if youle please to walke with me, I'll bring you to them.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Laurentia, Marina, and Mathea.*

*Lauren.* Sit till dinners done; not I, I sweare:  
Shall I stay? till he belch into mine eares  
Those rusticke Phrases, and those Dutch French tearmes,  
Stammering halfe Sentences dogbolt Elloquence:  
And when he hath no loue for sooth, why then  
Hee tels me Cloth is deare at *Anwerpe*, and the men  
Of *Amsterdam* haue lately made a law,  
That none but Dutch as hee, may trafficke there:  
Then standes he still and studies what to say;  
And after some halfe houre, because the Ass  
Hopes (as he thinkes) I shall not contradict him,  
Hee tels me that my Father brought him to me,  
And that I must performe my Fathers will.  
Well good-man Goose-cap, when thou woest againe,  
Thou shalt haue simple ease, for thy Loues paine.

*Mathe.* Alas poore Wench, I sorrow for thy hap,  
To see how thou art dog'd with such a Dunce:  
For sooth my Sire hath fitted me farre better,  
My Frenchman comes vpon me with the *Sa, sa, sa;*

*Sweete*

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Sweete Madam pardone moye I pra:*  
And then out goes his Hand, downe goes his Head,  
Swallows his Spittle, frisks his Beard, and then to mee:  
*Pardone moy mistresse Mathea,*  
*If I be bold, to macke so bold met you,*  
*Thinke it go will dat spurres me dus up you.*  
*Dan cast neit off so good ande true Louer,*  
*Madama celestura de la, (I know not what)*  
*Doe oft pray to God dat me woud loue her:*  
And then hee reckons a catalogue of names  
of such as loue him, and yet cannot get him.

*Mari.* Nay, but your *Monfieur's* but a Mouse in cheese,  
Compar'd with my *Signor*; hee can tell  
Of *Lady Venus*, and her Sonne blind *Cupid*:  
Of the faire *Scilla* that was lou'd of *Glaucus*,  
And yet scornd *Glaucus*, and yet lou'd King *Minos*;  
Yet *Minos* hated her, and yet she holp'd him;  
And yet he scorn'd her, yet she kild her Father  
To doe her good; yet he could not abide her:  
Nay, hele be bawdy too in his discourse;  
And when he is so, he will take my Hand,  
And tickle the Palme, wincke with his one Eye,  
Gape with his Mouth, and

*Laur.* And, hold thy tongue I prethee: here's my father.

*Enter Pisaro, Aluaro, Vandalle, Detion, Harrie,*  
*Walgrane, and Heigham.*

*Pisa.* Vnmannerly, vntaught, vnnurtred Girles,  
Doe I bring Gentlemen, my very friends  
To feast with mee, to reuell at my House,  
That their good likings, may be set on you,  
And you like misbehaud and sullen Girles,  
Turne taylor to such, as may aduance your states:  
I shall remembert, when you thinke I doe not.  
I am forrie Gentlemen, your cheare's no better;

*English-men for my money: or,*

But what did want at Board, excuse me for,  
And you shall haue amendes be made in Bed.  
To them friends, to them; they are none but yours:  
For you I bred them, for you brought them vp:  
For you I kept them, and you shall haue them:  
I hate all others that resort to them:  
Then rouse your bloods, be bold with what's your owne:  
For I and mine (my friends) be yours, or none.

*Enter Frisco and Anthonic.*

*Frisco.* God-gee god-morrow sir, I haue brought you  
*M. Mouse* here to teach my young Mistresses: I assure you  
(for-sooth) he is a braue *Frenchman*.

*Pisa.* Welcome friend, welcome: my man (I thinke)  
Hath at the full, resolu'd thee of my will.

*Monsieur Delion*, I pray question him:

I tell you fit, tis onely for your sake,

That I doe meane to entertaine this fellow,

*Antho.* A bots of all ill lucke, how came these heere?

Now am I posde except the Wenches helpe mee:

I haue no *French* to flap them in the mouth,

*Haru.* To see the lucke of a good fellow, poore *Anthony*

Could nere haue sorted out a worfer time:

Now will the packe of all our sly deuises

Be quite layde ope, as one vndoes an Oyster:

*Francke, Heigham*, and mad *Ned*, fall to your muses,

To helpe poore *Anthony* now at a pinch,

Or all our market will be spoild and marde.

*Walg.* Tut man, let vs alone, I warrant you. (*vous.*)

*Delio.* Monsieur, *Vous estes tresbien venu, de quell pais estes.*

*Anth.* *Vous, thats you; sure, he saies, how do men call you*  
*Monsieur le Mouche?*

*Mari.* Sister, helpe sister; that's honest *Anthonic*,  
And he answers, your woer *cuius contrarium*.

*Delio.* Monsieur, *Vous n'entens pas, je ne demande puit,*  
*vestre*

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*vostre nom?*

*Math.* Monsieur *Delion*, he that made your Shooes, made them not in fashion: they should haue been cut square at the toe.

*Delio.* *Madame*, my Sho met de square toe, vat be dai?

*Pisa.* Why sauce-box; how now you vnreuerent mincks. Why? in whose Stable hast thou been brought vp, To interrupt a man in midst of speech? Monsieur *Delion*, disquiet not your selfe, But as you haue begun, I pray proceed To question with this Countreiman of yours.

*Delio.* Dat me sal doe tresbeien, but de bella *Madona* de iune Gentlewoman do monstre some singe of amour to speake lot me, epurce monsieur, mee sal say but two tree fowre fiue word to dis francois: or sus Monsieur *Le mouche en quelle partie de Fraunce esties vous ne?*

*Haru.* *Fraunce.*

*Heigh.* *Ned.*

*Walg.* Sbloud, let mee come.

*Maister Pisaro*, we haue occasion of affaires, Which calles vs hence with speed; wherefore I pray Deferre this businesse till some fitter time, And to performe what at the Exchange we spoke of.

*Antho.* A blessing on that tongue, saith *Anthony.*

*Pisa.* Yes marry Gentlemen, I will, I will.

*Aluaro* to your taske, fall to your taske, Ile beare away those three, who being heere, Would set my Daughters on a merry pin: Then chearely try your luckes; but speake, and speed, For you alone (say I) shall doe the deed.

*Exeunt Pisaro, Haruy, Walgräue, and Higham.*

*Frisc.* Heare you *M. Mouse*, did you dine to day at *Paules* with the rest of the Gentlemen there?

*Antho.* No sir, I am yet vndined.

*Frisc.* Mee thinkes you should haue a reasonable good

E.

stomacke

*English-men for my money: or,*

stomacke then by this time, as for me I can sell nothinge within me from my mouth to my God-peece but all Emptie, wherefore I thinke a peece of wisdom to goe in and see what Maudelin hath prouided for our Dinner maister Mouse will you goe in?

*Antho.* With as good a stomacke and desire as your  
*Frisco.* Lett's passe in then (selfe.

*Exeunt Frisco, and Antonie.*

*Vanda.* Han seg you Dochter, vor vat cause, voer why bede also much grooterlie strange, Ic seg you wat, if datt ghy speake to me, is datt ghy loue me.

*Lawrens.* Ist that I care not for you, ist that your breath stinckes, if that your breath stinckes not, you must learne sweeter English or I shall neuer vnderstand your suite.

*Delion.* Pardonemoy Madame.

*Math.* Withall my heart so you offend no more.

*Delio.* Is dat an offence to be amorous di one belle Gentlewoman.

*Math.* I fir see your Belle Gentle-woman cannot be amorous of you,

*Mar.* Then if I were as that belle Gentlewomans louer, I would trouble her no further, nor be amorous any longer.

*Aluar.* Madona yet de Belleza of de face beutie deforme of all de Corpo may be such datt no perriculo, nor all de mal shaunce, can make him leaue hir dulce visage.

*Laur.* But signor *Aluaro* if the periculo or mal shaunce were sutch, that she should loue and liue with an other, then the dulce visage must be leste in spite of the louers teeth, whilst he may whine at his owne ill fortune.

*Vanda.* Datts waer matresse, for it is vntrue saying, dey wint he taught dey verleift lie scrat sin gatt.

*Math.* And I thinke to are like to scatch there but neuer to claw any of my Sisters loue away.

*Vand.* Dan sal your sistree do gainst her vaders will,  
for



*A Woman will haue her will.*

for your vader segt dat ick sal heb har vor mine wife.

*Laur.* I thinke not so fir, for I neuer heard him say so,  
but Ile goe in and aske him if his meaning be so.

*Mari.* Harke sister signor *Aluaro* sayth, that I am the  
fayrest of all vs three,

*Laur.* Beleeue him not for heele tell any lie.  
If so he thinks thou mayst be pleasd thereby,  
Come goe with me and neere stand pratinge here,  
I haue a iest to tell thee in thine eare,  
Shall make you laugh; come let your signor stand,  
I know there's not a Wench in all this Towne,  
Scoffes at him more, or loues him lesse then thou.  
*Maister Vandalle*, as much I say for you,  
If needes you marry with an *English* Lasse,  
Woher in *English*, or sheele call you Ass.

*Mathe.* Tut that's a *French* cogge; sure I thinke,  
There's nere a Wench in *Fraunce* not halfe so fond,  
To woe and sue so for your Mounsership.

*Delio.* Par may foy Madame, she does tincke dare is  
no Wenche so dure as you: for de Fillee was cree dulce,  
tendre, and amarus for me to loue hir; now me tincke dat  
I being such a fine man, you should leua me.

*Mathe.* So thinke not I, fir.

*Delio.* But so tincke esth oder Damofellas.

*Mathe.* Nay Ile lay my loue to your commaunde,  
That my Sisters thinke not so: How say you sister *Mall*?  
Why how now Gentlemen, is this your talke;  
What beaten in plaine field: where be your Maydes?  
Nay then I see their louing humor fades,  
And they resigne their intrest vp to mee;  
And yet I cannot serue for all you three:  
But least two should be madd, that I loue one,  
You shall be all alike, and Ile loue none:  
The world is scant, when so many lacke Dawes,

*English-men for my money: or,*

Houer about one Coarse with greedy pawes:  
Yf needes youle haue me stay till I am dead,  
Carrion for Crowes, *Mathea* for her *Ned* :  
And so farewell, wee Sisters doe agree,  
To haue our willes, but nere to haue you three. *Exeunt.*

*Delio.* *Madama attendez, Madama* : is she alle? doe she  
mockque de nows in such sort?

*Vand.* Oh de pestilence, hoe if dat ick can neite dese Eng-  
lese spreake vel, it shal hir Fader seg how dit is to passe  
gecomen.

*Enter Pisaro.*

*Aluar.* Ne parlate, see here signors de Fader.

*Pisa.* Now Friends, now Gentlemen, how speedes your  
worke; haue you not found them shrewd vnhappy girls?

*Vand.* Mester *Pisaro*, de Dochter maistris *Laurentia* calle  
me de Dyel, den Assse, for that ic can neit englesh spreken.

*Alua.* Ande dat we sal no parler, dat we sal no hauar  
den for de wiue.

*Pisa.* Are they so lusty? Dare they be so proude?  
Well, I shall find a time to meete with them:  
In the meane season, pray frequent my house.

*Enter Frisco running.*

Ho now sirra, whither are you running?

*Frisco.* About a little tiny businesse.

*Pisa.* What businesse, Assse?

*Frisco.* Indeed I was not sent to you: and yet I was sent  
after the three Gen-men that din'd here, to bid them come  
to our house at ten a clocke at night, when you were abed.

*Pisa.* Ha, what is this? Can this be true?  
What, art thou sure the Wenches bade them come?

*Frisco.* So they said, vnlesse their mindes be changed  
since: for a Woman is like a Weather-cocke they say, & I  
am sure of no more then I am certaine of: but Ile go in and  
bid them send you word, whether they shall come or no.

*Pisa*

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Pisa.* No sirra, stay you heere; but one word more:  
Did they appoint the come one by one, or else al together?

*Frise.* Altogether: Lord that such a young man as you should haue no more witt: why if they should come together, one could not make rome for them; but comming one by one, theyle stand there if there were twenty of them.

*Pisa.* How this newes glads me, and reuiues my soule: How say you sirs, what will you haue a iest worth the telling; nay worth the acting: I haue it Gentlemen, I haue it Friends.

*Alua.* Signor *Pisaro*, I prey de gratia watte maneire sal we haue? wat will the parler? wat bon doe you know Signor *Pisaro*, dicheti noi signor *Pisaro*.

*Pisa.* Oh that youth so sweete, so soone should turne to age; were I as you, why this were sport alone for me to doe.

Harke yee, harke yee; heere my man,  
Saith, that the Girles haue sent for Maister *Heigham*  
And his two friends; I know they loue them dear,  
And therefore wish them late at night be heere  
To reuell with them: Will you haue a iest,  
To worke my will, and giue your longings rest:  
Why then M. *Vandalle*, and you two;  
Shall soone at midnight come, as they should doe,  
And court the Wenches; and to be vnknowne,  
And taken for the men, whom they alone  
So much affect; each one shall change his name:  
Maister *Vandalle*, you shall take *Heigham*, and you  
Younge *Harnie*, and monsieur *Delion Ned*,  
And vnder shadowes, be of substance sped:  
How like you this deuice? how thinke you of it?

*Delio.* Oh de braue de galliarde denise: me sal come by de nite and contier faire de Anglois Gentlehomes. dicte nous ainsi monsieur *Pisaro*.

*Pisa.* You are in the right sir.

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Alua.* And I shall name me de signor *Haruy*, ende mon-  
sieur *Delion* shall be de piculo signor *Ned*, ende when mado-  
na *Laurentia* shall say, who be dare? mister *Vandalle* shall say,  
Oh my sount *Laide*, hier be your loue *Mestro Heigham*: Is  
no dis de brauifsime, maister *Vandalle*?

*Vanda.* Slaet vp den tromele, van ick fall come  
Vp to de camerken, wan my new Wincken  
Slaet vp den tromele, van ick fall come.

*Pisa.* Ha, ha, ha, maister *Vandalle*,  
I trow you will be merrie soone at night,  
When you shall doe in deed, what now you hope of.

*Vanda.* I fall v seg vader, Ick fall tesh your Daughrer  
such a ting, make her laugh too.

*Pisa.* Well my Sonnes all, (for so I count you shall)  
What we haue heere deuise'd, prouide me for:  
But about all, doe not (I pray) forget  
To come but one by one, as they did wish.

*Vanda.* Mar hort ens vader, ick veite neite de wecke to  
your hous, hort ens fall maister *Frisco* your manneken  
come to calle de me, and bring me to v house.

*Pisa.* Yes marry shall hee: see that you be ready,  
And at the hower of cleuen sone at night:  
Hie you to *Bucklersburie* to his Chamber,  
And so direct him straight vnto my house:  
My Sonne *Aluaro*, and monsieur *Delion*,  
I know, doth know the way exceeding well:  
Well, weele to the *Rose* in *Barken* for an hower:  
And sirra *Frisco*, see you proue no blabbe.

*Exeunt Pizaro, Aluaro, Delion, and Vandalle.*

*Frisco.* Oh monstrous, who would thinke my Maister  
had so much witte in his old rotten-budget: and yet  
yfayth he is not much troubled with it neither. Why what  
wise man in a kingdome would sende me for the *Dutch-*  
*man*? Does hee thinke Ile nos coulen him: Oh fine, Ile  
haue

*A Woman will haue her will.*

haue the brauest sport: Oh braue, Ile haue the gallentest sport: Oh come, now if I can hold behinde, while I may laugh a while, I care not: Ha, ha, ha.

*Enter Anthonie.* (tily?)

*Antho.* Why how now *Frisco*, why laughest thou so hard?

*Frisco.* Laugh *M. Mouse*: Laugh, ha, ha, ha. (merry?)

*Antho.* Laugh, why should I laugh? or why art thou so

*Frisco.* Oh maister *Mouse*, maister *Mouse*, it would make any *Mouse*, *Ratte*, *Catte*, or *Dogge*, laugh to thinke, what sport we shall haue at our house sone at night: Ile tell you, all, my young *Mistresses* sent me after *M. Heigham* and his friendes, to pray them come to our house after my old Maister was a bed: Now I went, and I went; and I runne, and I went: and whom should I meete, but my Maister and *M. Pisaro* and the *Strangers*; so my Maister very worshipfully (I must needs say) examined me whither I went now? I durst not tell him an vntruth, for feare of lying, but told him plainely and honestly mine arrande: Now who would thinke my Maister had such a monstrous plagueie witte, hee was as glad as could be; out of all scotch and notch glad, out of all count glad? and so sirra he bid the three *Vplandish-men* come in their steades and woe my young *Mistresses*: Now it made mee so laugh to thinke how they will be cousend, that I could not follow my Maister: But Ile follow him, I know he is gone to the *Tauerne* in his merry humor: Now if you will keepe this as secret as I haue done hitherto, wee shall haue the brauest sport soone, as can be. I must be gone, say nothing.

*Antho.* Well, it is so:

And we will haue good sport, or it shall go hard;  
This must the *Wenches* know, or all is marde.

*Enter the three Sisters.*

Harke you *Mis. Moll*, *Mis. Laurentia*, *Mis. Matty*;  
I haue such newes (my *Girls*) will make you smile.

*Marin.*

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Mari.* What be they Maister, how I long to heare it? }

*Antho.* A Woman right, still longing, and with child,  
For euery thing they heare, or light vpon:  
Well, if you be mad Wenches, heare it now,  
Now may your knaueries giue the deadliest blow!  
To night-walkers, eaufse-droppers, or outlandish loue,  
That ere was stristen.

*Math.* *Anthony Morche,*  
Moue but the matter; tell vs but the iest,  
And if you find vs slacke to execute,  
Neuer giue credence, or belecue vs more. (loues,

*Antho.* Then know: The Strangers your Outlandish  
Appoynted by your Father, comes this night  
In stead of *Harrie, Heigham,* and young *Ned,*  
Vnder their shaddowes to get to your bed:  
For *Frisco* simply told him why he went:  
I need not to instruct, you can conceiue,  
You are not Stockes nor Stones, but haue some store  
Of witte and knauerie too.

*Mathe.* *Anthony,* thanks  
Is too too small a guerdon for this newes;  
You must be English: Well sir signor sowse,  
Ile teach you trickes for comming to our house.

*Laur.* Are you so craftie, oh that night were come,  
That I might heare my *Dutchman* how hee'd sweare  
In his owne mother Language, that he loues me:  
Well, if I quit him not, I here pray God,  
I may lead Apes in Hell, and die a Mayde;  
And that were worser to me then a hanging.

*Antho.* Well said old honest huddles; here's a heape  
Of merrie Lasses: Well, for my selfe,  
Ile hie mee to your Louers, bid them maske  
With vs at night, and in some corner stay  
Neere to our house, where they may make some play  
Vpon your riuals, and when they are gon,

Come

*A Woman will haue her will.*

Come to your windowes.

*Mari.* Doe so good Maister.

*Antho.* Peace, begon; for this our sport,  
Some body soone will moorne.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Pisaro.*

*Pisa.* How fauourable Heauen and Earth is seene,  
To grace the mirthfull complot that is laide,  
Nights Candles burne obscure, and the pale Moone  
Fauouring our drift, lyes buried in a Cloude:  
I can but smile to see the simple Girles,  
Hoping to haue their sweete-hearts here to night,  
Tickled with extreame ioy, laugh in my face:  
But when they finde, the Strangers in their steades,  
Theyle change their note, and sing an other song.  
Where be these Girles heere? what, to bed, to bed:  
*Mawdlin* make fast the Dores, rake vp the Fire;  
Gods me, tis nine a clocke, harke *Bow-bell* rings: *Knocke.*  
Some looke downe below, and see who knockes:  
And harke you Girles, settle your hearts at rest,  
And full resoluē you, that to morrow morne;  
You must be wedd to such as I preferre;  
I meane *Aluaro* and his other friends:  
Let me no more be troubled with your naves.  
You shall doe what Ile haue, and so resoluē.

*Enter Moore.*

Welcome M. *Moore*, welcome,  
What winde a-gods name driues you foorth so late?

*Moore.* Fayth sir, I am come to trouble you,  
My wife this present night is brought to bed.

*Pisa.* To bed, and what hath God sent you?

*Moore.* A iolly Girle, sir.

*Pisa.* And God blesse her: But what's your will sir?

*Moore.* Fayth sir, my house being full of Friends,  
Such as (I thanke them) came to see my wife?

*English-men for my money: or,*

I would request you, that for this one night,  
My daughter Susan might be lodged here.

*Pisa.* Lodge in my house, welcome with all my heart,  
*Matt* harke you, she shall lye with you,  
Trust me she could not come in fitter time.  
For heere you sir, to morrow in the morning,  
All my three Daughters must be married,  
Good maister *Moore* lets haue your company,  
What say you sir; Welcome honest friend.

*Enter a Seruant.*

*Moor.* How now sirra whats the newes with you?

*Pisa.* *Mome* he heare you, stirre betimes to morrow,  
For then I meane your Schollers shall be wed:  
What newes, what newes man that you looke so sad,

*Moor.* Hee brings me word my wife is new falne sicke,  
And that my daughter cannot come to night:  
Or if she does, it will be very late.

*Pisa.* Beleeue me I am then more sorry for it.  
But for your daughter come she soone or late,  
Some of vs will be vp to let her in,  
For heere be three meanes not to sleepe to night:  
Well you must be gone? commende me to your wife,  
Take heede how you goe downe, the staires are bad,  
Bring here a light.

*Moor.* Tis well I thanke you sir. *Exit.*

*Pisa.* Good night maister *Moore* farwell honest friend,  
Come, come to bed, to bed tis nine and past,  
Doe not stand prating here to make me fetch you,  
But gette you to your Chambers. *Exit Pizaro.*

*Antho.* Birlady heres short worke, harke you Girles,  
Will you to morrow marry with the strangers.

*Mall.* Yfayth sir no lle first leape out at window,  
Before *Marina* marry with a stranger,

*Antho.* Yes but your father swears, you shall haue one.

*Ma.* Yes but his daughters, swears they shall haue none,  
These



*A Woman will haue her will.*

These horeson Canniballs, these *Philistines*,  
These tango mongoes shall not rule Ore me,  
Ile haue my will and *Ned*, or Ile haue none.

*Antho.* How will you get him? how will you get him?

I know no other way except it be this,  
That when your fathers in his soundest sleepe,  
You ope the Dore and runne away with them,

*All sisters.* So wee will rather then misse of them.

*Antho.* Tis well resolude y'fayth and like your selues,  
But heare you? to your Chambers presently,  
Least that your father doe discry our drift, *Exeunt Sisters.*  
*Mistres Susan* should come but she cannot,  
Nor perhaps shall not, yet perhaps she shall,  
Might not a man conceipt a prettie iest?  
And make as mad a Riddle as this is,  
If all thinges fadge not, as all thinges should doe,  
Wee shall be sped y'fayth, *Matt* shall haue huc.

*Enter Vandalle and Frisco.*

*Vand.* Wear be you mester *Frisco*.

*Frisco.* Here sir, here sir, now if I could coufen him, take  
heede sir hers a post.

*Vand.* Ick be so groterly hot, datt ick swette, Oh wen  
fal we come dare.

*Frisco.* Be you so hotte sir, let me carry your Cloake, I  
assure you it will ease you much.

*Vand.* Dare here, dare, tis so Darke ey can neit see.

*Frisco.* I, so so: now you may trauell in your Hose and  
Doublet: now looke I as like the *Dutchman*, as if I were  
spit out of his mouth: Ile straight home, & speake groote  
and broode, and toot and gibrish; and in the darke Ile  
haue a sling at the Wenches. Well, I say no more; farewell  
*M. Mendall*, I must goe seeke my fortune. *Exit Frisco.*

*Vanda.* Mester *Frisco*, mester *Frisco*, wat sal you no speak,  
make you de Foole? Why mester *Frisco*; Oh de skellum,

*English-men for my money: or,*

he be ga met de Cloake, me sal seg his mester, han mester  
*Frisco*, waer sidy mester *Frisco*. *Exit Vandal.*

*Enter Haruie, Heigham, and Walgrau.*

*Hary.* Goes the case so well signor bottle-nose?  
It may be we shall ouerreach your drift;  
This is the time the Wenches sent vs word  
Our bumbast *Dutchman* and his mates will come.  
Well neat *Italian*, you must don my shape:  
Play your part well, or I may haps pay you.  
What, speechlesse *Ned*? fayth whereon musest thou?  
Tis on your *French* coriuall, for my life:  
Hee come *ete vostre*, and so foorth,  
Till he hath foysted in a Brat or two?  
How then, how then?

*Walg.* Swounds Ile geld him first,  
Ere that infestious loszell reuell there.  
Well *Matt*, I thinke thou knowst what *Ned* can doe;  
Shouldst thou change *Ned* for Noddy, mee for him,  
Thou didst not know thy losse, yfayth thou didst not.

*Heigh.* Come leaue this idle chatte, and lets provide  
Which of vs shall be scar-crow to these Fooles,  
And set them out the way?

*Walg.* Why that will I.

*Hary.* Then put a Sword into a mad-mans hand:  
Thou art so hasty, that but crosse thy humor,  
And thou't be ready crosse them ore the pates:  
Therefore for this time, Ile supply the rome.

*Heigh.* And so we shall be sure of chatt enough;  
Youle hold them with your floutes and gullcs so long,  
That all the night will scarcely be enough  
To put in practise, what we haue deuise d:  
Come, come, Ile be the man shall doe the deed.

*Hary.* Well, I am content to saue your longing.  
But soft, where are we? Ha, heere's the house,

*Come,*

*A Woman will haue her will.*

Come let vs take our stands: *Fraunce* stand you there,  
And *Ned* and I will crosse t'other side.

*Heigh.* Doe so: But hush, I heare one passing hither.

*Enter Aluaro.*

*Aluar.* Oh de fauorable aspect of de heauen, tis so obscure, so darke, so blacke dat no mortalle creature can know de me: I pray a Dio I sal haue de reight Wench: Ah si I be recht, here be de huis of signor *Pisaro*, I sall haue de madona *Marma*, and daruor I sall knocke to de dore.

*He knockes.*

*Heigh.* What a pox are you mad or druncke;  
What, doe you meane to breake my Glasses?

*Alua.* Wat be dat Glasse? Wat druncke, wat mad?

*Heigh.* What Glasses sir; why my Glasses: and if you be so crancke, Ile call the Constable; you will not enter into a mans house (I hope) in spight of him?

*Haru.* Nor durst you be so bold as to stand there,  
Yf once the Maister of the House did know it.

*Alua.* Is dit your Hous: be you de Signor of dis Cassa?

*Heigh.* Signor me no signors, nor cassa me no cassas: but get you hence, or you are like to taste of the Bastinado.

*Heigh.* Do, do, good *Ferdinand*, pummell the logerhead.

*Alua.* Is this neit the Hous of mester *Pisaro*?

*Heigh.* Yes marry when? can you tell: how doe you?  
I thanke you heartily, my finger in your mouth.

*Alua.* Wat be dat?

*Heigh.* Marry that you are an Assle and a Logerhead,  
Yo seeke maister *Pisaros* house heere.

*Alua.* I prey de gratia, wat be dis plashe?  
Wat doe ye call dit strete?

*Heigh.* What sir; why *Leden-hall*, could you not see the foure Spoutes as you came along?

*Alua.* Certenemento *Leden hall*, I hit my hed by de way, dare may be de voer Spouts: I prey de gratia, wish be de wcy to *Crochefriers*?

*English-men for my mooney: or,*

*Heigh.* How, to *Croched-friers*? Marry you must goe along till you come to the *Pumpe*, and then turne on your righthand.

*Alua.* Signor, adio.

*Exit Alvaro.*

*Haru.* Farewell and be hang'd Signor :  
Now for your fellow, if the *Assc* would come.

*Enter Delio.*

*Delio.* By my trot me doe so much tincke of dit Gentlewoman de fine *Wenshe*, dat me tincke esh houer ten day, and esh day ten yeare, till I come to her : Here be de huise of sin vader, fall alle and knocke.

*He knocks.*

*Heigh.* What a bots ayle you, are you madd?  
Will you runne ouer me and breake my *Glasses*?

*Delio.* *Glasses*, wat *Glasses*? Prey is monsieur *Pisaro* to de mayson?

*Haru.* Harké *Ned*, there's thy substaunce

*Walg.* Nay by the *Masse*, the substaunce's heere,  
The shaddow's but an *Assc*.

*Heigh.* What Maister *Pisaro*?

Logerhead, heere's none of your *Pisaros*?

*Delio.* Yes but dit is the houis of mester *Pisaro*.

*Walg.* Will not this monsieur *Motley* take his answer?  
He goe and knocke the *asse* about the pate.

*Haru.* Nay by your leaue sir, but He hold your worship.  
This starre we should haue had, had you stood there.

*Walg.* Why, would it not vexe one to heare the *asse*,  
Stand prating here of dit and dan, and den and dog?

*Haru.* One of thy mettle *Ned*, would surely doe it :  
But peace, and harke to the rest.

*Delio.* Doe no de fine Gentlewoman matresse *Mathea*  
dwell in d't *Plashe*?

*Heigh.* No sir, here dwels none of your fine Gantlewoman :  
T were a good deed sirra, to see who you are;  
You come hither to steale my *Glasses*.

And then counterfeite you are going to your *Queanes*.

*Delio.*

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Delio.* I be deceu dis darke neight; here be no Wenshe,  
I be no in de right plathe: I prey Monsieur, wat be name  
dis Streete, and wishe be de way to *Croshe-friers*?

*Heigh.* Marry this is *Fanchurch-streete*,  
And the best way to *Crotched-friers*, is to follow your nose

*Delio.* *Vanshe streete*, how shaunce me come to *Vanshe*  
*streete*? vell monsieur, me must alle to *Croche-friers*.

*Exit Delio.*

*Walg.* Farewell fortipence, goe seeke your Signor,  
I hope youle finde your selues two Dolts anone:  
Hush *Fredinand*, I heare the last come stamping hither.

*Enter Frisco.*

*Frisco.* Ha sirra, I haue left my fatte *Dutchman*, and runne  
my selfe almost out of breath too: now to my young mis-  
tresses goe I, some body cast an old shoe after me: but soft,  
how shall I doe to counterfeite the *Dutchman*, be cause  
I speake *English* so like a naturall; Tush, take you no  
thought for that, let me alone for *Squintum squantum*: soft,  
her's my Maisters house,

*High.* Whose there.

*Frisco.* Whose there, why fir here is: Nay thats too good  
*English*; Why here be de growtte *Dutchman*.

*Heigh.* Then theres not onely a growtte head, but an  
Assle also.

*Frisco.* What be yoo, yoo be an *English* Oxe to call a gen-  
tle moan Assle.

*Haru.* Harke Ned yonders good greeting.

*Frisco.* But yoo, and yoo be Maister *Mouze* that dwell  
here, tell your matressa *Laurentia* datt her sweete harte  
Maister *Vandall* would speake with horde,

*Heigh.* Maister *Mendall*, gette you gon, least you get  
a broken Pate and so marre all: heres no entrance for mis-  
stres *Laurentios* sweete heart.

*Frisco.* Gods sacaren watt is the luck now.

Shall

*English-men for my money: or,*

Shall not I come to my friend maister *Pisaro* Hoofe?

*Heigh.* Yes and to maister *Pisaros* Shoes too, if hee or they were here.

*Frisco.* Why my groute friend, M. *Pisaro* doth dwel here.

*Heigh.* Sirra, you lye, heere dwells no body but I, that haue dwelt here this one & forty yeares, and sold Glasse.

*Walg.* Lye farder, one and fifty at the least.

*Frisco.* Hoo, hoo, hoo; do you giue the Gentleman the ly?

*Harn.* I sir, and will giue you a lick of my Cudgell, if yee stay long and trouble the whole streete with your bawling: hence dolt, and goe seeke M. *Pisaros* House.

*Frisco.* Goe seeke M. *Pisaros* House;  
Where shall I goe seeke it?

*Heigh.* Why, you shall goe seeke it where it is.

*Frisco.* That is here in *Croched-friers*.

*Heigh.* How Leger-head, is *Croched-friers* heere?

I thought you were some such drunken Ass,

That come to seeke *Croched-friers* in *Tower-streete*:

But get you along on your left hand, and be hang'd;

You haue kept me out of my Bedd with your bangling;

A good while longer then I would haue been.

*Frisco.* Ah, ah, How is this? Is not this *Croched-friers*?

Tell mee, Ile hold a Crowne they gaue me so much Wine  
at the *Tauerne*, that I am druncke, and know not ont.

*Harn.* My *Dutchman's* out his Compasse & his Card;  
Hee's reckning what Winde hath droue him hither;

Ile swear hee thinkes neuer to see *Pisaros*.

*Frisco.* Nay tis so, I am sure druncke: Soft let mee see,  
what was I about? Oh now I haue it, I must goe to my  
Maisters house and counterfeite the *Dutchman*, and get  
my young Mistresse; well, and I must turne on my left  
hand, for I haue forgot the way quite and cleane:

Fare de well good friend, I am a simple *Dutchman* I.

*Exit Frisco.*

*Heigh.* Faire weather after you. And now my Laddes,

Haue

*A Woman will haue her will.*

Haue I not plide my part as I should doe?

*Haru.* Twas well, twas well: But now let's cast about,  
To set these Woodcocks farder from the Houfe,  
And afterwards retorne vnto our Girles.

*Walg.* Content, content; come, come make haste. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Atuaro.*

*Alua.* I goe and turne, and dan I come to dis plashe, I  
can no tell waer, and fall doe I can no tell watt, turne by  
the Pumpe; I pumpe it faire.

*Enter Delio.*

*Delio.* Me aile, ende alle & can no come to *Croche-friers.*

*Enter Frisca.*

*Frisca.* Oh miserable Blacke-pudding, if I can tell which  
is the way to my Maisters house, I am a Red-herring, and  
no honest Gentleman.

*Alua.* Who parlato daer?

*Delio.* Who be der? who alle der?

*Frisca.* How's this? For my life here are the Strangers:  
Oh that I had the *Dutchmans* Hose, that I might creepe  
into the Pockets; they'le all three fall vpon me & beat me.

*Alua.* Who doe der ander?

*Delio.* Amis?

*Frisca.* Oh braue; it's no body but *M. Pharoo* and the  
*Frenchman* going to our Houfe, on my life: well, Ile haue  
some sport with them, if the Watch hinder me not.

Who goes there?

*Delio.* Who parle der, in wat plashe, in wat streat be you?

*Frisca.* Why sir, I can tell where I am; I am in *Tower-*  
*streete*: Where a Diuell be you?

*Delio.* Io be here in *Lede-hall.*

*Frisca.* In *Leden-hall*? I trow I shall meete with you a-  
none: in *Leden-hall*? What a simple Assc is this *Frenchman*.  
Some more of this: Where are you sir?

*Alua.* Moy I be here in *Vansbe-streete.*

G.

*Frisca.*

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Frisco.* This is excellent yn fayth, as fit as a Fiddle: I in *Tower-streete*, you in *Leaden-hall*, and the third in *Fanchurch-streete*; and yet all three heare one another, and all three speake together: either wee must be all three in *Leaden-hall*, or all three in *Tower-streete*, or all three in *Fanchurch-streete*; or all three Fools.

*Alua.* Monsieur Gentle-home, can you well tesh de wey to *Croshe-friers*?

*Frisco.* How to *Croched-friers*? I, I sir, passing well if you will follow mee. (tanks.)

*Delio.* I dat me sal monsier Gentle-home, and giue you

*Frisco.* And monsiur *Pharo*, I shall lead you such a iaunt, that you shall scarce giue me thanks for. Come firrs follow mee: now for a durtic Puddle, the pissing Condit, or a great Post, that might turne these two from *Asses* to *Oxen* by knocking their Hornes to their Fore-heads.

*Alua.* Whaer be de now signor?

*Frisco.* Euen where you will signor, for I know not: Soft I smell: Oh pure Nose.

*Delio.* VVat do you smell?

*Frisco.* I haue the scent of *London-stone* as full in my nose, as *Abchurch-lane* of mother *Walles* Pasties: Sirrs feele about, I smell *London-stone*.

*Alua.* Wat be dis?

*Frisco.* Soft let me see; feele I should say, for I cannot see: Oh lads pray for my life, for we are almost at *Croched-friers*.

*Delio.* Dats good: but watt be dis Post?

*Frisco.* This Post; why tis the *May-pole* on *Inie-bridge* going to *Westminster*.

*Delio.* Ho *Wesmistere*, how come we to *Wesmistere*?

*Frisco.* Why on your Legges foolcs, how should you goe? Soft, heere's an other: Oh now I know in deede where I am; wee are now at the fardest end of *Shoredich*, for this is the *May-pole*.

*Delo.* *Sordiche*; O dio, dere be some nautic tinge, some Spirite



*A Woman will haue her will.*

Spirite do leade vs.

*Frisco.* You say true sir, for I am afeard your *French* Spirit is vp so far alreedy, that you brought me this way, because you would finde a Charme for it at the Blew Bore in the *Spittle*: But soft, who comes heere?

*Enter a Belman.*

*Bel.* Maydes in your Smocks, looke wel to your Locks, Your Fier and your Light; and God giue you good night.

*Delia.* Monsieur Gentle-home, I prey parle one, too, tree, fore, words vore vs to dis oull man.

*Frisco.* Yes marry shall I sir. I pray honest Fellow, in what Streete be wee?

*Bel.* Ho *Frisco*, whither friske you at this time of night?

*Delio.* What, *Monsieur Frisco*?

*Alua.* Signor *Frisco*?

*Frisco.* The same, the same: Harke yee honesty, mee thinkes you might doe well to haue an *M.* vnder your Girdle, considering how Signor *Pifaro*, and this other Monsieur doe hold of mee.

*Bell.* Oh sir, I cry you mercie; pardon this fault, and Ile doe as much for you the next time.

*Frisco.* Well, passing ouer superstitiual talke, I pray what Street is this; for it is so darke, I know not where I am?

*Bell.* Why art thou druncke, Dost thou not know *Fanchurch-streete*?

*Frisco.* I sir, a good Fellow may sometimes be ouerseene among Friends; I was drinking with my Maister and these Gentlemen, and therefore no maruaile though I be none of the wisest at this present: But I pray thee Goodman *Buttericke*, bring mee to my Maisters House.

*Bel.* Why I will, I will, push that you are so strange now adayes: but it is an old said saw, Honors change Manners.

*Frisco.* Good-man *Buttericke* will you walke afore:

Come honest Friends, will yee goe to our House?

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Delio.* Ouy monsieur *Frisco*.

*Alua.* Si signor *Frisco*.

*Enter Vandalle.*

*Vand.* Oh de skellam *Frisco*, ic weit neit waer dat ic be, ic goe and hit my nose op dit post, and ic goe and hit my nose op danden post; Oh de villaine: Well, waer ben ic now? Haw laet syen is dut neit croshe vrier, ya seker so ist and dit *M. Pisaros* huis: Oh de good shaunce, well ic fall now haue de Wenshe *Laurentia*, mestris *Laurentia*.

*Enter Laurentia, Marina, Mathen, above.*

*Mari.* Who's there, Maister *Haruie*?

*Math.* Maister *Walgrane*?

*Laur.* Maister *Heigham*?

*Vand.* Ya my Louue, here be mester *Heigham* your groot frinde.

*Mari.* How, Maister *Heigham* my grot vrinde?  
Out alas, here's one of the Strangers.

*Lauren.* Peace you Mammet, let's see which it is; wee may chaunce teach him a strange tricke for his learning: *M. Heigham*, what wind driues you to our house so late?

*Vand.* Oh my leif Mesken, de loue tol v be so groot, dat het bring me out my bed voor you.

*Math.* Ha, ha, we know the Assle by his eares; it is the *Dutchman*: what shall we doe with him?

*Laure.* Peace, let him not know, that you are heere: *M. Heigham*, if you will stay awhile that I may se, if my Father be a sleepe, and Ile make meanes we may come togeather

*Vand.* Dat sal ick my Loua. Is dit no well counterfett I speake so like mester *Heigham* as tis possible.

*Laure.* Well, what shall we doe with this Lubber?  
(Louer I should say.)

*Math.* What shall wee doe with him?

Why crowne him with a \_\_\_\_\_

*Mari.* Fie Slutt: No, wele vse him clenlier; you know we haue neuer a Signe at the dore, would not the iest proue

currant,

currant, to make the *Dutchman* supply that want.

*Laure.* Nay, the foole wil cry out, & so wake my father.

*Mat.* Why, then wele cut the Rope & cast him downe.

*Laur.* And so iest out a hanging, let's rather draw him vp in the Basket, and so starue him to death this frosty night.

*Mari.* In sadnesse, well aduisde: Sister, doe you holde him in talke, and weele prouide it whilst.

*Laur.* Goe to then. *M. Heigham*, oh sweete *M. Higham*, doth my Father thinke that his vnkindnes can part you & poore *Laurentia*? No, no, I haue found a drift to bring you to my Chamber, if you haue but the heart to venter it.

*Vand.* Ventre, sal ick goe to de see, and be de see, and ore de see, and in de see voer my sweete Loue.

*Laur.* Then you dare goe into a Basket; for I know no other meanes to inioy your companie, then so: for my Father hath the Keyes of the Dore.

*Vand.* Sal ick climb vp tot you? sal ick fly vp tot you? sal ick, wat segdy?

*Math.* Bid him doe it Sister, wee shall see his cunning.

*Laur.* Oh no, so you may catch a fal. There *M. Heigham*, Put your selfe into that Basket, and I will draw you vp: But no words I pray you, for feare my Sister heare you.

*Vand.* No, no, no word: Oh de seete Wenshe, ick come, ick come.

*Laur.* Are you ready maister *Heigham*?

*Vand.* Ia ick my sout Lady.

*Mari.* Merily then my Wenches.

*Laur.* How heauie the Ass is: Maister *Heigham*, is there any in the Basket but your selfe?

*Vand.* Neit, neit, dare be no man.

*Laur.* Are you vp sir? *Vand.* Neit, neit.

*Mari.* Nor neuer are you like to climbe more higher: Sisters, the Woodcock's caught, the Foole is cag'd.

*Vand.* My sout Lady I be nuc neit vp, pul me tot v.

*Math.* When can you tell; what maister *Wandalle*,

*English-men for my money sor.*

A wether beaten soldier an old wench,  
Thus to be ouerreach'd by three young Girles:  
Ah firra now weele bragge with Mistres Moore,  
To haue as fine a Parret as she hath,  
Looke sisters what a pretty foole it is:  
What a greene greasie shyning Coate he hath,  
An Almonde for Parret, a Rope for Parret.

*Vand.* Doe you moc que me seger seger,  
I fal seg your vader.

*Laur.* Doe and you dare, you see here is your fortune,  
Disquiet not my father; if you doe,  
Ile send you with a vengeance to the ground,  
Well we must confesse we trouble you,  
And ouer watching makes a wiseman madde,  
Much more a foole, theres a Cusshon for you,

*Mar.* To bore you through the nose.

*Laur.* To lay your head on.  
Couch in your Kennell sleape and fall to rest,  
And so good night for London maydes skorne still,  
A Dutch-man should be seene to curbe their will.

*Vand.* Hort ye Daughter, hort ye gods se ker kin? will  
ye no let me come tot you? ick bid you let me come tot you  
watt sal ick don, ick woud neit vor vn hundred pounde  
*Aluaro & Delion*, should see me ope dit maner, well wat sal  
ick don, ick mout neit cal: vor de Wenshes wil cut de rope  
and breake my necke; ick sal here bleauen tib de morning,  
& dan ick sal cal to mester *Pisaro*, & make him shafe & shite  
his dauctors: Oh de skellum *Frisco*, Oh des cruell Hores.

*Enter Pisaro.*

*Pisa.* He put the Light out, least I be spied,  
For closely I haue stolne me soorth a doares,  
That I might know, how my three Sonnes haue sped.  
Now, (afore God) my heart is pasing light,  
That I haue ouerreach'd the *Englishmen*:

Ha.

*A Woman will bane her will*

Ha, ha, Maister *Vandalle*, many such nights  
Will swage your bigg swolne bulke, and make it lancke:  
When I was young, yet though my Haires be gray,  
I haue a Young mans spirit to the death,  
And can as nimble trip it with a *Girl*,  
As those which fold the spring-tide in their Beards:  
Lord how the verie thought of former times,  
Supples these neere-dried limbes with actiuenesse:  
Well, thoughts are shadows, sooner lost then scene,  
Now to my Daughters, and their merrie night,  
I hope *Aluaro* and his companie,  
Haue read to them morrall *Philosophie*,  
And they are full with it: Heere Ile stay,  
And tarry till my gallant youths come foorth.

*Enter Harue, Walgrane, and Heigham.* Y (thou?

*Heigh.* You mad-man, wild-oats, mad-cap, where art

*Walg.* Heere afore.

*Haru.* Oh ware what loue is? *Ned* hath found the scents,

And if the *Connie* chaunce to misse her *Burrough*,

*Shce's* ouer-borne yfayth, she cannot stand it.

*Pisa.* I know that voyce, or I am much deceiued.

*Heigh.* Come, why loyter wee? this is the *Dore*:

But soft, heere's one asleepe.

*Walg.* Come, let mee feele:

Oh tis some *Rogue* or other; spurne him, spurne him!

*Haru.* Be not so wilfull, prethee let him lie.

*Heigh.* Come backe, come backe, for wee are past the

*Yonder's Matheas* Chamber with the light.

*Pisa.* Well fare a head, or I had been discride.

Gods mee, what make the *Youngsters* heere so late?

I am a *Rouge*, and spurne him: well lacke sauce,

The *Rogue* is waking yet, to marre your sport.

*Walg.* *Matt*, *Mistris Mathea*; where be these *Girls*?

*Enter*

English-men for my monoy: or,

Enter *Mathea* alone.

*Matb.* VVho's there below?

*Walg.* Thy *Ned*, kind *Ned*, thine honest trusty *Ned*.

*Matb.* No, no, it is the *Frenchman* in his stead,  
That Mounſieur moticoate that can diſſemble:  
Heare you *Frenchman*, packe to your Whores in *France*,  
Though I am *Portingale* by the Fathers ſide,  
And therefore ſhould be luſtfull, wanton, light,  
Yet goodman Goofecap, I will let you know,  
That I haue ſo much *Engliſh* by the Mother,  
That no bace ſlauiering *French* ſhall make me ſtoope:  
And ſo, ſir *Dan-delion* fare you well.

*Walg.* What ſpeachleſſe, not a word: why how now *Ned*?

*Har.* The Wench hath tane him downe,  
He hanges his head.

*Walg.* You *Dan-de-lion*, you that talke ſo well:  
Harke you a word or two good Miſtris *Matt*,  
Did you appoynt your Friends to meete you heere,  
And being come, tell vs of Whores in *France*,  
A *Spaniſh* lennet, and an *Engliſh* Mare,  
A Mongrill, halfe a Dogge and halfe a Bitch,  
VVith *Fran-dido*, *Dil-dido*, and I know not what?

Heare you, if you'll run away with *Ned*,  
And be content to take me as you find me,  
VVhy ſo law, I am yours: if otherwiſe,  
You'll change your *Ned*, to be a *Frenchmans* Trull?

VVhy then, *Madams Delion*, *Je vous laſſera a Dio*, et la  
bon fortune.

*Matb.* That voyceaſſures mee, that it is my Loue:  
Say truly, Att thou my *Ned*? art thou my Loue?

*Walg.* Swounds who ſhould I be but *Ned*?  
You make me ſwear.

Enter, aboue *Marina*.

*Mari.* Who ſpeake you to? *Mathea* who's below?

*Har.* *Marina*.

*Mari.*

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Mari.* Young maister *Haruy*? for that voyce saith so.

*Enter Laurentia.*

*Alua.* Speake sister *Mari*, is not my true Loue there?

*Math.* Ned is.

*Laur.* Not maister *Heighams*?

*Heigh.* *Laurentia*, heere.

*Laur.* Y sayth thou'rt welcome.

*Heigh.* Better cannot Fall.

*Math.* Sweete, so art thou.

*Mari.* As much to mine.

*Laur.* Nay Gentles, welcome all.

*Pisa.* Here's cunning harlotries, they feed these off  
With welcome, and kind words, whilst other Lads  
Reuell in that delight they should possesse:  
Good Girls, I promise you I like you well.

*Mari.* Say maister *Haruy*, saw you, as you came,  
That Leacher, which my Sire appoynts my man;  
I meane that wanton base *Italian*,  
That *Spannish*-leather spruce companion:  
That anticke Ape trickt vp in fashion?  
Had the Ass come, I'de learne him, differencee been  
Betwixt an *English* Gentleman and him.

*Heigh.* How would you vse him (sweete)  
If he should come?

*Mari.* Nay nothing (sweet) but only wash his crowne:  
Why the Ass wooes in such an amorous key,  
That he presumes no Wench should say him nay:  
Hee slauers not his Fingers, wipes his Bill,  
And sweares in sayth you shall, in sayth I will;  
That I am almost madd to bide his woeing.

*Heigh.* Looke what he said in word, Ile act in doing.

*Walq.* Leauethought of him, for day steales on apace,  
And to our Loues: Will you performe your words;  
All things are ready, and the Parson stands,

H.

To

*English-men for my money: or,*

To ioyne as hearts in hearts, our hands in hands;  
Night fauours vs, the thing is quickly done,  
Then trusse vp bagg and Bagages, and be gone:  
And ere the morninge, to augment your ioyes,  
Weele make you mothers of fixe goodly Boyes.

*Heigh.* Promise them three good *Ned*, and say no more.

*Walg.* But Ile get three, and if I gette not foure.

*Pisa.* Theres a sound Carde at Maw, a lustie lad,  
Your father thought him well, when one he had,

*Heigh.* What say you sweetes, will you performe your  
wordes?

*Matt.* Loue to true loue, no lesser meede affordes?

Wee say we loue you, and that loues fayre breath  
Shall lead vs with you round about the Earth:

And that our loues, vowes, wordes, may all proue true,  
Prepare your Armes, for thus we flie to you. *they Embrace.*

*Walg.* This workes like waxe, now ere to morrow day,  
If you two ply it but as well as I,

Weele worke our landes out of *Pisares* Daughters:

And cansell all our bondes in their great Bellies,

When the slaue knowes it, how the Roge will curse.

*Matt.* Sweete hart.

*Walg.* *Matt.*

*Mathe.* Where art thou.

*Pisa.* Here.

*Mathe.* Oh Iesus heres our father.

*Walg.* The Diuell he is.

*Har u.* Maister *Pisaro*, twenty times God morrow.

*Pisa.* Good morrow? now I tell you Gentlemen,

You wrong and moue my patience ouermuch,

What will you Rob me, Kill me, Cutte my Throte:

And set mine owne bloud here against me too,

You hufwifes? Baggages? or what is worse,

Wilfull, stouborne, disobedient:

Use it not Gentlemen, abuse me not,



*A Woman will haue her will.*

Newgate hath rome, theres law enough in England,

*Heigh.* Be not so testie, heare what we can say.

*Pisa.* Will you be wiu'de? first learne to keepe a wife,  
Learne to be thriftie, learne to keepe your Lands,  
And learne to pay your debts to, I aduise, else.

*Walg.* What else, what Lands, what Debts, what will  
you doe?

Haue you not Land in Morgage for your mony,

Nay since tis so, we owe you not a Penny,

Frette not, Fume not, neuer bende the Browe:

You take Tenn in the hundred more then Law,

We can complayne, extortion, simony,

Newgate hath Rome, thers Law enough in England:

*Heigh.* Prethe haue done.

*Walg.* Prethy me no Prethies.

Here is my wife, Sbloud touch her, if thou darst,

Hearst thou, Ile lie with her before thy face,

Against the Crosse in Cheape, here, any where,

What you old craftie Fox you.

*Heigh.* Ned, stop there.

*Pisa.* Nay, nay speake out, beare witnesse Gentlemen,  
Whers *Mowche*, charge my Musket, bring me my Bill,  
For here are some that meane to Rob thy maister.

*Enter Anthony.*

I am a Fox with you, well Iack sawce,

Beware least for a Goose, I pray on you.

*Exeunt Pizaro and Daughters.*

In baggages, *Mowche* make fast the doore.

*Walg.* A vengeance on ill lucke,

*Antho.* What neuer storme,

But bridle anger with wise gouernment.

*Heigh.* Whom? *Anthony* our friend, Ah now our hopes,

H 2

Ans

Are found too light to ballance our ill happes.

*Antho.* Tut nere say so, for *Anthony*  
Is not deuoyde of meanes to helpe his Friends.

*Walg.* Swounds, what a diuell made he foorth so late?  
He lay my life twas hee that fainde to sleepe,  
And we all vnuspitious, tearmde a Roage:  
Oh God, had I but knowne him; if I had,  
I would haue writt such Letters with my Sword  
Vpon the bald skin of his parching pate,  
That he should nere haue liude to crosse vs more.

*Antho.* These menaces are vaine, and helpeth naught:  
But I haue in the deapth of my conceit  
Found out a more materiall stratagem:  
Harke Maister *Walgrane*, yours craues quicke dispatch,  
About it straight, stay not to say farewell. *Exit Walgrane.*  
You Maister *Heigham*, hie you to your Chamber,  
And stirre not foorth, my shaddow, or my selfe,  
Will in the morning earely visit you;  
Build on my promise fir, and good night. *Exit Heigham.*  
Last, yet as great in loue, as to the first:  
Yf you remember, once I told a iest,  
How feigning to be sicke, a Friend of mine  
Possest the happy issue of his Loue:  
That counterfeited humor must you play;  
I need not to instruct, you can conceiue,  
Vse maister *Browne* your Host, as chiefe in this;  
But first, to make the matter seeme more true,  
Sickly and sadly bid the churle good night;  
I heare him at the Window, there he is.

*Enter Pisaro above.*  
Now for a tricke to ouerreach the Diuell.  
I tell you fir, you wrong my maister much,  
And then to make amends, you giue hard words:  
Hath been a friend to you; nay more, a Father:  
I promise you, tis most vnghently done.

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Pisa.* I, well said *Monche*, now I see thy loue,  
And thou shalt see mine, one day if I liue.  
None but my Daughters sir, hangs for your tooth:  
I'de rather see them hang'd first, ere you get them.

*Haru.* Maister *Pisaro*, heare a dead man speake,  
Who sings the wofull accents of his end,  
I doe confesse I loue; then let not loue  
Prooue the sad engine of my lines remooué:

*Marinaes* rich Possession was my blisse?  
Then in her losse, all ioy eclipsed is:

As eüery Plant takes vertue of the Sunne;  
So from her Eyes, this life and being sprung:

But now debar of those cleare shyning Rayes,  
Death for Earth gapes, and Earth to Death obeyes:

Each word thou spakst, (oh speake not so againe)  
Bore Deaths true image on the Word ingrauen;

Which as it flue mixt with Heauens ayerie breath,  
Summond the dreadfull Selsions of my death:

I leave thee to thy wish, and may th'euent  
Prooue equall to thy hope and hearts content.

*Marina* to that hap, that happiest is,  
My Body to the Graue, my Soule to blisse.

Haue I done well? *Exit Haruie.*

*Antho.* Excellent well in troth.

*Pisar.* I, goe; I, goe: your words moue me as much,  
As doth a Stone being cast against the ayre.

But soft, What Light is that? What Folkes be those? Oh tis  
*Aluaro* & his other Friends, Ile downe & let them in. *Exit.*

*Enter Belman, Frisco, Vandalle, Delion, & Aluaro.*

*Frisco.* Where are we now gaffer *Buttericke*? (wits?)

*Bell.* Why know you not *Croched-friers*, where be your

*Aluar.* Wat be tis *Crosch-viers*? vidite padre dare; tacke  
you dat, me sal trouble you no farre.

*Bell.* I thanke you Gentlemen, good night:  
Good night *Frisco.* *Exit Belman.*

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Frisco.* Farewell *Buttericks*, what a Clowne it is:  
Come on my maisters merrily, Ile knocke at the dore.

*Antho.* Who's there, our three wise Woers,  
Blockhead our man? had he not been,  
They might haue hanged them-selues,  
For any Wenches they had hit vpon:  
Good morrow, or good den, I know not whether.

*Delio.* Monsieur de *Mowche*, wat macke you out de  
Houis so late?

*Enter Pifaro below.*

*Pisa.* What, what, young men & sluggards; fy for shame  
You trifle time at home about vaine toyes,  
Whilst others in the meane time, steale your Brides:  
I tell you sir, the *English* Gentlemen  
Had wel-ny mated you, and mee, and all;  
The Dores were open, and the Girles abroad,  
Their Sweet-hearts ready to receiue them to:  
And gone forsooth they had been, had not I  
(I thinke by reuelation) stopt their flight:  
But I haue coopt them vp, and so will keepe them.  
But sirra *Frisco*, where's the man I sent for?  
VVhose Cloake haue you got there?  
How now, where's *Vandalle*?

*Frisco.* For-sooth he is not heere:  
Maister *Mendall* you meane, doe you not?

*Pifaro.* VVhy loogerhead, him I sent for, where is he?  
VVhere hast thou been? How hast thou spent thy time?  
Did I not send thee to my Sonne *Vandalle*?

*Frisco.* I M. *Mendall*; why forsooth I was at his Cham-  
ber, and wee were comming hitherward, and he was very  
hot, and bade me carry his Cloake; and I no sooner had it,  
but he (being very light) firkes me downe on the left hand,  
and I turnd downe on the left hand, and so lost him.

*Pisa.* VVhy then you turnd together, Assc.

*Frisco.* No sir, we neuer saw one another since.

*Pisa.*

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Pisa.* VVhy, turnd you not both on the left hand?

*Frisc.* No for-sooth we turnd both on the left hand.

*Pisa.* Hoyda, why yet you went both togeather.

*Frisc.* Ah no, we went cleane contrary one from another.

*Pisa.* VVhy Dolt, why Patch, why Assc,  
On which hand turnd yee?

*Frisc.* Alas, alas, I cannot tell for-sooth, it was so darke  
I could not see, on which hand we turnd: But I am sure we  
turnd one way.

*Pisa.* VVas euer creature plagud with such a Dolt?  
My Sonne *Vandalle* now hath lost himselfe,  
And shall all night goe straying bout the Towne;  
Or meete with some strange Watch that knowes him not;  
And all by such an arrant Assc as this.

*Anth.* No, no, you may soone smel the *Dutchmans* lodg-  
Now for a Figure: Out alas, what's yonder? (ing:

*Pisa.* VVhere?

*Frisc.* Hoyda, hoyda, a Basket: it turnes, hoe.

*Pisa.* Peace ye Villaine, and let's see who's there?  
Goe looke about the House; where are our weapons?  
VVhat might this meane?

*Frisc.* Looke, looke, looke; there's one in it, he peeps out:  
Is there nere a Stone here to hurle at his Nose.

*Pisa.* VVhat, wouldst thou breake my VVindowes  
with a Stone? How now, who's there, who are you sir?

*Frisc.* Looke, he peepes out againe: Oh it's M, *Mend-*  
*all*, it's M. *Mendall*: how got he vp thither?

*Pisa.* What, my Sonne *Vandalle*, how comes this to passe?

*Alua.* Signor *Vandalle*, wat do yo goe to de wenshe in de  
Basket?

*Vand.* Oh *Vadere*, *Vadere*, here be sush cruell Döchter-  
kens, ick ben also wery, also wery, also cold; for be in dit  
little Basket: Ic prey helpe dene.

*Frisc.* He lookes like the signe of the Mouth without  
Bishops gate, gaping, and a great Face, and a great Head,  
and

and no Body.

*Pisa.* Why how now Sonne, what haue your Adamants  
Drawne you vp so farre, and there left you hanging  
Twixt Heauen and Earth like *Mahomets* Sepulchre?

*Antho.* They did vnkindly, who so ere they were,  
That plagu'd him here, like *Tantalus* in Hell,  
To touch his Lippes like the desired Fruite,  
And then to snatch it from his gaping Chappes.

*Alus.* A little farder signor *Vandalle*, and dan you may  
put v hed into de windo and cash de Wensh.

*Vand.* Ick prey Vader dat you helpz de mee, Ick prey  
Goddie Vader,

*Pisa.* Helpe you, but how?

*Frisc.* Cut the Rope.

*Antho.* Sir, Ile goe in and see,

And if I can, Ile let him downe to you. *Exit Anthony.*

*Pisa.* Doe gentle *Moushe*: Why but here's a iest;  
They say, high climers haue the greatest falles:  
If you should fall; as how youle doe I know not,  
Birlady I should doubt me of my Sonne:  
Pray to the Rope to hold: Art thou there *Mouche*?

*Enter Anthony above.*

*Antho.* Yes sir, now you may chuse, whether youle stay  
till I let him downe, or whether I shall cut him downe?

*Frisc.* Cut him downe maister *Morse*, cut him downe,  
And let's see, how hele tumble.

*Pisa.* Why sauce, who ask'd your counsaile?  
Let him downe,

What, with a Cushion too? why you prouided  
To lead your life as did *Diogenes*,  
And for a Tubb, to creepe into a Basket.

*Vanda.* Ick fall seg v Vader, Ick quame here to your  
Huise and spreake tol de Dochterken.

*Frisc.* Mr. *Mondall*, you are welcome out of the Basket:  
I smell a Ratt, it was not for nothing, that you lost me.

*Vand.*

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Vand.* Oh skellum, you run away from me.

*Pisa.* I thought so firra, you gaue him the slip.

*Frisc.* Faw, no for-sooth; Ile tell you how it was: when we come from Bucklers-Burie into Corn-Wale, and I had taken the Cloake, then you should haue turnd downe on your left hand and so haue gone right forward, and so turnd vp againe, and so haue crost the streete; and you like an Ass.

*Pisa.* Why how now Rascall; is your manners such? You asse, you Dolt, why led you him through Corn-hill, Your way had been to come through Canning streete.

*Frisc.* Why so I did sir.

*Pisa.* Why thou seest yee were in Corn-Hill.

*Fris.* Indeed sir there was three faults, the Night was darke, Maister Meudall drunke, and I sleepy, that we could not tell very well, which way we went.

*Pisa.* Sirra I owe for this a Cudgelling:  
But Gentlemen, sith things haue faulne out so,  
And for I see *Vandalle* quakes for cold,  
This night accept your Lodginges in my house,  
And in the morning forward with your marriage,  
Come on my sonnes, sirra fetch vp more wood.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the three Sisters.*

*Laur.* Nay neuer weepe *Marina* for the matter,  
Teares are but signes of sorrow, helping not.

*Mari.* Would it not made one to be crost as I,  
Being in the very hight of my desire?

The strangers frustrate all: our true loue's come,  
Nay more, euen at the doore, and *Haruies* armes.

Spred as a Rayne-bow ready to receiue me,  
And then my Father meete vs: Oh God, oh God:

*Math.* Weepe who that list for me, y'fayth not I,  
Though I am youngest yet my stomack's great:  
Nor tis not father, friends, nor any one,  
Shall make me wed the man I cannot loue:

*English-men for my money: or,*

Ile haue my will yn fayth, y'fayth I will.

*Laur.* Let vs determine Sisters what to doe,  
My father meanes to wed vs in the morning,  
And therefore something must be thought vpon.

*Mari.* Weele to our father and so know his minde,  
I and his reason too, we are no fooles,  
Or Babes neither, to be fedde with words.

*Laur.* Agreede, agreede: but who shall speake for all?

*Math.* I will.

*Mari.* No I.

*Laur.* Thou wilt not speake for crying.

*Mari.* Yes, yes I warrant you, that humors left,  
Bee I but mou'de a little, I shall speake,  
And anger him I feare, ere I haue done.

*Enter Anthony.*

*All.* Whom *Anthony* our friend, our Schoole-maister?  
Now helpe vs Gentle *Anthony*, or neuer.

*Antho.* What is your hastie running chang'd to prayer,  
Say, where were you going?

*Laur.* Euen to our father,  
To know what he intendes to doe with vs.

*Antho.* Tis bootlesse trust mee, for he is resolu'd  
To marry you to.

*Mari.* The Strangers.

*Antho.* Yfayth he is.

*Math.* Yfayth he shall not.

*Frenchman,* be sure weele plucke a Crow together,  
Before you force mee giue my hand at Church.

*Mari.* Come to our Father speach this comfort finds,  
That we may scould out grieffe, and ease our mindes.

*Anth.* Stay, Stay *Marina*, and aduise you better,  
It is not Force, but Pollicie must serue:  
The Dores are lockt, your Father keepes the Keye,  
Wherefore vnpossible to scape away:  
Yet haue I plotted, and deuil'd a drift,



*A Woman will haue her will.*

To frustrate your intended mariages,  
And giue you full possession of your ioyes:  
*Laurentia*, ere the mornings light appeare,  
You must play *Anthony* in my disguise.

*Math.* } *Anthony*, what of vs? What shall we weare?  
*Mari.* }

*Anth.* Soft, soft, you are too forward Girles, I sweare,  
For you some other drift deuisd must bee?  
One shaddow for a substance: this is shee.  
Nay weepe not sweetes, repose vpon my care,  
For all alike, or good or bad shall share:  
You will haue *Harnie*, you *Heigham*, and you *Ned*;  
You shall haue all your wish, or be I dead:  
For sooner may one day the Sea lie still,  
Then once restraine a Woman of her will.

*All.* Sweete *Anthony*, how shall we quit thy hire?

*Anth.* Not gifts, but your contentments I desire:  
To helpe my Countrimen I cast about,  
For Strangers loues blase fresh, but soone burne out:  
Sweete rest dwell heere, and frightfull feare obiure,  
These eyes shall wake to make your rest secure:  
For ere againe dull night the dull eyes charmes,  
Each one shall fould her Husband in her armes:  
Which if it chaunce, we may auouch it still,  
Women & Maydes will alwayes haue their will. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Pisaro and Frisco.*

*Pisa.* Are Wood & Coales brought vp to make a fire?  
Is the Meate spitted ready to lie downe:  
For Bakemeates Ile haue none, the world's too hard:  
There's Geese too, now I remember mee;  
Bid *Mawdlin* lay the Giblets in Past,  
Here's nothing thought vpon, but what I doe.  
Stay *Frisco*, see who rings: looke to the Dore,  
Let none come in I charge, were he my Father,  
Ile keepe them whilst I haue them: *Frisco*, who is it?  
*Frisco.* She is come ynfayth.

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Pisa.* Who is come?

*Frisco.* *Mistris Susshaunce*, *Mistris Moores* daughter.

*Pisa.* *Mistris Susan*, *Assè*? Oh she must come in.

*Frisco.* Hang him, if he keepe out a Wench:  
Yf the Wench keepe not out him, so it is.

*Enter Walgrane in Womans attire.*

*Pisa.* Welcome *Mistris Susan*, welcome;  
I little thought you would haue come to night;  
But welcome (trust me) are you to my house:  
What, doth your Mother mende? doth she recouer?  
I promise you I am sorry for her sicknesse.

*Walg.* She's better then she was, I thanke God for it,

*Pisa.* Now afore God she is a sweete smugge Girl,  
One might doe good on her; the flesh is frayle,  
Man hath infirmitie, and such a Bride,  
Were able to change Age to hot desire:  
Harke you Sweet-heart,

To morrow are my Daughters to be wedde,  
I pray you take the paines to goe with them.

*Walg.* If sir youle giue me leaue, Ile waight on them.

*Pisa.* Yes marry shall you, and a thousand thanks,  
Such company as you my Daughters want,  
Maydes must grace Maydes, when they are married:  
Is't not a merry life (thinkest thou) to wed,  
For to imbrace, and be imbrac'd abed.

*Walg.* I know not what you meane sir.  
Heere's an old Ferret Pol-cat.

*Pisa.* You may doe, if youle follow mine aduice;  
I tell thee Mousse, I knew a Wench as nice:  
Well, shee's at rest poore soule, I meane my Wife,  
That thought (alas good heart) Loue was a toy;  
Vntill (well, that time is gon and past away)  
But why speake I of this: Harke yee Sweeting,  
There's more in Wedlocke, then the name can shew;

And

*A Woman will haue her will*

And now (birlady) you are ripe in yeares :  
And yet take heed Wench, there lyes a Pad in Straw;

*Walg.* Old Fornicator, had I my Dagger,  
Ide breake his Costard.

*Pisa.* Young men are slippery, fickle, wauering,  
Constant abiding graceth none but Age:

Then Maydes should now waxe wife, and doe so,

As to chuse constant men, let fickle goe,

Youth's vnregarded, and vnhonoured:

An auncient Man doth make a Mayde a Matron:

And is not that an Honour, how say you? how say you?

*Walg.* Yes forsooth.

(Oh old lust will you neuer let me goe.)

*Pisa.* You say right well, and doe but thinke thereon,

How Husbands, honored yeares, long card-for wealth,

Wife stayednesse, Experient gouernment,

Doth grace the Mayde, that thus is made a Wife,

And you will wish your selfe such, on my life.

*Walg.* I thinke I must turne womankind altogether,

And scratch out his eyes:

For as long as he can see me, hele nere let me goe.

*Pisa.* But goe (sweet-heart) to bed, I doe thee wrong,

The latenesse now, makes all our talke seeme long.

*Enter Anthony.*

How now *Mowche*, be the Girles abed?

*Anth. Mathea* (and it like you) faine would sleepe,  
but onely tarrich for her bed-fellow.

*Pisa.* Ha, you say well: come, light her to her Chamber,

Good rest wish I to thee; wish so to mee,

Then *Susan* and *Pisaro* shall agree:

Thinke but what ioy is neere your bed-fellow,

Such may be yours; take counsaile of your Pillow:

To morrow weele talke more; and so good night,

Thinke what is sayd, may bee, if all hit right.

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Walg.* What, haue I past the Pikes: knowes he not *Ned*?  
I thinke I haue deseru'd his Daughters bed.

*Anth.* Tis well, tis well: but this let me request,  
You keepe vnknowne, till you belaide to rest:  
And then a good hand speed you.

*Walg.* Tut, nere feare mee,  
We two abed shall neuer disagree. *Exeunt Antho. & Walg.*

*Fris.* I haue stood still all this while, and could not  
speake for laughing: Lord what a Dialogue hath there bin  
betweene Age and Youth. You do good on her? euen as  
much as my *Dutchman* will doe on my young *Mistris*:  
*Maister*, follow my counsaile; then send for *M. Heighams*  
to helpe him, for Ile lay my *Cappete* two Pence, that hee  
will be asleepe to morrow at night, when he should goe to  
bed to her: Marry for the *Italian*, he is of an other humor,  
for there'le be no dealings with him, till midnight; for hee  
must slauer all the *Wenches* in the house at parting, or he is  
no body: hee hath been but a litle while at our House, yet  
in that small time, hee hath lickt more Grease from our  
*Mawdlins* lippes, then wou'd haue seru'd *London* *Kitchin*-  
stuffe this tweluemonth. Yet for my money, well fare the  
*Frenchman*, Oh hee is a for ward Lad, for heele no sooner  
come from the Church, but heele fly to the Chamber; why  
heele read his Lesson so often in the day time, that at night  
like an apt Scholler, heele be ready to sell his old Booke to  
buye him a new. Oh the generation of Languages that  
our House will bring forth: why euery Bedd will haue a  
propper speach to himselfe, and haue the Founders name  
written vpon it in faire *Cappitall* letters, *Heere lay*, and so  
forth.

*Pisa.* Youle be a villaine still: Looke who's at dore?

*Fris.* Nay by the Masse, you are *M. Porter*, for Ile be  
hang'd if you loose that office, hauing so pretty a morsell  
vnder your keeping: I goe (old huddle, for the best Nose  
at smelling out a *Pm-fold*, that I know: well, take heede,  
you may happes picke vp *Wormes* so long, that at length

some

*A Woman will haue her will.*

Some of them get into your Nose, and neuer out after: But what an Assle am I to thinke so, considering all the Lodgings are taken vp already, and there's not a Dog-kennell empty for a strange Worme to breed in.

*Enter Anthony.*

*Antho.* The day is broke; *Mathea* and young *Ned*,  
By this time, are so surely linckt together,  
That none in *London* can forbid the Banes.

*Laurentia* she is neere prouided for:  
So that if *Harnies* pollicie but hold,  
Elce-where the Strangers may goe seeke them Wiues:  
But heere they come.

*Enter Pisaro and Browne.*

*Pisa.* Six a clocke say you; trust mee, forward dayes:  
Harke you *Mowche*, hic you to Church,  
Bid *M. Bewford* be in readinesse:  
Where goe you, that way?

*Anth.* For my Cloake, sir.

*Pisa.* Oh tis well: and *M. Browne*,  
Trust mee, your earely stirring makes me muse,  
Is it to mee your businesse?

*Brown.* Euen to your selfe:  
I come (I thinke) to bring you welcome newes,

*Pisa.* And welcome newes,  
More welcome makes the bringer:  
Speake, speake, good *M. Browne*, I long to heare them.

*Brow.* Then this it is. Young *Harnie* late last night,  
Full weake and sickly came vnto his lodging,  
From whence this suddaine mallady procedes:  
Tis all vncertaine, the Doctors and his Friends  
Affirme his health is vnrecoverable:  
Young *Heigham* and *Ned Walgrau* lately left him,  
And I came hither to informe you of it.

*Pisa.* Young *M. Harnie* sicke; now afore God  
The newes bites neere the Bone: for should he die,  
His Liuing morgaged would be redeemed,

*English-men for my money: or,*

For not these three months doth the Bond beare date;  
Die now, marry God in heauen defend it;  
Oh my sweete Lands, loose thee, nay loose my life:  
And which is worst, I dare not aske mine owne,  
For I take two and twenty in the hundred,  
When the Law giues but ten: But should he liue,  
Hee carelesse would haue left the debt vnpaide,  
Then had the Lands been mine *Pisaras* owne,  
Mine, mine owne Land, mine owne Possession.

*Brow.* Nay heare mee out.

*Pisa.* You'r out too much already,  
Vnlesse you giue him life, and mee his Land.

*Brow.* Whether tis loue to you, or to your Daughter,  
I know not certaine; but the Gentleman  
Hath made a deed of gift of all his Lands,  
Vnto your beautilous Daughter faire *Marina*.

*Pesa.* Ha, say that word againe, say it againe,  
A good thing cannot be too often spoken:  
*Marina* say you, are you sure twas shee,  
Or *Mary*, *Margery*; or some other Mayde?

*Brow.* To none but your Daughter faire *Marina*;  
And for the gift might be more forcible,  
Your neighbour maister *Moore* aduised vs,  
(Who is a witnesse of young *Haruies* Will)  
Sicke as hee is, to bring him to your house:  
I know they are not farre, but doe attende,  
That they may know, what welcome they shall haue.

*Pisa.* What welcome sir, as welcome as new life.  
Giuen to the poore condemned Prisoner:  
Returne (good maister *Browne*) assure their welcome,  
Say it, nay sweare it; for they'r welcome truly:  
For welcome are they to mee which bring Gold.  
See downe who knockes; it may be there they are:  
*Frisco*, call downe my Sonnes, bid the Girles rise:  
Where's *Mowche*; what, is he gon or no?

*Enter*

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Enter Laurentia in Anthonies attire.*

Oh heare you firra, bring along with you  
Maister *Balsaro* the Spanish Marchant.

*Laur.* Many *Balsaros* I; Ile to my Loue:  
And thanks to *Anthony* for this escape.

*Pisa.* Stay, take vs with you. Harke, they knocke againe,  
Come my soules comfort, thou good newes bringer,  
I must needes hugge thee euen for pure affection..

*Enter Haruie brought in a Chaire, Moore, Browne,  
Aluaro, Vandalle, Delion, and Frisco.*

*Pisa.* Lift softly (good my friends) for hurting him.

Looke chearely fir, you'r welcome to my house.

Harke *M. Vandalle*, and my other Sonnes,  
Seeme to be sad as grieuing for his sicknesse,

But inwardly reioyce. Maister *Vandalle*,

Signor *Aluaro*, Monsieur *Delion*,

Bid my Friend welcome, pray bid him welcome.

Take a good heart; I doubt not (by Gods leaue)

You shall recouer and doe well enough:

(Yf I should thinke so, I should hange my selfe.)

*Frisco*, goe bid *Marina* come to mee.

*Exit Frisco.*

You are a Witnesse fir, of this mans Will:

What thinke you *M. Moore*, what say you to't?

*Moor.* Maister *Pisaro*, follow mine aduice:

You see the Gentleman cannot escape,

Then let him straight be wedded to your Daughter;

So during life time, she shall hold his Land,

When now (beeing nor kith nor kin to him)

For all the deed of Gift, that he hath seald,

His younger Brother will inioy the Land.

*Pisa.* Marry my Daughter: no birlady.

Heare you *Aluaro*, my Friend counsaile mee,

Seeing young *M. Haruie* is so sicke,

*English-men for my money: or,*

To marry him incontinent to my Daughter.  
Or else the gift he hath bestowde, is vaine :  
Marry and hee recouer ; no my Sonne,  
I will not loose thy loue, for all his Land.

*Alua.* Here you padre, do no lose his Lands, his hundred pont *per anno*, tis wort to hauar ; let him haue de marelle *Marina* in de mariage, tis but vor me to attendre vne day more : if he will no die, I sal giue him fush a Drincke, fush a Potion sal mak him giue de *Bonos noches* to all de world.

*Pisa.* *Aluaro*, here's my Keyes, take all I haue,  
My Money, Plate, Wealth, Jewels, Daughter too:  
Now God be thanked, that I haue a Daughter,  
worthy to be *Aluaro*'s bedfellow :  
Oh how I doe admire and prayse thy wit,  
He straight about it : Heare you Maister *Moore*.

*Enter Marina and Frisco.*

*Frisco.* Nay sayth hee's sicke, therefore though hee be come, yet he can doe you no good ; there's no remedy but euen to put your selfe into the hands of the *Italian*, that by that time that he hath past his growth, young *Harnie* will be in case to come vpon it with a sife of fresh force.

*Mari.* Is my Loue come, & sicke? I, now thou louest me,  
How my heart ioyes : Oh God, get I my will,  
He driue away that Sicknesse with a kisse :  
I need not faine, for I could weepe for ioy.

*Pisa.* It shall be so ; come hither Daughter.  
Maister *Harnie*, that you may see my loue  
Comes from a single heart vnfaynedly,  
See heere my Daughter, her I make thine owne :  
Nay looke not strange, before these Gentlemen,  
I freely yeeld *Marina* for thy Wife.

*Harn.* Stay, stay good sir, forbear this idle worke,  
My soule, is labouring for a higher place,

Then



*A Woman will haue her will.*

Then this vaine transitorie world can yeeld :  
What, would you wed your Daughter to a Graue?  
For this is but Deaths modell in mans shape:  
You and *Aluaro* happie liue together :  
Happy were I, to see you liue together.

*Pisa.* Come sir, I trust you shall doe well againe:  
Heere, heere, it must be so; God giue you ioy,  
And blesse you (not a day to liue together.)

*Vand.* Hort ye broder, will ye let den ander heb your  
Wiue? nempt haer, nempt haer your selue?

*Alua.* No, no; tush you be de foole, here be dat sal spoyle  
de mariage of hem: you haue deceue me of de fine Wensh  
signor *Harney*, but I sal deceue you of de much Land.

*Haru.* Are all things sure Father, is all dispatch'd?

*Pisa.* What intrest we haue, we yeeld it you:  
Are you now satisfied, or restes there ought?

*Haru.* Nay Father, nothing doth remaine, but thankess.  
Thankes to your selfe first, that disdayning mee,  
Yet loude my Lands, and for them gaue a Wife.  
But next, vnto *Aluaro* let me turne,  
To courtious gentle louing kind *Aluaro*,  
That rather then to see me die for loue,  
For very loue, would loose his beawtious Loue.

*Vand.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Deli.* Signor *Aluaro*, giue him de ting quickly sal make  
hem dy, autremant you sal lose de fine Wensh.

*Alua.* *Ojime che hauesse allhora appressata la mano al mio  
core, ô suen curato ate, I che longo sei tu arriuato, ô cieli, ô terra.*

*Pisa.* Am I awake? or doe deluding Dreames  
Make that seeme true, which most my soule did feare?

*Haru.* Nay fayth Father, it's very certaine true,  
I am as well as any man on earth:  
Am I sicke firres? Looke here, is *Harnie* sicke?

*Pisa.* What shall I doe? What shall I say?  
Did not you counsaile mee to wed my Childe?

*English-men for my money: or,*

What Potion? Where's your helpe, your remedy.

*Harr.* I hope more happy Starres will reigne to day,  
And don *Alvaro* haue more company.

*Enter Anthonie.*

*Antho.* Now *Anthony*, this cottens as it should,  
And eucry thing sorts to his wish'd effect:

*Harr*ie ioyes *Moll*: my *Dutchman* and the *French*,

Thinking all sure, laughs at *Alvaros* hap;

But quickly I shall marre that merrie vaine,

And make your Fortunes equall with your Friends.

*Pisa.* Sirra *Mowche*, what answere brought you backe?  
Will maister *Balsaro* come, as I requested?

*Anth.* Maister *Balsaro*, I know not who you meane.

*Pisa.* Know you not *Asse*, did I not send thee for him?  
Did not I bid thee bring him, with the Parson?

What answere made hee, will hee come or no?

*Anth.* Sent me for him: why sir, you sent not mee,  
I neither went for him, nor for the Parson:

I am glad to see your Worship is so merrie.

*Knocke.*

*Pisa.* Hence you forgetfull dolt:

Looke downe who knockes?

*Exit Antho.*

*Enter Frisco.*

*Frisco.* Oh Maister, hange your selfe: nay neuer stay for  
a Sessions: Maister *Vandalle* confesse your selfe, desire the  
people to pray for you; for your Bride shee is gone: *Lauren-  
tina* is run away.

*Vanda.* Oh de Diabolo, de mal-fortune: is matresse  
*Laurentia* gaenaweck?

*Pisa.* First tell mee that I am a luelesse coarce;  
Tell mee of Doomes-day, tell mee what you will,  
Before you say *Laurentia* is gone.

*Mari.* Maister *Vandalle*, how doe you feele your selfe?  
What, hang the head? sic man for shame I say,  
Looke not so heauie on your marriage day.

*Harr.*

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Haru.* Oh blame him not, his grieffe is quickly spide,  
That is a Bridegroom, and yet wants his Bride.

*Enter Heigham, Laurentia, Balsaro, & Anthony.*

*Bals.* Maister *Pisaro*, and Gentlemen, good day to all:  
According sir, as you requested mee,  
This morne I made repaire vnto the Tower,  
Where as *Laurentia* now was married:  
And sir, I did expect your comming thither;  
Yet in your absence, wee perform'd the rites:  
Therefore I pray sir, bid God giue them ioy.

*Heigh.* He tels you true, *Laurentia* is my Wife,  
Who knowing that her Sisters must be wed;  
Presuming also, that you'le bid her welcome,  
Are cometo beare them company to Church.

*Haru.* You come too late, the Mariage rites are done:  
Yet welcome twenty-fold vnto the Feast.  
How say you sirs, did not I tell you true,  
These Wenches would haue vs, and none of you.

*Laur.* I cannot say for these; but on my life,  
This loues a Cushion better then a Wife.

*Mall.* And reason too, that Cushion fell out right,  
Else hard had been his lodging all last night.

*Bals.* Maister *Pisaro*, why stand you speechlesse thus?

*Pisa.* Anger, and extreame grieffe enforceth mee.  
Pray sir, who bade you meete mee at the Tower?

*Bals.* Who sir, your man sir, *Monche*, here he is.

*Anth.* Who I sir, meane you mee? you are a iesting man.

*Pisa.* Thou art a Villaine, a dissembling Wretch,  
Worser then *Anthony* whom I kept last:  
Fetch me an Officer, Ile hamper you,  
And make you sing at *Bride-well* for this tricke:  
For well he hath deserude it, that would sweare  
He went not foorth a dores at my appoyatment.

*Anth.* So sweare I still, I went not foorth to day.

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Bals.* Why arrantlyer, wert thou not with mee?

*Pisa.* How say you maister *Brown*, went he not foorth?

*Brow.* Hee, or his likenesse did, I know not whether.

*Pisa.* What likenesse can there be besides himselfe?

*Laur.* My selfe (forfooth) that tooke his shape vpon me,  
I was that *Mowche* that you sent from home:  
And that same *Mowche* that deceiued you,  
Effected to possesse this Gentleman:  
Which to attaine, I thus be guil'd you all.

*Frisc.* This is excellent, this is as fine as a Fiddle: you  
*M. Heigham* got the Wench in *Mowches* apparell; now let  
*Mowche* put on her apparell, and be married to the *Dutch-*  
*man*: How thinke you, is it not a good vize?

*Moor.* Maister *Pisaro*, shake off melancholy,  
When thinges ate helpelesse, patience must be vs'd.

*Pisa.* Talke of Patience? Ile not beare these wronges:  
Goe call downe *Matt*, and mistris *Susan Moore*,  
Tis well that of all three, wee haue one sure.

*Moor.* Mistris *Susan Moore*, who doe you meane sir?

*Pisa.* Whom should I meane sir, but your Daughter?

*Moor.* You'r very pleasant sir: but tell me this,  
When did you see her, that you speake of her?

*Pisa.* I, late yester-night, when she came heere to bed.

*Moor.* You are deceiu'd; my Daughter lay not heere,  
But watch'd with her sicke mother all last night.

*Pisa.* I am glad you are so pleasant *M. Moore*,  
You'r loth that *Susan* should be held a sluggard:  
What man, t'was late before she went to bed,  
And therefore time enough to rise againe.

*Moor.* Maister *Pisaro*, doe you floute your friends;  
I well perceiue if I had troubled you,  
I should haue had it in my dish ere now:  
*Susan* lie heere? 'am sure when I came foorth,  
I left her fast asleepe in bed at home;  
Tis more then neighbour-hood to vs me thus.

*Pisa.* Abed at your house? tell me I am madd,  
Did not I let her in adores my selfe,  
Spoke to her, talk'd with her, and canuast with her,  
And yet she lay not heere? What say you sirra?

*Antho.* She did, she did; I brought her to her Chamber.

*Moor.* I say he lyes (that sayth so) in his throat.

*Antho.* Masse now I remember me, I lye indeed.

*Pisa.* Oh how this frets mee: *Frisco*, what say you?

*Frisco.* What say I? Marry I say, if shee lay not heere,  
there was a familiar in her likenesse; for I am sure my Mai-  
ster and she were so familiar together, that he had almost  
shot the Gout out of his Toes endes, to make the Wench  
belecue he had one tricke of youth in him. Yet now I re-  
member mee shee did not lye heere; and the reason is, be-  
cause shee doth lye heere, and is now abed with mistris  
*Mathea*; witnesse whereof, I haue set to my Hand & Seale,  
and meane presently to fetch her. *Exit Frisco.*

*Pisa.* Deeso *Frisco*. Gentlemen and Friends,  
Now shall you see how I am wrong'd by him.  
Lay shee not heere? I thinke the world's growne wise,  
Plaine folkes (as I) shall not know how to liue.

*Enter Frisco.*

*Frisco.* Shee comes, shee comes: a Hall, a Hall.

*Enter Mathea, and Walgraue in Womans attire.*

*Walg.* Nay blush not wench, feare not, looke chearfully.  
Good morrow Father; Good morrow Gentlemen:  
Nay stare not, looke you heere, no monster I,  
But euen plaine *Ned*: and heere stands *Matt* my Wife.  
Know you her *Frenchman*? But she knowes me better.  
Father, pray Father, let mee haue your blessing,  
For I haue blest you with a goodly Sonne;  
Tis breeding heere yfayth, a iolly Boy.

*Pisa.* I am vndone, a reprobate, a slaue;  
A scorne, a laughter, and a iesting stocke:  
Giue mee my Child, giue mee my Daughter from you.

*Moorc.*

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Moor.* Maister *Pisaro*, tis in vaine to fret,  
And fume, and storme, it little now auayles :  
These Gentlemen haue with your Daughters helpe,  
Outstript you in your subtile enterprises :  
And therefore, seeing they are well descended,  
Turne hate to loue, and let them haue their Loues,

*Pisa.* Is it euen so; why then I see that still,  
Doe what we can, Women will haue their Will.  
Gentlemen, you haue outreacht mee now,  
Which nere before you, any yet could doe :  
You, that I thought should be my Sonnes indeed,  
Must be content, since there's no hope to speed :  
Others haue got, what you did thinke to gaine;  
And yet beleecue mee, they haue tooke some paine.  
Well, take them, there; and with them, God giue ioy.  
And Gentlemen, I doe intreat to morrow,  
That you will Feaste with mee, for all this sorrow:  
Though you are wedded, yet the Feast's not made:  
Come let vs in, for all the stormes are past,  
And heapes of ioy will follow on as fast.

FINIS.

















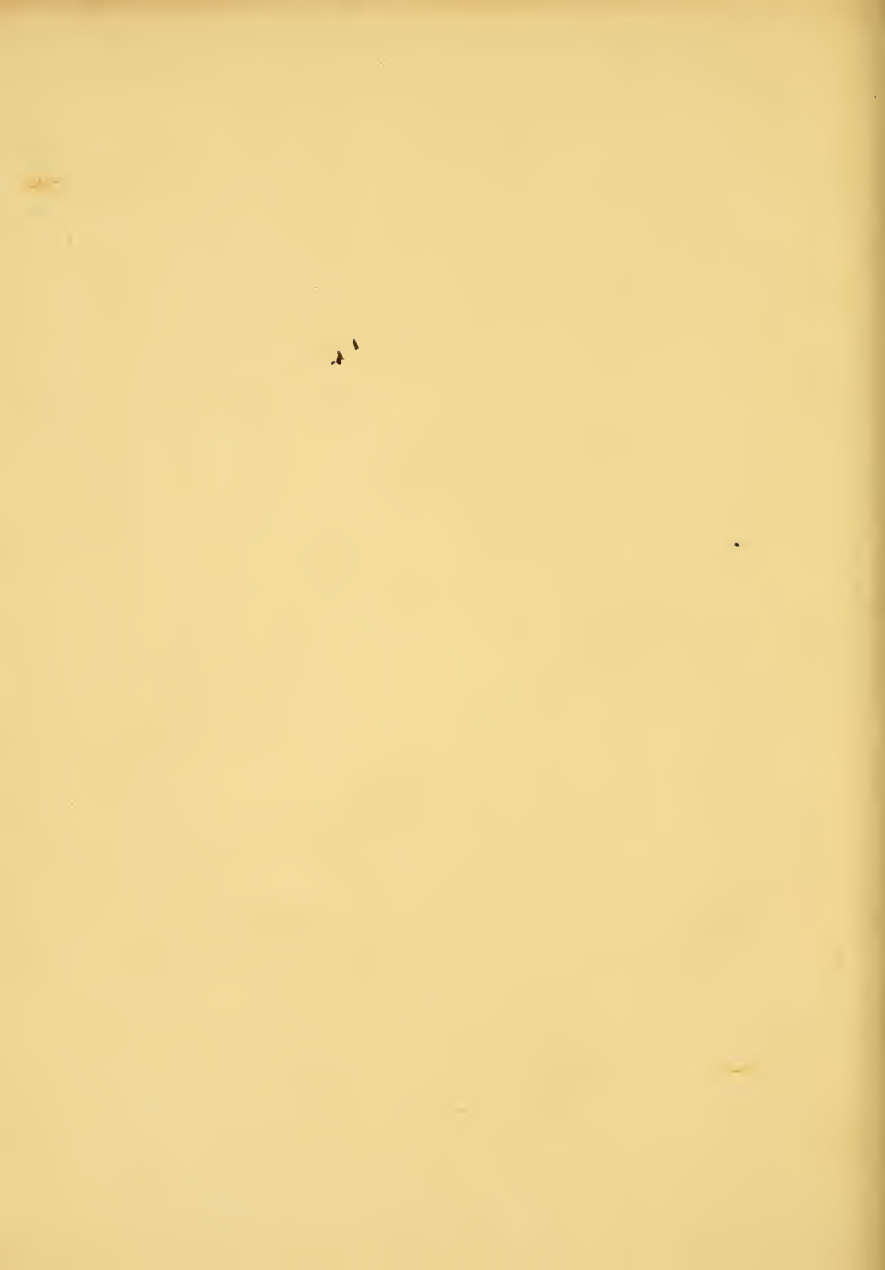












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