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Lodge Hycan's  
Looking Glass  
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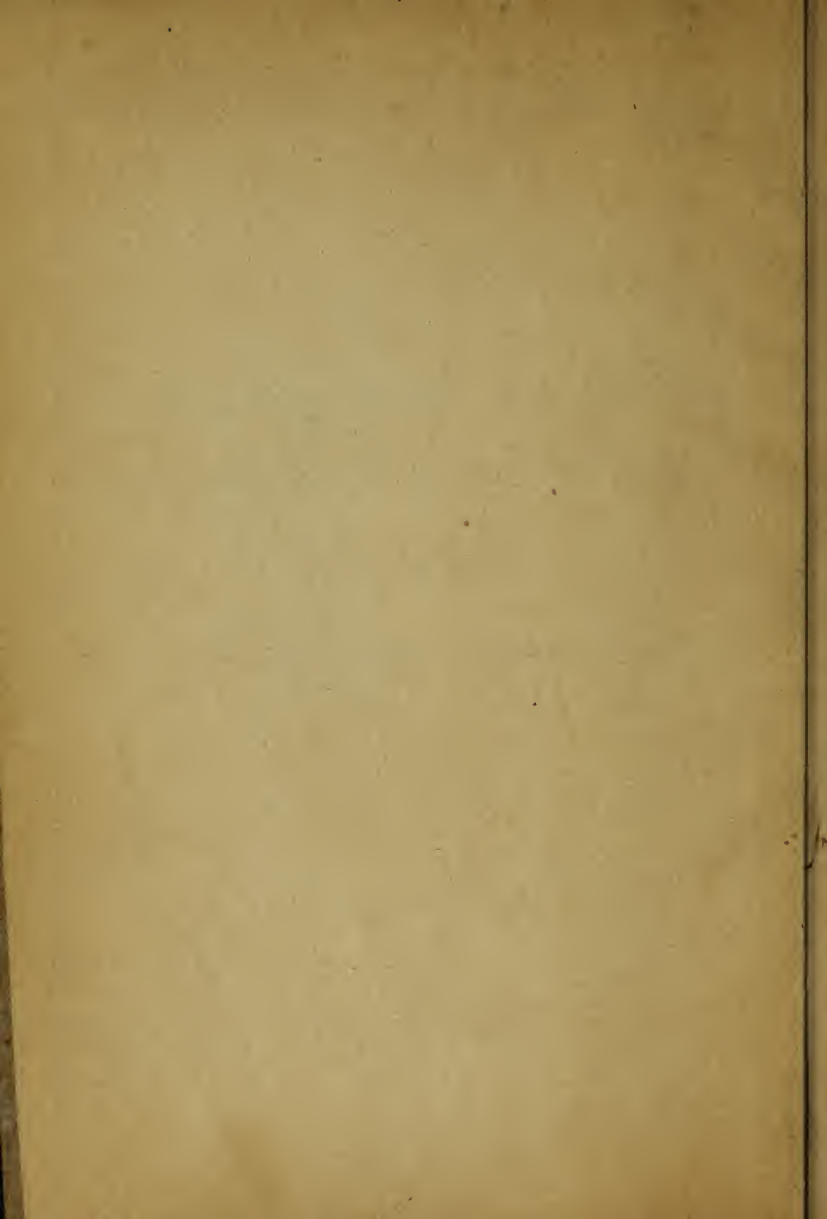
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14  
Lodge (T.) and R. Greene, Looking Glass for London and  
England, wants last two leaves, 4to. very scarce, 1l. 8s. 1617

In the Roxburg basal no. 5335 a copy  
of this ed. sold for £ 2. 13

1<sup>st</sup> ed 1590 Herbert 1270





A  
LOOKING  
GLASSE FOR

London and England:

MADE

By *Thomas Lodge Gentleman, and  
Robert Greene.*

In Artibus Magister.

*1698.*



*Arctum - 6 -*

*Ni. L. S.*

LONDON,  
Imprinted by *Barnard Alsop*, and are to be sold at  
his house within Garter place in Barbican.

1617.

*Barton*

160.231

May, 1873

1873



# A LOOKING GLASSE, for London and England.

*Enters Rasni King of Ninivie, with three Kings of Cilicia, Creete, and Paphlagonia, from the overthrow of Ieroboam, King of Ierusalem.*

**S**o pace ye on triumphant warriours,  
Make *Venus* Lemmon armd in all his pompe,  
Bash at the brightnesse of your hardy lookes,  
For you the Viceroyes and the Cauallieres,  
That wait on *Rasnies* royall mightinesse:  
Boast petty kings, and glory in your fates,  
That stars haue made your fortunes clime so high,  
To giue attend on *Rasnies* excellency,  
Am I not he that rules great *Ninivie*,  
Rounded with *Lycas* siluer flowing streames,  
Whose City large *Diametri* containes,  
Euen three dayes journeyes length from wall to wall,  
Two hundred gates carued out of burnisht brasse,  
As glorious as the portoyle of the *Sunne*,  
And for to decke heauens battlements with pride,  
Sixe hundred Towers that topleffe touch the clouds:  
This City is the footstool of your King,  
A hundred Lords do honour at my feet,  
My scepter straineth both the *parallels*,  
And now to t'enlarge the highnesse of my power,  
I haue made *Iudeas* Monarch flee the field,  
And beat proud *Ieroboam* from his holds,  
Winning from *Cades* to *Samarina*.

*A Looking Glasse, for*

Great *Iewries* God that soyl'd stout *Benhadab*,  
Could not rebate the strength that *Rasni* brought,  
For be he God in heauen, yet Viceroyes know,  
*Rasni* is God on earth, and none but he.

*Cilisia*, If louely shape, feature by natures skill,  
Passing in beauty fayre *Endimions*,  
That *Luna* wrapt within her snowy brests,  
Or that sweet boy that wrought bright *Venus* bane,  
Transformd vnto a purple *Hyacinth*,  
If beautie *Nanpareile* in excellence,  
May make a King match with the gods in gree,  
*Rasni* is God on earth, and none but he.

*Creet*. If martiall lookes wrapt in a cloud of wars,  
More fierce then *Mars*, lightneth fro his eyes.  
Sparkling reuenge, and dire disparagement:  
If doughty deeds more haughtie then any done,  
Sealde with the smile of fortune and of fate,  
Matchlesse to manage Lance and Curtelex,  
If such high actions grac'd with victories,  
May make a King match with the Gods in gree,  
*Rasni* is God on earth, and none but he.

*Paphlag*, If *Pallas* wealth.

*Rasni*. Viceroyes inough, *Paphlagon* no more,  
See where my sister fayre *Remilia*.  
Fayrer then was the Virgin *Dania*,  
That waytes on *Venus* with a golden show,  
Shee that hath stollen the wealth of *Rasnes* lookes,  
And tide his thoughts within her louely lockes,  
She that is lou'd, and loue vnto your King,  
See where she comes to gratulate my fame.

*Enters Radagon with Remilia, sister to Rasni, Aluida wife to  
Paphlagon, and other Ladies, bringing a  
Globe seated in a shippe.*

*Rem*. Victorious Monarch, second vnto *Ioue*,  
*Mars* vpon earth, and *Neptune* on the Seas.

Whose



London and England.

Whose frowne stroyes all the Ocean with a calme,  
Whose smile drawes *Flora* to display her pride.  
Whose eye holds wanton *Venus* at a gaze.  
*Rasni*, the Regent of great *Ninivie*.  
For thou hast foyled proud *Ieroboams* force,  
And like the mustring breath of *Aeolus*  
That ouerturnes the pines of *Lebanon*,  
Hast scattered *Iury*, and her vpstart groomes,  
Winning from *Cades* to *Samarina*,  
*Remilia* greetes thee with a kind salute,  
And for a present to thy mightinesse.  
Gives thee a Globe folded within a ship,  
As King on earth, and Lord of all the seas,  
With such a welcome vnto *Ninivie*,  
As may thy sisters humble loue affoord.

*Rasni*. Sister, The Title fits not thy degree,  
A higher state of honour shall be thine,  
The louely Trull that *Mercury* intrapt,  
Within the curious pleasure of his tongue:  
And she that basht the Sun-god with her eyes,  
Fayre *Semele* the choyce of *Venus* maydes,  
Were not so beauteous as *Remilia*.  
Then sweeting, sister shall not serue the turne,  
But *Rasnes* wife, his Lemmon and his loue.  
Thou shalt like *Iuno* wed thy selfe to *Ioue*,  
And fold me in the riches of thy fayre,  
*Remilia* shall be *Rasnes* Paramour.

For why, if I be *Mars* for warlike deeds,  
And though bright *Venus* for thy cleare aspect.  
Why should not from our loynes issue a sonne,  
That might be Lord of royall soueraignty?  
Of twenty worlds, if twenty worlds might be.  
What sayst *Remilia*, art thou *Rasnes* wife?

*Rem*. My hart doth swel with fauour of thy thoughts,  
The loue of *Rasni* maketh me as proud,  
As *Iuno* when she wore heauens Diademe.

*A Looking Glasse, for*

Thy sister borne, was for thy wife by loue,  
Had I the riches Nature locketh vp,  
To decke her darling, beautie when shee smiles,  
*Rasni* should pranckt him in the pride of all,

*Rasni. Remelias* loue, is farre more either prisde,  
Then *Ieroboams* or the worlds subdue,  
Lordings, ile haue my Weddings sumptuous,  
Made glorious with the treasures of the world,  
Ile fetch from *Albia* shelues of Margarites,  
And strip the *Indies* of their Dyamonds,  
And *Tyre* shall yeelde me tribute of her Gold,  
To make *Remelias* vvedding glorious,  
Ile send for all the Damosell Queense that liue  
Within the reach of *Rasnies* Gouernment,  
To wait as hand-maydes to *Remelia*.  
That her attendant traine may passe the troupe  
That gloried *Venus* at her wedding day.

*Creete*. Oh my Lord, not sisset to thy Loue,  
Tis incest, and too fowle a fact for Kings,  
Nature allowes no limites to such lust. (Lord?)

*Rada*. Presumptuous Viceroy, dar'st thou checke thy  
Or twit him with the lawes that Nature loues,  
Is not great *Rasni* aboue Natures reach,  
God vpon earth, and all his will is law?

*Creet*. Oh flatter not, for hatefull is his choyse,  
And Sisters loue will blemish all his worth.

*Radag*. Doth not the brightnesse of his Maiestie,  
Shadow his deeds from being counted faultes?

*Rasni*. Well hast thou answered within *Radon*,  
I like thee for thy learned Sophistrie :  
But thou of *Creet*, that countercheck'st thy King,  
Packe hence in exile, giue *Radagon* thy crowne,  
Bee thee Vicegerent of his Royaltie ?  
And faile me not in what my thoughts may please,  
For from a Beggar haue I brought thee vp,  
And gracst thee with the honour of a Crowne,

*London and England.*

Ye quondam king, what feed ye on delays.

*Creete.* Better no King then Viceroy vnder him  
That hath no vertue to maintaine his Crowne.

*Rafni.* *Remilias*, what fayre dames be those that waite  
Attendant on my matchlesse royaltie?

*Rem.* Tis *Aluia* the fayre wife to the King of Paphlagonia.

*Rafni.* Trust me she is a fayre: thou hast *Paphlagona* Jewell,  
To fold thee in so bright a sweetings armes.

*Rad.* Like you her my Lord?

*Rafni.* What if I doe *Radagon*?

*Rad.* Why then she is yours my Lord, for marriage  
Makes no exception, where *Rafni* doth command.

*Paph.* Ill dost thou counsell him to fancy wiues.

*Rad.* Wife or not wife, who so he likes is his.

*Rafni.* Well answered *Radagon*, thou art for me,  
Feede thou mine humour, and be still a King.

Lords goe in triumph of my happy loues,

And for to feast vs after all our broyles,

Frolicke and reuell it in *Nininie*.

Whatsoeuer befitteth your conceyted thoughts,

Or good or ill, loue or not loue my boyes,

In loue, or what may satisfie your lust,

Act it my Lords, for no man dare say no.

*Smith.* *Denesum imperium, Cum Ioue nunc teneo.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enters brought in by an Angell Oseas the Prophet, and set  
downe ouer the Stage in a Throne.*

*Angell.* Amaze not man of God, if in the spirit  
Th'art brought from *Iewrie* vnto *Nininie*,  
So was *Elias* wrapt within a storme.

And set vpon mount *Carmell* by the Lord,

For thou hast preacht long to the stubborne Iewes,

Whose flinty hearts haue felt no sweet remorse,

But lightly valuing all the threatens of God,

Haue still perseuerd in their wickednesse.

*A Looking Glasse. for*

Loe, I haue brought thee vnto *Niniue*,  
The rich and royall City of the world,  
Pampred in wealth, and ouergrowne with pride,  
As *Sodome* and *Gomorrha* full of sinne,  
The Lord lookes down and cannot see one good,  
Not one that couets to obey his will,  
But wicked all, from Cradle to the Church.  
Note then *Oseas* all their grieuous sinnes,  
And see the wrath of God that payes reuenge.  
And when the ripenesse of their sinne is full,  
And thou hast written all their wicked through,  
Ile carry thee to *Iewry*, backe againe,  
And seate thee in the great *Ierusalem*,  
There shalt thou publish in her open streetes,  
That God sends downe his hatefull wrath for sinne,  
On such as neuer heard his Prophets speake,  
Much more will he inflict a world of plagues,  
On such as heare the sweetnesse of his voyce,  
And yet obey not what his Prophets speake,  
Sit thee *Oseas* pondring in the spirit,  
The mightinesse of these fond peoples sinne.  
*Oseas*, The will of the Lord be done.

*Exit Angell.*

*Enter the Clowne and his crew of Ruffians  
to goe to drinke.*

*Ruffian.* Come on Smith, thou shalt be one of the crewe, because thou knowest where the best Ale in the towne is.

*Smith.* Come on, in faith my Colts, I haue lest my M. striking of a heate, and stole away, because I would keepe you company.

*Clowne.* Why, what shall wee haue this paltric Smith with  
vs?

*Smith,*

London and England.

*Smith.* Paltry Smith, why you incarnatiue knaue, what are you, that speake petty treason against the Smithes trade?

*Clowne.* Why flaue, I am a gentleman of *Niniue*.

*Smith.* A Gentleman good sir, I remember you well, and all your progenitors, your father bare office in our towne, an honest man he was, and in great discredit in the Parish, for they bestowed two Squires livings on him, the one was on working dayes, and then he kept the Towne stage, and on Holidayes they made him the Sextens man, for he whipt dogs out of the Church. Alasse sir, your Father, why sir, we thinke I see the Gentleman still, a proper youth he was faith, aged some foure and ten, his beard Rats colour, halfe blacke, halfe white, his nose was in the highest degree of noses, it was nose *Autem glorificam*, so set with Rubies, that after his death it should haue bin nayled vp in Copper-smiths hall for a monument, Well sir, I was beholding to your good father, for he was the first man that euer instructed me in the mystry of a pot of Ale.

2. Well sayd Smith, thou hast crost him ouer the thumbs.

*Clowne.* Villaine, were it not that we goe to be merry, my rapier shoul'd presently quit thy opprobrious termes.

O *Peter, Peter*, put vp thy sword I prithie heartily into thy scabbard, hold in your Rapier, for though I haue not a long Reacher, I haue a short hitter. Nay then Gentlemen, stay me, for my choller beginnes to rise against him: for marke the words of a paltry Smith, Oh horrible sentence, thou hast in these wordes, I will stand to it, libelled against all the sound horses, whole horses, fore horses, Coursers, Curtalls, Iades, Hacknies and Mares: whereupon my friend, in their defence, I giue thee this curse, thou shalt not be worth a horse of thine owne this seuen yeare.

1. *Clowne.* I prithie Smith is your occupation so excellent? A paltry Smith, why ile stand to it, a Smith is Lord of the foure elements, for our yron is made of the earth, our bellowes blowe out ayre, our flore holdes fire, and our Forge water. Nay sir, we reade in the Chronicles, that there was a God of our occupation.

## A Looking-Glasse, for

*Clowne.* I, but he was a Cuckold.

That was the reason Sir he calld your Father cousin, paltry Smith, why in this one word, thou hast defaced their worshipfull occupation.

*Clowne.* As how?

Marry sir, I will stand to it, that a Smith in his kinde, is a Physitian, a Surgion, and a Barber. For let a Horse take a colde, or be troubled with the bots, and wee straight giue him a potion, or a purgation, in such physicall manner that he mends straight, if he haue outward diseases, as the Spauing, Splent, Ringbone-Wind-gall, or fashion, or sir, a galled backe, we let him blood and clap a plaister to him with a pestilence, that mends him with a very vengeance: Now if his mane grow out of order, and he haue any rebellious haire, wee straight to our sheeres and trimme him, with what cut it please vs, picke his eares, and make him neat, marry indeed sir, we are slouens for one thing: we neuer vse any musk-balls, to wash him with, and the reason is sir, because hee can woo without kissing.

*Clowne.* Well sirra, leaue off these praises of a Smith, and bring vs to the best Ale in the Towne.

Now sir, I haue a feate aboue all the Smiths in *Nimie*, for sir, I am a Philosopher that can dispute of the nature of Ale, for marke you sir, a pot of ale consists of foure parts, *Imprimis*, the Ale, the Toast, the Ginger, and the Nutmeg.

*Clowne.* Excellent.

The Ale is a restoratiue, bread is a binder, marke you sir, two excellent points in physicke, the Ginger, oh ware of that: the philosophers haue written of the nature of Ginger, tis expulsiue in two degrees, you shall heare the sentēce of *Galen*, it will make a man belche, cough, and fart, and is a great comfort to the heart, a proper pœsie I promise you: but now to the vertue of the noble Nutmeg, it is saith one *Ballad*, I thinke an English Roman was the authour, an vnderlayer to the braines, for when the Ale giues a buffet to the head, oh the Nutmeg that keeps him for a while in temper.

Thus you see the description of the vertue of a pot of Ale, now sir

## London and England

to put my Physicall preceptes in practise follow me, but| afore I  
step any further.

*Clown.* Whats the matter now ?

Why seeing I haue prouided the Ale, who is the puruayor for the  
Wenches, for Masters take this of mee, a Cuppe of Ale with-  
out a wench, why alasse tis like an Egge without salt, or a redde  
herring without mustard.

Leade vs to the Ale, weele haue wenches inough I warrant thee.

*Oseas.* Iniquity seekes out Companions still,

And mortall men are armed to doe ill :

London looke on, this matter nips thee neere,

Leaue off thy riot, pride and sumptuous cheere.

Spend lesse at boord, and spare not at the doore,

But ayde the Infants, and relecue the poore.

Else seeking mercy, being mercilesse,

Thou be adindged to endlesse heauinesse.

*Enters the Usurer, a young Gentleman, and  
a poore man.*

*Usurer.* Come on, I am euerie day troubled with those needie  
companions, what newes with you, what wind bringes you hi-  
ther ?

*Gent.* Sir, I hope how farre soeuer you make it off, you remem-  
ber too well for mee, that this is the day wherein I should pay  
you money, that I tooke vp of you alate in a commoditie.

*Poore man.* And sir, firreuerence of your manhood and genterie,  
I haue brought home such money as you lent me.

*Usur.* You yong Gentleman, is my money ready ?

*Gentl.* Truly sir, this time was so short, the commodity so bad,  
and the promise of friends so broken, that I could not prouide it  
against the day, wherefore I am come to intreat you to stande my  
friend, and to fauour me with a longer time, and I will make you  
sufficient consideration.

*Usurer.* Is the winde in that doore, if thou hast my money so ir-  
is, I will not defer a day, an houre, a minute, but take the forseyte

*A Looking Glasse, for*

of the bond.

*Gent.* I pray you sir consider, that my losse was great by the commodity I tooke vp, you know sir I borrowed of you fortie pounds, whereof I had ten pounds in money, and thirty pounds in Lute strings, which when I came to sell againe, I could gette but five pounds for them, so had I sir but fifteene pounds for my forty: In consideration of this ill bargaine, I pray you sir giue me a month longer.

*Usurer.* I answered thee afore not a minute, what haue I to doe how thy bargaine proued, I haue thy hand set to my booke, that thou receyuedst forty pounds of me in money.

*Gent.* I sir, that was your deuise, to colour the Statute, but your conscience knowes what I had,

*Poore.* Friend, thou speakest Hebrew to him, when thou talkest to him of conscience, for he hath as much conscience about the forfeit of an Obligation, as my blind Mare God blesse her, hath ouer a Manger of Oates.

*Gent.* Then there is no fauour sir?

*Usurer.* Come to morrow to mee, and see how I will vse thee.

*Gent.* No couetous Caterpillar, know, that I haue made extreame shift, rather then I would fall into the hands of such a rauening Panthar: and therefore here is thy money, and deliuer me the recognisance of my lands.

*Usurer.* What a spite is this, hath sped of his Crownes, if he had mist but one halfe houre, what a goodly Farme had I gotten for forty pounds, well, tis my cursed fortune. Oh haue I no shift to make him forfeit his recognisance.

*Gent.* Come sir, will you dispatch and tell your money.

*Strikes 4. a Clocke.*

*Usurer.* Stay, what is this a clocke, foure, let mr see, to bee payd between the houres of three and foure in the afternoon, this goes right for me: you sir, heare you not the clocke, and haue you not a counterpaine of your Obligation: the houre is past, it was to be paid between three and foure, and now the clocke hath strooken

foure



London, and England.

four, I will receive none, Ile stand to the forfeite of the recognifance.

*Gent.* Why fir, I hope you doe but iest, why tis but four, and will you for a minute take forfeite of my bond? If it were so fir, I was here before four.

*Vfurer.* Why didst thou not tender thy money then ? if I offer thee iniurie, take the law of mee, complaine to the Iudge, I will receyue no money.

*Poore.* Well fir, I hope you will stand my good master, for my Cow, I borrowed thirty shillings on her, and for that I haue paid you 18. pence a weeke, and for her meat you haue had her milk, and I tell you fir, shee giues a prety sope : now fir, here is your money.

*Vfurer.* Hang beggerly knaue, comcest thou to me for a Cow, did I not bind her bought and sold for a penny, and was not thy day to haue paid yesterday ? thou getst no Cow at my hand.

*Poore.* No Cow fir, alas, that word no Cow, goes as cold to my heart as a draught of small drinke in a frostie morning. No cow fir why alas, alas, M. Vfurer, what shall become of mee, my Wife, and my poore child?

*Vfurer.* Thou getst no Cow of me knaue, I cannot stand prating with you, I must be gone.

*Poore.* Nay but heare you M. Vfurer, no cow, why fir heeres your thirty shillings, I haue payde you 18. pence a Week, & therefore there is reason I should haue my cow.

*Vfurer.* What pratest thou, haue I not answered thee, thy day is broken.

*Poore.* Why fir, alas, my Cow is a common wealth to mee, for first fir, she allowes me, my wife and son, for to banket our selues withall, butter, cheese, whay, curds, creame, sod milke, raw-milk, sower milke, sweet milke, and butter milke, besides fir, she saued me euery yeare a peny in almanackes, for she was as good to mee as a Prognostication, if she had but set vp her taile, and haue gal-lapt about the meade, my little boy was able to say, oh father, there will be a storme : her very tayle was a Kalender to mee, and now to loose my Cow, alas M. Vfurer, take pittie vpon me.

*Vfurer.*

## A Looking Glasse, for

*Vsu.* I haue other matters to talke on, farewell fellowes.

*Gen.* Why but thou couetous churle, wilt thou not receiue thy money, and deliuer me my recognisance?

*Vsur.* Ile deliuer thee none, If I haue wronged thee, seeke thy mends at the law.

*Gen.* And so I will, insatiable peasant.

*Poore.* And sir, rather then I will put vp this word no Cowe, I will lay my Wiues best Gown to pawne. It ell you sir, when the slaue vttered this word no Cow, it strooke to my heart, for my wife shal neuer haue one so fit for her turne againe, for indeed sir, she is a woman that hath her twidling strings broke.

*Gen.* What meanest by that fellow?

*Poore.* Marry sir, sirreuerence of your manhood, shee breakes winde behind, and indeed sir, when she sate milking of her cow, and let a fart, my other coves would start at the noyse, and kick downe the milke and away: but this Cow, sir the gentlest Cow, my wife might blow whilst she burst: and hauing such good conditions, shall the Vsurer come vpon me with no Cow? Nay sir, before I pocket vp this word, no Cow, my wiues gowne goes to the Lawyer, why alasie sir, tis as ill a worde to me, as no Crowne to a King.

*Gen.* Well fellow, goe with mee, and ile helpe thee to a Lawyer.

*Poore.* Marry and I will sir: No Cow, well the World goes hard.

*Exennt.*

*Oseas.*

*Oseas.* Where hatefull Vsury,  
Is counted husbandrie,  
Where mercilesse men rob the poore,  
And the needy are thrust out of doore,  
Where gaine is held for conscience,  
And mens pleasures is all on pance,  
Where young Gentlemen forfeit their lands  
Through ryot, into the Usurers hands:  
Where pouerty is despised, and pittie banished,  
And mercy indeed utterly vanished.

*Where*

## London and England.

small a trifle: Good *Signior Mizaldo*, speake what is law, you haue your Fee, you haue heard what the Case is, and therefore doe me iustice and right : I am a young Gentleman, and speake for my Patrimonie,

*Law.* Faith sir, the Case is altered, you told mee it before in an other maner, the Law goes quite against you, and therefore you must plead to the Iudge for fauour.

*Gen.* O execrable bribery.

*Poor.* Faith sir Iudge, I pray you let me see the Gentlemans Counsellour: for I can say thus much in his defence, that the Vswers Clocke is the swiftest Clocke in all the towne, tis Sir, like a womans tongue, it goes euer halfe an houre before the time: for when we were gone from him, other clocks in the towne strooke foure.

*Iud.* Hold thy prating fellow, and you young Gentleman, this is my ward, looke better another time both to your bargaines, and to the payments, for I must giue flat sentence against you: that for default of tendring the money between the houres, you haue forfeited your recognisance, and he to haue the land.

*Gen.* O inspeakeable iniustice.

*Poore.* O monstrous, miserable, moth-eaten Iudge!

*Iudge.* Now you fellow, what haue you to say for your matter.

*Poore.* Mayster Lawyer, I laide my wiues gowne to pawn for your fees, I pray you to this geere.

*Law.* Alasse poore man, thy matter is out of my head, and therefore I pray thee tell it thy selfe.

*Poor.* I hold my cap to a Noble, that the Vsurer hath giuen him some gold, and hee chewing it in his mouth hath got the tooth-ache that he cannot speake.

*Iudge.* Well sirrha, I must be short, and therefore say on.

*Poore.* Maister Iudge, I borrowed of this man thirtie shillings, for which I left him in pawne my good Cow, the bargain was, hee should haue eighteen pence a week, and the coves milk, for vsurie. Now sir, assoone as I had gotten the mony, I brought it him, and broke but a day, and for that he refused his mony, and

## A Looking-Glasse, for

keepe my Cowe fir.

*Judge.* Why thou hast giuen sentence against thy selfe? For in breaking thy day, thou hast lost thy Cowe.

*Poore.* Maister Lawyer, now for my ten shillings.

*Lawyer.* Faith poore man, thy Case is so bad, I shall but speake against thee.

*Poore.* Twere good then I should haue my ten shillings againe.

*Lawyer.* Tis my Fee fellow for comming: wouldst thou haue me come for nothing?

*Poore.* Why then I am like to goe home, not onely with no Cowe, but no Gowne: This geare goes hard.

*Judge.* Well, you haue heard what fauour I can shewe you, I must doo iustice: come M. Mizaldo, and you fir, goe home with me to dinner.

*Poore.* Why but M. Judge, no Cowe, and M. Lawyer, no Gowne: Then must I cleane runne out of the Towne.

How cheare you Gentleman, you crie no Lands too? the iudge hath made you a Knight for a Gentleman, hath dubd you fir Iohn Lack-land.

*Gen.* O miserable time wherein gold is aboute God.

*Poore.* Feare not man, I haue yet a fetch to get thy lands, and my Cow againe, for I haue a son in the Court, that is eyther a King or a Kings fellow, and to him will I goe and complaine on the Iudge and the Vsurer both.

*Gen.* And I will goe with thee, and intreat him for my case.

*Poore.* But how shall I goe home to my wife, when I shall haue nothing to say vnto her, but no Cow. Alasse fir, my wiues faultes will fall vpon me.

*Gen.* Feare not, lets go, ile quiet her shalt see.

*Exeunt.*

*Oscas.* Flic Iudges flie, corruption in your Court,  
The Iudge of Truth hath made your Iudgement short.

Looke so to iudge, that at the latter day,  
Yee be not iudg'd with those that wend astray.

Who passeth iudgement for his private gaine,  
He well may iudge, he is ad iudg'd to paine.

*Enter*

## London and England.

*Enters the Clowne, and all his crewe drunke.*

*Clowne.* Farewell gentle Tapster, Maisters, as good ale as euer was rapt, looke to your secte, for the ale is strong: well farewell gentle Tapster.

1. *Ruffian.* Why firrha slaue, by Heauens maker, thinkest thou the Wench loues thee best, because shee laught on thee: giue me but such an other word, and I will throw the pot at thy head.

*Clowne.* Spill no drinke, spill no drinke, the ale is good, Ile tell you what, ale is ale, and so Ile commend mee to you, with hartie commendations: farewell gentle Tapster.

2. Why, wherfore Pesant scornst thou that the Wench should loue me, look but on her, and ile thrust my dagger in thy bosome.

1. *Ruffian.* Well firrha well, th'art as th'art, & so ile take thee.

2. Why, what am I?

1. Why, what thou wilt, a slaue,

2. Then take that Villaine, and learne how to vse mee an other time.

1. Oh I am slaine.

2. Thats all one to mee, I care not, now will I in to my wench and call for a fresh pot,

*Clowne.* Nay but heare yee, take mee with ye, for the ale is ale: cut a fresh Toast Tapster, fill me a pot, here is money, I am no beggar, ile followe thee as long as the ale lasts: a pestilence on the blocks for me, for I might haue had a fall: well, if we shall haue no Ale, ile sit me downe, and so farewell gentle Tapster.

*Here hee falls ouer the dead man.*

¶ *Enters the King, Aluida, the King of Cilicia, and of Paphlagonia, with other attendants.*

*Rasni.* What slaughtred wretch lyes bleeding here his last?  
So neare the royall Pallace of the King,  
Search out if any one be biding nye,  
That can discourse the manner of his death,  
Seate thee (*saire Aluida*) the faire of faire,  
Let not the obiekt once offend thine eyes.

*L.* Heres one sits here a sleepe my Lord.

*Rasni.* Wake him, and make enquiry of this thing.

*A Looking-Glasse, for*

*Lord.* Sirrha you, hearest thou fellow?

*Clowne.* If you will fill a fresh pot, heres a penny, or else fare-well gentle Tapster.

*Lord.* He is drunke my Lord.

*Rasni.* Weele sport with him, that *Aluida* may laugh.

*L.* Sirrha, thou fellow, thou must come to the King.

*Clowne.* I will not doo a stroke of worke to day, for the ale is good ale, and you can aske but a penny for a pot, no more by the statute.

*L.* Villaine, heres the King, thou must come to him.

*Clowne.* The King come to an Ale-house? Tapster fill me three pots, wheres the King: is this he? Giue me your hand sir, as good Ale as euer was tapt, you shall drinke while your skin cracke.

*Rasni.* But hearest thou fellow, who kild this man?

*Clowne.* Ile tell you sir, if you did taste of the Ale, all *Nininie*, hath not such a cup of Ale, it flowres in the cup sir, by my troth I spent cleuen pence, beside three rases of Ginger.

*Rasni.* Answer me *Knaue* to my question; How came this man slaine?

*Clowne.* Slaine, why ale is strong ale, tis Hufcap, I warrant you twill make a man well: Tapster ho, for the King a cup of ale and a fresh Toast, heres two rases more.

*Aluida.* Why (good fellow) the King talkes not of drinke: hee would haue thee tell him how this man came dead?

*Clowne.* Dead, nay: I thinke I am aliue yet, and will drinke a full pot ere night, but heare yee, if ye be the wench that fild vs drinke, why so: do your office, and giue vs a fresh pot, or if you be the Tapsters wife, why so, wash the glasse cleane.

*Aluida.* Hee is so drunke (my Lorde) there is no talking with him.

*Clowne.* Drunke: Nay then wench I am not drunke, th'art a shitten queane, to call mee drunke, I tell thee I am not drunke, I am a Smith.

*Enters the Smith, the Clownes Maister.*

*Lord.* Syr, here comes one perhaps that can tell.

*Smith.* God saue you Maister,

*Rasni.*

London and England

*Raf.* Smith canst thou tell me how this man came dead?

*Smith.* May it please your Highnesse, my man here and a crue of them went to the ale-house, and came out so drunke, that one of them kilde another: and now sir, I am faine to leaue my shoppe and come fetch him home,

*Raf.* Some of you carry away the dead body, drunken men must haue their fits, and sirrha Smith, hence with thy man.

*Smith.* Sirrha you, rise come goe with me.

*Clown.* If we shall haue a pot of Ale, lets haue it, heeres money: hold Tapster, take my purse.

*Smith.* Come then with mee, the pot stands full in the house.

*Clown.* I am for you, lets go, thart an honest Tapster, weel drink fixe pots ere we part

*Exeunt.*

*Raf.* Beautious, more bright then beauty in mine eyes,  
Tell me sayre sweeting, wants thou any thing?  
Containd within the threefold circle of the world,  
That may make *Aluida* liue full content.

*Alu.* Nothing my Lord, for all my thoughts are pleasde,  
When as mine eyes surfets with *Rasnes* sight.

*Enters the King of Paphlagonia malecontent*

*Rasni.* Looke how thy husband haunts our royall Courts,  
How still his sight breeds melancholy stormes,  
Oh *Aluida*, I am pasing passionate,  
And vext with wrath and anger to the death:  
*Mars* when he held sayre *Venus* on his knee,  
And saw the limping Smith come from his forge,  
Had not more deeper sorrowes on his brow,  
Then *Rasni* hath to see this *Paphlagon*.

*Al.* Content thee sweet, ile salue thy sorrow straight,  
Rest but the ease of all thy thoughts on me,  
And if I make not *Rasni* blyth againe,  
Then say that womens fancies haue no shifts.

*Pap.* Shamst thou not *Rasni* though thou beest a king  
To shroude adultery in thy royall seate,  
Art thou Arch-ruler of great *Niniue*,

*A Looking Glasse, for*

Who shouldst excell in vertue as in state,  
And wrongst thy friend by keeping backe his wife,  
Haue I not battaile in thy troupes full oft,  
Gainst *Egypt*, *Iury*, and proud *Babylon*.  
Spending my bloud to purchase thy renowne,  
And is the guerdon of my Chiualrie,  
Ended in this abusing of my wife?  
Restore her me, or I will from thy Courts,  
And make discourse of thy adulterous deeds.

*Raf.* Why take her *Paphlagon*, exclaime not man,  
For I doe prize mine honour more then loue.  
*Fayre Aluida* go with thy husband home.

*Alui.* How dare I go, sham'de with so deep misdeed  
Reuenge; wil broyle within my husbands brest,  
And when he hath me in the Court at home,  
Then *Aluida* shall feele reuenge for all.

*Raf.* What sayst thou King of *Paphlagon* to this?  
Thou hearest the doubt thy wife doth stand vpon,  
If shee haue done amisse it is my fault,  
I prithie pardon and forget all.

*Paph.* If that I meant not *Rasni* to forgiue,  
And quite forget the follies that are past,  
I would not vouchsafe her presence in my Courts,  
But she shall be my Queene, my loue, my life,  
And *Aluida* vnto her *Paphlagon*,  
And loued, and more beloved then before.

*Rasni.* What sayest thou *Aluida* to this?

*Alui.* That he will sweare it to my Lord the King,  
And in a full carouse of Greekish wine,  
Drinke downe the malice of his deepe reuenge,  
I will goe home, and loue him new againe.

*Raf.* What answeres *Paphlagon*.

*Paph.* That what she hath requested I will doe.

*Alu.* Go Damosell fetch me that sweet wine  
That stands within my Closet on the shelve,  
Powre it into a standing bowle of gold,

But



## London and England

But on thy life taste not before the King.  
Make haste, why is great *Rasni* melancholy thus?  
If promise be not kept, hate ail for me.  
Here is the Wine my Lord, first make him sweare.

*Paph.* By *Ninivies* great gods, & *Ninivies*-great King.  
My thoughts shall neuer be to wrong my wife,  
And ther con heres a full carowse to her.

*Alu.* And thereon *Rasni*, heres a kisse for thee,  
Now mayst thou freely fold thine *Aluida*.

*Paph.* Oh I am dead, obstructions of my breath,  
The poyson is of wondrous sharpe effect,  
Cursed be all adulterous Queanes say I,  
And cursing so, poore *Paphiagon* doth die.

*Alu.* Now haue I not salued the sorrows of my lord  
Haue I not rid arriuall of thy loues,  
What sayst thou *Rasni* to thy Paramour?

*Rasni.* That for this deed ile decke my *Aluida*,  
In Sendall, and in costly Suffiapine,  
Bordred with Pearle and India Diamond,  
He cause great *Eol* perfume all his wines,  
With richest myrre and curious amber greece,  
Come louely minion, paragon for fayre,  
Come follow me, sweet goddesse of mine eye,  
And taste the pleasures *Rasni* will prouide. *Exeunt.*  
*Oscas.* Where whoredome raigns, there murther follows fast,  
As falling leaues before the winter blast.

A wicked life, trainde vp in endlesse crime,  
Hath no reward vnto the latter time.  
When Letchers shall be punished for heir lust,  
When Princes plagued, because they be vnjust,  
Foresee in time, the warning bell doth towe,  
Subdue the flesh, by prayer to saue thy soule.  
London, behold the cause of others wreacke,  
And sett the sword of Iustice at thy backe.  
Deferre not off to morrow is to late,  
By night he comes, perhaps to iudge thy state.

*A Looking Glasse, for*

*Enter Ionas solus.*

*Ionas.* From forth the depth of my imprisoned soule,  
Steale you my sighes, testifie my paine,  
Convey on wings of mine immortall tone,  
My zealous prayers, vnto the starry throne  
Ah mercifull and iust, thou dreadfull God,  
Where is thine arme to lay reuengefull strokes  
Vpon the heads of our rebellious race?  
Loe *Israel* once that flourisht like the vine,  
Is barrene layd, the beautifull increase  
Is wholly blent, and irreligious zeale,  
Incampeth there where vertue was inthroan'd,  
Ah lasse the while, the widdow wants reliefe,  
The fatherlesse is wronged by naked need,  
Deuotion sleeps in cinders of contempt,  
Hypocrisie infects the holy Priest.  
Aye me for this, woe me for these misdeedes,  
Alone I walke to thinke vpon the world,  
And sigh to see thy Prophets so contemn'd:  
Ah-lasse contemn'd by cursed *Israel*.  
Yet *Ionas* rest content, tis *Israels* sinne  
That causeth this, then muse no more thereon,  
But pray amends, and mend thy owne amisse.

*An Angell appeareth to Ionas.*

*Ang.* *Amithais* sonne, I charge thee muse no more,  
(I am) hath power to pardon and correct,  
To thee pertaines to do the Lords command,  
Goe girt thy loynes, and hast thee quickly hence,  
To *Niniue*, that mighty City wend,  
And say this message from the Lord of hoasts,  
Preach vnto them these tidings from thy God,  
Behold thy wickednesse hath tempted me,  
And pierced through the ninefold orbes of heauen:  
Repent, or else thy iudgement is at hand,

## London and England.

*This sayde, the Angell vanisbeth.*

*Jonas.* Prostrate I lye before the Lord of hosts,  
With humble eares intending his behest,  
Ah honoured be *Iehouahs* great command,  
Then *Jonas* must to *Niniue* repayre,  
Commanded as the Prophet of the Lord,  
Great dangers on this iourney to awayte:  
But dangers none where heauens direct the course,  
What should I deeme, I see, yea sighing see,  
How *Israel* sinne, yet knowes the way of truth,  
And thereby growes the by-word of the world,  
How then should God in iudgement be so strickt?  
Gainst those who neuer heard or knew his power,  
To threaten vtter ruine of them all:  
Should I report this iudgement of my God,  
I should incite them more to follow sinne,  
An d publish to the world my Countries blame,  
It may not be, my conscience tels me no.  
Ah *Jonas*, wilt thou proue rebellious then?  
Consider ere thou fall, what error is,  
My mind misgiues, to *Ioppa* will I flee,  
And for a while to *Tharsus* shape my course,  
Vntill the Lord vnfret his angry browes.

*Enter certaine Marchants of Tharsus, a Master  
and some Saylers.*

*Mastr.* Come on braue Merchants, now the wind doth serue,  
And sweetly blowes a gale at West, Southwest,  
Our yards a crosse, our anchors on the pike,  
What shall we hence, and take this merry gale?

*Mer.* Saylers conuay our budgets straight aboard,  
And we will recompence your paines at last,  
If once in safety we may *Tharsus* see,  
M. weele feast these merry mates and thee.

*M.* Meane-while content your selues with silly cates,  
Our beds, are boords, our feasts are full of mirth.

*A Looking Glasse. for*

We vse no pompe, we are the Lords of Sea,  
When Princes swet in care, we swincke of glee.

*Orius* shoulders and the pointers serue,  
To be our Load. stars in the lingring night,  
The beauties of *Arcturus* we behold,  
And though the Sayler is no booke-man held,  
He knowes more art then euer booke-man read.

*Say.* By heauens well sayd in honour of our trade,  
Lets see the proudest Scholler stir his course  
Or shift his tides as silly Saylers doe.  
Then will we yeeld them prayse, else neuer none.

*Mer.* Well spoken fellow in thine owne behalfe,  
But let vs hence, wind tarries none you wot,  
And time and tide let slip, is hardly got.

*M.* March to the Hauen marchants, ile follow you.

*Jonas* Now doth occasion further my desire,  
I find companions fit to ayde my flight,  
Stay sir I pray, and heare a word or two.

*M.* Say on good friend, but briefly, if you please,  
My passengers by this time are aboard.

*Jo.* Whether pretend you to imbarque your selues?

*M.* To *Tharsus* sir, and here in *Ioppa* haue  
Our ship is prest, and ready to depart.

*Jonas.* May I haue passage for my money then?

*M.* What not for mony: pay ten siluerlings,  
You are a welcome guest, if so you please.

*Jon.* Hold take thine hire, I follow thee my friend,

*M.* Where is your budget, let me beare it sir.

*Jon.* To one in peace, who sayle as I doe now,  
Put trust in him, who succoueth euery want.

*Exeunt.*

*Ose.* When Prophets new inspirde, presume to force  
And tye the power of heauen to their conceites,  
When feare, promotion, pride, or simony,  
Ambition subtile craft, their thoughts disguise,  
Woe to the stocke whereas the shepheards fold,

## London and England.

For loe the Lord at vnawares shall plague  
The carelesse guide, because his flockes doe straye.  
The axe already to the Tree is set,  
Beware to tempt the Lord, yee men of art.

¶ Enters *Alcon*, *Thrasibulus*, *Samia*,  
*Clesiphon*, a *Ladde*.

*Clesi*. Mother, some meate, or else I dye for want.

*Samia*. Ah little boy how glad thy mother would  
Supply thy wants, but naked neede denyes:  
Thy Fathers slender portion in this world,  
By Vsurie, and false deceit is lost,  
No Charitie within this Citie bides:

All for themselves, and none to helpe the poore,

*Clesi*. Father, shall *Clesiphon* haue no reliefe?

*Alcon*. Faith my boy, I must be flat with thee, wee must feede  
vpon Prouerbs now. As necessitie hath no law, a Churls feast is  
better then none at all; for other remedies haue we none, except  
thy brother *Radagon* helpe vs.

*Samia*. Is this thy slender care to helpe our Childe?  
Hath Nature armde thee to no more remorse?

Ah cruell man vnkinde and pittilesse:  
Come *Clesiphon* my boy, ile beg for thee.

*Clesi*. Oh how my Mothers mourning moueth me.

*Alcon*. Nay, you shall pay me interest for getting the boy (wife)  
before you carry him hence. Ah lasse woman what can *Alcon* doe  
more? Ile plucke the belly out of my heart for thee (*sweete Sa-*  
*mia*) be not so waspish.

*Samia*. Ah silly man, I know thy want is great,  
And foolishly I doo craue where nothing is.  
Haste *Alcon* haste, make haste vnto our Sonne,  
Who since hee is in fauour of the King,  
May helpe this haplesse Gentleman and vs.  
For to regaine our goods from tyrants hands.

*Thra*. Haue patience *Samia*, waight your weale from Heauen,  
The Gods haue raisde your Sonne I hope for this.

## A Looking Glasse. for

To succour innocents in their distresse.

*Enters Radagon solus.*

Loe where he comes from the imperiall Court,  
Goe, lets prostrate vs before his secte.

*Alcon.* Nay by my troth, ile neuer aske my sonne blessing, che  
trow, cha taught him his lesson to know his father, what sonne,  
*Radagon,* yfaith boy how dost thee ?

*Rada.* Villaine disturbe me not, I cannot stay.

*Alcon.* Tut sonne, Ile helpe you of that disease quickly, for I can  
hold thee, aske thy mother, knaue, what cunning I haue to ease  
a woman, when a qualme of kindnes come too neer her stomack?  
Let me but claspe mine armes about her body, and say my pray-  
ers in her bosome, and she shall be healed presently.

*Rada.* Traytor vnto my Princely Maiestie,  
How dar'st thou lay thy hands vpon a King ?

*Samia.* No Traytor *Radagon*, but true is hee,  
What hath promotion bleared thus thine eye,  
To scorne thy Father when he visites thee ?  
Ah-lasse my Sonne, behold with ruthfull eyes,  
Thy parents robd of all theyr worldly weale,  
By subtile meanes of Vsurie and guile,  
The Iudges eares are deaffe, and shut vp close,  
All mercie sleepe, then be thou in these plunges  
A Patron to thy Mother, to her paines,  
Behold thy brother almost dead for foode,  
Oh succour vs, that first did succour thee.

*Rada.* What succour me? false calleth hence auant ?  
Old dotard packe, moue not my patience,  
I know you not, Kings neuer looke so lowe.

*Samia.* You know vs not. Oh *Rada*, you know,  
That knowing vs, you know your parents then,  
Thou knowst this wombe first brought thee foorth to light,  
I know these paps did foster thee my sonne.

*Alcon.* And I knowe hee hath had many a piece of bread and  
cheese at my hands (as proud as hee is) that know I.

*Thracib.* I wait no hope of succours in this place.

Where

London, and England.

Where children hold their fathers in disgrace,

*Rada* Dare you enforce the furrowes of reuenge

Within the browes of royall *Radagon*?

Villaine auant, hence beggers with your brats,

Marshall, why whip ye not these rogues away,

That thus disturbe our royall Maiesty.

*Clesiphon*. Mother I see it is a wondrous thing,

From base estate for to become a King:

For why, me thinke my brother in these fits,

Hath got a Kingdom, but hath lost his wits.

*Rada*. Yet more contempt before my royalty?

Slaues fetch out tortures worse then *Tirius* plagues,

And teare their tongus from their blasphemous heads.

*Thrafi*. Ile get me gone, tho woe begon with griefe.

No hope remaines, come *Alcon* let vs wend.

*Ra*. Twere best you did, for fear you catch your bane.

*Samia*. Nay Traytor I will haunt thee to the death,

Vngracious sonne, vntoward and peruerse,

Ile fill the heauens with Ecchoes of thy pride,

And ring in euery eare thy small regard,

That dost despise thy parents in their wants,

And breathing forth my soule before thy feete,

My curses still shall haunt thy hatefull head,

And being dead, my ghost shall thee pursue.

*Enter Rasni K. of Assiria, attended on by his South-  
sayers and Kings.*

(Court?)

*Ras*. How now, what meane these outcries in our

Where nought shall sound, but harmonies of heauen,

What maketh *Radagon* so passionate?

*Samia*. Iustice, O king, iustice, against my sonne.

*Rasni*. Thy sonne: what sonne?

*Samia*. This cursed *Radagon*.

*Rada*. Dread Monarch, this is but a lunacie,

Which griefe and want hath brought the woman to,

What doth this passion hold you euery Moone.

*A Looking Glasse, for*

*Samia.* O politicke in sinne and wickednesse,  
Too impudent for to delude thy Prince,  
Oh *Rasni*, this same wombe brought him forth,  
This is his father, worne with care and age,  
This is his brother, poore vnhappy lad,  
And I his mother, though contemn'd by him,  
VVith tedious toyle we got our little good,  
And brought him vp to schoole with mickle charge:  
Lord, how we ioy'd to see his towardnesse,  
And to our selues, we oft in silence sayd,  
This youth when we are old may succour vs.  
But now preferd and lifted vp by thee,  
VVe quite destroyed by cursed vsurie,  
He scorneth me, his father, and this child.

*Clesi.* He plays the Serpent right, describ'd in *Æsopes* tale, that  
fought the fosters death, that lately gaue him life.

*Alcon.* Nay, and please your Maiesty-ship, for prooffe he was my  
child, search the parish booke: the Clarke will sweare it, his god-  
fathers and godmothers can witness it, it cost me forty pence in  
ale and cakes on the wiues at his Christning. Hence proud King,  
thou shalt neuer more haue my blessing.

*He takes him apart.*

*Rasni.* Say sooth in secret *Radagon*,  
Is this thy father?

*Rada.* Mighty King he is,  
I blushing, tell it to your Maiesty.

*Ras.* VVhy dost thou then contemn him & his friends

*Rada.* Because he is a base and abiect swaine,

My mother and her brat both beggerly,

Vnmeet to be allyed vnto a King:

Should I that looke on *Rasnes* countenance,

And march amidst his royall equipage,

Embaise my selfe to speake to such as they?

Twere impious so to impayre the loue

That mighty *Rasni* beares to *Radagon*.

I would your grace would quit them from your sight,

That



London, and England.

That dare presume to looke on *Ioues* compare.

*Rafn.* I like thy pride, I prayse thy policie,  
Such should they be that wayt vpon my Court.

Let me alone to answere (*Radagon.*)

Villaine, seditious traytors as you be,

That scaandalize the honour of a King.

Depart my Court, you stalles of impudence,

Vnlesse you would be parted from your limmes,

So base for to intitle father-hood.

To *Rafnes* friend, to *Rafnes* fauourite?

*Rad.* Hence begging scold, hence catiue clogde with  
On paine of death reuifite not the Court. (years,

Was I conceiu'd by such a scurvie trull,

Or brought to light by such a lumpe of durt:

Goe *Loffell* trot it to the cart and spade,

Thou art vnmeet to looke vpon a King,

Much lesse to be the Father of a King.

*Alcon.* You may see wise, what a goodly peece of worke you  
haue made, haue I thought you *Arismetry*, as *additioni multiplicarum*,  
the Rule of three, and all for the begetting of a boy, and to be  
banished for my labour. Opittifull hearing. Come *Clesiphon* fol-  
low me.

*Clesi.* Brother beware, I oft haue heard it told,  
That sons who do their Fathers scorn, shall beg when they be old.

*Exit Alcon, Clesiphon.*

*Rad.* Hence bastard boy for feare you taste the whippe,

*Samia.* Oh all you heauens, and you eternall powers,

That sway the sword of Iustice in your hands,

(If mothers curses of her sonnes contempt,

May fill the ballance of your fury full)

Powre downe the tempest of your direfull plagues,

Vpon the head of cursed *Radagon*.

*Upon this prayer she departeth, and a flame of fire appeareth  
from beneath, and Radagon is swallowed.*

So you are iust, now triumph *Samia*.

*Exit Samia.*

*Rafni.*

## A Looking Glasse, for

*Rafni.* What exorcising charme, or hatefull hag,  
Hath rauished the pride of my delight?  
What torturous planets, or maleuolent  
Conspiring power, repining destenie,  
Hath made the concaue of the earth vnclose,  
And shut in ruptures louely *Radagon*.  
If I be Lord commaunder of the cloudes,  
King of the earth, and soueraigne of the seas,  
What daring *Saturne* from his fiery denne,  
Doth dart these furious flames amidst my Court?  
I am not chiefe, there is more great then I.  
What greater then Th'assirian *Satrapos*?  
It may not be, and yet I feare there is,  
That hath bereft me of my *Radagon*.

*Soothsayer.* Monarch and Potentate of all Prouinces,  
Muse not so much vpon this accident,  
Which is indeed nothing miraculous,  
The hill of *Sicely* (dread Soueraigne)  
Sometime on sodaine, doth euacuate  
Who'e flakes of fire, and spues out from below  
The smoakie brandt that *Vulueus* bellowes driue,  
Whether by winds inclosed in the earth,  
Or fracture of the earth by riuers force,  
Such chances as was this, are often seene,  
Whole Cities suncke, whole countries drowned quite  
Then muse not at the losse of *Radagon*.  
But frolicke with the dalliance of your loue.  
Let cloathes of purple, set with studdes of gold,  
Embellished with all the pride of earth,  
Be spred for *Aluida* to sit vpon.  
Then thou like *Mars* courting the Queene of loue,  
Mayst driue away this melancholy fit.

*Rafni.* The prooffe is good, and philosophicall,  
And more, thy counsell plausible and sweet.  
Come Lords, though *Rafni* wants his *Radagon*.  
Earth will repay him many *Radagons*,

## London and England.

And *Aluida* with pleasant lookes reuiue,  
The heart that droupes for want of *Radagon*.

*Exeunt.*

*Oseas.* When disobedience raigneth in the childe,  
And Princes eares by flattery be beguilde.  
When lawes doe passe by fauour, not by truth,  
When falshood swarmeth both in olde and youth.  
When golde is made a god to wrong the poore,  
And charitie exile from rich mens doore,  
When men by wit, doe labour to disproue,  
The plagues for sinne, sent downe by GOD above.  
Where great mens cares are stopt to good aduice,  
And apt to heare those tales that feede their vice.  
Woe to the Land, for from the East shall rise,  
A LAMB E of peace, the scourge of vanities.  
The iudge of truth, the patron of the iust,  
Who soone will lay presumption in the dust.  
And giue the humble poore theyr hearts desire,  
And doome the worldlings to eternall fire.  
Repent all you that heare, for feare of plagues,  
O London, this and many more doth swarme in thee,  
Repent, repent, for why the Lord doth see.  
With trembling pray, and mend what is amisse,  
The sword of iustice drawne already is.

*Enters the Clowne, and the Smiths wife.*

*Clowne.* Why but heare you Mistresse, you know a Womans Eyes are like a paire of Pattens, fit to saue shoo-leather in Summer, and to keepe away the colde in Winter, so you may like your Husband with the one Eye, because you are marryed, and mee with the other, because I am your man. Alasse, alasse, thinke Mistresse what a thing Loue is, why it is like to an Ostry-faggot, that once set on fire, is as hardly quenched, as the bird Crocodill driuen out of her nest.

*Wife.* Why *Adam*, cannot a woman winke but shee must sleepe? and can she not loue, but she must crie it out at the Crosse? know

*A Looking-Glasse, for*

*Adam*, I loue thee as my selfe, now that wee are together in secret.

*Clowne*. Mistresse, these wordes of yours, are like a Foxe-tayle; placed in a Gentlewomans-Fanne, which as it is light, so it giueth light. Oh these wordes are as sweete as a Lilly, whereupon offering a *borachis* of kisses, to your vnseemely personage, I entertaine you vpon further acquaintance,

*Wife*. Alasse, my Husband comes,

*Clowne*. Strike vp the drum, and say no words but mum.

*Smith*. Syrha you, and you Houswife, well taken together, I haue long suspected you, and now I am glad I haue found you together.

*Clowne*. Truly sir, and I am glad that I may doe you any way pleasure, either in helping you or my Mistresse.

*Smith*. Boy here, and Knaue you shall knowe it straight, I will haue you both before the Magistrate, and there haue you seuerely punished.

*Clowne*. Why then Maister you are iealous?

*Smith*. Iealous knaue, how can I be but iealous, to see you euer so familiar together? Thou art not onely content to drinke away my goods, but to abuse my wife.

*Clowne*. Two good qualities, Drunkenesse and Letchery, but Maister are you iealous?

*Smith*. Yea Knaue: and that thou shalt know it ere I passe, for I will beswindge thee while this roape will hold.

*Wife*. My good Husband abuse him not for he neuer proffered you any wrong.

*Smith*. Nay whore, and thy part shall not be behinde.

*Clowne*. Why suppose Maister I haue offended you, it is lawfull for the Maister to beate the seruant for all offences?

*Smith*. I marry is it Knaue.

*Clowne*. Then Maister will I prooue by *Lodgicke*, that seeing all finnes are to receyue correction, the Maister is to be corrected of the man: and sir I pray you, what greater sinne is, then iealousie? tis like a mad Dogge, that for anger bites himselfe. Therefore that I may do my duty to you my good Master, & to make a white

sonne

*London and England.*

sonne of you, I will beswinge ieaiousie out of you, as you shal loue me the better while you liue.

*Smith.* What beate thy master knaue?

*Clown.* What beate thy man knaue? and I maister, and double beate you, because you are a man of credite, and therefore haue at you, the fayrest of forty pence.

*Smith.* Alasse wife, helpe, helpe, my man kils me.

Wife, Nay, euen as you haue baked, so brue, ieaiousie must bee driuen out by extremities.

*Clown.* And that will I doe, mistresse.

*Smith.* Hold thy hand *Adam*, and not onely I forgiue and forget all, but I will giue thee a good farme to liue on.

*Clown.* Bee gone Peasant, out of the compasse of my further wrath, for I am a corrector of vice, and at night I will bring home my mistresse.

*Smith.* Euen when you please good *Adam*.

*Clown.* When I please, marke thy words, tis a Lease paro!, to haue and to hold, thou shalt be mine for euer, and so lets goe to the Alchouse.

*Exeunt.*

*Oseas.* *Where seruants gainst maisters dorebell,  
The commonweale may bee accounted hell.  
For if the feet the head shall hold in scorne,  
The Citie state will fall, and be forlorne.  
This error London wayteth on thy state.  
Seruants amend, and Maisters leaue to hate.  
Let loue abound, and vertue raigne in all,  
So God will hold his hand that threatneth thrall.*

*Enter the Marchants of Tharsus, the M. of the shippe,  
some Saylers wet from the sea, with them  
the Governour of Ioppa.*

*Gov.* What strange encounters met you on the Sea?  
That thus your Barke is battered by the flouds,  
And you returne thus sea-wraekt as I see.

*A Looking-Glasse, for*

*Mer.* Most mighty *Gouernor* the chance is strange  
The tidings full of wonder and amaze,  
Which better then we, our *M.* can report.

*Gouer. M.* Discourte vs all the accident.

*M.* The fayre *Triones* with their glimmering light  
Smil'd at the foot of cleare *Bootes* *Graine*,  
And in the wrath distinguishing the houres,  
The *Load-star* of our course disperst his cleare,  
VVhen to the seas with blithfull westerne blasts,  
VVe saylde amaine, and let the bowling flie?  
Scarfe had we gone ten leagues from sight of land,  
But loe an hoast of blacke and sable cloudes,  
Gan to eclipse *Lucinas* siluer face,  
And with a hurling noyse from forch the South,  
A gust of wind did rayse the billowes vp,  
Then scantled we our sayles with speedy hands,  
And tooke our drablers from our bonnets straight,  
And seuered our bonnets from our courses,  
Our topsayles vp, we trusse our spritsayles in,  
But vainely striue they that resist the heauens.  
For loe the waues incense them more and more,  
Mounting with hideous roarings from the depth,  
Our *Barke* is battered by incountring stormes,  
And welny stemd by breaking of the flouds,  
The steers man pale, and carefull holds his helme,  
Wherein the trust of life and safety lay,  
Till all at once (a mortall tale to tell)  
Our sayles were split by *Bisas* bitter blast,  
Our rudder broke, and we bereft of hope,  
There might you see with pale and gastly lookes,  
The dead in thought, and dolefull marchants lists,  
Theyr eyes and hands vnto their *Countries* gods,  
The goods we cast in bowels of the sea,  
A sacrifice to swage proud *Neptunes* ire,  
Onely alone a man of *Israel*  
A passenger, did vnder hatches lie:

## London and England

And slept secure when we for succour prayde :  
Him I awooke, and sayd : why slumberest thou ?  
Arise and pray, and call vpon thy God,  
He will perhaps in pittie looke on vs.  
Then cast we lots, to know by whose amisse  
Our mischiefe come, according to the guise,  
And loe the lot did vnto *Jonas* fall,  
The Israelite, of whom I told you last,  
Then question we his Country and his name,  
Who answered vs, I am an Hebrew borne,  
Who feare the Lord of heauen, who made the Sea,  
And fled from him for which we all are plagu'd,  
So to asswage the fury of my God,  
Take me, and cast my carkasse in the sea,  
Then shall this stormy wind and billow cease.  
The heauens they know, the Hebrewes God can tell :  
How loath wee were to execute his will:  
But when no Oares nor labour might suffice,  
We heaued the haplesse *Jonas* ouer-boord.  
So ceast the storme, and calmed all the sea,  
And we by strength of oares recouered shoare.

*Gen.* A wondrous chance of mighty consequence.

*M.* Ah honored be the God that wrought the same,  
For we haue vowd, that saw his wondrous works,  
To cast away prophaned Paganisme,  
And count the Hebrewes God the onely God,  
To him this offering of the purest gold,  
This Mirrhe and Cascia freely I do yeeld.

*M.* And on his alters perfume these Turky cloathes,  
This gassampine and gold ile sacrifice.

*Say.* To him my heart and thoughts I will addict,  
Then suffer vs most mighty Gouvernour,  
Within your Temples to doe sacrifice.

*Gouer.* You men of *Tharsus* follow me,  
Who sacrifice vnto your God of heauen, *a Sacrifice.*  
And welcome friends to *Ioppais* Governour. *Ex.*

## A Looking Glasse, for

*O seas. If warne dounce, the Ethnickes thus repent,  
And at the first their errour doe lament:  
What senselesse beasts deuoured in their sinne,  
Are they whom long perswasions cannot winne:  
Beware ye Westerne Cities, where the word  
Is dayly preached both at Church and boord:  
Where Maiesty the Gospell doth maintaine,  
Where Preachers for year good, themselves doe paine.  
To dally long, and still protract the time,  
The Lord is iust, and you but dust and slime:  
Presume not farre, delay not to amend:  
Who suffereth long, will punish in the end:  
Cast thy account O London in this case,  
Then iudge what cause thou hast to call for grace.*

*Jonas the Prophet cast out of the Whales belly  
upon the Stage.*

*Jonas Lord of the light thou maker of the World,  
Behold thy hands of mercy reares me vp,  
Loe from the hidious bowels of this fish,  
Thou hast returnde me to the wished ayre,  
Loe here apparant witnesse of thy power,  
The proud Leniathan that scoures the seas,  
And from his nostrils showres out stormy fouds,  
Whose backe resists the tempest of the wind,  
Whose presence makes the scaly troupes to shake,  
With humble streffe of his broad opened chappes,  
Hath lent me harbour in the raging fouds.  
Thus though my sin hath drawne me downe to death,  
Thy mercy hath restored me to life.  
Bow yee my knees, and you may bashfull eyes,  
Weepe so for griefe, as you to water would:  
In trouble Lord, I called vnto thee  
Out of the belly of the deepest hel.  
I cride, and thou didst heare my voyce O God.*



*London and England*

Tis thou hast cast me downe into the deepe,  
The sea and foulds did compasse me about,  
I thought I had beene cast from out thy sight,  
The weedes were wrapt about my wretched heade,  
I went vnto the bottome of the hilles,  
But thou O Lord my God hast brought me vp.  
On thee I thought when as my soule did faint,  
My prayers did prease before thy mercy seate.  
Then will I pay my voves vnto the Lord,  
For why, saluation commeth from his throane.

*The Angell appeareth.*

*Angel.* *Jonas* arise, get thee to *Nininie*;  
And preach to them the preachings that I bad:  
Haste thee to see the will of heauen perform'd.

*Depart angell.*

*Jon.* *Iehouah*, I am prest to doe thy will.  
VVhat coast is this, and where am I arriu'd?  
Behold sweet *Licas* streaming in his bounds,  
Beating the walles of haughty *Nininie*,  
Whereas three hundred towres doe tempt the heauen,  
Fayre are the walles, pride of *Affiria*,  
But loe thy sinnes haue pierced through the cloudes.  
Here will I enter boldly, since I know,  
My God commaunds, whose power no power resists.

*Exit.*

*Oseas.* You Prophets learne by *Jonas* how to liue,  
Repent your sinnes, whilst he doth warning giue.  
Who knowes his masters will and doth it not:  
Shall suffer many stripes full well I wot.

*Enters Aluida in rich attire with the King of  
Cilicia, her Ladies.*

*Alu.* Ladies go sit you downe amidst this bowre,  
And let the Eunickes play you all a sleepe:  
Put Garlands made of Roses on your heads.

And

*A Looking Glasse, for*

And play the wantons, whilst I talke a while.

*Lady.* The beautifull of all the world, wee will.

*Enters the Bowers.*

*Alui.* King of *Cilicia* kinde and courteous,  
Like to thy selfe, because a louely King,  
Come lay thee downe vpon thy Mistresse knee,  
And I will sing and talke of Loue to thee.

*King Cili.* Most gracious Paragon of excellence  
It fits not such an abiect Prince as I,  
To talke with *Rasnes* Paramour and Loue.

*Al.* To talke sweet friend, who would not talke with thee?  
Oh be not coy, art thou not onely faire?  
Come twine thine armes about this snow-white necke,  
A Loue-nest for the great *Assirian* King:  
Blushing I tell thee faire *Cilician* Prince,  
None but thy selfe can merit such a grace.

*K. C.* Madam, I hope you mean not for to mock me:

*Al.* No king, faire king, my meaning is to yoke thee.  
Heare me but sing of loue, then by my sighs,  
My teares, my glauncing looks, my changed cheare,  
Thou shalt perceyue how I do hold thee deare.

*K. C.* Sing Madam if you please, but loue in iest,

*Aluid.* Nay, I will loue, and sigh at euery rest.

*Song.*

*Beauty* alasse, where wast thou borne?  
Thus to hold thy selfe in scorne:  
When as beauty kist to mooe thee,  
Then by beauty dost vndoo me:

*Heigho, despise me not.*

I and thou in sooth are one,  
Fayrer thou, I fayrer none:  
Wanton thou, and wi t thou wanton.  
Yeeld a cruell heart to plant on?  
Dome right and do me reason,  
Cruelty is cursed treason,

*Heigho Iloue, Heigho Iloue,  
Heigho, and yet he eyes me not.*

*King*

London and England.

King. Madam your song is passing passionate.

Alui. And wilt thou not then pittie my estate?

King. Aske loue of them, who pittie may impart.

Alui. I aske of thee sweet, thou hast stole my heart.

King. Your loue is fixed on a greater King.

Alui. Tut womens loue, it is a fickle thing.

I loue my *Rasni* for my dignity.

I loue *Cilician* King for his sweet eye.

I loue my *Rasni* since he rules the world:

But more I loue this kingly little world. *Embrace him*

How sweet he looks: Oh were I *Cithias Pheere*,

And thou *Endimion*, I should hold thee deare:

Thus should mine armes be spread about thy necke.

*Embrace his necke.*

Thus would I kisse my loue at euery becke.

*Kisse.*

Thus would I sigh to see thee sweetly sleepe,

And if thou wakest not soone, thus would I weepe.

And thus, and thus, and thus, thus much I loue thee.

*Kisse him.*

K. For all these vowes be shrow me if I proue you:

My faith vnto my King shall not be fals'd.

Alui. Good Lord how men are coy when they are

K. Madam, behold our King approacheth nie, (crau'd

Alui. Thou art *Endimion*, then no more, heigho for him I die.

*Faints.*

*Points at the King of Cilicia.*

*Enter Rasni with his Kings and Lords.*

What ayles the Center of my happinesse,

Whereon depends the heauen of my delight?

Thine eyes the meteors to commaund the world.

Thy hands to axier to maintaine my world.

Thy smiles, the prime and spring-tide of my world.

Thy frownes, the winter to afflict the world.

Thou Queene of me, I King of all the world.

Alui. Ah feeble eyes list vp and looke on him. *Sheriseth as out of a trance.*

Is *Rasni* here? then droupe no more poore heart:

*A Looking Glasse, for*

On how I fainted when I wanted thee?

*Embrace him.*

How faine am I, now I may looke on thee?

How glorious is my *Rasni*? how diuine?

Eunukes play hymnes, to prayse his deitie-

He is my *Ioue*, and I his *Iuno* am.

*Rasni*. Sun-bright, as is the eye of summers day,

When as he sutes *Spensori* all in gold,

To wooe his *Leda* in a swan-like shape.

Seemely as *Galbocia* for thy white:

Rose-coloured, lilly, louely, wanton, kind,

Be thou the laborynth to tangle loue.

Whilest I commaund the Crowne from *Venus* crest:

And pull *Onoris* girdle from his loines.

Enchast with Carbunckles, and Diamonds,

To beauty fie fayre *Aluida* my loue.

Play Eunnukes, sing in honour of her name,

Yet looke not slaues vpon her wooing eyne,

For she is fayre *Lucina* to your King,

But fierce *Medusa* to your baser eye.

*Alui*. What if I slept, where should my pillow be?

*Rasni* Within my bosom Nymph, not on my knee?

Sleepe like the smiling puritie of heauen,

When mildest wind is loath to biend the peace,

Meane while thy blame shall from thy breath arise,

And while these closures of thy lampes be shut,

My soule may haue his peace from fancies warre.

This is my *Morane*, and I her *Cephalus*.

Waike not too soon sweet Nymph, my loue is wonne:

*Carnes*, why stay your straines, why tempt you me?

*Enter the Priest of the Sun, with the miters  
on their heads, carrying fire in their hands.*

*Priest*. All hayle vnto Th' assirian deitie.

*Ra*. Priests why presume you to disturbe my peace?

*Priest*. *Rasni*, the destinies disturbe thy peace.

## London and England

Behold amidst the addites of our Gods,  
Our mighty Gods the patrons of our warre,  
The ghosts of dead men howling, walke about,  
Crying *Ve, Ve*, woe to this Citie woe.

The statues of our gods are throwne downe,  
And streames of bloud our altars do distaine.

*Aluid.* Alasse my Lord, what tidings do I heare?  
Shall I be slaine?

*She starteth.*

*Rasni.* Who tempteth *Aluida*?

Goe breake me vp the brazen wals of drea<sup>m</sup>es,  
And bind me cursed *Morpheus* in a chaine,  
And fetter all the fancies of the night,  
Because they do disturbe my *Aluida*.

*A hand from out a cloud threatneth a burning sword.*

*K.C.* Behold dread Prince, a burning sword from hea-  
Which by a threatning arme is brandished. (uen)

*Ra.* What am I threatned then amidst my throne?  
Sages; you Magi speake: what meaneth this?

*Sages.* These are but clammy exhalations,  
Or retrograde coniunctions of the starres,  
Or oppositions of the greater lights,  
Or radiatrous finding matter fit,

That in the starry Spheare kindled be,  
Matters betokening dangers to thy foes,  
But peace and honour to my Lord the King.

*Rasni.* Then frolicke Viceroes, Kings and Potentates  
Drive all vaine fancies from your feeble mindes.  
Priests goe and pray, whilst I prepare my feast,  
Where *Aluida* and I, in pearle and gold,  
Will quaffe vnto our Nobles, richest wine,  
In spight of fortune, fate, or destinie.

*Exeunt.*

*Oseas.* Woe to the traines of womens foolish lust,  
In wedlocke rights that yeeld but little trust.

## A Looking Glasse, for

That vow to one, yet common be to all.  
Take warning wantons, pride will haue a fall.  
Woe to the land where warnings profite nought,  
Who say that nature, Gods decrees hath wrought.  
Who build on fate, and leaue the corner stone,  
The God of Gods, sweet Christ the onely one.  
If such escapes, O London raigne in thee:  
Repent, for why, each sinne shall punisht be.  
Repent, amend, repent the houre is nie,  
Defer not time, who knowes when he shall die.

*Enters one clad in diuels attire alone.*

Longer liues a merry nian then a sad, and because I meane to make my selfe pleasant this night, I haue put my selfe into this attire, to make a clown afraid, that passeth this way: for of late there haue appeared many strange apparitions, to the great feare and terror of the Cittizens. Oh here my young Master comes.

*Enters Adam, and his Mistresse.*

*Adam.* Feare not Mistresse, ile bring you safe home, if my Master frowne, then will I stampe and stare, and if all bee not well then, why then to morrow morne put out mine eyes cleane with forty pound.

*Wife.* Oh but *Adam.* I am afrayde to walke so late, because of the spirits that appeare in the City.

*Adam.* What are you afrayde of spirits, arme as I am, with Ale and Nutmegs, turne me loose to all the diuels in hell.

*Wife.* Alasse Adam, Adam, the diuell, the diuell.

*Adam.* The diuell mistresse, flie you for your safegard, let mee alone, the Diuell and I will deale well inough, if he haue any honesty at all in him. Ile eyther winne him with a smooth tale, or else with a toast and a cup of ale.

*The Diuell sings here.*

*Diuel.* Oh, oh, oh, faine would I bee,  
If that my kingdome fulfilled I might see.  
Oh, oh, oh, oh.

*Clowne.* Surely, this is a merry diuell, and I belecue hee is  
one

London, and England.

one of *Lucifers* Minstrells, hath a sweete voyce: now surely, surely, he may sing to a paire of Tongs, and a Bagpipe. —

*Diuell.* Oh thou art hee I seeke for.

*Clowne.* *Spiritus sanctus*, away from mee Sathan, I haue nothing to doe with thee.

*Diuell.* Oh villaine thou art mine.

*Clowne.* *Nominus Patrus*, I blesse mee from thee, and I Coniure thee to tell me who thou art?

*Diuell.* I am the spirit of the dead man that was flayne in thy company when we were drunke together at the ale.

*Clowne.* By my troth sir, I crie you mercie, your face is so changed, that I had quite forgotten you: Well maister diuell, we haue tost ouer many a pot of ale together.

*Diuell.* And therefore thou must goe with mee to Hell.

*Clowne.* I haue a pollicie to shift him, for I know hee comes out of a hote place, and I knowe my selfe the Smith and the Diuell hath a drie Tooth in his head, therefore will I leaue him a sleepe, and runne my way.

*Diuell.* Come art thou readie?

*Clowne.* Faith sir (my old friend, and now goodman Diuell) you know, you and I haue beene tossing many a good cup of ale, your Nose is growne very rich, what say you: will you take a pot of ale now at my hands? Hell is like a Smiths Forge full of water, and yet euer a thrust.

*Diuell.* No ale villaine, spirits cannot drinke, come get vpon my backe, that I may carrie thee.

*Clowne.* You know I am a Smith sir, let me looke whether you be well shodde or no? for if you want a shooe, a remoue, or the clinching of a naile, I am at your commaund.

*Diuell.* Thou hast neuer a shooe fitte for me.

*Clowne.* Why sir, we shooe horned beasts as well as you. Oh good Lord, let me sit downe and laugh, hath neuer a clouen foot, a Diuel; (quoth hee) ile vse *Spiritus sanctus*, nor *Nominus Patrus*, no more to him, I warrant you: Ile doo more good vpon him with my cudgell, now will I sit mee downe, and become a Iustice of peace to the Diuell.

*A Looking-Glasse, for*

*Diuell.* Come art thou readie?

*Clowne.* I am readie. And with this Cudgell, I will Coniure thee.

*Diuell.* Oh hold thy hand, thou kilst mee, thou kilst mee.

*Clowne.* Then may I count my selfe I thinke a tall man, that am able to kill a Diuell. Now who dares deale with me in the parish, or what wench in *Nizinie* will not loue mee, when they say, there goes hee that beat the Diuell.

*Enters Thrasibulus.*

*Thrasib.* Loathed is the life that now inforc'd I lead.  
But since necessitie will haue it so,  
(Necessitie it doth commaund the Gods)  
Through euery coast, and corner now I prie.  
To pilfer what I can to buye me meate,  
Here haue I got a cloake not ouer olde,  
Which will affoord some little sustenance,  
Now will I to the broking Usurer,  
To make exchange of ware for ready Coyne.

*Alcon.* Wise, bid the Trumpers sound a prize, a prize, marke the posse, I cut this from a new married wife, by the helpe of a horne thumbe and a knife, sixe shillings foure pence.

*Samia.* The better lucke ours, but what haue we here, cast apparell? Come away man, the Usurer is neare, this is dead ware, let it not bide on our hands.

*Thrasib.* Here are my partners in my pouertie,  
Enforc'de to seeke their fortunes as I do,  
Ah-lasse that fewe men should possesse the wealth,  
And many soules beforc'd to beg or steale.

*Alcon* well met.

*Alcon.* Fellow beggar, whether now?

*Thrasib.* To the Usurer to get gold on commodity.

*Alcon.* And I to the same place, to get 'a vent for my villanie, see where the olde crust comes, lets salute him. God speede sir, may a man abuse your patience vpon a payvne?

*Usurer.*



London and England.

*Usurer.* Friend let me see it.

*Alcon.* *Ecce signum*, a fayre doublet and hose, new bought out of the pilferers shop, a handsome cloake.

*Usurer.* How were they gotten?

*Thrafi.* How catch the Fisher-men fish? M. take them as you thinke them worth, we leaue all to your conscience.

*Usurer.* Honest men, toward men, good men, my friends, like to proue good members, vse me command me, I will maintaine your credites, there's mony, now spend not your time in idlenesse, bring me commoditie, I haue crownes for you, there is two shillings for rhee, and fixe shillings for thee.

*Alcon.* A bargaine, now *Samia* haue at it for a new smocke, come let vs to the spring of the best liquor, whilest this lasts, trillill.

*Usurer.* Good fellowes, proper fellowes-my companions, farewell, I haue a pot for you.

*Samia.* If he could spare it.

*Enters to them Ionas.*

Repent yee men of *Niniue*, repent,  
The day of iudgement comes.

When greedy hearts shall glutted be with fire

When as corruptions vailde, shall be vnmaskt.

When briberies shall be repaide with bane.

When Whoredomes shall be recompenc'd in

When riot shall with rigor be rewarded.

When as neglect of truth, contempt of God,

Disdaine of poore men, fatherlesse and sicke,

Shall be rewarded with a bitter plague.

Repent yee men of *Niniue*, repent.

The Lord hath spoke, and I do cry it out.

There are as yet, but forty dayes remayning,

And then shall *Niniue* be ouerthrowne.

Repent yee men of *Niniue*, repent.

There are as yet but forty dayes remayning,

And then shall *Niniue* be ouerthrowne.

*Exit.*

*Usurer.*

*A Looking Glasse, for*

*Usur.* Confus'd in thought, Oh whether shall I wend? (*Exit.*)

*Thras.* My Conscience cries that I haue done amisse. (*Exit.*)

*Alcon.* Oh God of heauen, gainst thee haue I offended (*Exit.*)

*Samia.* Asham'd of my misdeeds, where shall I hide me? (*Exit.*)

*Clefs.* Father me thinks this word *Repent* is good,

Hee that punish disobedience,

Doth hold a scourge for euery priuie fault.

*Exit.*

*Oseas.* *Looke London looke, with inward eyes behold,*  
*What lessons the euent doe here unfold.*

*Sinne growne to pride, to miserie is thrall,*

*The warning bell is rung, beware to fall.*

*Ye worldly men whom wealth doth lift on hie,*

*Beware and feare, for worldly men must dye,*

*The time shall come, where least respect remaines,*

*The sword shall light vpon the wisest braines.*

*The head that deemes to ouer-top the skie,*

*Shall perish in his humane pollicie.*

*Loe I haue said, when I haue saide the truth,*

*When will is Law, when folly guideth youth.*

*When shewes of Zeale is pranked in Robes of zeale,*

*When Ministers powle the pride of Common-weale?*

*When Law is made a Labyrinth of strife,*

*When Honour yeelds him friend to wicked life.*

*When Princes heare by others eares their follie,*

*When Usurie is most accounted holie.*

*If these should hap, as would to GOD they might not,*

*The plague is neare, I speake, although I write not.*

*¶ Enters the Angell.*

*Angell.* *Oseas.*

*Oseas.* *Lord.*

*An.* Now hath thine eyes perus'd these heynous sinnes,  
Hatefull vnto the mightie Lord of Hostes.

The time is come, theyr sinnes are waxen ripe,

And though the Lord forewarnes, yet they repent not:

*Custom*

*London and England.*

Custome of sinne hath hardned all their hearts,  
Now comes reuenge armed with mighty plagues,  
To punish all that liue in *Niniue*,  
For God is iust, as he is mercifull,  
And doubtlesse plagues all such as scorne repent,  
Thou shalt not see the desolation  
That falles vnto these cursed *Niniuites*.  
But shalt returne to great *Hierusalem*,  
And preach vnto the people of thy God,  
What mighty plagues are incident to sinne,  
Vnlesse repentance mittigate his ire:  
Wrapt in the spirit, as thou wert hither brought,  
Ile seate thee in *Indeas* prouinces,  
Feare not *Oseas* then to preach the word.  
*Oseas. The will of the Lord be done.*

*Oseas taken away.*

*Enters Rasni with his Viceroyes, Aluida and  
Ladies to a banquet.*

*Rasni.* So Viceroyes you haue pleasde me passing  
These curious cates are gracious in mine eye. (wel  
But these Borachious of the richest wine,  
Make me to thinke how blythsome we will be.  
Seate thee sayre *Iuno* in the royall throne,  
And I will serue thee to see thy face,  
That feeding on the brauty of thy lookes,  
My stomacke and mine eyes may both be fild.  
Come Lordings seate you, fellow mates at feast,  
And frolicke wags, this is a day of glee,  
This banquet is for brightsome *Aluida*.  
Ile haue them skincke my standing bowles of wine,  
And no man drinke, but quasse a full carouse  
Vnto the health of beauteous *Aluida*.  
For who so riseth from this feast not drunke,  
As I am *Rasni*, *Niniues* great King,  
Shall dye the death as traytor to my selfe.

*A Looking Glasse. for*

For that hee scorns the health of *Aluida*.

*K. Cil.* That will I never doe my Lord,  
Therefore with fauour, fortune to your grace,  
Carowe vnto the health of *Aluida*.

*Rasni.* Gramercy Lording, here I take thy pledge,  
And *Creete* to thee a bowle of Greekish wine,  
Here to the health of *Aluida*.

*Creet.* Let come my Lord, *Iacke Skinker* fill it full,  
I pledge vnto the health of heauenly *Aluida*.

*Rasni.* Vassals attendant on our royall feasts  
Drinke you I say vnto my louers health,  
Let none that is in *Rasnies* royall Court,  
Goe this night safe and sober to his bed.

*Enters the Clowne.*

*Clown.* This way he is, and here will I speake with him.

*Lord.* Fellow, whether pressest thou?

*Clown.* I presse no body sir, I am going to speake with a friend  
of mine.

*Lord.* Why slaue, here is none but the King and his Vice-  
royes.

*Clown.* The King, marry sir he is the man I would speake with.  
all.

*Lord.* Why calst thou him a friend of thine?

*Clown.* I marry doe I sir, for if he be not my friend, ile make him  
my friend, ere he and I passe.

*Lord.* Away vassayle be gone, thou speake vnto the King.

*Clown.* I marry will I sir, and if he were a King of veluet, I will  
talke to him.

*Rasni.* Whats the matter there, what noyse is that?

*Clowne.* A boone my Liege, a boone my Liege.

*Rasni.* What is that great *Rasni* will not grant.

This day vnto the meanest of his land?

In honour of his beauteous *Aluida*?

Some hither Swayne, what is that thou crauest?

*Clown.* Faith sir nothing, but to speake a few sentences to your  
worship.

London and England.

Rasni. Say, what is it?

Clowne, I am sure sir, you haue heard of the sprites that walke in the Cittie here.

Rasni. Yea, what of that?

Clowne. Truly sir, I haue an oration to tell you, of one of them, and this it is.

Alui. Why goest not forward with thy tale?

Clowne, Faith Mistresse, I feele an imperfection in my voyce, a disease that often troubles mee: but alas, easily mended, a cup of ale, or a cup of wine, will serue the turne.

Alui. Fill him a bowle of wine, and let him want no drinke.

Clowne. Oh what a pretious word was that, and let him want no drinke. Well sir, now ile tell you foorth my tale. Sir, as I was comming alongst the Port. Ryuale of *Nininie*, there appeared to mee, a great Diuell, and as hard fauoured a Diuell as euer I saw: Nay sir, he was a Cuckoldly diuell, for he had hornes on his head. This diuell, marke you now, presseth vpon mee, and sir indeede I charged him with my pike staffe: but when that would not serue, I came vpon him with *spiritus sanctus*: why it had bene able to haue put Lucifer out of his wits, when I sawe my Charme, would not serue, I was in such a perplexitie, that sixe penny-worth of Iuni-per would not haue made the place svete againe.

Alui. Why fellovv wert thou so afraide?

Clowne. Oh Mistresse, had you bene there, and seene, his very sight had made you shift a cleane smocke, I promise you though I were a man, and counted a tall fellow: yet my Laundresse calde mee slouenly Knaue the next day.

Rasni. A pleasaunt Slaue; goe forwards firrha, on with thy Tale.

Clowne. Faith sir, but I remember a word that my Mistresse your bed-fellow spöke.

Rasni. What was this fellow?

Clowne. Oh sir, a word of comfort, a pretious word: and let him want no drinke.

Rasni. Her vword is a Lavve: and thou shalt not vwant drinke.

## A Looking Glasse. for

*Clowne.* Then sir this Diuell came vpon mee, and would not be perswaded, but hee would needs carry me to hell, I proffered him a cup of Ale, thinking because hee came from so hote a place, that he was thirstie, but the Diuell was not drie, and therefore the more sory was I, well, there was no remedie, but I must with him to hell, and at last I cast mine eye aside: if you knewe what I espyed, you would laugh, sir I lookt from top to toe, and he had no clouen feete. Then I ruffled vp my haire, and set my cap on the one side, and sir grewe to be a iustice of peace to the diuell. At last in a great fume, as I am very chollericke, and sometimes so hotte in my fusten fumes, that no man can abide within twentie yards of mee, I start vp, and so bombasted the diuell, that sir hee cried out, and ranne away.

*Alui.* This pleasaunt knaue hath made mee laugh my  
*Rasni,* Now *Aluida* begins her quaffe, fill,  
And drinks a full carovvse vnto her King.

*Rasni.* I pledge my loue, as hartie as great *Ioue,*  
Drunke, when his *Iuno* heau'd a bowle to him.  
Frolicke my Lord, let all the standards walke.  
Plie it till euery man hath tane his lode. (you?)  
How now sirra, what cheere: wee haue no words of

*Clowne.* Truly sir, I was in a browne study about my mistresse.

*Alui.* About me, for what?

*Clowne.* Truly Mistresse, to thinke what a golden sentence you did speake: all the Philosophers in the world could not haue said more: what come, let him want no drinke. Oh wise speeche.

*Alui.* Villaines, why skinck you not vnto this fellow?  
He makes me blythe, and merry in my thoughts,  
Heard you not that the King hath guen commaund,  
That all be drunke this day within his Court,  
In quaffing to the health of *Aluida.*

*Enters Ionas.*

*Ionas.* Repent, repent, yee men of *Nininie* repent.  
The Lord hath spoken, and I doe crie it out,  
There are as yet but fortie dayes remaining,  
And then shall *Nininie* be ouerthrowne.

Repent

London, and England.

Repent ye men of *Niniue*, repent.

*Rafni*. What fellow is this, that thus disturbes our feasts,  
With outcries and alarums to repent?

*Clowne*. Oh sir, tis one goodman *Jonas* that is come from *Iericho*  
and surely I thinke he hath seene some spirit by the way, and is fal-  
len out of his wits, for he neuer leaues crying night nor day, my  
mayster heard him, and he shut vp his shop, gaue mee my Inden-  
ture, and he and his wife do nothing but fast and pray.

*Jonas*. Repent ye men of *Niniue* repent.

*Rafni*. Come hither fellow, what art, and from whence comest  
(thou?

*Jonas*. *Rafni*, I am a Prophet of the Lord,  
Sent hither by the mighty God of hostes,  
To cry destruction to the *Niniuites*,  
O *Niniue*, thou harlot of the world,  
I rayse thy neighbors round about thy bounds,  
To come and see thy filthinesse and sinne.  
Thus sayth the Lord, the mighty God of hoste,  
Your King loues chambring and wantonnesse,  
Whoredome and murther do distaine his Court,  
He fauoureth couetous and drunken men,  
Behold therefore all like a strumpet soule,  
Thou shalt be iudgde and punisht for thy crime,  
The foe shall pierce the gates with iron rampes,  
The fire shall quite consume thee from aboue.  
The houses shall be burnt, the Infants slaine.  
And women shall behold their husbands die.  
Thine eldest Sister is *Lamana*.

And *Sodome* on thy right hand seated is.  
Repent yee men of *Niniue*, repent.

The Lord hath spoke, and I do crye it out.  
There are as yet but forty dayes remaying,  
And then shall *Niniue* be ouerthrowne.

*Exit*. Offered,

*Rafni*. Stay Prophet, stay.

*Jonas*. Disturbe not him that sent me,  
Let me performe the message of the Lord.

*Exit*.

*A Looking Glasse, for*

*Rasul.* My soule is buried in the hell of thoughts,  
Ah *Aluia*, I looke on thee with shame,  
My Lords on suddaine fixe their eyes on ground,  
As if dismayde to looke vpon the heauens,  
Hence *Magi*, who haue flattered me in sinne.

*Exit Sages.*

Horror of minde, disturbance of my soule,  
Makes me agast for *Niniues* mishap.  
Lords, see proclaimde, yea see it straight proclaimde,  
That man and beast, the woman and her child,  
For forty dayes in sacke and ashes fast,  
Perhaps the Lord will yeeld and pittie vs:  
Scare hence these wretched blandishments of sinne,  
And bring me sackcloth to attire your King.  
Away with pompe my soule is full of woe:  
In pittie looke on *Niniue*, O God.

*Exit.*

*Alu.* Assaylde with shame, with horror ouerborne,  
To sorrowes sold, all guilty of our sinne.  
Come Ladies come, let vs prepare to pray,  
Oh lasse, how dare wee looke on heauenly light,  
That haue despisde the maker of the same?  
How may we hope for mercy from aboue,  
That still despise the warnings from aboue?  
Woes me, my conscience is a heauie foe,  
Patron of the poore opprest with sinne,  
Looke, looke on me, that now for pittie craue,  
Assaylde with shame, with horror ouerborne,  
O sorrow soulede, all guilty of our sinne.  
Come Ladies come, let vs prepare to pray.

*Excunt.*

*Enter the Usurer, solus, with a halter in one  
hand, a dagger in the other.*

*Usurer.* Groning in conscience, burdened with my  
The hell of sorrow haunts me vp and downe.



*London, and England.*

Tread vvhhere I list, mee thinks the bleeding ghostes  
Of those vvhom my cõrruption brought to noughts,  
Do serue for stumbling blocks before my steppes.  
The Fatherlesse and Widovv vvrond by mee,  
The poore oppressed by my vsurie :  
Me-thinks I see their hands reard vp to Heauen,  
To crie for vengeance of my couetousnesse,  
Where so I walke, Ile sigh, and shun my way.  
Thus am I made a monster of the world,  
Hell gapes for me, Heauen will not hold my soule.  
You mountaines shrovd mee from the God of truth,  
Me thinks I see him sit to iudge the Earth.  
See how hee blots me out of the booke of life.  
Oh burthen more then *Aetna*, that I beare.  
Couer me hills, and shrovd me from the Lord.  
Swallow me *Licas*, shield me from the Lord.  
In life, no peace : each murmuring that I heare,  
Mee-thinks the sentence of damnation sounds,  
Die Reprobate, and hic thee hence to Hell.

*The euill Angell tempteth him, offering  
the Knife and Rope.*

What fiend is this, that tempts me to the death?  
What is my death the harbour of my rest?  
Then let me die : what second charge is this?  
Mee-thinks, I heare a voyce amidst mine eares,  
That bids me stay : and tels me that the Lord  
Is mercifull to those that doe repent.  
May I repent ? oh thou my doubtfull soule ?  
Thou maist repent, the iudge is mercifull.  
Hence tooles of wrath, stales of temptation,  
For I will pray and sigh vnto the Lord.  
In sackcloth vwill I sigh, and fasting pray :  
Oh Lord in rigour looke not on my finnes.

*Hee sitteth downe in sack-cloathes, his hands  
and eyes reared to heauen.*

*Enters*

A Looking Glasse, for

*Enters Aluida with her Ladies, with dispersed looks.*

*Al.* Come mournful dames lay off your broded locks  
And on your shoulders spread dispersed hayres.  
Let voyce of Musicke cease, where sorrow dwels.  
Cloathed in Sackclothes, sigh your finnes with mee.  
Bemone your p. ide, bewayle your lawlesse lusts,  
With fasting mortifie your pampere loynes:  
Oh thinke vpon the horrour of your finnes.  
Thinke, thinke, with me, the burthen of your blames.  
Woe to thy pomp, fall, beauty, fading flowre. ¶  
Blasted by age, by sicknes, and by death.  
Woe to our painted cheekes, our curious oyles  
Our rich array, that fostred vs in sinne.  
Woe to our idle thoughts that wound our soules,  
Oh would to God, all nations might receyue,  
A good example by our grieuous fals.

*Ladies.* You that are planted there where pleasure  
And thinkes your pompe as great as *Nimies*, (dwels  
May fall from sinne as *Ninine* doth.

*Alu.* Mourn, mourn, let moane be all your melody  
And pray with me, and I will pray for all.

*Lord.* O Lord of heauen fergiu vs our misdeedes.

*Ladyes.* O Lord of heauen, fergiu vs our misdeeds,

*Usurer.* O Lord of light fergiu me my misdeeds.

¶ *Enters Rasni, the Kings of Assiria, with his  
Nobles in sack cloath.*

*K. Cilicia.* Be not so ouercome with griefe. o King,  
Least you indanger life, by sorrowing so.

*Rasni.* King of *Cilicia*, should I cease my griefe,  
Where as my swarming finnes affliect my soule?  
Vaine man know, this my burthen greater is,  
Then euery priuate subiect in my land:  
My life hath bene a Load-starre vnto them,  
To guide them in the Labyrinth of blame,  
Thus I haue taught them for to doo amisse:

Then

*London and England.*

Then must I weepe my friend for their amisse,  
The fall of *Ninivie* is wrought by me:  
I haue maintaine this City in her shame.  
I haue contemnd the warnings from aboue.  
I haue vpholden Incest, rape and spoyle,  
Tis I that wrought thy sinne, must weepe thy sinne.  
Oh had I teares like to the siluer streames,  
That from the Alpine mountaines sweetly streame,  
Or had I sighes the treasures of remorse,  
As plentiful as *Eolus* hath blasts,  
I then would tempt the heauens with my laments,  
And pierce the throane of mercy by my sighs.

*K.C.* Heauens are propitious vnto faithfull prayers.

*Raf.* But after our repent, we must lament:  
Lest that a worser mischiefe doth befall.

Oh pray, perhaps the Lord will pittie vs.  
Oh God of truth both mercifull and iust,  
Behold repentant men with pittious eyes,  
We wayle the life that we haue led before.  
Oh pardon Lord, O pittie *Ninivie*.

*Omnes.* O pardon Lord, O pittie *Ninivie*!

*Rafni.* Let not the infants dallying on the tent,  
For fathers sinnes in iudgement be opprest.

*K.Cil.* Let not the painfull mothers big with childe  
The innocents be punisht for our sinne.

*Rafn.* O pardon Lord, O pittie *Ninivie*?  
O pardon Lord, O pittie *Ninivie*?

*Rafni.* O Lord of heauen, the virgins weepe to thee.  
The couctous man sorry for his sinne.  
The Prince and poore, all pray before thy throane.  
And wilt thou then be wroth with *Ninivie*?

*K.C.* Giue truce to prayer O king, and rest a space.

*Rafni.* Giue truce to praiera, when times require no  
No Princes no. Let all our subiects hie (truce?  
Vnto our temples, where on humbled knees, *Enter the*  
I will expect some mercy from aboue. *temple omnes.*

*Enter Ionas solus.*

*A Looking-Glasse, for*

That *Ninive* shall quite be ouerthrowne.  
This is the day of horror and mishap,  
Fatall vnto the cursed *Ninivites*,  
These stately Towers shall in thy watry bounds,  
Swift flowing *Licas*, find their burials,  
The pallaces the pride of *Assurs* kings,  
Shall be the bowres of desolation,  
Where as the solitary bird shall sing,  
And Tygers traine their young ones to their nest.  
O all yee nations bounded by the west,  
Ye happy Iles where Prophets do abound,  
Ye Cities famous in the Westerne world,  
Make *Ninive* a president for you.  
Leaue lewd desires, leaue couetous delights,  
Flie vsurie, let whoredome be exile,  
Least you with *Ninive* be ouerthrowne.  
Loe how the sunnes inflamed torch preuayles,  
Scorching the parched furrowes of the earth,  
Here will I sit me downe, and fixe mine eye  
Vpon the ruines of yon wretched Towne,  
And so a pleasant shade, a spreading vine,  
To shelter *Jonas* in this sunny heate.  
What meanes my God, the day is done and spent.  
Lord shall my Prophecie be brought to nought:  
When shall the fire? when will the Iudge be wroth?  
I pray thee Lord remember what I sayd,  
When I was yet with in my country land,  
*Iehouah* is too mercifull I feare.  
O let me flie before a Prophet fault,  
For thou art mercifull, the Lord my God,  
Full of compassion and sufferance,  
And dost repent in taking punishment.  
Why stayer thy hand? O Lord first take my life,  
Before my Prophecie be brought to noughts.  
Ah he is wroth, behold the glad some vine  
That did defend me from the sunny heate,  
Is withered quite, and swallowed by a serpent.















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