



BEGGARS BUSH.

The Royal & Merchant

COMEDY.

a Comic

Written by

O/S & ELL

Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT,

AND

Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.



L O N D O N,

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Wolfort, *an Usurper of the Earldom of Flanders.*
Gerrard, *falsely called Clause, King of the Beggars,*
Father-in Law to Florez.

Hubert, *an honest Lord, a Friend to Gerrard.*

Harrol = Florez, *falsely called Goswin, a rich Merchant of Bruges.*

Hemskirke, *a Captain under Wolfort.*

Herman, *a Courtier,* } *Inhabitants of Flanders.*
A Merchant, }

Vandunke, *a drunken Merchant, Friend to Gerrard, falsely*
called Father to Bertha.

Vanlock, *and* } *of Bruges.*
4 Merchants, }

Higgen, }
Prigg, } *Three Knavish Beggars.*
Snapp, }

Ferret, } *Two Gentlemen disguised under those*
Ginkes, } *Names, of Gerrard's Party.*

Clown.

Boors.

Servants.

Guard.

A Sailor.

W O M E N.

Jaculin, *Daughter to Gerrard, belov'd of Hubert:*

Bertha, *called Gertrude, Daughter to the Duke of Bra-*
bant, Mistress to Florez.

Margaret, *Wife to Vandunke.*

Mrs. Frances, a Frow, Daughter to Vanlock.

S C E N E F L A N D E R S.

Beggars

Beggars Bush.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter a Merchant and Herman.

Mer. IS he then taken?

Her. And brought back ev'n now, Sir.

Mer. He was not in disgrace?

Her. No Man more lov'd,

Nor more deserv'd it, being the only Man

That durst be honest in this Court. *Mer.* Indeed

We have heard abroad, Sir, that the State hath suffer'd

A great change, since the Countess's Death. *Her.* It hath, Sir.

Mer. My five years absence hath kept me a Stranger

So much to all the Occurrents of my Country,

As you shall bind me for some short Relation

To make me understand the present Times.

Her. I must begin then with a War was made,

And sev'n Years with all cruelty continued,

Upon our *Flanders* by the Duke of *Brabant*:

The Cause grew thus; during our Earl's Minority,

Wolfort, who now usurps, was employ'd thither

To treat about a Match between our Earl

And the Daughter and Heir of *Brabant*: During which Treaty

The *Brabander* pretends, this Daughter was

Stoln from his Court, by practice of our State,

Tho' we are all confirm'd, 'twas a sought Quarrel

To lay an unjust gripe upon this Earldom,

It being here believ'd the Duke of *Brabant*

Had no such loss. This War upon't proclaim'd,

Our Earl being then a Child, although his Father

Good *Gerrard* liv'd, yet in respect he was

Chos'n by the Countess's favour for her Husband,

And but a Gentleman, and *Flores* holding

His Right unto this Country from his Mother,

The State thought fit in this defensive War,
Wolfort being then the only Man of mark,
 To make him General. *Mer.* Which place we have heard
 He did discharge with Honour. *Her.* Ay, so long,
 And with so blest Successes, that the *Brabander*
 Was forc'd (his Treasures wasted, and the choice
 Of his best Men of Arms tyr'd, or cut off)
 To leave the Field, and sound a base Retreat
 Back to his Country: But so broken both
 In Mind and Means, e'er to make head again,
 That hitherto he sits down by his loss,
 Nor daring, or for Honour, or Revenge,
 Again to tempt his Fortune. But this Victory
 More broke our State, and made a deeper hurt
 In *Flanders*, than the greatest Overthrow
 She e'er receiv'd: For *Wolfort*, now beholding
 Himself, and Actions, in the flattering Glass
 Of Self-deservings, and that cherish'd by
 The strong assurance of his Pow'r, for then
 All Captains of the Army were his Creatures,
 The common Soldier too at his Devotion;
 Made so by full indulgence to their Rapines
 And secret Bounties; this Strength too well known,
 And what it cou'd effect, soon put in practice,
 As further'd by the Child-hood of the Earl,
 And their improvidence, that might have pierc'd
 The heart of his Designs, gave him occasion
 To seize the whole, and in that plight you find it.

Mer. Sir, I receive the knowledge of thus much,
 As a choice favour from you. *Her.* Only I must add,
Bruges holds out. *Mer.* Whither, Sir, I am going,
 For there last Night I had a Ship put in,
 And my Horse waits me.

Her. I wish you a good Journey.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Wolfort, Hubert, &c.

Wol. What? *Hubert* stealing from me? Who disarm'd him?
 It was more than I commanded; take your Sword,
 I am best guarded with it in your Hand,
 I have seen you use it nobly. *Hub.* And will turn it
 On my own Bosom, e'er it shall be drawn
 Unworthily or rudely. *Wol.* Wou'd you leave me
 Without a farewell, *Hubert*? Fly a Friend
 Unwearied in his study to advance you?
 What have I e'er possess'd which was not yours?
 Or either did not court you to command it?
 Who ever yet arriv'd to any Grace,

Reward

Reward or Trust from me, but his Approaches
 Where by your fair Reports of him prefer'd?
 And what is more, I made my self your Servant,
 In making you the Master of those Secrets
 Which not the rack of Conscience cou'd draw from me,
 Nor I, when I askt Mercy, trust my Prayers with;
 Yet after these assurances of Love,
 These tyés and bonds of Friendship, to forsake me?
 Forsake me as an Enemy? Come, you must
 Give me a Reason. *Hub.* Sir, and so I will,
 If I may do't in private; and you hear it.

Wol. All leave the Room: You have your Will; sit down,
 And use the liberty of our first Friendship.

Hub. Friendship? When you prov'd Traitor first, that vanish'd,
 Nor do I owe you any thought but hate.
 I know my flight hath forfeited my Head;
 And so I may make you first understand
 What a strange Monster you have made your self,
 I welcom it. *Wol.* To me this is strange Language.

Hub. To you? Why what are you?

Wol. Your Prince and Master,
 The Earl of *Flanders*. *Hub.* By a proper Title!
 Rais'd to it by Cunning, Circumvention, Force,
 Blood, and Proscriptions. *Wol.* And in all this Wisdom,
 Had I not Reason? When by *Gerrard's* Plots
 I shou'd have first been call'd to a strict Account
 How, and which way I had consum'd that mass
 Of Mony, as they term it, in the War,
 Who underhand had by his Ministers
 Detracted my great Action, made my Faith
 And Loyalty suspected, in which failing
 He sought my Life by Practice. *Hub.* With what Fore-head
 Do you speak this to me? Who, as I know't,
 Must, and will say 'tis false. *Wol.* My Guard there.

Hub. Sir, you bad me sit, and promis'd you would hear,
 Which I now say you shall; not a sound more,
 For I that am Contemner of mine own,
 Am Master of your Life; then here's a Sword
 Between you, and all aids, Sir: though you blind
 The credulous Beast, the Multitude, you pass not
 These gross Untruths on me. *Wol.* How? Gross Untruths?

Hub. Ay, and it is favourable Language,
 They had been in a mean Man Lies, and foul ones.

Wol. You take strange Licence. *Hub.* Yes, were not those
 Of being call'd unto your Answer, spread (Rumours
 By your own Followers? And weak *Gerrard* wrought,

But by your cunning practice, to believe
 That you were dangerous; yet not to be
 Punish'd by any formal course of Law,
 But first to be made sure, and have your Crimes
 Laid open after, which your quaine Train taking
 You fled unto the Camp, and there crav'd humbly
 Protection for your innocent Life, and that,
 Since you had escap'd the fury of the War,
 You might not fall by Treason: And for proof,
 You did not for your own ends make this danger;
 Some that had been before by you suborn'd,
 Came forth and took their Oaths they had been hir'd
 By *Gerrard* to your Murther. This once heard,
 And easily believ'd, th' intraged Soldier,
 Seeing no further than the outward Man,
 Snatch'd hastily his Arms, ran to the Court,
 Kill'd all that made resistance, cut in pieces
 Such as were Servants, or thought Friends to *Gerrard*,
 Vowed the like to him. *Wol.* Will you yet end?

Hub. Which he foreseeing, with his Son, the Earl,
 Forsook the City; and by secret ways,
 As you give out, and we would gladly have it,
 Escap'd their Fury: Though 'tis more than fear'd
 They fell among the rest: Nor stand you there
 To let us only mourn the impious means
 By which you got it, but your Cruelties since
 So far transcend your former bloody Ills,
 As if compar'd, they only wou'd appear
 Essays of Mischiefe; do not stop your Ears,
 More are behind yet. *Wol.* O repeat them not,
 'Tis Hell to hear them nam'd. *Hub.* You should have thought,
 That Hell would be your Punishment when you did them,
 A Prince in nothing but your Princely Lusts,
 And boundless Rapines. *Wol.* No more, I beseech you.

Hub. Who was the Lord of House or Land, that stood
 Within the prospect of your covetous Eye?

Wol. You are in this to me a greater Tyrant,
 Than e'er I was to any. *Hub.* I end thus
 The general Grief. Now to my private wrong;
 The loss of *Gerrard's* Daughter *Jaculin*:
 The hop'd for Partner of my lawful Bed,
 Your Cruelty hath frighted from mine Arms;
 And her I now was wandring to recover.
 Think you that I had reason now to leave you,
 When you are grown so justly odious,
 That ev'n my stay here, with your Grace and Favour,

Makes my Life irksome? Here, surely take it,
And do me but this Fruit of all your Friendship,
That I may die by you, and not your Hang-man.

Wol. Oh *Hubert*, these your Words and Reasons have
As well drawn drops of Blood from my griev'd Heart,
As these Tears from mine Eyes; Despise them not.

By all that's sacred, I am serious, *Hubert*.

You now have made me sensible, what Furies,
Whips, Hangmen, and Tormentors, a bad Man
Do's ever bear about him: Let the good

That you this Day have done, be ever number'd
The first of your best Actions. Can you think,

Where *Goswin* is, or *Gerrard*, or your Love,
Or any else, or all that are proscrib'd?

I will resign, what I Usurp, or have
Unjustly forc'd; the Days I have to live

Are too too few to make them Satisfaction

With any Penitence: Yet I vow to practise

All of a Man. *Hub.* O that your Heart and Tongue

Did not now differ! *Wol.* By my Grievs they do not.

Take the good Pains to search them out: 'Tis worth it.

You have made clean a Leper: Trust me, you have,

And made me once more fit for the Society,

I hope, of good Men. *Hub.* Sir, do not abuse

My aptness to believe. *Wol.* Suspect not you

A Faith that's built upon so true a Sorrow:

Make your own Safeties; ask them all the ties

Humanity can give, *Hemskirke* too shall

Along with you to this so wish'd discov'ry,

And in my Name profess all that you promise;

And I will give you this help to't: I have

Or late receiv'd certain Intelligence,

That some of them are in or about *Bruges*

To be found out: Which I did then interpret,

The cause of that Town's standing out against me;

But now am glad, it may direct your purpose

Of giving them their Safety, and me Peace.

Hub. Be constant to your Goodness, and you have it. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter three Merchants.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis much that you deliver of this *Goswin*.

2 *Mer.* But short of what I cou'd, yet have the Country
Confirm'd it true, and by a general Oath,
And not a Man hazard his Credit in it.
He bears himself with such a Confidence

Hubert
god of
Leo

As if he were the Master of the Sea,
 And not a Wind, upon the Sailer's Compa's,
 But from one part or other was his Factor,
 To bring him in the best Commodities
 Merchant e'er ventur'd for. 1 *Mer.* 'Tis strange. 2 *Mer.* And yet
 This do's in him deserve the least of wonder,
 Compar'd with other his peculiar Fashions,
 Which all admire; He's Young, and Rich, at least
 Thus far reputed so, that since he liv'd
 In *Bruges*, there was never brought to Harbour
 So rich a Bottom, but his Bill wou'd pass
 Unquestion'd for her Lading. 3 *Mer.* Yet he still
 Continues a good Man. 2 *Mer.* So good, that but
 To doubt him, wou'd be held an Injury
 Or rather Malice, with the best that Traffick;
 But this is nothing, a great Stock, and Fortune,
 Crowning his Judgment in his Undertakings
 May keep him upright that way: But that Wealth
 Shou'd want the Pow'r to make him dote on it,
 Or Youth teach him to wrong it, best commends
 His constant Temper; for his outward Habit,
 'Tis suitable to his present course of Life:
 His Table furnished well, but not with Dainties
 That please the Appetite only for their rareness,
 Or their dear Price: Nor giv'n to Wine or Women,
 Beyond his Health, or warrant of a Man,
 I mean a good one: And so loves his State
 He will not hazard it at Play; nor lend
 Upon the assurance of a well-pen'd Letter,
 Although a Challenge second the Denial,
 From such as make th' opinion of their Valour
 Their means of Feeding. 1 *Mer.* These are ways to thrive,
 And the means not curs'd. 2 *Mer.* What follows, this
 Makes many Ventures with him, in their Wishes,
 For his Prosperity: For when Desert
 Or Reason leads him to be liberal,
 His noble Mind and ready Hand contend
 Which can add most to his free Courtesies,
 Or in their Worth, or speed to make them so.
 Is there a Virgin of good Fame wants Dower?
 He is a Father to her; or a Soldier
 That in his Country's Service, from the War
 Hath brought home only Scars, and Want? His House
 Receives him, and relieves him, with that care
 As if what he possess'd had been laid up
 For such good uses, and he Steward of it.

But I should lose my self to speak him further,
 And stale in my Relation, the much good
 You maybe witness of, if your remove
 From *Bruges* be not speedy. 1 *Mer.* This Report,
 I do assure you, will not hasten it,
 Nor wou'd I wish a better Man to deal with
 For what I am to part with. 3 *Mer.* Never doubt it,
 He is your Man and ours, only I wish
 His too much forwardness to embrace all Bargains
 Sink him not in the end. 2 *Mer.* Have better hopes;
 For my part I am confident; here he comes.

Enter Goswin, and the fourth Merchant.

Gos. I take it at your own rates, your Wine of *Cyprus*;
 But for your *Candy* Sugars, they have met
 With such foul Weather, and are priz'd so high,
 I cannot save in them. 4 *Mer.* I am unwilling
 To seek another Chapman: Make me offer
 Of something near Price, that may assure me
 You can deal for them. *Gos.* I both can, and will,
 But not with too much loss; your Bill of Lading
 Speaks of two hundred Chests, valued by you
 At thirty thousand Guilders, I will have them
 At twenty eight; so in the payment of
 Three thousand Sterling, you fall only in
 Two hundred pound. 4 *Mer.* You know, they are so cheap ---

Gos. Why look you, I'll dearly fairly; there's in Prison,
 And at your suit, a Pirate, but unable
 To make you Satisfaction, and past hope
 To live a Week, if you shou'd prosecute
 What you can prove against him: Set him free,
 And you shall have your Money to a Stiver,
 And present Payment. 4 *Mer.* This is above wonder,
 A Merchant of your Rank, that have at Sea
 So many Bottoms in the danger of
 These Water-Thieves, shou'd be a means to save 'em;
 It more importing you for your own safety,
 To be at Charge to scour the Sea of them
 Than stay the Sword of Justice, that is ready
 To fall on one so conscious of his Guilt
 That he dares not deny it. *Gos.* You mistake me,
 If you think I wou'd cherish in this Captain
 The wrong he did to you, or any Man;
 I lately was with him, (having first, from others
 True Testimony, been assured a Man
 Of more desert never put from the Shore)
 I read his Letters of Mart from this State granted

For the recov'ry of such Losses, as
He had receiv'd in *Spain*, 'twas that he aim'd at,
Nor at three Tuns of Wine, Bisket, or Beef,
Which his Necessity made him take from you.

If he had pillag'd you near, or sunk your Ship;
Or thrown your Men o'er-board, then he deserv'd
The Law's extreamest Rigour: But since want
Of what he cou'd not live without, compell'd him
To that he did (which yet our State calls Death)

I pity his Misfortunes; and to work you
To some Compassion of them, I come up

To your own Price: Save him, the Goods are mine;
If not, seek else-where, I'll not deal for them.

4 *Mer.* Well Sir, for your Love, I will once be led
To change my Purpose. *Gof.* For your Profit rather.

4 *Mer.* I'll presently make means for his Discharge,
Till when, I leave you. 2 *Mer.* What do you think of this?

1 *Mer.* As of a deed of noble Pity, guided
By a strong Judgment. 2 *Mer.* Save you, Master *Goswin*.

Gof. Good Day to all. 2 *Mer.* We bring you the refusal
Of more Commodities. *Gof.* Are you the Owners

Of the Ship that last Night put into the Harbour?
1 *Mer.* Both of the Ship, and Lading. *Gof.* What's the Freight?

1 *Mer.* *Indico*, *Cochineel*, choice *Chyna* Stuffs.

3 *Mer.* And Cloth of Gold, brought from *Cambal*.

Gof. Rich Lading,

For which I were your Chapman, but I am
Already out of Cash. 1 *Mer.* I'll give you Day

For the moiety of all. *Gof.* How long?

3 *Mer.* Six Months.

Gof. 'Tis a fair Offer; which, if we agree
About the Prices, I, with thanks, accept of,

And will make present Payment of the rest;
Some two hours hence I'll come aboard.

1 *Mer.* The Gunner shall speak you welcome.

Gof. I'll not fail. 3 *Mer.* Good Morrow. [*Exeunt Merchants.*]

Gof. Heav'n grant my Ships a safe Return, before
The Day of this great Payment: As they are

Expected three Months sooner; and my Credit
Stands good with all the World.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Bless my good Master.

The Prayers of your poor Beads-man ever shall
Be sent up for you. *Gof.* God o'mercy *Clause*,

There's something to put thee in mind hereafter

To think of me. *Ger.* May he that gave it you,

Reward you for it, with encrease, good Master.

Gos. I thrive the better for thy Pray'rs. *Ger.* I hope so.
This three Years have I fed upon your Bounties,
And by the Fire of your blest Charity warm'd me,
And yet, good Master, pardon me, that must,
Though I have now receiv'd your Alms, presume
To make one sute more to you.

Gos. What is't, *Clause*?

Ger. Yet do not think me Impudent, I beseech you,
Since hitherto your Charity hath prevented
My begging your Relief, 'tis not for Mony
Nor Cloaths, good Master, but your good Word for me.

Gos. That thou shalt have, *Clause*, for I think thee honest.

Ger. To Morrow then, dear Master, take the trouble
Of walking early unto *Beggars Bush*;
And as you see me, among others, Brethren
In my Affliction, when you are demanded
Which you like the best among us, point out me,
And then pass by, as if you knew me not.

Gos. But what will that advantage thee? *Ger.* O much, Sr,
'Twill give me the preheminance of the rest,
Make me a King among 'em, and protect me
From all abuse, such as are stronger, might
Offer my Age; Sir, at your better leisure
I will inform you further of the good
It may do to me. *Gos.* 'Tis not thou mak'st me wonder;

Have you a King and Common-wealth among you?

Ger. We have, and there are States are govern'd worse.

Gos. Ambition among Beggars? *Ger.* Many great ones
Wou'd part with half their States, to have the Place,
And Credit, to beg in the first File, Master:
But shall I be so much bound to your Furtherance
In my Petition? *Gos.* That thou shalt not miss of,

Nor any worldly Care make me forget it,
I will be early there. *Ger.* Heav'n bless my Master.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Enter Higgen, Ferret, Prigg, Clause, Jaculin, Snap, Ginks,
and other Beggars.*

Hig. C Ome Princes of the Ragged Regiment,
You o' the Blood, *Prigg*, my most upright Lord,
And these, what Name or Title e'er they bear,
Farkman, or *Parrico*, *Cranke*, or *Clapperdudgeon*,

Prater, or *Abram-man*; I speak to all
That stand in fair Election for the Title
Of King of *Beggars*, with the Command adjoining,
Higgen, your Orator, in this Inter-regnum,
That whilom was your Dommerer, doth beseech you
All to stand fair, and put your selves in Rank,
That the first Comer, may at his first View
Make a free choice, to say up the Question.

Fer. Prigg. 'Tis done, Lord *Higgen*.

Hig. Thanks to Prince *Prigg*, Prince *Ferret*.

Fer. Well, pray my Masters all, *Ferret* be chosen,
Y'are like to have a Merciful mild Prince of me.

Prigg. A very Tyrant, I, an arrant Tyrant,
If e'er I come to Reign; therefore look to't.
Except you do provide me Hum enough
And Lour to Bouze with: I must have my Capons
And Turkeys brought me in, with my green Geese,
And Ducklings i'the Season: Fine fat Chickens,
Or if you chance where an Eye of tame Phefants
Or Partridges are kept, see they be mine,
Or straight I seize on all your Privilege,
Places, Revenues, Offices, as forfeit,
Call in your Crutches, wooden Legs, false Bellies,
Fore'd Eyes and Teeth, with your dead Arms; not leave you
A dirty Clout to Beg with o' your Heads,
Or an old Rag with Butter, Frankincense,
Brimstone and Rosen, Birdlime, Blood, and Cream,
To make you an old Sore; not so much Soap
As you may some with i'th' Falling-sickness;
The very Bag you bear, and the brown Dish
Shall be escheated. All your daintiest Dells too
I will deflower, and take your dearest Doxies
From your warm Sides; and then some one cold Night
I'll watch you what old Barn you go to roost in,
And there I'll smother you all i'th' musty Hay.

Hig. This is Tyrant-like indeed: But what would *Ginks*,
Or *Clause* be here, if either of them should Reign?

Cla. Best ask an *As*, if he were made a Camel,
What he wou'd be; or a Dog, an he were a Lyon.

Ginks. I care not what you are, Sirs, I shall be
A Beggar still I am sure, I find my self there.

Enter Goswin.

Snap. O here a Judge comes. *Hig*. Cry, a Judge, a Judge.

Gof. What ail you, Sirs? what means this Outcry?

Hig. Master,

A sort of poor Souls met: God's Fools, good Master,

Have

Have had some little Variance amongst our selves
 Who shou'd be honestest of us, and which lives
 Uprightest in his Calling: Now, 'cause we thought
 We ne'er should 'gree on't our selves, because
 Indeed 'tis hard to say; we all dissolv'd, to put it
 To him that should come next, and that's your Mastership,
 Who, I hope, will 'termine it as your Mind serves you,
 Right, and no otherwise we ask it: Which?
 Which does your Worship think is he? sweet Master
 Look over us all, and tell us; we are sev'n of us,
 Like to the seven wise Masters, or the Planets.

Gos. I should judge this the Man with the grave Beard,
 And if he be not—— *Cl.* Bless you, good Master, bless you.

Gos. I would he were; there's something too amongst you
 To keep you all honest. [Exit.

Snap. King of Heav'n go with you.

Omn. Now good reward him,

May he never want it, to comfort still the Poor, in a good hour.

Fer. What is't? see: *Snap* has got it.

Snap. A good Crown, marry.

Prig. A Crown of Gold. *Fer.* For our new King: good luck.

Ginks. To the common Treasure with it; it't be Gold,
 Thither it must. *Prigg.* Spoke like a Patriot, *Ferret*——
King Clause, I bid God save thee first, first, *Clause,*
 After this Golden Token of a Crown.

Where's Orator *Higgen* with his gratuling Speech now
 In all our Names? *Fer.* Here he is pumping for it.

Gin. H'has cough'd the second time, 'tis but once more
 And then it comes. *Fer.* So, out with all: Expect now——

Hig. That thou art chosen, venerable *Clause,*
 Our King and Sovereign; Monarch o' th' Maunders,
 Thus we throw up our Nab-cheats, first for joy,
 And then our Filches; last, we clap our Fables,
 Three subject signs, we do it without Envy:
 For who is he here did not wish thee chosen,
 Now thou art chosen? Ask 'em: All will say so,
 Nay swear't: 'Tis for the King, but let that pass.
 When last in Conference at the bouzing ken
 This other Day we sat about our dead Prince
 Of famous Memory; rest go with his Rags,
 And that I saw thee at the Tables end,
 Rise mov'd, and gravely leaning on one Crutch,
 Lift the other like a Scepter at my Head,
 I then presag'd thou shortly wou'dst be King,
 And now thou art so: But what need presage
 To us, that might have read it in thy Beard

As well, as he that chose thee? By that Beard
 Thou wert found out, and mark'd for Sovereignty:
 O happy Beard! But happier Prince, whose Beard
 Was so remark'd, as marked out our Prince,
 Not bating us a hair. Long may it grow,
 And thick, and fair, that who lives under it,
 May live as safe, as under *Beggars Bush*,
 Of which this is the thing, that but the Type.

Orn. Excellent, excellent Orator, forward good *Higgen*,
 Give him leave to spit: The fine, well-spoken *Higgen*.

Hig. This is the Beard, the Bush, or Bushy-beard,
 Under whose Gold and Silver Reign 'twas said,
 So many Ages since, we all should smite.
 No Impositions, Taxes, Grievances,
 Knots in a State, and whips unto a Subject,
 Lye lurking in this Beard, but all kemb'd out:
 If now, the Beard be such, what is the Prince
 That ow's the Beard? A Father; no, a Grand-father;
 Nay the great Grand-father of you his People.
 He will not force away your Hens, your Bacon,
 When you have ventur'd hard for't, nor take from you
 The fattest of your Puddings: Under him
 Each Man shall eat his own stol'n Eggs, and Butter,
 In his own shade, or sun-shine, and enjoy
 His own dear Dell, Doxy, or Mort, at Night
 In his own Straw, with his own Shirt, or Sheet,
 That he hath filch'd that day, ay, and possess
 What he can purchase, Back, or Belly-cheats
 To his own prop: He will have no Purveyors
 For Pigs, and Poultry.

Cl. That we must have, my learned Orator,
 It is our Will, and every Man to keep
 In his own path and circuit. *Hig.* Do you hear?
 You must hereafter maund on your own pads, he says.

Cl. And what they get there, is their own, besides
 To give good words. *Hig.* Do you mark? To cut been whids,
 That is the second Law. *Cl.* And keep a-foot.
 The humble and the common phrase of Begging,
 Left Men discover us. *Hig.* Yes; and cry sometimes,
 To move Compassion: Sir, there is a Table,
 That doth command all these things, and enjoyns 'em,
 Be perfect in their Crutches, their feign'd Plaisters,
 And their torn Pass-ports, with the ways to Stammer,
 And to be Dumb, and Deaf, and Blind, and Lame,
 There, all the halting Paces are set down,
 F' th' learned Language. *Cl.* Thither I refer 'em,

Those,

Those, you at leisure shall interpret to 'em.

We love no heaps of Laws, where few will serve.

Om. O gracious Prince, 'save, 'save the Good King Clause.

Hig. A Song to Crown him. *Fer.* Set a Centinel out first.

Snap. The word?

Hig. A Cove comes, and fumbumbis to it—

[Strike.

The S O N G.

Cast our Caps and Cares away: This is Beggars Holy-day!
 At the Crowning of our King, thus we ever Dance and Sing.
 In the World look out and see: Where's so happy a Prince as he?
 Where the Nations live so free, and so merry as do we?
 Be it Peace, or be it War, here at liberty we are,
 And enjoy our ease and rest; To the Field we are not prest;
 Nor are call'd into the Town, to be troubled with the Gown.
 Hang all Officers we cry, and the Magistrate too, by;
 When the Subsidie's encreast, we are not a Penny Sest.
 Nor will any go to Law, with the Beggar for a Straw.
 All which Happiness he brags, he doth owe unto his Rags.

Enter Snap, Hubert, and Hempskirke.

Snap. A Cove comes: Fumbumbis.

Prigg. To your Postures; Arm.

Hub Yonder's the Town: I see it. *Hemp.* There's our danger
 Indeed afore us, if our Shadows save not.

Hig. Bless your good Worships. *Fer.* One small piece of Mony.

Prigg. Among us all poor Wretches. *Cl.* Blind, and Lame.

Ginks. For his sake that gives all. *Hig.* Pitiful Worships.

Snap. One little Doyt.

Enter Jaculin.

Jac. King, by your leave, where are you?

Fer. To buy a little Bread. *Hig.* To feed so many
 Mouths, as will ever pray for you.

Prigg. Here be seven of us.

Hig. Seven good Master, O remember seven,
 Seven Blessings. *Fer.* Remember, gentle Worship.

Hig. 'Gainst seven deadly Sins;

Prigg. And seven Sleepers.

Hig. If they be hard of Heart, and will give nothing,
 Alas, we had not a Charity these three days.

Hub. There's amongst you all. *Fer.* Heav'n reward you.

Prigg. Lord reward you. *Hig.* The Prince of Pity bless thee.

Hub. Do I see? Or is't my Fancy that wou'd have it so?

Ha? 'Tis her Face: Come hither, Maid. *Jac.* What ha' you,
 Bells for my Squirrel? I ha' giv'n Bun Meat,

You do not love me, do you? Catch me a Butterfly,

And

And I'll love you again, when? Can you tell?

Peace, we go a birding: I shall have a fine thing.

[Exit.

Hub. Her Voice too says the same; but for my Head
I would not that her Manners were so chang'd.

Hear me thou honest Fellow; what's this Maiden,

That lives amongst you here? *Gin.* Ao, ao, ao, ao.

Hub. How? Nothing but signs? *Gin.* Ao, ao, ao, ao.

Hub. This is strange,

I would fain have it her, but not her thus.

Hig. He is de-de-de-de-de-de-deaf, and du-du-dude--dumb, Sir.

Hub. Slid they did all speak plain ev'n now methought.

Do'st thou know this same Maid?

Snap. Why, why, why, why, which, gu, gu, gu, gu, Gods fool
She was bo-bo-bo-bo-born at the Barn yonder,

By-be-be-be-be-Beggars Bush-bo-bo-Bush

Her name is, My-my-my-my-my-match: So was her Mo-mo-mo-
(Mothers too-too.

Hub. I understand no word he says; how long
Has she been here?

(go-good luck.

Snap. Lo-lo-long enough to be ni-ni-nigled, and she ha' go-go-

Hub. I must be better inform'd, than by this way,

Here was another Face too, that I mark'd

Of the old Man's: But they are vanish'd all

Most suddenly: I will come here again.

O, that I were so happy as to find it,

What I yet hope: It is put on.

Hemp. What mean you, Sir,

To stay there with that Stammerer?

Hub. Farewel, Friend,——

It will be worth return, to search: Come,

Protect us our Disguise now, prithee *Hemskirke*

If we be taken, how dost thou imagine

This Town will use us, that hath stood so long

Out against *Wolfort*? *Hemp.* Ev'n to hang us forth

Upon their Walls a sunning, to make Crows Meat,

If I were not assur'd o' the *Burgomaster*,

And had a pretty excuse to see a Neice there,

I should scarce venture. *Hub.* Come, 'tis now too late

To look back at the Ports: Good luck, and enter.

[Exe.

S C E N E II.

Enter Goswin.

Gos. Still blow'st thou there? And from all other parts,

Do all my Agents sleep, that nothing comes?

There's a Conspiracy of Winds, and Servants,

If not of Elements, to ha' me break;

What

What should I think, unless the Seas and Sands
Had swallow'd up my Ships? Or fire had spoil'd
My Ware-houses? Or Death devour'd my Factors?
I must ha' had some Returns.

Enter Merchants.

1 Mer. 'Save you, Sir. Gos. Save you.

1 Mer. No News yet o' your Ships?

Gos. Not any yet, Sir. 1 Mer. 'Tis strange. [Exit.

Gos. 'Tis true, Sir: What a Voice was here now?

This was one Passing-bell, a thousand Ravens
Sung in that Man now, to presage my Ruins:

2 Mer. Goswin, good day, these Winds are very constant.

Gos. They are so, Sir; to hurt——

2 Mer. Ha' you had no Letters

Lately from *England*, nor from *Denmark*?

Gos. Neither.

2 Mer. This Wind brings them; nor no News over Lands
Through *Spain*, from the *Straights*?

Gos. Not any. 2 Mer. I am sorry, Sir. [Exit.

Gos. They talk me down: And as 'tis said of Vulturs
They scent a Field fought, and do smell the Carcasses

By many hundred Miles: So do these, my Wracks
At greater distances. Why, thy will Heav'n

Come on, and be: Yet if thou please, preserve me,
But in my own Adventure, here at home,

Of my chaste Love, to keep me worthy of her;
It shall be put in Scale gainst all ill Fortunes:

I am not Broken yet: Nor shou'd I fall,

Methinks with less than that, that ruins all. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter Vanduncke, Hubert, Hemskirke, Margaret, and Boors.

Vand. Captain, you are welcome; so is this your Friend
Most safely welcome, though our Town stand out.

Against your Master, you shall find good quarter:

The troth is, we not love him: Margaret, some Wine,

Let's talk a little Treason, if we can

Talk Treason 'gainst the Traitors; by your leave Gentlemen,

We, here in *Bruges*, think he do's usurp,

And therefore I am bold with him.

Hub. Sir, your boldness

Happily becomes your Mouth, but not our Ears;

While we are his Servants; and as we come here,

Not to ask Questions, walk forth on your Walls,

Visit your Courts of Guard, view your Munition,

Ask of your Corn-provisions, nor enquire

Into the least, as Spies upon your Strengths,
So let's entreat, we may receive from you
Nothing in Passage or Discourse, but what
We may with gladness, and our honesties hear,
And that shall seal our welcome.

Vand. Good: Let's drink then,
Fill out, I keep mine old Pearl still, Captain.

Mar. I hang fast, Man.

Hen. Old Jewels commend their Keeper, Sir.

Vand. Here's to you with a Heart, my Captain's Friend,
With a good Heart, and if this make us speak
Bold words, anon, 'tis all under the Rose
Forgotten: Drown all Memory, when we drink.

Hub. 'Tis freely spoken, noble *Burgomaster*,
I'll do you right.

Hemp. Nay Sir, mine heer *Vandunke*
Is a true Statesman.

Vand. Fill my Captain's Cup there, O that your Master *Wolfort*
Had been an honest Man. *Hub.* Sir? *Vand.* Under the Rose.

Hemp. Here's to you *Margaret*.

Marg. Welcome, welcome, Captain.

Vand. Well said my Pearl still. *Hemp.* And how does my Neice?
Almost a Woman, I think? This Friend of mine
I drew along with me, through so much hazard,
Only to see her: She was my Errand.

Vand. Ay, a kind Uncle you are (fill him his Glass)
That in sev'n Years, could not find leisure— *Hemp.* No,
It's not so much. *Vand.* I'll bate you ne'er an hour on't,

It was before the *Brabander* 'gan his War,
For Moon-shine, i'the Water there, his Daughter
That never was lost: Yet you could not find time

To see a Kinswoman: But she is worth the seeing, Sir,
Now you are come, you ask if she were a Woman?
She is a Woman, Sir; fetch her forth *Margaret*. [Ex: *Marg.*

And a fine Woman, and has Suitors. *Hemp.* How?
What Suitors are they? *Vand.* Batchellors; young Burgers:
And one, a Gallant, the young Prince of Merchants
We call him here in *Bruges*. *Hemp.* How? A Merchant?
I thought, *Vandunke*, you had understood me better,
And my Neice too, so trusted to you by me,
Than t' admit of such in name of Suitors.

Vand. Such? He is such a such, as were she mine
I'd give him thirty thousand Crowns with her.

Hem. But the same things, Sir, fit not you and me. [Ex:

Vand. Why, give's some Wine, then; this will fit us all:
Here's to you still, my Captain's Friend: All out:

And

And still, wou'd *Wolfort* were an honest Man,
 Under the Rose I speak it: But this Merchant
 Is a brave Boy: He lives so, i' the Town here,
 We know not what to think on him: At some times
 We fear he will be Bankrupt; he do's stretch
 Tenter his Credit so; embraces all,
 And to't, the Winds have been contrary long.
 But then, if he should have all his Returns,
 We think he would be a King, and are half sure on't.
 Your Master is a Traitor, for all this,
 Under the Rose: Here's to you; and usurps
 The Earldom from a better Man. *Hub.* Ay marry, Sir,
 Where is that Man? *Vand.* Nay, soft: And I cou'd tell you
 'Tis ten to one I wou'd not: Here's my Hand,
 I love not *Wolfort*: Sit you still, with that:
 Here comes my Captain again, and his fine Neice,
 And there's my Merchant; view him well: Fill Wine here.

Enter Hempkirke, Gertrude, and Goswin,

Hemp. You must not only know me for your Uncle
 Now, but obey me: You, go cast your self
 Away, upon a Dunghil here? A Merchant?
 A pretty Fellow? One that make his Trade
 With Oaths and Perjuries? *Gos.* What is that you say, Sir?
 If it be me you speak of, as your Eye
 Seems to direct, I wish you wou'd speak to me, Sir.

Hemp. Sir, I do say, she is no Merchandize;
 Will that suffice you? *Gos.* Merchandize, good Sir?
 Though you be Kinsman to her, take no leave thence
 To use me with Contempt: I ever thought
 Your Neice above all Price. *Hemp.* And do so still, Sir,
 I assure you, her rates are more than you are worth.

Gos. You do not know what a Gentleman's worth, Sir,
 Nor can you value him. *Hub.* Well said, Merchant. *Vand.* Nay,
 Let him alone, and ply your matter. *Hemp.* A Gentleman?
 What, o'the Wool-pack? Or the Sugar-chest?
 Or lists of Velvet? Which is't, Pound, or Yard,
 You vent your Gentry by? *Hub.* O *Hempkirke*, fye.

Van. Come, do not mind 'em, drink, he is no *Wolfort*,
 Captain, I advise you. *Hemp.* Alas, my pretty Man,
 I think't be angry, by its look: Come hither,
 Turn this way, a little: If it were the Blood
 Of *Charlemaine*, as't may, for ought I know,
 Be some good Botcher's Issue, here in *Bruges*.

Gos. How?

Hemp. Nay, I'm not certain of that; of this I am,
 If it once buy; and sell, its Gentry is gone.

Gof. Ha, ha. *Hemp.* You are angry, though ye laugh.

Gof. No, now 'tis pity

Of your poor Argument. Do not you, the Lords
Of Land, if you be any, sell the Grass,
The Corn, the Straw, the Milk, the Cheese?

Van. And Butter:

Remember Buttr; do not leave out Butter.

Gof. The Beefs and Muttons that your Grounds are stor'd with?
Swine, with the very Malt, beside the Woods?

Hemp. No, for those sordid uses we have Tenants,
Or else our Bailiffs. *Gof.* Have not we, Sir, Chap-men,

And Factors, then to answer these? Your Honour
Fetch'd from the Heralds *ABC*, and said over.

With your Court Faces, once an hour, shall never
Mistake me mistake my self. Do not your Lawyers

Sell all their Practice, as your Priests their Pray'rs?

What is not bought, and sold? The Company
That you had last, what had you for't, i'faith?

Hemp. You now grow sawcy. *Gof.* Sure I have been bred
Still, with my honest Liberty, and must use it.

Hemp. Upon your Equals then. *Gof.* Sir, he that will
Provoke me first, doth make himself my Equal.

Hemp. Do ye hear? No more.

Gof. Yes, Sir, this little, I pray you,
And't shall be aside, then after, as you please.

You appear the Uncle, Sir, to her I love
More than mine Eyes; and I have heard your Scorns

With so much scoffing, and so much shame,

As each strive which is greater: But, believe me,

I suck'd not in this Patience with my Milk.

Do not presume, because you see me young,

Or cast despights on my Profession,

For the civility and tameness of it.

A good Man bears a Contumely worle

Than he would do an Injury. Proceed not

To my Offence: Wrong is not still successful,

Indeed it is not: I would approach your Kinswoman

With all respect, due to your self and her.

Hemp. Away Companion: Handling her? Take that. [*Strikes him.*]

Gof. Nay, I do love no blows, Sir, there's exchange.

[*He gets Hempskirke's Sword, and cuts him on the Head.*]

Hub. Hold, Sir. *Mar.* O murder.

Gert. Help my *Gofwin.* *Mar.* Man.

Van. Let 'em alone; my Life for one. *Gof.* Nay, come,

If you have Will. *Hub.* None to offend you, Sir.

Gof. He that had, thank himself: Not hand her? yes Sir,

And

And clasp her, and embrace her ; and (would she
Now go with me) bear her through all her Race,
Her Father, Brethren, and her Uncles, arm'd,
And all their Nephews, though they stood a Wood
Of Pikes, and Wall of Cannon. Kiss me *Gertrude*,
Quake not, but kiss me. *Vand.* Kiss him, *Girl*, I bid you,
My Merchant Royal ; fear no Uncles : Hang 'em,
Hang up all Uncles : Are not we in *Bruges* ?

Under the Rose here ? *Gos.* In this Circle, Love,
Thou art as safe, as in a Tower of Brass ;

Let such as do wrong, fear. *Vand.* Ay, that's good,

Let *Wolfort* look to that. *Gos.* Sir, here she stands,

Your Neice, and my belov'd. One of these Titles

She must apply to ; if unto the last,

Not all the Anger can be sent unto her,

In Frown, or Voice, or other Art, shall force her,

Had *Hercules* a Hand in't. Come, my Joy,

Say thou art mine, aloud Love, and profess it.

Vand. Do ; and I drink to it. *Gos.* Prithee say so, Love.

Gert. 'Twould take away the Honour from my Blushes : *Gertrude* A
Do not you play the Tyrant, Sweet : They speak it. — *The 93 Cash*

Hemp. I thank you, Neice. *Gos.* Sir, thank her for your Life,

And fetch your Sword within. *Hemp.* You insult too much

With your good Fortune, Sir. [*Exeunt Gos. and Gert.*]

Hub. A brave clear Spirit ;
Hempskirke, you were to blame : A civil Habit

Oft covers a good Man ; and you may meet

In Person of a Merchant, with a Soul

As resolute, and free, and all ways worthy,

As else in any file of Mankind : Pray you,

What meant you so to slight him ? *Hemp.* 'Tis done now,

Ask no more of it ; I must suffer. [*Exit.*]

Hub. This
Is still the Punishment of Rashness, Sorrow.

Well ; I must to the Woods, for nothing here

Will be got out. There, I may chance to learn

Somewhat to help my Enquiries further. *Vand.* Ha ?

A Looking-glass ? *Hub.* How now, brave *Burgomaster* ?

Vand. I love no *Wolforts*, and my Name's *Vandunka*.

Hub. *Van-drunk* it's rather : Come, go sleep within.

Vand. *Earl Florez* is right Heir ; and this same *Wolfort*,

Under the Rose I speak it — *Hub.* Very hardly.

Vand. *Usurps* : And a rank Traitor, as ever breath'd,

And all that do uphold him. Let me go,

No Man shall hold he, that upholds him ;

Do you uphold him ? *Hub.* No.

Vand. Then hold me up.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Goswin, and Hempkirke.

Hemp. Sir, I presume, you have a Sword of your own,
That can so handle another's. *Gos.* Faith you may, Sir.

Hemp. And ye have made me have so much better thoughts of you,
As I am bound to call you forth. *Gos.* For what, Sir?

Hemp. To the repairing of mine Honour and Hurt here.

Gos. Express your way. *Hemp.* By fight, and speedily.

Gos. You have your Will: Require you any more?

Hemp. That you be secret: And come single.

Gos. I will.

Hemp. As you are the Gentleman you would be thought.

Gos. Without the Conjuraton: And I'll bring
Only my Sword, which I will fit to yours,
I'll take his length within. *Hemp.* Your Place now, Sir?

Gos. By the Sand-hills. *Hemp.* Sir, nearer to the Woods,
If you thought so, were fitter.

Gos. There, then. *Hemp.* Good. Your time?

Gos. 'Twixt seven and eight. *Hemp.* You'll give me, Sir,
Cause to report you worthy of my Neice,
If you come, like your Promise. *Gos.* If I do not,

Let no Man think to call me unworthy first,
I'll do't my self, and justly wish to want her.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter three or four Boors.

1 *Boor.* COME, English Beer, Hostess, English Beer by th'
Belly.

2 *Boor.* Stark Beer Boy, stout and strong Beer: So, sit down
And drink me Upsy-Dutch; (Lads,
Frolick, and fear not.

Enter Higgen like a Sow-gelder Singing.

Hig. Have ye any work for the Sow-gelder, boe,

My Horn goes too high too low, too high too low.

Have ye any Pigs, Calves, or Colts,

Have ye any Lambs in your Holts

To cut for the Stone,

Here comes a cunning one.

Have ye any Braches to spade,

Or e'er a fair Maid

That would be a Nun;

Come kiss me, 'tis done.

Hark how my merry Horn doth blow,

Too high too low, too high too low.

1 *Boor.*

1 Boor. O excellent! two Pence a piece Boys, two Pence a piece.
Give the Boys some drink there. Piper, whet your Whistle,
Canst tell me a way now, how to cut off my Wife's Concupiscence?
Hig. I'll sing ye a Song for't.

The S O N G.

Take her, and hug her,
And turn her, and tug her,
And turn her again Boy, again,
Then if she mumble;
Or if her Tail tumble,
Kiss her amain, Boy, amain;
Do thy endeavour,
To take off her Feaver,
Then her Disease no longer will reign.
If nothing will serve her,
Then thus to preserve her,
Swinge her amain, Boy, amain.
Give her cold Jelly
To take up her Belly,
And once a day swinge her again;
If she stand all these Pains,
Then knock out her Brains,
Her Disease no longer will reign.

1 Boor. More excellent, more excellent, sweet Sow-gelder.

2 Boor. Three Pence a piece, three Pence a piece.

Hig. Will you hear a Song how the Devil was gelded?

3 Boor. Ay, ay, let's hear the Devil roar, Sow-gelder.

S O N G.

I.

He ran at me first in the shape of a Ram,
And over and over the Sow-gelder came;
I rose and I halter'd him fast by the Horn,
I pluck'd out his Stones as you'd pick out a Corn;
Baa, quoth the Devil, and forth he stunk,
And left us a Carcase of Mutton that stunk.

II.

The next time I rode a good Mile and a half,
Where I heard he did live in disguise of a Calf,
I bound and I gelt him, e'er he did any evil;
He was here at his best, but a sucking Devil.
Maa, yet he cry'd, and forth he did steal,
And this was sold after, for excellent Veal.

III. Some

III.

Some half a Tear after, in the form of a Pig
 I met with the Rogue, and he look'd very big;
 I catch'd at his Leg, laid him down on a Log,
 E'er a Man could fart twice, I had made him a Hog.
 Ow, quoth the Devil, and forth gave a Jerk,
 That a Few was converted, and eat of the Perk.

1 Boor. Groats apiece, Groats apiece, Groats apiece,
 There sweet Sow-Gelder.

Enter Prigg and Ferret.

Prigg. Will ye see any feats of Activity,
 Some slight of Hand, Legerdemain? Hey pass,
 Presto, be gone there? 2 Boor. Sit down, Jugler.

Prigg. Sirrah, play your Art well; draw near Piper:
 Look you, my honest Friends, you see my Hands;
 Plain dealing is no Devil: Lend me some Mony,
 Twelve Pence a piece will serve.

1, 2 Boor. There, there. Prigg. I thank you,
 Thank ye heartily: When shall I pay ye?

All Boor. Ha, ha, ha, by th' Mass this was a fine trick.

Prigg. A merry slight toy: But now I'll show your Worships
 A Trick indeed. Hig. Mark him well now, my Masters.

Prigg. Here are three Balls,
 These Balls shall be three Bullets,
 One, two, and three: *Ascentibus, malentibus.*
 Presto, be gone: They are vanish'd: Fair play, Gentlemen.
 Now these three, like three Bullets, from your three Noses
 Will I pluck presently: Fear not, no harm Boys,
Titere, tu patule.

1 Boor. Oh, oh, oh.

Prigg. *Recubans sub jermine fagi.*

2 Boor. Ye pull too hard; ye pull too hard.

Prigg. Stand fair then:

Silvertram trim-tram.

3 Boor. Hold, hold, hold.

Prigg. Come aloft, Bullets three, with a whim-wham.
 Have ye their Monies? Hig. Yes, yes.

1 Boor. O rare Jugler! 2 Boor. O admiral Jugler!

Prigg. One trick more yet;

Hey, come aloft; *sa, sa, flim, flum, taradumbis?*

East, West, North, South, now fly like *Fack* with a *bumbis*.
 Now all your Money's gone; pray search your Pockets.

1 Boor. Humh.

2 Boor. He.

3 Boor. The Devil a penny's here!

Prigg. This was a rare trick.

1 Boor. But 'twould be a far rarer to restore it.

Prigg. I'll do ye that too; look upon me earnestly,
And move not any ways your Eyes from this Place,
This Button here? pow, whir, whifs, thake your Pockets.

1 Boor. By th' Mafs 'tis here again, Boys.

Prigg. Rest ye merry;
My first Trick has paid me.

All Boor. Ay, take it, take it,
And take some Drink too.

Prigg. Not a drop now I thank you;
Away, we are discover'd else.

[Exeunt.

Enter Gerrard like a blind Aqua vitæ Man, and a Boy
singing the Song.

Bring out your Cony-skins, fair Maids to me,
And hold 'em fair that I may see;

Grey, Black, and Blue: For your smaller Skins,
I'll give ye Looking-Glasses, Pins:

And for your whole Cony, here's ready, roady Mony.

Come gentle Jone, do thou begin

With thy black, black, black Cony-skin.

And Mary then, and Jane will follow,

With their Silver hair'd skins, and their yellow.

The white Cony-skin, I will not lay by,

For though it be faint, 'tis fair to the Eye;

The grey, it is warm, but yet for my Mony,

Give me the bonny; bonny black Cony.

Come away fair Maids, your Skins will decay:

Come, and take Mony, Maids, put your Ware away.

Cony-skins, Cony-skins, have ye any Cony-skins,

I have fine Barcelets, and fine Silver Pins.

Ger. Buy any Brand Wine, buy any Brand Wine?

Boy. Have ye any Cony-skins?

2 Boor. My fine Canary Bird, there's a Cake for thy Worship.

1 Boor. Come fill, fill, fill, fill suddenly: Let's see, Sir,
What's this? Ger. A penny, Sir.

1 Boor. Fill till't be six Pence,

And there's my Pig. Boy. This is a Counter, Sir.

1 Boor. A Counter! stay ye, what are these then?

O execrable Jugler! O damn'd Jugler!

Look in your Hose, ho, this comes of looking forward.

3 Boor. Devil a Dunkirk! what a Rogue's this Jugler!
This hey pass, repass, h'as repast us sweetly.

2 Boor. Do ye call these Tricks?

Enter Higgen.

Hig. Have ye any Ends of Gold or Silver?

2 Boor. This Fellow comes to mock us; Gold or Silver?

1 Boor. Yes, my good Friend,
We have e'en an end of all we have.

Hig. 'Tis well, Sir,
You have the less to care for: Gold and Silver.

[Exit.]

Enter Prigg.

Prigg. Have ye any old Cloaks to sell, have ye any old Cloaks
to sell? [Exit.]

1 Boor. Cloaks! Look about ye. Boys: Mine's gone!

2 Boor. A——juggle 'em;

——O they're Prestoëss Mine's gone too!

3 Boor. Here's mine yet.

1 Boor. Come, come, let's drink then more Brand-Wine.

Boy. Here, Sir.

1 Boor. If e'er I catch your Sow-gelder, by this Hand I'll strip
Were ever Fools so ferk't? We have two Cloaks yet; (him).
And all our Caps; the Devil take the Flincher.

All Boor. Yaw, yaw, yaw, yaw.

Enter Hempskirke.

Hemp. Good do'n my honest Fellows,
You are merry here I see.

3 Boor. 'Tis all we have left, Sir.

Hemp. What hast thou? *Aqua vitæ*? Boy. Yes.

Hemp. Fill out then;

And give these honest Fellows round.

All Boor. We thank ye.

Hemp. May I speak a word in private to ye?

All Boor. Yes, Sir.

Hemp. I have a Business for you, honest Friends,
If you dare lend your help, shall get you Crowns.

Ger. Ha!

Lead me a little nearer, Boy.

1 Boor. What is't, Sir?

If it be any thing to purchase Mony,
Which is our want, command us.

Boors. All, all, all, Sir.

Hemp. You know the young spruce Merchant in Bruges?

2 Boor. Who? Master Goswin?

Hemp. That be owes me Mony,

And here in Town there is no stirring of him.

Ger. Say ye so?

Hemp. This day, upon a sure appointment,
He meets me a Mile hence, by the Chase side,
Under the row of Oaks; do you know it?

All Boor. Yes, Sir.

Hemp. Give 'em more Drink: There if you dare but venture
When I shall give the word to seize upon him,

Here's

Here's twenty Pound. 3 *Boor* Beware the Jugler.

Hemp. If he resist, down with him, have no mercy.

1 *Boor*. I warrant you, we'll hamper him.

Hemp. To discharge you

I have a Warrant here about me.

3 *Boor*. Here's our Warrant, this carries fire i'th' Tail.

Hemp. Away with me then, the Time draws on,

I must remove so insolent a Suitor,

And if he be so rich, make him pay Ransome

E'er he see *Bruges* Tow'rs again. Thus wise Men

Repair the hurts they take by a Disgrace,

And piece the Lion's Skin with the Fox's Cafe.

Ger. I am glad I have heard this sport yet.

Hemp. There's for thy Drink, come pay the House within Boys,
And lose no time. *Ger*. Away with all our haste too. [*Exeunt*.

S C E N E II.

Enter Goswin.

Gos. No Wind blow fair yet? No return of Monies?
Letters? Nor any thing to hold my Hopes up?
Why then 'tis destin'd, that I fall, fall miserably!
My Credit I was built on, sinking with me.
Thou boystrous North-wind, blowing my Misfortunes,
And frosting all my hopes to cakes of Coldness,
Yet stay thy Fury; give the gentle South
Yet leave to court those Sails that bring me safety,
And you auspicious Fires, bright Twins in Heav'n,
Dance on the Shrowls; he blows still stubbornly
And on his boystrous Rack rides my sad Ruin;
There is no help, there can be now no Comfort,
To Morrow with the Sun-set, sets my Credit.
Oh Misery! Thou curse of Man, thou Plague,
In the midst of all our Strength thou strik'st us;
My virtuous Love is lost too: All, what I have been,
No more hereafter to be seen than Shadow;
To Prison now? Well, yet there's this Hope left me;
I may sink fairly under this Day's Venture,
And so to Morrow's cross'd, and all those Curses:
Yet manly I'll invite my Fate, base Fortune
Shall never say, she has cut my Throat in fear.
This is the Place his Challenge call'd me to,
And was a happy one at this time for me,
For let me fall before my Foe i' th' Field,
And not at Bar, before my Creditors;
H'as kept his word: Now Sir, your Sword's Tongue only,

Loud as you dare; all other Language—

Enter Hempskirke.

Hemp. Well Sir,

You shall not be long troubled: Draw.

Gof. 'Tis done Sir, and now have at ye. *Hemp.* Now.

Enter Boors.

Gof. Betray'd to Villains! Slaves, ye shall buy me bravely,
And thou base Coward.

Enter Gerrard and Beggars.

Ger. Now upon 'em bravely,
Conjure 'em soundly, Boys. *Boors.* Hold, hold.

Ger. Lay on still,

Down with that Gentleman Rogue, swinge him to Sirrup.

Retire Sir, and take Breath: Follow, and take him,

Take all, 'tis lawful Prize. *Boors.* We yield.

Ger. Down with 'em

Into the Wood; and rifle 'em, tew 'em; swinge 'em,
Knock me their Brains into their Breeches.

Boors. Hold, hold.

[*Exeunt.*]

Gof. What these Men are I know not, nor for what cause
They shou'd thus thrust themselves into my danger,
Can I imagine. But sure Heav'n's Hand was in't!
Nor why this coward Knave should deal so basely
To eat me up with Slaves: But Heav'n I thank thee,
I hope thou hast reserv'd me to an end
Fit for thy Creature, and worthy of thine Honour:
Wou'd all my other Dangers here had suffer'd,
With what a joyful Heart shou'd I go home then?
Where now, Heav'n knows, like him that waits his Sentence,
Or hears his passing Bell; but there's my hope still.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Blessing upon you, Master. *Gof.* Thank ye; leave me.
For by my Troth I have nothing now to give thee.

Ger. Indeed I do not ask, Sir, only it grieves me
To see you look so sad; now Goodness keep ye
From Troubles in your Mind. *Gof.* If I were troubled,
What cou'd thy Comfort do? Prithee *Clause*, leave me.

Ger. Good Master be not angry; for what I say
Is out of true Love to ye. *Gof.* I know thou lov'st me.

Ger. Good Master blame that Love then, if I prove so sawcy
To ask ye why are ye sad. *Gof.* Most true, I am so,
And such a Sadness I have got will sink me.

Ger. Heav'n shield it, Sir. *Gof.* Faith, thou must lose thy Master.

Ger. I had rather lose my Neck, Sir: Would I knew—

Gof. What wou'd the knowledge do thee good, so miserable,
Thou canst not help thy self? When all my ways

Nor

Nor all the Friends I have — *Ger.* You do not know, Sir,
What I can do: Cures sometimes, for Mens Cares,
Flow, where thy least expect 'em.

Gof. I know thou wouldst do,
But tarewel *Clause*, and pray for thy poor Master.

Ger. I will not leave ye. *Gof.* How?

Ger. I dare not leave ye, Sir, I must not leave ye,
And till ye beat me dead, I will not leave ye,
By what ye hold most precious, by Heav'ns Goodness,
As your fair Youth may prosper, good Sir, tell me:
My Mind believes yet something's in my Pow'r
May ease you of this Trouble. *Gof.* I will tell thee:
For a hundred thousand Crowns upon my Credit,
Taken up of Merchants to supply my Trafficks,
The Winds and Weather envying of my Fortune,
And no return to help me off yet shewing,
To Morrow, *Clause*, to morrow, which must come,
In Prison thou shalt find me poor and broken.

Ger. I cannot blame your Grief, Sir.

Gof. Now, what say'st thou?

Ger. I say you should not shrink, for he that gave ye,
Can give you more; his Pow'r can bring ye off, Sir,
When Friends and all forsake ye, yet he sees you.

Gof. There's all my hope. *Ger.* Hope still, Sir; are you ty'd
Within the compass of a Day, Good Master,
To pay this mass of Mony? *Gof.* Ev'n to Morrow:
But why do I stand mocking of my Misery?
Is't not enough the Floods and Friends forget me?

Ger. Will no less serve? *Gof.* What if it would?

Ger. Your Patience,

I do not ask to mock ye: 'Tis a great Sum,
A Sum for mighty Men to start and stick at;
But not for honest. Have ye no Friends left,
None that have felt your Bounty? Worth this Duty?

Gof. Duty? Thou know'st it not. *Ger.* It is a Duty,
And as a Duty, from those Men have felt ye,
Should be return'd again: I have gain'd by ye,
A daily Alms these sev'n Years you have show'r'd on me,
Will half supply your want? *Gof.* Why do'st thou fool me?
Canst thou work Miracles? *Ger.* To save my Master,
I can work this. *Gof.* Thou wilt make me angry with thee.

Ger. For doing good? *Gof.* What pow'r hast thou?

Ger. Enquire not:

So I can do it, to preserve my Master;
Nay if it be three parts. *Gof.* O that I had it,
But good *Clause*, talk no more, I feel thy Charity,

As thou has felt mine: But alas! *Ger.* Distrust not,
'Tis that that quenches ye: pull up your Spirit,
Your good, your honest, and your noble Spirit;
For if the Fortunes of ten thousand People
Can save ye, rest assur'd. You have forgot, Sir,
The good ye did, which was the Pow'r you gave me;
Ye shall now know the King of Beggars Treasure:
And let the Winds blow as they list, the Seas roar,
Yet, here to morrow you shall find your Harbour.
Here fail me not, for if I live I'll fit ye.

Gos. How fain I wou'd believe thee! *Ger.* If I lye, Master,
Believe no Man hereafter. *Gos.* I will try thee,
But he knows, that knows all. *Ger.* Know me to morrow,
And if I know not how to cure ye, kill me;
So pass in Peace, my best, my worthiest Master. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Hubert, like a Huntsman.

Hub. Thus have I stoln away disguis'd from *Hempskirke*
To try these People, for my Heart-y't tells me
Some of these Beggars are the Men I look for:
Appearing like my self, they have no Reason,
Though my Intent is fair, my main End honest,
But to avoid me narrowly; that Face too,
That Woman's Face, how near it is! O may it
But prove the same, and Fortune how I'll bless thee!
Thus, sure they cannot know me, or suspect me,
If to my Habit I but change my Nature;
As I must do; this is the Wood they live in,
A Place fit for Concealment: Where, till Fortune
Crown me with that I seek, I'll live amongst 'em. [*Exit.*

*Enter Higgen, Prigg, Ferrer, Ginks and the rest with
the Boors.*

Hig. Come bring 'em out, for here we sit in justice:
Give to each one a Cudgel, a good Cudgel:
And now attend your Sentence. That you are Rogues,
And mischiveous base Rascals, there's the point now,
I take it, is confess'd. *Prigg.* Deny it if you dare, *Knaves.*

Boors. We are Rogues, Sir.

Hig. To amplify the matter then, Rogues as ye are,
And lam'd ye shall be e'er we leave ye.

Boors. Yes, Sir.

Hig. And to the open handling of our Justice,
Why did ye this upon the proper Person
Of our good Master? Were you drunk when you did it?

Boors.

Boors. Yes indeed we were. *Prigg.* You shall be beaten sober.

Hig. Was it for Want you undertook it? *Boors.* Yes, Sir.

Hig. You shall be swing'd abundantly.

Prigg. And yet for all that,

You shall be poor Rogues still. *Hig.* Has not the Gentleman,

Pray mark this point, Brother *Prigg*, that noble Gentleman

Reliev'd ye often, found ye means to live by,

By imploying some at Sea, some here, some there;

According to your Callings? *Boors.* 'Tis most true, Sir.

Hig. Is not the Man an honest Man? *Boors.* Yes truly.

Hig. A liberal Gentleman? And as ye are true Rascals.

Tell me but this, have ye not been drunk, and often,

At his Charge? *Boors.* Often, often.

Hig. There's the point then,

They have cast themselves, Brother *Prigg*:

Prigg. A shrewd point, Brother.

Hig. Brother, proceed you now; the Cause is open,

I am somewhat weary. *Prigg.* Can you do these things?

You most abominable stinking Rascals,

You Turnip-eating Rogues. *Boors.* We are truly sorry.

Prigg. Knock at your hard Hearts, Rogues, and presently

Give us a sign you feel Compunction,

Every Man up with's Cudgel, and on his Neighbour

Bestow such Alms, 'till we shall say sufficient,

For there your Sentence lies without Partiality;

Either of Head, or Hide, Rogues, without sparing,

You shall know your Doom. *Hig.* One, two, and three, about it.

Prigg. That Fellow in the blue has true Compunction,

[*Boors beat one another.*]

He beats his Fellows bravely, oh, well struck Boys.

Enter Gerrard.

Hig. Up with that blue Breech, now plays he the Devil.

So get ye home, Drink small Beer, and be honest;

Call in the Gentleman. *Ger.* Do, bring him presently,

His Cause I'll hear my self.

Enter Hempkirke.

Hig. Prigg. With all due Reverence,

We do resign, Sir.

Ger. Now huffing Sir, what's your Name?..

Hemp. What's that to you, Sir? *Ger.* It shall be, e'er we part.

Hemp. My Name is *Hempkirke*,

I follow the Earl, which you shall feel. *Ger.* No threatnings

For we shall cool you, Sir; why didst thou basely

Attempt the Murder of the Merchant *Goswin*?

Hemp. What pow'r hast thou to ask me? *Ger.* I will know it;

Or flay thee till thy Pain discover it.

Hemp.

Hemp. He did me wrong, base wrong.

Ger. That cannot save ye.

Who sent you hither? And what further Villanies
Have you in Hand?

Hemp. Why wou'dst thou know? What profit,
If I had any private way, cou'd rise
Out of my Knowledge, to do thee Commodity?
Be sorry for what thou hast done, and make amends, Fool,
I'll talk no further to thee, nor these Rascals.

Ger. Tye him to that Tree.

Hemp. I have told you whom I follow.

Ger. The Devil you shou'd do, by your Villanies,
Now he that has the best way, wring it from him.

Hig. I undertake it: Turn him to the Sun, Boys;
Give me a fine sharp Rush; will ye confesse yet?

Hemp. You have robb'd me already, now you'll murder me.

Hig. Murder your Nose a little: Does your Head purge, Sir?
To it again, 'twill do ye good. *Hemp.* Oh,
I cannot tell you any thing. *Ger.* Proceed then.

Hig. There's Maggots in your Nose, I'll fetch 'em out, Sir.

Hemp. O my Head breaks.

Hig. The best thing for the Rheum, Sir,
That falls into your Worship's Eyes. *Hemp.* Hold, hold.

Ger. Speak then. *Hemp.* I know not what.

Hig. It lies in's Brain yet,
In lumps it lies, I'll fetch it out the finest;
What pretty Faces the Fool makes? Heigh.

Hemp. Hold,
Hold, and I'll tell ye all; look in my Doublet,
And there, within the lining in a Paper,
You shall find all. *Ger.* Go fetch that Paper hither,
And let him loose for this time.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Good Ev'n my honest Friends.

Ger. Good Ev'n good Fellow.

Hub. May a poor Huntsman, with a merry Heart,
A Voice shall make the Forest ring about him,
Get leave to live amonst ye? True as Steel, Boys?
That knows all Chases, and can watch all Hours,
And with my Quarter-staff, though the Devil bid stand,
Deal such an Alms, shall make him roar again?
Prick ye the fearful Hare through cross ways, sheep-walks,
And force the crafty Reynard climb the Quicksets;
Rouse ye the lofty Stag, and with my Bell-horn
Ring him a knell, that all the Woods shall mourn him,
'Till in his Funeral Tears he fall before me?

The *Polcat*, *Marterne*, and the rich skin'd *Lucerne*
 I know to Chase, the *Roc*, the *Wind* out-stripping;
Isgrin himself, in all his bloody Anger
 I can beat from the Bay, and the wild *Sounder*
 Single, and with my arm'd Staff, turn the *Boar*,
 Spight of his foamy *Tushes*, and thus strike him;
 'Till he fall down my Feast. *Ger.* A goodly Fellow.

Hub. What mak'st thee here, ha?

[*Aside.*

Ger. We accept thy Fellowship.

Hub. *Hempskirke*, thou art not right I fear, I fear thee. [*Aside.*

Enter Ferret, with a Letter.

Fer. Here is the Paper: And as he said we found it.

Ger. Give me it, I shall make a shift yet, old as I am,
 To find your *Knavery*: You are sent here, *Sirrah*,
 To discover certain *Gentlemen*, a *Spy* knave,
 And if ye find 'em, if not by *Persuasion*
 To bring 'em back, by *Poison* to dispatch 'em.

Hub. By *Poison*, ha? *Ger.* Here is another, *Hubert*;
 What is that *Hubert*, Sir? *Hemp.* You may perceive there.

Ger. I may perceive a *Villany*, and a rank one,
 Was he join'd *Partner* of thy *Knavery*? *Hemp.* No.
 He had an honest end, wou'd I had had so,
 Which makes him scape such *Cut-throats*.

Ger. So it seems.

For here thou art commanded, when that *Hubert*
 Has done his best and worthiest *Service*, this way,
 To cut his *Throat*, for here he's set down dangerous.

Hub. This is most impious. *Ger.* I am glad we have found ye,
 Is not this true? *Hemp.* Yes; what are you the better?

Ger. You shall perceive, Sir, e'er you get your *Freedom*:
 Take him aside, and, *Friend*, we take thee to us,
 Into our *Company*; thou dar'st be true unto us?

Hig. Ay, and *Obedient* too? *Hub.* As you had bred me.

Ger. Then take our *Hand*: Thou art now a *Servant* to us,
 Welcome him all. *Hig.* Stand off, stand off: I'll do it,
 We bid ye welcome three ways; first for your *Person*,
 Which is a promising *Person*; next for your *Quality*,
 Which is a decent, and a gentle *Quality*;
 Last for the frequent means you have to feed us,
 You can steal 'tis to be presum'd.

Hub. Yes, *Venison*, and if you want——

Hig. 'Tis well you understand right,
 And shall practise daily: You can drink too? *Hub.* Soundly.

Hig. And ye dare know a *Woman* from a *Weather-cock*?

Hub. If I handle her. *Ger.* Now swear him.

Hig. I crown thy *nab*, with a *gag* of *Benbouse*,

And *stall* thee by the *Salmon* into the *Clows*,
 To *mand* on the *Pad*, and *strike* all the *Cheats*;
 To *Mill* from the *Ruffmans*, and *Commission* and *Slates*,
Twang dell's, i' the *stirromel*, and let the *Quire Cuffin*:
 And *Herman Beck strine*, and *trine* to the *Ruffin*.

Ger. Now interpret this unto him.

Hig. I pour on thy *Pate* a pot of good *Ale*,
 And by the *Rogues* o'th' a *Rogue* thee *Instal*:
 To beg on the way, to rob all thou meets;
 To steal from the *Hedge*, both the *Shirt* and the *Sheets*:
 And lie with thy *Wench* in the *Straw* till she *twang*,
 Let the *Constable*, *Justice*, and *Devil* go hang.

Hig. You are welcome, *Brother*.

All. Welcome, welcome, welcome; but who shall have the
 Of this *Fellow*? (keeping

Hub. Sir, if you dare but trust me;
 For if I have kept wild *Dogs*, and *Beasts* for wonder,
 And made 'em tame too: Give into my *Custody*
 This roaring *Rascal*, I shall hamper him,
 With all his *Knacks* and *Knaveries*, and I fear me
 Discover yet a further *Villany* in him;
 O he smells rank o'th' *Rascal*. *Ger.* Take him to thee,
 But if he scape—— *Hub.* Let me be ev'n hang'd for him,
 Come Sir, I'll tye ye to the leash. *Hemp.* Away, *Rascal*.

Hub. Be not so stubborn: I shall swinge ye soundly,
 And ye play tricks with me. *Ger.* So, now come in,
 But ever have an eye, Sir, to your *Prisoner*.

Hub. He must blind both mine *Eyes*, if he get from me.

Ger. Go get some *Victuals*, and some *Drink*, some good *Drink*;
 For this day we'll keep holy to good *Fortune*,
 Come, and be frolick with us.

Hig. You are a *Stranger*, *Brother*, I pray lead,
 You must, you must, *Brother*.

[*Exeunt*.

S C E N E IV:

Enter Goswin and Gertrude.

Gerr. Indeed you're welcome: I have heard your scape,
 And therefore give her leave, that only loves you,
 Truly and dearly loves you, give her *Joy* leave
 To bid you welcome: What is't makes you sad, *Man*?
 Why do you look so wild? Is't I offend you?
 Beshrew my *Heart*, not willingly. *Gos.* No, *Gertrude*.

Gerr. Is't the delay of that you long have look'd for,
 A happy *Marriage*? Now I come to urge it.
 Now when you please to finish it? *Gos.* No *News* yet?

Gerr.

Gert. Do you hear, Sir? *Gof.* Yes. *Gert.* Do you love me?

Gof. Have I liv'd

In all the happiness Fortune could seat me,
In all Mens fair Opinions? *Gert.* I have provided
A Priest, that's ready for us. *Gof.* And can the Devil,
In one ten Days, that Devil Chance devour me?

Gert. We'll fly to what Place you please.

Gof. No Star prosperous! All at a swoop?

Gert. You do not love me, *Goswin*?

You will not look upon me? *Gof.* Can Mens Prayers,
Shot up to Heav'n with such a Zeal as mine are,
Fall back like lazy Mists, and never prosper?

Gives I must wear, and cold must be my Comfort;
Darkness and want of Meat; alas she weeps too,
Which is the top of all my Sorrows, *Gertrude.*

Gert. No, no, you will not know me; my poor Beauty,
Which has been worth your Eyes.

Gof. The Time grows on still;

And like a tumbling Wave, I see my Ruin
Come rowling over me. *Gert.* Yet will ye know me?
Tell me but how I have deserv'd your slighting?

Gof. For a hundred thousand Crowns?

Ger. Farewel Dissembler.

Gof. Of which I have scarce ten: O how it starts me!

Gert. And may the next you love, hearing my Ruin.

Gof. I had forgot my self, O my best *Gertrude*,
Crown of my Joys and Comforts. *Gert.* Sweet, what ails ye?
I thought you had been vext with me.

Gof. My Mind, Wench,

My Mind o'erflow'd with Sorrow, sunk my Memory.

Gert. Am I not worthy of the Knowledge of it?

And cannot I as well affect your Sorrows,
As your Delights? You love no other Woman?

Gof. No, I protest.

Gert. You have no Ships lost lately?

Gof. None, that I know of.

Gert. I hope you have spilt no Blood, whose Innocence
May lay this on your Conscience. *Gof.* Clear, by Heav'n.

Gert. Why should you be thus then?

Gof. Good *Gertrude* ask not,
Ev'n by the Love you bear me. *Gert.* I am obedient.

Gof. Go in, my fair, I will not be long from ye,
Nor long I fear me with thee. At my Return
Dispose me as you please. *Gert.* The good Gods guide ye. [*Exit.*

Gof. Now for my self, which is the least I hope for,
And when that fails, for Mans worst Fortune, Pity.

[*Exit.*
A C T

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Goswin, and four Merchants.

Goswin. **W**HY Gentlemen, 'tis but a Week more, I intreat you,
But seven short Days, I am not running from ye;
Nor, if you give me Patience, is it possible
All my Adventures fail; you have Ships abroad
Endure the beating both of Wind and Weather:
I am sure 'twould vex your Hearts, to be protested;

Ye are all fair Merchants. *1 Mer.* Yes, and must have fair play,
There is no living here else; one hour's failing
Fails us of all our Friends, of all our Credits:

For my part, I would stay, but my wants tell me,
I must wrong others in't. *Goswin.* No mercy in ye!

2 Mer. 'Tis foolish to depend on others Mercy:
Keep your self right, and even cut your Cloth, Sir,
According to your calling; you have liv'd here
In Lord-like Prodigality, high, and open,
And now ye find what 'tis: The lib'ral spending
The Summer of your Youth, which you shou'd glean in,
And like the labouring Ant, make use and gain of,
Has brought this bitter, stormy Winter on ye,
And now you cry. *3 Mer.* Alas, before your Poverty,

We were no Men, of no Mark, no Endeavour;
You stood alone, took up all Trade, all Business
Running through your Hands, scarce a Sail at Sea,
But loaden with your Goods: We poor weak Pedlers;
When by your leave, and much intreaty to it,
We cou'd have stowage for a little Cloth,
Or a few Wincs, put off, and thank your Worship.
Lord, how the World's chang'd with ye? Now I hope, Sir,
We shall have Sea-room. *Goswin.* Is my Misery
Become my Scorn too! Have ye no Humanity?
No part of Men left? Are all the Bounties in me
To you, and to the Town, turn'd my Reproaches?

4 Mer. Well, get your Monies ready: 'Tis but two hours;
We shall protest ye else, and suddenly. *Goswin.* But two Days.

1 Mer. Not an Hour, ye know the hazard.

Goswin. How soon my light's put out! Hard-hearted Bruges!
Within thy Walls may never honest Merchant
Venture his Fortune more: O my poor Wench too.

Enter Gerrard.

Gerrard. Good Fortune, Master.
I am not worth thy Blessing.

Goswin. Thou mistak'st me, *Clause,*
Gerrard. Still a sad Man!

Enter

Enter Higgen and Prigg, like Porters.

No belief, gentle Master? Come bring it in then,
And now believe your Beadsman. *Gof.* Is this certain?
Or dost thou work upon my troubled Senses?

Ger. 'Tis Gold, Sir,

Take it and try it. *Gof.* Certainly 'tis Treasure;
Can there be yet this Blessing?

Ger. Cease your wonder,

You shall not sink for ne'er a fowst Flap-dragon,
For ne'er a pickl'd Pilcher of 'em all, Sir.

'Tis there, your full Sum, a hundred thousand Crowns:
And good sweet Master, now be merry; pay 'em,
Pay the poor pelting Knaves, that know no Goodness:
And chear your Heart up handsomely.

Gof. Good Clause,

How cam'st thou by this mighty Sum? if naughtily,
I must not take it of thee, 'twill undo me.

Ger. Fear not, you have it by as honest means
As though your Father gave it. Sir, you know not
To what a Mass, the little we get daily,
Mounts in seven Years; we beg it for Heav'n's Charity,
And to the same good we are bound to render it.

Gof. What great Security? *Ger.* Away with that, Sir,
Were not ye more than all the Men in *Bruges*;
And all the Mony in my Thoughts— *Gof.* But good Clause,
I may dye presently. *Ger.* Then this dies with ye:
Pay when you can, good Master, I'll no Parchments,
Only this Charity I shall entreat you,
Leave me this Ring. *Gof.* Alas, it is too poor, *Clause.*

Ger. 'Tis all I ask, and this withal, that when
I shall deliver this back, you shall grant me
Freely one poor Petition.

Gof. There, I confirm it, [Gives the Ring.]
And may my Faith forsake me when I shun it.

Ger. Away, your Time draws on. Take up the Mony,
And follow this young Gentleman. *Gof.* Farewel Clause,
And may thy honest Memory live for ever.

Ger. Heav'n bless you, and still keep you; farewell, Master.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. I have lock'd my Youth up close enough for gadding,
In an old Tree, and set watch over him.

Enter Jaculin.

Now for my Love, for sure this Wench must be she,

She

She follows me; Come hither, pretty *Minche*.

Jac. No, no, you'll kiss.

Hub. So I will. *Jac.* Y'ded law?

How will ye kiss me, pray you?

Hub. Thus, soft as my Love's Lips.

Jac. Oh! *Hub.* What's your Father's Name?

Jac. He's gone to Heav'n.

Hub. Is it not *Gerrard*, Sweet? *Jac.* I'll stay no longer;
My Mother's an old Woman, and my Brother
Was drown'd at Sea, with catching Cockles. O Love!

O how my Heart melts in me: How thou fir'st me!

Hub. 'Tis certain she; pray let me see your Hand, Sweet?

Jac. No, no, you'll bite it.

Hub. Sure I should know that Gymmal!

Jac. 'Tis certain he: I had forgot my Ring too.

O *Hubert*! *Hubert*!

Hub. Ha! methought she nam'd me——

Do you know me, Chick? *Jac.* No indeed, I never saw ye;
But methinks you kiss finely. *Hub.* Kiss again then.

By Heav'n 'tis she. *Jac.* O what a Joy he brings me!

Hub. You are not *Minche*? *Jac.* Yes, pretty Gentleman,
And I must be marry'd to morrow to a Capper.

Hub. Must ye, my Sweet, and does the Capper love ye?

Jac. Yes, yes, he'll give me Pie, and look in mine Eyes thus.
'Tis he: 'Tis my dear Love: O blest Fortune.

Hub. How fain she would conceal her self, yet shew it!
Will you love me, and leave that Man? I'll serve.

Jac. O I shall lose my self! *Hub.* I'll wait upon you,
And make you dainty Nofegays.

Jac. And where will you stick 'em?

Hub. Here in thy Bosom, Sweet, and make a Crown of Lillies
For your fair Head. *Jac.* And will you love me deed-law?

Hub. With all my Heart.

Jac. Call me to morrow then,
And we'll have brave cheer, and go to Church together:
Give you good Ev'n, Sir. *Hub.* But one word, fair *Minche*.

Jac. I must be gone a Milking. *Hub.* Ye shall presently.
Did you never hear of a young Maid called *Jaculin*?

Jac. I am discover'd; hark in your Ear, I'll tell ye:
You must not know me, kiss and be constant ever.

Hub. Heav'n curse me else 'tis she, and now I am certain
They are all here. Now for my other Project. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter *Goswin*, four Merchants, *Higgen*, and *Prigg*.

1 *Mer.* Nay, if 'twould do you courtesie. *Gos.* None at all, Sir:
Take

Take it, 'tis yours, there's your ten thousand for ye,
Give in my Bills. Your sixteen. 3 *Mer.* Pray be pleas'd, Sir,
To make a further use. *Gof.* No.

3 *Mer.* What I have, Sir,
You may command; pray let me be your Servant.

Gof. Put your Hats on: I care not for your courtesies,
They are most untimely done, and no truth in 'em.

2 *Mer.* I have a fraught of Pepper. *Gof.* Rot your Pepper,
Shall I trust you again? There's your seven thousand.

4 *Mer.* Or if you want fine Sugar, 'tis but sending.

Gof. No, I can send to *Barbary*, those People
That never yet knew Faith, have nobler freedoms:
These carry to *Vanlock*, and take my Bills in,
To *Peter Zuten* these: Bring back my Jewels.
Why are these Pieces?

Enter Sailor.

Sail. Health to the noble Merchant,
The *Susan* is return'd. *Gof.* Well?

Sail. Well, and rich, Sir,
And now put in. *Gof.* Heav'n thou hast heard my Pray'rs:

Sail. The brave *Rebeccab* too, bound from the *Straits*,
With the next Tide is ready to put after.

Gof. What News o'th' Fly-boat?

Sail. If this Wind hold 'till Midnight,
She will be here, and wealthy, 'scap'd fairly.

Gof. How, prithee, Sailor? *Sayl.* Thus, Sir; she had fight,
Sev'n hours together, with six *Turkish* Gallies,
And she fought bravely; but at length was boarded
And overlaid with Strength: When presently
Comes boring up the wind Captain *Vannoke*,
That valiant Gentleman you redeem'd from Prison;
He knew the Boat, set in, and fought it bravely:
Beat all the Gallies off, sunk three, redeem'd her,
And as a Service to ye sent her home, Sir.

Gof. An honest noble Captain, and a thankful;
There's for thy News: Go drink the Merchant's Health, Sailor.

Sail. I thank your Bounty, and I'll do it to a Doit, Sir.

[*Exit Sailor.*]

1 *Mer.* What Miracles are pour'd upon this Fellow!

Gof. This here, I hope, my Friends, I shall scape Prison,
For all your cares to catch me. 2 *Mer.* You may please, Sir,
To think of your poor Servants in Displeasure,
Whose all they have, Goods, Monies, are at your Service.

Gof. I thank you,
When I have need of you I shall forget you:
You are paid, I hope. *All.* We joy in your Good Fortunes.

Enter

Enter Vandunck.

Vand. Come, Sir, come take your ease, you must go home
With me, yonder is one weeps and howls.

Gof. Alas how does she?

Vand. She will be better soon, I hope.

Gof. Why soon, Sir?

Vand. Why when you have her in your Arms, this Night,
My Boy, she is thy Wife.

Gof. With all my Heart I take her.

Vand. We have prepar'd, all thy Friends will be there,
And all my Rooms shall smoak to see the Revel;
Thou hast been wrong'd, and no more shall my Service
Wait on the Knaves her Uncle. I have heard all,
All his Baits for my Boy, but thou shalt have her;
Hast thou dispatch'd thy Business?

Gof. Most. *Vand.* By the Mass, Boy,

Thou tumblest now in Wealth, and I joy in it,
Thou art the best Boy that *Bruges* ever nourish'd.
Thou hast been sad, I'll cheer thee up with Sack,
And when thou art lusty I'll fling thee to thy Mistress.
She'll hug thee, Sirrah. *Gof.* I long to see it.

I had forgot you: There's for you, my Friends:
You had but heavy burthens; commend my Love
To my best Love, all the Love I have
To honest *Clause*, shortly I will thank him better. [Exit.]

Hig. By the Mass a Royal Merchant,
Gold by the handful, here will be sport soon, *Prigg.*

Prigg. It partly seems so, and here will I be in a trice.

Hig. And I Boy,

Away apace, we are look'd for.

Prigg. Oh these bak'd Meats,
Methinks I smell them hither.

Hig. Thy Mouth waters. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Hubert and Hemskirk.

Hub. I must not.

Hemp. Why? 'tis in thy power to do it, and in mine
To reward thee to thy Wishes.

Hub. I dare not, nor I will not. *Hemp.* Gentle Huntsman,
Though thou hast kept me hard: Though in thy Duty,
Which is requir'd to do it th'ast us'd me stubbornly;
I can forgive thee freely. *Hub.* You the Earl's Servant?

Hemp. I swear I am near as his own Thoughts to him;
Able to do thee— *Hub.* Come, come, leave your prating.

Hemp.

Hemp. If thou dar'st but try.

Hub. I thank you heartily, you will be
The first Man that will hang me, a sweet Recompence;
I cou'd do, but I do not say I will,
To any honest Fellow that wou'd think on't,
And be a Benefactor.

Hemp. If it be not recompenc'd, and to thy own desires,
If within these ten days I do not make thee——

Hub. What, a false Knave!

Hemp. Prithce, prithce conceive me rightly, any thing
Of Profit or of Place that may advance thee.

Hub. Why what a Goosecap wou'dst thou make me,
Do not I know that Men in Misery will promise
Any thing, more than their Lives can reach at?

Hemp. Believe me, Huntsman,
There shall not one short Syllable
That comes from me, pass without its full Performance.

Hub. Say you so, Sir?

Have ye e'er a good Place for my Quality?

Hemp. A thousand Chases, Forests, Parks: I'll make thee
Chief Ranger over all the Games. *Hub.* When?

Hemp. Presently.

Hub. This may provoke me: And yet to prove a Knave too.

Hemp. 'Tis to prove honest: 'Tis to do good Service,
Service for him thou art sworn to, for thy Prince,
Then for thy self that good; what Fool would live here,
Poor, and in Misery, subject to all Dangers,
Law, and lewd People, can inflict, when bravely
And to himself he may be Law and Credit?

Hub. Shall I believe thee?

Hemp. As that thou holdst most holy.

Hub. Ye may play Tricks. *Hemp.* Then let me never live more.

Hub. Then you shall see, Sir, I will do a Service
That shall deserve indeed.

Hemp. 'Tis well said, Huntsman,
And thou shalt be well thought of.

Hub. I will do it: 'Tis not your setting free, for that's meer
But such a Service, if the Earl be noble. (nothing,
He shall for ever love me. *Hemp.* What is't, Huntsman?

Hub. Do you know any of these People live here?

Hemp. No.

Hub. You are a Fool then: Here be those, to have 'em,
I know the Earl so well, would make him caper.

Hemp. Any of the old Lords that rebell'd? *Hub.* Peace, all,
I know 'em ev'ry one, and can betray 'em.

Hemp. But wilt thou do this Service? *Hub.* If you'll keep

Your Faith, and free word to me. *Hemp.* Wilt thou swear me?

Hub. No, no, I will believe ye: More than that too,

Here's the right Heir. *Hemp.* O honest, honest Huntsman!

Hub. Now, how to get these Gallantss, there's the matter,
You will be constant, 'tis no work for me else.

Hemp. Will the Sun shine again? *Hub.* The way to get 'em.

Hemp. Propound it, and it shall be done. *Hub.* No Slight;
For they are devilish crafty, it concerns 'em:
Nor Reconcilement, for they dare not trust neither,
Must do this Trick. *Hemp.* By Force?

Hub. Ay, that must do it:

And with the Person of the Earl himself,

Authority, and mighty, must come on 'em:

Or else in vain: And thus I would have ye do it.

To Morrow Night be here: A hundred Men will bear 'em,

(So he be there, for he's both wise and valiant,

And with his Terror will strike dead their Forces)

The hour be Twelve a Clock, now for a Guide

To draw ye without danger on these Persons,

The Woods being thick, and hard to hit, my self

With some few with me, made unto our purpose,

Beyond the Wood, upon the Plain, will wait ye

By the great Oak.

Hemp. I know it: Keep thy Faith, Huntsman,

And such a show'r of Wealth—— *Hub.* I warrant ye:

Miss nothing that I tell ye. *Hemp.* No.

Hub. Farewel;

You have your Liberty, now use it wisely;

And keep your hour, go closer about the Wood there,

For fear they spy you. *Hemp.* Well.

Hub. And bring no noise with ye.

Hemp. All shall be done to th' purpose: Farewel Huntsman.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Gerrard, Higgen, Prigg, Ginks, Snap, and Ferret.

Ger. Now, what's the News in Town?

Ginks. No News, but joy, Sir;

Every Man wooing of the noble Merchant,

Who has his hearty Commendations to ye.

Fer. Yes this is News, this Night he's to be married.

Ginks. By th' Mass that's true, he marries *Vandunk's* Daughter,

The dainty black-ey'd Bell. *Hig.* I would my Clapper

Hung in his Baldrick, ah what a Peal could I ring?

Ger. Marry'd? *Ginks.* 'Tis very true, Sir. O the Pies,

The pipping-hot Mince-pies! *Prigg.* O the Plum-pottage!

Hig. For one Leg of a Goose now would I venture a Limb,

I love a fat Goose, as I love Allegiance,

(Boys,

And

And — upon the Boors, too well they know it,
 And therefore starve their Poultry. *Ger.* To be married
 To *Vandunk's* Daughter? *Hig.* O this precious Merchant:
 What sport he will have? But hark you, Brother *Prigg*,
 Shall we do nothing in the foresaid Wedding?
 There's Mony to be got, and Meat, I take it,
 What think ye of a Morrise? *Prigg.* No, by no means,
 That goes no farther than the Street, there leaves us,
 Now we must think of something that must draw us
 Into the Bowels of it, into th' Buttery,
 Into the Kitchin, into the Cellar, something
 That that old drunken Burgo-master loves,
 What think ye of a Wassel? *Hig.* I think worthily.

Prig. And very fit it should be, thou, and *Ferret*,
 And *Ginks* to sing the Song: I for the Structure,
 Which is the Bowl. *Hig.* Which must be up-sey *Englifs*.
 Strong, lusty *London* Beer; les's think more of it.

Ger. He must not marry.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. By your leave in private,
 One word, Sir, with ye; *Gerrard*: Do not start me,
 I know ye, and he knows ye, that best loves ye:
Hubert speaks to ye, and you must be *Gerrard*.
 The time invites you to it. *Ger.* Make no show then,
 I am glad to see ye, Sir; and I am *Gerrard*.
 How stand Affairs? — *Hub.* Fair, if ye dare now follow.
Hempskirke I have let go, and these my causes,
 I'll tell ye privately, and how I have wrought him,
 And then to prove me honest to my Friends,
 Look upon these Directions, you have seen his.

Hig. Then will I speak a Speech, and a brave Speech
 In praise of Merchants; where's the Ape?

Prig. ——— Take him,
 A gowty Bear-ward st le him the other Day.
Hig. May his Bears worry him, that Ape had paid it,
 What dainty tricks: ——— O that burfen Bear-ward:
 In his *French* Doublet, with his blister'd Bullions,
 In a long stock ty'd up; O how daintily
 Wou'd I have made him wait, and shift a Trencher,
 Carry a Cup of Wine? ten thousand Stinks
 Wait on thy mangy hide, thou lowzy Bear-ward.

Ger. 'Tis passing well, I both believe and joy in't,
 And will be ready: Keep you here the mean while,
 And keep in, I must a while forsake ye.
 Upon mine Anger no Man stir, this two hours.

Hig. Not to the Wedding, Sir? *Ger.* Not any whither.

Hig. The Wedding must be seen. Sir; we want Meat too,
We are horrible out of Meat. *Prig.* Shall it be spoken,
Fat Capons shak'd their Tails at's in Defiance?
And Turkey Tombs such honourable Monuments,
Shall Piggs, Sir, that the Parson's self would envy,
And dainty Ducks——

Ger. Not a word more, obey me,

[*Exit Ger.*]

Hig. Why then come doleful Death, this is flat Tyranny,
And by this Hand—— *Hub.* What?

Hig. I'll go sleep upon't.

[*Exit Hig.*]

Prig. Nay, and there be a Wedding, and we wanting,
Farewel our happy Days: We do obey, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter two young Merchants.

1 *Mer.* Well met, Sir, you are for this lusty Wedding.

2 *Mer.* I am so, so are you, I take it. 1 *Mer.* Yes,

And it much glads me, that to do him service
Who is the honour of our Trade, and Lustre,
We meet thus happily. 2 *Mer.* He's a noble Fellow,
And well becomes a Bride of such a Beauty.

1 *Mer.* She is passing fair indeed; long may their Loves
Continue like their Youths, in spring of Sweetness.
All the young Merchants will be here no doubt on't,
For he that comes not to attend this Wedding,
The curse of a most blind one fall upon him,
A loud Wife, and a lazy. Here's *Vanlock*.

Enter Vanlock and Frances.

Vanl. Well overtaken Gentlemen: Save ye.

1 *Mer.* The same to you, Sir; save ye fair Mistress *Frances*,
I would this happy Night might make you blush too.

Vanl. She dreams apace.

Fran. That's but a drowsie Fortune.

2 *Mer.* Nay take us with ye too; we come to that end,
I am sure ye are for the Wedding. *Vanl.* Hand and Heart, Man:
And what their Feet can do, I cou'd have tript it
Before this whorson Gout.

Enter Clause.

Cl. Bless ye Masters.

Vanl. *Clause?* how now *Clause?* thou art come to see thy Master,
And a good Master he is to all poor People,
In all his Joy, 'tis honestly done of thee.

Cl. Long may he live, Sir, but my business now is
If you wou'd please to do it, and to him too.

Enter Goswin.

Vanl. He's here himself.

Gosf. Stand at the Door, my Friends?

I pray

I pray walk in : Welcome fair Mistress *Frances*,
See what the House affords, there's a young Lady
Will bid you Welcome. *Vaul.* We joy your Happiness. [Exeunt.]

Gof. I hope it will be so: *Clause*, nobly welcome,
My honest, my best Friend, I have been careful
To see thy Monies—— *Cl.* Sir, that brought not me,
Do you know this Ring again? *Gof.* Thou hadst it of me.

Cl. And do you well remember yet, the boon you gave me
Upon the return of this? *Gof.* Yes, and I grant it,
Be it what it will: Ask what thou canst, I'll do it;
Within my pow'r.

Cl. Ye are not married yet? *Gof.* No.

Cl. Faith I shall ask you that that will disturb ye.

Gof. Do,

And if faint and flinch in't——

Cl. Well said Master,

And yet it grieves me too: And yet it must be.

Gof. Prethee distrust me not. *Cl.* You must not marry,
That's part of the pow'r you gave me; which to make up,
You must presently depart, and follow me.

Gof. Not marry, *Clause*?

Cl. Not if you keep your Promise,
And give me pow'r to ask. *Gof.* Prethee think better,

I will obey, by Heav'n. *Cl.* I have thought the best, Sir.

Gof. Give me thy Reason, do'st thou fear her Honesty?

Cl. Chaste as the Ice, for any thing I know, Sir.

Gof. Why should'st thou light on that then? to what purpose?

Cl. I must not now discover. *Gof.* Must not marry?

Shall I break now when my poor Heart is pawn'd?
When all the Preparation? *Cl.* Now or never.

Gof. Come 'tis not that thou would'st: Thou do'st but fright me.

Cl. Upon my Soul it is, Sir, and I bind ye.

Gof. *Clause*, can'st thou be so cruel? *Cl.* You may break, Sir,
But never more in my Thoughts appear honest.

Gof. Didst ever see her? *Cl.* No. *Gof.* She is such a thing,
O *Clause*, she is such a Wonder, such a Mirror,

For Beauty, and fair Virtue, *Europe* has not.

Why hast thou made me happy, to undo me?

But look upon her; then if thy Heart relent not,

I'll quit her presently: Who waits there?

Ser. [within] Sir.

Gof. Bid my fair Love come hither and the Company.
Prethee be good unto me; take a Man's Heart,

And look upon her truly: Take a Friend's Heart
And feel what Misery must follow this.

Cl. Take you a noble Heart, and keep your Promise;

I forsook all I had, to make you happy.

Enter Gertrude, Vandunk, and the Merchants.

Can that thing, call'd a Woman, stop your Goodness?

Gof. Look there she is, deal with me as thou wilt now,
Did'st ever see a fairer? *Cl.* She is most goodly.

Gof. Pray ye stand still. *Gert.* What ails my Love?

Gof. Didst thou ever,

Be the fair light of Heav'n, behold a sweeter?

O that thou knew'st but Love, or ever felt him,

Look well, look narrowly upon her Beauties.

1 *Mer.* Sure h'as some strange design in hand, he starts so.

2 *Mer.* This Beggar has a strong Pow'r over his Pleasure.

Gof. View all her Body. *Cl.* 'Tis exact and excellent.

Gof. Is she a thing then to be lost thus lightly?

Her Mind is ten times sweeter, ten times nobler,

And but to hear her speak, a Paradise;

And such a Love she bears to me, a chaste Love,

A virtuous, fair, and fruitful Love: 'Tis now too

I am ready to enjoy it; the Priest ready, *Cl.*

To say the Holy Words shall make us happy;

This is a Cruelty beyond Man's Study,

All these are ready, all our Joys are ready,

And all the Expectation of our Friends,

'Twill be her Death to do it. *Cl.* Let her dye then.

Gof. 'Twill kill me too, 'twill murder me; by Heav'n *Cl.*
I'll give thee half I have; come, thou shalt save me.

Cl. Then you must go with me; I can stay no longer,

If ye be true and noble. *Gof.* Hard Heart, I'll follow:

Pray ye all go in again, and pray be merry,

I have a weighty business, give my Cloak there,

Enter Servant, with a Cloak.

Concerns my Life and State, (make no Enquiry,)

This present hour befall me: With the soonest

I shall be here again: Nay pray go in, Sir,

And take them with you, 'tis but a Night lost, Gentlemen.

Vand. Come, come in, we will not lose our Meat yet,

Nor our good Mirth, he cannot stay long from her,

I am sure of that.

[*Exit.*

Gof. I will not stay; believe, Sir.

Gertrude, a word with you. *Gert.* Why is this stop, Sir?

Gof. I have no more time left me, but to kiss thee,

And tell thee this, I am ever thine: Farewel Wench.

[*Exit.*

Gert. And is that all your Ceremony? Is this a Wedding?

Are all my Hopes and Prayers turn'd to nothing?

Well, I will say no more, nor sigh, nor sorrow;

Till to thy Face I prove thee false. Ah me!

[*Exit.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Gertrude, and a Boor.

Gert. **L**ead, if thou thinkest we are right: why dost thou make
These often stands? thou saidst thou knewst the way.

Boor. Fear nothing, I do know it: Would 'twere homeward.

Gert. Wrought from me by a Beggar? at the time
That most shou'd tye him? 'tis some other Love
That hath a more command on his Affections,
And he that fetcht him, a disguised Agent,
Not what he personated; for his Fashion
Was more familiar with him, and more pow'rful
Than one that ask'd an Alms: I must find out
One, if not both: Kind Darkness be my shrowd,
And cover Love's too curious search in me,
For yet, Suspicion, I would not name thee.

Boor. Mistress, it grows somewhat pretty and dark.

Gert. What then?

Boor. Nay, nothing; do not think I am afraid,
Although perhaps you are? *Gert.* I am not: Forward.

Boor. Sure but you are? give me your Hand, fear nothing.
There's one Leg in the Wood, do not pull me backward:
What a sweat one on's are in, you or I?

Pray God it do not prove the Plague; yet sure
It has infected me; for I sweat too,
It runs out at my Knees, feel, feel, I pray you.

Gert. What ails the Fellow?

Boor. Hark, hark, I beseech you,
Do you hear nothing? *Gert.* No.

Boor. List: A wild Hog,
He grunts: now 'tis a Bear: this Wood is full of 'em,
And now, a Wolf, Mistress, a Wolf, a Wolf,
It is the howling of a Wolf.

Gert. The braying of an Ass, is it not?

Boor. Oh, now one has me;
Oh my left Haunch, farewell.

Gert. Look to your Shanks,
Your Breech is safe enough, the Wolf's a Fern-brake.

Boor. But see, see, see, there is a Serpent in it;
It has Eyes as broad as Platters; it spits Fire;
Now it creeps towards us, help me to say my Prayers:
It hath swallow'd me almost, my Breath is stop't;
I cannot speak: Do I speak, Mistress? tell me

Gert. Why, thou strange timorous Sor, canst thou perceive
Any thing i'th' Bush but a poor Glo-worm?

Boor.

Boor. It may be 'tis but a Glo-worm now, but 'twill
Grow to a Fire-drake presently.

Gert. Come thou from it:

I have a precious Guide of you, and a courteous,
That gives me leave to lead my self the way thus.

Boor. It thunders, you hear that now? *Gert.* I hear one hallow.

Boor. 'Tis Thunder, Thunder: See, a Flash of Lightning:
Are you not blasted, Mistrefs? pull your Mask off,
It has plaid the Barber with me here: I have lost
My Beard, my Beard, pray God you be not shaven,
'Twill spoil your Marriage, Mistrefs. *Gert.* What strange Wonders
Fear Fancies in a Coward! *Boor.* Now the Earth opens.

Gert. Prethee hold thy peace. *Boor.* Will you on then?

Gert. Both Love and Jealousie have made me bold,
Where my Fate leads me I must go.

Boor. God be with you then.

Enter Wolfort, Hempskirke, and Attendants.

Hemp. It was the Fellow sure, he that should guide me,
The Hunts-man that did hollow us. *Wol.* Best make a stand,
And listen to his next: Ha! *Hemp.* Who goes there!

Boor. Mistrefs, I am taken.

Hemp. Mistrefs? Look forth Soldiers.

Wol. What are you, Sirrah? *Boor.* Truly all is left
Of a poor Boor, by Day-light, by Night no Body;
You might have spar'd your Drum, and Guns, and Pikes too
For I am none that will stand out Sir, I.
You may take me in with a walking Stick,
Ev'n when you please, and hold me with a Packthread.

Hemp. What Woman was't you call'd to?

Boor. Woman! None, Sir.

Wol. None! Did you not name Mistrefs? *Boor.* Yes, but she's
No Woman yet: She should have been this Night,
But that a Beggar stole away her Bridegroom,
Whom we were going to make Hue and Cry after;
I tell you true Sir, she shou'd ha' been married to Day;
And was the Bride and all; but in came *Clause*,
The old lame Beggar, and whips up Mr. *Goswin*,
Under his Arm; away with him as a Kite,
Or an old Fox would swoop away a Gosling.

Hemp. 'Tis she, 'tis she, 'tis she: Neice?

Gert. Ha! *Hemp.* She Sir,

This was a noble entrance to your Fortune,
That being on the Point thus to be married,
Upon her Venture here, you should surprize her.

Wol. I begin, *Hempskirke*, to believe my Fate
Works to my Ends. *Hemp.* Yes Sir, and this adds Trust

Unto the Fellow our Guide, who assur'd me *Florez*
 Liv'd in some Merchant's shape, as *Gerrard* did
 In the old Beggar's, and that he would use
 Him for the Train, to call the other forth;
 All which we find is done----That's he again----

[*Holla again.*

Wol. Good, we sent out to meet him. *Hemp.* Here's the Oak.

Gert. I am miserably lost, thus fain
 Into my Uncle's Hands from all my Hopes,
 Can I not think away my self, and dye?

Enter Hubert, Higgen, Prigg, Ferret, Snap, and Ginks, like Boors.

Hub. I like your Habits well: They are safe, stand close.

Hig. But what's the Action we are for now? Ha!

Robbing a Ripper of his Fish. *Prigg.* Or taking
 A Poulterer Prisoner, without Ransom; Bullies?

Hig. Or cutting off a convoy of Butter?

Fer. Or surprizing a Boor's ken, for granting Cheats!

Prigg. Or Cackling Cheats? *Hig.* Or Margery-praters, Rogers,
 And Tibs o'th' Buttery? *Prigg.* O I cou'd drive a Regiment
 Of Geese afore me, such a Night as this,
 Ten Leagues with my Hat and Staff, and not a Hiss
 Heard, nor a wing of my Troops disorder'd.

Hig. Tell us.

If it be milling of a Lag of Duds,
 The fetching of a back of Cloaths or so;
 We are horribly out of Linnen. *Hub.* No such matter:

Hig. Let me alone with the Farmer's Dog,
 If you have a mind to the Cheese-loft; ; 'tis but thus,
 And he is a silenc'd Mastiff, during Pleasure.

Hub. Would it would please you to be silent.

Hig. Mum. *Wol.* Who's there?

Hub. A Friend, the Hunts-man. *Hemp.* O 'tis he.

Hub. I have kept touch, Sir; which is the Earl of these?
 Will he know a Man now?

Hemp. This my Lord's the Friend
 Hath undertook the Service. *Hub.* If't be worth
 His Lordship's Thanks anon, when 'tis done,
 Lording, I'll look for't, a rude Wood-Man,
 I know how to pitch my Toils, drive in my Game:
 And I have don't, both *Florez* and his Father
 Old *Gerrard*, with Lord *Arnold* of *Benthuysen*,
Cozen, and *Jaculin*, young *Florez's* Sister:
 I have 'em all.

Wol. Thou speak'st too much, too happy,
 To carry Faith with it. *Hub.* I can bring you
 Where you shall see, and find 'em. *Wol.* We will double
 Whatever *Hempskirke* then hath promis'd thee.

Hub. And I'll deserve it treble: What Horse ha' you?

Wol. A hundred. *Hub.* That's well: Ready to take
Upon surprize of 'em. *Hemp.* Yes. *Hub.* Divide then
Your force into five Squadrons; for there are
So many out-lets, ways through the Wood
That issue from the place where they are lodg'd:
Five several ways, of all which Passages
We must possess our selves, to round 'em in;
For by one starting Hole they'll all escape else:
I and four Boors here to me will be Guides,
The Squadron where you are my self will lead:
And that they may be more secure, I'll use
My wonted Whoops, and Hollows, as I were
A hunting for 'em; which will make them rest
Careless of any Noise, and be a Direction
To the other Guides, how we approach 'em still.

Wol. 'Tis order'd well, and relisheth the Soldier;
Make the Division, *Hempskirke*; you are my Charge,
Fair one, I'll look to you. *Boor.* Shall no body need
To look to me; I'll look unto my self.

Hub. 'Tis but this, remember.

Hig. Say, 'tis done, Boy.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Gerrard and Florez.

Ger. By this time, Sir, I hope you want no Reasons
Why I broke off your Marriage; for though I
Shou'd as a Subject study you my Prince
In things indifferent, it will not therefore
Discredit you, to acknowledge me your Father,
By harkning to my necessary Counsels.

Flo. Acknowledge you my Father? Sir I do,
And may Impiety, conspiring with
My other Sins, sink me, and suddenly,
When I forget to pay you a Son's Duty
In my Obedience, and that help'd forth
With all the cheerfulness. *Ger.* I pray you rise,
And may those Pow'rs that see and love this in you,
Reward you for it: Taught by your Example,
Having receiv'd the Rights due to a Father,
I tender you the Allegiance of a Subject:
Which as my Prince accept of. *Flo.* Kneel to me?
May Mountains first fall down beneath their Valleys,
And Fire no more mount upwards, when I suffer
An act in Nature so preposterous;
I must o'ercome in this, in all things else.

The Victory be yours: Cou'd you here read me,
 You shou'd perceive how all my Faculties
 Triumph in my blest Fate, to be found yours;
 I am your Son, your Son, Sir, and am prouder
 To be so, to the Father to such Goodness,
 Which Heav'n be pleas'd I may inherit from you,
 Than I shall ever of those specious Titles
 That plead for my Succession in the Earldom
 (Did I possess it now) left by my Mother.

Ger. I do believe it: But——

Flo. O my lov'd Father,

Before I knew you were so, by Instinct,
 Nature had taught me, to look on your wants,
 Not as a Stranger's: And I know not how,
 What you call'd Charity, I thought the Payment
 Of some Religious Debt, Nature stood bound for;
 And last of all, when your magnificent Bounty
 In my low ebb of Fortune, had brought in
 A flood of Blessings, though my threatening Wants
 And fear of their Effects, still kept me stupid,
 I soon found out, it was no common Pity
 That led you to it. *Ger.* Think of this hereafter,
 When we with joy may call it to Remembrance;
 There will be a time, more opportune than now,
 To end our Story, with all Circumstances,
 I add this only: When we fled from *Wolfort*
 I sent you into *England*, and there plac'd you
 With a brave *Flanders* Merchant, call'd rich *Goswin*,
 A Man supplied by me unto that purpose,
 As bound by Oath never to discover you,
 Who dying, left his Name and Wealth unto you
 As his reputed Son, and yet receiv'd so;
 But now, as *Florez*, and a Prince, remember
 The Countries, and the Subjects general Good
 Must challenge the first part in your Affection:
 The fair Maid, whom you chose to be your Wife,
 Being so far beneath you, that your Love
 Must grant she's not your Equal.

Flo. In Descent

Or borrow'd Glories from dead Ancestors,
 But for her Beauty, Chastity, and all Virtues
 Ever remembred in the best of Women,
 A Monarch might receive from her, not give,
 Though she were his Crown's purchase; in this only
 Be an indulgent Father: In all else
 Use your Authority.

Enter Hubert, Hempkirke, Wolfort, Bertha, and Soldiers.

Hub. Sir, here be two of 'em,
The Father and the Son; the rest you shall have
As fast as I can rouze them.

Ger. Who's this? *Wolfort?*

Wol. Ay Cripple, your feigned Crutches will not help you,
Nor patch'd Disguise that hath so long conceal'd you,
It's now no halting: I must here find *Gerrard*,
And in this Merchant's Habit one call'd *Florenz*,
Who would be an Earl. *Ger.* And is, wert thou a Subject.

Flo. Is this that Traitor *Wolfort*? *Wol.* Yes, but you
Are they that are betray'd: *Hempkirke.* *Ber.* My *Gosmin*
Turn'd Prince? O I am poorer by this Greatness,
Than all my former Jealousies or Misfortunes.

Flo. *Gertrude?*

Wol. Stay Sir, you were to day too near her,
You must no more aim at those easie Accesses,
Lest you can do't in Air, without a Head,
Which shall be suddenly try'd.

Ber. O take my Heart, first,
And since I cannot hope now to enjoy him,
Let me but fall a part of his glad Ransom.

Wol. You know not your own value, that entreat.

Ger. So proud a Fiend as *Wolfort*.

Wol. For so lost
A thing as *Florenz*.

Flo. And that wou'd be so,
Rather than she should stoop again to thee;
There is no Death, but's sweeter than all Life,
When *Wolfort* is to give it. O my *Gertrude*,
It is not that, nor Princedom that I go from,
It is from thee, that loss includeth all.

Wol. Ay, if my young Prince knew his loss, he wou'd say so;
Which that he yet may chew on, I will tell him
This is no *Gertrude*, nor no *Hempkirke's* Neice,
Nor *Vandunk's* Daughter: This is *Bertha*, *Bertha*,
The Heir of *Brabant*, she that caus'd the War,
Whom I did steal, during my Treaty there,
In your Minority, to raise my self;
I then fore-seeing 'twould beget a Quarrel,
That a necessity of my Employment,
The same Employment make me Master of Strength,
That Strength, the Lord of *Flanders*, so of *Brabant*,
By marrying her: Which had not been to do, Sir,
She come of Years, but that the Expectation
First of her Father's Death, retarded it,

And

And since the standing out of *Bruges*, where
Hempskirke had hid her, till she was near lost:
 But Sir, we have recover'd her: Your Merchantship
 May break, for this was one of your best Bottoms,
 I think. *Ger.* Insolent Devil!

Enter Hubert, with Jaculin, Ginks, and Coffin.

Wol. Who are these, *Hempskirke*? *Hemp.* More, more, Sir.

Flo. How they triumph in their Treachery!

Hemp. Lord *Arnold* of *Bentbuisin*, this Lord *Coffin*,
 This *Jaculin* the Sister unto *Flores*.

Wol. All found? Why here's brave Game, this was Sport Royal,
 And puts me in thought of a new kind of Death for 'em.
 Hunts-man, your Horn: First wind me *Flores* Fall,

Next *Gerrard's*, then his Daughter *Jaculin's*,
 Those Rascals, they shall die without their Rights:

Hang 'em *Hempskirke* on these Trees; I'll take
 The Assay of these my self. *Hub.* Not here, my Lord,

Let 'em be broken up upon a Scaffold,
 'Twill shew the better when their Arbour's made.

Ger. Wretch, art thou not content thou hast betray'd us,
 But mock us too? *Ginks.* False *Hubert*, this is monstrous.

Wol. *Hubert*? *Hemp.* Who, this?

Ger. Yes this is *Hubert*, *Wolfort*,
 I hope he has helpt himself to a Tree. *Wol.* The first,
 The first of any, and most glad I have you, Sir:
 I let you go before, but for a Train;
 Is't you have done this service?

Hub. As your Hunts-man;
 But now as *Hubert*; save your selves, I will,
 The *Wolfs* afoot, let slip; kill, kill, kill, kill.

*Enter with a Drum Vandunk, Merchants, Higgen, Prigg,
 Ferret, and Snap.*

Wol. Betray'd?

Hub. No, but well catch'd: And I the Huntsman.

Vand. How do you *Wolfort*? Rascal, good Knave *Wolfort*,
 I speak it now without the Rose; and *Hempskirke*,
 Rogue *Hempskirke*, you that have no Neice, this Lady
 Was stoln by you, and ta'en by you, and now
 Resign'd by me, to the right Owner here:
 Take her, my Prince.

Flo. Can this be possible,
 Welcome my Love, my sweet, my worthy Love.

Vand. I ha' giv'n you her twice: now keep her better,
 Lord *Hubert* that came to me in *Gerrard's* name,
 And got me out, with my brave Boys, to march
 Like *Cesar*, when he bred his Commentaries,
 So I, to breed my Chronicle, came forth

Cesar Vandunk, & veni, vidi, vici.

Give me my Bottle, and set down the Drum;
You had your tricks, Sir, had you? we ha' tricks too,
You stole the Lady?

Hig. And we led your Squadrons,
Where they ha' scratch'd their Leggs a little, with Brambles,
If not their Faces.

Prigg. Yes, and run their Heads
Against Trees.

Hig. 'Tis Captain *Prigg*, Sir.

Prigg. And Colonel *Higgen*.

Hig. We have fill'd a Pit with your People, some with Leggs;
Some with Arms broken, and a Neck or two
I think be loose.

Prigg. The rest too, that escap'd,
Are not yet out o'the Briars.

Hig. And your Horses, Sir,
Are well set up in *Bruges* all by this time:
You look as you were not well, Sir, and wou'd be
Shortly let Blood; do you want a Scarf?

Vand. A Halter.

Ger. 'Twas like your self, honest and noble *Hubert*.
Canst thou behold these Mirrors all together,
Of thy long, false, and bloody Usurpation;
Thy tyrannous Proscription, and fresh Treason;
And not so see thy self, as to fall down
And sinking, force a Grave, with thine own Guilt,
As deep as Hell, to cover thee and it?

Wol. No, I can stand, and praise the *Toyles* that took me;
And laughing in them dye; they were brave Snares.

Flo. 'Twere truer Valour, if thou durst repent
The Wrongs th' hast done, and live.

Wol. Who, I repent?

And say I am sorry? yes, 'tis the Fool's Language,
And not for *Wolfort*. *Vand.* *Wolfort*, thou art a Devil,
And speak't his Language; oh that I had my longing,
Under this row of Trees now would I hang him.

Flo. No, let him live, until he can repent,
But banish'd from our State, that is thy doom.

Vand. Then hang his worthy Captain here, this *Hempskirke*,
For profit of th' Example.

Flo. No let him

Enjoy his shame too, with his conscious Life;
To shew how much our Innocence contemns
All practice from the guiltiest, to molest us.

Vand. A noble Prince.

Ger. Sir, you must help to join
A pair of Hands, as they have done of Hearts here,
And to their Loves with joy.

Flo. As to mine own,
My gracious Sister, worthiest Brother.

Vand. I'll go afore, and have the Bon-fire made,
My Fire-works, and Flap-dragons, and good Backrack,
With a peck of little Fishes, to drink down
In healths to this Day.

Hig. 'Slight, here be changes,
The Bells ha' not so many, nor a dance, *Prigg.*

Prigg. Our Company's grown horrible thin by it.
What think you, *Ferret?*

Fer. Marry I do think,
That we might all be Lords now, if we could stand for't.

Hig. Not if they should offer it: I'll dislodge first,
Remove the Bush to another Climate.

Ger. Sir, you must thank this worthy Burgomaster.
Here be Friends ask to be look'd on too,
And thank'd, who though their Trade and course of Life
Be not so perfect, but it may be better'd,
Have yet us'd me with Courtesy, and been true
Subjects unto me, while I was their King,
A Place I know not well how to resign,
Nor unto whom: But this I will entreat
Your Grace, command them follow you to *Bruges*;
Where I will take the care on me, to find
Some manly, and more profitable course
To fit them, as a part of the Republick.

Flo. Do you hear, Sirs? do so.

Hig. Thanks to your good Grace.

Prigg. To your good Lordship.

Fer. May you both live long.

Ger. Attend me at *Vandunk's*, the Burgomaster's. [*Ex. all but*

Hig. Yes, to beat Hemp, and be whipt twice a Week,
Or turn the Wheel, for Crab the Rope-maker:
Or learn to go along with him, his course;
That's a fine course now, i' the Common wealth, *Prigg,*
What say you to it?

Prigg. It is the backward'st course, I know i' the World.

Hig. Then *Higgen* will scarce thrive by it,
You do conclude? *Prigg.* Faith hardly, very hardly.

Hig. Troth I am partly of your Mind, Prince *Prigg.*
And therefore farewell *Flanders*, *Higgen* will seek
Some safer Shelter, in some other Climate,
With this his tatter'd Colony: Let me see,

Snap, Ferret, Prigg, and Higgen, all are left
O' the true Blood: What? shall we into *England?* *Prigg. Agreed.*

Hig. Then bear up bravely with your *Brute, my Lads,*
Higgen hath prig'd the Prancers in his Days,
And sold good Penny-worths; we have a course,
The Spirit of *Borrow* is grown bottomless.

Prigg. I'll mand no more, nor cant.

Hig. Yes, your Six-penny-worth
In private, Brothers Sixpence is a Sum,
I'll steal you any Man's Dog for. *Prigg.* For Sixpence more
You'll tell the Owner where he is. *Hig.* 'Tis right,
Higgen must practise, so must *Prigg,* to eat;
And write the Letter: And gi' the Word; but now
No more, as either of these.

Prigg. But as true Beggars, as e'er we were.

Hig. We stand here, for an Epilogue;
Ladies, your Bounties first; the rest will follow;
For Womens Favours are a leading Alms,
If you be pleas'd look cheerly, throw your Eyes
Out at your Masks.

Prigg. And let your Beauties sparkle.

Hig. So may you ne'er want dressings, Jewels, Gowns
Still i' the fashion. *Prigg.* Nor the Men you love,
Wealth nor Discourse to please you.

Hig. May you, Gentlemen,
Never want good fresh Suits, nor Liberty.

Prigg. May every Merchant here see safe his Ventures.

Hig. And every honest Citizen his Debts in.

Prigg. The Lawyers again good Clyents.

Hig. And the Clyents good Counsel.

Prigg. All the Gamesters here good Fortune.

Hig. The Drunkards too good Wine.

Prigg. The Eaters Meat
Fit for their Tastes and Palates.

Hig. The good Wives kind Husbands.

Prigg. The young Maids choice of Sutors.

Hig. The Midwives merry Hearts.

Prigg. And all good Cheer.

Hig. As you are kind unto us and our *Bush,*
We are the Beggars and your daily Beadsmen,
And have your Mony, but the Alms we ask
And live by, is your Grace; give that, and then
We'll boldly say our Word is, *Come again.*

fair m...
Harrold may each
of *Shewhouse* **FINIS:** *Harrold may each*







