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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Patient Grissill

BY

“HENRY CHETTLE, WILLIAM HAUGHTON AND
THOMAS DEKKER”

1603

Date of the first known edition, 1603

(British Museum. C 3. a. 19.)

Entered in Henslowe's Diary 1599

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911.

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Patient Grissill

BY

“HENRY CHETTLE, WILLIAM HAUGHTON AND
THOMAS DEKKER”

1603



Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
MCMXI

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The original of this facsimile is, as stated, in the British Museum. Collier, in 1841, in the introduction to his reprint for the Shakespeare Society, said the play possessed "almost the rarity of a manuscript:" there was, he said, no copy in the British Museum; none at Cambridge; the only other public library that contained it was the Bodleian; the only private collection that of the Duke of Devonshire. Collier possessed an imperfect copy given him by the Duke. Notwithstanding this, the press-mark of the present B.M. copy shows that the book came to the Museum in the King's Library, "presented" by George IV. in 1823. Furthermore, the Roxburghe arms stamped on the covers and on the back of the title-page indicate that the book passed into the Royal Library at the sale of the 3rd Duke of Roxburghe's library in 1812. So, Collier was wrong; even as the departmental assistant of the B.M. is now wrong in allowing the statement to pass in the General Catalogue that "there appear to be only two copies extant.

Also, there is a note on one of the fly-leaves at the beginning: "The only copy extant. I.B. 1788." Below this is a pencilled note: "I have seen another copy but it was imperfect. G. N." The identity of both "I.B." and "G.N." is unknown."

According to "Henslowe's Diary" the authors were "Chettle, Haughton and Dekker," for whose records see "The Dictionary of National Biography." The entry occurs under date of 19th December, 1599. It was entered on the Stationers' Registry for publication in the following March.

Across the title page is what purports to be the autograph of "William Shakespeare." Opposite the title-page appears in pencil the following note by the late Dr. Garnett:—"The signature on the title-page has been submitted to Mr. Boud, who pronounces it to be spurious, and adds that it strongly resembles those in the Ireland forgeries. R. G. Oct. 28, 1869."

A comparison of this facsimile with the original shows that the reproduction is (says Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum) "altogether admirable, reproducing the varying degrees of clearness or faintness of the type with almost unflinching accuracy; and indicating, without exaggerating, the occasional yellow stains: e.g. Bi. recto, li. verso, lii. recto—are excellent facsimiles of difficult pages."

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE
PLEASANT
COMODIE OF
Patient Grisfill.

As it hath beene sundrie times lately plaid
by the right honorable the Earle of Not-
tingham (Lord high Admirall) his
seruants.

William Shallop



LONDON.
Imprinted for Henry Rocket, and are to
be solde at the long Shop vnder S. Mildreds
Church in the Poukry.

1603.



1801

...

...

...

...



The pleasant Commœdye of Patient Grisill.

Enter the Marquesse, Pania, Mario, Lepido, and hunters:
men: all like Hunters. A noyse of hornes within.

Marquesse.

Looke you so strang my hearts, to see our limbes
Thus suited in a Hunters liuery?
Dh tis a louely habite, when graine youth
Like to the flowry blossome of the spring,
Conformes his outward habite to his minde,
Looke how yon one eyed wagoner of heauen,
Deth by his horses fiery winged hoes,
Burst ope the melancholy Faile of flight,
And with his gilt beanes cunning Alchimy,
Turn'd all these cloudes to gold, who (with the winds)
Upon their misty shouldders bring in day:
Then saile not this morning with soale loakes,
But teach your Iocund spirits to ply the Chase,
For hunting is a sport for Emperors.

Pan. We know it is, and therefore doe not th:ots
On these your pastimes, a contracted brow,
How swift youths Bias runs to catch delights,
To me is not vnknowne: no by other Gaalther,

The pleasant Commodity

When you were woo'd by vs to chouse a wife,
This day you bow'd to wed: but now I see,
Your promises turne all to mockerie.

Lepl: This day your self appointed to giue answere
To all those neighbour Princes, who in loue
Offer their Daughters, Sisters and Allies,
In marriage to your hand: yet for all this
The houre being come that calles you to your choyce
You stand prepar'd for sport and start aside:
To hunt poore deere when you should sicke a Bride.

Marq. Stay come Mario your opinion too,
Wad neede of ten men's wit that goes to woe.

Ma. First satisfie these Princes, who expect
Your gracious answere to their embassies,
Then may you freelic reuel: now you sit
Both from your owne volwes, & their amitie. (wife

Marq. How much your iudgmens erre: who gets a
Pust like a huntsman beate vntrodde pathes,
To gaine the flying presence of his loue.

Looke how the yelping beagles spend their mouthes
So Louers doe their sighes: and as the deare,
Out-strips the actiue hound, & oft turnes backe
So note the angrie visage of her soe,

Who greedy to possesse so sweet a pray,

Neuer giues ouer till he cease on her,
So fares it with coy dames, who great with scoyne
Shew the care-pined hearts, that sue to them
Yet on that feined slight, (Loue conquering them)

They cast an eye of longing backe againe,
As who would say, be not disdain'd with frownes,
For though our tongues sprake no: our hearts sound
D: if not so, hefore theile misse their louers, (yea,
Their sweet breathes shal perfume the Amozous ayre
And braue them still to run in beauties Chase:

Then can you blame me to be hunter like,
When I must get a wife: but be content,

Of patient Grisfil.

So yo'ule ingage your faith by othe to vs,
Your willes shall answere mine, my liking yours,
And that no wrinkle on your cheekes shall ride,
This day the Harquelle bowes to choose a bride.

Pa. Euen by my honoꝝ,

Marq. Brother be aduis'd,
The importunitie of you and these,
Thrusts my free thoughts into the yooke of loue,
To grone vnder the load of marriage,
Since then you throwe this burthen on my youth
I sweare to me whome soeuer my fancie choose,
Of what descent, beautie or birth she be,
Her you shall like and loue as you loue me. (please)

Pa. Now by my birth I sweare, wed to whom you
And Ile embrace her with a brothers arme.

Lepi. Mario and my selfe to your faire choice,
Shall yeeld all dutties and true reuerence.

Marq. Your protestations please me Iollie,
Lets ring a hunters peale, and in the eares
Of our swift forrest, Cittizens proclaime,
Defiance to their lightnes: our sports done,
The Censon that we kill shall feast our byde,
If she proue bad, we cast all blame on you,
But if sweet peace succede this amorous strife,
Ile say my wif was best to choose a wife. Exeunt.

As they goe in, hernes sound & hollowing within: that
done, Enter Iacicolo, Grisfil, and Babulo, with two
baskets begun to be wrought.

Bab. Oude Haster heeres a moꝝning able to make
vs woꝝke tooth and nalle (warrie then we must haue
victuals) the Sun hath plaid boe pꝑꝑ in the element
anie time these two houres, as I doe some moꝝnings
whꝑ you cal: what Babulo say you: here Haster say I
and then this eye opens, yet don is the mouse, he still:

Exeunt

The pleafant Commodity

What Babulo fayses Grifill, anonc fay I, and then this eye lockes vp, yet downe I fmg againe: what Babulo fay you againe, and then I ftart vp, and fee the Sunne, and then fnaze, and then thake nine cares, and then rife, and then get my breakfast, and then fall to worke, and then wash my hands, and by this time I am ready: hær's your basket, and Grifill! hær's yours.

Ian. Fetch thine owne Babulo. lets ply our busines.

Bab. God fend me good lucke & faffer.

Gri. Why Babulo, what's the matter?

Bab. God fo: giue mee, I thinke I shall not eate a percke of salt: I shall not liue long sure, I should be a rich man by right, fo: they neuer doe good dædes, but when they fee they must dye, and I haue now a monstrous stomacke to worke, because I thinke I shall not liue long.

Ian. Doe foole, cease this vaine talke and fall to worke.

Bab. He hamper some body if I dye, because I am a basket maker.

Exie.

Ian. Come Grifill, worke sweete gille, hær the warme Sunne will shine on vs,

And when his fires begin,

Wæ'll cole our sweating browes in yonder shade.

Gri. Father, me thinkes it doth not fit a maide,
By sitting thus in view, to draw mens eyes
To stare vpon her: might it please your age,
I could be moze content to worke within.

Ian. Indeed my childe, mens eyes do now aduaice,
Quickly take fire at the least sparke of beauty,
And if those flames be quencht by chaste disdain,
Then their inuicrom'd tongues (alacke) doe strike,
To wound her fame whose beauty they did like.

Gri. I will auoide their darts and worke within.

Ian. Thou needst not, in a painted coate goes sin,

And

Of patient Grisfill.

And loues those that loue pride; none looks on thee,
 When keepe me companie: how much unlike
 Are thy desires to manie of thy sex:
 How manie wantons in Salina,
 Frowne like the fallen night, when their faire faces
 Are hid within doores: but got once abroad,
 Like the proud Sun they spread their staring beames.
 They shine out to be seene, their loose eyes tell,
 That in their bosomes wantonnes doe dwell:
 Thou canst not doe so Grisfill, for thy Sun,
 Is but a Starre, thy Starre, a sparke of fire,
 Which hath no power t' inflame dotting desire:
 Thy silkes are thy id-bare russets: all thy portion
 Is but an honest name: that gon thou art dead,
 Though dead thou liu'st, that being vnblemished.

Gris. If to die free from shame be nere to die,
 Then Ile be crownd with immortallitie. (soule
 Ian. Pray God thou maist: yet chide my iealous
 Trembles through feares, so often as mine eyes
 Sees out Duke court thee: and when to thine eares
 He tunes sweet loue-songs: oh beware my Grisfill
 He can prepare his way with gifts of golde,
 Upon his breath, winged Promotion flies
 Oh my deare Gidle trust not his sorceries,
 Did he not take the shipwracke of thy fame:
 Why should he send his tailors to take measure
 Of Grisfills bodie: but as one should say,
 If thou wilt be the Harquette concubine,
 Thou shalt weare rich attires: but they that thinke,
 With costly garments, sins blake face to hide,
 Weare naked by aerie and ragged pride. (feares

Gris. God father doe not shake your age with
 Although the Harquette sometimes visit vs,
 Yet altho words and deeces are like his birth,
 Slept in true hono: but admit they were not,
 Before my soule looke black with speckled sinne,

The pleasant Commodity

My hands shall make me pale deathes vnderling,
Ia. The musick of those words sweet mine eares
Come gile lets faster worke: time apace weares.

Enter Babulo with his worke.

Grif. Come Babulo why hast thou staid so long?

Ba. Say why are you so short, Masters heeres me:
me Iooke (since I went) for a cradle: this yeare I
thinke be leape yeare, for womif doe nothing but buy
cradles, by my troth I thinke the world is at an end,
for as soone as we be bozne we marrie: as soone as we
marrie we get child:ren, (by hooke or by crooke godden
they are) child:ren must haue cradles, and as soone as
they are in them, they hop out of thē, for I haue heere
little girls that yester day had scarce a hand to make
them ready, the next day had wo:ne wedding rings
on their fingers, so that if the world doe not cnde, we
shall not liue one by another: basket making as all o:
ther trades runs to decay, and shortly we shall not be
wo:th a butten, for non in this cutting age solve true
fitches, but taylers and shoemakers, & yet now and
then they tread their shooes a wize too.

Ia. Let not thy tongue goe so: sit downe to worke
And that our labour may not seeme to long,
Wheele cunningly beguile it with a song.

Ba. Doe master for thats honest counsonage.

The Song.

Song Art thou poore yet hast thou golden Slumbers:
Oh sweet content!
Art thou rich yet is thy minde perplexed?
Oh punishment:
Dost thou laugh to see how fooles are vexed?
To ad to golden numbers, golden numbers.
O sweet content, o sweet &c.

Foots Worke.

Of patient Griuall.

Foot. Worke apace, apace, apace, apace
Honest labour beares a cheery face,
Then they a saay, noney : they noney, noney.

Canst drinke the waters of the Crisped spring,
Of sweet content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sack't it in thine owne teares,
O panna sh nent.
Then hee that patiently wants, burden beares,
No burden beares, but is a King, a King,
Of sweet content, &c,
Foot. Worke a pace, apace, &c.

Enter Laureo.

Ba. Sleep master, yonder comes your Sonne
Ian. Laureo my Sonne: oh heauen let thy rich hand
Poure plentious shewers of blessing on his head.
Lau. Treble the number fall vppon your age,
Sister?

Gri. Deare brother Laureo welcome home.

Ba. *Passer* Laureo) *(an iculaes sonne)* welcome home,
how doe the nine muses, Pride, couetousnes, euuie, sloth,
wraath, gluttonie and letcherie: you that are Schollers,
read how they doe.

Lau. Muses: these (foole) are the seauen deadly sins.

Ba. Are they: Was me thinkes its better seruing the,
then your nine muses, for they are starke beggers.

Ian. Often I haue wight to see you heere,

Lau. It grieues me that you see me heere so soone.

Ian. Why Laureo dost thou grieue to see thy father,
D: dost thou scorne me so; my pouertie.

Ba. He needes not, for he'ookez like pooze John him-
selfe, right to a necke of Dutton, is not that your com-
mons, & a Cue of breader?

Lau. Father I grieue my young yeares to your age,
Should adde more so; to we.

B.

Ian Why

The pleasant Comedy

Ian. Why some whats the matter?

Lau. That which to t'inke on makes me desperate,
That haue charged my friends, and from my father
Duld more then he could spare, I that haue liud,
Theſe nine yeares at the Vniuersity,
Must now for this worlds deuill: this angel of golde,
Hue all thoſe daies and nights to beggerie ſolde,
Througħ want of money, what I want I miſe,
Who is more ſcorn'd then a poore ſcholler is?

Bab. Yes three things: Age, wiſdome, & baſeſt ma-

Gri. Brothers what meanes theſe words? (kers

Lau. Ah I am mad.

To thinke how much a Scholler vndergoes,
And in th'ende reapes naught but pennurie.
Father I am inforced to leaue my booke,
Because the studie of my booke doth leaue me,
In the leane armes of lancke neceſſitie,
Hauing no ſhelter (ah me) but to ſie
Into the ſanctuarie of your aged armes.

Bab. A trade, a trade, follow baſket-making, leaue
bookes and turne block-head.

Ian. Peace ſolc, welcome my ſonne, though I am poore
My loue ſhall not be ſo: goe daughter Griſſill,
Fetch water from the ſpring to ſeeth our fiſh,
Which yeſter day I caught: the cheare is meane,
But be content, when I haue ſolde theſe Baſkets,
The monie ſhall be ſpent to bid thee welcome:
Griſſill make haſt, run and kindle fire, Exit. Griſſill.

Ba. Goe Griſſill Ie make fire, and ſcoure the kettle,
its a hard world when ſchollers eate fiſh vpon fleſhy daies

Lau. It is not a ſhame for me that am a man, (Exit. Ba.
ſay more, a ſcholler to endure ſuch neede,

That I muſt pray on him, whom I ſhould ſeede? (woe

Ian. ſay grieue not ſonre, better haue felt woſe
Come ſit by me while I worke to get bread,
And Griſſill ſpin vs yearne to cloath our backs.

Thou.

of patient Grissill.

Thou shalt reade doctrine to vs for the soule,
Then what shall we there want, nothing my sorne
For when we cease from worke euen in that while,
My song shall charme griefes eares and care beguile.

Enter Grissill running with a Pitcher.

Grif. Father as I was runaing to fetch water,
I saw the Marquesse with a gallant traine
Come riding to wards vs, O see where they come.

Enter Marquesse, Pauia, Mario, Lepido, two Ladies and
some other attendants.

Mar. See where my Grissill, and her father is,
He thinks so; beautie shining through those weedes,
Seemes like a bright starre in the sullen night.
How louely pouertie dwels on her backe,
Did but the proud world note her as I doe,
She would cast off rich robes, for weare rich state,
To cloth them in such poore abilitments,
Father good fortune euer blesse thine age.

Ian. All happines attend my gracious Lozde.

Marq. And what with you faire Paide:

Grif. That your high thoughts.

To your contentment may be satisfied.

Mar. Thou wouldst with soe, knowst thou so; what I
Bacher of Pauia beholde this virgin, (come
Mario Lepido is she not faire?

Pa. Brother I haue not seene so meane a creature,
So full of beautie.

Mar. Where but Grissills birth,
As wortie as her sorne, she might be held
A fit companion for the greatestt state.

Lau. Oh blindness, so that men may beautie kinde,
They nere respect the beauties of the minde,

The pleasant Commodity

Mar. Father Ianicola whats hee that speaks

Ian. A poore despised scholler and my Sonne.

Mar. This is no time to holde dispute with schollers
Tell me in faith olde man what dost thou thinke,
Because the Marquesse visits thee to ast?

Ian. The will of Princes subiers must not serch,
Let it suffice, your grace is welcome hither.

Marq. And ile requite that welcome if I like,
Griffill suppose a man should loue you dearely,
As I know some that doe, would you agree
To quittance true affection with the like.

Gri. Done is so fond to fantic pouertie.

Mar. I say there is: come Lords stand by my side,
Pay brother you are sped and haue a wife,
Then giue vs leaue that are all Watchelers,
Now Griffill, eye vs well and giue your verdicte,

Which of vs thre you holde the properest man,

Gri. I haue no skill to iudge propozitions.

Marq. Pay then you iest, women haue eagles eyes,
To pierce euen to the heart, and why not you?
Come, we stand fairely, freely speake your minde,
For by my birth, he whom thy choice shall blesse,
Shall be thy husband.

Mar. What intends your grace?

Lepi. My Lord I haue vowed to leade a single life,

Mar. q. A single life? this cunning cannot serue,
Doe not I know you loue her I haue heard?
Your passions spent for her, your sighes for her,
Mario to the wonder of her beautie,
Compiled a Sonnet.

Mar. I my Lord write sonnets?

Marq. You did intreate me to intreate her father,
That you might haue his daughter to his wife.

Lep. To anie one I willingly resigne,
All interest in her, which doth looke like mine,

Mar. My Lord I sweare the next shall be my bride,

Of patient Grisfill.

I hope sheele sweare so too being thus demide,

Marq. Both of you turn'd Apottacae in loue,
Say then Ile play the coper: once, twice, thrice,
Speake o: the's gone els : no since twill not be,
Since you are not fo: her, yet the's fo: me.

Pau. What meane you Brothec?

Marq. Faith no more but this:

By loues most wondrous Detamorphosis,
To turne this Gaike into your Bro:hers wife,
Say sweet heart looke not strange I doe: o: tell,
But to thine eares mine Amorous thoughts impart,
Gualter professes he loues the with his heart,

Lau. The admiration o: such happines,
Makes me astonisht.

Gris. Oh my gracious Lord,
Humble not your high state to my lowe birth,
Whome not worthy to be held your slaue,
Such lesse your wife.

Marq. Grisfill that shall suffice,
I count thee worthie: olde I micola,
Art thou content that I shall be thy Sonne?

Ian. I am vnworthy of so great a good.

Marq. Tush tush talk not of worth, in honest tearnes
Tell me if I shall haue her: fo: by heauen
Unlesse your free consent alowe my choice,
To win ten kingdomes Ile not call her mine.
Whats thy Sonnes name?

Ian. Lauro My gracious Lord.

Marq. Ile haue both your consents: I tell ye Lords,
I haue wooed the virgin long, oh manie an houre,
Haue I bin glad to steale from all your eyes,
To come disguis'd to her: I sweare to you,
Beautie first made me loue, and vertue woe,
I lou'd her lowlynes, but when I tride
What vertues were intempeld in her brest,
My chaff hart swoze that she should be my hyde

The pleasant Commodity

Say father, must I be so; sworne or noe?

Ian. What to my Lord saines best to me saines so

Marq. Lauro whats your opinion:

Lau. Thus my Lord.

If equall thoughts durst both your states conferte,

Her's is to lowe, and you to high for her,

Marq. What saies faire Grissill now?

Grif. This doth she say,

As her olde father yeeldes to your dread will,

So she her fathers pleasure must fulfill.

If olde Ianicola make Grissill yours,

Grissill must not deny, yet had she rather,

Be the poore Daughter still of her poore father.

Marq. He god that pouertie and make it shine,

With beames of dignitie: this base attie,

These Ladies shal teare of, and decke thy beantie

In robes of honour, that the world may say,

Virtue and beantie was my bride to day.

Mar. This meane choice, will disaine your noblenes

Marq. So more Mario then it both disgrace

The Sunne to shine on me.

Lep. Shee's poore and base.

Marq. Shee's rich: so; vertue beautifies her face.

Pau. What will the world say when the trump of fame
Shall sound your high birth with a beggers name?

Marq. The world still lookes a squint, & I deride
His purblind iudgement; Grissill is my Bride,

Ianicola, and Lauro: father, brother,

You and your Son grac'd with our royall fauour,

Shall liue to outweare time in happines.

Enter Babulo.

(As she

Ba. Hatter I haue made a god fire: sithe Grissill, the

Ian. Fall on thy knees thou seple: six hecters our duke

Ba. I haue not offended him, therefore Ile not ducke

and

of patient Grisill.

and he were ten Dukes.

He kneele to none but God and my Prince.

Law. This is thy Prince, be silent Babulo.

Bab. Silence is a vertue, mastic is a dumbe vertue:
I lone vertue that speakes, and has a long tongue like a
helweather, to leade other vertues after: if he be a Prince,
I hope hee is not Prince ouer my tongue, enailes, where-
fore come all these: What heeres not fish enough for vs,
Siccha Grisill the fire burnes out.

Marq. Tell me my loue what pleasant fellow is this?

Gris. My aged fathers seruant my gracious Lozde.

Bab. How, my loue: maffer a wo:de to y wife, scilicet
me my loue. Marq. Whats his name,

Bab. Babulo Sir is my name.

Marq. Why dost thou tremble so: we are al thy friends

Bab. Its hard sir for this motley Jerkin, to find friends
ship with this fine doublet.

Marq. Ianicola bring him to Court with thee.

Bab. You may be asham'd to lay such knauish burden
vpon olde ages shoulders: but I see they are scooping a
little, all erie do wone with him: We shall not bring me sir,
ile carrie my selfe.

Marq. I pray thee doe, Ile haue thee line at court,

Ba. I haue a better trade sir, basketmaking,

Marq. Grisill I like thy mans simplicite,
Still shall he be thy seruant Babulo,

Grisill thy mistresse, now shall be my wife.

Bab. I thinke sir I am a fitter husband for her.

Marq. Why shouldst thou think, I wil make her rich

Bab. Whats al one sir, beggers are fit for beggers, gentle-
folkes for gentlefolkes: I am afraid y this wo:der of y rich
leuing y pooz, wil last but ninc daies: old M bid this mer-
rie gentlemā home to dinner, you shal haue a good dish of
fish sir: thank him for his good wil to your daughter Gris.
for ile be hagd if he de not (as many rich cogging marchāts)
now a daies doe when they haue got what they would,
giue

The pleasant Comedie

giue her the belles, let her flye.

Gr. Oh beare my Lord with his intemperate tongue

Marq. Grissill I take delight to heare him talke.

Bab. I, I, y'oue best take mee by fo: your foote: are not you he, that came speaking so: to Grissill here, dos you remember how I knockt you once fo: offering to haue a lirke at her lips.

Marq. I doeremember it and fo: thy paines,
A golden recompence ile giue to thee.

Bab. Why doe, and ile knock you as often as you list.

Marq. Grissill this merrie fellow shall be mine,
But we forget our selues, the daie growes olde,
Come Lords cheare by your lookes & with faire smiles,
Grace our intended nuptials: time may come,
When all commaunding loue your hearts subdue,
The Marquesse may perfo:me as much fo: you. Exeunt.

Enter Farneze, Vreenze, and Rice meeting
them running.

Far. Rice how now man: whether art y' gallopping?

Ric. Faith euen to finde a full maunger: my teeth wa-
ter till I be mounching, I haue bin at the Cutlers, to bid
him bring away Sir Owens rapier, and I am ambling
home thus fast, fo: feare I am driuen to fall.

Vrc. But Sirja Rice, when's the day? will not thy
maister Sir Owen and Signior Emulo fight?

Ric. No, fo: ignior Limolo has warn'd my Maister to
the court of Conscience, and theres an order set downe,
that the coward shall pay my Maister good words weeke-
lie, till the debt of his choller be runne out.

Far. Excellent, but did not Emulo write a challenge to
Sir Owen.

Ric. No, he sent a terrible one, but hee gaue a serfon
of a Chuch a groate to write it, and hee set his mark e to
it,

of patient Grisill.

it, for the gull can neither write nor reade.

Ric. Ha ha, not write and reade: why I haue seene him
pull out a bundle of sonnets written, & read them to Ladies.

Far. He got the by heart Vccenze, & so dectiv'd the poe
soules: as a gallant whome I know, cozens others: for
my byzike spagled babie wil come into a Stationers shop,
call for a scoole and a cushion, and then asking for some
greek Poet, to him he falles, and there he grumbles God
knowes what, but He be swoone he knowes not so much
as one Character of the tongue.

Ric. Why then its greek to him.

Far. Ha, ha, Emulo not write and read:

Ric. Not a letter and you would hang him.

Vrc. Then heele neuer be saued by his book.

Ric. Not nor by his good woorkes, for heele doe none.
Signioys both, I commend you to the skies, I commit
you to God, adieu.

Far. Pay sweet Rice a little moze,

Ric. A little moze will make me a great deale lesse,
house keeping you know is out of fashion: vnlesse I ride
post, I kisse the post: in a woode ile tell you all, challenge
was sent, answered no fight, no kill, all friends, all
fooles, Emulo coward, Sir Owen brauc man, farewell,
dinner, hungrie: little cheare, great great stomacke, meate
meat, meate, mouth, mouth, mouth, adue, adue, adue. Exit.

Vrc. Ha, ha, adue Rice, Sir Owen belike keepes a leane
Bitchin.

Far. What els man, thats one of the miserable voves
he makes when hee's dubb: yet he doth but as manie of
his brother knights doe, keepe an ordinarie table for him
and his long coate followe.

Vrc. That long coate makes the master a little king,
for wherfoeuer his piece of a sword comes hopping after
him, hees sure of a double garde.

Far. He set some of the Pages vpon thy skirts for this

Vrc. I shall feele them no moze then so many fleas,
therefore

The pleasant Commodity

therefoze I care not: but Farnoze youle pꝛooue a most accomplisht comcombe.

Far. Oh olde touch lad, this yonker is rig)t T rinidado pure leafe Tobacco,foz indeed hee's nothing purffe, rōke, and wou'd be tried (not by God and his countrie) but by fire,the verie soule of his substance and needes would conuert into smoke.

Vrc. Vce's Steele to the backe you see,foz he wyites Challenges.

Far. True, and Iron to the head,oh theres a rich lea-
ben minercall amongst his braines,if his skull were well
digd, Sicha Vrcence, this is one of those chargeable
Silke gallants, who in a verie scurvie pyd, scoꝛne aischol-
lers, and reads no bookes but a looking glasse, and speake
no language but sweet Lady, and sweet Signiar and chelo
between their tēth terrible words, as though they would
conuere, as complement and Pꝛojects, and fastidious, &
Cappichious, and Dispyzian, and the Sinthoretis, of the
soule, and such like raise beluet tearmes.

Vrc. What be the accountemts now of these gallants?

Far. Indeed thats one of their sustiā outlādish phrases
to, marrie fir their accountemts, are al ȳ sātasticke fashi-
ons, ȳ can be taken vp, either vꝑō trust oꝛ at seconū hand.

Vrc. Whats their quallities?

Far. None good, these are the best: to make good fa-
ces: to take Tobacco well, to spit well, to laugh like a
waxting Gentlewoman, to lie well, to blush foꝛ nothing,
to looke big vpon little feilowes, to scoffe with a grace,
though they hane a verie filthy grace in scoffing, and foꝛ
a neede to ride prettie and well.

Vrc. They cannot choose but ride well, because euerie
good wit rides them.

Far. Vcere's the difference, that they ride vpon horses,
and when they are ridven they are spur'd foꝛ asses, so they
can cree wighee and hollow kicking lade, they care not
if they haue no moꝛe learning then a Jade.

Enter

Of patient Grisfill.

Enter Emuloes Sir Owen talking, Rice after them
eating secretly.

Vrc. No more of these Rabith tricks: heere comes the
hobbie horse.

Far. Oh he would daunce a moorice rarely if hee were
hung with belles. Vrc. He would iangle vilanously.

Far. Peace lets incounter them.

S. O. By God Sir Emuloes, sir Owen is clad out a erie
becaufis friends with her, for Sir Owen sweare, did her
not sweare Rice? Ric. Yes forsooth. Spit out his meate.

S. Ow. By God is sweare terrible to knog her pade,
and sing her spingle legs at plum trees, when her come to
fall to her tagger and fencing trigs, yes saith and to breag
her spins did her not Rice? Ric. Yes by my troth Sir.

S. Ow. By Gods bidge me is all true, and to giue her
a great teale of blouddie nose, because Sir Emuloes you
shallenge the prittish knight, Rice you know Sir Owen
thegntleman first, and secondly knight, what apor ale you
Rice, is spoke now? (mar.

Ric. No sir I haue my five sences and am as wel as any

S. O. Well here is hand, now is mighty friends.

Emu. Sir Owen

Far. How the gallimaufrie of language comes in.

Emu. I protest to you, the magnitude of my condole-
ment, hath bin eleuated the higher to see you and my selfe,
two gentlemen.

S. O. Nay tis well knowne Sir Owen is good ther-
tleman, is not Rice? (words.

Ric. He that shall deny it Sir ile make him eate his

Emu. Good friend I am not in the Negatiue, bec not
fo Cappichious, you misprize me, my collocation tedeth to
S. Owens dignifying.

Fra. Lets step in, God saue you Singnior Emulo.

Vrc. Well encountred S. Owen.

S. O. Dwe, how do you S. Em. is friends out a cry now
but

The pleasant Commodity

but Emuloes take heede, you match no more loue frigs to
widdow Gweachyans, by God wodge me, that doe so must
knoge her, see you nowe?

Em. Not so tempestious swat knight: though to my
diconsolation, I will obliuionize my loue to the welch
widdowe, and doe herte proclaime my delinquishment,
but sweet Signior be not to Diogenicall to me,

Sir O. Ha ha is kno we not what genicalls meane, but
Sir Owen will genicall her, and her tag her genicalling
Gweachyan.

Far. Nay faith weele haue you found friends indeede,
otherwise you know, Signior Emulo, if you should beare
all the wpongs, you would be our Achlalled.

Emu. Most true.

Sir O. By god is out a erio friends, but harg Farneze,
Vrcenze twag a great teale to Emuloes: Ow. is great teale
of frends: ha ha is tell fine admirable thest, by God Emu-
loes, for feare S. Owen, knog her thines, is tell, Sir Owen
by tozen thenflemen her poets is put about with lathes,
ha, ha, serge her serge her.

Fa. No more tell Vrcenze of it: why should you tivo
fall out for the loue of a woman, considering what stoz
we haue of them? Sir Emulo I grateulate your peace,
your company you know is precious to vs, and weele bec
merrie, and ride abroad: before god now I talke of riding,
Sir Owen me thinkes has an excellent boote.

Vrc. His leg graces the boote.

S. Ow. By God is fine leg and fine poote to: but Emu:
las leg is petter, and finer, and shenglier skin to weare.

Emu. I bought them of a pennurious Cozdwiner, &
they are the most incongruent that ere I ware.

S. Own. Congruent? sploud what leather is congru-
ent, spanish leather?

Emu. Ha ha, well Gentlemen I haue other proiects
becken for me, I must disgresse from this bias, and leaue
you: accept I beseech you of this vulgar and domestick
complement.

of patie. at Grisill,

complement.

Whilst they are saluting, Sir Owen gets to Emuloes leg and
puls downe his Boote.

Sir. O. Pray Emuloes let her see her congruence leather
ha ha, owe what a por is heere: ha, ha is mag a wall to
her shins, for keeb her warme?

Fa. Whats heer lathes? where's the lime & hair Emulo,
Ric. Oh rare, is this to saue his shins?

S. Ow. Ha, ha, Rice goe call Gwenthyan,

Ric. I will maffer daboma, Gwenthyan dahoma?

S. Ow. Apogs on her goe sedge her and call her within

Ric. I am gone sir. Exit Rice.

Fa. Pray sir Owen what meane you?

S. Ow. By Cod is meane ta let gwenthyan see what
bobie foolc loue her, apogs on you.

Emu. Sir Owen and Signiors both, doe not expatiate
my obloquie, my loue shall bee so fast conglutinated to
you.

S. Ow. Cods plud, you call her gluttons, Gwenthyan,
so ho Gwenthyan?

Emu. Ile not digest this pill, Signiors adieu.
You are Fastidious and I banish you. Exit Emulo,

Enter Gwenthyan.

Fa. Gods so, heere comes the widdow, but in faith Sir
Owen say nothing of this.

S. Ow. Ho goe to the, by Cod Sir Owen beare as prauce
minde as Emprour.

Gwe. Who calles Gwenthyan so great teale of time?

Vrc. Sweet widdow cuen your countrieman heere.

S. Ow. Belly the ruddo whee: wrage witho, Mandag
eny Mou du ac whellock en wea awh.

Gwe. Sir Owen gramarrye whee; Gwenthyan Mandage
eny

The pleasant Commodity

eny, ac wellock en Thawen en ryn inogh.

Far Mundage Thlawen, oh my good widdow gabble that we may understand you, and haue at you.

S.Ow. Haue at her: nay by God is no haue at her so, As talwe tn her prittish tongue, for tis fine delicates tongue, I can tell her. welthe tongue is finer as greeke tongue.

Far A bakte Neates tongue is finer then both.

S.Ow, But what saies Gwenthyan now? will haue Sir Owen, Sir Owen is knowne for a wiselie man, as any since Adam and Eues time, and that is by Gods vodge me a great teale agoe.

Vrc. I thinke Salomon was wiser then Sir Owen.

S.Ow. Salomons had prettie wit: but what say you to King Taue: King Taue is well knowne was as good musitions, as the pest fidler in aul Italie. and King Taue was Sir Owens countrieman, yes truely a prettish Gentleman poone, and did twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, out a crie hyon welsh-harpe, and tis knowne Taue loue Phitris Persabe, as Sir Owen loues Gwen hyan: will her haue Sir Owen now?

Far faith widdow take him, Sir owen is a tall man I can tell you.

S.Ow. Tall man, as God vnde mee, her thinke the prittish Ghentelman, is saliant as Mars that is the fine knaues, the poets say the God of pribless pables, I hope widdows you see little more in Sir owen then in Sir Emuloes, say thal her? haue her now, tis saliant, as can desire, I warrant her.

Gw. Sir owen, Sir owen, tis not for saliant, Gwenthyan care so much, but for honest and fertuous, and loeing and pundall to leade her haue her will.

S.Ow. God vodge mee, take her away to her husband, and is led her haue her will ownd a crie, yet by God is prible her well enoughe.

Gw. Well S.owen, Gwenthyan is going to her cozen Glualcher

Of patient Grisill.

Gwalther the Duke, for you knowe is her neere rozen by marriage, by eether husband that bring her from Wales.

ow. By God Wales is better countrie then itales, a great teale so better.

Gw. Now if her rozen Gwalther say Gwenthyan sage the pyitish knight, shall loue her diggon: but must haue her good will: marg your thad Sir owen.

ow. Owe whyats else: Sir owen marg yt ferreswel, yet shall sage her downe quiglie inough, come widdow will wag to the roward, now to her rozen, and hid her rozen tell her minoe of Sir owen.

Gw. Poule mar Gwenthyan Sir owen?

ow. Yes by God and prauely so, come Shentlemans you'le sag paines to goe with her:

Far. Wee follow you presently Sir owen.

S.ow. Come widdow: Vn loddis Glane Gwethy a mondu

Gw. Gramercie wheeh, Am a Mock honnoh. Exeunt.

Far. So this wil be rare: Sirrah Vrcenze, at the marriage night of these two, in steede of Jo Hymen, we shall heere hey ho Hiemen, their loue will bee like a great fire made of bay leaues, that yeeldes nothing but cracking noise, noise. (king,

Vrc. If the misse his crowne tis no matter for cracke

Far. So the soader it againe, it will passe currant,

Enter Onophrio and Iulia walking ouer the Stage.

Vrc. Peace heere comes our faire mistress.

Far. Lets haue a sling at her.

Vrc. So you may, but the hardnes is to hit her.

Ono. Farewel Farneze you atted wel vpo your mistress,

Iul. Nay, nay, their wages shall be of the same colour that their seruice is of.

Far. Faith mistress would you had trauelled a titile so: ner this way, you should haue seene a rare comedy acted by Emulo,

Vrc. Cuetic

The pleasant Commodity.

Vrc. Cuerte courteous mouth will be a stage for that,
whether tell her of the welch tragedie that's towards.

Iul. What Tragedie?

Far. Sir Owen shall marrie your couzen Gwenthyan,

Iul. If possible: oh they two will beget haue waeri-
ours: for if the scoldie heele fight, and if he quarrell sheele
take vp the bucklers: shee's fire and hee's byrnstone, must
not there be hot doings then thinke you?

On. Theyle pzooue Turtles, for their hearts being so
like, they cannot choose but bee louing.

Iul. Turtles: Turkie-cocks, for Gods louelets intreate
the Duke my byother, to make a lawe, that wheresoe-
uer Sir Owen and his Ladie dwell, the next neighbour
may allwaies be Constable, least the peace bee broken, for
they'l doe nothing but cryearme, arme, arme.

Far. I thinke sir Owen would die rather then lose her

Iul. So thinke not I. (loue

On. I should for Iulia, if I were Iulies husband.

Iul. Therefore Iulia shall not be Onophries wife, for Ile
haue none die for me.

I like not that colour.

Far. Yes for your loue you would Iulia.

Iul. No: nor yet for my hate Farneze.

Vrc. Would you not haue men loue you sweet mistress?

Iul. No not I, syc vpon it sweet seruant.

On. Would you wish men to hate you?

Iul. Yes rather then loue me, of all saints I loue not to
serue mistress Venus.

Far. Then I perceiue you meane to leade apes in hell.

Iul. That spitefull pzoerbe was proclaim'd against
them that are marryed vpon earth, for to be married is to
liue in a kinde of hell.

Far. I as they doe at barlibreake.

Iul. Your wife is your ape, and that heauie burthen
wedlocke, your Iacke an Apes clog, therefore ile not bee
tyed too: ; Master Farneze, sweet virginitic is that
inuisible

Of patient Grisill.

inuisible God-head that turns into Angells, that makes vs saints on earth and starres in heauen: heere Wiggins seeme goodly, but there glorious: In heauen is no wooing yet all there are louely: in heauen are no weddings yet all there are louers.

On. Let vs sweet Madame turne earth into heauen, by being all louers heere to.

Iul. So we doe to an earthly heauen we turne it.

On. Nay but deare Iulia, tel vs why so much you hate, to enter into the lists of this same combat Partimonic?

Iul. You may well call that a combat, for indeede marriage is nothing else, but a battaile of loue, a friendly fighting, a kinde of fauourable terrible warre: but you erre Onophrio in thinking I hate it I deale by marriage as some Indians doe the Sunne, adoze it, and reuerence it, but dare not stare on it, for feare I be starke blinde: you thye are batchellers, and being sicke of this maiden-head, count al things bitter, which the phisicke of a single life minnisters vnto you: you imagine if you could mak the armes of faire Ladies the spheres of your hearts, good hearts, then you were in heauen: oh but Batchilers take heede, you are no sooner in that heauen, but you straite slip into hell.

Far. As long as I haue a beautifull Ladie to torment me, I care not.

Vrc. No; I the sweetnes of her lookes shall make me rellish any punnishment.

On. Except the punnishment of the hozne Vrcenze, put that in.

Iul. Nay hee were best put that by: Lord, Lord, see what vnthrifts this loue makes vs: if he once but get into our mouthes, hee labours to turne our tongues to clappers, and to ring all in, at Cupids Church when we were better to bite off our tongues, so we may thrust him out, Cupid is swozne enemy to time, & he that looseth time I can tell you looseth a friend.

The pleasant Commodity

Far. I, a bald friend.

Iu. Therefore my good seruants if, you weare my li-
uerie, cast of this loose vpper coate of loue : bee ashambe
to waite vppon a boy, a way, a blinde boy, a wanton :
My brother the Duke wants our companies, tis Idle-
nes and loue, makes you captaines to this solitarines, fol-
lowe me & loue not, & ile teach you how to find libertie.

All. We obey to follo to you, but not to loue you, no re-
nounce that obedience. Exeunt

Enter the Marquesse and Furio,

Marq. Furio.

Fur. My Lozde.

Marq. Thy faith I oft haue tribd, thy faith I credite
For I haue found it sollid as the rocke:
No babbling eccho sits vpon thy lips,
For silence euen in speach, doth scale them by,
Wilt thou be trustie Furio to thy Lozde?

Fur. I will.

Marq. It is enough, those words I will,
Deelds sweeter musicke then the gildd sounds,
Which chatting parrats long tounge d sicophants,
Send from the organs of their siren voicc,
Grissill my wife thou seest beare in her wombe,
The ioy of marriage: Furio I protest,
My loue to her is as the heate to fire,
Her loue to mee as beautie to the Sunne,
(Inseperable adiuacts) in one word,
So dearely loue I Grissill, that my life
Shall end, when she doth ende to be my wife.

Fur. tis well done.

Marq. Yet is my bosome burnt by with desires,
To trie my Grissill patience, Ile put on
A wrinkled forehead, and turne both mine eyes,
Into two balles of fire, and claspe my hand

Of patient Grisfill.

Like to a mace of Iron, to threaten death,
But Furio when that hand lifts vp to strike,
It shall lie open to embrace my loue,
Yet Grisfill must not knowe this: all my words,
Shall sinack of wormewood, all my deeds of gall,
My tongue shall lare, my hart be muscical,
Yet Grisfill must not knowe this:

Enter Grisfill.

Fur. Not for me,

Marq. My trial is thy secretie,
Ponder she comes: on goes this maske of frownes,
Tell her I am angrie: men men trie your wiues,
Loue that abides thare tempests, sweetely thriues.

Fur. My Lorde is angry.

Gris. Angrie? the heaues suspended: with who? for what?
Is it with mee?

Fur. Not me.

Gris. May I presume,
To touch the vaine of that sad discontent,
Which swels vpon my deare Lords angrie browe?

Marq. Away away,

Gris. Oh hide me not away,
Your handmaid Grisfill with vnuered thoughts,
And with an vnrepining soule, will beare
The burden of all sorowes, of all woe,
Beioze the smallest grieue should wound you so.

Marq. I am not beholding to your loue for this,
Woman I loue thee not, thine eyes to mine
Are eyes of Basiliskes, they murder me.

Gris. Suffer me to part hence, Ile teare them out,
Because they woike such treason to my loue.

Marq. Like not of loue I hate thee more the payser
That sticke: vpon the aires in seared winges,
Chald by by the hot breath of the Sunne,

The pleasant Comedoy

Dis for thy sake that speckled infamie,
Sits like a screech-owle on my honoured brest,
To make my subiects stare and mocke at mee,
They sweare theye neuer bend their awfull knees,
To the base issue of thy begger wombe,
Dis for thy sake they curse me, raile at me,
Thinkest thou then I can loue thee (sh my soule)
Why didst thou bulde this mountaine of my shame,
Why lye my ioyes buried in Griffills name?

Gri. O gracious Lozde.

Marq. Call not me gracious Lozde,
See woman heere hangs by thine auncestrie,
The monuments of thy nobillitie,
This is thy russet gentry, coate, and cress
Thy earthen honours I will neuer hide,
Becausc this bydle shall pull in thy pride.

Gri. Woeze Griffill is not proud of these attires,
They are to me but as your liuertie,
And from your humble seruant when you please,
You may take all this outside, which indeede
Is none of Griffills, her best wealth is neede,
Ile cast this gaynesse of, and be content
To weare this russet brauerie of my owne,
For thats moze warme then this, I shall looke olde,
As sooner in course freeze then cloth of golde.

Marq. Spite of my soule sheele triumph ouer mee.

Fur. Pour gloue my Lord,

Marq. Cast downe my gloue againe,
Stoope you for it, for I will haue you stoope,
And kneele euen to the meanest groomie I keepe.

Gri. Dis but my duetie if youle haue me stoope,
Cuen to your meanest groomie my Lord ile stoope.

Marq. Furio how slouely thou goest astid?

Fur. Why so my lozde?

Marq. Looke heere thy shooes are both outside,
Griffill kneele you and tye them.

Fur. Pardons

of patient Grisfill.

Fur. Pardon me.

Marq. Duckely I charge you,

Grif. Friend you doe me wrong,

To let me holde my Lord in wrath so long,
Stand still Ile kneele and tye them: what I doe
Furio tis done to him and not to you. Tye them.

Fur. Tis so.

Marq. Oh strange oh admirall patience,
I feare when Griffills bones sleepe in her graue,
The world a second Griffill nere will haue,
Now get you in.

Grif. I goe my gracious Lord. Exit

Marq. Didst thou not here her sigh, did not one frown
Contract her beautious forehead.

Fur. I saw none

Marq. Did not one drop fal downe fro so:rowes eies,
To blame my heart fo: these her iniuries?

Fur. Faith not a drop, I feare sheele frowne on mee,
Fo: doeing mee seruice?

Marq. Furio that ile tye,
My voice may yet ope:take her: Griffill, Griffill:

Enter Griffill.

Fur. She comes at first call.

Grif. Did my Lorde call?

Marq. Woman I cald thee not,
I said this slave was like to Griffill, Griffill,
And must you therefore come to torture mee?
Nay stay here's a companion fit fo: you,
Thou bereft me, so doth this villaine to,
But ere the Sun to his highest throne ascend,
My indignation in his death shall end.

Fur. Oh pardon him my Lord, fo: mercies wings
Beates round about the world the fame of Kings,
Temper your wrath I beg it on my knee,

Forgiue

The pleasant Commodity

Forgiue his fault though youle not pardon mee,

Marq. Thanke her.

Fu. Thankes Madame.

Marq. I haue not true power,
To wound thee with deniall, oh my Grissill,
How dearly should I loue thee,
Vea die to doe thee good, but that my subiects
Clyp'd me with thy birch, and call it base,
And grieue to see thy Father and thy Brother
Heau' de by to dignities.

Grif. Oh cast them downe,
And send poore Grissill poorely home againe,
High Cedars fall, when lowe shrubs safe remaine. Exit

Enter at the same doore Mario and Lepido.

Mari. Fetch me a cup of wine.

Enr. Shees a saint sure.

Marq. Oh Furio now ile boast that I haue found,
An Angell vpon earth: she shall be crownd
The emperesse of all women. Lepido?
Mario? What was she that passed by you?

Both. Your vertuous wife.

Marq. Call her not vertuous,
For I abhorre her, did not her swolne eyes
Looke red with hate or frowne did she not curse
By name of Furios name?

Mari. So my deare Lord.

Marq. For he and I raild at her, spit at her,
He burst her heart with sorrows; for I griene
To see you griene that I haue wrong'd my state,
By louing one whose balenes now I hate.

Enter Grissill with wine.

Come faster if you can forbeare Mario,
Tis but her offence: what she does to mee,
She shall performe to any of you three,

He drinke
Lep. 3

of patient Grisfill.

Lep. I am glad to see her pride thus trampled downe

Marq. How seest thou Mario, then seest Lepido:
And as you bowe to me, so bend to them.

Gris. He not den't to win a diademe.

Mari. Your wisdoms I commend that haue y^e power
To raise o; throw downe as you will o; lower.

Gris. Your patience I commend that can abide,
To heare a flatterer speake yet neuer chide.

Marq. Hence, hence dare you controule the whom I
Come not within my sight. (grace)

Gris. I will obey,
And if you please, nere more beholde the day. Exit,

Marq. Finis?

Fur. My Lorde,

Marq. Watch her where she goes,
And make how in her lookes this trye all thewes.

Fur. I will. Exit.

Marq. Mario, Lepido, I loath this Grisfill,
As sicke men loath the bitterest potion
Which the Physitions hand holdes out to them,
For Gods sake frowne vpon her when she smiles,
For Gods sake smile for ioy to see her frowne,
For Gods sake scoone her, call her beggers brat,
To ment her with your lookes, your words your dares,
My heart shall leape for ioy, that her heart bleedes,
Will thou doe this Mario?

Mari. If you say.

Mario, doe this I must in it obey.

Marq. I know you must, so Lepido must you
Diswell; but counsell me whats best to doe,
How shall I please my subiects: doe but speake,
He doe it though Grisfills heart in sunder breake.

Lepi. Your subiects doe repine at nothing more,
Then to beholde Ianicola her father,
And her base brother lifted vp so high.

Mari. To banish them from Court wete pollicie.

Marq. Dh

The pleasant Commodity

Marq. Oh rare, oh profound wisdom, deare Mario,
It soorthwith shall be done, they shall not stay,
Though I may win by them a Kingdomes sway, Exit
Lep. Mario laugh at this.

Ma. Why so I doe.

Wedlong I had rather fall to miserie.
When see a begger rais'd to dignitie.

Exeunt.

Enter Babulo singing with a boy
after him.

Bab. Boy how sits my rapier: la sol la sol. &c.

Boy. It hangs as euen as a chandlers beame.

Bab. Some of them deserue to hang vpon a beame
so; that euennes, boy learne to giue euery man his due,
giue the hangman his due, so; hee's a necessary member.

Boy. Whats true, so; he cuts of manie twisted members.

Bab. Hees an excellent barber, he haues most cleanly
But page how dost thou like the Court?

Boy. Prettilie and so,

Bab. Faith so doe I pretlie and so; I am wearie of
being a Courtiour Boy.

Boy. What you cannot bee Master. so; you are but a
Courtiers man.

Bab. Thou saist true & thou art the Courtiers mans
boy, so thou act a courtier in decimo sexro in the least
volume, or a courtier at the third hand, or a courtier by re-
uersion, or a courtier thye descents remoued, or a courti-
er in minoritie or an vnder Courtier or a courtier in
posse, and I thie Master in esse:

Boy. A posse an esse non este argumentum Master,

Bab. Thou hast to much wit to be so little, but imita-
tion, imitation, is his good Lord and Master.

Enter Ianicola Lauro and Furio.

Iani. Banish

The pleasant Commedy

Thou'lt seeme more rich in a course golwre of gray,

Fur. Will you be packing? when?

Lau. Friend whats thy name?

Fur. Forso my name is, what of that?

Bab. Is thy name Iurie? thou art halfe hang'd, for
thou hast an ill name.

Lau. Thy looks are like thy name. thy name & looks
Approoue thy nature to be violent.

Grif. Brother forbear, hee's seruant to my Lord.

Ba. To him, O. spare him not an inch.

Lau. Princes are neuer pleas'd with subiects finnes,
But pitie those whom they are sworne to smite,
And grieue as tender mothers when they beate,
With kinde correction their vniquiet babes-
So should their Officers compassionate,
The misery of any wretches state.

Fur. I must obey my Master, though indeed
My heart (that seemes hard) at their wrongs doth bleed:
Pray get you gone, I say little, but you knowe my
minde.

Bab. Little said is soone amended, thou say'st but lit-
tle, and that little will be mended soone indeed, thats ne-
uer, and so the Prouerbe stands in his full strength, pow-
er and vertue.

Enter Marquesse, Mario and Lepido, and
attendantes.

Fur. They will not goe my Lord.

Marq. Will they not goe?

Away with them, expell them from our Court,
Wase wretches, is it wrong to aske mine otone?
Thinke you that my affection to my wife,
Is greater then my loue to publicke weale?
Doe not my peop'le murmure euerie houre,
That I haue rais'd you by to dignities?

Of patient Grisill.

Doe not lewde Hinstrels in their ribalde times,
Scote at her birth, and descaunt on her dowee?

Jan. Alas my Lord, you knew her state before.

Marq. I did, and from the bounty of my heart,
I rob'd my wardrop of all p'cious robes,
That she might shine in beautie like the Sunne,
And in exchange, I hung this russet gowne,
And this poore pitcher for a monument,
Amongst my collicke Jewnes: see heere they hang,
Grisill looke here, this gowne is unlike to this?

Grif. My gracious Lord, I know full well it is.

Ba. Grisill was as pretty a Grisill in the one as in
the other.

Marq. you haue forgot these tags, this water pot.

Grif. With reuerence of your Highnes I haue not.

Ba. No: I, many a good messe of water grewell has
that yeilded vs.

Marq. Yes, you are proude of these your rich attyres.

Grif. Neuer did pride keep pace with my desires.

Marq. Well, get you on, part briele with your father.

Jan. Our parting shall be short, daughter farewell.

Lau. Our parting shall be short, sister farewell.

Pa. Our parting shall be short, Grisill farewell.

Jan. Remember thou didst line when thou wert poore,
I do now thou dost but line, come some no more.

Marq. See them without the Pallace Furio.

Fu. Good, yet tis bad. Exeunt with Furio.

Ba. Shall Furio see them out of the Pallace? doe you
turne vs out of doores? you turne vs out of doores
then?

Marq. Hence with that soole, Mario driue him hence.

Ba. He shall not neede, I am no Dre nor Ass, I can
goe without drining, so: al his turning, I am glad of one
thing.

Lep. Whats that Babulo?

The pleasant Commodity

Bab. Wary that hee shall neuer hit vs ith teeth with turning vs, for tis not a good taine, followe I must eoe the. & you: I must giue ouer housekeeping, tis the fashion, farewell boy.

Boy. Marie farewell and be hang'd.

Ba. I am glad thou tak'st thy death so patiently, farewell my Lord, adue my Lady, great was the wisdom of that Taylor, that witcht me in Botley, for he's a soile that leanes basket making to turne Courtier: I see my destiny dogs me: at first I was a soole (for I was borne an Innocent) then I was a traveller, and then a Basket-maker, and then a Courtier, and now I must turne basket-maker and soile againe, the one I am sworne to, but the soole I bestowe vpon the world, for *Stultorum plena sunt omnia adue, adue.* Exiit.

Mar. Farewell simplicity, part of my shame farewell, How Lady what say you of their exile?

Gri. What euer you thinke good. He not seeme vile, By this rich burthen in my worthles wombe, Your hand-maide is so subiect to your will, That nothing which you see, to her seemes ill.

Mar. I am glad you are so patient, get you in, Exit cr.

Thy like will neuer be, neuer hath bin.

Mario, Lepido?

Mario Lepi. By gracious Lord.

Mar. The hand of pouerty held downe your Rates, As it did Grissils, and as her I vap'd, To shine in greatnes sphere, so did mine eye, Through gilt beames of your births, therefore me thinkes Your soule should sympathize, and you should know, What passions in my Grissils to some flowe, Faith tell me your opinions of my wife?

Lep. She is as vertuous and as patient, As innocence, as patience it selfe.

Mar. She merits much of loue, little of hate, Onely in birth she is vnfortunate.

Mar. 3

Of patience Grissil.

Marq. I, A, the memory of that mirth doth kill me,
She is with child you see, her trauaile past,
I am determin'd she shall leaue the Court,
And live againe wth th^e olde Ianicla.

Boch. Wherof you shew true wisdome.

Marq. Doe I indeede?

Deare friends if shall be done, He haue you two
Honour that presently, to the wide eares
Of that newe-louing-be all the multitude,
Ere tell them for their sakes this shall be done.

Mar. With wings we flye.

Lep. Swifter then time we run.

Exeunt.

Marq. Beyond then: o! these times, these iniquous
times,

How swift is mischief: with what nimble feete
Doth enay gallop to doe iniury?

They both confesse my Grissils innocencie,
They both aduice her wondrous patience,
Yet in their malice and to flatter me,
Head-long they run to this impiety.

O! whats this world, but a confused throng
Of fooles and mad men, crowding in a thrull
To shoulder out the wise, trip downe the iust.

But I will try by selfe experience,
And shun the vulgar sentence of the base,
If I finde Grissil strong in patience,
These flatterers shall be wounded with disgrace,
And whilst these liues, the same shall neuer dye,
Of Grissils patience, and her constancy.

Exit.

Enter Vrcenze and Onophrio at severall doores, and
Farnezic in the mid't.

Far. Onophrio and Vrcenze early met, every man
take his stand, for there comes a most rich purchase of
mirth: Emulo with his hand in a false scarfe, and Iulia
with

The pleasant Commodity

with him, she laughes apace, and therefore I am sure hee
lyes apace.

Enter Emulo with Iulia.

Ono. His arme in a scarfe: has he been fighting?

Far. Fighting: hang him coward.

Vrc. Perhaps he does it to shew his scarfe.

Far. Peace, heere the asse comes, stand aside, and see
him cutt.

Iul. Did my new married cousen Sir Owen wound
you thus?

Emu. Hee certes, as he is allyed to the illustrious Iu-
lia, I liue his denoted, as Signior Emuloes enemy, no a-
dulatory language can redeme him from vengeance: if
you please my most accomplisht Mistress, I will make a
most palpably demonstration of our battle.

Iul. As palpably as you can good seruant.

Ono. Oh she gullles him simply.

Far. She has reason, is he not a simple gull?

Vrc. Sound an alarm ere his battle begin.

Far. Peace, sa, sa, sa.

Emu. Sir Owen and my selfe encountering, I hailde
my byper garment, and enriching my head againe with
a fine veluet cap, which I then wore, with a band to it
of Orient Pearle and Celde, and a foolish sprig of some
nine or ten pound pyre, or so, wee geue to an empark-
ance.

Far. Oh ho he, this is rare.

Iul. You did wisely to conferte before you combated.

Emu. Nerily we did so, but falling into the handes of
bitter words, we retorted a while, and then dyew.

Ono. True, his gloues to saue his hands.

Vrc. No, his hand-kercher to wipe his face.

Far. He sweate pittifully for feare, if it were true: if,

Emu. 3

of patient Grisfill.

Emu. I was then encountred with a pure Toledo fil-
nerd; and cleaving mine arme, in the drawing (by Je-
su) Lucete Madame, my rich cloake loaded with Pearle,
which I wore at your sister Grisfills bridall, I made it
then (by God) of meeere purpose, to grace the Court, and
so forth) that foolish garment droppd downe: the
buttons were illustrious and resplendant diamonds; but
its all one.

Far. Nay, they were all scarce one.

Emu. Divine Lady as I said, we both lying,

Fa. I'le be sworne thou dost.

Emu. I must recognize and confesse, very generous
sic, and heroycallie at our ward, the Welsh Knight mak-
ing a very desperate thrust at my bosome, befoze God
sairely mist my imbropered Jerkin that I then wore,
and with my ponyard batulating and checking his
engine downe, it cut mee a payze of very imperiall
cloth of golde hose, at least thus long thwart the can-
non, at least.

Iul. And mist your leg?

Fa. I, and his hose too.

Emu. And mist my leg (most bright skarre) which a
vantagious signe I () this legge (having a fayze
carnation silke stocking on) stumbled, my spangled gar-
ters in that impietion fell about my secte, and he fetch-
ing a most valourous and ingenious carriere, invaded my Rap-
pier hand, entred this gilded fozt, and in that passado vul-
nerated my hand thus deepe I protest, and contest hea-
ven.

Iul. No more, its too tragicall.

Emu. I conclude. I thought (by the Syntherefsis of my
soule) I had not been imperished, till the bloud sheiving
his red tincture, at the top of a faire enneloped gloue,
sunk along my arme. I spoil'd a rich wastecoate wrought
in silke and golde, a toy &c.

Far. Hee'll

The pleasant Commodity

Far. Hee'll strip himselfe out of his Hurt anone, for
Gods sake step in.

Emu. My opinion is I shall neuer recuperate the le-
gitimate office of this member my arme.

All 3. Signior Emulo,

Emu Sweet and accomplisht Signiors.

Far. Ha ha, Spadane you had a pitifull hand with this
foole, but see he is recouered.

Iu. But seruant where is your other hand?

Ono. See sweet mistress one is my prisoner.

Vrc. The other I haue tane vp with the fine finger.

Iul. Looke in his scarfe Farneze for an other, hee has a
third hand, and tis pitifully wounded hee tels me, pitiful-
ly, pitifully.

Far. Wounded, oh palpable, come a demonstration
of it.

Ono. Giue him your larded cloake Signior to stop his
mouth, so; he will vndoe you with lyes.

Vrc. Come Signior, one fine lye now to apparrell all
these former, in some light sacenet robe of truth: none,
none, in this mint?

Iul. Fye seruant, is your accomplisht Courtship no-
thing but lyes?

Ono. Fye Signior, no muscke in your mouth, but bat-
tles, yet a mere milke-sop.

Vrc. Fye Emulo, nothing but wardrop, yet heare all
your trunckes of suites?

Far. Fye Signior, a scarfe about your necke, yet will
not hang your selfe to heare all this?

Iul. Seruant I discharge you my service, Ile enter-
taine no braggarts.

Ono. Signior, we discharge you the Court, wee'l haue
no gullies in our company.

Far. Abram we rathere you our company, wee must
haue no minnions at Court.

Emu. Oh patience bee thou my fortification: Italy
thou

Of patient Grisill.

thou spurnest me so; offering that nutriment, which I suckt from thee.

Pa. How lealy? alway you ideot: lealy infests you not, but your owne diseased spirits: lealy? out you froth, you scumme, because your soule is mud, and that you have breashed in Italy, you'll say lealy haue despyled you: alway you bore, thou wilt wallow in mite in the sweetest courtie in the world.

Emo. I cannot conceipt this rawnes: lealy farewell, Italians adue.

A betinous soule abhoyres to dwell with you. Exit.

All. Haha ha: Laugh.

Enter Marquesse and Sir Owen.

Iu. Peace seruants, here comes the Duke my brother.

Marq. Loe cousin here they be: are yee heere Gentlemen?

And Iulia you too: then Ile call your eyes,

To testifie, that to Sir Meredith,

I doe deliuer heere foure sealed bondes:

Coze haue a care to them, it much behooues you,

For Gentlemen, within this parchment lyes,

Ftue thousand Duckets payable to him,

Iust fouretene daies befoze next Pentecost,

Coze it concernes you, therefore keep them safe.

Owen. Fugh, her warrant her shall log them off from Duane and Hoone, and seauen shartes too I hope, but haue you cozen Marquesse.

Marq. How, whats the matter?

Ow. A pore on it tis sealde matter, well, well pray cozen Marquesse, yf her Latie Grisilla a good teale better, so; as God bidge me, you herd Sir Owen out a cry by maging her sad and poid so, see you?

Marq. Hurt you? what harme or good reape you thereby?

f.

Owen. Harme,

The pleasant Commedy

Owen. Harne, yes by Gods lid, a poggie teale of harne, soz loog you cozen and cozen Iulia, & Shentlemen awl, (soz awl is to know her wifes ease) you know her tag to wife the widdow Gwentchyan.

Marq. True cozen & she's a vertuous gentlewoman.

On. One of the patientest Ladies in the world.

Vrc. She's wondrous beautifull & wondrous kinde.

Far. She's the quietest woman that ere I knew, soz good heart, she'll put by any thing.

Iul. Cozen I am proude that you are sped so well.

Ow. Are you? by God so are not I, ile tel you what cozen Marquesse, you awl know her wel, you know her face is liddle faire & smug, but her has a tung goes Jingle iangle, Jingle iangle, petter and worse then pelles when her house is a fire: patient: ha ha sir Owen shall tag her hacles and run to Wales, and her play the tiuell so out a cry terrible a pogs on her la.

Iul. Why cozen what are her quallities that you so commend her?

Ow. Commend her? no by God not I, ha ha: is know her quallities petter & petter, soze I commend her: but Gwentchian is worse and worse out a cry, owe out a cry worse, out of awl cry, she's feard to be made fool as Griffill is, & as God vodge me, her mag fine pobbie sole of Sir Owen, her shide & shide, & pratole & scowde, by God and scradge terrible sometime, owe & haud her wil doe what her can, ha ha ha, and sir Owen were handsome pacheler agen, pray cozen Marquesse tag some order in Griffill, o: tedge sir Owen to mag Gwentchians quiet and tame her.

Marq. To tame her? that Ile teach you presently,
 You had no sooner spake the woord of Laming,
 But mine eye met a speedy remedie,
 See cozen heere's a plot where Diccers grow,
 The ground belongs to olde Ianicula
 (My Griffills father) come Sir Meredith,
 Take out your knife cut thre and so will I,

Of patient Grissill.

So, keep yours cozen let them be safe laide by,
These thre (thus wound together) Ile p̄serue.

Ow. What shal her doe now with these: peate and
knog her Gwenthian. Enter Mario.

Marq. You shal not take such counsaile from my lips,
How now Mario? what newes byings thee hither in such
quicke haste?

Mari. Your wife (my gracious Lord)
Is now deliuered of two beauntious twins,
A sonne and daughter.

Marq. Take that so; thy paines,
Not so; the ioy that I conceiue thereby,
For Grissill is not gracious in the eye
Of those that loue me, therefore I must hate
Those that doe make my life vnfortunate.
And thats my children: must I not Mario?
Thou bowest thy knee, well, well I know thy minde,
Vertue in villaines can no succour finde,
A sonne and daughter: I by them will p̄soone,
By Grissills patience better, and her loue:
Come Iulia, come Onophrio, coze farewell,
Ile serue those wandes, these thre Ile beate away,
When I require them backe, then will I shew
How easily a man may tame a shrew. Exeunt.

Ow. Ha ha ha, tame a shrew, owe tis out a cry ferti-
ble hard, and moze woyle then tame a mad pull, but whad
meane her cozen to mag her cut her wandes: ha ha, God
bidge me tis fine knag, I see her knauery now, tis so pang
gwenthians podie and she mag a noise & prabble: Is not
so: by Gods lid so, & Gwenthian, sir Owen will knog you
beso;e her abide such horrible doe.

Enter Gwenthian and Rice.

Gods lid here her comes. Terdawgh Gwenthian Terdawgh.

Gwe. Terdawgh whee, Sir Owen Terdawgh whee.

Owen. Owe, looge heere, fine wandes Gwenthian, is
not?

The pleasant Commedy

Gwe. Rees tag them and preag them in pettes.

Ric. What say you forsooth?

Gwe. What say you forsooth? you saule knaue, must her tell her once, and twice, and thrice, and four times, what to doe: preag these wandes.

Ow. Rees is petter preate Rees his pate: heere Rees carry her home.

Ri. Would I were at gallies, so I were not heere:

Gwen. Doe and her tare, doe and her tare, see you now, what shall her doe with wandes: peate Gwenthian? poie and mag Gwenthian put her finger in me hole: Ya, by God by God, is scadze her eies out that tudge her, that sawg to her, that loog on her, marg you that Sir Owen?

Owen. Yes, her marg her, Rees pray marg her Ladie?

Ri. Not I fir she'll set her markes on me then.

Gwen. Is prade: is prade: goe to Rees, He Rees her, you sawg you.

Owen. Pray Gwenthien bee patient, as her cozen Griffill is.

Gwe. Griffill owes: owes: Griffill: no no, no, no, her shall not mag Gwenthian such ninny pobbie soole as Griffill, I say preage her wandes.

Owen. Gods plude is pought her to peate dust out of her cloag and parrels.

Gwe. Peate her cloag and parrels: sic, sic, sic, tis lye Sir Owen tis lye.

Ri. Your worship may stab her. she giues you the lye.

Ow. Peate Rees, goe to, I pought them: indeede to mag her horse run and goe a mightie teale of pace, pray let Rees tag her in good Gwenthian?

Gwen. Rees beate in her wandes because Sir Owen be I so gently.

Owen. Goe Rees, goe locke them by in a por or sheff, goe.

Ri. You shall not need to bid me goe, so: He run. Exit.
Owen, I

of patient Grisfill.

Owen. I pought them for her horse indeede, so; heere was her cozen Marquesse and prought her pondes and scriblings heere for her money: Gwenthyan pray keepe her pondes and keep her wisely: Sirra Gwenthyan is tell her prae newes, Grisfill is prought to bed of liddle she attleman and sheentlewoman: (is glad out a cry sprag her faire) yes truly Crisfill is prought a bed.

Gwen. Grisfills no podie but Grisfills: what care I for crissill: I say if Sir Owen loue Gwenthyan, shal not loue crissill no; Marquesse so, see you now?

Ow. God vdge me, not loue her cozen: is shealous; owe is fine trig, not loue her cozen: God vdge me her wil, and hang her selfe, see you now?

Gwe. Hang her selfe, owe, owe, owe, Gwenthyans to ther husband is scawne to say hang her selfe: hang her selfe: owe owe, owe owe.

Ow. Gods plude, what cannot get by pratvles, is get by owe, owe, owe, is terrible Ladic, pray be peace, and cry no more owe, owe, owe, Taw sone Gwenthyans, God vdge me is very furie.

Gwen. O mon Iago, mon due, hang Gwenthyans?

Ow. Adologo whee Gwenthyan bethogh, en Thonigh, en moyen due.

Gw. Ne vetho en Thonigh, Gna wathe gethla Tee, hang Gwenthyans?

Owen. Sir Owen shall say no more hang her selfe, be out a cry still and her shall ppe her new card to ride in, & two new fine horses, and more plew coates and padges ta follow her heeles, see you now?

Gwen. But will her say no more hang her selfe:

Enter Rice.

Ow. Oh no more, as God vdge mee no more, pray leave, owe, owe, owe.

Ri. Tannekin the ff.oe hath brought your Rebato, it comes to three pound.

Ow. What a pestilence is this for Gwenthyan?

F 3

Gwen; No;

The pleasant Commodity

Gwe. For her neg, is cald repatoes, Gwenthian weare
it heere, lit not prauce:

Owen. Prauce: yes is prauce, tis repatoes I warrant
her: I patoes money out a crise, yes tis prauce, Rees the
preece: Rees the preece:

Ri. The frowe sir saies five pound.

Owen. Ha ha ha, pound, Gwenthian pray doe not
ppe it. Gwen. By God bidge me her shall ppe it.

Owen. God bidge me her shall not.

Gwen. Shall not: Rees tag her away, I say her shall
and weare it ppe and ppe.

Owen. Then mag a pobbie fole of Sir Owen indeed:
Gods plude shall: I say shal not: five pound for puble, for
patoes: here there, so tag it now, weare it now powite her
neg, shall pible sir Owen ha?

Ri. Oh rare sir Owen, oh pretious Kinght, oh rare
Sir Owen.

Gwe. Dut you raskals, you prade and prade, ile prade
your neaces.

Ri. Oh rare Madame, oh pretious Madame, O God,
O God, O God, O God. Exit.

Gwe. As domir cere now, you teare her ruffes and re-
patoes, you ppeake her ponds: Ile teare as good ponds,
and petter too, and petter too.

Ow.. Dwe Gwenthian, Gods plude is five thousand
duckets, hold hold hold, a pogs on her pride, what has
her done?

Gw. Goe loog, is now peide for her repatoes, ile haue
her willes & desites, ile teadge her pible her Lady: Catho
erogge, Ne vetho, en rhlonigh: gna wathee gnathla tee. Exit.

Owen. A breath vauer or no Tee: pible her, sir owen
is piddled I warrant: widdowes (were petter Gods plude
marry whoore) were petter be hang'd and quarter, then
marry widdowes as God bidge me: Sir owen fall on her
knees, & pray God to tag her to her mercy, or else put pet-
ter minde in her Lady: atol pittifull Shentlemans tag
herde

of patient Grisfill.

heede how her marry firen widowe,
Sit owen ap Meredich can rightly tell,
A thewes sharpe tonguc is terrible as hell.

Exit.

Enter Marquesse and Furio with an infant in his armes.

Marq. Did she not see thee when thou took'st it by?

Fur. No, she was fast a sleepe.

Marq. Give me this blessed burthen, pretty foolc

With what an anniable looke it sleepes,
And in that slumber how it sweetly smiles,
And in that snile how my heart leapes for ioy:

Furio Ile turne this circle to a cradle,
To rocke my deare babe: A great Romaine Lord,
Taught his young Sonne to ride a Hobby-horse.
Then why should I think some to dandle mine:

Furio beholde it well, to whom itt like?

Fur. You, there's your nose and blacke eye-browes.

Enter Mario.

Marq. Thou dost but flatter me, heere comes mario,
I know Mario will not flatter me,
Mario, thy opinion, view this childe,
Doth not his lips, his nose, his fore-head,
And euery other part resemble mine?

Mari. So like my Lord, that the nice difference,
Would stay the iudgement of the curioust eye.

Marq. And yet me thinkes I am not halfe so browne.

Mari. Indeed your cheekes beare a moze lively colour

Marq. Furio, play thou the nurse, handie it softly.

Fur. One were better get a dosen then nurse one.

Marq. Mario step to Grisfill thee's a sleepe,
Her white hand is the piller to those cares,
Which I vngently lodg'e within her head,
Steale thou the other childe and bring it hither,
If Grisfill be awake and strue with thee,

Bring

The pleasant Commodity

Bring it perforce, no; let her know what hand,
Hath rob'd her of this other, haste Mario.

Mari. I flie my gracious Lord. Exit.

Marq. Run flatterie, because I did blasphemie and call
it bywone,

This Parcaste cride (like an Echo) bywone.

Fur. The childe is faire my Lord, you were nere so
faire

Marq. I know tis faire, I know tis wondrous faire,
Deare prettie infant let me with a kisse,
Take that dishonor off, which the soule breath
Of a prophane slane, laide vpon thy cheekes;
Had but I said my boy's a Blackamoore,
He would haue damn'd himselfe and so haue swoze.

Enter Griffill and Mario with a childe.

Grif. Giue me mine infant, where's my other babe:
You cannot plaie the nurse, your horred eyes
Will fright my little ones, and make them crie,
Your tongue's too ruffe to chime a lullabie:
Tis not the pleasure of my Lord I know,
To loade me with such wrong.

Mari. No, I vnloade you. Sceffingly.

Marq. Giue her her childe Mario and yet staie,
Mario holde thou them both, Griffill so; beare,
You are but nurse to them, they are not thine.

Gri. I know my gracious Lord they are not mine,
I am but their pooze nurse I must confesse,
Alas let not a nurse be pittifull.

To see the colde ayre make them looke thus bleake,
Makes me shed teares because they cannot speake.

Marq. If they could speake, what thinke you they
would say?

Gri. That I in all things will your wil obey.

Marq. Obay it then in silence: shall not I

Bestowe

of patient Grisfill.

Bestowe what is myne owne, as likes me best:
Deliver me these bzats : come presse me downe,
With weightis infamie : heere is a load
Of shame, of speckled shame : O God how heauie
An arme full of dishonour is: heeres two,
Grisfill for this ile thanke none els but you,
Which way so ere I turne I meeete a face,
That makes my cheekes blush at mine owne disgrace.
This way or this way, neuer shall mine eye
Looke thus, or thus: but (oh me) presentlie,
(Take them for Gods sake Furio) presentlie
I shall spend childish teares: true teares indeed,
That thus I wrong my babes and make her bleede,
See Grisfill get you in.

Gri. I goe my Lorde.

Farewell sweet sweet deare babes, so you were free,
Would all the worlds cares might be throwne on me.

Mar. Ha, ha, why this is pleasing harmonie. (them?)

Fu. Oh Lord theyle wraiwle, what shall I doe with

Marq. Tell her thou must prouide a nurse for them
Comes she not backe Mario?

Mari. No my Lord.

Marq. Tush, tush, it cannot be but sheele returne,
I know her bosome beares no marble heart,
I knowe, a tender Mother cannot part,
With such a patient soule, from such sweet soules,
She stands and watches sure, and sure she weepes,
To see my seeming flintie bzatt, Mario
With draw with me: Furio stay thou heere still,
If she returne, sceme childish, and denie
So let her kisse or touch them.

Exeunt

Fu. Faith not I: I haue not such a heart, and shee
aske to touch them. He deny it because ile obey my Lord,
yet she shall kisse and touch them to, because He please
my Ladie: alas, alas, prettie sooles I looe you well but
I would you had a better Nurse.

G.

Enter

The pleasant Commodity

Enter Grissill stealingly.

Grif. A better Purse: seek' st thou a better Purse:
A better Purse then whome:

Fu. When you, away.

Grif. I am their Mother I must not away,
Locke, looke, good Furio looke they smile on mee,
I know poore hearts they feare to smile on thee,
I praythe let me haue them.

Fu. Touch them not.

Grif. I praye thee let me touch them.

Fu. Po: Hands off.

Grif. I praye thee gentle Furio let me kisse them.

Fu. Not one kisse for a Kings crowne: (them:

Grif. Must I not kisse my babes: nor st I not touch
Alas what sin so vile hath Grissill done
That thus she should be ber'd: not kisse my infants:
Who taught thee to be cruell gentle churle,
What must thou doe with them:

Fu. Get them a nurse. (dwell

Grif. A Nurse a lacke, what Nurse: where must thee

Fu. I must not tell you till I know my selfe,

Grif. For Gods sake who must Nurse them doe but
name her,

And I will sweare those fire eyes doe smile,
And I will sweare that which none els will sweare,
That thy grim browes, doe mercies liuerie weare,

Fu. Choose you.

Enter Marquesse, standing aside.

Grif. Oh God, oh God, might Grissill haue her choice
My babes should not be scared with thy diuils voice.
Thou get a Nurse for them: they can abide,
To taste no milke but mine, come, come Ile chide,
In faith you cruell man, Ile chide indæde,
If I growe angrie.

Fu. Do do I care not.

Marq. To chide & curse thy Lord thou hast more need
Grif. Willt

Of patient Grisill.

Gris. Wilt thou not tell me who shall be their Nurse?

Fu. No.

Gris. Wilt thou not let me kisse them?

Fu. No I say.

Gris. I pray thee let my teares, let my bow'd knees,
Bend thy obdurate hart, see heer's a fountaine,
Which heauen into this Alabaster bowels,
Inkil'd to nourish them: man theyle crie,
And blame thee that this tonnes so lauishly,
Vceres milke for both my babes two breasts for two.

Marq. Dooze babes I weep to see what wrong I doe.

Gris. I pray thee let them suck, I am most meete
To play their Nurse: theyle smile and say tis sweet,
Which streames flow hence, if thou dost heare them heere,
By angrie breasts will swell, and as mine eyes
Lets fall salt drops, with these white Heater teares,
They will be mirt: this sweet will then be bazine,
Theyle crie Ile chide and say the sinne is thine.

Fu. Mine armes ake mightily.

And my heart akes.

Marq. And so doth mine: sweet sounds this disoord
makes.

Fu. Heere Madame take one, I am weary of both,
touch it and kisse it to, its a sweet childe, I would I were
rid of my miserie, for I shall downe my heart, with my
teares that fall inward.

Gris. Oh this is gentlie done this is my boy,
My first bo:ne care: thy feete that nere felt ground,
Haue traueled longest in this land of wege,
This worldes wildernes, and hast most neede,
Oh my most comfort: oh I thanke thee furio,
I know I should transforme thee with my teares,
And melt thy adamantine heart like ware,
What wrong shall these haue to be tane from mee,
Mildely intre:ate their Nurse to touch them mildly,
For my soule tels me, that my honoured Lord,

The pleasant Commodity

Does but to trie poore Griffils constancie,
Heres full of mercie iustice, full of loue.

Marq. My cheekes doe glow with shame to heere her
speake,

Should I not weepe for: for my heart would breake,
And yet a little more Ile stretch my tryall.

Enter Mario and Lepido.

Mario, Lepido:

Both My gracious Lord:

Marq. You shall be witness of this open wrong,
I gaue strait charge, she should not touch these brats,
Yet has she tempted with lasciuious teares,
The heart of Furio, see she dandles them,
Take that childe from her: stay, stay, ile commend,
That pittie in thee which Ile reppend.

Fu. Doe.

Marq. Dare you thus contradict our strait command
But heeres a trustie groome, out hypocrite,
I shall doe Justice wrong to let the breath,
For disobaying me.

Grif. My gracious Lord,

Marq. Tempt me not Syren, since you are so louing,
Hold you take both your children, get you gon,
Disrobe her of these rich habiliments,
Take downe her hat, her pitcher and her gowne,
And as she came to me in beggerie,
So giue her to her fathers.

Mari. My deare Lorde.

Marq. Tier me not good Mario if you woe me,
(D) if you shed one teare to pittie her,
(D) if by any drift you succour her,
You loose my fauour euerlastingly,

Both. We must obey since there's no remedye,

Marq. You must be villaines theres no remedie,
Mario, Lepido, you two shall helpe,
To beare her children home.

Grif. 32

of patient Grisfill.

Gri. It shall not néede I can beare more.

Marq. Thou bearest too much indeed. (content)

Gri. Come, come sweet lambes wee'll laugh and liue
Though from the Court we liue in banishment,
These rich attyes are so: your mother fit,
But not your nurse, therefore Ile off with it.

Marq. Away with her I say.

Gri. Away, away:

Nothing but that colde comfort wee'll obay,
Heauen smile vpon my Lord with gracious eye,

Marq. Drive her hence Lepido.

Lep. Good Madame hence.

Gri. Thus tyranny oppresseth innocence,
Thy looks seeme heauy, but thy heart is light,
For villaines laugh when wrong oppresseth right. Run
Must we then be driuen hence: Oh see my Lord, to him
Sweet prettie fooles they both smil'd at that word.
They smile as who should say indeede indeede,
Your tongue cryes hence, but your heart's not agreed,
Can you thus part from them: in truth I know,
Your true loue cannot let these infants goe.

Marq. Shee'll triumph ouer me doe what I can,

Turnes from her.

Mari. Good Madame hence.

Gri. Oh send one gracious smile

Before we leaue this place: turne not away,
Doe but looke backe, let vs but once more see
Those eyes, whose beames shall breath new soules in
It is enough now weele depart in ioy, (thyes
May be not you so cruell, should you two
Be thus driuen hence, trust me I doe pittie you.

Marq. Discobe her presently.

Both. It shall be done.

Gri. To worke some good deede thus you would
not runne. Exeunt.

Marq. Oh Grisfill in large Characters of golde,

The pleasant Commodity

Thy vertuous sacred fame shall he enronlbe,
Tell me thy iudgement Furio of my wife:

Fur. I thinke my Lord thee's a true woman, for thee
loues her children, a rare wife, for thee leues you, (I be-
leeue you'll hardly finde her match) and I thinke thee's
more then a woman, because thee conqueres all wrongs
by patience.

Mar. Yet once more will I trye her, presently
Ile haue thee goe to olde Ianicolaes,
And take her children from her, breed some doubt,
(By speeches) in her, that her eyes shall neuer
Beholde them more: beare them to Pavia,
Commend vs to our brother, say from vs,
That we desire him with all kinde respect,
To nurse the infants, and withall conceale,
Their parentage from any mortall care,
I charge thee on thy life reueale not this,
I charge thee on thy life, be like thy name,
(When thou comst to her) rough and furious.

Fur. Well, I will: It's far from Saluce to Pavia, the
children will cry, I haue no teates you know, twere good
you thought vpon it.

Marq. Where's golde.

Fu. What's good.

Marq. Provide them nurses.

Fu. What's better, I will and I can.

Exit Furio.

Marq. Away, though I dare trust thy secrecy,
Yet will I follow thee in some disguise,
And try thy faith, and Griffis constancy:
If thou abide vnblemisht, then I sweare,
I haue found two wonders that are sildome rife,
A trusty seruant, and a patient wife.

Exit.

Enter Ianicola and Laureo, with burdens of Officers.

Lau. Father how fare you?

Ian. Very well my sonne,

Exit

Of patient Grisfill.

This labour is a comfort to my age,
The Marquesse hath to me been mercifull,
In sending me from Courtly delicates,
To taste the quiet of this country life.

Lau. Call him not mercifull, his tyzanny
Exceedes the most inhumaine.

Ian. Peace my sonne,
I thought by learning thou hadst been made wise,
But I perceiue it puffeth vp thy soule,
Thou takst a pleasure to be counted iust,
And kicke against the faults of mighty men:
Whis in vaine, the earth may euen as well
Challenge the potter to be partiall,
For forming it to sundry offices:
Alas the error of ambitious fooles,
How fraile are all their thoughts, how faint, how weak:
Those that doe strive to iustle with the great,
Are certaine to be brydd, or soone to bryake.
Come, come well with our Officers, heere lets rest,
This is olde homely home, & that's still be it.

Enter Babulo with a bundle of Officers in one arme and a
childe in another, Grisfill after him with another childe.

Bab. Hush, hush, hush, hush, and I daunce mine owne
childe, and I dance mine owne childe, &c: ha ha, whoop
olde Gaster, so ho ho, looke heere, and I dance mine owne
childe, &c: heere's sixteene pence a weeke, and sixteene
pence a weeke, eight groates, soye and candle, I met her
in Office groue, crying hush, hush, hush, hush: I thought
it had been some begger woman, because of her pitcher, for
you know they beare such household stufte, to put drinke
and porrage together, and I dance mine, &c.

Lau. Wh father now forswear all patience,
Grisfill comes home to you in pooze array,
grissill is made a dudge, a cast-away.

Ian. Grisfill is welcome home to pouerty,

How

The pleasant Commodity

How now my childe are these thy pretty babes?

Ba. And I dance myne owne childe: art thou there?
art thou there?

Ian. Why art thou thus come home, who sent thee
hyther?

Gri. It is the pleasure of my princely Lord,
Who taking some offence, to me unknowne,
Hath banisht me from care to quietnes.

Ba. A fig for care, olde Pastier, but now olde graund
fire, take this little Hope Innocent, wee'll giue ouer bas-
ket making and turne nurses, shee has truckled Laureo:
Its no matter, you shall goe make a fire, Grandfire you
shall dandle them, Griffill shall goe make Wap, and Ile
licke the skillet, but first Ile fetch a cradle, its a signe tis
not a deare yeare, when they come by two at once, heer's
a couple quoth Jacke daive, art thou there? sing Grand-
fire.

Exit.

Ian. What said the Marquesse when he banisht thee?

Gri. He gaue me gentle language, kist my cheeke,
For Gods sake therefore speake not ill of him,
Leares trickling from his eyes, and sorrowes hand
Stopping his mouth, thus did he bid adue,
Whilst many a deep fetcht sigh from his brest flew.
Therefore for Gods sake speake not ill of him.
Good Lord how many a kisse he gaue my babes,
And with wet eyes bad me be patient,
And by my feuth (if I haue any truth)
I came from Court moze quiet and content,
By many a thousand part then when I went:
Therefore for Gods loue speake not ill of him.

Lau. O vile deiection of too base a soule,
Hast thou beheld the Paradiçe of Court,
Fed of rich severall meates, bath'd in sweet streames,
Slept on the bed of pleasure, safe in th'zone,
Whilst troopes of Saint-like haue adored thee:
And being now th'rowne downe by violence,

Doff

of patient Grisill.

Dost thou not enuy those that dye thee hence?

Gri. Far be it from my heart from enuying my Lord
In thought, much lesse eyther in deed or word.

Lau. When hast thou ne true soule, for I would curse
From the Sunnes arising to his westerne fall,
The Marquesse and his flattering minions.

Gri. By day and night, kinde heauen protect them all,
What wrong haue they done me: what hate to you:
Haue I not fed vpon the Princes cost?
Been cloath'd in rich attyres, liu'd on his charge?
Looke heere my russet gowne is yet vniwoyne,
And many a winter more may serue my turne,
By the preserving it so many monthes:
My Pitcher is unhurt, see it is fill'd
With chystall water of the crisped spring.
If you remember on my wedding day,
You sent me with this pitcher to the well,
And I came empty home, because I met
The gracious Marquesse and his company.
Now hath he sent you this cup full of teares,
You'll say the comfort's colde, well be it so,
Yet enery little comfort helpes in woe.

Ian. True modle of true vertue, welcome childe,
Thou and these tender babes to me are welcome.
We'll worke to finde them soede, come kisse them soone,
And let's forget these wrongs as neuer done.

Enter Babulo with a cradle.

Ba. Come, where be these infidels: heere's the cradle
of security, and my pillow of idlenes for them, and their
Grandfires cloake (not of hypocrisie) but honesty to court
them.

Ian. Lay them both softly downe, Grisill sit downe,
Laureo fetch you my lute, rocke thou the cradle.
Cover the poore fooles arme, ile charme their eyes,
So take a sleepe by sweet tunde lullabyes.

The pleasant Commodity

The Song.

Golden slumbers kisse your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise:
Sleepe pretty wantons doe not cry,
And I will sing a lullabie,
Rocke them rocke them lullabie.

Care is heauy therefore sleepe you,
You are care and care must keep you:
Sleepe pretty wantons doe not cry,
And I will sing a lullabie,
Rocke them rocke them lullabie.

Enter Furio and Marquesse aloofe disguised
with baskets.

Fur. Leauē singing.

Ba. We may choose, Grandfire sol fa once more, we'll
alla mire him, and he we waile in wo, and who can hin-
der vs?

Fur. Sirra Scholler read there, it's a commission for
mee to take away these children.

Ba. Nay then y'are welcome, there's foure groates,
and heere's foure more.

Gri. To take away my children gentle Furio,
Why must my babes beate this vngentle dome?

Fur. See looke.

La. O misery, O most accursed time,
When to be foes to guilt is heide a crime,
Sister this fiend must beare your infants hence.

Ia. God Griffil beare al wrongs w patience. Weepes

Gri. Good father let true patience cure all wo,
You bid me be content, oh be you so.

Lau. Father why doe you weepe?

Ian. What can I doe,

Though her he punish, he might pittie you.

Lau. Let's fret and curse the Marquesse cruelly,

Ba. 3

Of patient Grisfil.

Ba. I by my troth that's a good way, we may well be
it, now we are out of his hearing.

Gri. Must I then be diuorc'd: and loose this treasure,
I must and am content, since tis his pleasure,
I prie thee tell we whither they must goe?

Fu. No.

Gri. Art thou commaunded to conceale the place?

Fu. I.

Gri. Then will not I inquire, thou dost but iest
I know thou must not rob me, tis to try
If I loue them: no, no, heere I read, (bleede,
What which strikes blinde mine eyes, makes my heart
Farewell, farewell, deare soules, adue adue,
Your father sendes and I must part from you,
I must oh God I must, must is for kings,
And loe obedience, for loe vnderlings.

Lau. We shall not hale them thus, keep them perforce,
This slaue lookes on them with a murdering eye.

Ba. No, he shal not haue them, knocke out his bzaines,
and saue the little hop a my thombes.

Fa. Doe if you dare.

Marq. How now my hearts, what's the matter?

Fu. What car'st thou.

Lau. This is pooze Grisfil, wife vnto our Duke,
And these her children, thus he sendes her home,
And thus he sends a serpent to deuour,
Their pretious liues he brings commision,
To hale them hence, but whyther none can tell.

Gri. Forbeare, forbeare.

Marq. Take them from him perforce,
Are these his children?

Ba. So she saies.

Marq. Two sweet Duckes, and is this his wife?

Ba. Yes, he has lyne with her.

Mar. A pretty soule, for thou wilt be hang'd so; this.

Fu. Hang thy selfe.

The pleasant Commodity

Mar. Beate him, but first take these two from his
I am a basket maker, and I sweare ^a (armes,
He dye before he beare away the babes.

Ba. Oh rare, cry penitentes and clubs, the cozpozation
cannot be () sirra set downe thy baskets and to't
pell mell.

Fu. Would I were rid of my office?

Gri. What will you doe, d'vne this rathe fellowe
hence?

Marq. The Marquesse is a tyzant and does wrong.

Gri. I would not so; the wo:ld that hee should heare
thee.

Mar. I would not so; ten wo:lds but heare my Grissil.

Gri. A tyzant, no he's mercy euen her selfe,

Justice in triumph rides in his two eyes,

Take heede how thou prophane'st high deities:

Goe Furio, get thee gone: good father helpe me

To guard my deare Lords seruant from this place,

I know he'll doe my pretty babes no harme,

For see Furio lookes gently: oh get thee gone,

Pitty sits on thy cheekes, but God can tell,

My heart saies my tongue lyes, farewell farewell.

Marq. Stay sirra take thy purse.

Fu. I let none fall.

Ba. Halfe part.

Ia. A purse of golde Furio is falne from thee.

Fu. Its none of mine, sirra basket-maker, if my armes
were not full, thou should haue thy handes full: farewell
Grissil, if thou neuer see thy children more, curse mee, if
thou dost see them againe, thanke God, adue. Exie.

Ba. Farewell and be hang'd.

Gri. I will thanke God so; all, why should I grieue,
To loofe my children? no no, I ought rather
Reioyce, because they are borne to their Father.

Ia. Daughter, heere's nothing in this purse but golde.

Ba. So much the better, Patter we'll quickly turne
it

of patient Grisfill.

it into fluer.

Ia. This purse that fellow did let fall, run run,
Carry it him againe, run Babulo,
Away with it, tis laide to doe vs wzong.

Lau. Try all their golden baites, stay neuer run,
They can doe no moze wzong then they haue done.

Ia. What ayles my Grisfill: comfort my childe.

Ba. He fetch Rosa solis. (tunc

Marq. Dooze soule her grieue burnes inward, yet her
Is loath to giue it freedom: I doe wzong,

Oy Grisfill I doe wzong thee and, lament,
That for my sake thou feel'st this languishment.

I came to try a seruant and a wife,
Both haue I proued true, that purse of golde I brought,
And let it fall of purpose to relieue her,
Well may I giue her golde that so much grieue her,
As I came in by stealth, so He away,

For has a tongue, but knowes not what to say. Exit.

Gri. So father I am well, I am well indeed,
I should doe wondrous ill, should I repine,
At my babes losse for they are none of mine.

Ia. I am glad thou tak'st this wound so patiently.

Ba. Whoope whether is my brother basket-maker
gone: ha let me see, I smell a rat, breakt hence and neuer
take leaue, cyther hee's a craftie knaue, or else hee dogs
Furio to byte him, for when a quartell enters into a trade
it serues seauen yeares before it be free.

Ia. Let him be whome he will, he seem'd our friend,
Grisfill lay by this golde tis Furioes sure,
O: if may be thy Lord did giue it him,
So let it fall for thee, but keep it safe,
If he disdain to loue thee as a wife,
His golde shall not buy foode to nourish thee,
Grisfill come in, time swiftly runs away,
The greatest sorrow hath an ending day.

Exeunt.

The pleasant Commodity

Enter Gwenthyan and Rice, she meanely, he like
a Cooke.

Gwen. Rees, lay her table, and set out her sittalles, and
peades, and wines, and ale, and peare, and salt for her
guelle.

Ri. Yes forsooth my Lady but what shal I do with all
yonder beggers?

Gwe. Send out the peggers into her Lady, goe.

Ri. How: the beggers in, wee shall haue a louzie feast
Madame. — Exit Rees.

Gwen. You rascals prate no more, but fetch them in:
shall pryde Sir Owen a good teale well enough, is war-
rant her. Sir Owen is gone to bid her cozen Marquesse
and a meiny to dyne at her house, but Gwenthyan shall
kine her dinner I warrant her, for peggers shall haue all
her meate.

Enter Rees with a company of beggers: a Table is
set with meate.

Ri. Come my hearts, troope, troope, euery man follow
his leader, heere's my Lady.

All. God blesse your Ladiship, God blesse your Ladi-
ship.

Gwen. I thang you my good peggers, Rees pring
fooles, and atol downe, Rees pring more meate.

Ri. Heere Madame, Ie set it on, tak't off who will.

Beg. Let vs alone for that, my Lady shall we scram-
ble or eate mannerly?

Gwen. Peggers I hobe haue no manners, but first
heare me pray you now, and then fall to out a cric.

Beg. Peace, heare my Lady, Jacke - mumble - cruff
scale no penny loanes.

Gwen. Peggers, atol you know Sir Owen?

All. Passing well, passing well, God blesse his Inat-
ship.

1 Beg. Madame,

of patient Grisfil.

1 Beg. Madame, we know him as well as a begger knowes his dish.

Gwe. Awl these fittels is made for Cozen Marquesse: Sir Owen is gone to sedge him, but Sir Owen has anger her Ladie.

1 Beg. More shame for him, hee's not a knight, but a knitter of caps for it.

Gwe. Sir Owen has anger her Lady, and therfore her Lady is anger Sir Owen.

1 Beg. Make him a cuckold be Madame, and upon that I drinke to you: helter skelter here roagues, top and top gallant, pell mell, huffie tuffie, hem, God saue the Duke, and a fig for the hangman.

Gwen. Rees sedge wine and peaces enough, and fall to pegger, and eate awl her sheere, and tomincere, see you now, pray doe.

A drunken feast, they quarrel and grow drunke, and pocket vp the meate, the dealing of Cannes like a set at Mawe.
Exit Rees.

Gwe. May I pray peggere be quiet, tag your meates, you haue trinkes enough I see, and get you home nowe good peggere.

1 Beg. Come you roagues, lets goe tag and rag, cut and long taile, I am vidualed for a month, God bo'p Madz:ne, pray God Sir Owen and you may fall out eue-ry day: Is there any harme in this no: hey tri-lill, giue the dog a loose, fill the fother pot you whoore & God saue the Duke. Exeunt.

Gwe. I thang you good peggere, ha ha, this is fine spo:rd, by God is haue peggere eate her fittales all day long.

Enter Sir Owen and Rees.

Ow. Where is the sheere Rees? Gods plude where?

Ri. I beseech you sit be patient, I tell you the peggere haue it.

Owen. What a pogs is doe with peggere? wad is peg-
gers

The pleafant Commodity

Rees: do at Knights house? As peggers Sir Owens gueffe

Ri. So Sir Owen they were my Ladies gueffe.

Ow. Ha? you hungry rascalles, where's her Ladie Gwenethyan? Cods plude peggers ate her sheere and cozen Marquesse come.

Ri. I know no: where my Lady is, but there's a begger woman, aske her, for my Lady dealt her almes amongst them her selfe.

Ow. A pogs on you pegger whoze, where's ther pzead and sheere? Cod vdge me Ile pegger you for fittels.

Gwe. Hauld, hauld, hauld, what is mad now: here is her Lady: is her Lady pegger you rascalles?

Ri. So sweet Madame, you are my Lady, a man is a man though he haue but a hose on his head, and you are my Lady though you want a hood.

Ow. How now: how now: ha ha, her Ladie in tawny coate, and tags and rags so: where is her meate Gwenthian?, where is her sheere: her cozen Marquesse is heere and great teale of Shentlefolkes and Ladies and Lawdes ple and pic.

Gwe. What care her so? Ladies o: cozen too, fittels is awl gone.

Ow. Dwc, gone: is her Ladie mad?

Gwen. So, our Lord is mad, you feare her ruffes and repatoes, and pzeidle her, is her pzeidled now: is her repatoed now: is her feare in peeces now? Ile tzege her pzeidle her Lady againe, her cozen Marquesse shall eate no pzead and meate heere, and her Ladie Gwenthians will goe in tags and rags, and like pegger to bere and chafe Sir Owen, see you now?

Owen. A pogs see her, Cods plude, what is doe now Rees?

Ri. Speake her faire Master for shee lookes wildely.

Owen. As looke wildely indeede, Gwenthian pray goe in, and put pzeauerie vpon her packe and pelly, Cod vdge me

of patient Grisfil.

me is pie new repatoes and ruffles for her Lady, pray doe
so, pray good Ladies.

Ri. Doe good Madame.

Gw. Cartho crogge, Cartho crogge, Gwenthian stoznes
her flatteries, her Lady goe no petter, Sir Owen hang her
seife.

Ow. O mon Iago, her British plude is not indure it by
Cod: a pogs on her. put on her fine coates is pest, put on,
goe to, put on.

Ri. Put off Sir Owen and thee'll put on.

Gw. A pogs on her, is put on none, but goe like peg-
ger.

Ow. Rees goe mag moze fire, and let her haue moze
theere.

Gwen. Rees mag fire, and Ie scalde her like pigge, see
you now?

Ri. I shall be peppered how ere the market goes.

Ow. Mag great teale of fires, or Sir Owen shall knog
your eares.

Gwen. Make litle teale of fire, or Gwenthian shall cut
off your eares: and pob you, & pob you Rees, see you now?

Ri. Holde good Madame, I see you and feele you too,
y'are able to set stones together by th'eares: I beseech you
be quiet both, Ie make a fire Sir Owen to please you.

Ow. Doe Rees Ie pride her Ladies well enough.

Gwen. Will you, you rascals?

Ri. Nay but heare you sweet Madame, Ie make a
fire to please Sir Owen, and when it burnes, Ie quench
it to please you.

Exit.

Enter Farnesic apace,

Far. Ha ha ha, why how new Sir Owen, your Cozen
the Marquesse and all your guests are at hand, and I see
no meate to wards.

(ward.

Ow. Is no meate to ward, but her Lady is ferre unto-

Far. What bagadge is this stands laughing thus?

Ow. A pogs on her, tis our Lady bagadge tis Gwent-

I

thyan,

The pleasant Commodity

Fa. How my Lady owenthian ha ha ha.

Enter Marquesse, Iulio, Onophria, Vrenze, Mario.

Marq. You see Sir Owen we are soon invited,
Where is your wife the Lady Gwendhian?

Owen. Is come pie and pie, God't bge me Gwendhian
pray put on your prauerie and fine linage, and shaine not
Sir Owen, yes truly Gwendhian is come out pie and pie,
Man gras worthe whee cozen Marguesse, Man gras worthe
whee cozen Iulia, is welcome awl.

Fa. Ha ha welcome, come come Habano appeare in
your likeness, or rather in the likeness of another, my Lord
Pate best send backe to your owne Cookes, if you meane
to set your teeth a worke to day.

Marq. Why Farnere what's the matter?

Fa. I say there's no matter in it, the fire's quencht, the
victuals giuen to beggers, Sir Owens Kitchin looks like
the first Chaos, or like a Bokers stall, full of odde ends:
or like the end of some terrible battle, for vpon euery deef
set lyes legges and feathers, and heads of poore Capons
and wilde soule that haue bin drawne and quartered, and
now mounthe that their carkasses are carted away: his
are hot reuolmatcke, for there's no saltting heere lye fish
in a pittifull pickle, there standes the coffins of pyes,
wherein the dead bodies of birdes should haue been buri-
ed, but their gholes haue forsaken their graues & walkt
abroad: the best sport is to see the scullians, some laugh-
ing, some crying, & whilst they wipe their eies they blacke
their faces, the Cookes curse her Lady, and some pray for
our Lord.

Marq. Sir Owen Meredith is all this true? (true.

Ow. True, et is true I warrant her pogs on her too

Ono. You tolde his Grace you had tam'd your wife,

Owen. By God is tell her a lye soon, her wife has pte.

diep

Of patient Grisill.

bled & taun'd her indeed: cozzen Marguesse because Grisill
is made foole and turne away, Gwenthian mag foole of Sir
owen: is good: ha, is good?

Gwen. His lye cozzen Marguesse, is terrible lye: rawn-
sone en Ennoh swele, tis lye, tis lye, Sir Owen teare her
repatoes and ruffes, and pryde her Latie, & bid her hang
her selfe, but is pryde'd I warrant her, is not Sir O-
wen?

owe. Adologg whee bethogh en Thlonigh, en Moyen
due, Gwenthian.

Gwe. Ne vetho en thlonigh, Gna waha gethla Tee.

Vrc. What sayes the Sir Owen?

Owe. I pray & pray her for Gods loue be quiet, spinde
her say her will not be quiet, do what Sir owen can: mon
due Gwenthian, Me knocke the pen, en vimpleth, pobe des,
and pobe nose.

Gwe. Gwerogh olcha velsagh whee, en herawgh, &c.

Iu. Stand betweene them fameze.

Far. You shall tob no nose heere.

Gwe. En herawgh Ee: me grauar the Legatee, achlan oth
pendee, adroh ornymee on dietar, en hecar & e.

Ouo. Doth she threaten you Sir owen & binde her to
the peace.

owe. By God is threaten her indeed, her saies shee'll
scradge out Sir owens eyes, and her strowne vpon her, &
pogs on her nailles.

Marq. Oh my deare Grisill, how much different

Art thou to this curst spirit heere, I say.

My Grisills verturs shine Sir Meredith.

And Cozzen Gwenthian come Ile haue you friends,

This dinner shall be sau'd and all shall say,

Tis done, because tis Gwenthians fasting day.

Gwe. Gwenthian stauines to be seadags, her Latie
will be Daster Sir owen.

o.v. By God Ile see her Latie hang'd first: cozzen Ma-
guesse & cozzen awl, pray say time & stay heere, Kee shall
D:che

The pleasant Commodity

dresse more fittels, and shall dine her in spite of her Ladie:
 God splude Rees Rees. Exit.

Owe. Will you? Is try that pie and pie: See the whee
 lawer, Cozen Marguelfe Seeth: whee lawer Shentlemen,
 Owenthan is not prided so soone. Exit.

Marq. He see the peare kept sure, doe what he can,
 I doubt his wife will preoue the better man. Exit.

Iul. Signior Mario you say nothing, how like you this
 entrecorde?

Mari. So well Madame, that I rather wish to play
 the begger, then a Kinges part in it in Sir Owens ap-
 parrell.

Iul. Why this it is to be married, thus you see those
 that goe to wooc, goe to woe, oh for a Drum to summonn
 all my louers, my suiters, my seruants together.

Fa. I appeare sweet mistress without summons.

Ouo. So does Onophrio.

Vrc. So does Vrcen' e.

Iul. Signior Emulo I see will not bee seene without
 calling.

Fa. No faith Madame, he's blowne vp, no calling can
 serue him; hee has tyme another manner o' calling vpon
 him, and I hope repents the folly of his youth.

Iul. If he follow that vocation well, he'll p'ioone weal-
 thy in wit.

Vrc. He had need so: his head is very poore.

Fa. Well mistress wee appeare without drumming,
 what's your parley (and yet not so) your eyes are the
 drums that summons vs.

Vrc. And your beauty the colours we fight vnder.

Ouo. And the touch of your soft hand, armes vs at all
 pointes with deuotion to serue you, desire to obey you,
 and bowes to lone you.

Iul. Nay then in faith make me all souldier, mine eyes
 a drum, my beautie your colours, and my hand your ar-
 mour: what becomes of the rest?

Fa. It

of patient Grisfil.

Far. It becomes vs to rest, before we come to the rest,
yet for a neede we could turne you into an armourie: as
for example, your lips (let me see) no point of war for your
lips: can I put them to no use but kissing: oh yes, if you
change them to shooote out vnkinde language to vs that
stand at your mercie, they are two culuerins to de-
stroy vs.

Iul. That ile trie: my tongue shall giue fire to my
wordes presently.

All. Oh benioze mercifull faire Iulia.

Iul. Now I, would you haue mee pittie you and pittie
my selfe: would you wish me to loue: when loue is
so full of hate: how vnlouely is loue: how bitter: how full
of blemishes, my Lord and brother insults our Grisfil,
that makes me glad, Gwenthyan curbs Sir Owen, that
makes you glad, Sir Owen is maistred by his Mistris
that makes you mad, poore Grisfil is martred by her Lord
that makes you meane, for I alwaies wish that a womā
may neuer meete better bargaines, when sheele thrust
her sweet libertie into the hands of a man: eye vpon you,
you're nothing but woo:metwood, and oake, and
glasse: you haue bitter tongues, hard hearts, and
bittle faith.

Ouo. Condemne vs not till you trye our
loues.

Iul. Sweet seruant speake not in this language of
loue, Gwenthyan's pceiushnes and Grisfil's patience, make
me heere to desie that Ape Cupid, if you loue stand vpon
his laves, I charge you leaue it, I charge you neither
to sigh for loue, nor speake of loue, nor sit owne for hate: if
you sigh ile mocke you, if you speake ile stop mine eares,
if you strowne ile bend my fist.

Far. When youle turne warriour in deete.

Iul. Had I not neede encountering with such ene-
mies: but say will you obey and followe mee or
disobay, and Ile sit you.

The pleasant Commodity

Ouo. I obay since it is your pleasure.

Vre. I obay though I taste no pleasure in it.

Farn. I obay to, but so God helpe me mistress I shall
shew you a faire paire of heeles and drie a new Giltis a
new, if any pittifull creature will haue me.

Iul. Better lost then found if you be so swauering.

Enter Marquesse, Lepido, Sir owen, Gwenethyan
braue, and Furio.

Marq. Furio hie thee to olde Ianicolae,
Charge him, his daughter Grissil, and his Sonne
To come to Court, to doe such office,
Of duetie to our marriage, as shall like
Our state to lay vpon them.

Iul. Oh my Lord,

Woe not pooze Grissil noze, alas her heart,

Marq. Tut tut, ile haue my will and tame her pride,
Ile make her be a seruant to my bride,

Iulia Ile bridle her.

Iul. You doe her wrong.

Marq. Sister coyred that errour, come Sir owen,

Is not this better musicke then your braules?

Ouo. Yes as God bvd me is: how cozen Iulia, is out a drie
friends now, Gwenethyan is laugh & be ferie patience now
Sir Owen kisse her Ladie, a great teale now: see els?

Far. I but Sir owen, the kissing her Lady is no muth
to vs, if wee kisse the poste.

Ouo. Owe her cozen Marquesse has terrible mightie
newes so: tell her, or els is made readie a great banquet at
home so: a wyl, pray come home, is a wyl ready so: her,
her Ladie say not boeprcepe now: but first heare her cozen
Marquesse newes.

Marq. Iulia and Gentlemen these are the newes,
Brought on the wings of haile and happines,
By trustie Lepido our endeared brother,
Is hard at hand who in his companie,
Brings my faire second choice a worthie bride,

Attended

of patient Grisfill.

Attended by the States of Paia,
Heres daughter to the Duke of Brandenburgh,
Now shall no subjects envious soule repine,
And call her base whome now I will make mine,
None shall bybraid me now, (as they haue done)
That I will slay a daughter and a Sonne,
Grisfills, two babes are dead, and kild by scozne,
But that faire issue that shall now be bozne
Shall make a satisfaction of all wrongs.
Come gentlemen we will goe meete this traine,
Let euerie one put on a smiling browe,
Sir Owen I will haue your company,
And your's faire cozen: well remembred to,
Bring your three wands Sir Owen to the Court,
Though Gwenthyan looke with a smoother eye,
He teach you how to win the soueraigntie.

Ow. As glad of that, ha, ha, ha, tag heed of wands
Lady,

Gwen. Tag heede of nailes knight,

Marq. We play the vnthrifts in consuming time,
Though your curst wife make some afraid to woe
Yet He woe once more and be married to.

Ow. God vdge me Sir Owen would hang before her
marrie once more, if I were another Patcheler: marie
dwe. Excunt omnes.

Enter Laureo reading and Babulo with him.

Bab. Come I haue left my worke to see what mattes
you mumble to your selfe, saith laureo I would you
could leaue this lattin, and sal to make baskets, you think
tis enough if at dinner you tell vs a tale of Pignies, and
then mounch by our victuals, but that fits not vs: or the
hiforie of the well Helicon, & then drinke by our beere
we cannot liue vpon it.

Lau. A Scholler doth disdain to spend his spirits,
vpon such base impliments as hand labours.

Bab. Then

The pleasant Commodity

Ba. When you should disdain to eate vs out of house & home: you stand all day peeping into an ambzie there, and talke of monsters and miracles, and countries to no purpose: befoze I fell to my trade I was a traoueller, and found moze in one yeate then you can by your poets And paltries in seauen yeares.

Lau. What wonders hast thou seene, which are not heere?

Ba. Oh God, I pittie thy capacitye good scholler: as a little wind makes a sweet ball smell, so a crumme of learning makes your trade p:oude: what wonders? wonders not of nine daies, but 1599. I haue seene vnder Iohn Prester and Tamer Cams people, with heds like Dogs.

Lau. Alas of such there are too manie heere,
All leake is full of them that snarle,
And bay and barke at other mens abuse
Yet liue themselues like beastes in all abuse.

Ba. Its true I know manie of that complexion, but I haue seene many without heads, hauing their eyes nose and mouths in their breasts.

Lau. Whic thats no wonder, euerie streete with vs,
Swarmes full of such,

Ba. I could neuer see them.

Lau. Dost thou not see our wine-bellie drunkards
reele?

Our fat fed gluttons wallow in the streetes,
Hauing no eyes but to behold their guts,
No heads but b:aineles scalpes, no sence to smell,
But where full seastes abound in all excessse
These Epimcei be our Epicures.

Ba. I haue sene monsters of that colour to: but what say you to them that haue but one leg, and yet will out run a horse?

Lau. Such are our bankrounts and our fugitiues,
Scarfe hauing one good leg, or one good limbe,
Out run their creditors, and those they wrong.

Ba. Was

Impatient Grissill.

Ba. Was tis true there was a cripple in our billage,
ran beyond Venice, and his Creditors with their best
legs could neuer since take him, but let me descend & grow
lower and lower, what say you to the litle litle Pigmies,
no higher then a boyes gig, and yet they tug & fight with
the long neckt Cranes.

Lau. Oh poore and wretched people are the Pigmies,
Oh rich oppressors the deuouring Cranes,
Within my fathers house Ile shew thee Pigmies,
Thou seest my sister Grissill shee's a Pigmie.

Ba. Shee's a pretty little woman indeed, but too big
for a Pigmie.

Lau. I am a Pigmie.

Ba. Fye fye, worse and worse.

Lau. My olde fathers one.

Ba. No no no, Giants all.

Lau. The Marquesse is the rich deuouring Crane,
That makes vs lesse then Pigmies, worse then woymes.

Enter Ianicola with an Angling rod, Grissill with a
reel, and Furio.

Ba. Ponder they come and a Crane with them.

Fur. Ianicola, leaue your fish-catching, and you your
reeling, you and you sirra you must trudge to Court
presently.

Ian. Must we againe be harried from content:
To lue in a more grieuous banishment.

Lau. He thinkes my Lord the Marquesse should bee
With mariage of another, and forbear, (pleas'd
With trumpets to proclaime this iniurie,
And to bere Grissill with such lawlesse wrong,
cri. tis no veration, for what pleaseth him,
Is the contentment of his hand-maides heart.

Fur. Will you goe?

Ian. Yes we will goe,

To flye from happines to finde out woe.

R

Ba. Good

The pleasant Commodity

Ba. Good Furio vanish, we haue no appetite, tell your
Master, Clownds are net for the Court, wee'll keepe
Court our seiuers, for what doe Courtiers but wee doe
the like: you eate good cheere, and wee eate good
bread and cheefe: you drinke wine, and we strong beere:
at night you are as hungry slaues as you were at none,
why so are wee: you goe to bed, you can but sleepe, why
and so doe wee: in the morning you rise about eleuen
of the clocke, why there we are your betters, for wee are
going before you: you weare silkes, and wee sheepe-
skinner, innocencie caries it away in the world to come,
and therefore vanish good Furio, torment vs not good
my sweet Furio.

Fu. Alse Ile haue you snaffed,

Ba. It may be so, but then Furio Ile kicke.

Fu. Will you goe, or shall I force you?

Gri. You neede not, for Ile run to serue my Lord,
O, if I wanted legs, vpon my knees
Ile creepe to Court so I may see him pleas'd,
Then courage Father.

Ian. Well said patience,

Thy vertues arme mine age with confidence,
Come son, bond-men must serue, shall we alway?

Lau. I, I, but this shall prouoe a fatal day.

Gri. Brother, for my sake doe not wrong your selfe.

Lau. Shall I in silence bury all our wrongs?

Gri. Yes when your words cannot get remedy,

Learn of me Lauro I that share most woe,
Am the least mou'd, father leane on mine arme,
Brother leade you the way, whilst wretched I
Wholde olde age, and cast downe miserie.

Fu. Away.

Ba. Didst thou haue fish faire & catcht a frog. Exeunt

Enter Marquesse, Paula Lepido, Onophrio, Vrcenzi,
Farnezi, and Mario.

Marq. Lords as you loue our State, affect our loues,
Like

Of patient Grisill.

Like of your owne content, respect your liues,
Thge vs no further, Gwaker is resolu'd,
To marry the halfe heyre of Brandenburgh,
By brother Paul with no small expence,
Hath brought the Princesse out of Germany,
To gether with Prince Gwaker her young brother,
Now they are come, learne of the rising Sunne,
Scatter the cloudy mists of discontent,
As he disperceth vapours with his beames.

Paul. Brother, there is no eye but brightlly shines,
Gladnes both lodge in your Nobles lookes,
Nor haue they any cause to cloude their browes.

Enter Sir Owen, Gwentian, and Rees with wandes.

Paul. Oh heere comes Sir Owen, and my Lady pati-
ence, toome there.

Owen. Tardough Cozen Marquesse & Ladies aul.

Mar. Welcome good cozen Gwentian, wil you pleas?
Goe in, and lend your presence to my bride?

Gwe. Cozen, tis her intentions so to do, but I sweare
and I were Grisill, I would pull her eyes out, & she were
as mynny Shermaines daughter as there be colues in Cam-
bria, and that is aboue twenty scope and a litle more, you
know Sir Owen?

Ow. Yes truely aboue a dozen more is warrant her.

Marq. Grisill is patient Madame, be you pleas'd.

Owen. Well, and shee so baselies minded tis well,
but I know what I know, Sir Owen heere thinkes to
make Gwentians so patience, for Owen tis aul in vaines,
well I goe to her Brides. Exit.

Ow. You prade and you taug Gwentians, but I made
you put on parcels for aul your taug and prade? Rees,
where's Rees bring the wandes heere Rees.

Re. They are here sir, in the twinkling of an eye.

Ow. Cozen, when her weddings are done and at lea-
sures, I will leane your medicines to tame her eyes.

The pleasant Commedy

Marq. You shall anon good Cozen Meredith.

Ow. Stand by Rees, walke in the halles among the
Seruingmans, keepe her wandes till I call, heare you
now?

Enter Furio.

Ri. Yes Sir.

Exit.

Marq. Furio, are Griffill and the other come?

Fur. Yes, they are come.

Marq. Are they employed according to our charge?

Fu. They are.

Marq. How does her brother take it?

Fu. Ill.

Marq. How her father?

Fu. Well.

Marq. How her selfe?

Fu. Better.

Marq. Furio, goe call out Griffill from the W:ide.

Fu. I will.

Exit Furio.

Farn. It's pittie that fellow was not made a Soldier,
hee should haue but a word and a blow at his hands.

Enter Ianicola and Babulo carrying coales, Laureo with
wood, Griffill with wood.

Ba. Master goe you but vnder the Cole-staffe, Babu-
lo can beare all, staffe basket and all.

Ian. It is the Marquesse pleasure I must iudge,
Loade me I pray thee, I am bozne to beare.

Lau. But Ile no longer beare a logger head,
Thus Ile cast downe his ierwell in dispight,
So, though my heart be sad, my shoulder's light.

Gri. Alas what doe you brother, see you not
Our dread Lord ponder? come perfozme his will,
Wh in a subiect this is too too ill.

(loade?)

Marq. What mean'st thou fellow to cast downe thy

Lau. I haue cast downe my burthen not my loade,
The loade of your grosse wrongs lyes here like leade.

Marq. What fellow is this?

Gri. Pome

Of patient Grisfill.

Gris. Your handmaid Grisfills brother,

Marq. Take him away into the Posters lodge,

Lau. Lodge me in dungeons, I will still exclaim,
On Gwalcers cursed acts and hated name. Exit. with Marq.

Marq. Grisfill Take you his load and beare it in.

Ba. Oh tiger minded monstrous Marquesse, make thy
Ladie a collier?

Marq. Whats that that villiane pyles so?

Bab. God blesse the noble Marquesse,

Marq. Sirha take you his coales, Grisfill depart,
Returne but beare that first, (at him.)

Gris. With all my heart. Exeunt. Gris. and Ba. grinning

Marq. Stay you Ianicola, I haue heard you sing,

Ian. I could haue sung when I was free from care.

Marq. What grief can in your aged bosome lie?

Ian. Griefe that I am vngratious in your eye,

Ba. Then would he not desire your company.

Enter Grisfill.

Marq. Ianicola here is a bridall song,

Play you the Larke to greete my blessed sunne,

Grisfill are you return'd: play you the morning,

To leade forth Gratian my bright byid:

Goe in and waite on her Ianicola,

Sing Hymeneus himnes, Musicke I say. Exit. Grisfill.

Ow. Tawfone Tawfone Cozens anil, and here harmonies
and sol faes.

The Song.

Song. Beautie arise, shew forth thy glorious shining,

Thine eyes feed Loue, for them he standeth pyning,

Honour and youth attend to doe their duetic,

To thee (their onely soueraigne) Beautie.

Beautie arise, whilst we thy seruants sing,

Loue to Hymen wedlocke iocund King,

Io to Hymen lo lo sing.

of wedlock, loue, and youth is Hymen King.

Beautie

The pleasant Commodity

Beauty arise, beauty arise, thy glorious lightes display,
Whilst we sing so, glad to see this day,

To Io to Hymen Io Io sing,

Of wedlocke, loue, and youth is Hymen King.

Marq. Art thou as glad in soule as in thy song?

Jan. Who can be glad when he indureth wrong?

Ow. As God vodge me Ian Niclas is honest man, hee
does not flatter and sembles, but tell his intentions: owe
more melodies, owe heere come her new pade.

Musicke sounds, enter Griffill alone, after her the Marquesse
Sonne and daughter, Iulia, Gwenthian and other
Ladies, and Mario and Furio.

Marq. Salute my beaufious loue.

All. All ioy betide to Graciana our deare Marquesse
Bride.

Marq. Bring me a crowne of gold to crowne my loue,
A wreath of willow soz despised Griffill.

Gri. Griffill is not despised in your eye,

Withence you name her name so gently.

Ow. Gwenthians there's wiues, there's patient wiues
owe fuh fuh is soles, Tawfone is arrant pebie soles.

Marq. Griffill place you this crowne vpon her head,
But these imbroidered slippers on her feete.

Dis well, deliuer me your wedding ring,

Circle her finger with it, now stand by,

Art thou content with all?

Gri. Content with all.

Marq. My Bride is Crown'd, now tell me all of you,
Which of you euer saw my loue before?

What is her name, her birch, place, or estate.

Lep. Till now I neuer behelde her beauntic.

Ow. No? I. Vic. Trust me no? I.

Far. By my troth no? I.

Mari. We heare that she was borne in Germany,
And halfe heyre to the Duke of Brandenburg,

Marq. Pou

Of patient Grisfill.

Marq. You all heare this, and all thinke this:

All. We doe.

Marq. When Fu. stand thou soorth, Lords in his best
A loyall seruant true soule doth rest,
Furio shall be apparelled in a robe.

Fur. I shall not become it.

Marq. Some that are great put robes on Parasites,
Mario, Lepido come you two hither,
Are not you richly clad: haue I done so:

Both. What meanes your grace by this?

Marq. Gracelasse, haue done,
Trueth, sildome dwels in a still talking tongue,
Furio bring Laureo from the Porters lodge,
Take in Ianicola, and cloath them both
In rich habiliments, they shall awhile
Be flattered with false fortunes wanton smiles.

Ia. Fortune can do no more then she hath done,
They th. it are markt to woe, to woe must run. Exit Furio

Marq. How doe you like my Bride? & Ianicola.

Gri. I thinke her blest.

To haue the loue of such a noble Lord.

Marq. You flatter me.

Gri. Indeed I speake the truth,
Onely I prostrately beseech your grace,
That you consider of her tender yeares,
Which as a flower in spring may soone be nipt,
With the least frost of colde aduersity.

Marq. Why are not you then nipt: you stil seeme fresh
As if aduersities coide Izie hand,
Had neuer laide his fingers on your heart.

Gri. It neuer toucht my heart, aduersity
Dwels still with them that dwels with misery,
But milde content hath eas'd me of that poake,
Patience hath borne the buzze and I the stroke.

Enter Furio, Ianicola, and laureo, striuing
about attyre,

Lau. Giue

The pleasant Commodity

Lau. Giue him his silkes they shal not touch my back

Marq. What strife is there, what aileth Laureo?

Lau. I will not weare poynd trappings like a beast,
Yet hourelie feele the scornfull riders spurts,

Marq. Cloth olde lanicola in rich attire,

Ian. Doe, lo ad me, so; to beare is my desire.

Marq. Doe ye repine, may then ile bet you more;

Grissill I will receiue this second wife
From none but from thy hands: come giue her me,

Gril. I heere present you with an endlesse blisse,
Rich honour, beauntious vertue, vertuous youth,
Long liue my Lo:d with her contentedly.

Owe. Harg patience there Gwenchyan see you thade?

Marq. Grissill dost thou deliuer me this maide,
As an vntainted flower which I shall keepe,
Despite of enuies canker, till the rust,
Of all consuming death finish her liife?

Gril. I doe my deare Lo:d, and as willingly
As I deliuered by my maiden youth.

Marq. What saies lanicola?

Ia. I say but thus,

— Great men are Gods, and they haue power oze vs,

Marq. Grissill hold fast the right hand of my bride,
Thou weart a willow wreath and she a crowne,
True bride take thou the crowne and she the wreath,

Mari. O gracious Lo:d you doe mistake your selfe.

Marq. Peace peace, thou Sicophant Grissill receiue
Large interests for thy leue and sufferance.

Thou gau'lt me this faire maide, I in erchange,
Returne thee her: and this young Gentleman
Thy Sonne and daughter kisse with patience,
And breath thy vertuous spirit into their soules.

Owe. Owe Sir Owen marg you now, the man is rec'd
To her Latie, leme now Sir owen learne, learne
Knight your duetic, see you thade?

Marq. Why stands my wonges Grissill thus amazed?

Gril. Joy,

Of patient Grisill.

Gris. Joy feare, 'oue hate, hope doubts incompage me:
Are these my child:en I supposed slaine?

Ia. Are these my nephewes that were murdred:

Gri. Blessing distill on you like morning dew,
My soule knit to your soules, knowes you are mine.

Ma. They are, & I am thine: Lords loke not strange,
These two are they, at whose birthes enuies tongue,
Darted enuenom'd stings, these are the fruite
Of this most vertuous tree, that multitude,
That many headed beastes, nip't their sweet hearts,
With wrongs, with bitter wrongs, al you hane wrong'd
My selfe hane done most wrong, for I did try (her,
To breake the temper of true constancie:

But these whom all thought murdred are aliue,
My Grisill liues, and in the booke of fame,
All wordes in golde shall register her name.

Le. Mar. Most dreaded Lord.

Marq. Arise flatterers get you gone, Exeunt rep. Ma.
Your soules are made of blacke confusion.

Father Ianicola.

Ia. Oh pardon me,

Though dunbe betwixt my griece and ioy I be.

Marq. Who stands thus sad, what brother lauro:
eau. Pardon me my gracious Lord, for now I see,
That Schollers with weake eyes, poze on their brookes,
But want true soules to iudge on Hatred:

None else but Kings can know the hearts of Kings,
Hence sooth my pride shall fly with humbler wings.

Marq. Our pardon and our loue circle thee round,
Lets ali to banquet, mirth our cares confound.

Ow. Hold:, holde, holde, banquet? if you banquet so,
Sir Owen is like to haue there, her Latie heere is cog a
hoope now at this, pray Cozen keepe your promise, Rees
the wandes Rees, your medicines and fine frigs to tame
thyelues.

Marq. Furio where be the wands that I bound vp?

L

Fur. Heere

The pleasant Commodity

Fur. Heere my Lord.

Marq. I wzeath'd them then sir Owen, and you see
They still continue so, wzeath you these three.

Ow. Dwe winde them, yes is winde them and mag
good mightie cudgell, to tame and knog her Latie, and
she prawle, oꝛ erie, oꝛ giue pꝛade and inꝛate to peggers,
oꝛ teare pꝛodes, by God is well remembꝛed too, Cozen
you pꝛomis'd to helpe her to her Duckegs, soꝛ all her pa-
per and pꝛodes is toꝛne?

Mar. And I will keeꝛ my pꝛomise, wzeath your wands

Owen. Dwe Gods lid mine is stubberne like Owen-
chians, Gods plude see if pꝛeakes in snip snap pꝛeces, what
now Cozen?

Marq. But cozen these you see did gently boiue,
I tride my Griffils patience when twas greene,
Like a young Dier, and I moulded it
Like ware to all impressions: married men
That long to tame their wiues must curbe them in,
Besozꝛ they need a bydle, then they'll pꝛooue
All griffils full of patience, full of lone,
Pet that olde tryall must be tempered so,
Least seeking to tame them they master you.

Owen. By God is true as Bible and Gospel, oh true
out a cry.

Marq. But you Sir Owen giuing her the head,
As you gaue liberty to those three wandes,
Shee'll bzeake as those doe, if you bend her now,
And then y'are past all helpe, soꝛ if you stric,
You'll gaine as gamesters doe that sildome thziue.

Owe. What shall doe to her Latie then? is pest run a-
way cozen, oꝛ knog her bzaines out? soꝛ is as saliant as
Mars if I be anger.

Iul. That were a shame eyther to run away from a
woman, oꝛ to strike her, your best Whisicke Sir Owen, is
to weare a beluet hand, leaden eares, and no tongue, you
must not fight howsoeuer she quarrels, you must be deafe
when

Of patient Grissill.

Whensoever the brawles, and dumbe when your selfe
should brabble: take this caldrie next your heart every
morning, and if your wife be not patient, the next reme-
dy that I know is, to buy your winding sheete.

Gwe. Cozen Marquesse, cozen Iulia, and Lawds and
Ladies all, it shall not need as her cozen has tryed Grissill,
so Gwenthian has Sir Owen.

Ow. Owe, by God is thought should pull her downe,
ah ha.

Gwe. Is not pul'd downe neither, but Sir Owen shall be
her head, and is sorry has anger her head and irag it ake,
but pray god he might be not proude & triumph too much &
treade her Latie downe, God vdg mee will tag her will
againe doe what her can.

Ow. By God is loue her out a cry now, Sir Owen could
tame her before, but Brittish ploude scawnes to fide w
Ladies, yes faith scoynes out a cry, a pogs out tis nought:
Gwenthian shall no moze be call'd Gwenthian but patient
Grissill, ah ha is.

Marq. Our ioyes are compleate, sozward to our seat;
Patience hath won the prize and now is blest.

Iu. Nay brother your pardon awhile: besides our
selues thre are a number here, that haue behelde Grissils
patience, you owne tryals, and Sir Owens sufferance,
Gwenthians srowardnes, these Gentlemen louertine, and
my selfe a hater of loue: amongst this company I trust
there are some mayden batchelers, and virgin maydens,
those that liue in that freedome & loue it, those that know
the war of marriage and hate it, set their hands to my bill,
which is rather to dye a mayde and leade Apes in hell,
then to liue a wife and be continually in hell.

Gwen. Iulia by your leaues a litle while, you taug and
you prable about shidings in marriages, and you abuse
yong mens and damfels, & fraide them from good sportes
and honozable states: but heare you now, a w! that bee
sembled heere, know you that discozd's mag good mu-
sicke,

The pleasant Commodity

sicke, and when loners fall out is soone fall in, and tis good you know: pray you al be married, for wedlocke increaseth peobles and cities, awl you then that haue husbands that you would pydle, set your hands to Gwenthians pill, for tis not fit that poore womens should be kept alwaies vnder.

Marq. Since Iulia of the maides, and Gwenthian
Of stroward wiues, intreate a kinde applaude,
See Griffill among all this multitude,
Who will be friend to gentle patience?

Ow. Ha ha ha, Griffill is weary, pray let sir owen speag
Griffill is patient, and her cozen is patient, therefore is
speage for two, Gods plude you see her Latie is syde of
buffie, yet sir owen tame her and teare her ruffes, & mag
her cry and put on her parrels, and say is sozry Sir owen,
marg that well: if sir owen was not patient, her Latie
had not beene pydled, if Griffill had not beene patient her
cozen Marqueste had not been pydled: well now if you
loue sir owens Latie, I hobe you loue sir owen too, or is
grow mighty angry, sir owen loue you as God vdge mee
awl that cry, a terrible teale, doe you heare now, then pray
awl that haue crabbed husbands and cannot mend them,
as Griffills had, and awl that haue fircn wiues, and yet is
tame her well enough as sir owen does, & awl that haue
scoldes as sir owen does, and awl that loue saire Laties
as sir owen does, to sed her two hands to his pill, and by
God shall haue sir owens heard and soule in his pellic: and
so God saue you all. Man gras wortha whee, Man gras wor-
tha whee. God night Cozens awl.

Exeunt.



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