—6— 898 Shakespeare (William, *attributed by Kirkman to*) Merry Devill of Edmonton, as it hath been sundry times acted by his Majesties Servants at the Globe on the Banke-side
Printed for Francis Falkner, 1626

Sotheby
May 21. 1857.

898

Read.

The Merry Deuill
OF
EDMONTON.

As it hath been ſundry times
Acted, by his Maieſties
Seruants, at the Globe on
the Banke-ſide.

London printed by *A. M.* for *Francis Falkner*, and are to be ſold at his Shoppe neere vnto S. *Margarites*-hill in Southwarke. 1626.

The Merry Diuell of Edmonton.

The Prologue.

YOur ſilence and attention worthy friends,
That your free ſpirits may with more pleaſing ſenſe,
Reliſh the life of this our actiue ſceane,
To which intent, to calme this murmuring breath,
We ring this round with our inuoking ſpelles,
If that your liſtning eares be yet prepard
To entertaine the ſubiect of our Play,
Lend vs your patience.
Tis *Peter Fabell* a renowned Scholler,
Whoſe fame hath ſtill beene hitherto forgot
By all the Writers of this latter age.
In *Middle-ſex* his birth and his abode,
Not full ſeauen miles from this great famous Citie,
That for his fame in ſleights and magicke won,
Was cald *The merry Fiend of Edmonton.*
If any heere make doubt of ſuch a name,
In *Edmonton* yet freſh vnto this day,
Fixt in the wall of that old ancient Church
His Monument remaineth to be ſeene;
His memory yet in the mouthes of men,
That whilſt he liude he could deceiue the Diuell.
Imagine now that whilſt he is retirde,
From *Cambridge* backe vnto his natiue home,
Suppoſe the ſilent ſable viſagde night,

Casts her blacke curtaine ouer all the world,
And whilst he sleepes within his silent bed,
Toylde with the studies of the passed day:
The very time and houre wherein that Spirit
That many yeares attended his commaund;
And often times twixt *Cambridge* and that towne,
Had in a minute borne him through the ayre,
By composition twixt the fiend and him, *Draw the curtaines.*
Comes now to claime the Scholler for his due.
Behold him heere laide on his restlesse couch,
His fatall chime prepared at his head,
His chamber guarded with these sable slights,
And by him stands that Negromanticke chaire,
In which he makes his direfull inuocations,
And binds the fiends that shall obey his will.
Sit with a pleased eye vntill you know
The Commicke end of our sad Tragique show. *Exit.*

The Chime goes, in which time, Fabell is oft seene to stare about him, and hold vp his hands.

Fab. What meanes the touling of this fatall chime?
O what a trembling horror strikes my heart!
My stiffned haire stands vpright on my head,
As doe the bristles of a Porcupine.

Enter Coreb a Spirit.

Cor. *Fabell* awake, or I will beare thee hence headlong to Hell.

Fab. Ha, ha, why dost thou wake me?
Coreb, is it thou?

Cor. Tis I.

Fab. I know thee well, I heare the watchfull dogs,
With hollow howling tell of thy approch,
The lights burne dim affrighted with thy presence:
And this distemperd and tempestuous night
Tells me the ayre is troubled with some Diuell.

Cor. Come, art thou ready?

Fab.

Fab. Whither? or to what?
Cor. Why Scholler, this the houre my date expires,
I muſt depart, and come to claime my due.
Fab. Hah, what is thy due?
Cor. *Fabell*, thy ſelfe.
Fab. O let not darkenes heare thee ſpeake that word,
Leaſt that with force it hurry hence amaine,
And leaue the world to looke vpon my woe,
Yet ouerwhelme me with this globe of earth
And let a little ſparrow with her bill,
Take but ſo much as ſhe can beare away,
That euery day thus loſing of my loade,
I may againe in time yet hope to riſe.
Cor. Didſt thou not write thy name in thine owne blood?
And drewſt the formall Deed twixt thee and mee,
And is it not recorded now in hell?
Fab, Why comſt thou in this ſterne and horrid ſhape?
Not in familiar ſort as thou waſt wont?
Cor. Becauſe the date of thy command is out,
And I am maſter of thy skill and thee.
Fab. *Coreb*, thou angry and impatient ſpirit,
I haue earneſt buſineſſe for a priuate friend,
Reſerue me ſpirit vntill ſome further time.
Cor. I will not for the mines of all the earth.
Fab. Then let me riſe, and ere I leaue the world,
Ile diſpatch ſome buſines that I haue to doe,
And in meane time repoſe thee in that chayre.
Cor. *Fabell*, I will. *Sit downe.*
Fab. O that this ſoule that coſt ſo great a price,
As the deere pretious blood of her Redeemer,
Inſpirde with knowledge, ſhould by that alone
Which makes a man ſo meane vnto the powers,
Euen leade him downe into the depth of hell,
When men in their owne pride ſtriue to know more
Then man ſhould know!
For this alone God caſt the Angels downe,
The infinitie of Arts is like a ſea,

Into

Into which when man will take in hand to ſaile
Further then reaſon, which ſhould be his pilot,
Hath skill to guide him, looſing once his compaſſe,
He falleth to ſuch deepe and dangerous whirlepooles,
As he doth looſe the very ſight of heauen:
The more he ſtriues to come to quiet harbor,
The further ſtill he findes himſelfe from land,
Man ſtriuing ſtill to finde the depth of euill,
Seeking to be a God, becomes a Diuell.

Cor. Come *Fabell*, haſt thou don?

Fab. Yes, yes, come hither.

Cor. *Fabell*, I cannot.

Fab. Cannot, what ailes your hollownes?

Cor. Good *Fabell* helpe me.

Fa. Alas where lies your griefe? ſome Aqua-vitæ,
The Diuel's very ſicke, I feare hee'l die,
For he lookes very ill.

Cor. Darſt thou deride the miniſter of darkeneſſe?
In *Lucifers* great name *Coreb* coniures thee
To ſet him free.

Fab. I will not for the mines of all the earth,
Vnleſſe thou giue me libertie to ſee,
Seauen yeares more before thou ſeaze on mee.

Cor. *Fabell*, I giue it thee.

Fab. Sweare damned fiend.

Cor. Vnbind me, and by hell I will not touch thee,
Till ſeauen yeares from this houre be full expirde.

Fab. Enough, come out.

Cor. A vengeance take thy art,
Liue, and conuert all piety to euill,
Neuer did man thus ouer-reach the Diuell;
No time on earth like Phaetontique flames,
Can haue perpetuall being. Ile returne
To my infernall manſion, but be ſure
Thy ſeauen yeeres don, no tricke ſhall make me tarry,
But *Coreb*, thou to hell ſhalt *Fabell* carry.

Fab. Then thus betwixt vs two this variance ends,

Thou to thy fellow Fiends, I to my Friends. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, Dorcas his Lady, Millisent his Daughter, young Harry Clare, the Men booted, the Gentle-women in Cloakes and Safe-gardes, Blague the merry Host of the George comes in with them.

Host. WElcome good Knight to the George at *Waltham*,
My Freehold, my Tenements, goods and chattels:
Madame heer's a roome in the very Homer and Iliads of a lodging, it hath none of the foure elements in it; I built it out of the Center, and I drinke here the lesse Sacke.
Welcome my little wast of Maiden-heads, what?
I serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Clare. God a mercie my good Host *Blague*,
Thou hast a good seate here.

Host. This correspondent or so, theres not a *Tartarian*
Nor a Carrier shall breath vpon your Geldings,
They haue villanous rancke feete, the rogues,
And they shall not sweate in my linnen.
Knights and Lords too haue beene drunke in my house,
I thanke the Destinies.

Har. Pre'the good sinfull In-keeper, will that corruptiõ thine Ostler looke well to my Gelding: Hay, a poxe of these rushes.

Host. You, Saint *Dennis*, your Gelding shall walke without doores, and coole his feete for his maisters sake, by the bodie of S. *George*, I haue an excellent intellect to go steale some venison: Now when wast thou in the Forrest?

Har. Away you stale messe of white-broth: Come hither Sister, let me helpe you.

Clare. Mine Host, is not Sir *Richard Mounchensey* come yet, according to our appoyntment when we last dinde here?

Host The Knight's not yet apparent, marry heere's a forerunner that summons a parley; and faith, hee'le be heere top and top gallant presently.

Clar. Tis well; good mine Host goe downe, and see breakfast be prouided.

Host. Knight, thy breath hath the force of a woman, it takes

me downe, I am for the baser Element of the Kitchin; I retire like a valiant Soldier, face point-blanke to the foe-man; or like a Courtier, that must not shew the Prince his posteriors; vanish to know my Canuasadoes, and my interrogatories, for I serue the good Duke of Norfolke. *Exit.*

Cla. How doth my Ladie, are you not weary Madame?
Come hither, I must talke in priuate with you,
My daughter *Millisent* must not ouer-heare.

Mill. I, whispering, pray God it tend to my good,
Strange feare assailes my heart, vsurpes my bloud.

Cla. You know our meeting with the Knight *Mounchensey*,
Is to assure our Daughter to his Heire.

Dor. Tis without question.

Cla. Two tedious Winters haue past ore, since first
These couple lou'd each other, and in passion,
Glewd first their naked hands with youthfull moysture,
Iust so long on my knowledge.

Dor. And what of this?

Cla. This morning should my daughter loose her name,
And to *Mounchenseys* house conuey our Armes,
Quartered within his scutchion; th'affiance made
Twixt him and her, this morning should be sealde.

Dor. I know it should.

Cla. But there are crosses wife, here's one in *Waltham*,
An other at the *Abbey*; and the third
At *Ceston*: and tis ominous to passe
Any of these without a Pater-noster.
Crosses of Loue still thwart this marriage,
Whilst that we two like spirites walke in night,
About those stonie and hard-hearted plots.

Mill. O God, what meanes my Father?

Cla. For looke you wife, the riotous old Knight
Hath ore-run his annuall reuenue,
In keeping iolly Christmas all the yeare,
The nosthrilles of his chimneys are still stuffe
With smoke, more chargeable then Cane-tobacco;
His Hawkes deuoure his fattest Dogs, whilst simple,

His

His leaneſt Curres eate his Hounds carrion;
Beſides, I heard of late, his younger Brother,
Or Turkey-Merchant, hath ſure ſuck'de the Knight,
By meanes of ſome great loſſes on the Sea:
That you conceiue me, before God all naught,
His ſeate is weake, thus each thing rightly ſcand,
Youle ſee a flight, wife, ſhortly of his Land.

Mill. Treaſon to my hearts trueſt ſoueraigne,
How ſoone is loue ſmothered in foggy gaine?

Dor. But how ſhall we preuent this dangerous match?

Clar. I haue a plot, a tricke, and this it is,
Vnder this colour, Ile breake off the match;
Ile tell the Knights that now my minde is changde
For marrying of my daughter; for I entend
To ſend her vnto Cheſton Nunry,

Mill. O me accurſt!

Clar. There to become a moſt religious Nunne.

Mill. Ile firſt be buried quicke.

Clar. To ſpend her beauty in moſt priuate prayers.

Mill. Ile ſooner be a ſinner, in forſaking
Mother and father.

Clar. How doſt like my plot?

Dor. Exceeding well, but is it your intent
She ſhall continue there?

Cla. Continue there, ha, ha, that were a ieſt;
You know, a Virgin may continue there
A twelue-month and a day, only on triall,
There ſhall my Daughter ſoiourne ſome three moneths,
And in meane time Ile compaſſe a faire match
Twixt youthfull *Ierningham*, the luſty Heire
Of Sir *Ralph Ierningham*, dwelling in the forreſt;
I thinke they'le both come hither with *Mounchenſey*.

Dor. Your care argues the loue you beare our childe,
I will ſubſcribe to any thing youle haue me.

Mill. You will ſubſcribe to it, good, good, tis well,
Loue hath two chaires of ſtate, heauen and hell;
My deare *Mounchenſey*, thou my death ſhalt rue,

Ere to thy heart *Millifcent* prooue vntrue. *Exit.*

Enter Blague.

Hoft. Oftlers you knaues and commanders, take the Horfes of the Knights and Competitors: your honorable Hulkes haue put into harborough, theile take in frefh-water here, and I haue prouided cleane chamberpots. *Via, they come.*

Enter Sir Richard Mounchenfey, Sir Ralph Ierningham, young Franke Ierningham, Raymond Mounchenfey, Peter Fabell, and Bilbo.

Hoft. The Deftinies be moft neate Chamberlaines to thefe fwaggering Puritanes, Knights of the fubfidie.

Sir Moun. God a mercie good mine Hoft.

Sir Iern. Thankes good hoft *Blague.*

Hoft. Roome for my cafe of Piftolles, that haue Greeke and Latine bullets in them: Let me cling to your flankes my nimble Giberalters, and blow winde in your calues to make them fwell bigger. Ha: Ile caper in mine owne Fee-fimple, away with puntillios, and Orthography, I ferue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Bilbo. *Titere tu patulæ recubans fub tegmine fagi.*

Truly mine Hoft, *Bilbo*, though he be fomewhat out of fafhion, will be your onely Blade ftill, I haue a villanous fharpe ftomack to flice a breake-faft.

Hoft. Thou fhalt haue it without any more difcontinnance, releafes, or atturnement; what? we know our termes of hunting, and the Sea-carde.

Bil. And doe you ferue the good Duke of Norfolke ftill?

Hoft. Still, & ftill, and ftill, my fouldier of S. *Quintins*, come, follow me, I haue Charles-waine belowe in a butte of facke, I will glifter like your Crab-fifh.

Bilb. You haue fine Scholler-like tearmes, your Coopers Dixionarie is your onely booke to ftudie in a Celler, a man fhall finde very ftrange wordes in it, come my Hoft, lets ferue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Hoft. And ftill, and ftill, and ftill my Boy, Ile ferue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Jer. Good Sir *Arthur Clare.*
Clar. What Gentleman is that? I know him not.
Moun. Tis M, *Fabell* sir, a Cambridge Scholler.
My Sonnes deere friend.
Clar. Sir, I intreate you know me.
Fab. Command me sir, I am affected to you
For your *Mounchenseyes* sake.
Clar. Alas for him,
I not respect whether he sinke or swim:
A word in priuate Sir *Raph Ierningham.*
Ray. Me thinkes your Father looketh strangely on me;
Say Loue, why are you sad?
Mill. I am not Sweete;
Passion is strong, when woe with woe doth meete.
Clar. Shall's in to breakefast, after wee'l conclude
The cause of this our comming, in and feede,
And let that vsher a more serious deede.
Mill. Whilst you desire his griefe, my heart shall bleede.
Yong Ier. *Raymond Mounchensey*, come, be frolick friend,
This is the day thou hast expected long.
Ray, Pray God deere *Harry Clare* it prooue so happy,
Jer. Ther's nought can alter it, be merry Lad.
Fab. Ther's nought shall alter it, be liuely *Raymond,*
Stand any opposition gainst thy hope,
Art shall confront it with her largest scope. *Exeunt.*

Peter Fabel, solus.

Fab. Good old *Mounchensey*, is thy hap so ill,
That for thy bounty, and thy royall parts,
Thy kinde alliance should be held in scorne,
And after all these promises by *Clare,*
Refuse to giue his Daughter to thy Sonne,
Onely because thy Reuenues can not reach,
To make her dowage of so rich a ioynture,
As can the Heire of wealthy *Jerningham*?
And therefore is the false foxe now in hand,
To strike a match betwixt her and th'other,
And the old gray-beards now are close together,

Plotting it in the garden. Is't euen so?
Raymond Mounchensey, boy, haue thou and I
Thus long at Cambridge read the liberall Arts,
The Metaphisickes, Magicke, and those parts,
Of the most secret deepe Philosophie?
Haue I so many melancholy nights
Watch'd on the top of Peter-house highest tower?
And come we backe vnto our natiue home,
For want of skill to loose the wench thou lou'st?
Weele first hang *Enuill* in such rings of miste
As neuer rose from any dampish fenne;
Ile make the brinde sea to rise at *Ware*,
And drowne the marshes vnto *Stratford*-bridge;
Ile driue the Deere from *Waltham* in their walkes,
And scatter them like sheepe in euery field:
We may perhaps be crost, but if we be,
He shall crosse the Deuill that but crosses me.

Enter Reymond and young Ierningham.

But here comes *Ramond*, disconsolant and sad,
And heers the Gallant that must haue the Wench.

Jer. I pre'thee *Raymond* leaue these solemne dumpes,
Reuiue thy spirits, thou that before hast beene
More watchfull then the day-proclayming Cocke,
As sportiue as a Kid, as francke and merry
As mirth her selfe.
If ought in me may thy content procure,
It is thine owne thou mayst thy selfe assure.

Ray, Ha *Ierningham*, if any but thy selfe
Had spoke that word, it would haue come as cold
As the bleake Northerne winds, vpon the face
Of winter.
From thee they haue some power vpon my blood,
Yet being from thee, had but that hollow souud,
Come from the lips of any liuing man,
It might haue won the credite of mine eare,
From thee it cannot.

Jer. If I vnderstand thee, I am a villaine,

What, doſt thon ſpeake in parables to thy friends?
Clar. Come Boy, and make me this ſame groning Loue,
Troubled with ſtitches, and the cough o'th lungs,
That wept his eyes out when he was a childe,
And euer ſince hath ſhot at hudman-blinde,
Make her leape, caper, ierke, and laugh, and ſing,
And play me horſe-trickes,
Make *Cupid* wanton as his Mothers Doue,
But, in this ſort boy I would haue thee loue.
Fab. Why how now mad-cap? what my luſty *Franke*,
So neere a wife, and will not tell your friend?
But you will to this geere in hugger-mugger:
Art thou turnd miſer raſcall in thy loues?
Ier. Who I? z'blood, what ſhould all you ſee in me,
That I ſhould looke like a married man? ha,
Am I balde? are my legs too little for my hoſe?
If I feele any thing in my forehead, I am a villaine,
Doe I weare a night cap? doe I bend in the hams? (ha?
What doſt thou ſee in me that I ſhould be towards marriage?
Clar. What, thou married? let me looke vpon thee,
Rogue, who has giuen this out of thee?
How camſt thou into this ill name? what company
Haſt thou bin in Raſcall?
Fab. You are the man ſir, muſt haue *Milleſcent*,
The match is making in the garden now,
Her ioynture is agreed on, and th'old men
Your fathers, meane to lanch their buſy bags;
But in meane time to thruſt *Mounchenſey* off,
For colour of this new intended match,
Faire *Milleſcent* to *Cheſton* muſt be ſent,
To take the approbation for a Nun.
Nere looke vpon me lad, the match is done.
Ier. *Raymond Mounchenſey*, now I touch thy grieſe,
With the true feeling of a zealous friend.
And as for faire and beauteous *Milleſcent*,
With my vaine breath I will not ſeeke to ſlubber,
Her angell like perfections, but thou knowſt,

That

That *Essex* hath the Saint that I adore,
Where ere did'st meete me, but we two were Iouiall,
But like a wag, thou hast not laught at me,
And with regardles iesting mockt my loue?
Now many a sad and weary summer night,
My sighes haue drunke the dew from off the earth,
And I haue taught the Nightingale to wake,
And from the meadowes sprung the earely Larke,
An hower before she should haue list to sing;
I haue loaded the poore minutes with my moanes,
That I haue made the heauy slow pasde houres,
To hang like heauie clogs vpon the day.
But deere *Mounchensey*, had not my affection
Seazde on the beauty of an other Dame,
Before I would wrong the chase, and leaue the loue,
Of one so worthy, and so true a friend,
I will abiure both beauty and her sight,
And will in loue become a counterfeite.

Mou. Deere *Ierningham*, thou hast begot my life,
And from the mouth of hell, where now I sate,
I feele my spirit rebound against the stars:
Thou hast conquer'd me deere friend in my free soule,
There time or death can by their power controule.

Fab. *Franke Ierningham*, thou art a gallant boy,
And were he not my Pupill, I would say,
He were as fine a metled Gentleman,
Of as free spirit, and of as fine a temper,
As is in England, and he is a Man,
That very richly may deserue thy loue.
But noble *Clare*, this while of our discourse,
What may *Mounchenseys* houour to thy selfe,
Exact vpon the measure of thy grace?

Clar. *Raymond Mounchensey*, I would haue thee know,
He does not breath this ayre,
Whose loue I cherish, and whose soule I loue,
More then *Mountchenseys*:
Nor euer in my life did see the man,
Whom for his wit and many vertuous parts,

I thinke more worth of my Sisters loue.
But since the matter growes vnto this passe,
I must not seeme to crosse my Fathers will:
But when thou list to visit her by night,
My Horse is sadled, and the stable doore
Stands readie for thee, vse them at thy pleasure;
In honest marriage wed her frankly boy,
And if thou getst her Lad, God giue thee ioy.

Mou. Then care away, let Fate my fall pretend,
Backt with the fauours of so true a friend.

Fab. Let vs alone to bussell for the set,
For Age and Craft, with Wit and Art hath met.
Ile make my Spirits to daunce such nightly Iigges,
Along the way twixt this and *Totnam* Crosse;
The Carriers Iades shall cast their heauie packes,
And the strong hedges scarce shall keepe them in:
The Milke-maides Cutts shall turne the wenches off,
And lay their Dossers tumbling in the dust:
The franke and merry London Prentises,
That come for Creame, and lusty countrey Cheere,
Shall lose their way, and scrambling in the ditches,
All night, shall whoope and hallow, cry, and call,
And none to other finde the way at all.

Mou. Pursue the proiect Scholler, what we can doe,
To helpe indeuour, ioyne our liues thereto. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bankes, Sir Iohn, and Smug.

Banks. Take me with you, good Sir *Iohn*; a plague on thee *Smug*, and thou touchest liquor thou art founderd streight: What? are your braines alwaies Water-milles? must they euer runne round?

Smug. *Bankes*, your Ale is a *Philistine* Foxe; nounes theres fire i't taile on't; you are a rogue to charge vs with Mugs i'th rereward: a plague of this winde, O it tickles our *Catastrophe.*

Sir Ioh. Neighbour *Banks* of *Waltham*, and Goodman *Smug* the honest Smith of *Edmonton*, as I dwell betwixt you both, at *Enfield*, I know the taste of both your Ale-houses, they are good both, smart both; hem, grasse and hey, we are all mortall, let's

 liue

liue till we die, and be merrie, and thers an ende.

Banks. Well said Sir *Iohn*, you are of the same humor still, and doth the water run the same way still boy?

Smug. *Vulcan* was a rogue to him: Sir *Iohn*, locke, locke, locke fast Sir *Iohn*: So Sir *Iohn*, Ile one of these yeares, when it shall please the Goddesses, and the Destinies, be drunke in your companie; thats all now, and God send vs health; shall I sweare I loue you?

Sir Ioh. No oathes, no oathes, good neighbour *Smug*,
Weele wet our lippes together, and hugge,
Carouse in priuate, and eleuate the heart,
And the Liuer, and the Lights, and the Lights,
Marke you me, within vs, for hem,
Grasse and hay, we are all mortall, lets liue till we die, and be merrie, and thers an end.

Bank. But to our former motion, about stealing some Venison, whither goe we?

Sir Io. Into the Forrest neighbour *Banks*, into *Brians* walke, the mad Keeper.

Smug. Blood, Ile tickle your Keeper.

Bank. Yfaith thou art alwaies drunke, when we haue neede of thee.

Smug. Need of me? hart, you shall haue need of me alwaies, while theres yron in an Anuill.

Banks. M. Parson, may the Smith goe (thinke you) being in this taking?

Smug. Goe, Ile goe in spight of all the Belles in *Waltham*.

Sir Ioh. The question is, good Neighbour *Bankes*; let me see, the Moone shines to night; ther's not a narrow bridge betwixt this and the Forrest, his braine may be setled ere night, he may goe, he may goe neighbour *Banks*: Now we want none but the companie of mine Host *Blague* of the Gorge at *Waltham*, if he were heere, our Consort were full: Looke where comes my good Host, the Duke of Norfolkes man: and how? and how? a hem, grasse and hay, we are not yet mortall, lets liue till we die, and be merry, and theres an end. *Enter Host.*

Host. Ha, my Castilian Dialogues, and art thou in breath still boy? Miller, doth the match hold? Smith I see by thy eyes thou

hast

haſt bin reading a little *Geneua* print: But wend we merrily to the forreſt, to ſteale ſõe of the Kings deere. Ile meet you at the time appointed: away, I haue Knights & Colonels at my houſe, and muſt tend the Hungarions. If wee be ſcar'd in the Forreſt, we'le meet in the Church-porch at *Enfield*; iſt correſpondent?

Bank. Tis well; But how if any of vs ſhould be taken?

Smug. He ſhall haue ranſome by my Sword.

Hoſt. Tuſh, the knaues Keepers are my bonaſoſis, and my pentioners, nine a clocke, be valient, my little *Gogmagogs*; Ile fence with all the Iuſtices in *Hartford ſhire*; Ile haue a Buck till I die, Ile ſlay a Doe while I liue, hold your bowe ſtreight and ſteadie; I ſerue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Smug. O rare! who ho, ho, boy.

Sir Ioh. Peace neighbour *Smug*, you ſee this Boore, a Boore of the Countrey, an illiterate Boore, & yet the Citizen of good-fellowes, come, lets prouide a Hen: graſſe and hay, we are not yet all mortall, we'le liue till we die, and be merry, and ther's an end, come *Smug*.

Smug. Good night *Waltham*, who, ho, ho, boy. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Knights and Gentlemen from breakefaſt againe.

Old Mou. Nor I for thee *Clare*, not of this,
What? haſt thou fed me all this while with ſhales?
And com'ſt to tell me now thou lik'ſt it not?

Clare. I doe not hold thy offer competent:
Nor doe I like th'aſſurance of thy Land,
The title is ſo brangled with thy debts.

Old Mo. Too good for thee, and Knight thou knowſt it well,
I fawnd not on thee, for thy goods, not I,
Twas thine owne motion, that thy Wife doth know.

Lad. Husband it was ſo, he lies not in that,

Clar. Hold thy chat queane.

Old Mou. To which I harkned, willingly, and the rather,
Becauſe I was perſwaded it proceeded
From loue thou bor'ſt to me, and to my Boy,
And gau'ſt him free acceſſe vnto thy houſe,
Where he hath not behau'd him to thy Childe,
But as befits a Gentleman to doe:
Nor is my poore diſtreſſed ſtate ſo lowe,

That Ile ſhut vp my doores I warrant thee,
Cla. Let it ſuffice *Mounchenſey*, I miſlike it,
Nor thinke thy Sonne a match fit for my Childe.
Moun. I tell thee *Clare*, his blood is good and cleere,
As the beſt drop that panteth in thy veines:
But for this Maide, thy faire and vertuous childe,
She is more diſparag'd by thy baſenes,
Then the moſt orient, and the precious Iewell,
Which ſtill retaines his luſtre and his beautie,
Although a ſlaue were owner of the ſame.
Cla. She is the laſt is left me to beſtow,
And her I meane to dedicate to God.
Moun. You doe ſir.
Clar. Sir, ſir, I doe, ſhe is mine owne.
Moun. And pitty ſhe is ſo:
Damnation dog thee, and thy wretched pelfe. *a ſide.*
Cla. Not thou *Mounchenſey*, ſhalt beſtow my Childe.
Moun. Neyther ſhouldſt thou beſtow her where thou mean'ſt.
Cla. What wilt thou doe?
Moun. No matter, let that be,
I will doe that perhaps ſhall anger thee;
Thou haſt wrongd my loue, and by a bleſſed Angell,
Thou ſhalt well know it.
Cla. Tut, braue not me,
Moun. Braue thee baſe Churle, wer't not for man-hood ſake;
I ſay no more, but that there be ſome by,
Whoſe blood is hotter then ours is,
Which being ſtird, might make vs both repent
This fooliſh meeting: But *Ralphe Clare*,
Although thy Father haue abuſd my friendſhip,
Yet I loue thee, I doe my noble Boy.
I doe y faith.
Lady. I, doe, doe fill all the world with talke of vs man, man,
I neuer lookt for better at your hands.
Fab. I hop'd your great experience and your yeares,
Would haue proou'd patience rather to your Soule,
Then with this frantique and vntamed paſſion,

To whet their Skeenes, and but for that
I hope their friendſhips are too well confirmd,
And their minds temperd with more kindly heate,
Then for their forward Parents frowardneſſe,
That they ſhould breake forth into publique braules,
How ere the rough hand of th'untoward world,
Hath moulded your proceedings in this matter,
Yet I am ſure the firſt intent was loue:
Then ſince the firſt ſpring was ſo ſweet and warme,
Let it die gently, ne're kill it with a ſcorne.

Ra. O thou baſe world, how leprous is that Soule
That is once limb'd in that polluted mudde:
Oh Sir *Arthur*, you haue ſtartled his free actiue ſpirits,
With a too ſharpe ſpur for his minde to beare:
Haue patience ſir, the remedie to woe,
Is to leaue that offorce we muſt forgoe.

Mill. And I muſt take a twelue months approbation,
That in meane time this ſole and priuate life,
At the yeares end may faſhion me a Wife:
But ſweet *Mounchenſey* ere this yeare be done,
Thou'ſt be a Frier if that I be a Nun:
And Father, ere young *Jerninghams* Ile be,
I will turne mad, to ſpight both him and thee.

Clar. Wife, come to Horſe, and Huſwife make you readie,
For if I liue, I ſweare by this good light,
Ile ſee you lodg'd in *Cheſſon*-houſe to night. *Exeunt*

Moun. *Ramond* away, thou ſeeſt how matters fall,
Chuſle, hell conſume thee and thy pelfe and all.

Fab. Now M. *Clare*, you ſee how matters fadge,
Your *Milleſcent* muſt needes be made a Nun:
Well ſir, we are the men muſt ply this match,
Hold you your peace, and be a looker on,
And ſend her vnto *Cheſſon*, where he will,
Ile ſend me Fellowes of a handfull hie,
Into the Cloyſters where the Nuns frequent,
Shall make them skip like Does about the dale,
And make the Lady Prioreſſe of the houſe,

To play at leape-frogenaked in their ſmocks,
Vntill the merrie wenches at their maſſe,
Cry teehee, weehee,
And tickling theſe mad laſſes in their flanckes,
Shall ſpraule and ſqueake, and pinch their fellow Nunnes.
Be liuely boyes, before the wench we loſe,
Ile make the Abbas weare the Cannons hoſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter. Harry Clare, Franke, Ierningham, Peter Fabell, and Milliſcent.

Ha.Cla. Spight now hath done her worſt, ſiſter be patient.
Ier. Forewarnd poore *Raymonds* companny O heauen,
when the compoſure of weake fraiitie meet,
Vpon this mart of durt; O then weake loue,
Muſt in her owne vnhappines be ſilent,
And wincke on all deformities.
Mill. Tis well;
whers *Raymond* brother? whers my deere *Mounchenſey*?
Would we might weepe together and then part.
Our ſighing parly would much eaſe my heart.
Fab. Sweete beautie fold your ſorrowes in the thought,
Of future reconcilement, let your teares
Shew you a woman; but be no further ſpent
Then from the eyes; for (ſweete) experience ſaies,
That loue is firme thats flattered with dolaies.
Mill. Alas ſir, thinke you I ſhall ere be his?
Fab As ſure as parting ſmiles on future bliſſe,
Yond comes my friend, ſee he hath doted
So long vpon your beautie, that your want
Will with a pale retirement waſt his blood,
For in true loue Muſicke doth ſweetly dwell,
Seuerd, theſe leſſe worlds beare within them hell.

Enter Mounchenſey.

Mount. *Harry* and *Franke*, you are enioynd to waine your friendſhip from me, we muſt part the breath of all aduiſed corruption, pardon me.

Faith

Faith I must say so, you may thinke I loue you,
I breath not, rougher spight do seuer vs,
Weele meete by stealth, sweet friend by stealth you twaine,
Kisses are sweetest got by strugling paine.

Jer. Our frindship dies not *Raymond.*

Moun. Pardon me:
I am busied, I haue lost my faculties,
And buried them in *Millisents* cleere eyes.

Mill. Alas sweet Loue what shall become of me?
I must to Chesson to the Nunerie,
I shall nere see thee more.

Moun. How sweet!
Ile be thy votary, weele often meete,
This kisse diuides vs, and breaths soft adiew,
This be a double charme to keepe both true.

Fab. Haue done, your fathers may chance spie your parting,
Refuse not you by any meanes good sweetnes?
To goe vnto the Nunnerie, for from hence,
Must we beget your loues sweete happines,
You shall not stay there long, your harder bed,
Shall be more soft when Nun and maide are dead.

Enter Bilbo.

Moun. Now sirra what's the matter?

Bil. Marry you must to horse presently, that villanous old gowtie churle, Sir *Richard Clare* longs till he be at the Nunrie.

Ha. Cla. How sir?

O I cry you mercy, he is your father sir indeed; but I am sure that thers lesse affinitie betwixt your two natures, then there is betweene a broker and a cutpurse.

Moun. Bring my gelding sirra.

Bil. Well nothing greeues me, but for the poore wench, she must now cry *vale* to Lobster pies, hartichokes and all such meates of mortalitie; poore gentlewoman, the signe must not be in virgo any longer with her, and that me grieues, farewell Poore *Millisent.*
Must pray and repent

O fatall wonder!
Sheele now be no fatter,
Loue must not come at her,
Yet she shall be kept vnder. *Exit.*

Ier. Farewell deere *Raymond.*

Ha. Cla. Friend adew.

Mill. Deere sweete,
Now ioy enioyes my heart till we next meete. *Exeunt.*

Fab. Well *Raymond*, now the tide of discontent
Beates in thy face, but er't be long, the winde
Shall turne the flood, we must to *Waltham*-Abbey.
And as faire *Millescent* in *Chesson* liues
A most vnwilling Nun; so thou shalt there
Become a beardles Nouice, to what end,
Let time and future accidents declare:
Taste thou my sleightes, thy loue Ile onely share.

Moun Turne Frier? come my good Counseller lets goe,
Yet that diguise will hardly shroude my woe. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Prioresse of Chesson, with a Nun or two, Sir Arthur Clare, Sir Ralph Iermingham, Henry and Franke, the Lady, and Bilbo, with Millescent.

La. Cla. Madam,
The loue vnto this holy Sisterhood,
And our confirmd opinion of your zeale,
Hath truely wonne vs to bestow our Childe,
Rather on this then any neighbouring Cell.

Prio. Iesus Daughter, *Maries* Childe,
Holy Matron, Woman milde,
For thee a Masse shall still be saide,
Euery Sister drop a Beade,
And those againe succeeding them
For you shall sing a *Requiem.*

Fran. The Wench is gone *Harry*, she is no more a woman of this world, marke her well, she lookes like a Nun alreadie, what think'st on her?

Har. By my faith her face comes handsomely to't,

But

But peace, lets heare the reſt.

Sir Ar. Madam, for a twelue-moneths approbation,
We meane to make this triall of our Childe.
Your care, and our deere bleſſing, in meane time
We pray, may proſper this intended worke.

Pri. May your happie Soule be blith,
That ſo truely pay your Tithe:
He that many Children gaue,
Tis fit that he one Childe ſhould haue.
Then faire Virgin heare my ſpell,
For I muſt your dutie tell.

Mill. Good men and true, ſtand together,
and heare your charge.

Pri. Firſt, a mornings take your Booke,
The Glaſſe wherein your ſelfe muſt looke,
Your young thoughts, ſo proud and iolly,
Muſt be turnd to motions holie;
For your Buske, Attyres, and Toyes,
Haue your thoughtes on heauenly ioyes;
And for all your follies paſt,
You muſt doe penance, pray, and faſt.

Bil. Let her take heed of faſting, and if euer ſhe
hurt her ſelfe with praying, Ile nere truſt beaſt.

Mill. This goes hard berlady.

Pri. You ſhall ring the Sacring Bell,
Keepe your howers, and tell your Knell,
Riſe at midnight to your Mattins,
Read your Pſalter, ſing your Latins,
And when your blood ſhall kindle pleaſure,
Scourge your ſelfe in plenteous meaſure.

Mill. Worſe and worſe by Saint *Mary.*

Fra. Sirra, *Hal* how does ſhe hold her countenance? well,
goe thy waies, if euer thou proone a Nun, Ile build an Abbey.

Har. She may be a Nun, but if euer ſhe proone an Anchoreſſe, Ile digge her graue with my nailes,

Fra. To her againe Mother.

Har. Hold thine owne Wench.

Pri.

Prio. You muſt reade the morning Maſſe,
You muſt creepe vnto the Croſſe,
Put cold Aſhes on your head,
Haue a Haire-cloth for your Bed.

Bil. She had rather haue a Man in her bed.

Prio. Binde your Beades, and tell your needes,
Your holie Auies, and your Creedes,
Holy-maide, this muſt be done,
If you meane to liue a Nunne.

Mill. The Holie-Maide will be no Nunne.

Sir Ar. Madame, we haue ſome buſineſſe of import,
And muſt be gone.
Wilt pleaſe you take my Wife into your Cloſet,
Who further will acquaint you with my minde,
And ſo good Madame for this time adieu. *Exeunt Women.*

Sir Ra. Well now *Franke Clare*, how ſayſt thou?
To be briefe,
What wilt thou ſay for all this, if we two,
Thy Father, and my ſelfe, can bring about,
That we conuert this Nun to be a Wife,
And thou the Husband to this pretty Nun;
How then my Lad? ha, *Franke*, it may be done.

Har. I, now it workes.

Fra. O God ſir! you amaze me at your wordes;
Thinke with your ſelfe ſir, what a thing it were,
To cauſe a Recluſe to remooue her vow,
A maymed, contrite, and repentant Soule,
Euer mortified with Faſting, and with Prayer,
Whoſe thoughts euen as her eyes are fix'd on heauen;
To draw a Virgin thus deuout with Zeale,
Backe to the world: O impious deede;
Nor by the Canon Law can it be done,
Without a diſpenſation from the Church:
Beſides, ſhe is ſo prone vnto this life,
As ſhe'le euen ſhreeke to heare a Husband nam'd.

Bil. I, a poore innocent ſhee: well heers no knauery,
He flowtes the old Fooles to their teeth.

Sir Ra.

Sir Ral. Boy, I am glad to heare
Thou mak'ſt ſuch ſcruple of that Conſcience,
And in a Man ſo young as is your ſelfe,
I promiſe you tis very ſeldome ſeene.
But *Francke*, this is a tricke, a meere deuiſe,
A ſleight plotted betwixt her Father and my ſelfe;
To thruſt *Mounchenſeys* noſe beſide the cuſhion,
That being thus depard of all acceſſe,
Time yet may worke him from her thoughts,
And giue thee ample ſcope to thy deſires.

Bil. A plague on you both for a couple of Iewes.

Har. How now *Francke*, what ſay you to that?

Fran. Let me alone, I warrant thee:
Sir, aſſur'd that this motion doth proceede,
From your moſt kinde and Fatherly affection,
I doe diſpoſe my liking to your pleaſure,
But for it is a matter of ſuch moment
As holy Marriage, I muſt craue thus much,
To haue ſome conference with my Ghoſtly Father,
Frier *Hilderſham*, here by, at *Waltham*-Abbey,
To be abſolu'd of thinges, that it is fit
None onely, but my Confeſſor ſhould know.

Sir Ar. With all my heart, hee's a reuerend man, and to morrow morning we will meete all at the Abbey, where by th'opinion of that Reuerend man,
We will proceed, I like it paſſing well;
Till then we part, Boy, I thinke of it, farewell:
A Parents care no mortall tongue can tell, *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, and Raymond Mounchenſey like a Frier.

Sir Ar. Holy young Nouice, I haue told you now
My full intent, and doe referre the reſt
To your profeſſed ſecrecie and care:
And ſee,
Our ſerious ſpeech hath ſtolne vpon the way,
That we are come vnto the Abbey-gate.

Because I know *Mounchensey* is a Foxe,
That craftily doth ouerlooke my dooings,
Ile not be seene, not I; Tush, I haue done,
I had a Daughter, but shee's now a Nunne;
Farewell deare Sonne, farewell. *Exit.*

Moun. Fare you well, I, you haue done;
Your Daughter sir, shall not be long a Nunne.
O my rare Tutor, neuer mortall braine,
Plotted out such a plot of policie;
And my deere bosome is so great with laughter,
Begot by his simplicity and error:
My Soule is fal'n in labour with her ioy:
O my true friends! *Franke Ierningham*, and *Clare*,
Did you but know but how this Iest takes fire,
That good Sir *Arthur*, thinking me a Nouice,
Hath euen pour'd himselfe into my bosome;
O! you would vent your spleenes with tickling mirth.
But *Raymond* peace, and haue an eye about,
For feare perhaps some of the Nunnes looke out.
Peace and Charity within,
Neuer toucht with deadly sinne;
I cast Holy-water poore,
On this wall, and on this doore,
That from euill shall defend,
And keepe you from the vgly Fiend;
Euill Spright by night nor day,
Shall approach or come this way;
Else nor Fayrie, by this grace,
Day nor night shall haunt this place. *Holy Maidens knock.*

Answere within. Who's that which knocks? ha, who's there?

Moun. Gentle Nun, heere is a Frier. *Enter Nunne.*

Nun. A Frier without, now Christ vs saue:
Holy Man, what wouldst thou haue?

Moun. Holy Maide, I hither come,
From Frier and Father *Hildersome*,
By the fauour and the grace
Of the Priorresse of this place,

Amongst

Amongst you all to visite one,
That's come for approbation,
Before she was as now you are,
The Daughter of Sir *Arthur Clare*:
But since she now became a Nun,
Call'd *Millisent* of *Edmonton*.

Nun. Holy Man, repose you there,
This newes Ile to our Abbas beare:
To tell what a Man is sent,
And your message, and intent.

Moun. Benedicite.

Nun. Benedicite. *Exit*.

Moun. Doe my good plumpe Wench, if all fall right,
Ile make your Sister-hood one lesse by night:
Now happie fortune speede this merrie drift,
I like a Wench comes roundly to her shrift.

Enter Lady and Millisent.

Lady. Haue Friers recourse then to the House of Nuns?

Mill. Madam, it is the order of this place,
When any Virgin comes for approbation,
Left that for feare, or such sinister practise,
She should be forc'd to vndergoe this vaile,
Which should proceede from Conscience and Deuotion:
A Visitor is sent from *Waltham* House,
To take the true Confession of the Maide.

Lad. Is that the order? I commend it well,
You to your Shrift, Ile backe vnto the Cell. *Exit*.

Mou. Life of my Soule, bright Angell.

Mill. What meanes the Frier?

Mou. O *Millisent*, tis I.

Mill. My heart misgiues me, I should know that voyce,
You, who are you? The holy Virgin blesse me.
Tell me your Name, you shall ere you confesse me.

Mou. *Mountchensey* thy true friend.

Mill. My *Raymoud*, my deere heart,
Sweete life giue leaue to my distracted soule,

To wake a little from this swoone of ioy,
By what meanes cam'st thou to assume this shape?
Mou. By meanes of *Peter Fable* my kinde Tutor,
Who in the habite of Frier *Hildersham*,
Francke Ierninghams old friend and Confessor,
Plotted by *Francke*, by *Fabell*, and my selfe,
And so deliuered to Sir *Arthur Clare*,
Who brought me heere vnto the Abbey-gate,
To be his Nun-made Daughters Visitor.
Mill. You are all sweet traytors to my poore old Father;
O my deere life, I was a dream'd to night,
That as I was praying in mine Psalter,
There came a Spirit vnto me as I kneeld,
And by his strong perswasions tempted me
To leaue this Nunrie; and me thought
He came in the most glorious Angell shape,
That mortall eye did euer looke vpon.
Ha, thou art sure that Spirit, for theres no forme,
Is in mine eye so glorious as thine owne.
Mou. O thou Idolatresse that dost this worship,
To him whose likenes is but praise of thee,
Thou bright vnsetting star, which through this vaile,
For very enuie mak'st the Sun looke pale.
Mill. Well Visitor, lest that perhaps my Mother
Should thinke the Frier too strickt in his decrees,
I this confesse to my sweet Ghostly Father,
If chaste pure loue be sin, I must confesse,
I haue offended three yeares now with thee.
Mou. But doe you yet repent you of the same?
Mill. Yfaith I can not.
Mou. Nor will I absolue thee,
Of that sweet sin, though it be Veniall,
Yet haue the pennance of a thousand kisses.
And I enioyne you to this Pilgrimage,
That in the euening you bestow your selfe
Heere in the walke neere to the Willow-ground,
Where Ile be readie both with Men and Horse,

To

To waite your comming, and conney you hence,
Vnto a Lodge I haue in Enfield Chase:
No more replie if that you yeeld consent,
I see more eyes vpon our stay are bent.

Mill. Sweet life farewell, tis done; let that suffice,
What my tongue failes, I send thee by mine eyes. *Exit.*

Enter Fabell, Clare, and Jerningham.

Ier. Now Visitor how does this new made Nun?

Cla. Come, come, how does she noble Capouchin?

Mon. She may be poore in Spirit, but for the Flesh tis fatte and plumpe Boyes:
Ah Rogues, there is a company of Girles would turne you all Friers.

Fab. But how *Mounchensey*? How Lad for the Wench?

Mon. Sounds Lads, y faith I thanke my holy Habite,
I haue confest her, and the Lady Prioresse hath giuen me Ghostly Counsell, with her Blessing.
And how say ye Boyes,
If I be chose the weekely Visitor?

Cla. Blood, shee'l haue nere a Nunne vnbagd to sing Masse then.

Ier. The Abbot of *Waltham* will haue as many Children, to put to Nurse, as he has Calues in the Marsh.

Mon. Well to be briefe, the Nun will soone at night turne Lippit; if I can but deuise to quit her cleanly of the Nunrie, she is mine owne.

Fab. But Sirra *Raymond*, What newes of *Peter Fabell* at the House?

Mon. Tush, hees the onely Man; a Negromancer, and a Coniurer, that workes for young *Mounchensey* altogether; and if it be not for Fryer *Benedicke*, that he can crosse him by his learned skill, the Wench is gone.
Fabell will fetch her out by very Magicke.

Fab. Stands the winde there Boy? keepe them in that key,
The Wench is ours before to morrow day:

Well

Well *Ralph* and *Franke*, as ye are Gentlemen, sticke to vs close this once; you know your Fathers haue Men and Horse lie readie still at *Chesson*, to watch the coast be cleere, to scout about, and haue an eye vnto *Mounchenseys* walkes; therefore you two may houer thereabouts, and no man will suspect you for the matter: be readie but to take her at our hands, leaue vs to scamble for her getting out.

Ier. Blood, if all *Harford-shire* were at our heeles, weele carry her away in spight of them.

Cla. But whither *Raymond?*

Mon. To *Brians* vpper Lodge in *Enfield*-Chase, he is mine honest friend, and a tall Keeper, I'le send my Man vnto him presently, to acquaint him with your comming, and intent.

Fab. Be briefe, and secret.

Mon. Soone at night, remember
You bring your Horses to the willow ground.

Ier. Tis done, no more.

Cla. We will not faile the hower.
My life and fortune, now lies in your power.

Fab. About our busines, *Raymond* lets away,
Thinke of your hower, it drawes well off the day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Blague, Banks, Smug, and Sir Iohn.

Bla. Come yee Hungarion Pilchers, we are once more come vnder the zona Torrida of the Forrest, lets be resolute, lets flie too and againe; & the deuill come, weele put him to his Interrogatories, and not budge a foote, what? foote I'le put fire into you, yee shall all three serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Smu. Mine Host, my Bully, my pretious Consull, my noble Holefernes, I haue bin drunke i'thy house, twentie times and ten, all's one for that, I was last night in the third Heauen, my braine was poore, it had yest in't; but now I am a man of action, is't not so Lad?

Ban. Why? now thou hast two of the Liberall Sciences about thee, wit and reason, thou maist serue the Duke of Europe.

Smu. I will serue the Duke of Christendome, and doe him more credite in his Celler, than all the Plate in his Butterie, is't not so Lad?

Sir Ioh. Mine Hoſt, and *Smug*, ſtand there *Bancks*, you, and your Horſe, keepe together, but lie cloſe; ſhewe no trickes, for feare of the Keeper: If wee be ſcard, weele meet in the Church-porch at *Enfielde*.

Smug. Content Sir *Iohn*.

Banks. *Smug*, doſt not thou remember the Tree thou fell'ſt out of laſt night?

Smug. Tuſh, and't had beene as high as an Abbey, I ſhould nere haue hurt my ſelfe, haue fallen into the Riuer, comming home from Waltham, and ſcapt drowning.

Sir Ioh. Come, ſeuer, feare no Spirits, weele haue a Bucke preſently, we haue watched later then this for a Doe, mine Hoſt.

Hoſt. Thou ſpeakſt as true as Veluet.

Sir Ioh. Why then come, graſſe and hay, &c. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clare, Ierningham, and Milliſcent.

Cla. *Franke Ierningham?*

Ier. Speake ſoftly Rogue, how now?

Cla. S'foot, we ſhall loſe our way, its ſo darke, whereabouts are wee?

Ier. Why man, at *Poiters* Gate;
The way lies right: Harke, the Clock ſtrikes at *Enfielde*, what's the houre?

Cla. Ten, the Bell ſaies.

Ier. A lyes in's throate, it was but eight when we ſet out of *Cheſton*; Sir *Iohn* and his Sexton are at their Ale to night, the Clocke runnes at randome.

Cla. Nay, as ſure as thou liu'ſt the villanous Vicar is abroad in the Chaſe this darke night; the ſtone Prieſt ſteales more Veniſon then halfe the Countrey.

Ier. *Milliſcent*, how doſt thou?

Mill. Sir, very well.
I would to god we were at *Brians* lodge.

Cla. We ſhall anon, nounes harke,
What meanes this noyſe?

Ier. Stay, I heare Horſe-men.

Cla. I heare Foote-men too.

Ier. Nay then I haue it, we haue bene discouerd;
And we are followed by our Fathers Men.

Mill. Bro.her, and Friend, alas what shall we doe?

Cla. Sister, speake softly, or we are descride,
They are hard vpon vs, what so ere they be,
Shadow your selfe behinde this brake of Ferne,
Weele get into the Wood, and let them passe.

Enter Sir Iohn, Blague, Smug, and Bankes, one after an other.

Sir Ioh. Grasse and hay, we are all mortall, the Keepers abroade, and theres an end.

Bank. Sir *Iohn.*

Sir Ioh. Neighbour *Bankes*, what newes?

Bank. Z'ounds Sir *Iohn*, the Keepers are abroade; I was hard by am.

Sir Ioh. Grasse and hay, whers mine Host *Blague?*

Bla. Here Metropolitane, the Philistines are vpon vs, be silent; Let vs serue the good Duke of Norfolke: But where is *Smug?*

Smug. Here, a poxe on ye all Dogges, I haue kild the greatest Buck in *Brians* Walke; shift for you selues, all the Keepers are vp, lets meete in *Enfielde* Church-porch, away, we are all taken else. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brian, with his Man, and his Hound.

Bri. *Ralph*, hearst thou any stirring?

Ra. I heard one speake here hard by, in the bottom; peace Master; speake lowe, nownes, if I did not heare a Bowe goe off, and the Bucke bray, I neuer heard Deere in my life.

Bri. When went your Fellowes into their Walkes?

Ra. An hower agoe.

Bri. Life, is there Stealers abroade, and they can not heare of them? where the Deuill are my Men to night? sirra, goe vp the winde toward *Buckleys* Lodge:
Ile cast about the bottome with my Hound, and I will meete thee vnder Cony Oake.

Ra. I will Sir. *Exit.*

Bri.

Bri. How now? by the Masse my Hound stayes vpon something; harke, harke, *Bowman*, harke, harke, there.

Mill. Brother, *Francke Iernningham*, Brother *Clare*.

Bri. Peace, thats a Womans voyce, stand, who's there? stand, or Ile shoote.

Mill. O Lord! hold your hands, I meane no harme Sir.

Bri. Speake, who are you?

Mill. I am a Maide Sir: who? Master *Brian*?

Bri. The very same: sure I should know her voyce; Mistris *Millisent*?

Mil. I, it is I Sir.

Bri. God for his passion, what make you here alone? I look'd for you at my Lodge an hower agoe, what meanes your Company to leaue you thus? who brought you hither?

Mill. My Brother Sir, and Master *Iernningham*, who hearing Folkes about vs in the Chase, feard it had bene Sir *Arthur*, and my Father, (who had persude vs) thus dispersed our selues, till they were past vs.

Bri. But where be they?

Mill. They be not farre off, here about the Groue.

Enter Clare, and Iernningham.

Cla. Be not afraide man, I heard *Brians* tongue, thats certaine,

Ier. Call softly for your Sister.

Cla. *Millisent*.

Mill. I Brother, heere.

Bri. Master *Clare*.

Cla. I told you it was *Brian*.

Bri. Whoes that, Master *Iernningham*? you are a couple of hot-shots; does a Man commit his Wench to you, to put her to grasse at this time of night?

Ier. We heard a noyse about vs in the Chase,
And fearing that our Fathers had pursude vs,
Seuerd our selues.

Cla. *Brian*, how hapned'st thou on her?

Bri. Seeking for Stealers are abroad to night,
My Hound stayed on her, and so found her out,

Cla. They were these Stealers that affrighted vs,
I was hard vpon them, when they horst their Deere,
And I perceiue they tooke me for a Keeper.

Bri. Which way tooke they?

Jer. Towards *Enfielde.*

Bri. A plague vpon't, thats that damnd Priest, and *Blague* of the George, he that serues the good Duke of Norfolke.

A Noyse within, Follow, follow, follow.

Cla. Peace, thats my Fathers voyce.

Bri. Nownes, you suspected them, and now they are heere indeed.

Mill. Alas, what shall we doe?

Bri. If you goe to the Lodge, you are surely taken,
Strike downe the Wood to *Enfielde* presently,
And if *Mounchensey* come, Ile sende him t'yee:
Let me alone to bussle with your Father,
I warrant you, that I will keepe them play,
Till you haue quit the Chase, away, away.
Who's there? *Enter the Knights.*

Sir Ralp. In the Kings Name, pursue the Rauisher.

Bri. Stand, or Ile shoote.

Sir Ar. Whoes there?

Bri. I am the Keeper, that doe charge you stand,
You haue stollen my *Deere*

Syr Ar. We stolne thy *Deere*, wee doe pursue a Thiefe.

Bri. You are arand Thieues, and yee haue stolne my Deere.

Sir Ra. Wee are Knights, Sir *Arthur Clare*, and Sir *Ralph Iernigham.*

Bri. The more your shame, that Knightes should be such Theiues.

Sir Ar. Who? or what art thou?

Bri. My name is *Brian*, Keeper of this Walke.

Sir Ra. O *Brian*, a villaine,
Thou hast receiu'd my Daughter to thy Lodge.

Bri. You haue stolne the best Deere in my Walke to night, my Deere.

Sir Ar. My Daughter.

Stop

Stop not my way.

Bri. What make you in my Walke? you haue ſtolne the beſt Buck in my Walke tonight.

Sir Ar. My Daughter.

Bri. My Deere.

Sir R. Where is *Mounchenſey?*

Bri. Wher's my Bucke?

Sir Ar. I will complaine me of thee to the King.

Bri. Ile complaine vnto the King you ſpoile his Game: Tis ſtrange that Men of your account and calling, will offer it, I tell you true, Sir *Arthur*, and Sir *Ralph*, that none but you haue onely ſpoild my Game.

Sir Ar. I charge you ſtop vs not.

Bri. I charge you both get out of my Ground: Is this a time for ſuch as you, Men of Place, and of your Grauitie, to be abroad a theeuing? tis a ſhame, and a fore God if I had ſhot at you, I had ſerude you well enough. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bankes the Miller wet on his Legges.

Ban. Foote, heers a darke night indeed, I thinke I haue bin in fifteen ditches between this and the Forreſt: ſoft, heers *Enfielde* Church: I am ſo wet with climing ouer into an Orchard, for to ſteale ſome Filberts: Well, heere Ile ſit in the Church-porch, and waite for the reſt of my Conſorts.

Enter the Sexton.

Sex. Heers a skie as blacke as Lucifer, God bleſſe vs, heere was Goodman *Theophilus* buried, he was the beſt Nut-cracker that euer dwelt in *Enfielde*: well, tis nine a clocke, tis time to ring Curfew. Lord bleſſe vs? what a white thing is that in the Church-porch. O Lord, my Legges are too weake for my Body, my Haire is too ſtiffe for my Night-cap, my heart failes; this is the Ghoſt of *Theophilus*, O Lord it followes me, I can not ſay my Prayers and one would giue me a thouſand pound: good Spirit, I haue Bowld, and Drunke, and followed the Hounds with you a thouſand times, though I haue not the ſpirit now to deale with you; O Lord.

Enter Priest.

Pri. Grasse and hay, we are all mortall, who's there?

Sex. We are grasse and hay indeed; I know you to be Master Parson by your Phrase.

Pri. Sexton.

Sex. I Sir.

Pri. For mortalities sake, whats the matter?

Sex. O Lord, I am a man of an other element; Master *Theophilus* Ghost is in the Church porch, there was a hundred Cats all fire, dancing euen now; and they are clombe vp to the top of the Steeple, Ile not into the Bellfree for a world.

Pri. O good *Salomon*; I haue bene about a deede of darkenesse tonight: O Lord, I saw fifteene Spirits in the Forrest, like white Bulles, if I lie, I am an arrant Theife: Mortalitie haunts vs; grasse and hay, the Deuills at our heeles, and lets hence to the Parsonage. *Exeunt.*

The Miller comes out very softly.

Mill. What noise was that? tis the Watch, sure that villanous vnluckie Rogue *Smug* is tane vpon my life, and then all our knauerie comes out, I heard one cry sure.

Enter Host Blague.

Host. If I go steale any more Venison, I am a Paradox, foot I can scarce beare the sinne of my Flesh in the day, tis so heauie, if I turne not honest, and serue the good Duke of Norfolke, as a true Mareterraneum Skinker should doe, let me neuer looke higher then the element of a Constable.

Mill. By the masse there are some Watchmen; I heare them name Master Constable, I would my Mill were an Eunuch and wanted her Sotnes, so I were hence.

Host. Who's there?

Mill. Tis the Constable by this light, Ile steale hence, and if I can meet mine Host *Blague*, Ile tell him how *Smug* is tane, and will him to looke to himselfe. *Exit.*

Host.

Hoſt. What the Deuill is that white thing? this ſame is a Church-yeard, and I haue heard that Ghoſts, and villanous Goblins haue beene ſeene heere.

Enter Sexton, and Prieſt.

Pri. Graſſe and hay, O that I could coniure, we ſaw a Spirit here in the Church-yeard; and in the fallow field thers the Deuill, with a Mans body vpon his backe in a white Sheete.

Sex. It may be a Womans Body Sir *Iohn.*

Pri. If ſhe be a Woman, the ſheets damne her:
Bleſſe vs, what a night of mortalitie is this.

Hoſt. Prieſt.

Pri. Mine Hoſt.

Hoſt. Did you not ſee a Spirit all in white, croſſe you at the Stile?

Sex. O no mine Hoſt, but there ſate one in the Porch, I haue not breath enough left to bleſſe me from the Deuill.

Hoſt. Whoes that?

Priſt. The Sexton, almoſt frighted out of his witts,:
Did you ſee *Bankes*, or *Smug.*

Hoſt. No, they are gon to *Waltham* ſure, I would faine hence, come, lets to my houſe, Ile nere ſerue the Duke of Norfolke in this faſhion againe whilſt I breath. If the Deuill be amongſt vs, tis time to hoiſt ſaile, and cry Roomer: Keepe together Sexton, thou art ſecret: What? lets be comfortable one to an other.

Pri. We are all mortall mine Hoſt.

Hoſt. True, and Ile ſerue God in the night hereafter, afore the Duke of Norfolke. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Ralph Clare, and Sir Arthur Ieringham, truſſing their Points, as new vp.

Sir Ra. Good morrow gentle Knight,
A happie day after your ſhort nights reſt.

Sir Ar. Ha, ha, Sir *Ralph* ſtirring ſo ſoone indeed,
Birlady Sir, reſt would haue done right well,

Our

Our Riding late laſt night, has made me drowſie,
Goe to, goe to, thoſe daies are gone with vs.
Sir Ra. Sir *Arthur*, Sir *Arthur*, care goe with thoſe daies,
Let 'am euen goe together, let 'am goe:
Tis time y faith that we were in our graues,
When Children leaue obedience to their Parents,
When ther's no feare of God, no care, no dutie:
Well, well, nay, it ſhall not doe, it ſhall not,
No *Mounchenſey*, thouſt here on't, thou ſhalt,
Thou ſhalt y faith, Ile hang thy Son if there be Law in England:
A Mans Child rauiſht from a Nunrie.
This is rare; well, well, ther's one gon for Frier *Hilderſham*.
Sir Ar. Nay, gentle Knight doe not vexe thus,
It will but hurt your heate:
You can not greiue more then I doe, but to what end; but harke
You Sir *Ralph*, I was about to ſay ſomething; it makes no matter; But harke you in your eare; the Frier's a Knaue, but God forgiue me, a Man can not tell neither, s'foot, I am ſo out of patience, I know not what to ſay.
Sir Ral. Thers one went for the Frier an hower agoe,
Comes he not yet? foote, if I doe find knauerie vnder's Cowle,
Ile tickle him: Ile firke him; here here, he's here, he's here:
Good morrow Frier, good morrow gentle Frier.

Enter Hilderſham.

Sir Ar. Good morrow Father *Hilderſham*, good morow.
Hil. Good morrow reuerend Knights vnto you both.
Sir Ar. Father, how now? you heare how matters goe,
I am vndone, my Childe is caſt away,
You did your beſt; at leaſt I thinke the beſt,
But we are all croſt, flatly all is daſht.
Hil. Alas good Knights, how might the matter be?
Let me vnderſtand your griefe for Charitie.
Sir Ar. Who does not vnderſtand my griefes? alas, alas!
And yet you doe not: Will the Church permit,
A Nunne in approbation of her Habit,

To be rauiſhed.

Hild. A Holy-woman, *Benedicite*; Now God forefend that any ſhould preſume to touch the Siſter of a Holy-houſe.

Sir Art. Ieſus deliuer me.

Sir Ral. Why, *Milliſcent* the daughter of this Knight,
Is out of *Cheſton* taken this laſt night.

Hild. Was that faire Maiden late become a Nun?

Sir Ra. Was ſhe (quoth a?) knauery, knauery, knauery, knauery; I ſmell it, I ſmell it yfaith; is the winde in that doore? is it euen ſo? doſt thou aske me that now?

Hild. It is the firſt time that ere I heard of it.

Sir Art. Thats very ſtrange.

Sir Ra. Why tell me Frier, tell me, thou art counted a holy man; doe not play the hypocrite with me, nor (beare with me) I can not diſſemble: did I ought but by thy owne conſent? by thy allowance? nay further, by thy warrant?

Hild. Why reuerend Knight?

Sir Ra. Vnreuerend Frier.

Hild. Nay then giue me leaue ſir to depart in quiet, I had hop'd you had ſent for me to ſome other end.

Sir Ar. Nay, ſtay good Frier, if any thing hath hapt,
About this matter in thy loue to vs,
That thy ſtrickt order cannot iuſtifie;
Admit it be ſo, we will couer it,
Take no care man;
Diſclaime not yet my counſell and aduiſe,
The wiſeſt man that is may be ore-reacht.

Hild. Sir *Arthur*, by my Order, and my Faith,
I know not what you meane.

S. *Ra.* By your order, & by your faith, this is moſt ſtrãge of all;
Why tell me Frier, are not you Confeſſor to my ſonne *Francke?*

Hild. Yes that I am.

Sir Ra. And did not this good Knight here, and my ſelfe
Confeſſe with you, being his Ghoſtly Father,
To deale with him about th'vnbanded marriage,
Betwixt him, and that faire young *Milliſcent?*

Hil. I neuer heard of any match intended.

Sir Ar. Did not we breake our mindes that very time,
That our deuice in making her a Nunne,
Was but a colour, and a verie plotte,
To put by young *Mounchenſey*; Iſt not true?

Hild. The more I ſtriue to know what you ſhould meane, the leſſe I vnderſtand you.

Sir Ra. Did not you tell vs ſtill, how *Peter Fabell* at length would croſſe vs, if wee tooke not heed?

Hild. I haue heard of one that is a great Magitian,
But hee's about the Vniuerſitie.

Sir Ra. Did you not ſend your Nouice *Benedic*,
To perſwade the girle to leaue *Mounchenſeys* loue?
To croſſe that *Peter Fabell* in his Art,
And to that purpoſe made him viſitor?

Hild. I neuer ſent my Nouice from my houſe,
Nor haue we made our viſitation yet.

Sir Ar. Neuer ſent him? Nay, did he not goe? and did not I direct him to the houſe, and conferre with him by the way? and did not he tell me what charge he had receiued from you, word by word, as I requeſted at your hands?

Hild. That you ſhall know, he came along with me, and ſtaies without; Come hether *Benedic*: *Enter Benedic.*
Young *Benedic*, were you ere ſent by me to *Cheſton* Nunnery, for a Viſitor?

Ben. Neuer ſir, truely.

Sir Ar. Stranger then all the reſt.

Sir Ra. Did not I direct you to the houſe?
Conferre with you from *Waltham* Abbey,
Vnto *Cheſton* wall?

Ben. I neuer ſaw you ſir before this hower.

Sir Ra. The deuill thou didſt not: Hoe Chamberlaine.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Cham. Anonon, anon.

Sir Ra. Call mine Hoſt *Blague* hither.

Cham. I will ſend one ouer ſir to ſee if he be vp, I thinke he be ſcarce ſtirring yet.

Sir

Sir Ra. Why knaue, didſt thou not tell me an houre agoe mine Hoſt was vp?

Cham. I ſir, my Maſter's vp.

Sir Ra. You knaue, is a vp, and is a not vp? Doſt thou mocke me?

Cham. I ſir, my Maſter is vp, but I thinke Maſter *Blague* indeede be not ſtirring.

Sir Ralph. Why who's thy Maſter? is not the Maſter of the houſe thy Maſter?

Cham. Yes ſir, but M. *Blague* dwells ouer the way.

Sir Ar. Is not this the George? before *Ioue* theres ſome villany in this.

Cham. Foote, our Signes remoou'd, this is ſtrange.

Enter Blague truſſing his poynts.

Hoſt. Chamberlaine, ſpeake vp to the new Lodgings,
Bid *Nell* looke well to the Bak't-meates,
How now my old Ienerts ſhanke, my horſe,
My caſtle, lye in *Waltham* all night, and not
Vnder the canopie of your Hoſt *Blagues* houſe?

Sir Ar. Mine Hoſt, mine Hoſt, we lay all night at the George in *Waltham*, but whether the George be your Fe-ſimple or no, tis a queſtion, looke vpon your Signe.

Hoſt. Body of Saint *George*, this is mine ouerthwart neighbour hath done this, to ſeduce my blinde Cuſtomers, Ile tickle his *Cataſtrophe* for this; If I doe not indite him at the next Aſſiſes for Burglary, let me die of the yellowes; for I ſee tis no boote in theſe dayes to ſerue the good Duke of Norfolke, the villanous worlde is turn'd manger, one Iade deceiues an other, and your Oſtler playes his part commonly for the fourth ſhare, haue we Comedies in hand, you whorſon villanous Male *London*-lecther?

Sir Art. Mine Hoſt, we haue had the moylingſt night of it that euer we had in our liues.

Hoſt. Iſt certaine?

Sir Ra. We haue been in the Forreſt all night almoſt.

Hoſt. Foot, how did I miſſe you? hart, I was ſtealing of a

Bucke there.

Sir Ar. A plague on you, we were ſtayed for you.

Hoſt. Were you my noble Romanes? why, you ſhall ſhare, the veniſon is a footing, *Sine Cerere & Baccho, friget Venere*; that is, theres a good break-faſt prouided for a Marriage, thats in my houſe this morning.

Sir Art. A Marriage mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. A coniunction copulatiue, a gallant match, betweene your daughter, and M. *Raymond Mounchenſey*, young *Iuuentus*.

Sir Ar. How?

Hoſt. Tis firme, tis done,
Weele ſhew you a Preſident i'th Ciuill-law for't.

Sir Ra. How! married?

Hoſt. Leaue tricks, and admiration, theres a cleanely paire of ſheets on the bed in the Orchard chamber, and they ſhall lie there, what? Ile doe it, I ſerue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Sir Ar. Thou ſhalt repent this *Blague*.

Sir Ra. If any Law in England will make thee ſmart for this, expect it with all ſeueritie.

Hoſt. I renounce your defiance, if you parle ſo roughly. Ile barracado my gates againſt you: ſtand faire Bully; Prieſt come off from the rereward; what can you ſay now? t'was done in my houſe, I haue ſhelter i'th Court for't; Doe you ſee yon bay window? I ſerue the good Duke of Norfolke, and tis his lodging, ſtorme, I care not, ſeruing the good Duke of Norfolke: thou art an actor in this, and thou ſhalt carry fire in thy face eterually.

Enter Smug, Mounchenſey, Harry Clare, and Milliſcent.

Smug. Fire, nouns, ther's no fire in England like your *Trinidado*-ſacke; is any man here humorous? wee ſtole the veniſon, and weele iuſtifie it; ſay you now.

Hoſt. In good ſooth *Smug*, thers more Sacke on the fire *Smug*.

Smu. I doe not take any exceptions againſt your Sacke, but if youle lend me a pike-ſtaffe, ile cudgell them all hence, by this hand.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. I ſay thou ſhalt in to the Celler.

Smu. S'foot mine Hoſt, ſhalls not grapple?
Pray pray you; I could fight now for all the world like a Cockatrices ege; ſhals not ſerue the Duke of Norfolke? *Exit.*

Hoſt. In skipper in.

Sir Arth. Sirra, hath young *Mounchenſey* married your Siſter?

Har. Cla. Tis certaine ſir; heeres the Prieſt that coupled them; the Parties ioyned, and the honeſt Witneſſe that cride, Amen.

Moun. Sir *Arthur Clare*, my new created Father, I beſeech you heare me.

Sir Art. Sir, ſir, you are a fooliſh boy, you haue done that you cannot anſwere; I dare be bold to ceaze her from you, for ſhee's a profeſt Nun.

Mill. With pardon ſir, that name is quite vndon,
This true-loue knot cancelles both Maide and Nun.
When firſt you told me I ſhould act that part,
How cold and bloodie it crept ore my heart!
To *Cheſſon* with a ſmiling brow I went,
But yet, deere ſir, it was to this intent,
That my ſweet *Raymond* might finde better meanes,
To ſteale me thence: in briefe diſguiſde he came,
Like Nouice to old Father *Hilderſham*:
His Tutor here did act that cunning part,
And in our loue hath ioynd much wit to art.

Cla. Is't euen ſo?

Mill. With pardon therefore we intreate your ſmiles,
Loue thwarted, turnes it ſelfe to thouſand wiles.

Cla. Young Maiſter *Jerningham*, were you an actor, in your owne loues abuſe?

Ier. My thoughts, good ſir,
Did labour ſeriouſly vnto this end,
To wrong my ſelfe ere Ide abuſe my friend.

Hoſt. He ſpeakes like a Batchelor of muſicke, all in numbers; Knights, if I had knowne you would haue let this couie of Partridges ſitte thus long vpon their knees vnder my ſigne-poſt,

I would haue ſpread my doore with Couerlids.

Sir Ar. Well ſir, for this your Signe was remooued, was it?

Hoſt. Faith we followed the directions of the deuill Maſter *Peter Fabell*, and *Smug* (Lord bleſſe vs) could neuer ſtand vpright ſince.

Sir Ar. You ſir, twas you was his Miniſter that married them.

Sir Io. Sir to prooue my ſelfe an honeſt man, beiug that I was laſt night in the Forreſt ſtealing Veniſon; now ſir to haue you ſtand my friend, if the matter ſhould be cal'd in queſtion, I married your Daughter to this worthy Gentleman.

Sir Ar. I may chance to requite you, and make your necke crack for't.

Sir Io. If you doe, I am as reſolute as my
Neighbour Vicar of *Waltham*-Abbey: a hem,
Graſſe and hay, we are all mortall,
Lets liue till we be hangd mine Hoſt,
And be merry, and theres an end.

Enter Fabian.

Fab. Now Knights I enter, now my part begins.
To end this difference, know, at firſt I knew
What you intended, ere your loue tooke flight,
From old *Mounchenſey*; you Sir *Arthur Clare*,
Were minded to haue married this ſweet Beautie,
To yoũg *Francke Jerningham*; to croſſe which match,
I vſde ſome pretty ſleightes, but I proteſt,
Such as but ſate vpon the skirts of Art,
No Coniurations, nor ſuch weightie Spelles,
As tie the Soule to their performancie:
Theſe for his loue who once was my deere Puple,
Haue I effected: Now me thinkes tis ſtrange,
That you being old in wiſedome, ſhould thus knit,
Your forehead on this match; ſince reaſon failes,
No Law can curbe the Louers raſh attempt,
Yeares in reſiſting this, are ſadly ſpent:
Smile then vpon your Daughter and kinde Sonne,
And let our toyle to future ages prooue,
The *Deuill of Edmonton* did good in Loue.

Sir

Sir Ar. Well, tis in vaine to crasse the Prouidence:
Deeere Sonne, I take thee vp into my heart,
Rise Daughter, this is a kinde Fathers part.

Host. Why Sir *George*, send for *Spindles* Noise presently, —
Ha, ert be night, Ile serue the good Duke of Norfolke.

Sir Io. Grasse and hay, mine Host, lets liue till we die, and be merry, and thers an end.

Sir Ar. What, is breakfast ready mine Host?

Host. Tis, my little Hebrew.

Sir Ar. Sirra, ride straite to *Chesson*-Nunrie,
Fetch thence my Lady, the House I know,
By this time misses their young Votarie.
Come Knightes lets in.

Bilb. I will to horse presently sir; a plague o my Lady, I shall misse a good breakfast. *Smug*, how chance you cut so plaguely behind, *Smug*?

Smug. Stand away, Ile founder you else.

Bil. Farewell *Smug*, thou art in an other element,

Smug. I will be by and by, I will be Saint *George* againe.

Sir Ar. Take heed the Fellow doe not hurt himselfe.

Sir Ra. Did we not last night finde two St. *Georges* heere?

Fab. Yes Knights, this Martialist was one of them.

Cla. Then thus conclude your night of merriment.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.