

Accessions

149.529

Shelf No.

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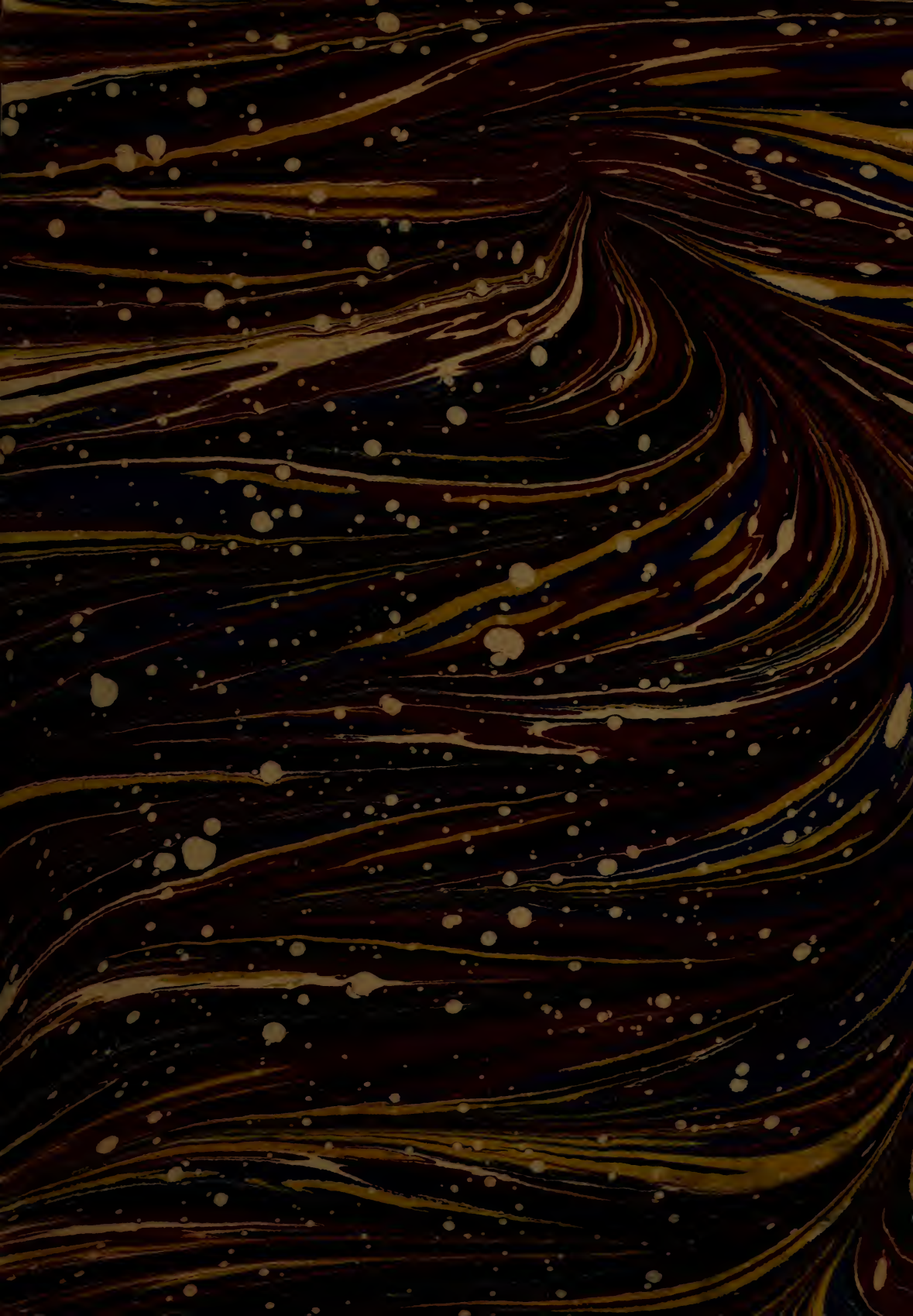


Thomas Pennant Boston.

Boston Public Library.

Received, May, 1873.

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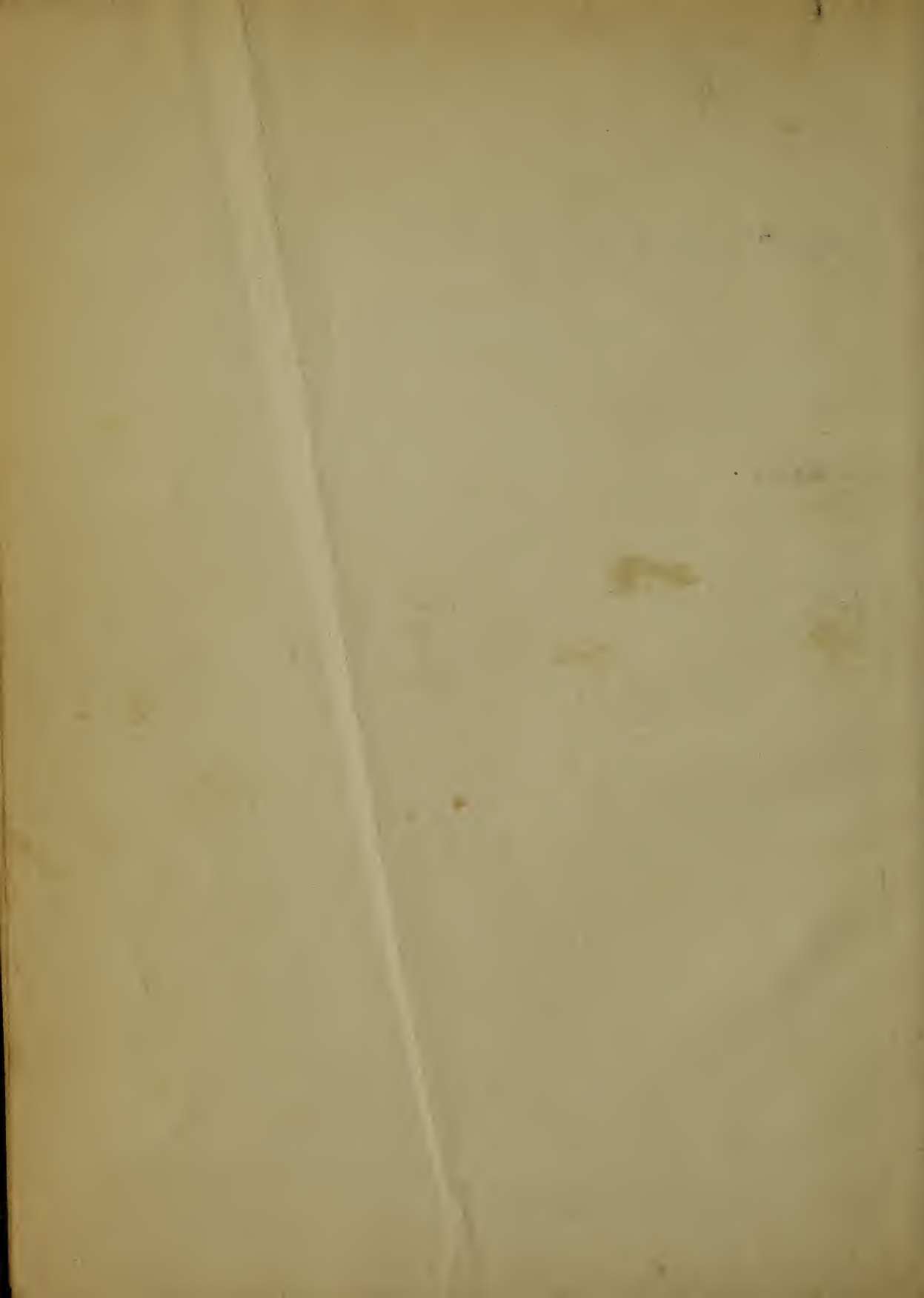
C.

Hosmer's Sale, 1861, No 505.

505 ——— : The Fair Maid of the West,
or a Girle worth Gold. 4to, mor. gilt,
Lond., 1631. \$6.00

[Fowle.]

c_r



THE FAIR MAID

OF THE WEST.

OR,

A Girle worth gold.

The first part.

As it was lately acted before the King and
Queen, with approved liking.

By the Queens Majesties Comedians.

Written by T. H.



LONDON,

Printed for *Richard Royston*, and are to be sold
at his Shop in Ivie Lane. 1631.

THE
FAIR MAID

OF THE WEST.

OR
A GIVE YOURSELF

The first part

As it was last acted before the King and

Queen with approved singing

By the Great English Comedians

Printed by T. M.

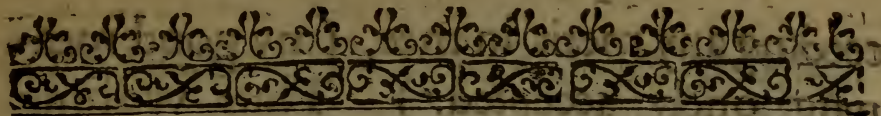
149, 529

May, 1873



London

Printed for Richard Phillips, and sold by all the Booksellers in London &c.



To the much worthy, and my

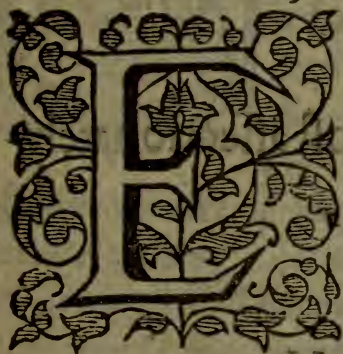
most respected, I O H N O I T H O V V,

Esquire, Counsellour at Law, in

the noble Societie of

Graies Inn.

S I R,



Xcuse this my boldnesse,

(I intreat you) and let it

pass under the title of my

love and respect, long

devoted unto you; of

which, if I endeavour to

present the world with a due acknow-

ledgement without the sordid expecta-

tion of reward, or servile imputation of

flatterie, I hope it will be the rather accepted.

I must ingenuously acknowledge, a weigh-

tier argument would have better suited with

your grave employment; but there are retire-

mets necessarily belonging to all the labours

of the body and brain: If in any such cessa-

tion, you will daigne to cast an eye upon

this weak and unpollish't Poem, I shall re-

ceive it as a courtesie from you, much ex-

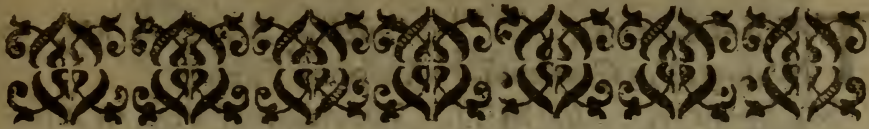
The Epistle Dedicatory.

ceeding any merit in mee, (my good meaning onely accepted.) Thus wishing you healthfull abilitie in body, untroubled content in minde: with the happie fruition of both the temporall felicities of the world present, and the eternall blessednesse of the life future; I still remain as ever,

Yours, most affectionately
devoted,

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

To



To the R E A D E R.



*Vrteous Reader, my Plaies have not
beene exposed to the publike view of
the world in numerous sheets, and
a large volume; but singly (as thou
seest) with great modesty, and
small noise. These Comedies, bear-
ing the title of, The fair Maid
of the West: if they prove but as gracious in thy
private reading, as they were plausible in the pub-
lick acting, I shall not much doubt of their successe. Nor
neede they (I hope) much fear a rugged and censorious
brow from thee, on whom the greatest and best in the
kingdome, have beene safed to smile. I hold it no neces-
sity to trouble thee with the Argument of the story, the
matter it self lying so plainly before thee in Acts and
Scenes, without any deviations, or winding indents.*

Peruse it through, and thou maist finde in it,
Some mirth, some matter, &, perhaps, some wit.

*He that would studie thy
content,*

T. H.

Dramatis personæ.

Two Sea Captains.

Mr. Caroll, a Gentleman.

Mr. Spencer. By Mr.

Michael Bowyer.

Captain Goodlack, Spencers friend; by Mr. Rich. Perkins.

Two Vintners boyes.

Belle Bridges, The fair Maid of the west; by Hugh Clark.

Mr. Forset, a Gentleman; by Christoph. Goad.

Mr. Kuffman, a swaggering Gentleman; by William Shearlock.

Clem, a drawer of wine and Belle Bridges; by Mr. William Robinson.

Three Saylers. A Surgeon.

A kitchen Maid; by Mr. Anthony Furner.

The Maior of Foy, an Alderman, and a servant.

A Spanish Cap. by C. Goad

An English Merchant; by Rob. Axell.

Mullisheg, K. of Fesse, by Mr. Will. Allen.

Bashaw Alcade; by Mr. Wilbraham.

Bashaw Ioffer.

Two Spanish Captains.

A French Merchant.

An Italian Merchant.

A Chorus.

The Earl of Essex going to Calles: the Maior of Plymouth with Petitioners, Mutes, &c.

Prologue.

Amongst the Grecians there were annuall feasts,
To which none were invited as chief guests,
Save Princes and their Wives. Amongst the men,
There was no argument disputed then,
But who best govern'd: And (as't did appeare)
He was esteem'd sole Sovereaigne for that yeare.

The Queens and Ladies argued at that time,
For Vertue and for beauty which was prime,
And she had the high honour. Two here be,
For Beauty one, the other Majesty,
Most worthy (did that custome still persever)
Not for one yeare, but to be Sovereaignes ever.

THE



I

THE FAIRE MAID
of the West:
OR,
A Girle worth Gold.

Enter two Captaines, and Mr. Carrol.

1. *Capt.*

When puts my Lord to Sea?

2. *Capt.* When the winde's faire.

Car. Resolve me I intreat, can you not guesse

The purpose of this voyage?

1. *Capt.* Most men thinke

The Fleet? and for the Ilands.

Car. Nay, tis like.

The great successe at Cales under the conduct
Of such a Noble Generall, hath put heart
Into the English: They are all on fire
To purchase from the Spaniard. If their Carracks
Come deeply laden, wee shall tugge with them
For golden spoile.

2. *Capt.* O, were it come to that!

(*Streets*)

1. *Capt.* How Plimouth swells with Gallants! how the
Glister with gold! You cannot meet a man
But trickt in skarffe and feather, that it seemes
As if the pride of Englands Gallantry
Were harbourd here. It doth appeare (me thinkes)
A very Court of Souldiers.

Car. It doth so.

B

Where

2 *The faire Maid of the West:*

Where shall we dine to day?

2. *Capt.* At the next Taverne by; there's the best wine,

1. *Capt.* And the best wench, *Besse Bridges*, she's the flowre
Of *Plimouth* held: the *Castle* needes no bush,
Her beauty drawes to them more gallant Customers
Then all the signes ith' towne else.

2. *Capt.* A sweet Lasse,
If I have any judgement.

1. *Capt.* Now in troth
I thinke shee's honest.

Carr. Honest, and live there?

What, in a publike Taverne, where's such confluence
Of lusty and brave Gallants? Honest said you?

2. *Capt.* I vow she is for me.

1. *Capt.* For all, I think. I'm sure she's wondrous modest.

Carr. But withall

Exceeding affable.

2. *Capt.* An argument that shee's not proud.

Carr. No, were she proud, she'd fall.

1. *Capt.* Well, shee's a most attractive Adamant,
Her very beauty hath upheld that house,
And gain'd her master much.

Carr. That Adamant

Shall for this time draw me to, wee'll dine there.

2. *Capt.* No better motion: Come to the *Castle* then,

Enter M. Spencer, and Capt. Goodlack.

Goodl. What, to the old house still?

Spenc. Canst blame me, Captaine,
Beleeve me, I was never surprisde till now,
Or catcht upon the sudden.

Goodl. Pray resolve me,
Why being a Gentleman of fortunes, meanes,
And well revenude, will you adventure thus
A doubtfull voyage, when onely such as I
Borne to no other fortunes then my sword

Should

Should seeke abroad for pillage.

Spenc. Pillage, Captaine?

No, tis for honor; And the brave societie
Of all these shining Gallants that attend
The great L. Generall, drew me hither first:
No hope of gaine or spoyle.

Goodl. I, but what drawes you to this house so oft?

Spenc. As if thou knewst it not.

Goodl. What, *Besse*?

Spenc. Even she.

Goodl. Come, I must tell you, you forget your selfe,
One of your birth and breeding, thus to dote
Vpon a Tanners daughter: why, her father
Sold hydes in Somersetshire, and being trade-falne,
Sent her to service.

Spenc. Prethee speake no more,
Thou telst me that which I would faine forget,
Or wish I had not knowne. If thou wilt humor me
Tell me shee's faire and honest.

Goodl. Yes, and loves you.

Spenc. To forget that, were to exclude the rest:
All saving that, were nothing. Come let's enter.

Enter 2. Drawers.

1. Draw. You are welcome Gentlemen. Shew them into
the next roome there.

2. Draw. Looke out a Towell, and some Rolls, a Salt and
Trenchers.

Spenc. No sir, we will not dine.

2. Draw. I am sure ye would if ye had my stomacke.
What wine drinke yee, Sacke or Claret?

Spenc. Wheres *Besse*?

2. Draw. Marry above with three or foure Gentlemen.

Spenc. Goe call her.

2. D. Ile draw you a cup of the neatest wine in Plimouth

Spenc. Ile tast none of your drawing. Goe call *Besse*.

4 *The faire Maid of the West:*

2 *Draw.* There's nothing in the mouthes of these Gal-
lants, but *Besse, Besse.*

Spenc. What sa'y Sir?

2 *Draw.* Nothing sir, but Ile goe call her presently.

Spenc. Tell her who's here.

2 *Draw.* The devill rid her out of the house for me.

Spenc. Sa'y sir?

2 *Draw.* Nothing but anon anon sir.

Enter Besse Bridges.

Spenc. See she's come.

Bess. Sweet M^r *Spencer*, y'are a stranger growne,
Where have you beene these three dayes?

Spenc. The last night
I fate up late, at game: here take this bagge,
And lay't up till I call for't.

Bess. Sir I shall.

Spenc. Bring me some wine.

Bess. I know your taste,
And I shall please your palate.

Goodl. Troth tis a pretty soule.

Spenc. To thee I will unbosome all my thoughts,
Were her low birth but equall with her beauty
Here would I fixe my thoughts.

Goodl. You are not mad sir?
You say you love her.

Spenc. Never question that.

Goodl. Then put her to't, win Oportunity,
Shees the best bawd: If (as you say) she loves you,
She can deny you nothing.

Spenc. I have proved her
Vnto the utmost test. Examin'd her.
Even to a modest force: but all in vaine:
Shee'll laugh, conferre, keepe company, discourse,
And something more, kisse: but beyond that compasse
She no way can be drawne.

Goodl.

Goodl. Tis a vertue,
But seldome found in tavernes.

Enter Bessè with wine.

Bessè. Tis of the best Graves wine sir.

Spenc. Gramarcie Girle, come sit.

Bessè. Pray pardon sir, I dare not.

Spenc. Ile ha'it so.

Bessè. My fellowes love me not, and will complaine
Of such a sawcy boldnesse.

Spenc. Pox on your fellowes,
Ile try whether their pottle pots or heads
Be harder, if I doe but heare them grumble.

Sir: now *Bessè* drinke to me.

Bessè. To your good voyage.

Enter the second Drawer.

2 Draw. Did you call sir?

Sp. Yes sir, to have your absence. *Captaine,* this health.

Goodl. Let it come sir.

2 Draw. Must you be set, and we wait, with a——

Spenc. What say you sir?

2 Draw. Anon, anon, I come there. *Exit.*

Spenc. What will you venture *Bessè* to sea with me?

Bessè. What I love best, my heart: for I could wish
I had beene borne to equall you in fortune,
Or you so low, to have beene rankt with me,
I could have then presum'd boldly to say,
I love none but my *Spencer.*

Spenc. *Bessè* I thanke thee.
Keepe still that hundred pound till my returne
From th'Islands with my Lord: if never, wench
Take it, it is thine owne.

Bessè. You binde me to you.

6 *The faire Maid of the West:*

Enter the first Drawer.

1 Draw. *Besse*, you must fill some wine into the Port-cullis, the Gentlemen there will drinke none but of your drawing.

Spenc. She shall not rise sir, goe, let your Master snick-up.

1 D. And that should be cousin-german to the hick-up.

Enter the second Drawer.

2 Draw. *Besse*, you must needs come, the gentlemen fling pots, pottles, drawers, and all downe staires. The whole house is in an uprore.

Besse. Pray pardon sir, I needs must be gone.

2 D. The Gentlemen sweare if she come not up to the They will come downe to her.

Spenc. If they come in peace,
Like ciuill Gentlemen, they may be welcome:
If otherwise, let them usurpe their pleasures.
We stand prepar'd for both.

Enter Carroll and two Captaines.

Car. Save you gallants, we are somewhat bold to presse Into your company. It may be held scarce manners, Therefore fit that we should craue your pardon.

Spenc. Sir, you are welcome, so are your friends.

1 Capt. Some wine.

Besse. Pray give me leave to fill it.

Sp. You shall not stir. So please you wee' i joyne cōpany.
Drawer, more stooles.

Car. I tak't that's a she drawer. Are you of the house?

Besse. I am sir.

Caroll. In what place?

Besse. I draw.

Caroll. Beere, doe you not? You are some tapstresse.

Spenc. Sir, the worst character you can bestow Vpon the maide is to draw wine.

Caroll.

Caroll. She would draw none to us,
Perhaps she keeps a Rundlet for your taste,
Which none but you must pierce.

2 Capt. I pray be civill.

Spenc. I know not, Gentlemen, what your intents be,
Nor doe I feare or care. This is my roome,
And if you beare you, as you seeme in shew,
Like Gentlemen, sit and be sociable.

Car. We will. Minx, by your leave: Remove I say.

Spenc. She shall not stir.

Car. How sir?

Spenc. No sir: could you out-face the devill,
We doe not feare your roaring.

Car. Though you may be companion with a drudge,
It is not fit shee should have place by us.
About your businesse, huswife.

Spenc. She is worthy
The place as the best here, and she shall keep'r.

Car. You lie. *They bustle. Caroll slaine.*

Goodl. The Gentleman's slaine, away.

Besse. Oh heaven, what have you done?

Goodl. Vndone thy selfe and me too: Come away?

Besse. Oh sad misfortune, I shall lose him ever.

What, are you men or milk-sops? Stand you still
Senselesse as stones, and see your friend in danger
To expire his last?

1 Capt. Tush, all our help's in vaine.

2 Capt. This is the fruit of whoores.

This mischiefe came through thee:

Besse. It grew first from your incivilitie.

1 Cap. Lend me a hand to lift his body hence.

It was a fatall businesse.

Exeunt Capitaines.

Enter the two Drawers.

1 Dr. One call my Master, another fetch the constable,
Here's a man kild in the roome.

2 Dr.

8 *The faire Maid of the West:*

2 *Dr.* How, a man kill'd saist thou. Is all paid?

1 *Dr.* How fell they out, canst thou tell?

2 *Dr.* Sure about this bold *Betrice*: tis not so much for the death of the man, but how shall we come by our reckoning?
Exeunt Drawers.

Besse. What shall become of me! Of all lost creatures
The most infortunate. My innocence
Hath beene the cause of blood, and I am now
Purpled with murder, though not within compasse
Of the Lawes severe censure: but which most
Addes unto my affliction, I by this
Have lost so worthy and approv'd a friend,
Whom to redeme from exile, I would give
All that's without and in me.

Enter Forset.

Forf. Your name's *Besse Bridges*?

Besse. An unfortunate Maid.

Knowne by that name too well in *Plimouth* here.

Your businesse, sir, with me?

Forf. Know you this Ring?

Besse. I doe: it is my *Spencers*.

I know withall you are his trusty friend,

To whom he would commit it. Speake, how fares he?

Is hee in freedome, know yee?

Forf. Hee's in health

Of body, though in minde somewhat perplext

For this late mischief happened.

Besse. Is he fled, and freed from danger?

Forf. Neither. By this token

He lovingly commends him to you *Besse*,

And prays you when tis darke meet him o'th *Hoe*

Neere to the new-made Fort, where hee'll attend you,

Before he flies, to take a kinde fare well.

Theres onely *Goodlack* in his company,

He intreats you not to faile him.

Besse.

or, a *Girl* worth gold.

9

Bes. Tell him from me, Ile come, Ile runne, Ile flye,
Stand Death before me: were I sure to die. *Exit.*

Enter Spencer and Goodlacke,

Goodl. You are too full of passion.

Spenc. Canst thou blame me,
To have the guilt of murder burden me,
And next, my life in hazard to a death
So ignominious: last, to lose a Love
So sweet, so faire, so am'rous, and so chaste,
And all these at an instant? Art thou sure
Carol is dead?

Goodl. I can beleve no lesse.
You hit him in the very speeding place.

Spenc. Oh but the last of these sits neer'st my heart.

Goodl. Sir be advis'd by mee.
Try her before you trust her. She perchance
May take th'advantage of your hopefull fortunes:
But when she findes you subject to distresse
And casualty, her flattering love may die:
Your deceased hopes.

Spenc. Thou counselst well.
Ile put her to the test and utmost tryall
Before I trust her further. Here she comes.

Enter Forset, and Besse with a bagge.

Fors. I have done my message sir.

Bes. Feare not sweet *Spencer*, we are now alone,
And thou art sanctuar'd in these mine armes.

Goodl. While these conferre wee'll centinel their safety.
This place Ile guard.

Fors. I this.

Bes. Are you not hurt?
Or your skinne rac'd with his offensive steele?
How is it with you?

C

Spenc.

10 *The faire Maid of the West:*

Spenc. *Besse*, all my afflictions
Are that I must leave thee: thou knowst withall
My extreame necessity, and that the feare
Of a most scandalous death doth force me hence.
I am not neare my Country, and to stay
From new supply from thence, might deeply ingage mee
To desperate hazard.

Besse. Is it coyne you want?
Here is the hundred pound you gave me late,
Use that, beside what I have stor'd and sav'd
Which makes it fifty more: were it ten thousand
Nay, a whole million, *Spencer*, all were thine.

Spenc. No, what thou hast keepe still, tis all thine owne.
Here be my keyes, my trunkes take to thy charge:
Such gold fit for transportage as I have,
Ile beare along: the rest are freely thine,
Money, apparell, and what else thou findest,
Perhaps worth my bequest and thy receiving,
I make thee mistresse of.

Besse. Before I doted,
But now you strive to have me extaside.
What would you have me doe, in which t' expresse
My zeale to you?

Spenc. Which in my chamber hangs,
My picture, I injoyne thee to keepe ever,
For when thou partst with that, thou lovest me.

Besse. My soule may from my body be divorc'd,
But never that from me.

Spenc. I have a house in Foy, a taverne call'd
The Winde-mill, that I freely give thee too,
And thither if I live Ile send to thee.

Besse. So soone as I have cast my reckonings up,
And made even with my Master, Ile not faile
To visit Foy in Cornwall. Is there else
Ought that you will injoyne me?

Spenc. Thou art faire,

Ioyne to thy beauty vertue. Many suiters
I know will tempt thee : beauty's a shrewd baite,
But unto that if thou add'st chasticie,
Thou shalt ore-come all scandall. Time cal's hence,
We now must part.

Besse. Oh that I had the power to make Time lame,
To stay the starres, or make the Moone stand still,
That future day might never haste thy flight.
I could dwell here for ever in thine armes,
And wish it alwayes night.

Spenc. We trifle howers. Farewell.

Besse. First take this Ring :
Twas the first token of my constant love
That past betwixt us. When I see this next,
And not my *Spencer*, I shall thinke thee dead:
For till death part thy body from thy soule
I know thou wilt not part with it.

Spenc. Swear for me *Besse* : for thou maist safely doe't.
Once more farewell : at *Foy* thou shalt heare from me.

Besse. Theres not a word that hath a parting sound
Which through mine eares shrills not immediate death.
I shall not live to lose thee.

Fors. Best be gone, for harke I heare some tread.

Spenc. A thousand farewels are in one contracted.
Captaine away.

Exit Spencer, & Goodlacke.

Besse. Oh, I shall dye.

Fors. What mean you *Besse*, wil you betray your friend,
Or call my name in question? Sweet, looke up.

Besse. Hah, is my *Spencer* gone?

Fors. With speed towards *Foy*,
There to take ship for *Fiall*.

Besse. Let me recollect my selfe,
And what he left in charge. Vertue and Chasticie.
Next, with all sudden expedition

12 *The faire Maid of the West:*

Prepare for Foy : all these will I conserue,
And keepe them strictly, as I would my life.
Plimouth farewell : in Cornwall I will prove
A second fortune, and for ever mourne,
Vntill I see my *Spencers* safe returne.

Hoboys.

*A dumbe Show. Enter Generall, Captaines, the Mayor:
Petitioners the other way with papers: amongst these the
Drawers. The Generall gives them bagges of money. All
goe off saving the two Drawers.*

1 *Draw.* Tis well yet we have gotten all the money due
to my Master. It is the commonest thing that can bee for
these Captaines to score and to score: but when the scores
are to be paid, *Non est inventus.*

2 *Draw.* Tis ordinary amongst Gallants now a dayes,
who had rather sweare forty oaths, then onely this one
oath, God let me never be trusted.

1 *Draw.* But if the Captaines would follow the noble
minde of the Generall, before night there would not bee
one score owing in Plimouth.

2 *Draw.* Little knowes *Besse* that my Master hath got
in these desperate debts: but she hath cast up her account:
and is gone.

1 *Draw.* Whither canst thou tell?

2 *Draw.* They say to keepe a Taverne in Foy, and that
M. Spencer hath given her a stocke to set up for her selfe.
Well, how wsoever, I am glad, though he kild the man wee
have got our money.

Explicit Actus primus.

Actus

Actus secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Forset and Roughman.

Forset.

IN your time have you seene a sweeter creature ?

Roughm. Some weeke or thereabouts:

Forf. And in that small time shee hath almost undone all the other Taverns. The Gallants make no rendezvous now but at the Wind-mill.

Roughm. Spight of them Ile have her. It shall cost me the setting on but Ile have her.

Forf. Why, doe you thinke she is so easily won ?

Roughm. Easily or not, Ile bid as fayre and farre as any man within twenty miles of my head, but I will put her to the squeake.

Forf. They say there are Knights sonnes already come as suiters to her.

Roughm. Tis like enough, some younger brothers, and so I intend to make them.

Forf. If these doings hold, shee will grow rich in short time.

Roughm. There shall bee doings that shall make this Wind-mill my grand seate, my mansion, my pallace, and my Constantinople.

*Enter Besse Bridges like a Mistresse,
and Clem.*

Forf. Here she comes: observe how modestly she beares her selfe.

Roughm. I must know of what burden this vessell is, I shall not beare with her till shee beare with mee, and till then, I cannot report her for a woman of good cariage.

14 *The faire Maid of the West:*

Besse. Your olde Master that dwelt here before my comming, hath turn'd over your yeares to me.

Clem. Right forsooth: before he was a Vintner, hee was a shoo-maker, and left two or three turne-overs more besides my selfe.

Besse. How long hast thou to serve.

Clem. But eleven yeares next grasse, and then I am in hope of my freedom. For by that time I shall be at ful age.

Besse. How old art thou now?

Clem. Forsooth newly come into my Teenes. I have scrap'd trenchers this two yeares, and the next Vintage I hope to be Barre-boy.

Besse. What's thy name?

Clem. My name is *Clem*, my father was a Baker, and by the report of his neighbors, as honest a man as ever lived by bread.

Bes. And where dwelt he?

Clem. Below here in the next crooked street, at the signe of the Leg. Hee was nothing so tall as I, but a little wee-man, and somewhat huckt backt.

Besse. He was once Constable?

Clem. Hee was indeede, and in that one yeare of his raigne, I have heard them say, hee bolted and sifted out more businesse, then others in that office in many yeares before him.

Besse. How long ist since he dyed?

Clem. Marry the last deare yeare. For when corne grew to be at an high rate, my father never dowed after.

Besse. I thinke I have heard of him.

Clem. Then I am sure you have heard he was an honest neighbor, and one that never lov'd to be meale-mouth'd.

Besse. Well sirrah, proove an honest servant, and you shall finde me your good Mistresse. What company is in the Marmaid?

Clem. There be foure Sea captaines. I beleve they be little better then spirats, they are so flush of their rudocks.

Besse.

Bess. No matter, wee will take no note of them.
Here they vent many brave commodities,
By which some gain accrews. Th'are my good customers,
And still returne me profit.

Clem. Wot you what Mistresse, how the two Saylers
would have served me, that calld for the pound and halfe
of Cheese?

Bess. How was it *Clem*?

Clem. When I brought them a reckoning, they would
have had me to have scor'd it up. They tooke me for a sim-
ple gull indeed, that would have had me to have taken
Chalke for Cheese:

Besse. Well, goe waite upon the Captaines, see them
want no wine.

Clem. Nor reckoning neyther, take my word Mistress.

Roughm. Shee's now at leasure, Ile to her.

Lady, what Gentlemen are those above?

Besse. Sir they are such as please to be my guests,
And they are kindly welcome.

Roughm. Give me their names.

Besse. You may goe search the Church-booke where
they were christned.

There you perhaps may learne them.

Roughm. Minion, how?

Forf. Fie, fie, you are too rude with this faire creature,
That no way seekes t'offend you.

Bess. Pray hands off.

Roughm. I tell thee maid, wife, or what e'er thou beest,
No man shall enter here but by my leave.

Come, let's be more familiar.

Bess. 'Las good-man.

R. Why knowst thou whō thou sleightst. I am *Roughman*,
The onely approved gallant of these parts,
A man of whom the Roarers stand in awe,
And must not be put off.

Bess. I never yet heard man so praise himselfe,

But

16 *The faire Maid of the West:*

But prov'd in'th end a coward.

Roughm. Coward, *Bess?*

You will offend me, raise in me that fury

Your beauty cannot calme. Goe to, no more,

Your language is too harsh and peremptory.

Pray let me heare no more on't. I tell thee

That quiet day scarce past me these seven yeares

I have not crackt a weapon in some fray,

And will you move my spleene?

Forf. What, threat a woman?

Bes. Sir, if you thus persist to wrong my house,

Disturb my guests, and nightly domineire,

To put my friends from patience, Ile complaine,

And right my selfe before the Magistrate,

Can we not live in compasse of the Law,

But must be swaggerd out on't?

Roughm. Goe too, wench,

I wish thee well, thinke on't, theres good for thee

Stor'd in my brest, and when I come in place

I must have no man to offend mine eye:

My love can brooke no rivals. For this time

I am content your Captaines shall have peace,

But must not be us'd to't.

Bes. Sir if you come like other free & civill Gentlemen
Y'are welcome, otherwise my doores are barr'd you.

Roughm. That's my good Girle,

I have fortunes laid up for thee: what I have

Command it as thine owne. Goe too, be wise.

Bes. Well, I shall study for't.

Roughm. Consider on't. Farewell. *Exit.*

Bes. My minde suggests mee that this prating fellow
Is some notorious Coward. If he persist
I have a tricke, to try what metall's in him.

Enter Clem.

What newes with you?

Cle. I am now going to carry the Captaines a reckning.

Bes.

Besse. And what's the summe?

Clem. Let me see, eight shillings and six pence.

Bes. How can you make that good? write them a bill.

Clem. Ile watch them for that, tis no time of night to use our bills, the Gentlemen are no dwarfes, and with one word of my mouth, I can tell them what is to *be-tall*.

Besse. How comes it to so much?

Clem. *Imprimis*, six quarts of wine at seven pence the quart, seven sixpences.

Besse. Why dost thou reckon it so?

Clem. Because as they came in by hab nab, so I will bring them in a reckning at six and at sevens.

Bes. Well, wine—3 s, 6 d.

Clem. And what wants that of ten groats?

Besse. Tis two pence over.

Clem. Then put six pence more to it, and make it 4 s, wine, though you bate it them in their meate.

Besse. Why so I prethee?

Clem. Because of the old proverbe, VVhat they want in meate, let them take out in drinke. Then for twelve peny-worth of Anchoves, 18 d.

Besse. How can that be?

Clem. Marry very well Mistresse, 12 d. Anchoves, and 6 d. oyle and vineger. Nay they shall have a sawcy recko-

Bes. And what for the other halfe crowne? (ning

Clem. Bread, beere, salt, napkins, trenchers, one thing with another, so the *summa totalis* is—8 s, 6 d.

Bes. Well, take the reckoning from the bar.

Clem. What needs that forsooth? The Gentlemen seem to be high-flowne already, send them in but another pottle of Sacke, and they will cast up the reckoning of themselves. Yes, Ile about it.

Bes. VVere I not with so my sutors pesterd,
And might I enjoy my *Spencer*, what a sweet
Contented life were this? For money flowes
And my gaine's great. But to my *Roughman* next:

18 *The faire Maid of the West:*

I have a trick to try what spirit's in him,
It shall be my next businesse: in this passion
For my deare *Spencer*, I propose me this,
Mongst many sorrowes some mirth's not amisse,

Exit.

Enter Spencer, and Goodlacke.

Goodl. What were you thinking sir?

Spenc. Troth of the world, what any man should see in't
To be in love with it.

Goodl. The reason of your meditation.

Spenc. To imagine that in the same instant that one forgets all his estate, another enters upon a rich possession: as one goes to the Church to be married, another is hurried to the gallows to be hang'd, the last having no feeling of the first mans joy, nor the first of the last mans misery. At the same time that one lyes tortured upon the Racke, another lyes tumbling with his Mistresse over head and cares in downe and feathers. This when I truly consider, I cannot but wonder why any fortune should make a man extasy'd.

Goodl. You give your selfe too much to melancholy.

Spenc. These are my Maximes, and were they as faithfully practised by others, as truly apprehended by me, we should have lesse oppression, and more charitie.

Enter the two Captaines that were before.

1 Capt. Make good thy words.

2 Capt. I say thou hast injur'd me.

1 Capt. Tell me wherein.

2 Capt. When we assaulted Fiall,
And I had by the Generals command
The onset, and with danger of my person
Enforc'd the Spaniard to a swift retreat,
And beat them from their Fort, thou when thou sawst
All feare and danger past, mad'st up with me

To

To share that honour which was sole mine owne,
And never ventur'd shot for't, or ere came
Where bullet graz'd.

Spenc. See Captaine a fray towards,
Let's if we can atone this difference.

Goodl. Content.

1 Capt. Ile prove it with my sword,
That though thou hadst the formost place in field,
And I the second, yet my Company
Was equall in the entry of the Fort.
My sword was that day drawne as soone as thine,
And that poore honour which I won that day
Was but my merit.

2 Capt. Wrong me palpably
And justifie the same?

Spenc. You shall not fight.

1 Capt. Why sir, who made you first a Iusticer,
And taught you that word *shall*? you are no Generall,
Or if you be, pray shew us your Commission.

Spenc. Sir you have no commission but my counsell,
And that Ile shew you freely.

2 Capt. Tis some Chaplaine,

1 Capt. I doe not like his text.

Goodl. Let's beate their weapons downe.

1 Cap. Ile aime at him that offers to divide us!

2 Cap. Pox of these part-frayes, see I am wounded
By beating downe my weapon.

Goodl. How fares my friend?

Sp. You sought for blood, and Gentlemen you have it,
Let mine appease you, I am hurt to death.

1 Capt. My rage converts to pitie, that this Gentleman
Shall suffer for his goodnes.

Goodl. Noble friend,
I will revenge thy death.

Spenc. He is no friend
That murmurs such a thought. Oh Gentlemen.

20 *The faire Maid of the West:*

I kill'd a man in Plimouth, and by you
Am slaine in Fialh *Caroll* fell by me,
And I fall by a *Spencer*. Heav'n is just,
And will not suffer murder unreveng'd,
Heaven pardon me, as I forgive you both,
Shift for your selves : away.

2 *Capt.* VVe saw him die,
But grieve you should so perish.

Spenc. Note Heavens justice,
And henceforth make that use on't. I shall faint.

1 *Capt.* Short Farewels now must serve. If thou surviv'st
Live to thine honour : but if thou expir'st
Heaven take thy soule to mercy. *Exeunt.*

Spenc. I bleed much,
I must goe seeke a Surgeon.

Goodl. Sir how cheare you ?

Spenc. Like one thats bound upon a new adventure
To th' other world : yet thus much worthy friend
Let me intreat you, since I understand
The Fleet is bound for England, take your occasion
To ship your selfe, and when you come to Foy
Kindly commend me to my dearest *Besse*,
Thou shalt receive a Will, in which I have
Possess her of five hundred pounds a yeare.

Goodl. A noble Legacy.

Spenc. The rest I have bestow'd amongst my friends,
Onely reserving a bare hundred pounds
To see me honestly and well interi'd.

Goodl. I shall performe your trust as carefully
As to my father, breath'd he.

Spenc. Marke me Captaine:
Her Legacie I give with this proviso,
If at thy arrivall where my *Besse* remaines,
Thou findest her well reported, free from scandall,
My VWill stands firme : but if thou hear'st her branded
For loose behaviour, or immodest life,

VVhat she should have, There bestow on thee,
It is thine owne: but as thou lov'st thy soule
Deale faithfully betwixt my *Besse* and me.

Goodl. Else let me dye a prodigie.

Spenc. This Ring was hers, that, be she loose or chaste,
Being her owne, restore her, she will know it,
And doubtlesse she deserves it. Oh my memory,
VVhat had I quite forgot? She hath my picture,

Goodl. And what of that?

Sp. If she be ranckt amongst the loose and lewd,
Take it away, I hold it much undecent,
A whore should ha't in keeping: but if constant
Let her enjoy it: this my Will performe
As thou art just and honest.

Goodl. Sense else forsake me.

Spenc. Now lead me to my Chamber, all's mads even,
My peace with earth, and my atone with heaven.

*Enter Besse Bridges like a Page with a sword,
and Clem.*

Bess. But that I know my mother to be chaste,
I'de swear some Souldier got me.

Clem. It may be many a Souldiers Buffe Jerkin came
out of your fathers Tanne-fat.

Besse. Me thinkes I have a manly spirit in me
In this mans habit.

Clem. Now am not I of many mens mindes, for if you
should doe me wrong, I should not kill you, though I
tooke you pissing against a wall.

Bess. Me thinkes I could be valiant on the sudden:
And meet a man i'th field.
I could doe all that I have heard discourst

Of *Mary Ambree* or *Westminsters Long-Meg*.

Clem. VVhat *Mary Ambree* was I cannot tell, but un-
lesse you were taller you will come short of *Long Meg*.

22 *The faire Maid of the West:*

Bess. Of all thy fellowes thee I onely trust,
And charge thee to be secret:

Clem. I am bound in my Indentures to keepe my Masters secrets, and should I finde a man in bed with you, I would not tell.

Bess. Be gone sir, but no words as you esteeme my favor.

Clem. But Mistresse, I could wish you to looke to your long seames, fights are dangerous. But am not I in a sweet taking thinke you?

Besse. I prethee why?

Clem. Why, if you should swagger and kill any body, I being a Vintner should be calld to the Barre.

Besse. Let none condemne me of immodesty,
Because I trie the courage of a man
Who on my soule's a Coward: beates my servants,
Cuffes them, and as they passe by him kickes my maids,
Nay domineirs over me, making himsele
Lord ore my house and household. Yesternight
I heard him make appointment on some businesse
To passe alone this way. Ile venture faire,
But I will try what's in him.

Enter Roughman and Forset.

Forf. Sir, I can now no further, weighty businesse
Calls me away.

Rough. Why at your pleasure then,
Yet I could wish that ere I past this field,
That I could meet some *Hector*, so your eyes
Might witness what my selfe have oft repeated,
Namely that I am valiant.

Forf. Sir no doubt. But now I am in haste. Farewell.

Rough. How many times brave words beare out a man?
For if he can but make a noise, hee's fear'd.
To talke of fraies, although he ne'er had heart
To face a man in field, that's a brave fellow,
I have beene valiant I must needs confesse,

In street and Taverne, where there have beene men
Ready to part the fray : but for the fields
They are too cold to fight in.

Besse. You are a villaine, a Coward, and you lie.

R. You wrong me I protest. Sweet courteous Gentleman
I never did you wrong.

Besse. Wilt tell me that?

Draw forth thy coward sword, and suddenly,
Or as I am a man Ile runne thee through,
And leave thee dead ith field.

Roug. Hold as you are a Gentleman. I have tane an oath
I will not fight to day.

Besse. Th'ast tooke a blow already and the lie,
Will not both these inrage thee?

Rough. No, would you give the bastinado too,
I will not breake mine oath.

Besse. Oh, your name's *Roughman*.
No day doth passe you but you hurt or kill.
Is this out of your calender?

Rough. I, you are deceiv'd,
I ne'er drew sword in anger I protest,
Vnlesse it were upon some poore weake fellow
That ne'er wore steele about him.

Besse. Throw your Sword.

Roug. Here sweet young sir, but as you are a gentleman,
Doe not impaire mine honor.

Besse. Tye that shooc.

Rough. I shall sir.

Besse. Vntrusse that point.

Rough. Any thing this day to save mine oath.

Besse. Enough : yet not enough, lie downe
Till I stride ore thee.

Rough. Sweet sir any thing.

Besse. Rise, thou hast leave. Now *Roughman* thou art blest
This day thy life is sav'd, looke to the rest.
Take backe thy sword.

Roughman

24 *The faire Maid of the West:*

Roughm. Oh you are generous : honour me so much
As let me know to whom I owe my life.

Besse. I am *Besse Bridges* brother,

Roug. Still me thought that you were something like her.

Besse. And I have heard,

You domineir and revell in her house,
Controle her servants, and abuse her guests,
VVhich if I ever shall hereafter heare,
Thou art but a dead man.

Roughm. She never told me of a brother living,
But you have power to sway me.

Bess. But for I see you are a Gentleman,
I am content this once to let you passe,
But if I finde you fall into relapse,
The second's farre more dangerous.

Roughm. I shall feare it. Sir will you take the wine ?

Bess. I am for London.

And for these two termes cannot make returne :
But if you see my sister, you may say
I was in health.

Roughm. Too well, the devill take you.

Bess. Pray use her well, and at my comming backe
Ile aske for your acquaintance. Now farewell.

Rough. None saw't: hee's gone for London: I am unhurt,
Then who shall publish this disgrace abroad ?
One man's no slander, should he speake his worst:
My tongue's as loud as his, but in this country
Both of more fame and credit. Should we contest
I can out-face the proudest. This is then
My comfort: *Roughman*, thou art still the same,
For a disgrace not seene, is held no shame.

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sa.* Aboard, aboard, the wind stands faire for England,
The ships have all weigh'd anchor.

2 *Sail.* A stiffe gale blowes from the shore.

Enter

Enter Captaine Goodlacke.

Goodl. The Sailers call aboard, and I am forc'd
To leave my friend now at the point of death,
And cannot close his eyes. Here is the Will,
Now may I finde yon Tanners daughter turn'd
Vnchaste or wanton, I shall gaiee by it
Five hundred pounds a yeare: here is good evidence.

1 Sailor. Sir will you take the long boat and aboard?

Enter a third Sailor.

Goodl. With all my heart.

3 Sail. What are you ready Mates?

1 Sail. We staid for you. Thou canst not tel who's dead?
The great bell rung out now.

3 Sailor. They say twas for one *Spencer*, who this night
Dyde of a mortall wound.

Goodl. My worthy friend.
Vnhappy man that cannot stay behinde
To doe him his last rights. Was his name *Spencer*?

3 Sail. Yes sir, a Gentleman of good account
And well knowne in the navy.

Goodl. This is the end of all mortalitie:
It will be newes unpleasing to his *Besse*.
I cannot faire amisse, but long to see
Whether these Lands belong to her or mee.

Enter Spencer, and his Surgeon.

Surg. Nay feare not sir, now you have scap'd this dressing
My life for yours.

Spenc. I thanke thee honest Friend.

Surg. Sir I can tell you newes.

Spenc: What ist I prethee?

Surg. There is a Gentleman one of your name,
That dide within this hewer.

Spenc. My name? what was he, of what sicknes dide he?

E

Surg.

26. *The faire Maid of the West:*

Surg. No sicknesse, but a sleight hurt in the body,
Which shewed at first no danger, but being searcht,
He dyde at the third dressing.

Spenc. At my third search I am in hope of life.
The heavens are mercifull.

Surg. Sir doubt not your recovery.

Spenc. That hundred pound I had prepar'd t'expnd
Vpon mine owne expected Funerall
I for name sake will now bestow on his.

Surg. A noble resolution.

Spenc. What ships are bound for England, I would gladly
Venture to sea, though weake.

Surg. All bound that way are vnder saile already.

Spenc. Here's no securitie,
For when the beaten Spaniards shall returne,
They'le spoile whom they can finde.

Surg. We have a ship,
Of which I am Surgeon, that belongs unto
A London merchant, now bound for Mamorah
A towne in Barbary, please you to use that,
You shall command free passage: ten months hence
We hope to visit England.

Spenc. Friend I thanke thee.

Surg. Ile bring you to the Master, who I know
Will entertaine you gladly.

Spenc. When I have seene the funerall rights perform'd
To the dead body of my Country man
And kintman, I will take your courteous offer.
England no doubt will heare newes of my death,
How *Besse* will take it is to me unknowne:
On her behaviour I will build my fate,
There raise my love, or thence erect my hate.

Explicit Actus secundus.

Actus

Actus tertius. Scena prima.

Enter Roughman and Forset.

Forset.

O Hy'are well met, just as I propheside
So it fell out.

Forf. As how I pray?

Rough. Had you but staid the crossing of one field,
You had beheld a *Hector*, the boldest Trojan
That ever *Roughman* met with.

Forf. Pray what was he?

Rough. You talke of *Little Davy*, *Cutting Dick*,
And divers such, but tush, this hath no fellow.

Forf. Of what stature and yeares was he?

Rough. Indeed I must confesse he was no giant,
Nor above fifty, but he did bestirre him,
Was here and there, and every where at once,
That I was ne'er so put to't since the Midwife
First wrapt my head in linnen. Let's to *Besse*.
Ile tell her the whole project.

Forf. Heres the houle, wee'll enter if you please.

Rough. Where be these Drawers, Rascals I should say?
That will give no attendance.

Enter Clem.

Clem. Anon, anon sir, please you see a roome. What you
here againe? Now we shall have such roaring.

Rough. You sirrah call your Mistresse.

Clem. Yes sir, I know it is my duty to call her Mistresse.

Rough. See and the slave will stir.

Clem. Yes I doe stir.

Rough. Shal we have humors, sauce-box, you have eares
Ile teach you prick-song.

28 *The faire Maid of the West:*

Clem. But you have now a wrong Sow by the care. I will call her,

Roughm. Doe sir, you had best.

Clem. If you were twenty *Roughmans*, if you lug me by the eares againe, Ile draw.

Roughm. Ha, what will you draw?

Clem. The best wine in the house for your worship: and I would call her, but I can assure you she is eyther not stirring, or else not in case.

Roughm. How not in case?

Clem. I thinke she hath not her smocke on, for I thinke I saw it lye at her beds head.

Rough. What, Drawers grow capritious?

Clem. Help, help.

Enter Bessie Bridges.

Besse. What uprore's this? shall we be never rid From these disturbances?

Rough. Why how now *Besse*? Is this your huswifry? When you are mine Ile have you rise as early as the Larke, Looke to the Bar your selfe: these lazy rascalls Will bring your state behinde hand.

Clem. You lye sir?

Roughm. How? lye?

Clem. Yes sir at the Raven in the high-street, I was at your lodging this morning for a pottle pot.

Roughm. You will about your businesse, must you heare Stand gaping and idle?

Bess. You wrong me sir,
And tyrannize too much over my servants.
I will have no man touch them but my selfe.

Clem. If I doe not put Rats-bane into his wine in stead of Suger, say I am no true Baker.

Roughm. VVhat, rise at noone?
A man may fight a tall fray in a morning,
And one of your best friends too be hacket and mangled,
And

And almost cut to peeces, and you fast
Close in your bed, ne'er dreame on't.

Besse. Fought you this day?

Roughm. And ne'er was better put too't in my daies.

Besse. I pray, how was't?

Roughm. Thus: as I past yon fields:

Enter the Kitchin-maid.

Maid. I pray forsooth, what shall I reckon for the Iolle
of Ling in the Port-cullis.

Roughm. A pox upon your Iolles, you kitchin-stuffe,
Goe scowre your skilletts, pots, and dripping-pans,
And interrupt not us.

Maid. The Devill take your Oxe-heeles, you foule
Cods-head, must you be kicking?

Roughm. Minion dare you scould?

Maid. Yes sir, and lay my ladle over your coxcombe.

Besse. I doe not thinke that thou darst strike a man,
That swaggerst thus ore women.

Rough. How now *Besse*?

Besse. Shall we be never quiet?

Fors. You are too rude.

Roughm. Now I professe all patience.

Bess. Then proceede.

Roughm. Rising up early, Minion whilst you slept,
To crosse yon field, I had but newly parted
With this my friend, but that I soone espide
A gallant fellow, and most strongly arm'd.
In the mid-field we met, and both being resolute,
VVe justled for the wall.

Besse VVhy, did there stand a wall in the mid-field?

Roughm. I meant strove for the way.

Two such brave spirits meeting, straight both drew.

Enter Clem.

Clem. The Maid forsooth sent me to know whether
you would have the shoulder of mutton roasted or sod.

Roughm. A mischief on your shoulders.

30 *The faire Maid of the West :*

Cl. That's the way to make me never prove good porter
Besse. You still heape wrongs on wrongs.

Rough. I was in fury
To thinke upon the violence of that fight,
And could not stay my rage.

Forf. Once more proceed.

Roughm. Oh had you seene two tilting meteors justle
In the mid Region, with like feare and fury
We two encounter'd. Not *Briarius*
Could with his hundred hands have stricke more thicke.
Blowes came about my head, I tooke them still.
Thrusts by my sides twixt body and my armes,
Yet still I put them by.

Besse. When they were past he put them by. Goe on.
But in this fury what became of him?

Ro. I thinke I paid him home, hee's soundly maul'd,
I bosom'd him at every second thrust.

Besse. Scap'd he with life?

Rough. I, thats my feare : if he recover this,
Ile never trust my sword more.

Besse. Why fly you not if he be in such danger?

Rough. Because a witch once told me
I ne'er should dye for murder.

Besse. I beleeeve thee,
But tell me pray, was not this gallant fellow,
A pretty faire young youth about my yeares?

Rough. Even thereabout.

Clem. He was not fiftie then?

Besse. Much of my stature?

Rough. Much about your pitch,

Clem. He was no giant then.

Besse. And wore a suit like this?

Rough. I halfe suspect.

Besse. That gallant fellow,
So wounded and so mangled, was my selfe,
You base white-lyver'd slave, it was this shoe

That

That thou stoopt to untie: untruff those points:
And like a beastly coward lay along,
Till I stridd over thee. Speake, was't not so?

Rough. It cannot be deny'd.

Besse. Hare-hearted fellow, Milk-sop, dost not blush?
Give me that Rapier: I will make thee sweare,
Thou shalt redeeme this seorne thou hast incur'd,
Or in this woman shape Ile cudgell thee,
And beate thee through the streets. As I am *Besse*; I'll do't.

Rough. Hold, hold; I sweare.

Bes. Dare not to enter at my doore till then.

Rough. Shame confounds me quite.

Bess. That shame redeem: perhaps wee'l doe thee grace
I love the valiant; but despise the base. *Exit.*

Clem. Will you be kickt sir?

Rough. She hath wakend me,
And kindled that dead fire of courage in me,
Which all this while hath slept: To spare my flesh
And wound my fame, what is't? I will not rest
Till by some valiant deed I have made good
All my disgraces past. Ile crosse the streete,
And strike the next brave fellow that I meet.

Fors. I am bound to see the end on't.

Rough. Are you sir?

Beates off Fors.

Enter Mayor of Foy, an Alderman, and Servant.

Mayor. Beleeve me sir, she beares her selfe so well,
No man can justly blame her: and I wonder
Being a single woman as she is,
And living in an house of such resort,
She is no more distastd.

Alder. The best Gentlemen
The Country yeelds; become her daily guests.
Sure sir I thinke shee's rich.

Mayor.

32 *The faire Maid of the West:*

Mayor. Thus much I know, would I could buy her state
VVere't for a brace of thousands. *A shot.*

Ald. I was said a ship is now put into harbour,
Know whence she is.

Serv. Ile bring newes from the key.

Mayor. To tell you true sir, I could wish a match
Betwixt her and mine owne and onely sonne,
And stretch my purse too upon that condition.

Ald. Please you Ile motion it.

Enter the Servant.

Serv. One of the ships is new come from the Islands,
The greatest man of note's one Captaine Goodlack.
It is but a small Vessell.

Enter Goodlack and Sailors.

Goodl. Ile meet you straight at th' VVind-mill.
Not one word of my name.

Sail. VVe understand you.

Mayor. Sir tis told us you came late from th' Islands!

Goodl. I did so:

Mayor. Pray sir the newes from thence.

Goodl. The best is, that the Generall is in health,
And Fiall-won from th' Spaniards: but the Fleet
By reason of so many dangerous tempests
Extremely wether-beaten. You sir I take it,
Are Mayor o'th towne.

Mayor. I am the Kings Lieftenant.

Goodl. I have some Letters of import from one
A Gentleman of very good account,
That dide late in the Islands, to a Maide
That keeps a Taverne here.

Mayor. Her name *Besse Bridges*?

Goodl. The same. I was desir'd to make inquirie
VVhat fame she beares, and what report shee's of.
Now you sir being here chiefe Magistrate,
Can best resolve me.

Mayor.

Mayor. To our understanding, Shee's without staine or blemish well reputed,
And by her modesty and faire demeanour,
Hath won the love of all.

Goodl. The worse for me.

Alder. I can assure you many narrow eyes
Have lookt on her and her condition,
But those that with most envy have endeavour'd
T' entrap her, have return'd won by her vertues.

Goodl. So all that I inquire of make report,
I am glad to heare't. Sir I have now some businesse,
And I of force must leave you.

Mayor. I intreat you to sup with me to night.

Goodl. Sir I may trouble you.
Five hundred pound a yeare out of my way.

Is there no flaw that I can tax her with,
To forfeit this revenew? Is she such a Saint,
None can mislay her? why then I my selfe
VWill undertake it. If in her demeanor
I can but finde one blemish, staine or spot,
It is five hundred pound a yeare well got.

Exit.

*Enter Clem and the Sailors on the one side, at the other
Roughman, who drawes upon them, and beates them
off.*

Enter Besse, Clem, and the Sailors.

Bes. But did he fight it bravely?

Clem. I assure you mistresse most dissolutely: hee hath
runne this Sailer three times through the body, and yet
never toucht his skinne.

Besse. How can that be?

Clem. Through the body of his doublet I meanr.

Besse. How shame, base imputation, and disgrace
Can make a coward valiant: Sirrah you
Looke to the barre.

B

Clem.

34 *The faire Maid of the West:*

Clem. Ile hold up my hand there presently.

Bes. I understand, you came now from the Islands,

1 Sailor. VVe did so.

Bes. If you can tell me tydings of one Gentleman,
I shall require you largely:

1 Sailor. O' what name?

Bes. One *Spencer*.

1 Sailor. VVe both saw and knew the man.

Besse. Onely for that call for what wine you please.

Pray tell me where you left him.

2 Sailor. In *Fiall*.

Bes. VWas he in health? how did he fare?

2 Sailor. Why well.

Bes. For that good newes, spend, revell, and carouse,
Your reckning's paid before-hand. I'mc extra-side,
And my delights unbounded.

1 Sailor. Did you love him?

Bes. Next to my hopes in heaven.

1 Sailor. Then change your mirth.

Besse. VVhy, as I take it, you told me he was well,
And shall I not rejoyce?

1 Sailor. Hee's well in heaven, For *Mistrisse*, he is dead,

Bes. Hah, dead! was't so you said? Th'ast givē me, friend
But one wound yet, speake but that word againe,
And kill me out-right.

2 Sailor. He lives not.

Bes. And shall I? VVilt thou not breake heart?
Are these my ribs wrought out of brasse or Steele,
Thou canst not craze their barres?

1 Sailor. *Mistris* use patience, which conquers all despair;

Besse. You advise well:

I did but jeast with sorrow: you may see
I am now in gentle temper.

2 Sailor. True, we see't.

Bes. Pray take the best roome in the house, and there
Call for what wine best tastes you: at my leasure

He visit you my selfe.

Sail. He use your kindnesse. *Exeunt.*

Besse. That it should be my fate. Poore poore sweet-hart
I doe but thinke how thou becomst thy grave,
In which would I lay by thee: what's my wealth
To enjoy't without my *Spencer*. I will now
Study to die, that I may live with him.

Enter Goodlack.

Goodl. The further I inquire, the more I heare
To my discomfort. If my discontinuance
And change at Sea disguise me from her knowledge
I shall have scope enough to prove her fully.
This sadnesse argues she hath heard some newes
Of my Friends death.

Besse. It cannot sure be true
That he is dead, Death could not be so envious
To snatch him in his prime. I study to forget
That ere was such a man.

Goodl. If not impeach her,
My purpose is to seek to marry her.
If she deny me, He conceale the *VVill*,
Or at the least make her compound for halfe.
Save you faire Gentlewoman.

Bess. You are welcome sir.

Goodl. I heare say there's a whore here that draws wine,
I am sharp set, and newly come from sea,
And I would see the trash.

Bess. Sure you mistake sir.
If you desire attendance and some wine
I can command you both. *VV*here be these boyes?

Goodl. Are you the Mistresse?

Besse. I command the house.

Goodl. Of what birth are you, pra'y?

Bess. A Tanners daughter.

Goodl. *VV*here borne?

The faire
36 *The faire Maid of the West:*

Besse. In Somersetshire.

Goodl. A trade-falne Tanners daughter goe so brave:
Oh you have trickes to compasse these gay cloaths.

Besse. None sir, but what are honest.

Goodl. VVhat's your name?

Besse. *Besse Bridges* most men call me.

Goodl. Y'are a whore.

Besse. Sir, I will fetch you wine to wash your mouth,
It is so foule, I feare't may fester else.

There may be danger in't.

Goodl. Not all this move her patience.

Besse. Good sir, at this time I am scarce my selfe
By reason of a great and weighty losse
That troubles me: but I should know that Ring.

Goodl. How, this, you baggage? It was never made
To grace a strumpets finger.

Besse. Pardon sir, I both must and will leave you. *Exit.*

Goodl. Did not this well? This will sticke in my stomack
I could repent my wrongs done to this maid:
But Ile not leave her thus: if she still love him,
Ile breake her heart-strings with some false report
Of his unkindnesse.

Enter Clem.

Clem. You are welcome Gentleman: what wine will
you drinke? Claret, Metheglin, or Muscadine, Cyder or
Pyrrey, to make you merry, Aragoosa, or Peter-see-mee,
Canary or Charnico? But by your nose sir you should love
a cup of Malmsey: you shall have a cup of the best in Corn-
waile.

Goodl. Here's a brave drawer will quarrell with his wine.

Clem. But if you preferre the Frenchman before the
Spaniard, you shall have either here of the deepe red grape
or the pallid white. You are a pretty tall Gentleman, you
should love High-Country wine: none but Clarkes and
Sextons loye Graves wine. Or are you a married man, Ile
furnish

furnish you with bastard, white or browne, according to the complexion of your bed-fellow.

Goodl. You rogue, how many yeares of your prentiship Have you spent in studying this set speech?

Clem. The first line of my part was, Anon anon, sir: and the first question I answerd to, was logger-head, or block-head, I know not whether.

Goodl. Speake, wheres your Mistresse?

Clem. Gone up to her chamber.

Goodl. Set a pottle of Sacke in th^e fire, and carry it into the next roome. *Exit.*

Clem. Score a pottle of Sacke in the Crowne, and see at the barre for some rotten egges to burne it: we must have one tricke or other to vent away our bad commodities.

Exit.

Enter Bessie wish Spencers Picture.

Bessie. To dye, and not vouchsafe some few commends Before his death, was most unkindly done.

This Picture is more courteous: 'twill not shrinke

For twenty thousand kisses: no nor blush:

Then thou shalt be my husband, and I vow

Never to marry other.

Enter Goodlacke.

Goodl. Wheres this harlot?

Bessie. You are immodest sir to presse thus rudely Into my private chamber.

Goodl. Pox of modesty
When punks must have it mincing in their mouthes,
And have I found thee? then shalt hence with me.

Bessie. Rob me not of the chiefest wealth I have:
Search all my trunks, take the best Jewels there:
Deprive me not that treasure, Ile redeeme it
With plate, and all the little coyne I have,
So I make keepe that still.

Goodl. Thinkst thou that bribes
Can make me leave my friends Will unperform'd?

The Tamer
38 *The faire Maid of the West:*

Besse. What was that Friend?

Goodl. One *Spencer*, dead i'th Islands,
Whose very last words uttered at his death
Were these, If ever thou shalt come to Foy,
Take thence my picture, and deface it quite:
For let it not be said, my pourtrature
Shall grace a strumpets chamber.

Bess. I was not so:

You lye, you are a villaine: twas not so.
Tis more then sinne thus to bely the dead:
Hee knew if ever I would have transgressed,
'T had beene with him: he durst have sworne me chaste,
And dyde in that believe.

Goodl. Are you so brieft?

Nay, Ile not trouble you: God b'oy you.

Besse. Yet leave me still that Picture, and Ile swear
You are a Gentleman, and cannot lie.

Goodl. I am inexorable.

Besse. Are you a Christian, have you any name
That ever good man gave you?

'T was no Saint you were call'd after. Whats thy name?

Goodl. My name is Captaine *Thomas Good*——

Bess. I can see no good in thee, Raee that syllable
Out of thy name.

Goodl. *Goodlacke's* my name.

Besse. I cry you mercy sir: I now remember you,
You were my *Spencers* friend, and I am sorry,
Because he lov'd you, I have beene so harsh:
For whose sake, I intreat ere you take't hence,
I may but take my leave on't.

Goodl. You'l returne it?

Besse. As I am chaste I will.

Goodl. For once Ile trust you.

Besse. Oh thou the perfect semblance of my Love,
And all that's left of him, take one sweet kisse,
As my last farewell. Thou resemblest him

For whose sweet safety I was every morning
Downe on my knees, and with the Larkes sweet tunes
I did begin my prayers: and when sad sleepe
Had charm'd all eyes, when none save the bright starres
Were up and waking, I remembered thee,
But all, all to no purpose.

Goodl. Sure, most sure, this cannot be dissembled.

Besse. To thee I have beene constant in thine absence,
And when I look'd upon this painted peece
Rememberd thy last rules and principles:
For thee I have given almes, visited prisons,
To Gentlemen and passengers lent coyne,
That if they ever had abilitie
They might repay't to *Spencer*: yet for this,
All this, and more, I cannot have so much
As this poore table.

G. I should question truth, if I should wrong this creature:

Besse. I am resolv'd.

See sir, this Picture I restore you backe,
Which since it was his will you should take hence,
I will not wrong the dead.

Goodl. God be w' you.

Besse. One word more.

Spencer you say was so unkinde in death.

Goodl. I tell you true.

Besse. I doe intreat you even for goodnesse sake
Since you were one that he intirely lov'd,
If you some few dayes hence here me expir'd,
You will mongst other good men, and poore people
That haply may misse *Besse*, grace me so much
As follow me to th' grave. This if you promise,
You shall not be the least of all my friends
Rememberd in my will. Now fare you well.

Goodl. Had I a heart of flint or adamant
It would relent at this. My Mistris *Besse*,
I have better tydjings for you,

Besse.

40 *The faire Maid of the West:*

Besse. You will restore my Picture? will you?

Goodl. Yes, and more then that,
This Ring from my friends finger sent to you,
With infinite commends.

Besse. You change my blood:

Goodl. These writings are the evidence of Lands,
Five hundred pound ayeare's bequeath'd to you,
Of which I here possesse you: all is yours.

Besse. This surplussage of love, hath made my losse
That was but great before: now infinite.
It may be compast: there's in this my purpose
No impossibilitie.

Goodl. What study you?

Besse. Foure thousand pound besides this Legacie,
In Jewels, gold, and silver I can make,
And every man discharg'd. I am resolv'd
To be a paterne to all Maides hereafter
Of constancy in love.

G. Sweet Mistris *Besse*, will you command my service,
If to succeed your *Spencer* in his Love,
I would expose me wholly to your wishes.

Besse. Alas my love sleepes with him in his grave,
And cannot thence be wakend: yet for his sake
I will impart a secret to your trust,
Which, saving you, no mortall should partake.

Goodl. Both for his love and yours, command my service,

Besse. There's a prise
Brought into Fامouth Road, a good tight Vessell,
The Bottome will but cost eight hundred pound,
You shall have money: buy it.

Goodl. To what end?

Besse. That you shall know hereafter. Furnish her
With all provision needfull: spare no cost:
And joyne with you a ginge of lusty ladds,
Such as will bravely man her: all the charge
I will commit to you: and when shee's fitted,

Captaine

Captaine she is thine owne.

Good. I found it nor.

Besse. Spare me the rest. This voyage I intend,
Though some may blame, all Lovers will commend.

Exeunt.

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

*After an Alarme, Enter a Spanish Captaine, with Saylor,
bringing in a Merchant, Spencer, and the Surgion prisoners.*

Spaniard.

FOR Fialls losse, and spoile by th'English done,
We are in part reveng'd. There's not a Vessell
That beares upon her top *S. Georges Crosse*,
But for that act shall suffer.

Merchant. Insult not Spaniard,
Nor be too proud, that thou by oddes of Ships,
Provision, men, and powder mad'st us yeeld.
Had you come one to one, or made assault
With reasonable advantage, wee by this
Had made the carkasse of your ship your graves,
Low suncke to the Seas bottome.

Span. Englishman, thy ship shall yeeld us pillage,
These prisoners we will keepe in strongest Hold,
To pay no other ransome then their lives.

Spenc. Degenerate Spaniard, there's no nobleffe in thee
To threaten men unarm'd and miserable,
Thou mightst as well tread ore a field of slaughter,
And kill them ore, that are already slaine,
And brag thy manhood,

Span. Sirrah, what are you?

Spenc. Thy equall as I am a prisoner,
But once to stay a better man then thou,

42 *The faire Maid of the West:*

A Gentleman in my Country.

Span. Wert thou not so, we have strappadoes, bolts,
And engines to the Maine-mast fastened,
Can make you gentle.

Spenc. Spaniard doe thy worst, thou canst not act
More tortures then my courage is able to endure.

Span. These Englishmen
Nothing can daunt them: Even in misery
They'l not regard their masters.

Spenc. Masters! Insulting bragging *Tbrasoers.*

Span. His sawcinelle wee'l punish 'bove the rest.
About their censures we will next devise, *Flourish*
And now towards Spaine with our brave English prise.

Exeunt.

Enter Besse, Mayor, Alderman, Clem.

A table set out, and stooles.

Besse. A Table and some stooles.

Cl. I shal give you occasion to ease your tailes presently.

Bes. Will't please you sit?

Mayor. With all our hearts, and thanke you.

Besse. Fetch me that parchment in my Closet window.

Cl. The three sheep-skins with the wrong side outward

Besse. That with the scale.

Clem. I hope it is my Indenture, and now shee means
to give me my time.

Alder. And now you are alone, faire Mistresse *Elizabeth*
I thinke it good to taste you with a motion,
That no way can displease you.

Besse. Pray speake on.

Alder. 'T hath pleas'd here Master Mayor so far to look
Into your faire demeanour, that he thinkes you
A fit match for his Sonne.

Enter Clem with the parchment.

Clem. Here's the parchment, but if it bee the lease of
your house, I can assure you 'tis our.

Besse.

Besse. The yeares are not expired.

Clem. No, but it is out of your Closet.

Besse. About your businelle.

Cl. Here's even *Susanna* bewixt the two wicked elders.

Ald. What thinke you *Mistresse Elizabeth*?

Besse. Sir I thanke you.

And how much I esteeme this goodnesse from you

The trust I shall commit unto your charge

Will truly witnes. Marry, gentle Sir!

'Las I have sadder businelle now in hand,

Then sprightly marriage, witnesse these my teares.

Pray reade there.

*Maio*r. The last Will and Testament of *Elizabeth Bridges*
to be committed to the trust of the Mayor and Aldermen
of Foy, and their Successors for ever.

To set up yong beginners in their trade, a thousand pound

To relieve such as have had losse by Sea, 500 pound.

To every Maid that's married out of Foy,

Whose name's *Elizabeth* ten pound.

To relieve maimed Souldiers, by the yeare ten pound.

To Captaine *Goodlacke*, if hee shall performe

The businelle hee's imployed in, five hundred pound.

The Legacies for *Spencer* thus to stand,

To number all the poorest of his kin,

And to bestow on them. Item to —

Besse. Enough : you see sir I am now too poore

To bring a dowry with me fit for your sonne.

Mayor. You want a president, you so abound

In charitie and goodnesse.

Besse. All my servants

I leave at your discretions to dispose

Not one but I have left some Legacie.

What shall become of me, or what I purpose

Spare further to enquire.

Mayor. Wee'll take our leaves.

And prove to you faithfull Executors.

44 *The faire Maid of the West:*

In this bequest.

Alder. Let never such despaire,
As dying rich, shall make the poore their heyre. *Exit.*
Besse. Why what is all the wealth the world containes,
Without my *Spencer*?

Enter Roughman and Forset.

Roughm. Wheres my sweet *Besse*?
Shall I become a welcome suiter now?
That I have chang'd my Copic?

Besse. I joy to heare it.
He finde imployment for you.

Enter Goodlacke, Sailors, and Clem.

Goodl. A gallant ship, and wondrous proudly trim'd,
Well calk'd, well tackled, every way prepar'd.

Besse. Here then our mourning for a season end.

Rough. *Besse,* shall I strike that Captaine? say the word,
He have him by the cares.

Besse. Not for the world.

Goodl. What saith that fellow?

Besse. He desires your love, good Captaine let him ha' it.

Goodl. Then change a hand.

Besse. Resolve me all. I am bound upon a voyage,
Will you in this adventure take such part,
As I my selfe shall doe?

Rough. With my fayre *Besse,* to the worlds end.

Besse. Then Captaine and Lieftenant both, joine hands,
Such are your places now.

Goodl. Wee two are friends.

Bess. Inext must sweare you two, with all your ginge
True to some articles you must observe,
Reserving to my selfe a prime command,
Whilst I injoyne nothing unreasonable.

Goodl. All this is granted.

Bess. Then first, you said your ship was trim and gay,

He.

He have her pitcht all ore, no spot of white,
 No colour to be seene, no Saile but blacke,
 No Flag but sable.

Goodl. It will be ominous, and bode disaister fortune.

Besse. He ha'it so.

Goodl. Why then she shall be pitcht blacke as the devil,

Besse. She shall be call'd *The Negro*, when you know.

My conceit, Captaine, you will thanke for?

Roug. But whither are we bound?

Besse. Pardon me that.

When wee are out at sea He tell you all.

For mine owne wearing I have rich apparell,

For man or woman as occasion serves.

Clem. But Mistriss, if you be going to sea, what shall
 become of me a land.

Besse. He give thee thy full time.

Clem. And shall I take time, when time is, and let my
 Mistresse slip away. No, it shall be seene that my teeth are
 as strong to grinde bisket as the best sailor of them all, and
 my stomacke as able to digest pouderd beefe and Poore-
 john. Shall I stay here to scoare a pudding in the Halfe-
 moone, and see my Mistresse at the Mine-yard with her
 sailes up, and spread. No it shall be seene that I who have
 beene brought up to draw wine, will see what water the
 ship drawes, or He betray the Voyage.

Besse. If thou hast so much courage, the Captaine shall
 accept thee.

Clem. If I have so much courage? When did you see
 a blacke beard with a white lyvor, or a little fellow with-
 out a tall stomacke. I doubt not but to prove an honour
 to all the Drawers in Cornwall.

Goodl. What now remains?

Fors. To make my selfe associate in this bold enterprise.

Goodl. Most gladly sir.

And now our number's full, what's to be done.

Besse. First, at my charge He feast the towne of Foy,

46 *The faire Maid of the West:*

Then set the Cellers ope, that these my Mates
May quaffe unto the health of our boone voyage,
Our needfull things being once conuay'd aboard,
Then casting up our caps in signe of joy,
Our purpose is to bid farewell to Foy.

Hoboyes long.

*Enter Mullisbeg, Bashaw Alcade, and Ioffer:
with other Attendants.*

Mullisb. Out of these bloody and intestine broiles
Wee have at length attain'd a fort'nate peace,
And now at last establish'd in the Throne
Of our great Ancestors, and raigne King
Of Fesse and great Morocco.

Alcade. Mighty *Mullisbeg,*
Pride of our age, and glory of the Moores,
By whose victorious hand all Barbary
Is conquer'd, aw'd, and swai'd: behold thy vassalls
With loud applauses greet thy victory. *shouts. flourish.*

Mull. Vpon the slaughtered bodies of our foes,
We mount our high Tribunall, and being sole
VWithout competitor, we now have leasure
To stablish lawes first for our Kingdomes safetie,
The enriching of our publique Treasury,
And last our state and pleasure: then give order
That all such Christian Merchants as have traffique
And freedome in our Country, that conceale
The least part of our Custome due to us,
Shall forfeit ship and goods.

Ioff. There are appointed
Vnto that purpose carefull officers.

Mull. Those forfeitures must help to furnish up
Th'exhausted treasure that our wars consum'd,
Part of such profits as accrue that way
VVe have already tasted.

Alc.

Alc. 'Tis most fit,
Those Christians that reape profit by our Land
Should contribute unto so great a losse.

Mull. *Alc.* They shall. But what's the style of King
Without his pleasure? Finde us concubines,
The sayrest Christian Damsells you can hire,
Or buy for gold: the loueliest of the Moores
We can command, and Negroes every where:
Italians, French, and Dutch, choise Turkish Girles
Must fill our Alkedavy, the great Pallace,
Where *Mullishog* now daines to keepe his Court.

Ioffer. Who else are worthy to be Libertines,
But such as beare the Sword?

Mull. *Ioffer,* Thou pleasest us.
If Kings on earth be termed Demi-gods,
Why should we not make here terrestriall heaven?
We can, wee will, our God shall be our pleasure,
For so our *Mecan* Prophet warrants us.
And now the musicke of the Drums surcease,
Wee'll learne to dance to the soft tunes of peace.

Hoboyes.

Enter Bess like a Sea-captaine, *Goodlacke,* *Roughman,*
Forset, and *Clem.*

Bess. Good morrow Captaine. Oh this last Sea-fight
Was gallantly perform'd. It did me good
To see the Spanish Carveile vaile her top
Vnto my Maiden Flag. Where ride we now?

Goodl. Among the Islands.

Bess. What coast is this wee now descry from farre.

Goodl. Yon Fort's call'd Fiall.

Bess. Is that the place where *Spencers* body lies?

Goodl. Yes, in yon Church hee's buried.

Besse. Then know, to this place was my voyage bound
To fetch the body of my *Spencer* thence.

48 *The faire Maid of the West:*

In his owne Country to erect a tombe,
And lasting monument, where when I die
In the same bed of earth my bones may lye.
Then all that love me, arme and make for shore,
Yours be the spoile, he mine, I crave no more.

Rough. May that man dye derided and accurst
That will not follow where a woman leades.

Good. *Roughman*, you are too rash, and counsell ill,
Have not the Spaniards fortifide the towne?
In all our Ginge wee are but sixty five.

Roughm. Come, Ile make one.

Good. Attend me good Lieutenant,
And sweet *Besse*, listen what I have devis'd,
With ten tall Fellowes I have man'd our Boar,
To see what stragling Spaniards they can take.
And see where *Forset* is return'd with prisoners.

Enter Forset with two Spaniards.

Forf. These Spaniards we by breake of day surpris'd,
As they were ready to take boat for Fishing.

Good. Spaniards, upon your lives resolve us truly
How strong's the Towne and Fort.

Span. Since English *Rawleigh* wan and spoil'd it first,
The Towne's reedifide, and Fort new built,
And foure Field peeces in the Block-house lye
To keepe the Harbours mouth.

Good. And what's one ship to these?

Besse. Was there not in the time of their aboard
A Gentleman call'd *Spencer* buryed there
Within the Church, whom some report was slaine,
Or perisht by a wound?

Span. Indeed there was,
And ore him rais'd a goodly monument,
But when the English Navy were sail'd thence,
And that the Spaniards did possesse the Towne,
Because they held him for an Heretike,
They straight remov'd his body from the Church.

Besse.

Bes. And would the tyrants be so uncharitable
To wrong the dead? where did they then bestow him?

Span. They buryed him in fields.

Besse. Oh still more cruell.

Span. The man that ought the field, doubtfull his corne
Would never prosper whilst an hereticks body

Lay there, hee made petition to the Church

To ha'it dig'd up and burnt, and so it was.

Besse. What's he that loves me would perswade me live,
Not rather leape ore hatches into th' Sea:

Yet ere I die I hope to be reveng'd:

Vpon some Spaniards for my *Spencers* wrong.

Rough. Let's first begin with these.

Bess. Las these poore slaves! besides their pardond lives
One give them money. And Spaniards where you come,
Pray for *Besse Bridges*, and speake well o' th English.

Span. We shall.

Bess. Our mourning wee will turne into revenge,
And since the Church hath censur'd so my *Spencer*,

Bestow upon the Church some few cast Peeeces,

Command the Gunner do't.

Goodl. And if he can to batter it to the earth. *A Peece.*

Enter Clem falling for haste.

Clem. A Saile, a Saile.

Besse. From whence?

Clem. A pox upon yon Gunner, could he not giue war-
ning before he had shot?

Rough. Why I prethee?

Clem. Why? I was sent to the top-mast to watch, and
there I fell fast asleepe. Bounce quoth the guns, downe
tumbles *Clem*, and if by chance my feet had not hung in
the tackles, you must have sent to England for a bone-
setter, for my necke had beene in a pittifull taking,

Rough. Thou toldst us of a Saile.

H

Enter

50 *The faire Maid of the West:*

Enter Sailer above.

Sailor. Arme Gentlemen, a gallant ship of warre
Makes with her full sailes this way : who it seemes
Hath tooke a Barke of England.

Besse. Which wee'll rescue.
Or perish in th'adventure. You have sworne
That howsoere we conquer or miscary
Not to reveale my sex:

All. Wee have.

Bess. Then for your Countries honor, my revenge,
For your owne fame, and hope of golden spoile,
Stand bravely to't. The manage of the fight
We leaue to you.

Go. Then now up with your fights, & let your ensignes
Blest with *S. Georges* Crosse, play with the windes.
Faire Besse, keepe you your cabin.

Besse. Captaine you wrong me, I will face the fight,
And where the bullets sing loudst 'bout mine eares,
There shall you finde me chearing up my men.

Rough. This wench would of a coward make an *Hercules.*

Besse. Trumpets a charge, and with your whistles shrill
Sound boatswaynes an alarum to your mates.
With musicke cheare up their astonisht soules,
The whilst the thundring Ordnance beare the Base.

Goodl. To fight against the Spaniards we desire,
Alarme Trumpets.

Alarme.

Rough. Gunners straight give fire.

Shor.

*Enter Goodlacke hurt, Besse, Roughman,
Forset, Clem.*

Goodl. I am shot and can no longer man the Decke,
Yet let not my wound daunt your courage mates.

Besse. For every drop of blood that thou hast shed,
He have a Spaniards life. Advance your Targets,
And now cry all, Boord, boord, amaine for England.

Alarme.

Enter

Enter with victory Bessè, Roughman, Forset, Clem, &c.
The Spaniards Prisoners.

Bessè. How is it with the Captaine ?

Rough. Nothing dangerous,
But being shot ith' thigh hee keepes his Cabin,
And cannot rise to greet your victory.

Bessè. He stood it bravely out whilst he could stand.

Clem. But for these Spaniards, now you *Don Diegoes*,
You that made *Paules* to stinke.

Roughm. Before we further censure them, let's know
What English prisoners they have here aboard.

Span. You may command them all. We that were now
Lords ouer them, Fortune hath made your slaves,
Release our prisoners.

Bessè. Had my captaine dide
Not one proud Spaniard had escap'd with life,
Your ship is forfeit to us, and your goods.
So live. Give him his long Boate : him and his
Set safe ashore ; and pray for English *Bessè.*

Sp. I know not whom you meane, but bee't your *Queene*
Famous *Elizabeth*, I shall report
She and her subjects both are mercifull. *Exeunt.*

Enter Roughman, with the Merchant and Spencer.

Bessè. Whence are you sir? and whither were you bound?

Merch. I am a London bound for Barbary,
But by this Spanish Man-of-warre surpris'd,
Pillag'd and captiv'd.

Bessè. We much pittie you,
What losse you have sustain'd, this Spanish prey
Shall make good to you to the utmost farthing.

Merc. Our lives, and all our fortunes whatsoever
Are wholly at your service.

Bessè. These Gentlemen have been dejected long,
Let me peruse them all, and give them money

52 *The faire Maid of the West:*

To drinke our health, and pray forget not Sirs,
To pray for ——— Hold, support me, or I faint.

Roughm. What sudden unexpected extasie
Disturbs your conquest.

Besse. Interrupt me not,
But give me way for Heavens sake.

Spencer. I have seene a face ere now like that yong Gen:
But not remember where. (Gentleman,

Besse. But he was slaine,
Lay buried in yon Church, and thence remov'd,
Denyde all Christian rights, and like an Infidell
Confinde unto the fields, and thence digd up,
His body after death had marryrdome :
All these assure me tis his shadow dogs me,
For some most just revenge thus farre to Sea.
Is it because the Spaniards scap'd with life,
That were to thee so cruell after death
Thou hauntst me thus? Sweet ghost thy rage forbear,
I will revenge thee on the next we seaze.
I am amaz'd, this sight Ile not endure.
Sleepe, sleepe, faire ghost, for thy revenge is sure.

Roug. Forset, convey the owner to his cabin.

Spencer. I pray sir what young Gentleman is that?

Rough. Hee's both the owner of the ship and goods,
That for some reasons hath his name conceal'd.

Spencer. Me thinke he lookes like *Besse*, for in his eyes
Lives the first love that did my heart surpris.

Roughm. Come Gentlemen, first make your losses good
Out of this Spanish prize. Let's then divide
Both severall wayes, and heavens be our guide.

Merc. We towards Mamorrah.

Roughm. We where the Fates doe please,
Till we have tract a wilderness of Seas.

Florishi.

Enter

Enter Chorus.

Our Stage so lamely can expresse a Sea,
 That we are forst by *Chorus* to discourse
 What should have beene in action. Now imagine
 Her passion ore, and *Goodlacke* well recoverd,
 Who had he not been wounded and scene *Spencer*,
 Had sure describ'd him. Much prize they have tan'd,
 The French and Dutch she spares, onely makes spoile
 Of the rich Spaniard, and the barbarous Turke.
 And now her fame growes great in all these seas,
 Suppose her rich, and forst for want of water
 To put into *Mamorrah* in *Barbary*,
 Where wearied with the habit of a man,
 She was discoverd by the *Moors* aboard,
 Which told it to the amorous King of *Fesse*,
 That ne'er before had English Lady scene.
 He sends for her on shore, how he receives her,
 How she and *Spencer* meet, must next succeed.
 Sit patient then, when these are fully told,
 Some may hap say, I, there's a *Girl* worth gold.

Exeunt. Act long.

Explicit Actus quartus.

Actus quintus. Scena prima.

Enter Mullisbeg, Alcade, Ioffer, and Attendants, &c.

Mullisbeg.

B Ut was she of such presence?

Alc. To describe her were to make eloquence dumb

Mull. Well habited?

Alc. I ne'er beheld a beauty more compleat.

Mull. Thou hast inflam'd our spirits. In England borne?

54 *The faire Maid of the West:*

Alc. The Captaine so reported.

Mull. How her ship?

Alc. I never saw a braver Vessell saile,
And she is call'd *The Negro*.

Mull. Ominous

Perhaps to our good fate, She in a *Negro*
Hath sail'd thus farre to bosome with a Moore.
But for the motion made to come ashore,
How did she relish that?

Alc. I promist to the Captaine large reward
To winne him to it, and this day he hath promist
To bring me her free answer.

Mull. When he comes
Give him the entertainment of a Prince.

Enter a Moore.

The newes with thee?

Moore. The Captaine of *The Negro* craves admittance
Vnto your Highnesse presence;

Mul. A Guard attend him, and our noblest Bashawes
Conduct him safe where we will parly him. *Flourish.*

Enter Goodlacke, and Roughman.

Goodl. Long live the high and mighty King of Fesse.

Mull. If thou bringst her then dost thou bring me life.
Say, will she come?

Goodl. She will my Lord, but yet conditionally
She may be free from violence.

Mull. Now by the mighty Prophet we adore,
She shall live Lady of her free desires,
Tis love, not force, must quench our amorous fires.

Rough. We will conduct her to your presence straight.

Mul. We will have banquets, revels, and what not
To entertaine this stranger. *Hoboyes.*

*Enter Bessie Bridges vail'd, Goodlack, Roughman, Forset,
and Moores.*

A goodly presence! why's that beauty vail'd?

Bess.

Besse. Long live the King of Fesse.

Mull. I am amaz'd,

This is no mortall creature I behold,
But some bright Angell that is dropt from heaven,
Sent by our prophet. Captaine, let me thus
Imbrace thee in my armes. Load him with gold
For this great favour.

Bess. Captaine, touch it not,

Know King of Fesse my followers want no gold,
I onely came to see thee for my pleasure,
And shew thee, what these say thou never saw'st,
A woman borne in England.

Mull. That English earth may well be term'd a heaven,
That breeds such divine beauties. Make me sure
That thou art mortall, by one friendly touch.

Besse. Keepe off: for till thou swearst to my demands
I will have no commerce with *Mullishog,*
But leave thee as I came.

Mull. Were't halfe my Kingdome,
That, beautious English Virgin, thou shalt have.

Besse. Captaine reade.

Goodl. First, libertie for her and hers to leave the Land
at her pleasure.

Next, safe conduct to and from her ship at her owne
discretion.

Thirdly, to be free from all violence, cyther by the King
or any of his people.

Fourthly, to allow her mariners fresh victuals aboard.

Fiftly, to offer no further violence to her person, then
what hee seekes by kingly usage, and free intreaty.

Mull. To these I vow and scale.

Besse. These being assur'd
Your courtship's free, and henceforth we secur'd.

Mull. Say Gentlemen of England, what's your fashion
And garbe of entertainment?

Goodl. Our first greeting

56 *The faire Maid of the West:*

Begins still on the lips.

Mul. Fayre creature, shall I be immortaliz'd
With that high favour?

Besse. Tis no immodest thing
You aske, nor shame, for *Besse* to kisse a King.

Mul. This kisse hath all my vitalls extaside.

Rou. Captain this king is mightily in love. VVell let her
Doe as she list, Ile make use of his bounty.

Good. We should be mad men else.

Mullish. Grace me so much as take your seat by me.

Besse. Ile be so farre commanded.

Mull. Sweet, your age?

Besse. Not fully yet seaventeene.

Mu. But how your birth? how came you to this wealth,
To have such Gentlemen at your command?
And what your cause of travell?

Besse. Mighty Prince,
If you desire to see me beat my brest,
Poure forth a river of increasing teares,
Then you may urge me to that sad discourse.

Mull. Not for Mamorrahs wealth, nor all the gold
Coyn'd in rich Barbary. Nay sweet arise,
And aske of me be't halfe this kingdomes treasure,
And thou art Lady on't.

Besse. If I shall aske, 't must be, you will not give.
Our country breeds no beggers, for our hearts
Are of more noble temper.

Mull. Sweet, your name?

Besse. Elizabeth.

Mull. There's vertue in that name.

The Virgin Queene so famous through the world,
The mighty Empreffe of the maiden-Ile,
Whose predecessors have ore-runne great France,
Whose powerfull hand doth still support the Dutch,
And keepses the potent King of Spaine in awe,
Is not she tited so?

Besse.

Besse. She is.

Mull. Hath she her selfe a face so faire as yours
When she appears for wonder.

Besse. Mighty *Fesse*,
You cast a blush upon my maiden checke,
To patterne me with her. Why Englands *Queene*
She is the onely Phoenix of her age,
The pride and glory of the Westerne Isles:
Had I a thousand tongues they all would tyre
And faile me in her true description.

Mull. Grant me this,
To morrow we supply our Iudgement-seate,
And sentence causes, sit with us in state,
And let your presence beautifie our Throne.

Bess. In that I am your servant.

Mul. And we thinke.
Set on in state, attendants, and full traine:
But finde to aske, we vow thou shalt obtaine.

Enter Clem, manet Goodlacke.

Clem. It is not now as when *Andrea* liv'd,
Or rather *Andrew* our elder Iourneyman: what, Drawers
become Courtiers? Now may I speake with the old ghost
in *Ieronimo*;
When this eternall substance of my soule
Did live imprisoned in this wanton flesh,
I was a Courtier in the Court of *Fesse*.

Goodl. Oh well done *Clem*. It is your Mistris pleasure
None come a shore that's not well habited.

Clem. Nay for mine owne part, I hold my selfe as good
a Christian in these cloaths, as the proudest Infidell of
them all.

Enter Alcade and Ioffer.

Alcade. Sir, by your leave, y'are of the English traine?

Clem. I am so thou great Monarch of the Mauritanians.

Ioff. The tis the Kings command we give you all attendance

58 *The faire Maid of the West:*

Clem. Great Seignior of the Sarazens I thanke thee.

Ale. Will you walke in to banquet?

Clem. I will make bold to march in towards your banquet, and there comfit my selfe, and cast all carawayes downe my throat, the best way I have to conserve my selfe in health: and for your countries sake which is called Barbery, I will love all Barbers and Barberies the better: And for you Moores, thus much I meane to say, Ile see if Moore I eate the Moore I may.

Enter two Merchants.

1. Merch. I pray sir are you of the English traine?

Clem. Why what art thou my friend?

1 Mer. Sir, a French merchant runne into relapse, And forfeit of the Law: heres for you sir Forty good Barbery peeces to deliver Your Lady this petition, who I heare Can all things with the King.

Clem. Your gold doth binde me to you: you may see what it is to be a sudden Courtier. I no sooner put my nose into the Court, but my hand itches for a bribe already. What's your businesse my friend?

2 Mer. Some of my men for a little outrage done Are sentenc'd to the Gallies.

Clem. To the Gallowes?

2 Mer. No, to the Gallies: now could your Lady purchase Their pardon from the King, heres twenty angels?

Clem. What are you sir?

2 Merc. A Florentine Merchant.

Clem. Then you are, as they say, a Christian?

2 Mer. Heaven forbid else.

Clem. I should not have the faith to take your gold else. Attend on mee, Ile speake in your behalfe. Where be my Bashawes? vs her us in state, Florish. And when we sit to banquet see you waite. *Exit.*

Enter Spencer solus.

Spenc. This day the king ascends his royall throne,

The

The honest Merchant in whose ship I came,
 Hath by a cunning quiddit in the Law
 Both ship and goods made forfeit to the king,
 To whom I will petition. But no more,
 Hee's now upon his entrance. *Hoboyes.*

*Enter the King, Bessè, Goodlacke, Ronghiman, Alcade, Ioffer,
 with all the other Traine.*

Mull. Here seat thee Maid of England like a Queene,
 The style wee'll give thee, wilt thou daigne us love.

Bessè. Blesse me you holy Angels.

Mull. What ist offends you Sweet ?

Spenc. I am amaz'd, and know not what to thinke on't.

Bessè. Captaine, dost not see ? Is not that *Spencers* ghost ?

Goodl. I see, and like you I am extaside.

Spenc. If mine eyes mistake nor,

That should be Captaine *Goodlacke*, and that *Bessè*.

But oh, I cannot be so happy.

Goodl. Tis he, and Ile salute him.

Bessè. Captaine stay,

You shall be swaide by me.

Spenc. Him I wel know, but how should she come hither

Mull. What ist that troubles you ?

Bessè. Most mighty king,

Spare me no longer time, but to bestow

My Captaine on a message.

Mull. Thou shalt command my silence, and his care.

Bessè. Goe winde about, and when you see least eyes

Are fixt on you, single him out and see

If we mistake not. If he be the man,

Give me some private note.

Goodl. This.

Bessè. Enough. VVhat said you highnesse ?

Mull. Harke what I profer thee, Continue here,

And grant me full fruition of thy love.

60 *The faire Maid of the West:*

Bess. Good.

Mull. Thou shalt have all my Peeres to honour thee
Next our great prophet.

Besse. Well.

Mull. And when th'art weary of our Sun-burnt clime,
Thy *Negro* shall be ballast home with gold.

Bess. I am eterniz'd ever.

Now all you sad disasters dare your worst,
I neither care nor feare : my *Spencer* lives.

Mull. You minde me not sweet *Virgin*.

Besse. You talke of love.

My Lord, Ile tell you more of that hereafter.
But now to your State-businesse : bid him doe thus
No more, and not be seene till then.

Goodl. Enough : come sir, you must along with me.

Bess. Now stood a thousand deaths before my face,
I would not change my cheare, since *Spencer's* safe.

Enter Clem and the Merchants.

Clem. By your leave my Masters: roome for Generosity.

1 *Merch.* Pray sir remember me.

2 *Merch.* Good sir, my suit.

Cl. I am perfect in both your parts without prompting,
Mistresse, here are two christen friends of mine have for-
feiter ships and men to the black a *Morrian* king. Now one
sweet word from your lips might get their release. I have
had a feeling of the businesse already.

Mul. For dealing in commodities forbid
Y'are fin'd a thousand duckats.

Besse. Cast off the burden of your heavy doome,
A follower of my traine petitions for him.

Mull. One of thy traine, sweet *Besse*?

Clem. And no worse man then my selfe sir.

Mull. Well sirrah, for your Ladies sake,
His ship and goods shall be restor'd againe.

1 *Mer.* Long live the King of Fesse.

Clem.

Clem. Maist thou never want sweet water to wash thy
blacke face in, most mighty Monarke of Morocco,
Mistris, another friend, I, and paid before hand.

Mull. Sirrah, your men for outrage and contempt
Are doom'd unto the Gallies.

Bess. A censure too severe for Christians.
Great King, Ile pay their ransome.

Mul. Thou my *Besse*?
Thy word shall be their ransome, th'are discharg'd.
What grave old man is that?

Ioff. A Christian Preacher, one that would convert
Your Moores, and turne them to a new believe.

Mall. Then he shall die, as wee are king of Fesse.

Bes. For these I onely spake, for him I kneele,
If I have any grace with mighty Fesse.

Mul. We can deny thee nothing beautifulous maid,
A kisse shall be his pardon.

Bes. Thus I pay't.

Clem. Must your black face be smooching my Mistresses
white lips with a moorian. I would you had kist her a —

Alc. Ha, how is that sir?

Clem. I know what I say sir, I would he had kist her a —

Alcade. A- what?

Clem. A thousand times to have done him a pleasure.

Enter Spencer and Goodlacke.

Mull. That kisse was worth the ransome of a King.
What's he of that brave presence?

Besse. A Gentleman of England, and my friend,
Doe him some grace for my sake.

Mull. For thy sake what would not I performe?
Hee shall have grace and honour. *Ioffer,* goe

And see him gelded to attend on us,
He shall be our chiefe Eunuch.

Besse. Not for ten worlds. Behold great king I stand
Betwixt him and all danger. Have I found thee?
Ceaze what I have, take both my ship and goods,

62 *The faire Maid of the West:*

Leave nought that's mine unripled: spare me him,
And have I found my *Spencer*!

Clem. Please your Majesty, I see all men are not capable
of honour, what he refuseth, may it please you to bestow
on me.

Mull. With all my heart. Goe beare him hence *Alcads*,
Into our *Alkedavy*, honour him,
And let him taste the razor.

Clem. There's honour for me.

Alc. Come follow.

Clem. No sir, Ile goe before you for mine honour. *Exit.*

Spenc. Oh shew your selfe renowned king the same
Fame blazons you: bestow this Maid on me,
Tis such a gift as kingdomes cannot buy:
She is a president of all true love,
And shall be registred to after times,
That ne'er shall patterne her.

Goodl. Heard you the story of their constant love.
'T would move in you compassion.

Rough. Let not intemperate love sway you bove pittie,
That forraigne nation that ne'er heard your name,
May chronicle your vertues.

Mull. You have wakend in me an heroick spirit:
Lust shall not conquer vertue. Till this hewer
We grac'd thee for thy beauty English woman,
But now we wonder at thy constancy.

Bes. Oh were you of our faith, Ide swear great *Mullisheg*
To be a god on earth. And lives my *Spencer*?
In troath I thought thee dead.

Spenc. In hope of thee
I liv'd to gaine both life and libertie.

Enter Clem running.

Clem. No more of your honour if you love me. Is this
your Moorish preferment to rob a man of his best jewels?

Mul. Hast thou seene our *Alkedavy*?

Clem.

Clem. Davy doe you call him? he may be call'd shavce
I am sure he hath tickled my currant commodity,
No more your cutting honour if you love me.

Mul. All your strange fortunes we will heare discourst
And after that your faire espousals grace,
If you can finde a man of your beliefe
To doe that gratefull office.

Spenc. None more fit
Then this religious and grave Gentleman
Late rescewed from deaths sentence.

Preacher. None more proud
To doe you that poore service.

Mul. Noble Englishman,
I cannot fasten bounty to my will,
Worthy thy merit, move some suite to us.

Spencer. To make you more renown'd great king, and us
The more indebted, theres an Englishman
Hath forfeited his ship for goods uncustom'd.

Mul. Thy suite is granted ere it be halfe begg'd,
Dispose them at thy pleasure.

Spenc. Mighty king
We are your Highnesse servants,

Mul. Come beautious Maid, wee'll see thee crown'd a
At all our pompous banquets these shall waite. (bride,
Thy followers and thy servants presse with gold,
And not the mean'st that to thy traine belongs,
But shall approve our bounty. Leade in state,
And wheresoe'er thy fame shall be inroll'd,
The world report thou art a *Girl* worth gold.

Explicit Actus quintus.

FINIS.

THE
FAIR MAID

OF THE WEST.

OR,
A Girle worth gold.

The second part.

As it was lately acted before the King and
Queen, with approved liking.

By the Queens Majesties Comedians.

Written by T. H.



LONDON,
Printed for *Richard Royston*, and are to be sold
at his Shop in Ivie Lane. 1631.

THE FAIR MAID

OF THE WEST

OR

THE FAIR MAID

THE SECOND PART

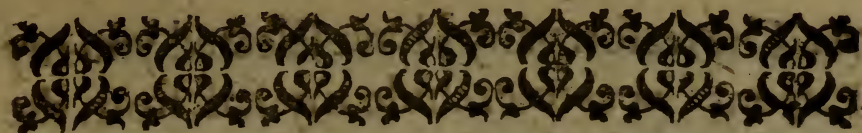
As first published by Richard D. Knickerbocker, and
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LONDON: 1811.



LONDON,

Printed for Richard D. Knickerbocker, and sold by
all the Booksellers in the Kingdom.



To the true favourer of the

Muses, and all good Arts, *Thomas*

Hammon, Esquire, of *Graies*

Inne, &c.



The first part of this work
I bestowed upon your
friend Mr. *John Othow*, the
second I have confer'd up-
on you, both being incor-
porated into one House,
and noble Societie. The proximitie in your
Chambers, and much familiar conference,
having bred a mutuall correspondencie be-
twixt you. The prime motive inviting me
to this Dedication; the much love, and ma-
ny courtesies reflecting upon me from you
both: Being the rather encouraged thereun-
to, that though the subject it self carry no
great countenance in the Title, yet it hath
not onely past the censure of the *Plebe* and
Gentrie; but of the *Patricians* and *Pratex-*
tate: as also of our royall *Augustus* and *Li-*

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

via. The reason why I have selected you my Patrons, was to exclude my self from the number of those of whom *Juvenal* speaks, *Satyre* 7.

Scire volunt omnes, mercedem solvere nemo.

Please you at any of your more leasur'd houres, to vouchsafe the perusall of these sleight papers, your acceptance shall be my recompence. Receive my wishes for your earths happinesse in *millions*, for your heavens blisse in *myriads*. Taking my leave of you with that in *Adelph*.

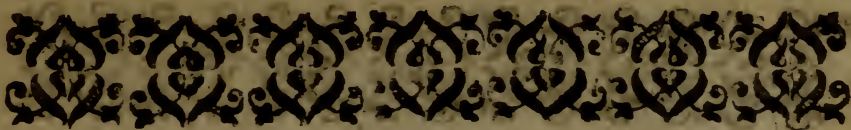
Nunquam ita magnifice quicquam dicam,

Id virtus quin superet tua.

Yours plenally devoted

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

To

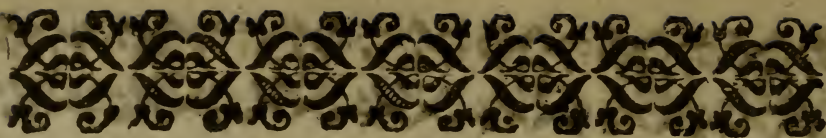


To the R E A D E R.

Vrteous Reader, if thou beest tired in the first part, I would not wish thee to be travel'd in the second; but I hope much better, and that thou didst leave in the last, as one that came late to his Inne to rest himself for that night, onely with purpose to go on with the second, as he that riseth early the next morning (having refresh't himself) to proceed on his journey. By this time you cannot choose but be acquainted with the most of our Aets, but not with all; and more particularly for Spencer, and his westerne Besse. With these Countrey-men of ours in their fellowship, you have heard the beginning of their troubles, but are not yet come to the end of their travells; in which you may accompany them on land, without the prejudice of deep wayes, or robbers; and by Sea, free from the danger of rocks or Pirates; as neither using horse or ship, more then this book in thine hand, and thy chaire in thy chamber. More complement I purpose not, and (I hope) thou expectest not.
Farewell.

One studious to be thine.

T. H.



Dramatis Personæ.

T oota, <i>Queen of Fesse,</i> <i>and wife of Mullisheg.</i> By Theophilus Bourne	<i>A Guard.</i>
<i>Bashaw Ioffer.</i>	<i>ANegro.</i>
<i>Ruffman.</i>	<i>A Chorus.</i>
<i>Clem, the Clown.</i>	<i>A Captain of the Bandetti.</i>
<i>Mullisheg, King of Fesse.</i>	<i>The D. of Florence, with</i> <i>followers.</i> By Mr. Ioh. Somner.
<i>Bashaw Alcade.</i> By Mr. An- thonic Turner.	<i>The Duke of Mantua.</i> By Rob. Axall.
<i>Mr. Spencer.</i>	<i>The D. of Farara.</i> By Chri- stoph. Goad.
<i>Capt. Goodlacke.</i>	<i>An English Merchant.</i>
<i>Forset.</i>	<i>Two Florentine lords.</i>
<i>Besse Bridges.</i>	<i>Pedro Venturo, Generall at</i> <i>Sea for the D. of Florence.</i>
<i>A Porter of the kings gate.</i>	
<i>A Lieutenant of the Moors.</i>	



One wishes to be fine

H. T.



THE FAIRE MAID
of the West :

O R,
A Girle worth Gold.

The second part.

Enter Tota Mullishegs wife.

Tota.

I must not, may not, shall not be
indur'd :

Lest we for this our Country ?
to be made

A meere neglected Lady here in
Fesse,

A slave to others, but a scorne to
all ?

Can womanish ambition, heat of blood,
Or height of birth brooke this, and not revenge ?

Revenge ? on whom ? on mighty *Mullisbeg* ?

We are not safe then ; On the English stranger ?

And why on her, when thers no apprehension

That can in thought pollute her innocence ?

Yet something I must doe. What ? nothing yet ?

Nor must we live neglected ; I should doubt

I were a perfect woman, but degenerate

The faire Maid of the West:

From mine owne sex if I should suffer this:
I have a thousand projects in my braine,
But can bring none to purpose.

Enter Bashaw Ioffer.

Ioff. Cal'd your Majestie?

Tota. No, yet I thinke I did; be gone, yet stay.
Will not this mishapt Embrion grow to forme?
Not yet? nor yet?

Ioff. I attend your highnesse pleasure.

Tota. 'Tis perfect, and I ha're,
I am ambitious but to thinke upon't,
And if it prove as I have fashiond it,
I shall be trophide ever.

Ioff. I wait still.

Tota. The King no way in perill, she secure,
None harm'd, all pleas'd, I sweetly satisfied,
And yet reveng'd at full. Braine, I for this
Will wreathe thee in a glorious arch of gold,
Stuck full of Indian gemmes. But *Tota*, whom
Wilt thou imploy in this? the Moores are treacherous,
And them we dare not trust.

Ioff. You neede not mee.

Tot. Say, wher's the King?

Ioff. I'ch Presence.

Tot. How?

Ioff. Distempered late, and strangely humerous,
The cause none can conjecture.

Tot. Send in his sweet hearr,
And were his owne heart double rib'd with brasse,
Yet she would search the inmost of his thoughts.
No, 'tis not her on whom I build my project.
Is the King upon his entrance?

Ioff. 'Tis thought he is,
If so, this sudden strange distemperature
Hath not his purpose altered.

or, a Girle worth gold.

Tot. You have now leave
To leave us and attend the King,

Ioff. I shall.

Tot. If any of the English Ladies traine
Come in your way, you may request them hither,
Say, we would question some things of their countrey.

Ioff. Madam, I shall.

Tot. Then on to your attendance, what we must,
Weele worke by th'English, these we dare not trust.

Enter Clem meeting Ioffer.

Ioff. 'Tis the Queenes pleasure you attend her.

Clem. The Queene speake with me? Can you tell the
businesse? A murren of these barbers of Barberie, they
have given me a receipt, that scape the collicke as well as
I can, I shall be sure never to be troubled with the stone.

Ioff. Yonder she walkes. I leave ye.

Tot. Now sir, you are of England?

Clem. And I thinke you are a witch.

Tot. How sirrah?

Clem. A foolish proverbe we use in our countrey, which
to give you in other words, is as much as to say, You have
hit the naile on the head.

Tot. And servant to the English *Elizabeth*,
So great in Court by mighty *Mullisbeg*,
You follow her?

Clem. I must confesse I am not her Gentleman usher to
goe before her, for that way as the case stands with mee
now, I can doe her but small pleasure, I doe follow her.

Tot. You have seene both nations, England and our
Fesse, how doe our people differ?

Clem. Our countrey men eate and drinke as yours doe
for all the world, open their eyes when they would see,
and shut them againe when they would sleepe: when
they goe they set one leg before another, and gape when
their mouthes open, as yours eate when they have sto-

The faire Maid of the West :

macks, scratch when it itcheth : onely I hold our nation to be the cleanlier.

Tot. Cleanlier, wherein ?

Clem. Because they never sit downe to meat with such foule hands and faces.

Tot. But how your Ladies and choice Gentlewomen?

Clem. You shall meete some of them sometimes as fresh as flowers in May, and as faire as my Miltrisse, and within an hower the same Gentlewoman as blacke as your selfe, or any of your Morians.

Tot. Can they change faces so ? not possible : shew me some reason for't.

Clem. When they put on their maskes.

Tot. Maskes, what are they ?

Clem. Please you to put off yours, and Ile tell you.

Tot. We weare none but that which nature hath bestowed on us, and our births give us freely.

Clem. And our Ladies weare none but what the shops yeeld, and they buy for their money.

Tot. Canst thou be secret to me Englishman ?

Clem. Yes, and chaste too, I have tane a medicine for't.

Tot. Be fixt to me in what I shall employ thee,
Constant and private unto my designes,
More grace and honour I will do to thee,
Then ere thou didst receive from *Mullisheg*.

Clem. Grace and honour ? his grace and honour was to take away some part, and she would honour me to take away all: Ile see you damn'd as deep as the black father of your generation the devill first.

Tot. Mistake me nor.

Clem. Nay if you were with childe with a young princely devill, and had a minde to any thing that's here, Ide make you lose your longing.

Tot. Sure this fellow is some sot.

Clem. Grace and honour, quotha.

Enter

or, a Girle worth gold.

Enter Ruffman.

Ruff. How now *Clem*, whither in such post hast?

Clem. There, if you will have any grace and honour, you may pay fort as deare as I have done; 'sfoot I have little enough left, I would faine carry home something into my own countrey.

Ruff. Why, what's the matter? I prethee stay.

Clem. No, Lieutenant you shall pardon me, not I, the room is too hot for me: Ile be gone, do you stay at your own perill: Ile be no longer a prodigall, Ile keep what I have.

Exit Clem.

Tot. This should have better sense, Ile next prove him.

Ruff. Excuse me mighty Princessse, that my boldnesse hath prest thus far into your privacies.

Tot. You no way have offended; nay, come neare, We love to grace a stranger.

Ruff. 'Twas my ignorance,
And no pretended boldnesse.

Tot. I have observed you
To be of some command amongst the English,
Nor make I question but that you may be
Of fair revennues.

Ruff. A poore Gentleman.

Tot. Weel make thee rich; spend that.

Ruff. Your graces bounty
Exceeds what merit can make good in me:
I am your highnesse servant.

Tot. Let that jewell be worne as our high favour.

Ruff. 'Sfoot I think
This Queen's in love with me. Madam, I shall.

Tot. If any favour I can do in Court
Can make you further gracious, speak it freely;
What power we have is yours.

Ruff. Doubtlesse it is so, and I am made for ever.

The faire Maid of the West:

Tot. Nay wee shall take it ill
To give our selves so amply to your knowledge,
And you not use us.

Ruff. Use us, now upon my life shee's caught:
What, courted by a Queene? a royall Princesse;
Where were your eyes *Besse*, that you could not see
These hidden parts and misteries, which this Queene
Hath in my shape observed? 'tis but a fortune
That I was borne to, and I thanke heaven for.

Tot. May I trust you?

Ruff. With your life, with your honour.
Ile be as private to you as your heart
Within your bosome, close as your owne thoughts.
Ile bragge of this in England, that I once
Was favourite to a Queene, my royall mistris.

Tot. If what you have already promised youle make
Ile prove so. (good,

Ruff. Madam, let this,

Tot. What?

Ruff. This kisse.

Tot. This foole, this asse, this insolent gull.

Ruff. Why, did not your grace meane plainely?

Tot. In what, sir?

Ruff. Did you not court me?

Tot. How, that face?

Thinkest thou I could love a Monkey, a Babone?
Know, were I mounted in the height of lust,
And a mere prostitute, rather then thee
Ide imbrace, one, name but that creature
That thou dost thinke most odious.

Ruff. Pardon me Lady,
I humbly take my leave.

Tot. Have I given you your description I pray, sir,
Be secret in't.

Ruff. I shall be loath to tell it,
Or publish it to any.

Tot.

or, a Girle worth gold.

Tot. Yet you are not gone :
Know then you have incur'd
The Kings wrath first, our high displeasure next,
The least of which is death ; yet will you grow *(poses,*
More neare to us , and prove loyall unto my present pur-
I will not onely pardon you what's past.
But multiply my bounties.

Ruff. I am your prisoner.

Tot. Be free, ther's nothing can be cal'd offence,
But that in thee we pardon.

Ruff. I am fast.

Tot. And yet a free man: I am injur'd highly,
And thou must aide me in my just revenge.

Ruff. Were it to combate the most valiantst Moore,
That ever Fesse, Morocko, or Argiers bred,
I for your sake would doe it.

Tot. We seeke nor blood,
Nor to expose thee to the least of danger: *(with,*
I am modest, and what I dare not trust my ownē tongue
Or thoughts, Ile bouldly give unto thine eares,
List: Do you shake your head, say, Is't done already?

Ruff. Wrong my friend?

Tot. Doe you cast doubts or dangers? Is not our life,
Our honour all in your hand, and will you lavish us,
Or scant that bounty should crowne you with excesse.

Ruff. Ile pause upon't.

Tot. Is not your life ours by your insolence? have not
we power to take it?

Ruff. Say no more, Ile doe it.

Tot. But may I hope,

Ruff. I have cast all doubts, and know how it may be
compass't.

Tot. Ther's more gold, your secrecie that's all I crave.

Ruff. To prove my selfe in this just cause I have,
An honest man, or a pernicious knave.

Tot. Take the advantage of this night.

Ruff.

The faire Maid of the West:

Ruff. I shall expect faire end,
All doubts are cast.

Tot. So make a Queen thy friend.

Recorders:

*Enter Mullisbeg, Ioffer, and Alcade, Spencer,
Goodlack, Besse, and the rest.*

Mul. All musick's harsh, command these discords cease,
For we have war within us.

Besse Mighty King,
What is't offends your highnesse?

Mul. Nothing *Besse:*
Yet all things do: Oh, what did I bestow,
When I gave her away.

Besse The Queen attends you.

Mul. Let her attend.

Tot. I, King, neglected still,
My just revenge shall wound, although not kill.

Mul. I was a traitor to my own desires,
To part with her so sleightly: what, no means
To alter these proceedings?

Spenc. Strange disturbances.

Goodl. What might the project be?

Alc. May it please your Highnesse, shall the Mask go
That was intended to grace this joviall night? (forward,

Mul. Wee'll have none,

Let it be treason held

To any man that shall but name our pleasure,

Or that vain word, delight: The more I gaze,

The more I surfer; and the more I strive

To free me from these fires, I am deeper wrapt:

In flames I burne.

Spenc. Your discontent, great Prince, takes from us all
The edge of mirth: these nuptiall joyes that should
Have sweld our souls with all the sweet varieties
Of apprehensive wishes, with your sadnesse
Grows dull and leaden: they have lost their taste.

Or, a Girle worth gold.

In this your discontent all pleasures lose their sweetnesse.

Bess. Mighty Fesse,

Hath any ignorant neglect in us
Bred these disturbances?

Mull. Offence and you

Are like the warring elements, oppos'd.

And Fesse, why a king, and not command thy pleasure?

Is she not within our kingdome? nay, within our palace,

And therefore in our power: is she alone

That happinesse that I desire on earth?

Which since the heavens have given up to mine hands,

Shall I despise their bounty? and not rather

Run through a thousand dangers, to enjoy

Their prodigall favours? dangers? tush, ther's none:

We are here amidst our people, wall'd with subjects round,

And danger is our slave: besides, our war

Is with weak woman. Oh, but I have sworn

And seal'd to her safe conduct; What of that?

Can a king sweare against his own desires,

Whose welfare is the sinews of his Realm?

I should commit high treason gainst my self,

Not to do that might give my soul content,

And satisfie my appetite with fulnesse. *Alcad.*

Alcad. My lord.

Mull. Rides the English Negro still within the harbour?

Alcad. Some league from land.

Mull. Lest that these English should attempt escape,

Now they are laden fully with our bounties,

Cast thou a watchfull eye upon these two.

Alcad. I shall.

Mul. I know their loves so fervent and entire,

They will not part asunder, she leave him,

Or he without her make escape to sea.

Then while the one's in sight our hopes are safe.

Be that thy charge.

Alcad. Ile be an Argus o're them.

The faire Maid of the West:

Goodl. Vnlesse the King be still in love with *Besse*,
Repenting him of their late mariage,
'Tis beyond wonder to calculate these stormes.

Mull. How goes the hower?

Alcad. About some fower.

Mul. We rose too soon *Besse* from your nuptiall feasts,
Something we tasted made us stomack sick,
But now we finde a more contentfull change.

Bess. Your sunshine is our day.

Mul. Dispose your selves
All to your free desires; to dancing some,
Others to mount our stately Barberie horse,
So famous through the world for swift carere,
Stomack, and fierie pace.
Those that love arms,
Mount for the tilt: this day is yours, to you tis consecrate.
He commits treason in the highest degree,
Whose cloudy brow dares the least tempest shew
To crosse what we intend: pleasure shall spring
From us to flow on you.

All. Long live the King:

Exeunt. Manet Goodlack.

Mull. To your free pastimes; leave us.
Captain, stay Captain, I read a fortune in thy brow,
More then the slight presage of augurie,
Which tells me thou, and onely thou art mark't
To make me earthly blest.

Goodl. That I can do't?

Mull. It lies in thee to raise thy ruin'd fortunes
As high as is a Viceroy's, wreath thy front
Within a circled piramis of gold,
And to command in all our territories,
Next to our person.

Goodl. Golden promises.

Mull. Our words are acts, our promises are deeds,

We

Or, a Girle worth gold.

We do not feed with ayre : it lies in thee,
We two may grapple souls, be friends and brothers.
Goodl. Teach me how.

Mull. I do not finde thee comming : in thy looks
I cannot spie that fresh alacritie,
Which with a glad and sprightfull forwardnesse,
Should meet our love half way.

Goodl. You wonder me.

Mull. No, thou art dull, or fearfull, fare thee well,
Thou hadst a fate lade up to make thee chronicled
In thy own Countrey, but thou wilt basely lose it,
Even by thine own neglect.

Goodl. Forespeak me not,
The Sun nere met the summer with more joy
Then I'de embrace my fortunes ; but to you,
Great king, to whom I am so greatly bound,
I'de purchas't with a danger should fright earth,
Astonish heaven, and make all hell to tremble ;
I am of no shrinking temper.

Mull. Prove but as wise as thou art bould and valiant,
And gain me wholly to thee, half thou hast already
Purchas't by this bold answer ; but perform
The rest, and we are all and onely thine.

Goodl. Shew me the way to gain this royall purchase ;
If I do't not, divide me from your presence,
From your grace, and all those glorious hopes you have
Turne into scorns and scandalls. (propos'd

Mull. I am dull,
And drowsie on the sudden : whilst I sleep,
Captain, read there.

He counterfets sleep, and gives him a letter.

Goodl. To make Belle mine some secret means devise,
To thy own height and heart Ile make thee rise.
Is not this ink the blood of Basilisks,

The faire Maid of the West :

That kills me in the eies, and blindes me so,
That I can read no further : 'twas compos'd
Of Dragons poyson, and the gall of Aspes,
Of Serpents venome, or of Vipers stings,
It could not read so harsh else : Oh my fate ;
No hing. but this ? this ? Had a parliament
Of fiends and furies in a synod sat,
And devis'd, plotted, parlied, and contriv'd,
They scarce could second this ; This ? 'tis unparallel'd :
To strumpet a chaste Lady, injure him
That rates her honour dearer then his life,
T'employ a friend in treasons gainst his friend,
And put that friend to dō't : t'impose on me
The hatefull stile and blot of pandarisme,
That am a Gentleman : nay, worse then this,
Make me in this a traitor to my countrey,
In giving up their honours : Who but a Moor,
Of all that beares mans shape, likest a devill,
Could have devis'd this horrour ? Possible
That he should mark out me ? What does my face
Prognosticate, that he should finde writ there
An index of such treasons ? But beware,
'Twas his own plot, I, and his cunning too :
He adde that to his project : but a Viceroy,
And a kings Minion, titles that will shadow
Ils the most base and branded. Not to do it
May purchase his displeasure, which can be
No lesse then death or bondage : heer's propos'd
Honour and perill. But what writes he further ;
*We are impatient of delays, this night
Let it be done.*
I am doubtfull of my purpose,
And can resolve of nothing.

*Mullisbeg starts out of his chaire as
from a dream.*

Mull. If he fail,

or, a *Girl* worth gold.

He have his flesh cut small as winters snow
Or summers atoms.

Goodl. Ha, was that by us?

Mull. Where was I? Oh, I dream't upon the sudden,
How fast was I:

Goodl. A fair warning 'twas, have you the cunning
To speak your thoughts in dreams?

Mull. Who's i'th next room?

Goodl. My lord.

Mull. My Captain, was it thou?
Sleep did surprise my senses, worthy friend,
And in my dreams I did remember thee.

Goodl. How, me my lord?

Mull. Me thought I had employ'd thee in a businesse,
In which thou wert or fearfull, or else false,
At which I was so overcome with rage,
That from my dreams I started.

Goodl. Seamen say,
When Halcions sing, look for a storme that day;
Ther's death in my deniall.

Mull. Did you read,
That scrowl we gave you Captain, ther's wrapt up
A thousand honours for thee, and more gold
Then shouldst thou live a double *Nesters* age,
Thou couldst finde waies to lavish.

Goodl. Add to your work a businesse of more danger;
That I may think me worthy, otherwise
This slight employment will but prize me low
And of desertless merit.

Mull. Think'st thou Captain
It may be easily compass?

Goodl. Dare you trust me?

Mull. I dare.

Goodl. Then know, besides to dare and can,
I will, though work beyond the power of man,
Ile set my brains in action.

The faire Maid of the West:

Mull. Noble friend,

Above thy thoughts our honours shall extend,

Goodl. I am not to be shaken.

Mull. Where be our Eunuchs?

Wee'l crown our hopes and wishes with more pomp
And sumptuous cost, then *Priam* did his sons,
That night he bosom'd *Hellen*; shee's as fair,
And wee'l command our pomp to be as rare.
Wee will have torches shall exceed the stars
In number and in brightnesse: we will hav
Rare change of musick shrill and high,
That shall exceed the spheres in harmonic,
The jewels of her habit shall reflect,
To daze all eyes that shall behold her state.
Our treasure shall like to a torrent rush
Streams of rewards, richer then *Tagus* sands,
To make these English strangers swim in gold.
In wilde *Moriskoes* we will lead the bride:
And when with full satieties of pleasures
We are dull and satiate, at her radiant eyes
Kindle fresh appetite, since they aspire,
T'exceed in brightnesse the high orbs of fire.
Make this Night mine, as we are King of *Fesse*,
Th'art Viceroy, Captain.

Exit Mullisbeg.

Goodl. Make my estate much lesse,

And my attempts more honourable: honour and vertue,

To me seem things in opposition:

Nor can we with small danger catch at one,

But we must lose the other. Oh my brain,

In what a labyrinth art thou? Say I could

Be false, as he would make me; what device?

What plot? what train have I to compasse it?

Or with what face can I sollicite her,

In treason towards my friend?

Enter

or, a Girle worth gold.

Enter Ruffman.

Ruff. I am to sollicite *Spencer*
To lie with the *Moors Queen*; a businesse, *Besse*;
Will hardly thank me for: but howsoever
I have undertane it.

Goodl. Impossibilities all; the more I wade,
The more I drown in weaknesse.

Ruff. Captain.

Goodl. Oh Lieutenant,
Never was man perplext thus.

Ruff. What, as you?
Had you but my disturbance in your brain,
'Twould tax a Stoicks wit, or Oedipus.
Why Captain, a whole school of Sophisters
Could not unriddle me.

Goodl. I would we might change businesse.

Ruff. I would give boot so to be rid of mine.

Goodl. Shall we be free and open breasted?

Ruff. How?

Goodl. As thus;

Tell me thy grievances, and unto thee
I will unvail my bosome: both disclos'd
He beg in mine thy counsell and assistance,
Thy cause shall mine command.

Ruff. A heart, a hand.

Goodl. I am to woo fair *Besse* to lie with *Mullisbeg*.

Ruff. And I woo *Spencer* to embrace the Queen.

Goodl. Is't possible?

Ruff. 'Tis more then possible, 'tis absolutely past.

Goodl. Ther's not a hair to chose, canst counsell me?

Ruff. Can you advise me?

Goodl. I am past my wits.

Ruff. And I beyond all sense.

Goodl. Wouldst thou do't, here lay the way plain before
thee.

Ruff. What, for gold

Betray

The faire Maid of the West:

Betray my friend and countrey, would you Captain?

Goodl. What and wear a sword
To guard my honour and a Christians faith,
I'de flesh it here first.

Ruff. Nobly resolved.

Goodl. We are not safe Lieutenant, Moors are trecherous.
Nay come, thy counsell,
Fesse hath proferd me
The honour of a Viceroy; and withall,
If I should fail performance, cunningly
Hath threatned me with death.

Ruff. You still propose
The danger, but you shew no way to clear them.

Goodl. Brain, let me waken thee, 'sfoot hast thou no
project? dost thou pertake my dulnesse?

Ruff. The more I strive, the more I am intangled.

Goodl. And I too. Not yet?

Ruff. Nor yet, nor ever.

Goodl. 'Twas comming here, & now again 'tis vanisht.

Ruff. Cal't back again for heavens sake.

Goodl. Again.

Ruff. Thanks heaven.

Goodl. And now again 'tis gone.

Ruff. Can you not catch fast hold on't?

Goodl. Give me way,

Let's walk Lieutenant: Could a man propose
A stratagem to gull this lustfull Moor,
To supply him, and then to satiate her?

Ruff. Good.

Goodl. Next, out of all these dangers secure us,
And keep our treasure safe.

Ruff. 'Twere excellent.

Goodl. But how shall this be done?

Ruff. Why Captain, know not you?

Goodl. Think'st thou it in the power of man to work it?
Yet come, Ile try, I owe my fate a death,

Ruff.

Or, a Girle worth gold.

Be swaid by me in all things.

Ruff. Noble Captain, I do not wish to outlive thee.

Explicit Actus primus.

Actus secundus. Scena prima.

Enter Spencer, Bessé, and Clem.

Spencer.

THe King was wondrous pleasant : Oh my *Bessé*,
How much am I indebted to his highnesse,
Onely for gracing thee.

Bessé. Could my *Spencer*
Think that a barbarous Moor could be so train'd
In humain vertues ?

Clem. Fie upon't : I am so tir'd with dancing with
these same black shee-chimney-sweepers, that I can scarce
set the best leg forward, they have so tir'd me with their
Moriscoes, and I have so tickled them with our Countrey
dances, *Sellengers* round, and *Tom Tiler* : we have so fid-
led it.

Spenc. Sirrah, what news will you tell to your friends
when you return into England.

Clem. Bravenews, which though I can neither write
nor read, yet I have committed them to my tables and
the rest of my memory.

Spenc. Let's heare some of your novelties:

Clem. First and foremost I have observed the wisdom
of these Moors, for some two dayes since being invited
to one of the chief *Bashaws* to dinner, after meat, sitting
by a huge fire, and feeling his skins to burn, I requested
him to pull back his chaire, but he very understandingly
sent for three or four Mafons and removed the chimney:

The faire Maid of the West:

the same Morian intreated me to lie with him, and I according to the state of my travells, willing to have a candle burning by, but he by no meanes would grant it; I ask't him why? No, sayes he, wee'll put out the light that the fleas may not know where to finde us.

Enter Goodlack and Ruffman.

Spenc. No storm at sea could be so tyrannous,
Nor half th'affright beare in his forehead bare,
As I spie in that look.

Besse. Let not your looks prelage more terrours then
Your tongues can speak; out with't at once Lieutenant.

Spenc. Captain speak.

Goodl. W'are all lost.

Ruff. All shipwrak't.

Clem. Are we ashore, and shall wee be cast away?

Spenc. Great Mullisbeg is royall.

Goodl. False to you.

Besse Gracious and kinde.

Ruff. Disloyall to us all.

Spenc. Wrap me not in these wonders worthy friend,
The very doubt of what the danger is,
Is more then danger can be.

Bess. Be it death,
So we may dye together: heer's a heart
Fear never could affright.

Goodl. The king still loves your *Besse*.

Spenc. Ha?

Ruff. The Queen your *Spencer*.

Bess. How?

Goodl. This night he must enjoy her.

Ruff. And she him.

Spenc. A thousand deaths are in that word contriv'd.
He make my passage through the blood of kings,
Rather then suffer this.

Bess. I through hell.

Or, a Girle worth gold.

Or were there place more dangerous.

Goodl. Else all die.

Clem. Die, 'sfoot this is worse then being made an Eunuch as I was.

Spenc. We have yet life, and therefore cherish hope.

Goodl. All hopes are banisht in the deep abyffe
Of our perplexed thoughts.

Ruff. All things run retrograde.

Bess. Why Captain? why Lieutenant? had you the skill
To bring my ship thus far, to wrack her here?

Past you the Ocean, to perish in the harbour?

Thou, *Tom Goodlack*

Wert ever true and just to my designes,

And canst thou fail me now?

Goodl. I studie for you.

Bess. Hast thou brought me but to see my *Spencers* sha-
And not enjoy the substance: for what more (dow,

Have I yet had from him, then from his picture,

That once hung in my Chamber. Gentlemen, amongst

Rescue an innocent maid from violence: (you all

Or do but say it cannot be prevented:

I begin, he that best loves me follow.

Spenc. What means *Besse*?

Goodl. If it could be fashion'd to my thoughts,

And have successe, 'twere brave.

Spenc. What, noble friend?

Goodl. To thrive but as we purpose.

Spenc. Have you way?

Goodl. 'Tis but a desperate course; and if it fail

The worst can be but death: and I, even I,

That laid the plot, will teach them how to dye.

He lead them on.

Spenc. If thou hast any project.

Bess. Ioy or comfort.

Ruff. And if not comfort, counsell.

Goodl. Say it thrive?

The faire Maid of the West:

Spenc. What Captain? what?

Goodl. You'll rip it from the wombe
Ere it be fully hatch'd now:

If it prosper but to my desire
And wishes, 'twere admirable.

Spenc. No longer hold us in suspence, good Captain.
But free us from these fears.

Goodl. You noble friend;
This night cast gracious eyes upon the Queen:

Bess. And prove to me disloyall?

Goodl. Still you crosse me,
And make the birth abortive. You fair *Besse*,
With amorous favours entertain the King.

Spenc. And yeeld her self to his intemperate lust?

Goodl. You still prevent me; either give me way
To shew you light unto your liberties,
Or still remain in darknesse.

Ruff. Hearc him out.

Goodl. You sooth the Queen,
He flatter with the King,
Let's promise fayre on both sides: say, 'tis done
All to their own desires.

Spenc. The event of this?

Goodl. A happy freedome, with a safe escape
Vnto our ship this night.

Bess. Oh, could this be.

Goodl. Fortune assists the valiant and the bold,
Wee'll bid fare for't. I had forgot my self,
Wher's *Clem*?

Clem. Noble Captain.

Goodl. Post to the ship, bid *Forset* man the long Boat
With ten good Musketers, and at a watchword,
If we can free our passage, take us in.
Nay make haste, one minuts stay is death.

Clem. I am gone in a twinkling.

Goodl. To compasse the Kings signet; then to command

Our

Or, a *Girl worth gold.*

Our passage, scape the gates and watches too:
For that I have brain. The King's upon his entrance;
Howers wast, revells come on, a thousand projects
Of death, hopes, and fears, are warring
In my bosome, and at once,
Eye you the Queen, and humour you the King;
Let no distast nor discontented brow
Appeare in you: their lust Ile make the ground,
To set all free, or keep your honour sound.
Disperse, the King's on comming. *Flourish.*

Enter Mullisbeg, Tota, Ioffer, and Alcade.

Mull. We consecrate this evening, beautilous Bride,
To'th honour of your nuptials. — Is all done?

Goodl. Done.

Tot. Is he ours?

Ruff. Yours.

Tot. And wee ever thine.

Goodl. I, and so cast, that she shall grasp you freely,
And think she hugs her *Spencer.*

Ruff. And when he bosoms you, thinkes he infolds
His lovely *Besse.*

Tot. Thou mak'st a Queen thy servant.

Goodl. Your highnesse Signet to command our passage
from chamber to chamber.

Mull. 'Tis there.

Goodl. The word.

Mull. 'Tis *Mullisbeg.*

Goodl. This must bring us safe aboard.

Mull. We keep the Bride

Too long from rest now, she is free for bed.

Tot. Please her to accept it,

In honour of her beauty, this night Ile do her any service.

Besse Mighty princesse,

Excuse my breeding from such arrogance,
And overbold presumption, you nor yours

or, a Girle worth gold.

Can owe me any duty: 'tis besides
The fashion of our countrey, not to trust
The secrets of a nuptiall night like this,
To the eyes of any stranger.

Tot. At your pleasure,

Bess. With our first nights unlacing, mighty Queen,
We dare not trust our husbands, 'tis a modestie
Our English maids professe.

Mull. Keep your own customes as you shall think best,
So for this night we leave you to your rest.

Tot. Remember.

Ruff. 'Tis writ here.

Mull. Captain,

Exeunt. Manet Goodlack.

Goodl. I am fast,
Now is my task in labour, and is plung'd
In thousand throes of childebirth, dangerous it is
To deal where kings affaires are questiond,
Or may be parled. But what's he so base,
That would not all his utmost powers extend,
For freedome of his countrey and his friend.
When all the Court is silent, sunk in dreams,
Then must my spirits awake. By this the King
H'as tane his leave of bride and bridegrome too:
And th'amous Queen longs for some happy news
From *Ruffman*, as great *Fesse* expects from us.
My friend and *Besse* wrapt in a thousand fears,
To finde my plot in action: and it now
Must take new life: auspicious fate thy aide,
To guard the honour of this English maid. *Exit.*

Enter Ruffman ushering the Queen.

Ruff. Tread soft, good Madam.

Tot. Is this the Chamber.

Ruff. Ile bring him instantly.

He

The faire Maid of the West:

He thinks this bed provided for his *Besse*,
And that she lodges here, while she poore soul
Embraceth nought but ayre.

Tot. Thou mak'st a Queen thy servant.

Ruff. Beware, be not too loud, lest that your tongue
Betraies you.

Tot. Mute as night,
As silent and as secret. Wrongs should be
Paid with wrongs, for so indeed 'tis meet,
My just revenge, though secret yet 'tis sweet.
Haste time, and hast our bounty.

Ruff. Queen I shall.

So now were we all safe and in our Negro shipt,
Might'st thou lie there till dooms day, lustfull Queen.

Exit.

Enter Goodlack and the King.

Goodl. My lord the custome is in England still
For maids to go to bed before their husbands,
It saves their check from many a modest blush.

King And in the dark.

Goodl. We use it for the most part.

King Soft may their bones lie in their beds of ashes
That brought this custome into England first.

Goodl. This the place where *Besse* expects her *Spencer*.

King Thou Viceroy of Argiers, for Captain, that
Is now thy title: thou hast won a King,
To be thy breast companion.

Goodl. Not too loud.

Why enters not your highnesse? you are safe,

King With as much joy as to our prophets rest.

But what thinks *Spencer* of this?

Goodl. I have shifted in her place
A certain Moor, whom I have hir'd for money,
Which (poore soul) he entertains for *Besse*.

King My excellent friend.

Goodl. Beware of conference, lest your tongue reveals

Wh as

The faire Maid of the West:

What this safe darknesse hides,

King I am all silent.

Oh, thou contentfull night, into thy arms,
Of all that ere I tasted, sweetest and best,
I throw me, more for pleasure then for rest.

Exit King.

Goodl. One fury claspe another, and there beget
Young devills between you: so fair *Besse* be safe.
I have here the kings signet, this will yeeld us
Way through the court and city, *Besse* being mask't,
How can she be discride, when none suspect,
Our flight this day not dream't on: now to execute
What was before purpos'd, which if it speed,
He say the heavens have in our fates agreed. *Exit.*

Enter Besse, Spencer, and Ruffman.

Spenc. How goes the night?

Ruff. Tis some two hewers from day.

Besse Yet no news from the Captain.

Ruff. I have done a Midwives part, I have brought the
Queen to bed, I could do no more.

Enter Goodlack.

Spenc. The Captain is come.

Besse Thy news.

Goodl. All safe, faith wench, I have put them to it for
a single combate, I have left them at it.

Besse King and Queen.

Goodl. The same.

Ruff. Now for us.

Goodl. I, ther's all the danger, ther's one *Bashaw*
Whose eyes is fixt on *Spencer*, and he now
Walks e'ne before our lodging.

Besse Then what's past,
Is all yet to no purpose.

Goodl. He and I

May freely passe the Court: and you fair *Besse*,

Or, a *Girl* worth gold.

I would disguise: but then for *Spencer*?

Besse Why that's the main of all: all without his free.
That we can aime at's, nothing. (dome

Spenc. It shall be thus, which alter none that loves me.
With this signet you three shall passe to'th ship
Whil'st I'me in sight she will not be suspected:
My escape, leaue to my own fair fortunes.

Besse How that?

Spenc. Through twenty *Bashaws* I will hew my way,
But I will see thee e're morning.

Besse Think'st thou *Spencer*
That I will leave thee? think'st thou that I can?
Thou maist as well part body from the soul,
As part us now: It is our wedding night,
Would'st now divide us?

(sters.

Spenc. Yeeld to times necessities, and to our strict disa-
Goodl. Words are vain,
We now must cleave to action: our stay's death,
And if we be not quick in expedition,
We all perish.

Spenc. *Besse*, be swaid.

Besse To go to sea without thee,
And leave thee subject unto a tyrants cruelty?
He dye a thousand deaths first.

Spenc. First save one,
And by degrees the rest. When thou hast past
The perills of this night, I am half safe,
But whilst thou art still inviron'd, more then better
Half of my part's indanger'd.

Goodl. Talk your selves
To your deaths, do: will you venter forth?
Leave me to the *Bashaw*.

Ruff. Or me, He buffet with him for my passage.

Spenc. Neither, in what I purpose I am constant.
Conduct her safe; th'advantage of the night
He take for my escape: and my sweet *Besse*,

The faire Maid of the West:

If in the morning I behold thee not
Safe within my Negro, be assur'd
I am dead. Nay, now delaies are vain.

Besse Sir, did you love
Me, you would not stay behinde me.

Spenc. Ile ha't so.

Gentlemen, be charie of this jewell
That throws her self into the armes of night,
Vnder your conduct. If I live, my *Besse*,
To morrow Ile not fail thee.

Besse And if thou diest to morrow, be assur'd
To morrow Ile be with thee.

Spenc. Shall thy love
Betray us all to death.

Besse Well, I will go,
But if thou dost miscary, think the Ocean
To be my Bride-bed.

Spenc. Heaven for us,
That power that hath preserv'd us hitherto,
Will not let's sink now. And, brave gentlemen,
Of the Moors bounty beare not any thing
Vnto our ship, lest they report of us,
We fled by night and rob'd them.

Goodl. Nobly resolv'd.

Spenc. Now embrace and part; and my sweet *Besse*,
This be thy comfort gainst all future fears,
To meet in mirth that now divide in tears:
Farewell *Besse*, Ile back into my chamber.

Besse Can I part with life
In more distracted horror?

Goodl. You spoil all
That we before have plotted.
Will you mask your self, and to the Porter first,
Ho, Porter.

Enter Porter.

Porter Who calls?

Goodl. One from the King.

Porter

or, a *Girl* worth gold.

Porter How shall I know that?

Goodl. This token be your warrant, behold his signet.
That's not enough, the Word.

Goodl. Mullisbeg.

Port. Pass freely: some weighty business is in hand
That the king's signet is abroad so late;
But no matter, this is my discharge, Ile to my rest;

Exit Porter.

Enter Alcade.

Alcad. I much suspect,
These English 'mongst themselves are treacherous:
I have observ'd, the king had conference with the Cap-
tain: many whisperings and passages I have observed,
but that which makes me most suspect is, because the king
hath removed his lodging, and it may be to prostitute the
English Maid: Ha, suspect said I; nay, examine things
exactly, and 't must needs be so, the king is wondrous
bountifull, and what it's gold cannot. Troth I could even
pitty the poore forlorn Englishman, who this night must
be forc't lie alone, and have the king taste to him.

Enter Spencer.

Spenc. Sure this Moore hath been made private to the
Kings intents, which if I finde, Ile make him the instru-
ment for me to passe the Court gates. This man, whose
office was to keep me, shall be the onely means to free me.

Alcad. On his marriage night, and up at this hower?
nay, if I once suspect, 'tis as firme as if it were confirmed
by *Alkaron*, or *Mahomet* himself had sworn it: Ile sport
my self with his distast and sorrow.

Spenc. Thus abus'd.

Alcad. What up so late and on your bridall night
When you should lie lul'd in the fast imbrace
Of your fair Mistrisse, I hope I have given't him soundly.

Spenc. s'possible,
To lodge my bride in one place, and dispose me
To a wrong chamber: she not once send to me,

The faire Maid of the West :

That I might know to finde her.

Alcad. Excellent.

Nay, if I once suspect, it never fails.

Spenc. Ile not rak'e

At th' hands of an Empresse, much lesse at hers.

Alcad. Why, what's the businesse, Sir? Oh, I guesse the cause of your griefe.

Spenc. And Sir, you may, but Ile be reveng'd.

Alcad. Troth and I would.

Spenc. Ile bosome some body,

Be it the common't Curtezian in Fesse,

If not for love, to vex her.

Alcad. Can you do lesse?

Spenc. To leave me the first night,

Alcad. Oh, 'twas a signe she never dearly lov'd you.

Spenc. I perceive Bashaw *Alcade* you understand my

Alcad. In part, though not in whol. (wrongs.

Spenc. Your word is warrant, passe me the court gate, Ile to some loose Burdello, and tell her when I have done.

Alcad. Were it my cause, Ide do this, and more.

Spenc. Make me wait thus!

Alcad. Oh Sir, 'tis insufferable.

Spenc. Troth I dally my revenge too long, what ho,

Port. How now, who calls?

Porter.

Alcad. Her's Bashaw *Alcade*, turn the key.

Port. His name commands my gate, passe freely.

Spenc. Sir, I am bound to you,

To take this wrong I should be held no man.

Now to the watch, scape there as I can.

Exit.

Alcad. Ha, ha, so long as she sleeps in the arms of Fesse, let him pack where he picaeses: *Porter*, now hee's without, let him command his entrance no more, neither for reward nor intreaty, till day breaks.

Port. Sir, he shall not.

Alcad. 'Tis well we are so rid of him: *Mullisheg* will give me great thanks for this.

Ile

or, a *Girl* worth gold.

He to his chamber, there attend without,
Till he shall waken from his drowsie rest,
And then acquaint him with this fortunate jest. *Alarum.*

Enter Ioffer, Lieutenant, Spencer prisoner and wounded.

Ioff. Sir, though we wonder at your noble deeds,
Yet I must do the office of a subject,
And take you prisoner : by that noble blood
That runs in these my veins, when I behold
The slaughter you have made, which wonders me,
I wish you had escap'd, and not been made captive
To him, who though he may admire and love you,
Yet cannot help you.

Spenc. Your stile is like your birth, for you are *Ioffer*,
Chief Bashaw to the king, and him I know
Lord of most noble thoughts. Speak, what's my danger ?

Ioff. Know Sir, a double forfeit of your life:
Your outrage first is death, being in the night,
And gainst the watch ; but those that you have slain
In this fierce conflict, brings 'em without all bounds
Of pardon.

Spenc. I was born too't, and I embrace my fortune.

Ioff. Sir, now I know you
To be that brave and worthy Englishman,
So highly grac't in court, which more amazeth me
That you should thus requite him with the slaughter
Of his lou'd subjects.

Spenc. I intreat you Sir,
As you are noble question me no further,
I have many private thoughts that trouble me,
And not the fear of death. (courage,

Ioff. We know your name, and now have prov'd your
Both these moves us to give you as easie bondage as our
To the king can suffer, you are free (loyalty
From irons.

Spenc. When this news shall come to her,

Ioff. Lieutenant, lead the watch some distance of,

or, a *Girl* worth gold.

Bid them remove these bodies lately slain,
I must have private conference with this prisoner,
Leave him to my charge.

Sir think me though a Moore,
A nation strange unto you Christians,
Yet that I can be noble: but in you
I have observ'd strange contrarieties,
Which I would be resolv'd in.

Spenc. Speak your thoughts.

Ioff. When I confer'd the noblenesse of your blood,
With this your present passion, I much muse,
Why either such a small effuse of blood,
These your sleight wounds, or the pale fear of death,
Should have the power to force a teare from such
A noble eye.

Spenc. Why thinkst thou Bashaw
That wounds, blood, or death
Could force a teare from me, thou noblest of thy nation,
Do not so farre misprise me: I tell thee Bashaw,
The rack, strapado, or the scalding oyl,
The burning pincers, or the boyling lead,
The stakes, the pikes, the caldron, or the wheel,
Were all these tortures to be felt an once,
Could not draw water hence.

Ioff. Whence comes it then?

Spenc. From that whose pains as far surmounts all those
As whips of furies do the Ladies fans,
Made of the plumes o'th Estridge: this like the Sunne,
Extracts the dew from my declining soul,
And swims mine eyes in moist effeminacie.
O *Besse, Besse, Besse, Besse.*

Ioff. Dead pittie you have wakened in my bosome,
And made me with you like compassionate.
Freely relate your sorrows.

Spenc. Sir, I shall:
If you have ever loved, or such a maid,

The faire Maid of the West:

So fair, so constant, and so chaste as mine,
And should fortune to lamentable fortune,
Betray her to a black abortive fate,
How would it wring you? Or if you had a heart,
Made of that mettall that we white men have,
How would it melt in you?

Ioff. Sir, you confound me.

Spenc. I will be brief; the travells of my *Besse*,
To finde me out, you have pertook at full,
In presence of the King, these I omit.
Now when we came to summe up all our joy,
And this night were entring to our hoped blisse,
The king, Oh most unworthy of that name,
He quite fell off from goodnesse.

Ioff. Who *Mullisbeg*?

Spenc. His lust out-waid his honour: and as if his soul
Were blacker then his face, he laid plots
To take this sweet night from me: but prevented,
I have convey'd my beautious bride aboard,
My Captain and Lieutenant.

Ioff. Are they escapt?

Spenc. Safe to my Negro. Thus farre fortune led me
Through many dangers till I past this bridge,
The last of all your watches. And muse not
Bashaw, that I thus single durst oppose my self,
I wore my Mistris here, and she, not I,
Made me midway a conquerour.

Ioff. She being at sea,
And safe, why should your own fates trouble you?

Spenc. Renowned Moor, there is your greatest error;
When we parted, I swore by the honour of a Gentleman,
And as I ever was her constant friend,
If I surviv'd, to visit her aboard
By such an hour: but if I fail, that she
Should think me dead: now, if I break one minute,
She leaps into the sea: 'tis this, great Bashaw,

That

The faire Maid of the West:

That from a souldiers eyes draws pearly tears:
For my own person I despise all fears.

Ioff. You have deeply touch't me: and to let you know
All morrall vertues are not solely grounded
In th' hearts of Christians, go and passe free;
Keep your appointed houre, preserve her life:
I will conduct you past all danger: but withall
Remember my head's left to answer it.

Spenc. Is honour fled from Christians unto Moors,
That I may lay in Barbarie I found
This rare black Swan.

Ioff. And when you are at sea,
The winde no question may blow fair, your ankors
They are soon waid, and you have sea-roume free
To passe unto your countrey: 'tis but my life,
And I shall think it nobly spent to save you,
Her, and your train from many sad disasters.

Spenc. Sir, I thank you,
Appoint me a fixt hower, if I return not,
May I be held a scorn to Christendome,
And recreant to my countrey.

Ioff. By three to morrow.

Spenc. Binde me by some oath.

Ioff. Onely your hand and word.

Spenc. Which if I break.

What my heart thinks, my tongue forbears to speak.

Ioff. Ile bear you past all watches. *Exeunt.*

Explicit Actus secundus.

Actus tertius. Scena prima.

Enter Mullisbeg.

Mull.

THrough satiate with the pleasures of this night,
The morning calls me from the sweet embraces

OF

or, a Girle worth gold.

Of the fair English Damsell.

Top. The English stranger

Is stoln from forth mine arms, I am at full revenged :

Were I again to match, I de marry one

Of this brave nation, if a Gentleman,

Before the greatest Monarch of the world,

They are such sweet and loving bedfellows.

Now to my chamber, darknesse guid my way,

Left what none yet suspect, the night betray.

Let all like me wrong'd in their nuptiall bed,

Nor aim at th'heart, but rather strike at th'head.

Mul. Venetian Ladies, nor the Persian Girles,

The French, the Spanish, nor the Turkish Dames,

Ethiophe nor Greece can kisse with half that art

These English can, nor entertain their friends

With tenth part of that ample willingnesse

Within their arms.

Alcad. Your highnesse cal'd ?

Mul. To tell thee that none shall pertake but thou.

Oh, I have had the sweetest nights content

That ever king enjoy'd.

Alcad. With the fair English bride.

Mul. Nor envy if I raise the Captain for't,

For he shall mount.

Alcad. And he deserves it: but to me you owe

Part of that honour, I had a hand in't too,

Although perhaps you thought me ignorant

In what is past.

Mul. Hadst thou no more

Then half a finger in this nights content,

It shall not be forgot, but thou as he

Shalt be rais'd one step higher.

Alc. Observing what had past, I spide the bridegroom

As still mine eies were fixt on him, up and late,

Then by a trick, a pretty sleight, a fine fetch of mine own,

I past him forth the gates, and gave command,

He

The faire Maid of the West:

He should not have his entrance back again,
Neither for reward nor intreaties, till day broke.

Mull. Your aim in that?

Alc. For fear lest he by some suspicious jealouse
Should have disturb'd your rest.

Mull. Thy providence
Shall not die unrewarded: shift him hence,
And with his will too, this makes thee
Of our counsell.

Alcad. 'Tis an honour
My wisdome hath long aim'd at, and I hope
Now shall receive his merit.

Enter a Negro.

Negr. Pardon great king that I thus rudely presse
Into your private bed-chamber.

Mull. Speak, thy news.

Negr. The English Captain, with the lovely Bride,
With her Lieutenant hath secretly this night,
With your highnesse signet and the word past the Court-
gates, past all the watches, and got aboard their *Negro*, and
I was sent to know your highnesse pleasure.

Mull. Ha, this night? *Alcade*, seek, search,
I left her sleeping in our royall bed.

Alcad. I shall my lord, I half suspect.

Mull. But was not *Spencer* with them?

Negr. Onely they three: and we, by vertue of your
highnesse signet, past them the court-gates without
trouble.

Enter Alcad.

Mull. We are amazed:

Alcade, whom find'st thou there?

Alcad. Nothing, my lord, but empty sheets,
A bed new tost; but neither English Lady, nor
any Lady else.

Mul. We stand astonish't,
Not knowing what to answer,

Enter

or, a Girle worth gold.

Enter a second messenger.

Mess. Pardon great king if I relate the news
That will offend you highly.

Mull. That the English Captain, Lady, and Lieutenant
are escapt.

Mess. But that's not all.

Mull. Can there be worse behinde?

Mess. Yes, if the losse of your dear subjects lives
Be worse then their escape: *Spencer*, without
The signet or the word, being left behinde.

Mull. You cal'd the porter up
And let him after.

Alcad. Pardon great King.

Mull. Was this your trick, your sleight, your stratagem?
As weare king of *Fesse*, thy life shall pay
The forfeit, thine own tongue shall sentence thee.
But to the rest.

Mess. Then past he to the bridge,
Where stood armed men, in number forty:
Maugre all their strength, with his good sword
He would have made through all:
And in this fierce conflict, six, to the maze
Of all the rest, were slain: nor would he yeeld,
Till suddenly we rais'd a loud alarm,
At which the Captain of the watch came down,
And so there surpriz'd him.

Mul. Is he prisoner then?

Mess. In custody of the great Bashaw *Ioffer*,
With whom we left him.

Mull. Command our Bashaw
To bring him clog'd in irons. These English Pirates
Have rob'd us of much treasure: and for that
His traitorous life shall answer. But for thee, traitor,
That had'st a hand in his escape,
Thou shalt be sure to pay for't.

Alcad. Alas, my lord,

The faire Maid of the West :

What I did was meerly ignorance.

Mull. Nay bribes,

And I shall finde it so : bear him to guard.

What dissolute strumpet did that traitrous Captain

Send to our sheets ; but all our injuries,

Vpon that English prisoner wee'll revenge,

As we in state and fortune hope to rise,

A never heard of death that traitour dies.

Enter Captain, Besse, Ruffman, Clem.

Besse No news from *Forset* yet that waits for *Spencer*,
The long boat's not return'd?

Goodl. Not yet?

Besse *Clem.* to the main top *Clem*, and give us notice
if thou seest any (like them) make from the shore ; the day
is broke already.

Clem. With all my heart, so you will give me warning
before the Gunner shoots, lest I tumble down again, and
put my neck a second time in danger.

Besse Prethee be gon, let's have no jesting now.

Clem. Then Ile to the main top in earnest.

Goodl. How fares it with you *Besse*?

Besse Like a hartlesse creature, a body without motion.
How can I chose when I am come to sea,
And lest my heart ashore? What, no news yet?

Goodl. None.

Bess. I prethee *Ruffman* step into my Cabin, and bring
me here my houre glasse.

Ruff. That I shall.

Goodl. To what end would you use it?

Bess. Shall I tell thee Captain,
I would know how long I have to live :
That glasse once turn'd, the sandy houre quite run,
I know my *Spencer's* dead, and my life's donne.

Enter Ruffman with the glasse.

Ruff. Your glasse,

Besse

or, a Girle worth gold.

Besse Gramercy good Lieutenant :

'Tis better then a gaudy looking glasse,
To deck our faces in ; that shews our pride,
But this our ends those glasses seek to hide.
Have you been all at prayers ?

Both We have.

Besse I thank you

Gentlemen, never more need : and you would say
As I do, did you but know how near our ends some are.
Dost thou not think, Captain, my *Spencer's* slain ?

Good. Yet hope the best.

Besse This is the hower he promist : Captain, look,
For I have not the heart, and truely tell me
How farre 'tis spent
Some fifteen minutes.

Besse Alas, no more ; I prethee tak't away,
Even just so many haue I left to pray,
And then to break my heart strings : None that loves me
Speake one word to me of him, or any thing :
If in your secret cabbins you'l bestow
Of him and me some tears and hearty prayers,
We, if we live shall thank you. Good Gentlemen
Ingage me so far to you.

Enter Clem.

Clem. News, news, news.

Besse Ha, good or bad.

Clem. Excellent, most excellent, nay, super excellent,
Forset and all his companions are rowing hither like mad
men ; and there is one that sits i'th stern and does not
row at all, and that is, let me see who is it ? I am sure 'tis
he, noble *Spencer*.

Besse *Spencer* ?

Heart, let me keep thee ; thou wast up to heaven
Half way in rapture. Art thou sure ?

Clem. I think you'l make a man swear his heart out.

Besse Teach me but how

The faire Maid of the West:

I shall receive him when he comes aboard ;
How shall I beare me, Captain, that my joy
Do not transcend my soul out of this earth,
Into the aire with passionate extasie:

Enter Spencer.

Goodl. Now farewell Barbarie, king *Mullisbeg*,
We have sea room, and winde at will, not ten
Of thy best Gallies arm'd with Moors,
Can fetch us back.

Ruff. For England Gentlemen.

Besse. Oh, wher's the Gunner:
See all the ordnance be straight discharged
For joy my *Spencer* lives ; let's mist our selves
In a thick cloud of smoak, and speak our joyes
Vnto the highest heavens in fire and thunder.

Ruff. To make the Queen vex and torment her self.

Besse. To make the King tear his contorted locks,
Curl'd like the knots of furies : Oh this musick
Doth please me better then th'effeminate strings,
Tun'd to their wilde Moriskoes : dance my soul,
And caper in my bosome, joyfull heart,
That I have here my *Spencer*.

Goodl. Come, waigh Anchor,
Hoist sail, we have a fair and gentle gale
To beare us to our countrey.

Spenc. Captain, stay.

Besse. I did not heare my *Spencer* speak till now,
Nor would my sudden joy give me that judgement
To spie that sadnesse in thee I now see ;
Good, what's the cause, canst thou conceal't from me ?
What, from thy *Besse* ? Whence came that sigh ?
You will not tell me ; no, do not :
I am not worthy to partake your thoughts.
Do you repent you that you see us safe
Imbar'kt for England to enjoy me there :

or, a *Girl* worth gold.

Is there some other whom you better love ?
Let me but know her, and for your sweet sake
I'll serve her too : come, I will know the cause.

Spenc. Know all in one :

Now I have seen you, I must leave you *Besse*.

Besse Leave me ? Oh, fatall.

Spenc. Speak, my *Besse*, it is thy *Spencer* tells thee.

Besse That he will leave me : if the same tongue
That wounded me, gives me no present cure,
It will again intrance me.

Spenc. Arm your self,

It must be spoke again, for I must leave you.
My honour, faith, and countrey are 'ingag'd,
The reputation of a Christian's pawn'd;
And all that weare that sacred livery,
Shall in my breach be scandal'd. Moors will say,
We boast of faith, none does good works but they.

Besse I am nor sleep nor waking, but my senses
All in a confus'd slumber.

Goodl. Sir, resolve us ;

You wrap us in a Labyrinth of doubts,
From which I pray unloose us.

Spenc. I shall ;

I made my way through slaughter ; but at length
The watch came down and took me prisoner
Vnto a noble Bashaw : for my valour,
It pleas'd him to admire me : but when sorrow
To disappoint my *Besse*, strok me in passion,
He urg'd me freely to relate my griefs,
Which took in him such deep impression,
That on my word and promise to return
By such an hower, he left himself in hostage,
To give me my desires.

Goodl. 'T was nobly done.

But what's the lives of twenty thousand Moors,
To one that is a Christian ?

Ruff.

The faire Maid of the West :

Ruff. We have liberty, and free way to our countrey,
Shall not we take th' advantage that the heavens
Have lent us : but now, as if we scorn'd
Their gracious bounty, give up our selves
To voluntary bondage.

Bess. Prize you my love no better, then to rate it
Beneath the friendship of a barbarous Moor?
Can you, to save him, leave me to my death? Is this
The just reward of all my travells?

Spenc. I prize my honour, and a Christians faith,
Above what earth can yeeld : shall *Fesse* report,
Vnto our countreys shame, and to the scandall
Of our religion, that a barbarous Moor
Can exceed us in noblenesse? no, Ile die
A hundred thousand deaths first.

Besse Oh, my fate, was ever maid thus crost,
That have so oft been brought to see my blisse,
And never taste it? to meet my *Spencer* living after death,
To joyne with him in marriage, not enjoy him?
To have him here free from the barbarous Moors,
And now to lose him? being so oft rais'd
Vnto the height of all felicity
To make my ruine greater. If you needs
Will hazzard your own person, make me partner
In this thy present danger; take me with thee.

Spenc. Not for the world, no living soul shall bleed
One drop for me.

Besse Canst thou be so unkinde? then false man know,
That thou hast taught me harshnesse. I without
Thee came to *Momarah*, and to my countrey back,
I will return without thee : I am here
In mine own vessell, mine own train about me :
And since thou wilt forsake me, to embrace
The Queen of Moors : though coyning strange excuse.
E'ne as thy pleasure be it, my waie's into my countrey,
Farewell, Ile not shed one tear more.

Spenc.

or, a Girle worth gold.

Spenc. My partings death,
But honour wakens me, the hower draws nigh,
And if I fail one minur, he must die.

The long boat now. Farewell *Besse.* *Exit.*

Besse Why, farewell

Spencer, I alwaies lov'd thee but too well,

Captain, thine care,

This I have vow'd, and this you all shall swear.

Exeunt.

Enter Mullisbeg, Queen, Ioffer, Headsman.

Mull. Produce your prisoner, Bashaw.

Ioff. Mighty King,

Had you beheld his prowesse, and withall,

But seen his passions, you would then like me,

Have pittied his diasters.

Mull. We know no pittie for an injury

Of that high nature, more then our revenge,

We have vow'd his death, and he shall therefore die.

Go, bring him forth.

Ioff. Spare me, my lord, but some few howers, I shall.

Mull. The least delay is death.

Ioff. Then know, my lord, he was my prisoner.

Mull. How, was? and is not?

Ioff. By promise.

Mull. Not in gyves.

Ioff. Hee's gyv'd to me by faith, but else at liberty.

Mull. I pray unriddle us, and teach us that
Which we desire to know, where is the English prisoner?

Ioff. I presum'd, my lord,

Such noble valour could not be log'd alone,

Without some other vertues, faith and honour,

Therefore I gave him freedome to his ship,

Onely upon his promise to return;

Now if there be such noblenesse in a Christian,

Which being a Moor, I have exprest to him,

He will not see me perish.

The faire Maid of the West:

Mull. Foolish Bashaw

To jeast away thy head : you are all conspiratours
Against our person : and you all shall die.
Why ? canst thou think a stranger so remote,
Both in countrey and religion, being imbark't
At sea, and under sail, free from our bands
In the arms of his fair bride,
His Captain and his saylors all aboard,
Sea room and winde at will, and will return
To expose all these to voluntary dangers,
For a bare verball promise ?

Ioff. If he comes not,
Be this mine honour, King, that though I bleed,
A Moor a Christian thus far did exceed.

Mull. The hower is past,
The Christian hath broke faith.
Off with his head.

Enter Spencer.

Spenc. Yet come at last.

Mull. Ist possible ?

Can England so farre distant harbour such noble vertues ?

Ioff. I beshrow you, Sir,
You come unto your death, and you have tane
Much honour from me, and ingrost it all
To your own fame ; 'twould have lived longer by me,
Then any monument can last, to have lost
My life for such a noble stranger,
Whose vertue even in this last act appears,
I wish this blood, which now are friendly tears,
You are come unto your death.

Spenc. Why, 'twas my purpose ;
And by that death, to make my honour shine,
Great *Mullisbeg*, cherish this noble Moor,
Whom all thy confines cannot parallell
For vertue and true noblenesse. Ere my ship
Should with such black dishonour beare me safe

Or, a Girle worth gold.

Into my countrey by thy Bashaws death,
I would have bent my ordnance gainst her keel,
And sunk her in the harbour.

Mull. Thou hast slain
Six of our subjects.

Ioff. Oh, had you seen
But with what eminent valour.

Mull. Nought that's ill
Can be well done: then Bashaw, speake no more,
His life is meerly forfeit, and he shall pay it.

Spenc. I am proud, *Fesse*, that I now owe thee nothing,
But have in me ability to pay.
If it be forfeit, take it, lay all on me,
Ile pay the debt, then set the Bashaw free.

Mull. Besides, misprising all our gracious favours,
To violate our laws, infringe our peace,
Disturbe our watch by night, and now perhaps
Having rob'd us of much treasure, 'stoln to sea.

Spenc. In that thou art not royall, *Mullisbeg*.
Of all thy gold and jewels lately given us,
Ther's not a doit imbark't,
For finding thee dishonourably unkinde,
Scorning thy gold, we left it all behinde.

Tot. If private men be lords of such brave spirits,
How royall should their Princes be!

Mull. Englishman,
Ther's but one way for thee to save thy life,
From eminent death.

Spenc. Well, propose it.

Mull. Instantly
Send to thy *Negro*, and surrender up
Thy Captain and thy fair Bride; otherwise,
By all the holy rights of our great Prophet,
Thou shalt not live an hower.

Spenc. Alas, good King,
I pitty and despise thy tyranny:

The faire Maid of the West :

Not live an hower? And when my head is off,
What canst thou do then? Calls't thou that revenge,
To ease me of a thousand turbulent griefs,
And throw my soul in glory for my honour.
Why, thou striv'st to make me happy but for her;
Wert thou the King of all the kings on earth,
Couldst thou lay all their scepters, roabs, and crowns,
Here at my feet, and hadst power to install me
Emperour of th' universall Emperie,
Rather then yeeld my basest ship-boy up,
To becomethy slave; much lesse betray my Bride
To thee and to thy bruitish lust, know king
Of Fesse, I'de die a hundred thousand deaths first:

Mull. Ile try your patience: Off with his head.

Enter Besse, Goodlack, Ruffman.

Besse Her's more worke, stay. }

Spenc. What make you here?

You wrong me above injury.

Besse If you loue blood,
That river spare, and for him take a flood,
Be but so gracious as save him alone,
And great King see I bring thee three for one:
Spare him, thou shalt have more,
The lives of all my train, what saiest thou to't?
And with their lives my ship and all to boor.

Spenc. I could be angry with you above measure,
In your four deaths I die, that had before
Tasted but one.

Mull. Captain, art thou there? how e're these fare,
Thou shalt be sure to pay for't.

Goodl. 'Tis my least care,
What's done is mine, I here confes't,
Then seize my life in ransome of the rest.

Tot. Lieutenant, you are a base villane,
What groom betrai'd you to our sheets?

Ruff. Please keep your tongue, I did you no dishonour.

Tot.

or, a Girle worth gold.

Tot. Whom did you bring to our free embraces ?

Ruff. 'Twas the King, conceal what's past.

Tot. How e're my minde, then yet my bodie's chaste.

Ruff. Make use on't.

Spenc. Dismiss, great King, these to their ship again,
My life is solely forfeit, take but that,
I shall report thee mercifull.

Besse It were no justice, King, to forfeit his,
And to spare mine, I am as deep as he,
Since what my *Spencer* did was all for me.

Goodl. Great King, if any faulted, then 'twas I,
I led them on, and therefore first should die.

Ruff. I am as deep as any.

Ioff. Oh, had my head
Excus'd all these, I had been nobly dead.

Bess. Why pause you king? Is't by our noble vertes,
That you have lost the use of speech? or can you think
That *Spencer* dead; you might inherit me.
No, first with Roman *Portia* I'd eate fire,
Or with *Lucretia* character thy lust

'Twixt these two breasts. Stood I ingag'd to death.
I'd scorn for life to bend a servile knee:

But 'tis for thee, my *Spencer*, what was his fault?
'Twas but to saue his own, rescue his dear Bride
From adulterate sheets, and must he die for this?

Mull. Shall lust in me have chief predominance?
And vertuous deeds, for which in *Fesse*
I have been long renown'd, be quite exilde?
Shall Christians have the honour

To be sole heirs of goodnesse, and we Moors,
Barbarous and bloody. Captain, resolve me,
What common Curtezan didst thou convey
Into our royall bed.

Tot. I can excuse him, pardon me great King,
I having private notice of your plots,
Wrought him unto my purpose, and 'twas I

The faire Maid of the West:

lodg'd in your arms that night.

Mull. These English are in all things honourable,
Nor can we tax their waies in any thing,
Vnlesse we blame their vertues. English maid,
We give thee once more back unto thy husband,
Whom likewise freely we receive to grace:
And as amends for our pretended wrongs,
With her wee'll tender such an ample dower,
As shall renown our bounty: but we fear
We cannot recompence the injurious losse,
Of your last nights expectations.

Besse 'Tis full amends,
Where but the least part of your grace extends.

Mull. Captain, we prize thy vertues to thy friends,
Thy faith to us, and zeal unto our Queen.
And Bashaw, for thy noblenesse to a Gentleman
Of such approved valour and renown,
We here create thee Viceroy of Argiers,
And do esteem thee next our Queen in grace.
Y'have quench't in me all lust, by which shall grow,
Vertues which *Fesse*, and all the world shall know.

Spenc. We shall report your bounties, and your royalties
Shall flie through all the parts of Christendome.

Bess. Whilst *Besse* has gold, which is the meed of baies,
Shee'l make our English Poets tune thy praise.
And now my *Spencer*, after all our troubles,
Crosses and threatnings of the seas rough brow,
Ine're could say thou wert mine own till now.

Mull. Call this your harbour, and your haven of joy,
For so wee'll strive to make it, noble strangers,
Those vertues you have taught us by your deeds,
We futurely will strive to imitate.
And for the wrongs done to the hop't delights
Of your last nights divorce, double the magazine
VVith which our larges should have sweld your ship.
A golden Girl th'art cal'd,

And

or, a Girle worth gold.

And wench, be bold,
Thy lading back shall be with pearl and gold, *Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. I Magine Belle and Spencer under sail :
But the intelligence of their great wealth,
Being bruited amongst the Merchants, comes to the eares
Of a French Pirate, who with two ships well rig'd,
Way laies them in their voyage : long they fought,
And many slain on both sides ; but the Frenchmen,
Proud of their hopefull conquest, boarding twice,
Are twice blown up, which addes courage to the English ;
But to the Frenchmen fear : just as they buckeld,
Spencer and Goodlack, with two prooffe Targets arm'd
Into the French ship leap, and on the hatches,
There make a bloody slaughter : but at that instant,
The billows swel'd, the windes grew high, and loud,
And as the soul and body use to part,
With no lesse force these lovers are divided,
He wafts to her, and she makes signes to him :
He calls, and she replies : ——— they both grow hoarse,
With shrieking out their last fare well. — now she swoonds
And sinks beneath the arms of Ruffman. Spencer,
Vpon a Chest gets hold and safe arives
Ith Marquis of Farara's countrey : the like adventure
Chanc'd Goodlack, upon a Mast he pierces Italie,
Where these two Dukes were then at ods. Spencer is cho-
Farara's Champion : Mantua makes Goodlack his. (See
What happen'd them if you desire to know,
To cut off words, wee'll act it in dumb show.

Dumb Show.

The Dukes by them atton'd, they grac'd and prefer'd,
Take their next way towards Florence. What of Belle,
Ruffman, and Clein becomes, must next succeed.
The seas to them like cruell proves, and wracks
Their Negro on the coast of Florence, where

They

The faire Maid of the West :

They wander up and down' mongst the Bandetties,
More of their fortunes we will next pursue,
In which we mean to be as brief as true. [Exit.]

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

Enter Besse, Ruffman, and Clem.

Besse.

All is lost.

Ruff. Save these our selves.

Clem. For my part I have not so much left as a clean
Shirt.

Besse And Spencer too, had the seas left me him,
I should have thought them kinde, but in his fate,
All wishes, fortunes, hopes of better daies
Expire.

Ruff. Spencer may live.

Clem. I, that he may, if it be but in a sea-water green
suit, as I was, among the haddocks.

Besse How many bitter plunges have I past,
Ere I could win my Spencer? who no sooner
Maried, but quite divorst, posselt for some few daies,
Then rent asunder, as soon a widow as I was a Bride :
This day the mistris of many thousands,
And a begger now, not worth the clothes I wear.

Ruff. At the lowest ebbe
The tides still flow, besides, being on the ground,
Lower we cannot fall.

Besse Yes, into the ground, the grave.

Ruffman, would I were there; till then I never

Shall

Or, a *Girl* worth gold.

Shall have true rest: I fain would know
What greater misery heaven can inflict, I have not yet
Indur'd: if there be such, I dare it, let it come.

Enter Captain Bandetties, and others.

Band. Cease, and surpris the prisoners: thou art mine.

Ruff. Villain, hands off, knowst thou whom thou offendest?

Band. Binde her fast, and after captive him.

Ruff. I will rather die
Then suffer her sustein least injury.

Ruffman is beaten off.

Besse. What's thy purpose?

Band. In all my travells, and my quest of blood,
I ne're encountred such a beauteous prize:
Heavens, if I thought you would accept his thanks
That trades in deeds of hell, I would acknowledge
My self in debt to you.

Besse. What's thy intent,
Bold villain, that thou mak'st this preparation?

Band. I intend to ravish thee.

Besse. All goodnesse pardon me, and you blest heavens,
Whom I too boldly challeng'd for a misery
Beyond my *Spencers* losse. What, rape intended?
I had not thought there had been such a mischief,
Devis'd for wretched woman: ravish me?
'Tis beyond shipwrack, poverty, or death:
It is a word invented first in hell,
And by the devills first spew'd upon earth:
Man could not have invented to have given
Such letters sound.

Band. I trifle howers too long,
And now to my black purpose. Envious day,
Gaze with thy open eyes on this nights work,
For thus the Prologue to my lust begins.

Besse. Help, murther, rape, murther.

H

Band.

The faire Maid of the West:

Band. Ile stop your mouth from bawling.

*Enter Duke of Florence, and a train,
and Merchant.*

Flor. This way the cry came: rescue for the Lady,
Hold thy desperate fury, and arm thy self
For my encounter.

Band. Hell prevented:

Flor. Vnbinde that beautious Lady, and pursue
The Ruffin; he that can bring his head shall have
A thousand crowns propos'd for his reward:
He should be Captain of those bloody theevs,
That haunts our mountains, and of our dear subjects
Hath oft made outrage. Go, see this proclaim'd.

Besse E're I, the happy wishes of my soul,
My orizons to heaven, or make free tender
Of a most bounden duty, grace my misery,
To let me know, unto what worthy person,
Of what degree or state, I owe the service
Of a most wretched life, left in my ignorance,
I prove an heretick to all good manners,
And harshly so offend.

Flor. Fairest of thy sex, I need not question thine,
Because I read a noblenesse in thy forehead;
But to resolve thee, know, I am stil'd, The Duke
Of Florence, and of this countrey Prince.

Besse Then from my knees I fall flat on my face,
In bound obeysance.

Flor. Rise,
That earth's too base for such pure lips to kisse,
They should rather joyn with a Princes, as at first
Made for such use: nay, we will have it so.

Merch. That Lady, if my memory be faithfull
Vnto my judgement, I should have seen e're now,
But where, what place, or in what countrey, now
I cannot call to minde.

Or, a Girle worth gold.

Flor. Where were you bred?

Besse. In England, royall Sir,

Merch. In England?

Flor. By what strange adventure then
Happened you on these coasts?

Besse. By shipwrack.

Flor. Then churlish were the waves t' expose you to
Such danger. Whence disimbark't you last?

Besse. From Barberie.

Flor. From Barberie? our Merchant, you came lately.

Merch. 'Tis she, I now remember her, (thence.

She did me a great curtesie, and I am proud,
Fortune, how ever enemy to her,
Has given me opportunity to make
A just requitall.

Flor. What occasion

Fair Lady, being of such state and beauty,
Drew you from your own countrey, to expose you
To so long travell.

Merch. Mighty Sovereign,

Pardon my interuption, if I make bold
To put your grace in minde of an English Virgin,
So highly grac't by mighty *Mullisbeg.*

Flor. A legend, worthy to be writ in gold,
Whose strangeness seem'd at first to exceed belief;
And had not thy approved honesty
Commanded our attention, we should have doubted
That thou therein hadst much hyperboliz'd.

Merch. What would your grace give,

To see that miracle of constancie,
Shee who reliev'd so many Christian captives,
Redeem'd so many of the Merchants goods,
Beg'd of the king so many forfeitures,
Kept from the Gallies some, and some from slaughter,
She whom the king of *Fesse* never denied,
But she deni'd him love; whose chastity

The faire Maid of the West:

Conquer'd his lust, and maugre his incontinence,
Made him admire hir vertues.

Flor. The report

Strikes us with wonder and amazement too:

But to behold the creature were a project,

Worthy a theatre of Emperours;

Nay, gods themselves to be spectatours.

March. Behold that wonder. Lady, know you me?

Besse Not I, I can assure you, Sir.

March. Ile give you instance then;

I was that Florentine:

Who being in *Fesse*; for a strange outrage there,

Six of my men were to the Gallies doom'd:

But at your intercession to the king,

Freely releast: for which, in this dejection,

I pray accept these thousand crowns, to raise

Your ruin'd fortunes.

Besse You are gratefull, Sir, beyond my merit

Flor. I cannot blame great *Fesse*

To become inamour'd on so faire a creature.

You had a friend much grac'd by that same Moor,

Whom, as our Merchant told us, you were espous'd to

In the Court of *Fesse*, wher's he?

Besse I cannot speak it without tears.

Flor. Why, is he dead?

Besse I cannot say he lives.

Flor. How were you sever'd?

Besse It asks a sad relation.

Flor. Wee'll finde a fitter time to hear't. But now,

Augment your griefs no further: on what coast

Pray, were you shipwrack't?

Bess. Vpon these neighbouring shoars; where all the
I had from Barbarie is perish't in the sea. (wealth

I that this morn commanded half a million,

Have nothing now but this good merchants bounty.

Flor. You are richer

or, a Girle worth gold.

In our high favour, then all the royalty,
Besse could have crown'd your pearlesse beauty with :
He gave you gold; but we your almost forfeit chastitie.

Besse. A gift above the wealth of Barbarie.

Flor. Conduct this Ladie to the City streight,
And bear this our signet to our treasurer,
Command for her ten thousand crowns immediatly.
Next to our wardrobe, and what choise of habit
Best likes her, 'tis her own ;
Onely for all this grace, daign beauteous Lady,
That I may call you servant.

Besse Pardon me, Sir,

You are a Prince, and I am here your vassall.

Flor. Merchant,

As you respect our favour see this done.

Besse What must my next fall be ? I that this morning
Was rich in wealth and servants, and e're noon
Commanded neither : and next doom'd to death ;
Not death alone, but death with infamy.

But what's all this unto my *Spencers* losse ?

Flor. You to the City, wee'll pursue the chase.
Madam, be comforted, wee'll send, or see you ;
All your fortunes are not extinct in shipwrack,
The land affords you better if you'l be swai'd by us.
As first you finde us, wee'll be still the same :
Oft have I chaçt nere found so fair a game.

Exeunt.

Enter Clemfolus.

Clem. Where are my Bashaw's now ? Let me see, what
shall I do ? I have left my Mistrisse, where shall I have my
wages ? shee's peper'd by this : but if the Captain of the
Bandetties had had but that grace and honour that I had
when I was in Barbarie, he would not have been so lusty.
She scapt drowning, which is the way of all fish, and by
this is gone the way of all flesh. My Lieutenant hee's sure
cut to pieces among the Bandetties, and so had I been,

The faire Maid of the West:

had not my Bakers legs stept a little aside. My noble Captain and *Spencer*, they are either drowned i'th tempest, or murthered by the Pirates, and none is left alive but I *Clem*, poor *Clem*: but poor *Clem*, how wilt thou do now? what trick have you to satisfie *Colon*, here in a strange Countrey? It is not now with me as when *Andrea* liv'd. Now I bethink me, I have a trade, and that, they say, will stick by a man when his friends fail him: the City is hard by, and Ile see and I can be entertained to my old trade of drawing wine: if't be but an under skinker, I care not, better do so then like a prodigall feed upon husks and acorns.

Well, if I chance to lead my life under some happy signe,
To my Countrey men still Ile fill the best wine. *Exit.*

Enter Ruffman bleeding.

Ruff. Wounded, but scapt with life: but *Besses* losse, that's it that grieves me inward: ravish't, perhaps, and murthered. Oh, if *Spencer* and *Goodlack* survive, how would they blame my cowardice? a threed spun, may be untwined, but things in nature done, undone can never be. Shee's lost, they are perish't, they are happy in their deaths, and I surviving left to the earth most miserable. No means to raise my self? I met a Pursuivant even now, proclaiming to the man could bring the head of the *Banderities* Captain, for his reward a thousand crowns: If not for gain of gold, yet for he injur'd *Besse*, that shall be my next task: What though I die?

Be this my comfort, that it chanc't me well,
To perish by his hand by whom she fell. *Exit.*

Enter Duke of Florence. Merchant.

Flor. Our Merchant, have you done to'th English Lady
As we commanded, did she take the gold?

Merc. After many complements, circumstances,
Modest refusalls, sometimes with repulse,

or, a Girle worth gold.

Iforc't on her your bounty! Had you seen
What a bewitching art she striv'd to use,
Betwixt denial, and disdain; contempt and thankfulness,
You would have said, that out of a meer scorn
T'accept your gift, she exprest such gratitude,
As would demand a double donative.

Flor. And it has don't, it shall be doubl'd straight,
Arising thence unto an infinite,
If shee'll but grant us love. How for her habit?

March. With an inforst will, wilfull constraint,
And a meer kinde of glad necessity,
She put it on but to lament the death
Of her lost husband.

Flor. Why, is he lost?

March. By all conjectures never to be found;

Flor. The lesse her hope is to recover him,
The more our hopes remains to conquer her:
Bear her from us this jewell, and withall
Provide a banquet, bid her leave all mourning,
This night in person we will visit her.

March. I shall.

Flor. Withall more gold.
And if thou canst by way of conference,
Get from her how she stands affected towards us:
It shall not be the furthest way about
To thy preferment and our speciall favour.

Enter a messenger.

Mess. The two bold Dukes of *Mantua* and *Ferrara*,
after many bloody garboils have entred league: and with-
in these two daies mean to visit *Florence*, to make your
Court a witnesse of their late concluded amity.

Flor. Wee'll receive them,
As Princes that in this would honour us.

Mess. These letters will speak further.

Flor. Bear them streight

Vnto

The faire Maid of the West :

Vnto our Secretarie, and withall, give order,
That all our Court may shine in gold and pearl,
They never could have come in a happier season,
Then when the great and high magnificence,
Without suspect we would have shown to her,
Will be accounted honour done to them.
In fates despight,
we will not lose the honour of this night.

Exit.

Enter Spencer, Goodlack,

Spenc. Farara was exceeding bountifull.

Goodl. So was the Duke of Mantua. Had we staid
Within their confines, we might even till death
Have liv'd in their high favour.

Spenc. Oh, but Captain,
What would their Dukedomes gain me without Besse,
Or all the world t'injoy it without her :
Each passage of content or pleasing fortune,
VVhen I record she has no part in it,
Seems rather as an augmentation
Of a more great disease.

Goodl. This be your comfort, that by this
Shee's best part of her way for England, whither
She is richly bound, then where she is most hopelesse
Of this your safety,
VVith your survivall to receive us gladly
VVith an abundant treasure,

Spenc. But for that,
I had sunk e're this beneath the weight of war,
And chus'd an obscure death, before the glorie
Of a renowned souldier. But we are now
As farre as Florence onward of our way,
VVere it best that we made tender of our service
To the grand Duke ?

Goodl. 'Tis the greatest benefits of all our travells, to
see forraigne Courts, and to discourse their fashions: let

or, a *Girl* worth gold.

is by no means neglect that duty.

Spenc. Where were we best to lodge?

Goodl. Hard by is a Tavern, let's first drink there, and after make inquirie who's the best host for strangers.

Spenc. Come ho, where be these Drawers?

Enter a Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen, I draw none my self, but Ile send some.

Enter Clem with wine.

Clem. Welcome Gentlemen, Score a quart.

Spenc. Ha?

Goodl. How?

Clem. No, no, I am an asse, a very animall, it cannot be.

Spenc. Why dost thou bear the wine back, the slave thinks belike we have no money?

Goodl. What dost thou think us to be such casher'd soldiers that we have no cash. Tush, it cannot be he.

Spenc. How should he come here, set down the wine.

Clem. I will, I will, sir. Score a quart of ——— Tricks, meer fantasmes. Shall I draw wine to shadows? so I might runne o'th score, and finde no substance to pay for it.

Spenc. Lest we not him a shipboard on his voyage towards England with my

Goodl. With *Besse*, true, *Sirra*, set down the wine.

Clem. Some Italian Mountebanks, upon my life, meer jugling.

Goodl. Vpon my life 'tis *Clem*.

Clem. Ca, Ca, Cap. Captain? Maister *Spencer*?

Spenc. *Clem*?

Clem. I am *Clem*.

Spenc. And I am *Spencer*.

Goodl. And I *Goodlack*, but cannot think thee *Clem*.

Clem. Yes, I am *Clem* of Foy, the Bashaw of Barbarie, who from a Courtier of Fesse, am turn'd a Drawer in Florence: but let me clear my eies better; now I know you to be the same whose throats the Pirates would have cut, and have spoiled your drinkings.

The faire Maid of the West:

Spenc. Oh, tell us, and be brief in thy relation,
What hapened you, after the sudden tempest
Sever'd our ships? or what's become of *Besse*?

Goodl. Where did our Negro touch?

Clem. He give you a touch, take it as you will: The
Negro and all that was in her was wrack't on the coast of
of Florence, her, and all the wealth that was in her, all
drownd i'th bottome of the sea.

Spenc. No matter for the riches, wher's she, worth
More then ship or goods?

Goodl. Wher's *Ruffman*? for thou we see art safe.

Spenc. Nay speak, wher's *Besse*?
How my heart quails within me?

Clem. She, *Ruffman*, and I were all cast ashore safe,
like so many drowned Rats, where we were no sooner
landed, but we were set upon by the Bandetties, where
she was bound to a tree, and ready to be ravish't by the
Captain of the Out-laws.

Spenc. Oh, worse then shipwrack could be!

Clem. I see *Ruffman* half cut in pieces with rescuing her,
but whether the other half be alive or no, I cannot tell.
For my one part, I made shift for one, my heels doing
me better service then my hands: and comming to the
City, having no other means to live by, got me to my old
trade to draw wine, where I have the best wine in Flo-
rence for you Gentlemen.

Spenc. Ravish't.

Goodl. And *Ruffman* slain.

Spenc. Oh, hard news:
It frets all my blood, and strikes me stiffe with
Horror and amazement.

Goodl. It strikes me
Into a marble statue, for with such
I have like sense and feeling.

Spenc. Tell me Captain,
Wilt thou give me leave at length to despair

And

Or, a Girle worth gold.

'And kill my self : I will disclaim all further
Friendship with thee, if thou perswad'st me live,
Ravish't !

Goodl. Perhaps attempted but prevented,
Will you before you know the utmost certainty,
Destroy your self ?

Spenc. What is this world? what's man? are we created
Out of flint or iron, that we are made to bear this ?

Goodl. Comfort, Sir.

Clem. Your onely way is to drink wine if you be in
grief, for that's the onely way, the old proverb saies, to
comfort the heart.

Goodl. Hark where we lie, and I prethee *Clem* lets hear
from thee, but now leave us.

Clem. I will make bould inquire you out, and if you
want mony (as many travellers may) as long as I have ei-
ther credit, wages, or any coyne i'th world, you shall not
want, as I am a true Eunuch.

Exit Clem.

Enter Florence w/sharing Bessie, Train.

Goodl. Let's stand aside and suffer these Gallants passe,
that with their state take a whol street before them.

Flor. Our Coach, stay, wee'll back some half houre
Onely conduct this Lady to her lodging. (hence,
Ha, started you, Sweet, whence fetcht
You that sigh. Our train lead on,
W'have other businesse now to think upon. *Exeunt.*

Bessie casts a jewell.

Goodl. Sure this was some great Lady.

Spenc. But observ'd you not this jewell that shee
cast me? 'tis a rich one.

Goodl. Believe me, worthy your wearing.

Spenc. What might she be to whom I am thus bound?
I'me here a stranger, never till this day
Beheld I Florence, nor acquaintance, friend;
Especially of Ladies.

The faire Maid of the West:

Goodl. By their train,
The man that did support her by the arm
Was of some speciall note; and she a Lady
Nobly descended. Why should she throw you this,
Being a meer stranger?

Spenc. Ther's some mystery in't,
If we could finde the depth on't, sure there is.

Goodl. Perhaps some newly faln in love with you,
Now at first sight, and hurl'd that as a favour.

Spencer. Yet neither of us
had or the wit or sense to enquire her name:
Ile weare it openly and see if any
Will challenge it: the way to know her best.

Goodl. And I would so.

Spenc. Ile truce a while with sorrow for my *Besse*,
Till I finde th'event.

Goodl. And at best leasure
Tender our service to the Duke,
Whom fame reports to be a bounteous prince,
And liberall to all strangers.

Spenc. 'Tis decreed -
But howsoe're his favours he impart,
My *Besses* losse will still sit near my heart. *Exeunt.*

Flourish.

Enter Florence, Mantua, Farara.

Flo. This honour you have done me, worthy Princes,
In leaving of your Courts to visit me,
We reckon as a trophe of your loves,
And shall remain a future monument,
Of a more firme and perfect amitie.

Mant. To you, as to the greatest, most honour'd,
And most esteemed Prince of Italy,
After a tedious opposition,
And much effuse of blood, this Prince and I,
Late reconcil'd, make a most happy tender
Of our united league.

Farar.

or, a *Girl* worth gold.

Farar. Selecting you
A royall witnesse of this union,
Which to expresse, we come to feast with you,
To sport and revell, and in full largesse,
To spread our royall bounty through your Court.

Flor. What neither letters nor Ambassadors,
Solliciting by factions, or by friends,
Heavens hand hath done by your more calmer temper.

Mant. All resistalls,
Quarells, and ripping up of injuries,
Are smother'd in the ashes of our wrath,
Whose fire is now extinct.

Ferar. Which who so kindles,
Let him be held a new *Herosttratus*,
Who was so hated throughout *Ephesus*,
They held it death to name him.

Flor. Nobly spoke,
And now confederate Princes, you shall finde,
By our rich entertainment, how w'esteem
Your friendship. Speak, have we no Ladies here
To entertain these princes?

Enter Bessie.

Mant. Me thinks I spie one beauty in this place,
Worth all the sights that I have seen before.
I thinke, survay the spacious world abroad,
You scarce can finde her equall.

Farar. Had not wonder,
And deep amazement curb'd my speech in,
I had forestall'd this Prince in approbation
Of her comparelesse beauty.

Flor. Taste her Princes.
This surfets me, and ads unto my love,
That they should thus admire her.

Matusa. Beautious Lady,
It is not my least honour to be first

The faire Maid of the West:

In this most wish'd sollicite:

Besse I stand a statue,
And cannot move but by anothers will,
And as I am commanded.

Farar. I should have wrastrled for priority,
But that I hold it as a blessing,
To take off that kisse which he so late laid on;

Flor. Now tell me Princes,
How do you like my judgement in the choice
Of a fair mistrisse?

Mant. You shall choose for me.

Farar. More happy in this beauty, I account you,
Then in your richest treasure.

Flor. Wer't not clouded o're
With such a melancholly sadnesse, I'de
Not change it for the wealth of Italy.
Sweet, cheer this brow whereon no frown can sit,
But it will ill become you.

Besse Sir, I bleed.

Flor. Ha, bleed?

I would not have a sad and ominous fate
Hang o're thee for a million:
Perhaps 'tis custome with you.

Besse I have observed
Even from my childhood, never fell from hence
One crimson drop, but either my greatest enemy,
Or my dearest friend was near.

Flor. Why, we are here,
Fixt to thy side thy dearest friend on earth.
If that be all, fear nothing.

Besse. Pardon, Sir,
Both modesty and manners pleads for me
And I must needs retire.

Flor. Our train attend her,
Let her have all observance. By my royalty,
I would not have her taste the least disaster

or, a Girle worthgold.

For more then we can promise. *Exit.*

Ferar. You have onely shewed us a rich Jewell, Sir,
And put it in a casket.

Mant. Of what countrey,
Fortune, or birth doth she proclaim her self?
For by her garb and language we may guesse,
She was not bred in *Florence*.

Flor. Seat you Princes, Ile tell you a strange project.

Enter Spencer and Goodlack.

Spenc. I have walk't the streets, but finde not any that
will make challenge of this jewell. Captain, now wee'll
try the Court.

Goodl. Beware of these Italians,
They are by nature jealous and revengefull,
Not sparing the most basest opportunity,
That may procure your danger.

Spencer. Innocence
Is bold and cannot fear. But see the Duke,
Wee'll tender him the solemnst reverence
Of travellers and strangers. Peace, prosperitie,
And all good fates attend your royalty.

Goodl. Behold, w'are two poor English Gentlemen,
Whom travell hath enforc't through your Dukedome,
As next way to our countrey, prostrate you
Our lives and service: 'tis not for reward,
Or hope of gain we make this tender to you,
But our free loves.

Flor. That which so freely comes,
How can we scorn? what are you Gentlemen?

Mant. Ile speak for this.

Ferar. And I for him,
Well met renowned Englishman
Here in the Court of *Florence*: this was he,
Great Duke, whom fame hath for his valour blazon'd;
Not onely through *Mantua*,

Buc

The faire Maid of the West.

But through the spacious bounds of Italie,
Where'twas shown,

Ferar. Hath fame been so injurious to thy merit,
That this great Court is not already fill'd
With rumour of their matchlesse chevalrie.

Flor. If these be they, as by their outward semblance,
They promise not much lesse: fame hath been harbinger
To speak their praise before hand. Noble Gentlemen,
You have much grac't our Court; we thank you for't:
And though no way according to your merits,
Yet will we strive to cherish such brave spirits.

Spenc. Th'acceptance of our smallest service, Sir,
Is bounty above gold: w'are poor Gentlemen,
And though we cannot, gladly would deserve.

Goodl. 'Tas pleas'd these princes to bestow on us
Too great a character: and gild our praises
Far above our deserts.

Flor. That's but your modesty.
English Gentlemen, let fame speak for you.

Farar. Gentlemen of England, we pardon you all duty,
We accept you as our friends and our companions:
Such you are, and such we do esteem you.

Spencer. Mighty Prince,
Such boldnesse wants excuse.

Flor. Come wee'll ha't so.
Amazement, can it be? Sure 'tis the self same jewell
I gave the English Lady: more I view it,
More it confirms my knowledge: now is no time
To question it, once more renowned Englishmen,
Welcome to us and to these Princes.

Enter Ruffman.

Ruff. Can any man shew mee the great Duke of
Florence?

Mareh. Behold the Prince.

Ruff. Daigne, thou renowned Duke, to cast thy eyes
Upon a poor dejected Gentleman,

Whom

Or, a Girle worth gold.

Whom fortune hath dejected even to nothing.
I have nor meat nor money ; these rags are all my riches,
Onely necessity compells me claim
A debt owing by you.

Flor. By us?

Let's know the summe, and how the debt accrues.

Ruff. You have proclaim'd to him could bring the head
Of the Bandetties Captain, for his reward,
A thousand crowns. Now I being a Gentleman,
A traveller, and in want, made this my way
To raise my ruin'd hope : I singled him, (shoulders
Fought with him hand to hand, and from his bloody
Lopt this head.

Flor. Boldly and bravely done : what e're thou be
Thou shalt receive it from our treasurie.

Ruff. You shew your self as fame reports you,
A bounteous Prince, and liberall to all strangers.

Flor. From what countrey
Do you claim your birth?

Ruff. From *England*, royall Sir?

Flor. These bold Englishmen,
I think are all compos'd of spirit and fire,
The element of earth hath no part in them.

Mant. If, as you say, from *England*, we retain
Some of your Countrey men; know you these Gentlemen?

Ruff. Let me no longer live in extasie,
This wonder will confound me : Noble friends,
Bootlesse it were to ask you why, because
I finde you here. Illustrious Duke, you owe
Me nothing now, to shew me these, is reward
Beyond what you proclaim'd : the rest I pardon.

Flor. What these are we know,
And what thou art we need not question much,
That head though mute can speak it.
Princes, once more receive our royall welcome.
Oh, but the jewell : but of that at leasure

The faire Maid of the West:

Now we cannot stay. Our train, lead on. *Florists.*

Exeunt Dukes.

Spenc. Oh, that we three so happily should meet,
And want the fourth.

Ruff. I left her in the hands of rape and murder,
Whence, except some deity,
I was not in the power of man to rescue her;
How ever, a good office I have done her,
Which even in death her soul will thank me for,
Revenge'd her on that villain.

Goodl. It hath exprest the noblenesse of thy Spirit,
For it we still shall owe thee.

Ruff. But what adventure hath prefer'd you
And brought you thus in grace?

Goodl. You shall hereafter
Perake of that at large. But leaving this discourse,
With our joynt perswasions let's strive to comfort him,
That's nothing but discomfort.

Ruff. Would I had brought him news of that rare vertue,
Yet you have never heard of our late shipwrack. *(cuc.*

Goodl. *Clem* reported it.

Ruff. How *Clem*, wher's he?

Goodl. He has got a service hard by, and draws wine.

Ruff. His master may well trust him with his maids,
For since the Beshaws gelded him, he has learn'd
To run exceeding nimbly.

Enter Merchant.

Merch. Sir, 'tisto you, I take it,
My message is directed.
The Duke would have some conference with you, but
it must be in private.

Spenc. I am his servant, still at his command.
Where shall's meet anon.

Goodl. At *Clems*.

Spencer. Content.

Goodl.

or, a Girle worth gold.

Good! Where wee'll make a due relation of all our desperate fortunes.

Ruff. 'Tis concluded:

Exeunt

Explicit Actus quartus.

Actus quintus. Scena prima.

Enter Duke of Florence and Spencer.

Flor. I Cannot rest till I am fully resolv'd
About this jewell. Sir, we sent to stay you,
And wean you some small season from your friends :
And you above the rest, because your presence
Doth promise good discourse.

Spenc. Sir, I am all yours.

Flor. How long hath been your sojourn here in Flo-

Spencer Two daies, no more, *(rence ?*

Flor. Have you since your arrivall
Retain'd no beauteous Mistrisse ? Pardon me,
Sir, that I am come thus near you.

Spencer. On my soul
Not any, royall Sir.

Flor. Think it my love that I presume thus farre
To question you. Have you observ'd no Ladie
Of speciall note, courted or discourst with any
Within these two daies.

Spenc. Vpon my honour, none.

Flor. You are a souldier and a Gentleman,
And should speak all truth.

Spenc. If otherwise, I should disclaim my gentry.

Flor. I beleev you, Sir. You have a rich jewell here,
Worthy a Princes wearing : twere not modestie

The faire Maid of the West:

To ask how you came by it, or from whom.

Spenc. Nor can I, Sir, resolve you, if you did:
But it was cast me by a Lady, of whom
As then I took small notice of, my minde
Being troubled.

Flor. 'Tis even so.

Spenc. Perhaps your grace by knowing of this jewell,
May know the beauteous flinger, and so
You might engage me deeply to acquaint me with her,
To prove her gratefull debtor.

Flor. No such thing,
You know none in this Citie?

Spenc. Worse then scorn,
Or foul disgrace befall me if I know
Any you can call woman.

Flor. Be not moved,
I spoke but this in sport. Sure this strange Lady,
Casting her eye upon this Gentleman,
Grew straight wth him inamour'd, which makes her
Keep off from my embraces: but Ile sound all,
Yet my own wrongs prevent. Sir, I staid you,
But to another purpose, to commit
A weighty secret to you.

Spenc. Wert of millions,
Ile prove your faithfull steward.

Flor. I have a Mistrisse that I tender dearer
Then mine own eyes. Observe me, dearer Sir,
Whom neither courtship moves, favours can work,
Nor no preferment tempt.

Spenc. How rich were he
Could call himself lord of such a jewell.

Flor. My intreaties, friends, perswasions, importunities
Of my chaste Ladies cannot prevail at all.
Now would I chose a stranger, selecting thee,
To bear to her these few lines which contain
The substance of my minde,

or, a Girle worth gold.

Spencer And Sir, I shall.

Flor. In thy aspect

I read a fortune that should destine me
To strange felicities. Wilt thou be faithfull?

Spenc. As to my soul.

Flor. But thou shalt swear before thou undertak'stie;
(Though I suspect not falshood in thy visage)
Not once to cast on her an amorous look,
Speak to her no familiar syllable,
Not to embrace her, nor to kisse her hand,
Nor her free lip by no means.

Spenc. Well, I swear.

Flor. But that's not all,
Swear by thy faith and thy religion:
Not to taste the least small fauour for thy self,
Touch or come near her bosome; for, fair stranger,
I love her above measure, and that love
Makes me thus jealous.

Spenc. By my honesty,
Faith, and religion, without free release
From your own lips, all this will I perform.

Flor. And so return the richest Englishman,
That ever pierst our Dukedome. Instantly
Thou shalt about thy task. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bessè, Merchant.

Bessè You have tir'd our ears with your long discourse,
Leave us to rest.

Merch. Dream on your best desires.

Bessè If at some half houre hence you visit us,
We shall be free for language.

Merch. Soft rest with you.

Bessè If my soft sleeps presents me any shadow,
Oh, let it be my *Spencers*, him whom waking
I cannot see, I may in dreams perhaps
Converse with, my sudden bleeding and my drowfinesse,

The faire Maid of the West:

Should not presage me good : pray heaven the Duke
Prove loyall to mine honour : howsoever
Death will end all : and I presume on this
'Tis way to *Spencer*, and my haven of blisse.

Shee lies to sleep.

Enter Spencer.

Spenc. What beauty should this be, on whom the Duke
Is grown so jealous : sure 'tis some rare piece ;
He tould me she was fairer then I could either
Judge, Or yet imagine.

Would *Besse* were here to wager beauties with her,
For all my hopes in England. This is the Chamber :

Ha, thus far off she seems to promise well,

Ile take a nearer and more free survay,

This taper shall assist me : fail my eies ?

Or meet I nothing else but prodigies ?

Oh heavens, it is my *Besse* ; Oh, sudden rapture !

Let me retire to more considerate thoughts.

What should I think, but presently to wake her ?

And being mine, to seize her where I finde her.

Oh, but mine oath, that I should never, never

Lie with her being my wife, nor kisse her, touch her,

Speak to her one familiar syllable.

Can oaths binde thus ? My honesty, faith, and
Religion are all ingag'd, ther's no dispence for them,

And yet in all this conflict to remember

How the Duke prais'd her vertu, chastitie,

And constancie, whom nothing could corrupt,

Ads to my joyes. But on the neck of this,

It laies a double torture on my life.

First to forswear, then leave so fair a wife.

She starts.

Besse. I am all distraction. In my sleep!

I saw him, could I but behold him waking.

That were a heaven. Ha, do I dream still?

Or was I born to see

Nothing

or, a Girle worth gold.

Nothing but strange illusions. *Spencer* : Love ?

Spencer I am neither.

(*guage* :

Besse Thou hast his shape, his gate, his face, his language :
Onely these words of thine and strange behaviour,
Never came from him. Let me embrace thee.

Spenc. No.

Besse Then kisse me.

Spenc. No.

Besse Yet speak me fair.

Spenc. I cannot.

Bess. Look on me.

Spenc. I must not, I will not, fare thee well :

Yet first read that.

Besse I have read too much already within thy change
of looks.

Spenc. Oh me my oath ;
I'de chop off this right hand to cancell it.

Besse But if not now, when then ?

Spenc. Never.

Besse Not kisse me ?

Spenc. No.

Besse Not fold mee in thine arms ?

Spenc. Not.

Besse Nor cast a gracious look upon thy *Besse* ?

Spenc. I dare not.

Besse Never.

Spenc. No never.

Besse Oh, I shall die. *She swoonds.*

Spenc. She faints, and yet I dare not for my oath
Once to support her. Dies before mine eyes.

And yet I must not call her back to life.

Where is the Duke ? some help, no Ladies nigh ?

Are you all, all asleep or dead,

Ther's no more noise in Court ?

Enter Duke and his train.

Floy. Ha, what's the buisinesse, noble friend, what

How

The faire Maid of the West:

How speed you with my Mistrisse?

Spenc. You may see there on the ground, half
In the grave already. So fare you well,
What grief mine is, those that love best can tell. (*strisse*)

Flor. Support her. Speak love, look up divinest Mi-

Bess. You said you would not speak, nor look, nor
touch your *Besse*.

Flor. Who I?

By all my hopes I ne're had such a thought.

Besse Oh, I mistook.

Flor. Why do you look so gantly about the room?
Whom do's your eyes enquire for?

Besse Nothing, nay, no body.

Flor. Why do you weep?

Besse Hath some new love possess't him, and excluded
Me from his bosome? can it be possible?

Flor. All leave the chamber.

Besse But Ile be so reveng'd as never woman was:
Ile be a president to all wives hereafter,
How to pay home their proud neglectfull husbands;
'Tis in my way, I've power, and Ile do it.

Flor. What is't offends you?

Besse 'Tis you have don'r.

Flor. Wee?

Besse If you be the Prince:

Ther's but one man I hate above all the world,
And you have sent him to torment me here.

Flor. What satisfaction shall I make thee for't?

Besse This, and this onely; If you have any interest
In him, or power above him: if you be a Prince
In your own countrey, have command and rule
In your own dominions, freely resigne his person
And his state solely to my disposure,

Flor. But whence grows
The ground of such inveterate hate?

Bess. All circumstance to omit,

Or, a Girle worth gold.

He, and onely he ravish't me from my countrey,
He was the cause of all my afflictions,
Tempests, shipwrack, fears. I never had just cause
Of care and grief but he was author of it.
Speak, is he mine?

Flor. What interest I can claim, either by oath
Or promise, thou art Commandresse of.

Besse Then I am yours;
And to morrow in the publike view of all
The stranger Princes, Courtiers, and Ladies,
I will expresse my self. This night I intreat
I may repose my self in my own lodging
For private meditations.

Flor. What we have promised,
Is in our purpose most irrevocable,
And so we hope is yours.

Besse You may presume, my lord.

Flor. Conduct this Lady to her chamber,
Let her have all observance: we will lay
Our strict command on him, lest he should leave
Our City before our summons, 'tis to morrow, then,
Shall happy thee, make us most blest of men. *Exit Duke.*

Besse Now shall I quite him home,
Th'ingrate shall know,
'Tis above patience to be injur'd so.

Merch. Will you walk Lady, or take your coach?

Besse That we the streets more freely may survey,
Wee'll walk along. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clem with his pots.

Clem. Let me see, three quarts, two pottles, one gallon
and a pinte, one pinte, two quarts more, then I have my
load: thus are we that are under-journeymen put too't.
Oh the fortune of the seas; never did any man that mar-
ries a whore, so cast himself away, as I had been like i'th
last tempest: yet nothing vexes me so much, that after all

The faire Maid of the West:

my travells, no man that meets me but may say, and say very truly, I am now no better then a pot companion.

Enter Besse, Merchant.

Besse That should be *Clem* my man, give me some gold,
Here, Sirra, drink this to the health
Of thy old Mistris. Vsher on,
We have more serious things to think upon.

Clem. Mistris *Besse*, Mistris *Elizabeth*, 'tis shee: ha,
gold: hence pewter pots, Ile be a pewter porter no longer:
my Mistris turn'd Gallant, and shall I do nothing but run
up stares and down stares with, Anon, anon, Sir? no, I
have gold, and anon will be as gallant as the proudest of
them. Shall I stand at the Bar to bar any mans casting that
drinks hard? no, Ile send these pots home by some por-
ter or other, put my self into a better habit, and say, The
case is alter'd; then will I go home to the bush where I
drew wine, and buy out my time, and take up my Cham-
ber, be served in pomp by my fellow prentises:
I will presently thither,
Where I will flaunt it in my Cap and my Feather.

Enter Goodlack, Spencer, Ruffman.

Goodl. You tell us of the strangest wonderment that
ever came within the compasse of my knowledge.

Spenc. I tell you but what's true.

Goodl. It cannot finde example. Did you leave her;
those extremities of passion?

Spenc. I think dying, or the next way to death.

Goodl. To chearyou,
The Dukes own witneise of her constancy,
And vertue, arm'd against all temptations,
Part of your griefs should lessen.

Spenc. Rather friend,
Augment my passions, to be forc'd to lose,
And quite abjure so sweet a bedfellow.

or, a *Girl* worth gold.

Oh, it breeds more distraction.

Goodl. Ver't my cause,
I'de to the Duke and claim her, beg for justice,
And through the populous court clamor my wrongs,
If he detein her from you.

Spenc. But my oath
Ties me from that, I have quite abjur'd her,
I have renounc'd her freely, cast her off,
Disclaim'd her quite: I can no more
Interest claim in her, then *Goodluck*
Thou, or *Ruffman* thou.

Goodl. 'Tis most strange, let's examine all our brains,
How this may be avoided.

Ruff. How now *Clem*, you loyter here, the house is full
of guests, and you are extreemly call'd for.

Clem. You are deceived my Lieutenant, Ile assure you,
you speak to as good a man as my self: Do you want any
money?

Goodl. Canst thou lend me any?

Clem. Look, I am the lord of these mines, of these
Indies.

Ruff. How camest thou by them?

Clem. A delicate sweet Lady, meeting me i'th street,
like an Ass groaning under my heavy burthen, and be-
ing inamour'd of my good parts, gave me this gold: if
you think I lie, examine all these pots, whose mouthes, if
they could speak, would say as much in my behalf. But
if you want any money, speak in time, for if I once turn
Courtier again, I will scorn my poor friends, look scurvily
upon my acquaintance, borrow of all men, be beholding
to any man, and acknowledge no man: and my Motto
shall be, *Base is the man that paies.*

Ruff. But *Clem*, how camest thou by this gold?

Clem. News, news, though not the lost sheep, yet the
lost shrew is found, my Mistris, Mistris *Elizabeth*, 'tis she,
she meeting me i'th street, seeing I had a pot or two too
much,

The faire Maid of the West:

much, gave me ten pounds in a purse to pay for it, *Eccē signum.*

Enter a Lord. (Gentlemen)

Lord The Duke hath summonsd your appearance,
And laies his power of love, not of command,
To visit him in Court.

Clem. I am put into the number too, if he be a tall
man, tell him we will attend his highnesse.

Lord Fellow, my language was not aim'd at you.

Clem. But Sir, Ile make bold to come at first bidding.

Lord Sir, your reward staies for you at Court,
For bringing of the out-law'd Captains head,
Ther's order tane for't from the treasurie.

Ruff. The Duke is just and royall. VVee'll attend you.

Clem. And Ile go furnish my self with some better ac-
courtriments, and Ile be with you to bring presently.

Enter Florence, Mantua, and Farara.

Mant. There is not in your looks renowned *Florence*,
That sommers calme, and sweet alacritie
That was wont there to shine, a winters storm
Sits threatning on your discontented brow.
May we desire the cause.

Flor. VVhich you shall know.
Princes, the fierce and bloody moors, have late
Committed outrage on our seas, especially,
One mightie Bashaw, 'gainst whom w'have sent
Petro Deventuro, one of our best Sea Captains,
And, till we hear of his successe, w'are hard
Of much content.

Enter Merchant.

Merc. My lord, good news, *Petro Deventuro* is return'd
With happy victory, and many noble prisoners,
And humbly laies his conquest at your feet.

Enter Petro, Bashaw.

Flor. *Petro*, welcome.

This

or, a Girle worth gold.

This thy service shall not die unrewarded. Freely relate
The manner of thy Sea fight.

Petro. Then thus, great Duke,

This noble Bashaw: noble I must call him,
For he deserves that worthy attribute,
Did lord o're these our seas, appointed well;
Laden with many a rich and golden spoil,
Not weak to us in number; being in ken,
We had him and his Gallies straight in chase:
He ne're set sail or fled: afar our ordnance plaid;
Comming more near, our muskets and our small shot,
Like showers of hail begun the slaughter;
There this Bashaw then perceiving straight
That he must either yeeld or die: his Semiter
He pointed to his breast, thinking thereon
To perish, had not my coming staid him.

Ioffer. Nor think, bold Christian,
That I can commend, or thank thee for't,
For who that's noble will not prize brave death
Before a slavish bondage: had I died
By mine own hand, 'thad been a soldiers pride.

Flor. Although a prisoner captive and a Moor,
Yet use him like the noblest of his nation.
And now withdraw with him, till wee
Determine of his ransome. *Exit.*

*Enter Merchant and Bessie: also Spencer,
Ruffman, Goodlack.*

Merch. Way there for the Dukes Mistrisse.

Spenc. Ha, the Dukes Mistris, said he:

Goodl. It was harsh.

Bessie Keep off, we would have no such rubs as these,
Trouble our way? but have them swept aside,
A company of base companions, to do no reverence
To a Princes Mistris.

The faire Maid of the West:

Spenc. Heare you that ?

Merch. Give back, you trouble the presence.

Goodl. This cannot be *Besse*, but some *Furie* hath stoln
her shape.

Ruff. It seems strange.

Spenc. But unto me most horrid.

Besse. Great *Duk*, I come to keep my promise with you,
if you keep your word with me.

Flor. These kinde regreets are unto me more welcome
Then my late victory got at Sea :

Will't please you take your seat ? (*Negro* ?

Merc. Is not yon *Spencer*, and that the Captain of the
Spenc. What shall we next behold ?

Flor. Yet are you mine ?

Besse. From all the world, great *Florence*, witness this,
You ne're had yet a voluntary kisse.

Spenc. 'Sfoot I could tear my hair off.

Flor. Second your kindnesse, let these Princes see
Your tempting lips solely belongs to me.

Besse. Ther's one again, it suriets me 'bove measure,
To be a Princes darling, and choice treasure.

Spencer. Hold me *Goodlack*, or I shall break out,
Into some dangerous outrage.

Goodl. Shew in this your wisdoms, and quite suppress
your fury.

Flor. Princes, I fear you have mistook your selves
In these two strangers; for I have little hope
To finde them worthy your great character.

Mant. There must be great presumption that must
force beliefe to that.

Farar. Nay more then presumptions, proofs,
Or they will win small credit.

Flor. You had from us Lady, a costly jewell,
It cost ten thousand crowns, speak, can you shew it ?

Besse. I kept it chary
As mine own heart, because it came from you ;

or, a *Girl* worth gold.

But hurrying through the street, some cheating fellow,
Snatcht it from my arm, therefore my suit is
With whomsoever the jewell may be found,
The slave may die.

Flor. His sentence thine, we never will revoke it.
Our Merchant, search all our Courtiers and such
Strangers as are within our Court.

Merch. Her's one of no mean lustre that this Gentle-
man wears in his hat.

Flor. Reach it the Lady.

Goodl. This cannot be *Besse* Bridges, but some *Medusa*,
Chang'd into her lively portrature.

Besse. Princes, the thief is found: what e're he be
That's guilty of this felony, I beg
That I may be his sentencer.

Flor. Thou shalt.

Besse. If you have any intrest in his blood,
His oaths or vows, freely resigne them, him,
And all at my dispose.

Flor. Have we not don't?

Farar. Who can with the least honour speak for him,
The theft being so apparant?

Clem. Now if she should challenge me with the purse
she gave me, and hang me up for my labour, I should curse
the time that ever I was a courtier.

Besse. Let me descend, and e're I judge the Fellow,
Survey him first. 'Tis pittie, for it seems
He hath an honest face. *The word was never.*

Goodl. What *Besse*, forget your self? (ses.)

Besse. An indifferent proper man, and take these cour-
You said you would not speak, nor look upon, nor touch your
Besse.

Spenc. I could be a new *Sinon* and betray
A second *Troy*, rather then suffer this.

Besse. Good outward parts, but in a forraign clime
Shame your own countrey, *Never think of that.*

Spenc.

The faire Maid of the West :

Spencer I fear my heart will break,
It doth so struggle for eruption forth.

Flor. When do you speak his sentence, Lady?

Bess. You'l confirm't what e're it be.

Flor. As we are Prince we will.

Besse Set forth the prisoner.

Merch. Stand forward Englishman.

Besse Then hear thy doom, I give thee back thy life,
And in thy arms throw a most constant wife;
If Thou hast rashly sworn, thy oaths are free,
Th'art mine by gift, I give my self to thee.

Flor. Lady, we understand not this.

Bess. Shall I make it plain?

This is great Duke, my husband,
Whose vertues even the barbarous Moors admir'd.
This the man for whom a thousand dangers I've endur'd,
Of whom the best approved Croniclers,
Might write a golden legend.

Merch. My lord, I know that Gentleman
For *Spencer*, and her husband, for mine eyes
Saw them espous'd in *Fesse*: that Gentleman,
As I take it, was Captain of the *Negro*,
Th'other his Lieutenant.

Clem. And do not you know me?

Merch. Not I, Sir.

Clem. I am Bashaw of Barbarie, by the same token I
sould certain precious stones to purchase the place.

Flo. Lady, you told us he was the author
Of all your troubles, cares, and fears.

Besse I told true, his love was cause of all,
It drew me from my Countrey in his quest,
When I despair'd: and finding him in *Fesse*,
Oh do but think great Duke if e're you lov'd,
What might have bought him from you.
Had my *Spencer* been an *Euridice*,
I would have plaid the *Orphem*,

And

Or, a Girle worth gold.

And found him out in hell.

Flor. We now perceive,
The cause of all these errours his unkindnesse,
Grounded on his rash oath, which we release;
And all those vertues, honours, and renowns,
Which e'ne the barbarous Moors seem'd to admire,
Wee'll dignifie and raise their suffrage higher,

All. *Florence* is honourable.

Enter Ioffer, Ventura.

Flor. Bring in the Bashaw, call *Venturo* forth.

Ioffer Duke, I am prisoner,
Put me to ransome or to death: But to death rather;
For me thinks, a Souldier should not outlive bondage.

Spenc. Bashaw *Ioffer*?
Leave my embraces, *Besse*, for I of force am cast
Into his arms. My noble friend?

Ioff. I know you not, and I could wish you did not
know me, now I am a prisoner, a wretch, a captive, and
such a one as I would not have my friends to know. I pray
stand off.

Spenc. Because you are in durance;
Should I not know you? no:
For then the noblest mindes should friends best know.
Have you forgot me, Sir?

Ioff. No; were I in freedome and my princely honours,
I should then be proud to call you *Spencer*;
And my friend, but now.

Spenc. An English vertue thou shalt try,
That for my life once didst not fear to die.
That for his noble office done to me,
Embrace him *Besse*, dear *Goodlack*, and the rest,
Whilst to this Prince I kneel. This was the Bashaw,
King *Mallsbeg* made him great Viceroy of Argiers.
I know not, Prince, how he is faln so low,
But if my self, my friends, and all my fortunes
May redeem him home; unto my naked skin

The faire Maid of the West:

He sell my self: and if my wealth
Will not amount so much, He leave my self in hostage.

Farar. 'Tis the part
Of a most noble friend.

Mant. And in these times worthy admiration

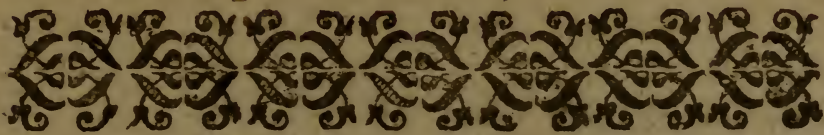
Flor. I wonder not the Moors so grac'd this nation,
If all the English equall their vertues.
For this brave Stranger so indear'd to thee,
Passe to thy countrey ransomlesse and free.

All Royall in all things is the duke of *Florence.*

Ioff. Such honour is not found in Barbarie.
The vertue in these Christians hath converted me,
Which to the world I can no longer smother,
Accept me then a Christian and a brother.

Flor. Princes,
These unexpected novelties,
Shall ad unto the high solemnity
Of your best welcome. Worthy Englishman,
And you, the mirrour of your sex and nation,
Fair English *Elizabeth*, as well for vertue
As admired beautie, wee'll give you cause, ere
You depart our Court, to say great *Fesse*
Was either poor, or else not bountifull.
Bashaw, wee'll honour your conversion,
With all due rites. But for you beauteous Lady,
Thus much in your behalf we do proclaim,
The fairest Maid nere pattern'd in her life,
So fair a Virgin, and so chaste a wife.

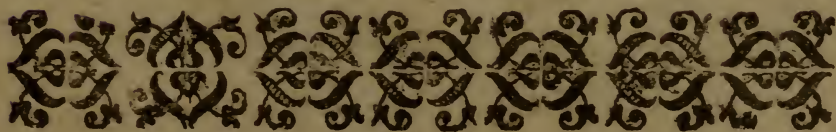
Epilogue.

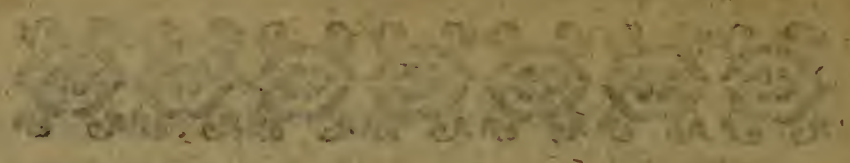


Epilogue.

S Till the more glorious that the Creatures be,
They in their native goodnesse are more free
To things below them: as the Sun we finde,
Vnpartially to shine on all mankinde,
Denying light to none. And you we may
(Great King) most justly call our Light, our Day:
Whose glorious course may never be quite run,
While earth hath Soveraigne, or the heavē a Sun.

FINIS.





Epilogue

Sill the more glorious their Creatures be
 They in their native goodness are more free
 To things below them: as the Sun the Earth
 Particularly to shine on all mankind
 Though light to none. And you the King
 (Great King) most justly call our Light our Day
 Whose glorious course may never be done
 While earth hath Sovereign or the Sun a Day

FINIS

