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THE  
SECOND  
PART OF THE  
HONEST VVHORE,

---

VVITH THE HUMORS  
of the Patient Man, the Impatient  
Wife: the Honest Whore, perswaded by  
strong Arguments to turne Curtizan  
again: her braue refuting those  
Arguments.

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And lastly, the Comicall Passages of an Italian  
Bridewell, where the Scène ends:

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*Written by* THOMAS DEKKER.

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LONDON,  
Printed by Elizabeth All-de, for Nathaniel Butter.  
An. Dom. 1630.



THE

SECOYIA

PART OF THE  
HOMER VOLUME

THE HARTFORD COLLECTION

THE HARTFORD COLLECTION  
OF THE HARTFORD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY  
AND THE HARTFORD BOTANICAL GARDEN

Josiah W. Benton Ed.

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LONDON  
Printed by the  
British Museum Press



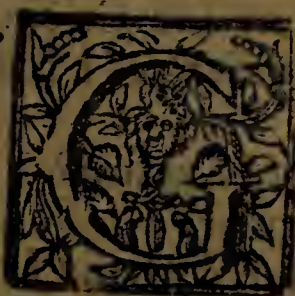


# THE H O N E S T V V H O R E .

*Actus primus, Scena prima.*

*Enter at one doore Beraldo, Carolo, Fontinell, Astolfo, with  
Seruingmen, or Pages attending on them; at another  
doore enter Lodouico, meeting them.*

*Lodouico.*



Ood day, Gallants.

*Omnes.* Good morrow, sweet

*Lodouico.*

*Lodo.* How doest thou *Carolo.*

*Carolo.* Faith, as Physicians doe  
in a Plague, see the World sicke,

and am well my selfe.

*Fontinell.* Here's a sweet morning, Gentlemen.

*Lod.* Oh, a morning to tempt *Ioue* fro his Ningle Ganimed,  
which is but to giue Dary Wenches greene gownes as  
they are going a milking; what, is thy Lord stirring yet?

*Astolfo.* Yes, he will not be horst this houre, sure.

*Bercaldo.* My Lady sweares he shall, for she longs to bee  
at Court.

*Carolo.* Oh, wee shall ride switch and spurre, would we  
were there once.

*Enter Bryan the Footeman.*

*Lod.* How now, is thy Lord ready?

*Bryan.* No so crees sa mee, my Lady will haue some little Tyng in her pelly first.

*Caro.* Oh, then they'le to breakefast.

*Lod.* Footman, does my Lord ride y'th Coach with my Lady, or on horsebacke?

*Bry.* No foot la, my Lady will haue me Lord sheet wid her, my Lord will sheet in de one side, and my Lady sheet in de toder side. *Exeant.*

*Lod.* My Lady sheet in de toder side: did you euer here a Rascall talke so like a Pagan? Is't not strange that a fellow of his starre, should be seene here so long in Italy, yet speake so from a Christian?

*Enter Anthonio, Georgio, a poore Scholler.*

*Astol.* An Irishman in Italy! that so strange! why, the nation haue running heads. *Exchange Walke.*

*Lod.* Nay *Carolo*, this is more strange, I ha bin in *France*, theres few of them: *Mary, England* they count a warme chimney corner, and there they swarme like Crickets to the creuice of a Brew-house; but Sir, in *England* I haue noted one thing.

*Omnes.* What's that, what's that of *England*?

*Lod.* *Mary* this Sir, what's he yonder?

*Bert.* A poore fellow would speake with my Lord.

*Lod.* In *England*, Sir, troth I euer laugh when I thinke on't: to see a whole Nation should be mark't i'th forehead, as a man may say, with one Iron: why Sir, there all Costermongers are Irishmen.

*Caro.* Oh, that's to show their Antiquity, as comming from *Ene*, who was an Apple-wife, and they take after the Mother.

*Omnes.* Good, good, ha, ha.

*Lod.* Why then, should all your Chimny-sweepers likewise be Irishmen? answer that now, come, your wit.

*Carolo.*



*Caro.* Faith, that's soone answered, for *S. Patricke* you know keepes Purgatory, hee makes the fire, and his Country-men could doe nothing, if they cannot sweepe the Chimnies.

*Omnes.* Good agen.

*Lod.* Then, Sir, haue you many of them (like this fellow) (especially those of his haire) Footmen to Noblemen and others, and the Knaues are very faithfull where they loue, by my faith very proper men many of them, and as actiue as the cloudes, whirre, hah.

*Omnes.* Are they so?

*Lod.* And stout! exceeding stout; Why, I warrant, this precious wild Villaine, if hee were put to't, would fight more desperately then sixteene Dunkerkes.

*Asto.* The women they say are very faire.

*Lod.* No, no, our Country Bona Robaes, oh! are the sugrest delicious Rogues.

*Asto.* Oh, looke, he has a feeling of them.

*Lod.* Not I, I protest, there's a saying when they commend Nations: It goes, the Irishman for his hand, Welshman for a leg, the Englishman for a face, the Dutchman for beard.

*Fron.* I faith, they may make swabbers of them.

*Lod.* The Spaniard, let me see, for a little foot (I take it) the Frenchman, what a pox hath he? and so of the rest. Are they at breakfast yet? come walke.

*Ast.* This *Lodowico*, is a notable tounded fellow.

*Fron.* Discourses well.

*Berc.* And a very honest Gentleman.

*Asto.* Oh! hee's well valued by my Lord.

*Enter Bellafront with a Petition.*

*Fron.* How now, how now, what's she?

*Bert.* Let's make towards her.

*Bella.* Will it be long, sir, ere my Lord come forth?

*Ast.* Would you speake with my Lord?

*Lod.* How now, what's this, a Nurses Bill? hath any here

got thee with child, and now will not keepe it?

*Bella.* No fir, my businesse is vnto my Lord.

*Lod.* Hee's about his owne wife now, hee'le hardly dispatch two causes in a morning.

*Asto.* No matter what he saies, faire Lady, hee's a Knight, there's no hold to be taken at his words.

*Fro.* My Lord will passe this way presently.

*Bert.* A pretty plumpe Rogue.

*Ast.* A good lulty bouncing baggage.

*Bert.* Doe you know her?

*Lod.* A pox on her, I was sure her name was in my Table-booke once, I know not of what cut her dye is now, but she has beene more common then Tobacco: this is she that had the name of the Honest Whore.

*Omnes.* Is this she?

*Lod.* This is the Blackamore that by washing was turned white: this is the Birding Peece new scowred: this is shee that (if any of her religion can be faued) was faued by my Lord *Hypolito*.

*Asto.* She has beene a goodly creature.

*Lod.* She has bin! that's the Epitaph of all Whores, I'm well acquainted with the poore Gentleman her Husband, Lord! what fortunes that man has ouerreached? She knowes not me, yet I haue beene in her company, I scarce know her, for the beauty of her cheeke hath (like the Moone) suffred strange Eclipses since I beheld it: but women are like Med-lars (no sooner ripe but rotten.)

A woman last was made, but is spent first,  
Yet man is oft proued, in performance worst.

*Omnes.* My Lord is come.

*Enter Hypolito, Infæliche, and two waiting women.*

*Hip.* We ha wasted halfe this morning: morrow *Lodowice*.

*Lod.* Morrow Madam.

*Hip.* Let's away to Horfe.

*Omnes.* I, I to Horfe, to Horfe.

*Bela.* I doe beseech your Lordship, let your eye read o're this wretched Paper.

*Hip.*



Hip. I'm in hast, pray the good womā take some apter time.

Infā. Good Woman doe.

Bel. Oh las! it does concerne a poore mans life.

Hip. Life! sweet heart? Seat your selfe, Il'e but read this and come.

Lod. What stockings haue you put on this morning, Madam? if they be not yellow, change them; that paper is a Letter from some Wench to your Husband.

Infā. Oh sir, that cannot make me iealous. Exeunt.

Hip. Your busines, sir, to me?

Ant. Yes my good Lord.

Hip. Presently sir; are you *Matheos* wife.

Bela. That most vnfortunate woman.

Hip. I'm sorry these stormes are fallē on him, I loue *Matheo*. And any good shall doe him, hee and I. We haue sealed two bonds of friendship, which are strong In me, how euer Fortune does him wrong; He speakes here hee's condemned. Is't so?

Bel. Too true.

Hip. What was he whom he killed? Oh, his name's here; old *Iacomo*, sonne to the *Florentine Iacomo*, a dog, that to meet profit, would to the very eyelids wade in blood of his owne children. Tell *Matheo*, the Duke my father hardly shall deny his signed pardon, 'twas faire fight, yes if rumors tongue goe true, so writes he here.

To morrow morning I returne from Court,

Pray be you here then. Ile haue done sir straight:

But in troth say, are you *Matheos* wife?

You haue forgot me.

Bel. No, my Lord.

Hip. Your Turner,

That made you smooth to run an euen byas,

You know I loued you when your very soule

Was full of discord: art not a good wench still?

Bel. Vmph, whē I had lost my way to heauen, you shewed it: I was new borne that day. Enter Lodouico.

Lod. S'foot, my Lord, your Lady askes if you haue not left your

*The Honest Whore.*

your Wench yet? When you get in once, you neuer haue done: come, come, come, pay your old score, and send her packing, come.

*Hip.* Ride softly on before, Ile oretake you.

*Lod.* Your Lady sweares she'll haue no riding on before, without ye.

*Hip.* Prethee good *Lodovico*.

*Lod.* My Lord pray hasten.

*Hip.* I come: to morrow let me see you, fare you well: commend me to *Matthaeo*: pray one word more: Does not your father liue about the Court?

*Bel.* I thinke he does, but such rude spots of shame Stick on my cheeke, that he scarce knowes my name.

*Hip.* *Orlando Friscabaldo*, Is't not?

*Bel.* Yes my Lord.

*Hip.* What does he for you?

*Bel.* All he should: when Children From duty start, Parents from loue may swarue. He nothing does: for nothing I deserue.

*Hip.* Shall I ioyne him vnto you, and restore you to wonted grace?

*Bel.* It is impossible.

*Exit Bellaf.*

*Hip.* It shall be put to tryall: fare you well: The face I would not looke on! sure then 'twas rare, When in despight of grieffe, 'tis still thus faire. Now, sir, your businesse with me.

*Ant.* I am bold to expresse my loue and duty to your Lordship in these few leaues.

*Hip.* A Booke!

*Ant.* Yes my good Lord.

*Hip.* Are you a Scholler?

*Ant.* Yes, my Lord, a poore one.

*Hip.* Sir, you honor me.

Kings may be Schollers Patrons, but faith tell me,  
To how many hands besides hath this bird flowne,  
How many partners share with me?

*Ant.* Not one in troth, not one: your name I held more deare,  
I'm



*The Honest Whore.*

I'm not (my Lord) of that low Character.

*Hip.* Your name I pray?

*Ant.* Antonio Georgio.

*Hip.* Of Millan?

*Ant.* Yes my Lord.

*Hip.* Ile borrow leaue

To read you o're, and then we'll talke : till then  
Drinke vp this gold, good wits should loue good wine,  
This of your loues, the earnest that of mine.

How now, fir, where's your Lady, not gone yet?

*Enter Bryan.*

*Bryan.* I fart di Lady is runne away from dee, a mighty  
deale of ground, she sent me backe for dine owne sweet  
face, I pray dee come my Lord away, wut tow goe now?

*Hip.* Is the Coach gone?

Saddle my Horse the forrell.

*Bryan.* A pox a de Horses nose, he is a lowfy rascally  
fellow, when I came to gird his belly, his scruvy guts rum-  
bled, di Horfe farted in my face, and dow knowest, an Irish-  
man cannot abide a fart, but I haue saddled de Hobby-horse,  
di fine Hobby is ready, I pray dee my good sweet Lord, wit  
tow goe now, and I will runne to de Deuill before dee?

*Hip.* Well, fir, I pray lets see you Master Scholler.

*Bry.* Come I pray dee, wut come sweet face? Goe. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Lodouico, Carolo, Astolpho, Bercaldo.*

*Lod.* Gods so, Gentlemen, what doe we forget?

*Omnes.* What?

*Lod.* Are not we all enioyned as this day, Thursday is't  
not? I as that day to be at the Linnen-drapers house at din-  
ner?

*Car.* Signior Candido, the patient man.

*Asto.* Afore loue, true, vpon this day hee's married.

*Berc.* I wonder, that being so stung with a Waspe be-  
fore, he dares venture againe to come about the eaues a-  
mongst Bees.

*Lod.* Oh 'tis rare sucking a sweet Hony-combe; pray  
Heauen his old wife be buried deepe enough, that she rise



not v<sup>p</sup> to call for her daunce, the poore Fidlers Instruments would cracke for it, ſhee'd tickle them: at any hand lets try what mettle is in his new Bride, if there be none, we'll put in ſome; troth it's a very noble Citizen, I pittie he ſhould marry againe, Ile walke along, for it is a good old fellow.

*Caro.* I warrant, the Wiues of *Millan* would giue any fellow twenty thouſand Duckets, that could but haue the face to beg of the Duke, that all the Citizens in *Millan* might be bound to the peace of patience, as the Linnen-draper is.

*Lod.* Oh fy vpon't, 'twould vndoe all vs that are Courtiers, we ſhould haue no whoe with the wenches then.

*Enter Hipollito.*

*Omnes.* My Lord's come.

*Hip.* How now, what newes?

*Omnes.* None.

*Lod.* Your Lady is with the Duke her Father.

*Hip.* And we'll to them both preſently, whoe's that?

*Enter Orlaudo Friſcobaldo.*

*Omnes.* Signior Friſcabaldo.

*Hip.* Friſcabaldo, oh! pray call him, and leaue me, wee two haue buſineſſe.

*Car.* Ho Signior! Signior Friſcabaldo.

The Lord *Hipollito.*

*Exeunt.*

*Orla.* My Noble Lord: my Lord *Hipollito!* the Dukes Sonne! his braue Daughters braue Husband! how does your honord Lordſhip! does your Nobility remember ſo poore a Gentleman as *Signior Orlando Friſcabaldo!* old mad *Orlando!*

*Hip.* Oh ſir, our frieds! they ought to be vnto vs as our Jewels, as dearely valued, being locked vp, & vnſcene, as when we weare them in our hands. I ſee, *Friſcabaldo,* age hath not command of your blood, for all Times ſickle has gone ouer you, you are *Orlando.* ſtill.

*Orl.* Why my Lord, are not the fields mowen and cut downe,

downe, and stript bare, and yet weare they not pide coates  
again? tho my head be like a Leeke, white: may not my  
heart be like the blade, greene?

*Hip.* Scarce can I read the Stories on your brow,  
Which age hath writ there, you looke youthfull still.

*Orla.* I eate Snakes, my Lord, I eate Snakes.  
My heart shall neuer haue a wrinkle in it, so long as I can cry  
Hem with a cleare voice.

*Hip.* You are the happier man, sir.

*Orla.* Happy man! Ile giue you (my Lord) the true picture  
of a happy man; I was turning leaues ouer this morning,  
and found it, an excellent Italian Painter drew it, If I haue  
it in the right colours, Ile bestow it on your Lordship.

*Hip.* I stay for it.

*Orla.* He that makes gold his wife, but not his whore,  
He that at noone-day walkes by a prison doore,  
He that 'ith Sunne is neither beame nor moate,  
He that's not mad after a Petticoate,  
He for whom poore mens curses dig no graue,  
He that is neither Lords nor Lawyers slaue,  
He that makes This his Sea, and That his Shore,  
He that in's Coffin is richer then before,  
He that counts Youth his Sword, and Age his Staffe,  
He whose right hand carues his owne Epitaph,  
He that vpon his death-bead is a Swan,  
And Dead, no Crow, he is a happy man.

*Hip.* It's very well, I thanke you for this Picture.

*Orla.* After this Picture (my Lord) doe I strue to haue  
my face drawne:

For I am not couetous,  
Am not in debt,  
Sit neither at the Dukes side,  
Nor lie at his feete.  
Wenching and I haue done, no man I wrong,  
No man I feare, no man I fee;  
I take heed how farre I walke, because I know yonders my  
home.



I would not die like a rich man, to carry nothing away save  
a winding sheete:

But like a good man, to leave *Orlando* behind me.

I sowed leaves in my Youth, and I reape now Bookes in  
my Age.

I fill this hand, and empty this, and when the bell shall toll  
for me, if I prove a Swan, & go singing to my nest, why so?

If a Crow! throw me out for carrion, & pick out mine eyes,  
May not old *Friscabaldo* (my Lord) be merry now! ha?

*Hip.* You may, would I were partner in your mirth.

*Orla.* I have a little,

Have all things;

I have nothing; I have no wife, I have no child, have no  
chick, and why should not I be in my *Iocundare*?

*Hip.* Is your wife then departed?

*Orla.* She's an old dweller in those high Countries,

Yet not from me,

Here, she's here: but before me, when a *Knaue* and a *Queane*  
are married, they commonly walke like *Serieants* together:  
but a good couple are seldome parted.

*Hip.* You had a Daughter too sir, had you not?

*Orla.* Oh my Lord! this old Tree had one Branch, (and  
but one Branch growing out of it) It was young, it was  
faire, it was straight; I prumde it daily, drest it carefully,  
kept it from the winde, help'd it to the Sunne, yet for all  
my skill in planting, it grew crooked, it bore Crabs; I  
hewed it downe,

What's become of it, I neither know, nor care.

*Hip.* Then can I tell you what's become of it;  
That Branch is witherd.

*Orl.* So 'twas long agoe.

*Hip.* Her name I thinke was *Bellafront*, she's dead.

*Orlando.* Ha? dead?

*Hip.* Yes, what of her was left, not worth the keeping,  
Euen in my sight was throwne into a Graue.

*Orl.* Dead! my last and best peace goe with her, I see  
deaths a good trencherman, he can eat course homely meat,

as well as the daintiest.

*Hip.* Why, *Friscabaldo*, was she homely?

*Orla.* O my Lord! a Strumpet is one of the Devils Vines; all the finnes like so many Poles are sticke vpright out of hell, to be her props, that she may spread vpon them. And when she's ripe, euery Slaue has a pull at her, then must she be prest. The yong beautifull Grape sets the teeth of Lust on edge, yet to taste that lickrish Wine, is to drinke a mans owne damnation. Is she dead?

*Hip.* Shee's turned to earth.

*Orla.* Wod she were turn'd to heauen; Vnh, is she dead! I am glad the world has lost one of his Idols; no Whoremonger will at midnight beat at the doores; In her graue sleepe all my shame, and her owne; and all my sorrowes, and all her finnes.

*Hip.* I'm glad you are wax, not marble; you are made Of mans best temper, there are now good hopes That all these heapes of

Ice about your heart,

By which a fathers loue was frozen vp,

Are thawed in these sweet showres fetcht from your eyes,

We are ne'r like Angels till our passion dyes,

She is not dead, but liues vnder worse fate,

I thinke she's poore, and more to clip her wings,

Her Husband at this houre lies in the Iayle,

For killing of a man, to saue his blood,

Ioyne all your force with mine: mine shall be showne,

The getting of his life preferues your owne.

*Orla.* In my daughter you will say! does she liue then?

I am sorry I wasted teares vpon a Harlot, but the best is I haue a handkercher to drinke them vp, sope can wash them all out agen.

Is she poore?

*Hip.* Trust me, I thinke she is.

*Orla.* Then she's a right Strumpet; I ne'r knew any of their trade rich two yeeres together; Siues can hold no



*The Honest Whore.*

water, nor Harlots hoord vp money; they haue many vents, too many fluces to let it out; Tauernes, Taylors, Bawds, Panders, Fidlers, Swaggerers, Fooles and Knaues, doe all waite vpon a common Harlots trencher: she is the Gally-pot to which these Drones flye: not for loue to the pot, but for the sweet sucket within it, her money, her money.

*Hip.* I almost dare pawne my word, her bosome giues warmth to no such Snakes; when did you see her?

*Orla.* Not seuentene Summers.

*Hip.* Is your hate so old?

*Orla.* Older; it has a white head, and shall neuer dye till she be buried,

Her wrongs shall be my bedfellow.

*Hip.* Worke yet his life, since in it liues her fame.

*Orla.* No, let him hang, and halfe her infamy departs our of the world: I hate him for her; he taught her first to taste poyson; I hate her for her selfe, because she refused my Physicke.

*Hip.* Nay but *Friscabaldo*.

*Orl.* I detest her, I defie both, she's not mine, she's.

*Hip.* Heare her but speake.

*Orl.* I loue no Marcmaides, Ile not be caught with a quail pipe.

*Hip.* Y'are now beyond all reason.

*Orl.* I am then a Beast. Sir, I had rather be a beast, and not dishonor my creation, then be a doting father, & like Time, be the destruction of mine owne broode.

*Hip.* Is't dotage to relieue your child being poore?

*Orl.* Is't fit for an old man to keepe a whore?

*Hip.* 'Tis charity too.

*Orl.* 'Tis foolery; relecue her!

Were her cold limbes stretcht out vpon a Beere,  
I would not sell this durt vnder my nailes  
To buy her an houres breath, nor giue this haire,  
Vnlesse it were to choke her.

*Hip.* Fare you well, for Ile trouble you no more.

*Exit.*

*Orl.* And fare you well sir, goe thy waies, we haue few  
Lords

Lords of thy making, that loue wenches for their honesty ;  
Las my Girle ! art thou poore ? pouerty dwells next doore  
to despaire, there's but a wall betweene them ; despaire is  
one of hells Catch-poles ; and lest that Deuill arrest her, Ile  
to her, yet she shall not know me ; she shall drinke of my  
wealth, as beggers doe of running water, freely, yet neuer  
know from what Fountaines head it flowes. Shall a silly  
bird picke her owne brest to nourish her yong ones, and  
can a father see his child starue ? That were hard ; The Peli-  
can does it, and shall not I. Yes, I will victuall the Campe  
for her, but it shall be by some stratagem ; that knaue there  
her husband will be hanged I feare, Ile keepe his necke out  
of the nooze if I can, he shall not know how.

*Enter two Seruing-men.*

*Orl.* How now knaues, whither wander you ?

1. To seeke your Worship.

*Orl.* Stay, which of you has my purse, what money  
haue you about you ?

2. Some fifteene or sixteene pounds, sir.

*Orl.* Gine it me, I thinke I haue some gold about me ; yes,  
it's well ; leaue my Lodging at Court, and get you home.  
Come sir, tho I neuer turned any man out of doores, yet Ile  
be so bold as to pull your Coate ouer your eares.

1. What doe you meane to doe sir ?

*Orl.* Hold thy tongue knaue, take thou my Cloake, I hope I  
play not the paltry Merchant in this bartring ; bid the  
Steward of my house, sleepe with open eyes in my absence,  
and to looke to all things, whatsoeuer I command by Letters  
to be done by you, see it done. So, does it fit well ?

2. As if it were made for your Worship.

*Orl.* You proud Varlets, you need not bee ashamed to  
weare blue, when your Master is one of your fellowes ; away,  
doe not see me.

*Both.* This is excellent.

*Exeunt.*

*Orl.* I should put on a worfe suite too ; perhaps I will.

My



*The Honest Whore.*

My Vizard is on, now to this maske. Say I should shaue off this Honor of an old man, or tye it vp shorter; Well, I will spoyle a good face for once. My beard being off, how should I looke? euen like

A Winter Cuckoo, or vnfeatherd Owle;  
Yet better lose this haire, then lose her soule.

*Exit.*

*Enter Candido, Lodouico, and Carolo. Lodouico other  
Guests, and Bride with Prentises.*

*Cand.* O Gentlemen, so late, y'are very welcome, pray sit downe.

*Lod.* *Carolo*, did'st ere see such a nest of Caps?

*Asto.* Me thinkes

It's a most ciuill and most comely sight.

*Lod.* What does he'ith middle looke like?

*Asto.* Troth like a spire steeple in a Country Village ouerpeering so many thatcht houses.

*Lod.* It's rather a long pike staffe against so many bucklers without pikes; they sit for all the world like a paire of Organs, and hee's the tall great roaring pipe'ith middest.

*Asto.* Ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Cand.* What's that you laugh at, *Signiors*?

*Lod.* Troth shall I tell you, and aloude Ile tell it,  
We laugh to see (yet laugh we not in scorne)  
Amongst so many Caps that long Hat worne.

*Lodo.* Mine is as tall a felt as any is this day in *Millan*, and therefore I loue it, for the blocke was cleft out for my head, and fits me to a haire.

*Cand.* Indeed you are good obseruers, it shewes strange.  
But Gentlemen, I pray neither contemne,  
Nor yet deride a ciuill ornament;  
I could build so much in the round Caps praise,  
That loue this hye rooffe, I this flat would raise.

*Lod.* Prethee sweet Bridegrome doo't.

*Cand.* So all these guests will pardon me, Ile doo't.

*Omnes.* With all our hearts.

*Cand.*



*Cand.* Thus then in the Caps honor,  
To euery Sex and state, both Nature, Time,  
The Countries lawes, yea and the very Clime  
Doe allot distinct habits, the spruce Courtier  
Iets vp and downe in filke : the Warriar  
Marches in buffe, the Clowne plods on in gray :  
But for these vpper garments thus I say,  
The Sea-man has his Cap, par'd without brim,  
The Gallants head is featherd, that fits him ;  
The Soldier has his Murren, women ha Tires ;  
Beasts haue their head-peece, and men ha theirs.

*Lod.* Proceed.

*Cand.* Each degree has his fashion, it's fit then,  
One should be laid by for the Citizen,  
And that's the Cap which you see fwels not hye,  
For Caps are Emblems of humility ;  
It is a Citizens badge, and first was worne  
By'th Romanes ; for when any Bondmans turne  
Came to be made a Freeman : thus 'twas said,  
He to the Cap was call'd ; that is, was made  
Of Rome a Freeman, but was first close shorne,  
And so a Citizens haire is still short worne.

*Lod.* That close shauing made Barbers a Company,  
And now euery Citizen vſes it.

*Cand.* Of Geometricke figures the most rare,  
And perfect'st are the Circle and the square,  
The Citty and the Schoole much build vpon  
These figures, for both loue proportion.  
The City Cap is round, the Schollers square,  
To shew that Gouvernment and learning are  
The perfect'st limbes i'th body of a State :  
For without them, all's disproportionate.  
If the Cap had no honor, this might reare it,  
The Reuerend Fathers of the Law doe weare it.  
It's light for Summer, and in cold it fits  
Close to the scull, a warme house for the wits ;  
It shewes the whole face boldly, 'tis not made

As if a man to looke on't were afraide,  
 Nor like a Drapers shop with broad darke shed,  
 For hee's no Citizen that hides his head.  
 Flat Caps as proper are to Citty Gownes,  
 As to Armors Helmets, or to Kings their Crownes.  
 Let then the City Cap by none be scornd,  
 Since with it Princes heads haue beene adornd.  
 If more the round Caps honor you would know,  
 How would this long Gowne with this steeple show?

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha: most vile, most vgly.

*Cand.* Pray Signior pardon me, 'twas done in iest.

*Bride.* A cup of claret wine there.

*I.* Wine: yes forsooth, wine for the Bride.

*Car.* You ha well set out the Cap, sir.

*Lod.* Nay, that's flat.

*Long.* A health.

*Lod.* Since his Cap's round, that  
 Shall goe round. Be bare,  
 For in the Caps praise all of you haue share.

*The Bride hits  
 the Prentice on  
 the lips.*

*Lod.* The Bride's at cusses.

*Cand.* Oh, peace I pray thee, thus far off I stand, I spied the error of my seruants, she call'd for Claret, and you fill'd out Sacke; that cup giue me, 'tis for an old mans backe, and not for hers. Indeed 'twas but mistaken, aske all these else.

*Omnes.* No faith, 'twas but miltaken.

*I.* Nay, she tooke it right enough.

*Cand.* Good *Luke* reach her that glasse of Claret.  
 Here, *Mistris Bride*, pledge me there.

*Bride.* Now Ile none. *Exit Bride.*

*Cand.* How now?

*Lod.* Looke what your *Mistris* ayles.

*I.* Nothing, sir, but about filling a wrong glasse, a scuruy tricke.

*Cand.* I pray you hold your tongue, my seruant there tells me she is not well.

*Omnes.* Step to her, step to her.

*Lodo.*



*The Honest Whore.*

*Lod.* A word with you: doe ye heare? This wench (your new wife) will take you downe in your wedding shooes, vnlesse you hang her vp in her wedding garters.

*Cand.* How, hang her in her garters?

*Lod.* Will you be a tame Pidgeon still? shall your backe be like a Tortoys shell, to let Carts goe ouer it, yet not to breake? This Shee-cat will haue more liues then your last Pusse had, and will scratch worse, and mouze you worse: looke toot.

*Cand.* What would you haue me doe, sir?

*Lod.* What would I haue you doe? Swear, swagger, brawle, fling; for fighting it's no matter, we ha had knocking Pusses enow already; you know, that a woman was made of the rib of a man, and that rib was crooked. The Morall of which is, that a man must from his beginning be crooked to his wife; be you like an Orāge to her, let her cut you neuer so faire, be you sowre as vineger; will you be ruled by me?

*Cand.* In any thing that's ciuill, honest, and iust.

*Lod.* Haue you euer a Prentices suite will fit me?

*Cand.* I haue the very same which my selfe wore.

*Lod.* Ile send my man for't within this halfe houre, and within this two houres Ile be your Prentice: the Hen shall not ouercrow the Cocke, Ile sharpen your spurres.

*Cand.* It will be but some iest, sir.

*Lod.* Onely a iest: farewell, come *Carolo.* *Exeunt.*

*Omnes.* Wee'll take our leaues, Sir, too.

*Cand.* Pray conceite not ill of my wiues sodaine rising. This young Knight, Sir *Lodonico*, is deepe seene in Phisicke, and he tells me, the disease call'd the Mother, hangs on my wife, it is a vehement heauing and beating of the Stomacke, and that swelling did with the paine thereof crampe vp her arme, that hit his lips, and brake the glasse: no harme, it was no harme.

*Omnes.* No, Signior, none at all.

*Cand.* The straightest arrow may flye wide by chance.  
But come, we'll cloze this brawle vp in some dance. *Exeunt.*

*The Honest Whore.*

*Enter Bellafront and Matheo.*

*Bel.* Oh my sweet Husband, wert thou in thy graue, and art aliue agen? O welcome, welcome.

*Mat.* Doest know me? my cloake prethee lay't vp. Yes faith, my winding sheete was taken out of Lauender, to be stucke with Rosemary, I lackt but the knot here, or here; yet if I had had it, I should ha made a wry mouth at the world like a Playe; but sweetest villaine, I am here now, and I will talke with thee soone.

*Bel.* And glad am I th'art here.

*Mat.* Did these heeles caper in shackles? A my little plumpe rogue, Ile beare vp for all this, and flye hye. *Caizo*  
*Caizo.*

*Bel.* *Matheo?*

*Mat.* What sayest, what sayest? Oh braue fresh ayre, a pox on these Grates and gingling of Keyes, and rattling of Iron. Ile beare vp, Ile flye hye wench, hang Toffe.

*Bel.* *Matheo*, prethee make thy prison thy glasse, And in it view the wrinkles, and the scarres, By which thou wert disfigured, viewing them, mend them.

*Mat.* Ile goe visit all the mad rogues now, and the good roaring boyes.

*Bel.* Thou doest not heare me?

*Mat.* Yes faith doe I.

*Bel.* Thou hast beene in the hands of misery, and tane strong Physicke, prethee now be found.

*Mat.* Yes. S'foot, I wonder how the inside of a Tauerne lookes now. Oh when shall I bizle, bizle?

*Bel.* Nay see, th'art thirty still for poyson, come, I will not haue thee swagger.

*Mat.* Honest Apes face.

*Bel.* 'Tis that sharpned an axe to cut thy throate. Good Loue, I would not haue thee sell thy substance And time (worth all) in those damned shops of Hell; Those Dycing houses, that stand neuer well,

But



But when they stand most ill, that foure-squared sinne  
Has almost lodg'd vs in the beggers Inne.  
Besides (to speake which euen my soule does grieue)  
A sort of Rauens haue hung vpon thy fleecue,  
And fed vpon thee: good *Mat.* (if you please) so base as  
Scorne to spread wing amongst these;  
By them thy fame is speckled, yet it showes  
Cleare amongst them; so Crowes are faire with Crowes.  
Cultome in sinne, giues sinne a louely dye.  
Blacknesse in Mores is no deformity.

*Mat.* *Bellafront, Bellafront*, I protest to thee, I sweare, as I  
hope my soule, I will turne ouer a new leafe, the prison I  
confesse has bit me, the best man that sayles in such a Ship,  
may be lowly.

*Bel.* One knockes at doore.

*Mat.* Ile be the Porter: they shall see, a Iayle cannot hold  
a braue spirit, Ile flye hie. *Exit.*

*Bel.* How wilde is his behauiour! oh, I feare  
He's spoyld by prison, he's halfe damned comes there,  
But I must sit all stormes: when a full sayle his  
Fortunes spred, he loued me: being now poore,  
Ile beg for him, and no wife can doe more.

*Enter Matheo, and Orlando like a Seruingman.*

*Mat.* Come in pray, would you speake with me, sir?

*Orl.* Is your name *Signior Matheo*?

*Mat.* My name is *Signior Matheo*.

*Orl.* Is this Gentlewoman your wife, sir?

*Mat.* This Gentlewoman is my wife, sir.

*Orl.* The Destinies spin a strong and euen thread of both  
your loues: the Mothers owne face, I ha not forgot that, I'm  
an old man, sir, & am troubled with a whore son salt rhew me,  
that I cannot hold my water. Gentlewoman, the last man I  
serued was your Father.

*Bel.* My Father? any tongue that sounds his name,  
Speakes Musicke to me: welcome good old man.  
How does my father? liues he? has he health?

How does my father? I so much doe shame him,  
So much doe wound him, that I scarce dare name him.

*Orl.* I can speake no more.

*Mat.* How now old Lad, what doest cry?

*Orl.* The rhex me still, sir, nothing else; I should be well  
seasond, for mine eyes lye in brine: looke you, sir, I haue a  
suite to you.

*Mat.* What is't, my little white pate?

*Orl.* Troth, sir, I haue a mind to serue your Worship.

*Mat.* To serue me? Troth, my friend, my fortunes are, as  
a man may say —————

*Orl.* Nay looke you, sir, I know when all finnes are old  
in vs, and goe vpon Crutches, that Couetousnesse does but  
then lie in her Cradle; 'Tis not so with me. Letchery loues  
to dwell in the fairest lodging, and Couetousnesse in the  
oldest buildings, that are ready to fall: but my white head,  
sir, is no Inne for such a gossip. If a Seruingman at my yeeres  
be not stored with bisket enough, that has sayled about the  
world to serue him the voyage out of his life, and to bring  
him East-home; Ill pitty but all his daies should be fasting  
daies: I care not so much for wages, for I haue seraped a  
handfull of gold together; I haue a little money, sir, which  
I would put into your Worships hands, not so much to  
make it more.

*Mat.* No, no, you say well, thou sayest well; but I must  
tell you: How much is the money, sayest thou?

*Orl.* About twenty pound, Sir.

*Mat.* Twenty pound? Let me see: that shall bring thee in,  
after ten *per centum, per annum.*

*Orl.* No, no, no, sir, no; I cannot abide to haue money in-  
gender: fye vpon this siluer Letchery, fye; if I may haue  
meat to my mouth, and rags to my backe, and a flock-bed  
to snort vpon, when I die, the longer liuer take all.

*Mat.* A good old Boy, yfaith, if thou seruest me, thou shalt  
eat as I eat, drinke as I drinke, lye as I lye, and ride as I ride.

*Orl.* That's if you haue money to hire horses.

*Mat. Front.* What doest thou thinke on't? This good old  
Lad



Lad here shall serue me.

*Bel.* Alas, *Matheo*, wilt thou load a backe  
That is already broke?

*Mat.* Peace, pox on you, peace, there's a tricke in't, I  
flye hye, it shall be so, *Front.* as I tell you: giue me thy hand,  
thou shalt serue me yfaith: welcome: as for your money—

*Orl.* Nay, looke you sir, I haue it here.

*Mat.* Peth, keepe it thy selfe, man, and then th'art sure 'tis  
safe.

*Orl.* Safe! and 'twere ten thousand Duckets, your Worship  
should be my cash-keeper; I haue heard what your Wor-  
ship is, an excellent dunghill Cocke, to scatter all abroad:  
but lie venture twenty pounds on's head.

*Mat.* And did'st thou serue my Worshipfull Father-in-  
law, *Signior Orlando Friscabaldo*, that mad man once?

*Orl.* I serued him so long, till he turned me out of doores.

*Mat.* It's a notable Chuffe, I ha not seene him many a day.

*Orl.* No matter and you ne'r see him: it's an arrant Gran-  
dy, a Churle, and as damnd a cut-throat.

*Bel.* Thou villaine, curb thy tongue, thou art a Iudas,  
To sell thy Masters name to slander thus.

*Mat.* Away Ass, he speakes but truth, thy father is a—

*Bel.* Gentleman.

*Mat.* And an old knaue, there's more deceit in him then  
in sixteene Poticaries: it's a Deuill, thou maist beg, starue,  
hang, damne; does he send thee so much as a cheese?

*Orl.* Or so much as a Gammon of Bacon,  
Hee'll giue it his Dogs first.

*Mat.* A Iayle, a Iayle.

*Orl.* A Iew, a Iew, sir.

*Mat.* A Dog.

*Orl.* An English Mastiffe, sir.

*Mat.* Pox rot out his old stinking garbage.

*Bel.* Art not ashamed to strike an absent man thus?  
Art not ashamed to let this vild Dog barke,  
And bite my Father thus? Ile not indure it;  
Out of my doores, base slaue.

*Mat.*



*The Honest Whore.*

*Mat.* Your dores! a vengeance? I shall liue to cut that old rogues throat, for all you take his part thus.

*Orl.* He shall liue to see thee hangd first.

*Enter Hipollito.*

*Mat.* Godsso my Lord, your Lordship is most welcome, I'm proud of this, my Lord.

*Hip.* Was bold to see you.  
Is that your wife?

*Mat.* Yes sir.

*Hip.* Ile borrow her lip.

*Mat.* With all my heart, my Lord.

*Orl.* Who's this, I pray sir?

*Mat.* My Lord *Hipollito*; what's thy name?

*Orl.* *Pacheco*.

*Mat.* *Pacheco*, fine name; Thou seest, *Pacheco*, I keepe company with no Scondrels, nor base fellowes.

*Hip.* Came not my Footman to you?

*Bel.* Yes my Lord.

*Hip.* I sent by him a Diamond and a Letter,  
Did you receiue them?

*Bel.* Yes my Lord, I did.

*Hip.* Read you the letter?

*Bel.* O're and o're 'tis read.

*Hip.* And faith your answer?

*Bel.* Now the time's not fit,  
You see, my Husbands here.

*Hip.* Ile now then leaue you,  
And choose mine houre; but ere I part away,  
Harke, you remember I must haue no nay.

*Matheo*, I will leaue you.

*Mat.* A glasse of wine.

*Hip.* Not now, Ile visit you at other times.  
Y'are come off well then?

*Mat.* Excellent well, I thanke your Lordship: I owe you my life, my Lord; and will pay my best blood in any seruice of yours.

*Hip.*

*Hip.* Ile take no such deare payment, harke you *Mathee*, I know, the prifon is a gulfe, if money runne low with you, my purfe is yours : call for it.

*Mat.* Faith my Lord, I thanke my ftarrès, they fend me downe fome ; I cannot finke, fo long as thefe bladders hold.

*Hip.* I will not fee your fortunes ebbe, pray try. To ftarue in full barnes were fond modefty.

*Mat.* Open the doore, firra.

*Hip.* Drinke this, and anon I pray thee giue thy Miftris this. *Exit.*

*Orl.* O Noble Spirit, if no worfe guefts here dwell, My blue coate fits on my old foulders well.

*Mat.* The onely royall fellow, he's bounteous as the Indies, what's that he faid to thee, *Bellafronti*?

*Bel.* Nothing.

*Mat.* I prethee good Girle?

*Bel.* Why I tell you nothing.

*Mat.* Nothing? it's well : trickes, that I must be behol- den to a feald hot-liuerd gotifh Gallant, to stand with my cap in my hand, and vaile bonnet, when I ha fped as lofty fayles as himfelfe, wud I had beene hanged. Nothing? *Pa- sbeco*, brush my cloake.

*Orl.* Where is't, fir?

*Mat.* Come, wee'll flye hye. Nothing? here is a whore ftill in thine eye. *Exit.*

*Orl.* My twenty pounds flies high; O wretched woman, This varlet's able to make *Lucrece* common.

How now Miftris? has my Master dyed you into this sad colour?

*Bel.* Fellow, be gone I pray thee, if thy tongue itch after talke fo much, feeke out thy Master, th'art a fit instrument for him.

*Orl.* Zownes, I hope he will not play vpon me?

*Bel.* Play on thee? no, you two will flye together, Because you are rouing arrowes of one feather?

Would thou wouldst leane my houfe, thou ne'r fhake Please, me weaue thy nets ne'r fo hye,



Thou shalt be but a spider in mine eye.  
Th'art ranke with poyson, poyson temperd well,  
Is food for health; but thy blacke tongue doth swell  
With venome, to hurt him that gaue thee bread,  
To wrong men absent, is to spurne the dead.  
And so didst thou thy Master, and my Father.

Orl. You haue sinall reason to take his part; for I haue heard him say five hundred times, you were as arrant a whore as euer stiffned tiffany neckcloathes in water-starch vpon a Saturday 'ith afternoone.

Bel. Let him say worse, when for the earths offence  
Hot vengeance through the marble cloudes is driuen,  
Is't fit earth shoot agen those darts at heauen?

Orl. And so if your Father call you whore, you'll not call him old knaue: *Friscabaldo*, she carries thy mind vp and downe; she's thine owne flesh, blood, and bone; troth Mistress, to tell you true, the fireworkes that ran from me vpon lines against my good old Master, your father, were but to try how my young Master, your Husband loued such squibs: but it's well knowne, I loue your father as my selfe; Ile ride for him at mid-night, runne for you by Owle-light; Ile dye for him, drudge for you; Ile flye low, and Ile flye hie (as my Master saies) to doe you good, if you'll forgiue me.

Bel. I am not made of marble: I forgiue thee.

Orl. Nay, if you were made of marble, a good Stone-cutter might cut you: I hope the twenty pound I deliuered to my Master, is in a sure hand.

Bel. In a sure hand I warrant thee for spending.

Orl. I see my yong Master is a madcap, and a *bonus socius*, I loue him well, Mistress: yet as well as I loue him, Ile not play the knaue with you; looke you, I could cheat you of this purse full of money; but I am an old Lad, and I scorne to cunny-catch: yet I ha beene Dog at a Cony in my time.

Bel. A purse, where hadst it?

Orl. The Gentleman that went away, whisperd in mine care, and charged me to giue it you.

Bel. The Lord *Hypollito*?

Orl.

*The Honest Whore.*

*Orla.* Yes, if he be a Lord, he gaue it me.

*Bel.* 'Tis all gold.

*Orl.* 'Tis like so : it may be, he thinkes you want money, and therefore bestowes his almes brauely, like a Lord.

*Bel.* He thinkes a siluer net can catch the poore, Here's baite to choake a Nun, and turne her whore. Wilt thou be honest to me?

*Orl.* As your nailes to your fingers, which I thinke neuer deceiued you.

*Bel.* Thou to this Lord shalt goe, commend me to him, And tell him this, the Towne has held out long, Because (within) 'twas rather true, then strong. To sell it now were base; Say 'tis no hold Built of weake stuffe, to be blowne vp with gold. He shall beleue thee by this token, or this; if not, by this.

*Orla.* Is this all?

*Bel.* This is all.

*Orl.* Mine owne Girle still.

*Bel.* A Starre may shoote, not fall. *Exit Bellafront.*

*Orl.* A Starre? nay, thou art more then the moone, for thou hast neither changing quarters, nor a man standing in thy circle with a bush of thornes. Is't possible the Lord *Hippolito*, whose face is as ciuill as the outside of a Dedicatory Booke, should be a Muttonmunger? A poore man has but one Ewe, and this Grandy Sheepe-biter leaues whole Flockes of fat Weathers (whom he may knocke downe) to deuoure this. Ile trust neither Lord nor Butcher with quicke flesh for this tricke; the Cuckoo I see now sings all the yeere, though euery man cannot heare him, but Ile spoyle his notes; can neither Loue-letters, nor the Devils common Pick-lockes (Gold) nor Precious Stones make my Girle draw vp her Percullis: hold out still, wench. All are not Bawds (I see now) that keepe doores, Nor all good wenches that are markt for Whores. *Exit.*

*Enter Candido, Lodouico like a Prentice.*

*Lod.* Come, come, come, what doe yee lacke, sir? what



doe ye lacke, sir? what is't ye lacke, sir? is not my Worship well suited? did you euer see a Gentleman better disguised?

*Cand.* Neuer, belecue me, Signior.

*Lod.* Yes: but when he has bin drunke, there be Prentices would make mad Gallants, for they would spend all, and drinke, and whore, and so forth; and I see we Gallants could make mad Prentices. How does thy wife like me? Nay, I must not be so sawcy, then I spoyle all: pray you how does my Mistris like me?

*Cand.* Well: for she takes you for a very simple fellow.

*Lod.* And they that are taken for such, are commonly the arrantest knaues: but to our Comedy, come.

*Cand.* I shall not act it, chide you say, and fret, And grow impatient: I shall neuer doo't.

*Lod.* S'blood, cannot you doe as all the world does? counterfet.

*Cand.* Were I a Painter, that should liue by drawing nothing but Pictures of an angry man, I should not earne my colours; I cannot doo't.

*Lod.* Remember y'are a Linnen Draper, and that if you giue your wife a yard, she'll take an ell: giue her not therefore a quarter of your yard, not a nayle.

*Cand.* Say I should turne to Ice, and nip her loue now 'tis but in the blood.

*Lod.* Well, say she's nipt.

*Cand.* It will so ouercharge her heart with grieffe,  
That like a Cannon, when her sighes goe off,  
She in her duty either will recoyle,  
Or breake in pieces and so dye: her death,  
By my vnkindnesse might be counted murther.

*Lod.* Dye? neuer, neuer; I doe not bid you beat her, nor giue her blacke eyes, nor pinch her sides: but crosse her humours. Are not Bakers armes the skales of Iustice? yet is not their bread light? and may not you I pray bridle her with a sharpe bit, yet ride her gently?

*Cand.* Well, I will try your pills, doe you your faithfull seruice, and bee ready still at a pinch to helpe me in this  
part,

part. or else I shall be ~~our~~ cleane.

Lod. Come, come, Ile prompt you.

Cand. Ile call her forth now, shall I?

Lod. Doe, doe, brauely.

Cand. Luke, I pray bid your Mistris to come hither.

Lod. Luke, I pray bid your Mistris to come hither.

Cand. Sirra, bid my wife come to me: why, when?

Luke. Presently, sir, she comes. ——— *within* ———

Lod. La you, there's the eccho, she comes. *Exit Bride.*

Bride. What is your pleasure with me?

Cand. Mary wife,

I haue intent, and (you see) this stripling here,  
He beares good will and liking to my trade,  
And meanes to deale in Linnen.

Lod. Yes indeed, sir, I would deale in Linnen, if my Mistris like me so well as I like her?

Cand. I hope to finde him honest, pray good wife looke that his bed and chamber be made ready.

Bride. Y'are best to let him hire mee for his maide?  
I looke to his bed? looke too't your selfe.

Cand. Euen so

I sweare to you a great oath.

Lod. Sweare, cry Zoundes.

Cand. I will not, goe to wife, I will not.

Lod. That your great oath?

Cand. Swallow these gudgeons.

Lod. Well said.

Cand. Then fast, then you may choose.

You know at Table

What trickes you played, swaggerd, broke glasses! Fie,

Fie, fie, fie: and now before my Prentice here

You make an asse of me; thou, (what shall I call thee?)

Bride. Euen what you will.

Lod. Call her arrant whore.

Cand. Oh fie, by no meanes, then she'll call me Cuckold,  
sirrah, goe looke to'th shop: how does this show?

Lod. Excellent well, Ile goe looke to the shop, sir. Fine



Cambricks, Lawnes, what doe you lacke. *Exit Lodouico.*

*Cand.* A curst Cowes milke I ha drunke once before,  
And 'twas so ranke in taste, Ile drinke no more.  
Wife, Ile tame you.

*Bride.* You may, sir, if you can,  
But at a wrastring I haue seene a fellow  
Limbd like an Oxe, throwne by a little man.

*Cand.* And so you'll throw me. Reach me (Knaues) a yard.

*Lod.* A Yard for my Master.

*I. Prent.* My Master is growne valiant.

*Cand.* Ile teach you fencing trickes.

*Omnes.* Rare, rare; a prize.

*Lod.* What will you doe, sir?

*Can.* Mary, my good Prentice, nothing but breathe my wife.

*Bride.* Breathe me with your yard?

*Lod.* No, he'll but measure you out, forsooth.

*Bride.* Since you'll needes fence, handle your weapon well,  
For if you take a yard, Ile take an ell.

Reach me an ell.

*Lod.* An ell for my Mistris.

Keep the lawes of the Noble Science, sir, & measure weapons  
with her; your yard is a plaine Heathenish weapon; 'tis too  
short, she may giue you a handfull, & yet you'l not reach her.

*Cand.* Yet I ha the longer arme, come fall too't roundly,  
And spare not me (wife) for Ile lay't on soundly.  
If o're husbands their wiues will needes be Masters,  
We men will haue a law to win't at waiters.

*Lod.* 'Tis for the breeches, is't not?

*Can.* For the breeches.

*Bride.* Husband I am for you, Ile not strike in iest.

*Cand.* Nor I.

*Bride.* But will you signe to one request?

*Cand.* What's that?

*Bride.* Let me giue the first blow.

*Cand.* The first blow, wife, shall I? *Prompt?*

*Lod.* Let her ha'te.

If she strike hard, in to her, and breake her pate.

*Cand.*



*The Honest Whore.*

*Cand.* A bargaine. Strike.

*Bride.* Then guard you from this blow,  
For I play all at legges, but 'tis thus low.

*She kneeles.*

Behold, I am such a cunning Fencer growne,  
I keepe my ground, yet downe I will be throwne

With the least blow you giue me, I disdaine

The wife that is her husbands Soueraigne.

She that vpon your pillow first did rest,

They say, the breeches wore, which I detest:

The taxe which she imposed vpon you, I abate you,

If me you make your Master, I shall hate you.

The world shall iudge who offers fairest play;

You win the breeches, but I win the day.

*Cand.* Thou winst the day indeed, giue me thy hand,  
Ile challenge thee no more: my patient brest

Plaid thus the Rebelle, onely for a iest:

Here's the rancke rider that breakes Colts, 'tis he

Can tame the mad folkes, and curst wiues.

*Bride.* Who, your man?

*Cand.* My man? my Master, tho his head be bare,  
But he's so courteous, he'll put off his haire.

*Lod.* Nay, if your seruice be so hot, a man cannot keepe  
his haire on, Ile serue you no longer.

*Bride.* Is this your Schoolemaster?

*Lod.* Yes faith, wench, I taught him to take thee downe:  
I hope thou canst take him downe without teaching; you  
ha got the conquest, and you both are friends.

*Cand.* Beare witnes else.

*Lod.* My Prentiship then ends.

*Cand.* For the good seruice you to me haue done,  
I giue you all your yeeres.

*Lod.* I thanke you Master.

Ile kisse my Mistris now, that she may say,  
My man was bound, and free all in one day.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Orlando, and Infælice.*

*Infæ.* From whom saiest thou?

*Orla.*

*The Honest whore.*

*Orla.* From a poore Gentlewoman, Madam, whom I serue.

*Infa.* And whats your businesse?

*Orla.* This, Madam : my poore Mistris has a waste piece of ground, which is her owne by inheritance, and left to her by her mother ; There's a Lord now that goes about, not to take it cleane from her, but to inclose it to himselfe, and to ioyne it to a piece of his Lordships.

*Infa.* What would she haue me doe in this?

*Orla.* No more, Madam, but what one woman should doe for another in such a case. My Honourable Lord, your Husband would doe any thing in her behalfe, but shee had rather put her selfe into your hands, because you (a woman) may doe more with the Duke your Father.

*Infa.* Where lyes this Land?

*Orl.* Within a stones cast of this place; my Mistris, I think, would be content to let him enjoy it after her decease, if that would serue his turne, so my Master would yeeld too: but she cannot abide to heare that the Lord should meddle with it in her life time.

*Infa.* Is she then married? why stirres not her Husband in it?

*Orl.* Her Husband stirres in it vnder hand : but because the other is a great rich man, my Master is loth to be seene in it too much.

*Infa.* Let her in writing draw the cause at large: And I will moue the Duke.

*Orl.* 'Tis set downe, Madam, here in blacke and white already : worke it so, Madam, that she may keepe her owne without disturbance, grieuance, molestation, or meddling of any other; and she bestowes this purse of gold on your Ladyship.

*Infa.* Old man, Ile pleade for her, but take no fees: Giue Lawyers them, I swim not in that flood, Ile touch no gold, till I haue done her good.

*Orl.* I would all Proctors Clearkes were of your minde, I should law more amcngst them then I doe then ; here, Madam, is the suruey, not onely of the Mannor it selfe, but of the  
the



the Grange house, with euery Medow pasture, Plough-land, Cony-borough, Fish-pond, hedge, ditch, and bush that stands in it.

*Infa.* My Husbands name, and hand and seale at armes to a Loue-letter? Where hadst thou this writing?

*Orla.* From the foresaid party, Madam, that would keepe the foresaid Land out of the foresaid Lords fingers.

*Infa.* My Lord turnd Ranger now?

*Orl.* Y'are a good Huntresse, Lady, you ha found your Game already; your Lord would faine be a Ranger, but my Mistris requests you to let him runne a course in your owne Parke, if you'll not doo't for loue, then doo't for money; she has no white money, but there's gold, or else she praies you to ring him by this token, and so you shall be sure his nose will not be rooting other mens pastures.

*Infa.* This very purse was wouen with mine owne hands, This Diamond on that very night, when he Vntyed my Virgin girdle, gaue I him:

And must a common Harlot share in mine?

Old man, to quit thy paines, take thou the gold.

*Orl.* Not I, Madam, old Seruingmen want no money.

*Infa.* Cupid himselfe was sure his Secretary,  
These lines are euen the Arrowes Loue let flies,  
The very Incke dropt out of *Venus* eyes.

*Orla.* I doe not thinke, Madam, but hee fetcht off some Poet or other for those lines, for they are parlous Hawkes to flie at wenches.

*Infa.* Here's honied poyson, to me he ne'r thus writ,  
But Lust can set a double edge on wit.

*Orla.* Nay, that's true, Madam, a wench will whet any thing, if it be not too dull.

*Infa.* Oathes, promises, preferments, Jewels, gold,  
What snares should breake, if all these cannot hold?  
What creature is thy Mistris?

*Orl.* One of those creatures that are contrary to man;  
a woman.

*Infa.* What manner of woman?

*Orl.* A little tiny woman; lower then your Ladiship by head and shoulders, but as mad a wench as euer vnaced a petticote: these things should I indeed haue deliuered to my Lord your Husband.

*Infa.* They are deliuered better: Why should she send backe these things?

*Orl.* Ware, ware, there's knauery.

*Infa.* Strumpets like cheating gamesters will not win At first: these are but baites to draw him in. How might I learne his hunting houres?

*Orl.* The Irish Footman can tell you all his hunting houres, the Parke he hunts in, the Doe he would strike, that Irish Shackatory beates the bush for him, and knowes all; he brought that Letter, and that Ring; he is the Carrier.

*Infa.* Knowest thou what other gifts haue past betweene them?

*Orl.* Little S. *Patricke* knowes all.

*Infa.* Him Ile examine presently.

*Orl.* Not whilest I am here, sweet Madam.

*Infa.* Be gon then, & what lyes in me command. *Exit Orl.*

*Enter Bryan.*

*Infa.* Come hither sirra, how much cost those Satins, and cloth of Siluer, which my husband sent by you to a low Gentlewoman yonder?

*Bry.* Faat Sattins? faat Siluers, faat low Gentlefolkes? dow pratest dow knowest not what, yfaat la.

*Infa.* She there, to whom you carried letters.

*Bry.* By dis hand and bod dow saist true, if I did so, oh how? I know not a letter a de Booke yfaat la.

*Infa.* Did your Lord neuer send you with a Ring, sir, set with a Diamond?

*Bry.* Neuer, sa crees sa me, neuer; he may runne at a tow-sand rings yfaat, and I neuer hold his stirrop, till he leape into de saddle. By S. *Patricke*, Madam, I neuer touch my Lords Diamond, nor euer had to doe, yfaat la, with any of his precious stones.

*Enter*



*The Honest Whore.*

*Enter Hipollito.*

*Inf.* Are you so close, you Bawd, you pandring slaue?

*Hip.* How now? why *Infelice*? what's your quarrell?

*Inf.* Out of my sight, base varlet, get thee gone.

*Hip.* Away you rogue.

*Bry.* Slawne loot, fare de well, fare de well. *Ab marragb  
frosat boddah breen.* *Exit.*

*Hip.* What, growne a fighter? prethee what's the matter?

*Inf.* If you'll needs know, it was about the clocke: how  
workes the day, my Lord, (pray) by your watch?

*Hip.* Lest you cuffe me, Ile tell you presently: I am  
neere two.

*Inf.* How, two? I am scarce at one.

*Hip.* One of vs then goes false.

*Inf.* Then sure 'tis you,

Mine goes by heauens Dial, (the Sunne) and it goes true.

*Hip.* I thinke (indeed) mine runnes somewhat too fast.

*Inf.* Set it to mine (at one) then.

*Hip.* One? 'tis past:

'Tis past one by the Sunne.

*Inf.* Faith then belike,

Neither your clocke nor mine does truely strike,

And since it is vncertaine which goes true,

Better be false at one, then false at two.

*Hip.* Y'are very pleasant, Madam:

*Inf.* Yet not merry.

*Hip.* Why *Infelice*, what should make you sad?

*Inf.* Nothing my Lord, but my false watch, pray tell me,  
You see, my clocke, or yours is out of frame,

Must we vpon the Workeman lay the blame,

Or on your selues that keepe them?

*Hip.* Faith on both.

He may by knauery spoile them, we by sloth,

But why talke you all riddle thus? I read

Strange Comments in those margins of your lookes:

Your cheekes of late are (like bad printed Bookes)

So dimly charactred, I scarce can spell,

*The Honest Whore.*

One line of loue in them. Sure all's not well.

*Infa.* All is not well indeed, my dearest Lord,  
Locke vp thy gates of hearing, that no sound  
Of what I speake may enter.

*Hip.* What meanes this?

*Infa.* Or if my owne tongue must my selfe betray,  
Count it a dreame, or turne thine eyes away,  
And thinke me not thy wife.

*She kneeles.*

*Hip.* Why doe you kneele?

*Infa.* Earth is sinnes cushion: when the sicke soule feeles  
her selfe growing poore, then she turnes begger, cryes and  
kneeles for helpe; *Hipollito* (for husband I dare not call  
thee) I haue stolne that Iewell of my chaste honour (which  
was onely thine) and giuen it to a slaue.

*Hip.* Hah?

*Infa.* On thy pillow adultery & lust haue slept, thy Groome  
Hath climbed the vnlawfull tree, and pluckt the sweets,  
A villaine hath vsurped a husbands sheetes.

*Hip.* S' death, who, (a Cuckold) who?

*Infa.* This Irish Footman.

*Hip.* Worse then damnation, a wild Kerne, a Frogge, a  
Dog: whom Ile scarce spurne. Longed you for Shamocke?  
were it my fathers father (heart) Ile kill him, although I  
take him on his death-bed gasping 'twixt heauen and hell;  
a shag-haired Cur? Bold Strumpet, why hangest thou on me?  
thinkst Ile be a Bawde to a Whore, because she's Noble?

*Infa.* I beg but this,  
Set not my shame out to the worlds broad eye,  
Yet let thy vengeance (like my fault) soare hye,  
So it be in darkned clowdes.

*Hip.* Darkned! my hornes  
Cannot be darkned, nor shall my reuenge!  
A Harlot to my slaue? the act is base,  
Common, but foule, so shall thy disgrace:  
Could not I feed your appetite? oh women  
You were created Angels, pure and faire;  
But since the first fell, tempting Devils you are;

*You*



You should be mens blisse, but you proue their rods.  
Were there no women, men might liue like gods :  
You ha beene too much downe already, rise,  
Get from my sight, and henceforth shun my bed,  
Ile with no Strumpets breath be poysoned.  
As for your Irish *Lubrican*, that spirit  
Whom by prepostrous charmes thy lust hath raised  
In a wrong Circle, him Ile damne more blacke  
Then any Tyrants soule.

*Insa.* *Hippolito?*

*Hip.* Tell me, didst thou baite Hawkes to draw him to thee, or did he bewitch thee?

*Insa.* The slaue did woo me.

*Hip.* Two woos in that Skreech-owles language? Oh who would trust your corcke-heeld sex? I thinke to sate your lust, you would loue a Horse, a Beare, a croaking Toade, so your hot itching veines might haue their bound, then the wild Irish Dart was throwne. Come, how? the manner of this fight.

*Insa.* 'Twas thus, he gaue me this battery first. Oh I Mistake, beleue me, all this in beaten gold :  
Yet I held out, but at length this was charm'd.  
What? change your Diamond wench, the act is base,  
Common, but foule, so shall not your disgrace :  
Could not I feed your appetite? Oh Men,  
You were created Angels, pure and faire,  
But since the first fell, worse then Devils you are.  
You should our shields be, but you proue our rods.  
Were there no Men, Women might liue like gods.  
Guilty my Lord?

*Hip.* Yes, guilty my good Lady.

*Insa.* Nay, you may laugh, but henceforth shun my bed,  
With no whores leauings Ile be poysoned. *Exit.*

*Hip.* O're-reach'd so finely? 'Tis the very Diamond  
And Letter which I sent : this villany  
Some Spider closely weaues, whose poyfond bulke  
I must let forth. Who's there without?

*Seruant.* My Lord calls. ——— *within.* ———

*Hip.* Send me the Footman.

*Ser.* Call the Footman to my Lord. *Bryan, Bryan.*

*Enter Bryan.*

*Hip.* It can be no man else, that Irish Judas,  
Bred in a Country where no venom prospers,  
But in the Nations blood hath thus betraid me.  
Slave, get you from your seruice.

*Bry.* Faat meanest thou by this now?

*Hip.* Question me not, nor tempt my fury, villaine,  
Couldst thou turne all the Mountaines in the land,  
To hills of gold, and to giue me ; here thou stayest not.

*Bry.* I faat, I care not.

*Hip.* Prate not, but get thee gone, I shall send else.

*Bry.* I, doe predy, I had rather haue thee make a scabbard  
of my guts, and let out all de Irish puddings in my poore  
belly, den to be a false knaue to de I faat, I will neuer see  
dyne own sweet face more. *A mawhid deer a gra, fare de well,*  
*fare de well, I wil goe steale Cowes agen in Ireland. Exit.*

*Hip.* He's damn'd that rais'd this whirlwind, which  
hath blowne

Into her eyes this icalousie : yet Ile on,  
Ile on, stood armed Devils staring in my face,  
To be pursued in flight, quickens the race,  
Shall my blood streames by a wiues lust be bard?  
Fond woman, no : Iron growes by strokes more hard,  
Lawlesse desires are seas scorning all bounds,  
Or sulphure which being ram'd vp, more confounds,  
Strugling with mad men, madnes nothing tames,  
Winds wrastring with great fires, incense the flames. *Exit.*

*Enter Matheo, Bellafront, and Orlando.*

*Bel.* How now, what ayles your Master?

*Orl.* Has taken a yonger brothers purge, forsooth, and  
that workes with him.

*Bel.*



*The Honest Whore.*

*Bel.* Where is his Cloake and Rapier?

*Orl.* He has giuen vp his Cloake, and his Rapier is bound to the Peace: If you looke a little higher, you may see that another hath entred into hatband for him too. Sixe and foure haue put him into this sweat.

*Bel.* Where's all his money?

*Orl.* 'Tis put ouer by exchange: his doublet was going to be translated, but for me: if any man would ha lent but halfe a ducket on his beard, the haire of it had stuft a paire of breeches by this time; I had but one poore penny, and that I was glad to niggle out, and buy a holly-wand to grace him thorow the streete. As hap was, his bootes were on, and then I dustied, to make people thinke he had beene riding, and I had runne by him.

*Bell.* Oh me, how does my sweet *Matheo*?

*Mat.* Oh Rogue, of what deuilish stufte are these Dice made off? of the parings of the Deuils cornes of his toes, that they runne thus damnably.

*Bel.* I prethee vex not.

*Mat.* If any handy-crafts man was euer suffred to keep shop in hell, it will be a Dice-maker; he's able to vndoe more soules then the Deuill; I plaid with mine owne Dice, yet lost. Ha you any money?

*Bel.* Las I ha none.

*Mat.* Must haue money, must haue some, must haue a Cloake, and Rapier, and things: will you goe fet your limetwigs, and get me some birds, some money?

*Bel.* What limetwigs should I fet?

*Mat.* You will not then? Must haue cash and pictures: doe ye heare, (frailty) shall I walke in a *Plimouth* Cloake, (that's to say) like a rogue, in my hose and doublet, and a crabtree cudgell in my hand, and you swimme in your Sattins? must haue money, come.

*Orl.* Is't bed-time, Master, that you vndo my Mistris?

*Bel.* Vndoe me? Yes, yes, at these riflings I haue beene too often.

*Mat.* Helpe to flea, *Pacheco*.

*Orl.*

*The Honest Whore.*

*Orl.* Fleaing call you it?

*Mat.* Ile pawne you by'th Lord, to your very eye-browes.

*Bel.* With all my heart, since heauen will haue me poore,  
As good be drown'd at sea, as drown'd at shore.

*Orl.* Why heare you, sir? yfaith doe not make away her  
Gowne.

*Mat.* Oh it's Summer, it's Summer; your onely fashion  
for a woman now, is to be light, to be light.

*Orl.* Why, pray sir, employ some of that money you haue  
of mine.

*Mat.* Thine? Ile starue first, Ile beg first; when I touch a  
penny of that, let these fingers ends rot.

*Orl.* So they may, for that's past touching. I saw my  
twenty pounds flye hie.

*Mat.* Knowest thou neuer a damn'd Broker about the  
Citty?

*Orl.* Damn'd Broker? yes, fise hundred.

*Mat.* The Gowne stood me in aboue twenty Duckets,  
borrow ten of it, cannot liue without siluer.

*Orl.* Ile make what I can of it, sir, Ile be your Broker,  
But not your damb'd broker: Oh thou scuruy knaue,  
What makes a wife turne whore, but such a slaue? *Exit.*

*Mat.* How now little chicke, what aylest, weeping  
For a handfull of Taylors shreds? pox on them, are there  
not silkes enow at Mercers?

*Bel.* I care not for gay feathers, I.

*Mat.* What doest care for then? why doest grieue?

*Bel.* Why doe I grieue? A thousand forrowes strike  
At one poore heart, and yet it liues. *Matheo,*  
Thou art a Gamester, prethee throw at all,  
Set all vpon one cast, we kneele and pray,  
And struggle for life, yet must be cast away.  
Meet misery quickly then, split all, sell all,  
And when thou hast sold all, spend it, but I beseech thee  
Build not thy mind on me to coyne thee more,  
To get it wouldst thou haue me play the whore?

*Mat.* 'Twas your profession before I married you.

*Bel.*



*Bel.* Vmh ? it was indeed : if all men should be branded  
For sinnes long since laid vp, who could be saued ?  
The Quarter day's at hand, how will you doe  
To pay the Rent, *Matheo* ?

*Mat.* Why ? doe as all of our occupation doe against  
Quarter daies ; breake vp house, remoue, shift your lodg-  
ings, pox a your Quarters.

Enter Lodouico.

*Lod.* Where's this Gallant ?

*Mat.* Signior Lodouico ? how does my little Mirror of  
Knight-hood ? this is kindly done yfaith : welcome by my  
troth.

*Lod.* And how doest, frolicke ? Saue you faire Lady. Thou  
lookest smug and brauely, Noble *Mat.*

*Mat.* Drinke and feed, laugh and lie warme.

*Lod.* Is this thy wife ?

*Mat.* A poore Gentlewoman, sir, whom I make vse of  
a nights.

*Lod.* Pay custome to your lips, sweet Lady.

*Mat.* Borrow some shells of him, some wine, sweet  
heart.

*Lod.* Ile send for't then yfaith.

*Mat.* You send for't ? Some wine I prethee.

*Bel.* I ha no money.

*Mat.* S'blood, nor I : What wine loue you, Signior ?

*Lod.* Here, or Ile not stay, I protest ; trouble the Gentle-  
woman too much? *Exit Bellafront.*

And what newes flies abroad, *Matheo* ?

*Mat.* Troth, none. Oh Signior, we ha beene merry in our  
daies.

*Lod.* And no doubt shall agen.  
The Diuine powers neuer shoot Darts at men  
Mortall, to kill them.

*Mat.* You say true.

*Lod.* Why should we grieue at want ?  
Say the world made thee her Minnion, that

Thy head lay in her lap, and that she danc't thee  
On her wanton knee, she could but giue thee a whole  
World: that's all, and that all's nothing; the worlds  
Greatest part cannot fill vp one corner of thy heart.

Say, the three corners were all filld, alas!

Of what art thou posselt, a thinne blowne glasse:

Such as by Boyes is puft into the aire.

Were twenty Kingdomes thine, thou'dst liue in care:

Thou could'st not sleepe the better, nor liue longer,

Nor merrier be, nor healthfuller, nor stronger.

If then thou want'st, thus make that want thy pleasure,

No man wants all things, nor has all in measure.

*Mat.* I am the most wretched fellow: sure some left-  
handed Priest christned me, I am so vnlucky: I am neuer  
out of one puddle or another, still falling.

*Enter Bellafront, and Orlando.*

*Mat.* Fill out wine to my little finger.

With my heart yfaith.

*Lod.* Thankes, good *Mattheo*.

To your owne sweet selfe.

*Orl.* All the Brokers hearts, sir, are made of flint, I can  
with all my knocking, strike but fixe sparkes of fire out of  
them, here's fixe duckets, if youle take them.

*Mat.* Giue me them: an euill conscience gnaw them all,  
moths and plagues hang vpon their lowlie wardrobs.

*Lod.* Is this your man, *Mattheo*? An old Seruingman.

*Orl.* You may giue me t'other halfe too, sir:  
That's the Begger.

*Lod.* What halt there, gold?

*Mat.* A sort of Rascals are in my debt, (God knowes  
what) and they feed me with bits, with crummes, a pox  
choke them.

*Lod.* A word, *Mattheo*: be not angry with me,  
Beleeue it that I know the touch of time,  
And can part copper (tho it be gilded o're)  
From the true gold: the sailes which thou doest spread,  
Would



*The Honest Whore.*

Would show well, if they were not borrowed.  
The sound of thy low fortunes drew me hither,  
I giue my selfe vnto thee, prethee vse me,  
I will bestow on you a suite of Sattin,  
And all things else to fit a Gentleman,  
Because I loue you.

*Mat.* Thankes, good Noble Knight.

*Lod.* Call on me when you please,  
Till then farewell.

*Exit.*

*Mat.* Hast angled? hast cut vp this fresh Salmon?

*Bel.* Wudst haue me be so base?

*Mat.* It's base to steale, it's base to be a whore:

Thou't be more base, Ile make thee keepe a doore. *Exit.*

*Orl.* I hope he will not sneake away with all the money,  
will he?

*Bel.* Thou seest he does.

*Orl.* Nay then it's well. I set my braines vpon an vpright  
Last; tho my wits be old, yet they are like a witherd pip-  
pin, wholsome. Looke you, Mistris, I told him I had but fixe  
duckets of the (Knaue) Broker, but I had eight, and kept  
these two for you.

*Bel.* Thou shouldst haue giuen him all.

*Orl.* What, to flie hie?

*Bel.* Like waues, my misery driues on misery. *Exit.*

*Orl.* Sell his wiues cloathes from her backe? does any  
Poulterers wife pull chickins aliue? He Riots all abroad,  
wants all at home; he Dices, whores, swaggers, sweares,  
cheates, borrowes, pawnes: Ile giue him hooke and line,  
a little more for all this.

Yet sure i'th end he'll delude all my hopes,  
And shew me a French tricke danc'd on the ropes. *Exit.*

*Enter at one doore Lodouico and Carolo; at another Bots,  
and Mistris Horsleach; Candido and his wife  
appare in the Shop.*

*Lod.* Hift, hift, Lieutenant Bots, how do'st, man?

*Car.* Whither are you arabling, Madam Horsleach?

*The Honest Whore.*

*Hors.* About worldly profit, sir : how doe your Worships?

*Bots.* We want tooles, Gentlemen, to furnish the trade : they weare out day and night, they weare out till no mettle bee left in their backe ; wee heare of two or three new Wenches are come vp with a Carrier , and your old Goshawke here is flying at them.

*Lod.* And faith, what flesh haue you at home ?

*Hors.* Ordinary Dishes, by my troth, sweet men, there's few good i'th Cittie ; I am as well furnisht. as any, and tho I say it, as well custom'd.

*Bots.* We haue meates of all sorts of dressing ; we haue stew'd meat for your Frenchmen, pretty light picking meat for your Italian, and that which is rotten roasted, for *Don Spaniaro*.

*Lod.* A pox on't.

*Bots.* We haue Poulterers ware for your sweet bloods, as Doue, Chickin, Ducke, Teale, Woodcocke, and so forth : and Butchers meat for the Cittizen: yet Muttons fall very bad this yeere.

*Lod.* Stay, is not that my patient Linnen Draper yonder, and my fine yong smug Mistris, his wife ?

*Car.* Sirra Grannam, Ile giue thee for thy fee twenty crownes, if thou canst but procure me the wearing of yon veluet cap.

*Hof.* You'd weare another thing besides the cap. Y'are a Wag.

*Bots.* Twenty crownes ? we'll share, and Ile be your pully to draw her on.

*Lod.* Doo't presently ; we'll ha some sport.

*Hors.* Wheele you about, sweet men: doe you see, Ile cheape wares of the man, whilest *Bots* is doing with his wife.

*Lod.* Too't: if we come into the shop to doe you grace, wee'll call you Madam.

*Bots.* Pox a your old face, giue it the badge of all scuruy faces, a Masque.

*Cand.* What is't you lacke, Gentlewoman? Cambricke or Lawnes, or fine Hollands? Pray draw neere, I can sell you a penny-worth.

*Bots.*



*The Honest Whore.*

*Bots.* Some Cambricke for my old Lady.

*Cand.* Cambricke? you shall, the purest thred in *Millan*.

*Lod.* and *Car.* Saue you, *Signior Candido*.

*Lod.* How does my Noble Master? how my faire Mistris?

*Cand.* My Worshipfull good Seruant, view it well, for 'tis both fine and euen.

*Car.* Cry you mercy, Madam, tho mask'd, I thought it should be you by your man. Pray' *Signior*, shew her the best, for she commonly deales for good ware.

*Cand.* Then this shall fit her, this is for your Ladiship.

*Bots.* A word, I pray, there is a waiting Gentlewomon of my Ladies: her name is *Ruyna*, saies she's your Kinswoman, and that you should be one of her Aunts.

*Wife.* One of her Aunts? troth sir, I know her not.

*Bots.* If it please you to bestow the poore labour of your legs at any time, I will be your conuoy thither?

*Wife.* I am a Snaille, sir, seldome leaue my house, if't please her to visit me, she shall be welcome.

*Bots.* Doe you heare? the naked troth is: my Lady hath a yong Knight, her sonne, who loues you, y'are made, if you lay hold vpon: this Jewell he sends you.

*Wife.* Sir, I returne his loue and Jewell with scorne; let goe my hand, or I shall call my husband. You are an arrant Knaue. *Exit.*

*Lod.* What, will she doe?

*Bots.* Doe? they shall all doe if *Bots* sets vpon them once, she was as if she had profest the trade, squeamish at first, at last I shewed her this Jewell, said, a Kuight sent it her.

*Lod.* Is't gold, and right stones?

*Bots.* Copper, Copper, I goe a fishing with these baites.

*Lod.* She nibbled, but wud not swallow the hooke, because the Cunger-head her husband was by: but shee bids the Gentleman name any afternoone, and she'll meet him at her Garden house, which I know.

*Lod.* Is this no lie now?

*Bots.* Dam me if——

*Lod.* Oh prethce stay there.

*The Honest Whore.*

*Bots.* The twenty crownes, fir.

*Lod.* Before he has his worke done? but on my Knightly word, he shall pay't thee.

*Enter Astolpho, Beraldo, Fontinell, and the Irish Footman.*

*Asto.* I thought thou hadst beene gone into thine owne Country.

*Bry.* No faat la, I cannot goe dis foure or tree dayes.

*Ber.* Looke thee, yonders the shop, and that's the man himselfe.

*Fon.* Thou shalt but cheapen, and doe as we told thee, to put a iest vpon him, to abuse his patience.

*Bry.* I faat, I doubt my pate shall be knocked: but sa crees sa me, for your shakes, I will runne to any Linnen Draper in hell, come preddy.

*Omnes.* Saue you Gallants.

*Lod. and Car.* Oh, well met!

*Cand.* You'll giue no more you say? I cannot take it.

*Hersf.* Truly Ile giue no more.

*Cand.* It must not fetch it. What wud you haue, sweet Gentlemen?

*Asto.* Nay, here's the Customer.      *Exeunt Bots & Horst.*

*Lod.* The Garden-house you say? wee'll boult out your roguery.

*Cand.* I will but lay these parcels by— My men are all at Custome-house vnloading Wares, if Cambricke you wud deale in, there's the best, all *Millan* cannot sample it.

*Lod.* Doe you heare? 1. 2. 3. S'foot, there came in 4. Gallants, sure your wife is slipt vp, and the 4<sup>th</sup>. man I hold my life, is grafting your Warden tree.

*Cand.* Ha, ha, ha: you Gentlemen are full of Iest. If she be vp, she's gone some wares to show, I haue aboue as good wares as below.

*Lod.* Haue you so? nay then——

*Cand.* Now Gentlemen, is't Cambricks?

*Bry.* I predee now let me haue de bett wares.

*Cand.*



*The Honest Whore.*

*Cand.* What's that he saies, pray' Gentlemen?

*Lod.* Mary he saies we are like to haue the best wares.

*Cand.* The best wares? all are bad, yet wares doe good,  
And like to Surgeons, let sicke Kingdomes blood.

*Bry.* Faat a Deuill pratest tow so, a pox on dee; I preddee  
let me see some Hollen, to make Linnen shirts, for feare my  
body be lowfie.

*Cand.* Indeed I vnderstand no word he speakes.

*Car.* Mary, he saies, that at the siege in *Holland* there was  
much bawdry vsed among the Souldiers, tho they were  
lowfie.

*Cand.* It may be so, that's likely, true indeed,  
In euery garden, sir, does grow that weed.

*Bry.* Pox on de gardens, and de weedes, and de fooles  
cap dere, and de cloutes; heare? doest make a Hobby-horse  
of me.

*Omnes.* Oh fie, he has torne de Cambricke.

*Cand.* 'Tis no matter.

*Asto.* It frets me to the soule.

*Cand.* So doest not me.

My Customers doe oft for remnants call,  
These are two remnants now, no losse at all.  
But let me tell you, were my Seruants here,  
It would ha cost more. — Thanke you Gentlemen,  
I vse you well, pray know my shop agen. *Exit.*

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha; come, come, let's goe, let's goe. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Matheo (brave) and Bellafront.*

*Mat.* How am I suited, *Front*? am I not gallant, ha?

*Bel.* Yes, sir, you are suited well.

*Mat.* Exceeding passing well, and to the time.

*Bel.* The Taylor has plaid his part with you.

*Mat.* And I haue plaid a Gentlemans part with my Tay-  
lor, for I owe him for the making of it.

*Bel.* And why did you so, sir?

*Mat.* To keepe the fashion; It's your onely fashion now  
of your best ranke of Gallants, to make their Taylors waite  
for

*The Honest Whore.*

for their money, neither were it wisdom indeed to pay them vpon the first edition of a new suite: for commonly the suite is owing for, when the lynnings are worne out, and there's no reason then, that the Taylor should be paid before the Mercer.

*Bel.* Is this the suite the Knight bestowed vpon you?

*Mat.* This is the suite, and I need not shame to weare it, for better men then I would be glad to haue suites bestowed on them. It's a generous fellow, —but—pox on him—we whose Pericranions are the very Limbecks and Stillitories of good wit, and flie hie, must driue liquor out of stale gaping Oysters. Shallow Knight, poore Squire *Tinacbeo*: Ile make a wild Cataine of forty such: hang him, he's an Assle, he's alwaies sober.

*Bel.* This is your fault to wound your friends still.

*Mat.* No faith, *Front*, *Lodovico* is a noble Slaunonian: it's more rare to see him in a womans company, then for a Spaniard to goe into *England*, and to challenge the English Fencers there. — One knockes, — See — *La, fa, sol, la, fa, la*, rustle in Silkes and Satins: there's musique in this, and a Taffety Petticoate, it make both flie hie, — *Catzo*.

*Enter Bellafront, after her Orlando like himselfe, with  
four men after him.*

*Bel.* *Matheo*? 'tis my Father.

*Mat.* Ha, Father? It's no matter, hee findes no tattered Prodigals here.

*Orl.* Is not the doore good enough to hold your blue Coates? away, Knaues. Weare not your cloathes thred-bare at knees for me; beg Heauens blessing, (not mine.) Oh cry your Worship mercy, sir, was somewhat bold to talke to this Gentlewoman, your wife here.

*Mat.* A poore Gentlewoman, sir.

*Orl.* Stand not, sir, bare to me; I ha read oft  
That Serpents who creepe low, belch ranker poison  
That winged Dragons doe, that flie aloft.

*Mat.* If it offend you, sir? 'tis for my pleasure.

*Orl.*



*Orl.* Your pleasure be't, sir; vnh, is this your Palace?

*Bel.* Yes, and our Kingdome, for 'tis our content.

*Orl.* It's a very poore Kingdome then; what, are all your Subjects gone a Sheepe-shearing? not a Maid? not a Man? not so much as a Cat? you keepe a good house belike, iust like one of your profession, euery roome with bare walls, and a halfe-headed bed to vault vpon (as all your bawdy-houses are.) Pray who are your Vpholsters? Oh, the Spiders. I see, they bestow hangings vpon you.

*Mat.* Bawdy-house? Zounds sir——

*Bel.* Oh sweet *Matheo*, peace. Vpon my knees I doe beseech you, sir, not to arraigne me For sinnes, which heauen, I hope, long since hath pardoned. Those flames (like lightning flashes) are so spent, The heate no more remaines, then where ships went, Or where birds cut the aire, the print remaines.

*Mat.* Pox on him, kneele to a Dog?

*Bel.* She that's a Whore,  
Liues gallant, fares well, is not (like me) poore,  
I ha now as small acquaintance with that sinne,  
As if I had neuer knowne it; that, neuer bin.

*Orl.* No acquaintance with it? what maintaines thee then? how doest liue then? has thy husband any Lands? any Rents comming in, any Stocke going, any Ploughs iogging, any Ships sailing? hast thou any Wares to turne, so much as to get a single penny by? yes, thou hast Ware to sell, Knaues are thy Chapmen, and thy Shop is Hell.

*Mat.* Doe you heare, sir?

*Orl.* So sir, I do heare, sir, more of you then you dreame I do.

*Mat.* You flie a little too hie, sir.

*Orl.* Why, sir, too hie?

*Mat.* I ha suffred your tongue, like a bard Cater tra, to runne all this while, and ha not stopt it.

*Orl.* Well, sir, you talke like a Gamester.

*Mat.* If you come to bark at her, because shee's a poore rogue; look you, here's a fine path, sir, and there, there the doore.

Bel. *Mathee?*

Mat. Your blue Coates stay for you, sir.  
I loue a good honest roaring Boy, and so——

Orl. That's the Deuill.

Mat. Sir, sir, Ile ha no *Ioues* in my house to thunder A-  
uant: she shall liue and be maintained, when you, like a  
keg of musty Sturgeon, shall stinke. Where? in your Coffin.  
How? be a musty fellow, and lowfie.

Orl. I know she shall be maintained, but how? she like a  
Queane, thou like a Knaue; she like a Whore, thou like a  
Thiefe.

Mat. Thiefe? Zounds Thiefe?

Bel. Good dearest Mat. —— Father.

Mat. Pox on you both, Ile not be braued: New Sattin  
scornes to be put downe with bare bawdy Veluet. Thiefe:

Orl. I Thiefe, th'art a Murtherer, a Cheater, a Whore-  
monger, a Pot-hunter, a Borrower, a Begger——

Bel. Deare Father.

Mat. An old Ass, a Dog, a Churle, a Chuffe, an Vsurer, a  
Villaine, a Moth, a mangy Mule, with an old veluet foot-  
cloth on his backe, sir.

Bel. Oh me!

Orl. Varlet, for this Ile hang thee.

Mat. Ha, ha, alas.

Orl. Thou keepest a man of mine here, vnder my nose.

Mat. Vnder thy beard.

Orl. As arrant a smell-smocke, for an old Mutton-munger,  
as thy selfe.

Mat. No, as your selfe.

Orl. As arrant a purse-taker as euer cride, Stand, yet a  
good fellow, I confesse, and valiant, but he'll bring thee to th  
Gallowes: you both haue robd of late two poore Country  
Pedlers.

Mat. How's this? how's this? doest thou flie hie? rob  
Pedlers? beare witnes *Front*, rob Pedlers? my man and I a  
Thiefe?

Bel. Oh, sir, no more.

Orl.



*The Honest Whore.*

*Orl.* I Knaue, two Pedlers, hue and cry is vp, Warrants are out, and I shall see thee climbe a Ladder.

*Mat.* And come downe againe as well as a Bricklayer, or a Tyler. How the vengeance knowes he this? If I be hang'd, Ile tell the people I married old *Friscabaldoes* Daughter, Ile frisco you, and your old carkas.

*Orl.* Tell what thou canst; if I stay here longer, I shall bee hang'd too, for being in thy company; therefore, as I found you, I leaue you.

*Mat.* Kneele, and get money of him.

*Orl.* A Knaue and a Queane, a Thiefe and a Strumpet, a couple of Beggers, a brace of Baggages.

*Mat.* Hang vpon him. I, I, sir, fare you well; we are so: follow close — we are Beggers — in Sattin — to him.

*Bel.* Is this your comfort, when so many yeeres You ha left me frozen to death?

*Orl.* Freeze still, starue still.

*Bel.* Yes, so I shall: I must: I must and will.

If as you say I'm poore, relieue me then,

Let me not sell my body to base men.

You call me Strumpet, Heauen knowes I am none:

Your cruelty may driue me to be one:

Let not that sinne be yours, let not the shame

Of common Whore line longer then my name.

That cunning Bawd (Necessity) night and day

Plots to vndoe me; driue that Hag away,

Lest being at lowest ebbe, as now I am,

I sinke for euer.

*Orl.* Lowest ebbe, what ebbe?

*Bel.* So poore, that (tho to tell it be my shame)

I am not worth a dish to hold my meate;

I am yet poorer, I want bread to eate.

*Orl.* It's not seene by your checkes.

*Mat.* I thinke she has read an Homely to tickle to the old rogue.

*Orl.* Want bread? there's Sattin: bake that.

*Mat.* S'blood, make Patties of my cloathes?

*The Honest Whore.*

*Orl.* A faire new Cloake, stew that; an excellent gilt Rapier.

*Mat.* Will you eat that, sir?

*Orl.* I could feast ten good fellowes with those Hangers.

*Mat.* The pox you shall.

*Orl.* I shall not (till thou beggest,) thinke thou art poore; And when thou beggest, Ile feed thee at my doore, As I feed Dogs, (with bones) till then beg, Borrow, pawne, steale, and hang, turne Bawde. When th'art no Whore, my heart-strings sure Would crack, were they strained more. *Exit.*

*Mat.* This is your Father, your damn'd — confusion light vpon all the generation of you; he can come bragging hither with foure white Herrings (at's taile) in blue Coates without roes in their bellies, but I may starue ere he giue me so much as a cob.

*Bel.* What tell you me of this? alas.

*Mat.* Goe trot after your Dad, doe you capitulate, Ile pawne not for you, Ile not steale to be hanged for such an hypocriticall close common Harlot: away, you Dog — Braue yfaith! Vds foot, Giue me some meate.

*Bel.* Yes, Sir. *Exit.*

*Mat.* Goodman flaue, my man too, is gallop'd to the Deuill at the t'other side: *Pacheco*, Ile checo you. Is this your Dads day? *England* (they say) is the onely hell for Horses, and onely Paradise for Women: pray get you to that Paradise, because y'are called an *Honest Whore*; there they liue none but honest whores with a pox: Mary here in our Citty, all our sex are but foot-cloth Nags: the Master no sooner lights, but the man leapes into the saddle.

*Enter Bellafront.*

*Bel.* Will you sit downe I pray, sir?

*Mat.* I could teare (by'th Lord) his flesh, and eate his midriffe in salt, as I eate this: — must I choake — my Father *Friscabaldo*, I shall make a pittifull Hog-louse of you *Orlando*, if you fall once into my fingers — Here's the sauerest



rest meat: I ha got a stomacke with chafing. What Rogue should tell him of those two Pedlers? A plague choake him, and gnaw him to the bare bones: come fill.

*Bel.* Thou sweatest with very anger, good sweet, vex not, 'las, 'tis no fault of mine.

*Mat.* Where didst buy this Mutton? I neuer felt better ribbes.

*Bel.* A neighbour sent it me.

*Enter Orlando.*

*Mat.* Hah, neighbour? foh, my mouth stinkes, you whore, doe you beg victuals for me? Is this Sattin doublet to bee bumbasted with broken meat? *Takes up the stools.*

*Orl.* What will you doe, sir?

*Mat.* Beat out the braines of a beggerly — *Exit Bellafront.*

*Orl.* Beat out an Asses head of your owne; away, Mistris. Zownds, doe but touch one haire of her, and Ile so quilt your cap with old Iron, that your coxcombe shall ake the worse these seuen yeeres for't: Does she looke like a roasted Rabbet, that you must haue the head for the braines?

*Mat.* Ha, ha: Goe out of my doores, you Rogue, away, foure markes trudge.

*Orl.* Foure markes? no, sir, my twenty pound that you ha made flie hie, and I am gone.

*Mat.* Must I be fed with chippings? y'are best get a clapdish, and say y'are Proctor to some Spittle-house. Where hast thou beene, *Pacheco*? come hither my little Turkey-cocke.

*Orl.* I cannot abide, sir, to see a woman wrong'd, not I.

*Mat.* Sirra, here was my Father-in-law to day.

*Orl.* Pish, then y'are full of Crownes.

*Mat.* Hang him, he would ha thrust crownes vpon me, to haue falae in againe, but I scorne cast-cloathes, or any mans gold.

*Orl.* But mine: how did he brooke that (sir?)

*Mat.* Oh: swore like a dozen of drunken Tinkers; at last growing foule in words, he and foure of his men drew vpon me, sir.

*Orl.* In your house? wud I had bin by.

*Mat.* I made no more adoe, but fell to my old locke, and so thrashed my blue Coates, and old crabtree-face my father-in-law, and then walkt like a Lion in my grate.

*Orl.* Oh Noble Master!

*Mat.* Sirra, he could tell me of the robbing the two Pedlers, and that warrants are out for vs both.

*Orl.* Good, sir, I like not those crackers.

*Mat.* Crackhalter, wut set thy foot to mine?

*Orl.* How, sir? at drinking.

*Mat.* We'll pull that old Crow my Father: rob thy Master. I know the house, thou the seruants: the purchase is rich, the plot to get it casie, the Dog will not part from a bone.

*Orl.* Pluck't out of his throat then: Ile snarle for oue, if this can bite.

*Mat.* Say no more, say no more, old cole, meet me anon at the signe of the Shipwracke.

*Orl.* Yes, sir.

*Mat.* And dost heare, man? — the Shipwracke. *Exit.*

*Orl.* Th'art at the Shipwracke now, and like a swimmer Bold (but vnexpert) with those waues doest play, Whose dalliance (whorelike) is to cast thee away.

*Enter Hipollito and Bellafront.*

*Orl.* And here's another Vesseil; (better fraught, But as ill man'd) her sinking will be wraught, If rescue come not: like a Man of warre Ile therefore brauely out: somewhat Ile doe, And either saue them both, or perish too. *Exit.*

*Hip.* It is my fate to be bewitched by those eyes.

*Bel.* Fate? your folly.

Why should my face thus mad you? 'las, those colours. Are wound vp long agoe, which beauty spred, The flowres that once grew here, are withered. You turn'd my blacke soule white, made it looke new, And should I sinne, it ne'r should be with you.

*Hip.*



*The Honest Whore.*

*Hip.* Your hand, Ile offer you faire play : When first  
We met i'th Lists together, you remember  
You were a common Rebell ; with one parlee  
I won you to come in.

*Bel.* You did.

*Hip.* Ile try  
If now I can beate downe this Chastity  
With the same Ordnance ; will you yeeld this Fort,  
If with the power of Argument now (as then)  
I get of you the conquest : as before  
I turnd you honest, now to turne you whore,  
By force of strong perswasion?

*Bel.* If you can,  
I yeeld.

*Hip.* The allarm's strucke vp : I'm your man.

*Bel.* A woman giues defiance.

*Hip.* Sit.

*Bel.* Beginne :

'Tis a braue battaile to encounter sinne.

*Hip.* You men that are to fight in the same warre,  
To which I'm prest, and pleade at the same barre,  
To winne a woman, if you wud haue me speed,  
Send all your wishes.

*Bel.* No doubt y'are heard, proceede.

*Hip.* To be a Harlot, that you stand vpon,  
The very name's a charme to make you one,  
Harlot was a Dame of so diuine  
And rauishing touch, that she was Concubine  
To an English King : her sweet bewitching eye  
Did the Kings heart-strings in such loue-knots tye,  
That euen the coyest was proud when she could heare  
Men say, Behold ; another Harlot there ;  
And after her all women that were faire  
Were Harlots call'd, as to this day some are :  
Besides her dalliance, she so well does mix,  
That she's in Latine call'd the *Meretrix*.  
Thus for the name ; for the profession, this,

Who

*The Honest Whore.*

Who liues in bondage, liu' & lac'd, the chiefe blisse  
This world below can yeeld, is liberty :  
And who (than whores) with looser wings dare flie ?  
As *Iuno's* proud bird spreads the fairest taile,  
So does a Strumpet hoist the loftiest saile.  
She's no mans slaue ; (men are her slaues) her eye  
Moues not on wheeles screwd vp with Iealowsie.  
She (Horst, or Coacht) does merry iourneys make,  
Free as the Sunne in his gilt Zodiake :  
As brauely does she shine, as fast she's driuen,  
But staies not long in any house of Heauen :  
But shifts from Signe, to Signe, her amorous prizes  
More rich being when she's downe, then when she rizes.  
In brieft, Gentlemen haunt them, Soldiers fight for them,  
Few men but know them, few or none abhorre them :  
Thus (for sport sake) speake I, as to a woman,  
Whom (as the worst ground) I would turne to common :  
But you I would enclose for mine owne bed.

*Bel.* So should a husband be dishonoured.

*Hip.* Dishonoured ? not a whit : to fall to one  
(Besides your husband) is to fall to none,  
For one no number is.

*Bel.* Faith, should you take  
One in your bed, would you that reckoning make ?  
'Tis time you sound retreat.

*Hip.* Say, haue I wonne,  
Is the day ours ?

*Bel.* The battaile's but halfe done,  
None but your selfe haue yet sounded alarmes,  
Let vs strike too, else you dishonour armes.

*Hip.* If you can win the day,  
The glorie's yours.

*Bel.* To proue a woman should not be a whore,  
When she was made, she had one man, and no more,  
Yet she was tied to lawes then, for (euen than)  
'Tis said, she was not made for men, but man.  
Anon, t'increase carths brood, the law was varied,



*The Honest Whore.*

Men should take many wiues : and tho they married  
According to that Act, yet 'tis not knowne,  
But that those wiues were onely tied to one.  
New Parliaments were since : for now one woman  
Is shared betweene three hundred, nay she's common ;  
Common ? as spotted Leopards, whom for sport  
Men hunt, to get the flesh, but care not for't.  
So spread they Nets of gold, and tune their Calls,  
To inchaunt silly women to take falls :  
Swearing they are Angels, (which that they may win)  
They'll hire the Deuill to come with false Dice in.  
Oh Sirens suttile tunes ! your selues you flatter,  
And our weake sex betray, so men loue water ;  
It serues to wash their hands, but (being once foule)  
The water downe is powred, cast out of doores,  
And euen of such base vse doe men make whores.  
A Harlot (like a Hen) more sweetnes reapes,  
To picke men one by one vp, then in heapes :  
Yet all feeds but confounding. Say you should taste me,  
I serue but for the time, and when the day  
Of warre is done, am casheerd out of pay:  
If like lame Soldiers I could beg, that's all,  
And there's lusts Rendez-vous; an Hospitall.  
Who then would be a mans slaue, a mans woman ?  
She's halfe staru'd the first day that feeds in Common.

*Hip.* You should not feed so, but with me alone.

*Bel.* If I drinke poison by stealth, is't not all one?  
Is't not ranke poison still? with you alone !  
Nay say you spide a Curtezan, whose soft side  
To touch, you'd sell your birth-right for one kisse,  
Be rack'd, she's won, y'are sated: what followes this?  
Oh, then you curse that Bawd that toald you in,  
(The Night) you curse your lust, you loath the sin,  
You loath her very sight, and ere the day  
Arise, you rise glad when y'are stolne away.  
Euen then when you are drunke with all her sweets,  
There's no true pleasure in a Strumpets sheetes.

Women, whom Lust so prostitutes to sale,  
Like Dancers vpon ropes; once seene, are stale.

*Hip.* If all the threds of Harlots lyues are spun,  
So coorse as you would make them, tell me why  
You so long loued the trade?

*Bel.* If all the threds  
Of Harlots lyues be fine as you would make them,  
Why doe not you perswade your wife turne whore,  
And all Dames else to fall before that sin?  
Like an ill husband (tho I knew the same,  
To be my vndoing) followed I that game.  
Oh when the worke of Lust had earn'd my bread,  
To taste it, how I trembled, lest each bit,  
Ere it went downe, should choake me (chewing it?),  
My bed seem'd like a Cabin hung in Hell,  
The Bawde Hells Porter, and the lickorish wine  
The Pander fetch'd, was like an easie Fine,  
For which, me thought I leas'd away my soule,  
And oftentimes (euen in my quaffing bowle)  
Thus said I to my selfe, I am a whore,  
And haue drunke downe thus much confusion more.

*Hip.* It is a common rule, and 'tis most true,  
Two of one trade neuer loue; no more doe you.  
Why are you sharpe 'gainst that you once profest?

*Bel.* Why doate you on that, which you did once detest?  
I cannot (seeing she's wouen of such bad stuffe)  
Set colours on a Harlot base enough.  
Nothing did make me, when I loued them best,  
To loath them more then this: when in the street  
A faire yong modest Damsell I did meet,  
She seem'd to all a Doue (when I pass'd by)  
And I (to all) a Rauens: euery eye  
That followed her, went with a bashfull glance.  
At me, each bold and ieering countenance  
Darted forth scorne: to her (as if she had bin  
Some Tower vnvvanquished) would they vaile,  
'Gainst me swolne Rumor hoisted euery saile.



*The Honest Whore.*

She (crown'd with reuerend praises) passed by them,  
I (tho with face maskt) could not scape the hem,  
For (as if Heauen had set strange markes on Whores,  
Because they should be pointing stocks to man)  
Drest vp in ciuilest shape a Curtizan.  
Let her walke Saint-like, notelesse, and vnknowne,  
Yet she's betraid by some tricke of her owne.  
Were Harlots therefore wise, they'd be sold deare:  
For men account them good but for one yeere:  
And then like Almanackes (whose dates are gone)  
They are throwne by, and no more lookt vpon.  
Who'le therefore backward fall, who will lanch forth  
In Seas so foule, for ventures no more worth?  
Lusts voiage hath (if not this course) this crosse,  
Buyne'r so cheape, your Ware comes home with losse.  
What, shall I sound retreat? the battaile's done:  
Let the world iudge which of vs two haue won.

*Hip. I!*

*Bel.* You? nay then as cowards doe in fight,  
What by blowes cannot, shall be saued by flight. *Exit.*

*Hip.* Flie to earths fixed Center: to the Caues  
Of euerlasting horror, Ile pursue thee,  
(Tho loaden with sinnes) euen to Hells brazen doores.  
Thus wisest men turne fooles, doting on whores. *Exit.*

*Enter the Duke, Lodouico, and Orlando: after them Infelice,  
Carolo, Astolfo, Beraldo, Fontinell.*

*Orl.* I beseech your Grace (tho your eye be so piercing) as  
vnder a poore blue Coate, to cull out an honest Father from  
an old Seruingman: yet good my Lord discouer not the plot  
to any, but onely this Gentleman that is now to be an  
Actor in our ensuing Comedy.

*Duke.* Thou hast thy wish, Orlando, passe vnknowne,  
*Sforza* shall onely goe along with thee,  
To see that Warrant serued vpon thy Sonne.

*Lod.* To attach him vpon felony, for 2. Pedlers: is't not so?

*The Honest Whore.*

*Orl.* Right, my Noble Knight : those Pedlers were two Knaues of mine ; he fleec'd the men before, and now he purposes to flea the Master. He will rob me, his teeth water to be nibbling at my gold, but this shal hang him by'th gills, till I pull him on shore.

*Duke.* Away : ply you the businesse.

*Orl.* Thankes to your Grace ; but my good Lord, for my Daughter.

*Duke.* You know what I haue said.

*Orl.* And remember what I haue sworne : She's more honest, on my soule, then one of the Turkes Wenches, watcht by a hundred Eunuches.

*Lod.* So she had need, for the Turkes make them whores.

*Orl.* He's a Turke that makes any woman a Whore, hee's no true Christian I'm sure. I commit your Grace.

*Duke.* *Infalico.*

*Infal.* Here, sir.

*Lod.* *Signior Friscabaldo.*

*Orl.* Frisking agen, *Pacheco* ?

*Lod.* Vds so, *Pacheco* ? wee'il haue some sport with this Warrant : 'tis to apprehend all suspected persons in the house : Besides, there's one *Bots* a Fander, and one *Madam Horsleach* a Bawde, that haue abus'd my friend, those two Coneyes will we ferret into the pursenet.

*Orl.* Let me alone for dabbing them o'th necke : come, come.

*Lod.* Doe ye heare, Gallants ? meet me anon at *Matheos*.

*Omnes.* Enough.

*Exeant* *Lodouico* & *Orlando*.

*Duke.* Th'old Fellow sings that note thou didst before,  
Onely his tunes are, that she is no Whore,  
But that she sent his Letters and his gifts,  
Out of a Noble Triumph o're his Lust,  
To shew she trampled his Assaults in dust.

*Infal.* 'Tis a good honest seruant, that old man.

*Duke.* I doubt no lesse.

*Infal.* And it may be my husband,  
Because when once this woman was vnmaskt,

He



*The Honest Whore.*

He leueld all her thoughts, and made them fit:  
Now he'd marre all agen, to try his wit.

*Duke.* It may be so too, for to turne a Harlot  
Honest, it must be by strong Antidots,  
'Tis rare, as to see Panthers change their spots.  
And when she's once a Starre (fixed) and shines bright,  
Tho'twere impiety then to dim her light,  
Because we see such Tapers seldome burne.  
Yet 'tis the pride and glory of some men,  
To change her to a blazing Starre agen,  
And it may be, *Hippolyto* does no more.  
It cannot be, but y'are acquainted all  
With that same madnesse of our Sonne-in-law,  
That dotes so on a Curtizan.

*Omnes.* Yes, my Lord.

*Car.* All the City thinks he's a Whoremonger.

*Ast.* Yet I warrant, he'll sweare, no man markes him.

*Ber.* 'Tis like so, for when a man goes a wenching, is as if  
he had a strong stincking breath, euery one smells him out,  
yet he feesles it not, tho it be rancker then the sweat of six-  
teene Bearewarders.

*Duke.* I doubt then you haue all those stincking breaths,  
You might be all smelt out.

*Car.* Troth my Lord, I thinke we are all as you ha bin in  
your youth when you went a Maying, we all loue to heare  
the Cuckoo sing vpon other mens Trees.

*Duke.* It's well yet you confesse: but Girle, thy bed  
Shall not be parted with a Curtizan— 'Tis strange,  
No frowne of mine, no frowne of the poore Lady,  
(My abused child, his wife) no care of fame,  
Of Honor, Heauen or Hell, no not that name  
Of Common Strumpet, can affright, or woo  
Him to abandon her; the Harlot does vndoe him,  
She has bewitched him, robd him of his shape,  
Turnd him into a beast, his reason's lost,  
You see he lookes wild, does he not?

*Car.* I ha noted new Moones



*The Honest Whore.*

*Car.* Twere a Morris dance worth the seeing.

*Ast.* But the old Fox is too crafty, we shall hardly hunt out of his den.

*Mat.* To that traine I ha giuen fire already; and the hook to draw him hither, is to see certaine pieces of Lawne, which I told him I haue to sell, and indeed haue such: fetch them downe, *Pacheco.*

*Orl.* Yes, sir, I'm your Water-spanniell, and will fetch any thing: but Ile fetch one dish of meat anon, shall turne your stomacke, and that's a Constable. *Exit.*

*Enter Bots ushering Mistris Horsleach.*

*Omnes.* How now? how now?

*Car.* What Gally-foist is this?

*Lod.* Peace, two dishes of stew'd prunes, a Bawde and a Pander. My worthy Lieutenant *Bots*; why, now I see th'art a man of thy word, welcome; welcome Mistris *Horsleach*: Pray Gentlemen, salute this reuerend Matron.

*Horsf.* Thankes to all your Worships.

*Lod.* I bade a Drawer send in wine too: did none come along with thee (*Grannam*) but the Lieutenant?

*Horsf.* None came along with me but *Bots*, if it like your Worship.

*Bots.* Who the pox should come along with you but *Bots*?

*Enter two Vintners.*

*Omnes.* Oh braue monarch faire.

*Lod.* Are you come? that's well.

*Mat.* Here's Ordnance able to sacke a City.

*Lod.* Come, repeat, read this Inuentory.

1. *Vint.* *Imprimis*, a pottle of Greeke wine, a pottle of Peter sa meene, a pottle of Charnico, and a pottle of Ziattica.

*Lod.* Are paid?

2. *Vint.* Yes, Sir.

*Exeunt Vintners.*

*Mat.* So shall some of vs be anon, I feare.

*Bots.* Here's a hot day towards: but zounds, this is the life



*The Honest Whore.*

life out of which a Soldier sucks sweetnesse, when this Artillery goes off roundly, some must drop to the ground: Cannon, Demy-cannon, Saker, and Basalisk.

*Lod.* Giue fire, Lieutenant.

*Bots.* So, so: Must I venture first vpon the breach? to you all, Gallants: *Bots* sets vpon you all.

*Omnes.* Its hard (*Bots*) if we pepper not you, as well as you pepper vs.

*Enter Candido.*

*Lod.* My noble Linnen Draper! Some wine: Welcome old Lad.

*Mat.* Y'are welcome, Signior.

*Cand.* These Lawnes, sir?

*Mat.* Presently, my man is gone for them: we ha rigged a Fleet, you see here, to saile about the world.

*Cand.* A dangerous Voyage, sailing in such Ships.

*Bots.* There's no casting ouer-boord yet.

*Lod.* Because you are an old Lady, I will haue you be acquainted with this graue Cittizen, pray bestow your lips vpon him, and bid him welcome.

*Horsf.* Any Cittizen shall be most welcome to me: — I haue vsed to buy ware at your shop.

*Cand.* It may be so, good Madam.

*Horsf.* Your Prentices know my dealings well; I trust your good wife be in good case: if it please you, beare her a token from my lips, by word of mouth.

*Cand.* I pray no more forsooth, 'tis very well, indeed I loue no sweet meats: — Sh'as a breath stinkes worse then fifty Polecats. Sir, a word, is she a Lady?

*Lod.* A woman of a good house, and an ancient, shee's a Bawde.

*Cand.* A Bawde? Sir, Ile steale hence, and see your Lawnes some other time.

*Mat.* Steale out of such company? *Pacheco?* my man is but gone for em: Lieutenant *Bots*, drinke to this worthy old fellow, and teach him to flie hie.

*The Honest Whore.*

*Bots.* Me? Sirrr.

*Billmen.* And Sirrr.

*Const.* If he swagger, raise the street.

*Bots.* Gentlemen, Gentlemen, whither will you drag vs?

*Lod.* To the Garden house. *Bots,* are we euen with you?

*Const.* To Bridewell with em.

*Bots.* You will answer this.

*Exeunt.*

*Const.* Better then a challenge, I haue warrant for my worke, sir.

*Lod.* Wee'll goe before.

*Exeunt.*

*Const.* Pray doe.

Who, *Signior Candido*? a Cittizen of your degree conformed thus, and reuelling in such a house?

*Cand.* Why, sir? what house I pray?

*Const.* Lewd, and defamed.

*Cand.* Is't so? thanks, sir: I'm gone.

*Const.* What haue you there?

*Cand.* Lawnes which I bought, sir, of the Gentleman that keeps the house.

*Const.* And I haue warrant here, to search for such stolne Ware: these Lawnes are stolne.

*Cand.* Indeed!

*Const.* So he's the Thiefe, you the Receiuer: I'm sorry for this chance, I must commit you.

*Cand.* Me, sir, for what?

*Const.* These Goods are found vpon you, and you must answer't.

*Cand.* Must I so?

*Const.* Most certaine.

*Cand.* Ile send for Bayle.

*Const.* I dare not: yet because you are a Cittizen of worth, you shall not be made a pointing stocke, but without Guard passe onely with my selfe.

*Cand.* To Bridewell too?

*Const.* No remedy.

*Cand.* Yes, patience: being not mad, they had mee once to Bedlam,

Now



Now I'm drawne to Bridewell, louing no Whores.

*Const.* You will buy Lawne? —

*Exeunt.*

*Enter at one doore Hipollito; at another, Lodouico, Astolfo,  
Carolo, Beraldo, Fontinell.*

*Lod.* Yonder's the Lord *Hipollito*, by any meanes leaue him and me together: Now will I turne him to a Madman.

*Omnes.* Saue you, my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

*Lod.* I ha strange newes to tell you.

*Hip.* What are they?

*Lod.* Your Mare's i'th pound.

*Hip.* How's this?

*Lod.* Your Nightingale is in a Limebush.

*Hip.* Ha?

*Lod.* Your Puritanicall *Honest Whore* sits in a blue gowne.

*Hip.* Blue Gowne!

*Lod.* She'll chalke out your way to her now: she beats chalke.

*Hip.* Where, who dares?

*Lod.* Doe you know the Bricke-house of Castigation, by the Riuer side that runnes by *Millan*: the Schoole where they pronounce no letter well but O?

*Hip.* I know it not.

*Lod.* Any man that has borne Office of Constable, or any woman that has falne from a Horse-load to a Cart-load, or like an old Hen that has had none but rotten egges in her nest, can direct you to her: there you shall see your Puncke amongst her back-friends, there you may haue her at your will, for there she beates Chalke, or grindes in the Mill, with a whip deedle, deedle, deedle, deedle; ah little monkey.

*Hip.* What Rogue durst serue that Warrant, knowing I loued her?

*Lod.* Some Worshipfull Rascall, I lay my life.

*Hip.* Ile beat the Lodgings downe about their eares  
That are her Keepers.

*Lod.* So you may bring an old house ouer her head.

*Hip.* Ile to her —

*The Honest Whore.*

He to her, stood armed Fiends to guard the doores. *Exit.*

*Lod.* Oh me! what Monsters are men made by whores?  
If this false fire doe kindle him, there's one Faggot  
More to the bonfire, now to my Bridewell Birds,  
What Song will they sing? *Exit.*

*Enter Duke, Carolo, Astolfo, Beraldo, Fontinell, three  
or foure Masters of Bridewell: Infælice.*

*Duke.* Your Bridewell: that the name? for beauty, strength,  
Capacity and forme of ancient building,  
(Besides the Riuers neighbourhood) few houses  
Wherein we keepe our Court can better it.

*1. Master.* Hither from forraigne Courts haue Princes come,  
And with our Duke did Acts of State Commence,  
Here that great Cardinall had first audience,  
(The graue Campayne,) that Duke dead, his Sonne  
(That famous Prince) gaue free possession  
Of this his Palace, to the Cittizens,  
To be the poore mans ware-house: and endowed it  
With Lands to'th valew of seuen hundred marke,  
With all the bedding and the furniture, once proper  
(As the Lands then were) to an Hospitall  
Belonging to a Duke of *Sausoy*. Thus  
Fortune can toss the World, a Princes Court  
Is thus a prison now.

*Duke.* 'Tis Fortunes sport:  
These changes common are: the Wheele of Fate  
Turnes Kingdomes vp, till they fall desolate.  
But how are these seuen hundred Markes by'th yeere  
Impleyde in this your Worke-house?

*1. Master.* Warre and Peace  
Feed both vpon those Lands: when the Iron doores  
Of warres burst open, from this House are sent  
Men furnisht in all Martiall Complement.  
The Moone hath thorow her Bow scarce drawn to'th head,  
(Like to twelue Silver Arrowes) all the Moneths,

*Since*



*The Honest Whore.*

Since 1600. Soldiers went aboard :  
Here Prouidence and Charity play such parts,  
The House is like a very Schoole of Arts,  
For when our Soldiers (like Ships driuen from Sea,  
With ribs all broken, and with tattered sides,)  
Cast anchor here agen, their ragged backes  
How often doe we couer? that (like men)  
They may be sent to their owne Homes agen.  
All here are but one swarme of Bees, and Itriue  
To bring with wearied thighs honey to the Hiue.  
The sturdy Begger, and the lazy Lowne,  
Gets here hard hands, or lac'd Correction.  
The Vagabond growes stay'd, and learnes to'bey,  
The Drone is beaten well, and sent away  
As other prisons are, (some for the Thiefe,  
Some, by which vndone Credit gets reliefe  
From bridled Debtors; others for the poore)  
So this is for the Bawd, the Rogue, and Whore.

*Car.* An excellent Teeme of Horse.

*I. Master.* Nor is it seene,  
That the whip drawes blood here, to coole the Spleene  
Of any rugged Bencher : nor does offence  
Feele smart, or spitefull, or rash euidence :  
But pregnant testimony forth must stand,  
Ere Iustice leaue them in the Beadles hand,  
As Iron, on the Anuill are they laid,  
Not to take blowes alone, but to be made  
And fashioned to some Charitable vse.

*Duke.* Thus wholsom'st Lawes spring from the worst  
abuse.

*Enter Orlando before Bellafront.*

*Bel.* Let mercy touch your heart-strings (gracious Lord)  
That it may sound like musike in the eare  
Of a man desperate, (being i'th hands of Law.)

*Duke.* His name?

*Bel.* *Mathew.*

*Duke.*

*The Honest Whore.*

*Duke.* For a robbery? where is she? } *Exit Bel. & one of the*  
*Bel.* In this House. } *Masters of Bridewell.*

*Duke.* Fetch you him hither—

Is this the Party?

*Orl.* This is the Hen, my Lord, that the Cocke (with the Lordly combe) your Sonne-in-law would crow ouer, and tread.

*Duke.* Are your two Seruants ready?

*Orl.* My two Pedlers are pack'd together, my good Lord.

*Duke.* 'Tis well: this day in Iudgement shall be spent,  
Vice (like a wound launc'd) mends by punishment.

*Insa.* Let me be gone, my Lord, or stand vnseene;  
'Tis rare when a Iudge strikes, and that none dye,  
And 'tis vnfit then, women should be by.

*i. Master.* Wee'll place you, Lady, in some priuat roome.

*Insa.* Pray doe so. *Exit.*

*Orl.* Thus nice Dames sweare, it is vnfit their eyes  
Sould view men caru'd vp for Anatomies,  
Yet they'll see all, so they may stand vnseene,  
Many women sure will sinne behind a Skreene.

*Enter Lodouico.*

*Lod.* Your Sonne (the Lord *Hipollito*) is entred.

*Duke.* Tell him we wish his presence. A word *Storfa*:  
On what wings flew he hither?

*Lod.* These, I told him— his Larke whom he loued, was  
a Bridewell Bird, he's mad that this Cage should hold her,  
and is come to let her out.

*Duke.* 'Tis excellent: away, goe call him hither. *Exit. Lod.*

*Enter one of the Governours of the House, Bellafront after him  
with Matheo, after him the Constable. Enter at another  
doore, Lodouico and Hipollito: Orlando steps  
forth and brings in two Pedlers.*

*Duke.* You are to vs a stranger (worthy Lord)  
'Tis strange to see you here.

*Hip.*



The Honest Whore.

*Hip.* It is most fit,  
That where the Sunne goes, *Attomyes* follow it.

*Duke.* *Attomyes* neither shape, nor honour beare:  
Be you your selfe, a Sunne-beame to shine cleare.

Is this the Gentleman? Stand forth & heare your accusation.

*Mat.* Ile heare none: I flie hie in that: rather then Kites  
shall seize vpon me, and picke out mine eyes to my face, Ile  
strike my tallons thorow mine owne heart first, and spit my  
blood in theirs: I am here for shriuing those two fooles of  
their sinfull packe: when those Iack-dawes haue cawde o-  
uer me, then must I cry guilty, or not guilty; the Law has  
worke enough already, and therefore Ile put no worke of  
mine into his hands, the Hangman shall ha't first, I did pluck  
those Ganders, did rob them.

*Duke.* 'Tis well done to confesse.

*Mat.* Confesse and be hanged, and then I flie hie, is't not  
so? that for that a gallowes is the worst rub that a good  
Bowler can meet with: I stumbled against such a post, else  
this night I had plaid the part of a true Sonne in these daies,  
vndone my Father-in-law, with him: wud I ha run at leape-  
frogge, and come ouer his gold, tho I had broke his necke  
for't: but the poore Salmon Trout is now in the Net.

*Hip.* And now the Law must teach you to flie hie.

*Mat.* Right, my Lord, and then may you flie low; no more  
words, a Mouse, Mum, you are stop'd.

*Bel.* Be good to my poore husband, deare my Lords.

*Mat.* Assie, why shouldst thou pray them to be good to  
me, when no man here is good to one another?

*Duke.* Did any hand worke in this theft but yours?

*Mat.* O, yes, my Lord, yes: — the Hangman has neuer  
one Sonne at a birth; his Children alwaies come by couples:  
Tho I cannot giue the old dog, my Father, a bone to gnaw,  
the Daughter shall bee sure of a Choke-peare. — Yes, my  
Lord, there was one more that fiddled my fine Pedlers, and  
that was my wife.

*Bel.* Alas, I?

*Orl.* O euerlasting, supernaturall superlative Villaine!

*The Honest Whore*

*Omnes.* Your wife, *Matheo*?

*Hip.* Sure it cannot be.

*Mat.* Oh, Sir, you loue no quarters of Mutton that hang vp, you loue none but whole Mutton; she set the robbery, I perform'd it; she spur'd me on, I gallop'd away.

*Orl.* My Lords.

*Bel.* My Lords, (fellow giue me speach) if my poore life may ranfome thine, I yeeld it to the Law,  
Thou hurt'st thy soule (yet wipest off no offence)

By casting blots vpon my Innocence :

Let not these spare me, but tell truth : no, see

Who slips his necke out of the misery,

Tho not out of the mischief : let thy Seruant

That shared in this base Act, accuse me here,

Why should my Husband perish, he goe cleare ?

*Orl.* A god Child, hang thine owne Father.

*Duke.* Old fellow, was thy hand in too?

*Orl.* My hand was in the Pye, my Lord, I confesse it : my Mistris I see, will bring me to the Gallowes, and so leaue me; but Ile not leaue her so: I had rather hang in a womans company, then in a mans; because if we should go to hell together, I should scarce be letten in, for all the Devils are afraid to haue any women come amongst them, as I am true Thiefe, she neither consented to this felony, nor knew of it.

*Duke.* What fury prompts thee on to kill thy wife ?

*Mat.* It's my humor, Sir, 'tis a foolish Bag-pipe that I make my selfe merry with : why should I eate hempe-seed at the Hangmans thirteene-pence halfe-penny Ordinary, and haue this whore laugh at me as I swing, as I totter ?

*Duke.* Is she a Whore ?

*Mat.* A sixe-penny Mutton Pasty, for any to cut vp.

*Orl.* Ah, Toad, Toad, Toad.

*Mat.* A Barbers Citterne for euery Sewingman to play vpon, that Lord, your Sonne, knowes it.

*Hip.* I, sir, am I her Bawd then ?

*Mat.* No, sir, but she's your Whore then,

*Orl.* Yea Spider, dost catch at great Flies ?

*Hip.*



*The Honest Whore.*

*Hip.* My Whore?

*Mat.* I cannot talke, sir, and tell of your Rems, and your rees, and your whirligigs, and deuices: but, my Lord, I found em like Sparrowes in one nest, billing together, and bulling of me, I tooke em in bed, was ready to kill him was vp to stab her——

*Hip.* Cloze thy ranke Iawes: pardon me, I am vexed,  
Thou art a Villaine, a malicious Deuill,  
Deepe as the place where thou art lost, thou lyeft,  
Since I am thus far got into this storme,  
Ile thorow, and thou shalt see Ile thorow vntoucht,  
When thou shalt perish in it.

*Enter Infælice.*

*Infæ.* 'Tis my cue

To enter now: roome, let my Prize be plaid,  
I ha lurk'd in Cloudes, yet heard what all haue said,  
What Iury more can proue, she has wrong'd my bed,  
Then her owne husband, she must be punished;  
I challenge Law, my Lord, Letters, and Gold, and Jewels  
From my Lord that woman tooke.

*Hip.* Against that blacke-mouthed Deuill, against Letters,  
and Gold,  
And against a ieaalous Wife I doe vphold,  
Thus farre her reputation, I could sooner  
Shake the Appenine, and crumble Rockes to dust,  
Then (tho *loves* showre rayned downe) tempt her to lust.

*Bel.* What shall I say?

*Hee discovers himselfe.*

*Orl.* Saythou art not a Whore, and that's more then  
fifteene women (amongst fise hundred) dare sweare with-  
out lying: this shalt thou say, no let mee say't for thee; thy  
Husband's a Knaue, this Lord's an honest Man; thou art no  
Puncke, this Lady's a right Lady. *Pacheco* is a Thiefe as his  
Master is, but old *Orlando* is as true a man as thy Father is:  
I ha seene you flie hie, sir, & I ha seene you flie low, sir, and to  
keepe you from the Gallowes, sir, a blue Coat haue I worne,  
and a Thiefe did I turne, mine owne men are the Pedlers, my

*The Honest Whore.*

twenty pound did flie hic, fir, your wiues Gowne did flie low, fir: whither flie you now, fir? you ha scap'd the Gallowes, to the Deuill you flie next, fir. Am I right, my Liege?

*Duke.* Your Father has the true Phisicion plaid.

*Mat.* And I am now his Patient.

*Hip.* And be so still, 'tis a good signe when our cheekes blush at ill.

*Const.* The Linnen Draper (*Signior Candido*)  
He whom the Citty tearmes the Patient man,  
Is likewise here for buying of those Lawnes  
The Pedlers lost.

*Inse.* Alas good *Candido*.

*Exit. Constable.*

*Duke.* Fetch him: and when these payments vp are cast,  
Weigh out your light Gold, but let's haue them all.

*Enter Candido, and Constable.*

*Duke.* In Brideweil, *Candido*?

*Cand.* Yes, my good Lord.

*Duke.* What make you here?

*Cand.* My Lord, what make you here?

*Duke.* I'm here to saue right, and to driue wrong hence.

*Cand.* And I to beare wrong here with patience.

*Duke.* You ha bought stolne Goods.

*Cand.* So they doe say, my Lord,

Yet bought I them vpon a Gentlemans word,

And I imagine now, as I thought then,

That there be Theeues, but no Theeues Gentlemen.

*Hip.* Your Credit's crack'd being here.

*Cand.* No more then Gold

Being crack'd which does his estimation hold.

I was in Bedlam once, but was I mad?

They made me pledge Whores healths, but am I bad,

Because I'm with bad people?

*Duke.* Well, stand by,

If you take wrong, wee'll cure the iniury.

*Enter*



Enter Constable, after them Bots, after him two Beadles, one with Hemp, the other with a Beetle.

Duke. Stay, stay, what's he? a prisoner?

Const. Yes, my Lord.

Hip. He seemes a Soldier?

Bots. I am what I seeme, Sir, one of Fortunes Bastards, a Soldier, and a Gentleman, and am brought in here with Master Constables band of Bilmen, because they face mee downe that I liue (like those that keepe Bowling-alleyes) by the finnes of the people, in being a Squire of the body.

Hip. Oh, an Apple-squire.

Bots. Yes, sir, that degree of scuruy Squiers, and that I am maintained by the best part that is commonly in a woman, by the worst players of those parts, but I am knowne to all this company.

Lod. My Lord, 'tis true, we all know him, 'tis Lieutenant Bots.

Duke. Bots, and where ha you serued, Bots?

Bots. In most of your hottest Seruices in the Low-countries: at the *Groyne* I was wounded in this thigh, and halted vpon't, but 'tis now sound. In *Cleveland* I mist but little, hauing the bridge of my nose broken downe with two great stones, as I was scaling a Fort: I ha bene tryed, Sir, too, in *Gelderland*, and scap'd hardly there from being blown vp at a Breach: I was fired, and lay i'th Surgeons hands for't, till the fall of the leafe following.

Hip. All this may be, and yet you no Soldier.

Bots. No Soldier, sir? I hope these are Seruices that your proudest Commanders doe venture vpon, and neuer come off sometimes.

Duke. Well, sir, because you say you are a Soldier, Ile vse you like a Gentleman: make roome there, Plant him amongst you, we shall haue anon Strange Hawkes flie here before vs: if none light on you, You shall with freedome take your flight:

*The Honest Whore.*

But if you proue a Bird of baser wing,  
Wee'll vse you like such Birds, here you shall sing.

*Bots.* I wish to be tried at no other weapon.

*Duke.* Why, is he furnisht with those in plyments?

*1. Master.* The Pander is more dangerous to a State,  
Then is the common Thiefe, and tho our lawes  
Lie heauier on the Thiefe, yet that the Pander  
May know the Hangmans ruffe should fit him too,  
Therefore he's set to beat Hempe.

*Duke.* This does saour  
Of Iustice, basest Slaues to basest labour.  
Now pray, set open Hell, and let vs see  
The Shee-Deuils that are here.

*Inf.* Me thinkes this place  
Should make euen *Lais* honest.

*1. Master.* Some it turnes good,  
But (as some men whose hands are once in blood,  
Doe in a pride spill more) so, some going hence,  
Are (by being here) lost in more impudence:  
Let it not to them (when they come) appeare,  
That any one does as their Iudge sit here:  
But that as Gentlemen you come to see,  
And then perhaps their tongues will walke more free.

*Duke.* Let them be marshall'd in: be couerd all,  
Fellowes, now to make the Sceane more Comickall.

*Car.* Will not you be smelt out, *Bots.*

*Bots.* No, your brauest whores haue the worst noses.

*Enter two of the Masters: a Constable after them, then Dorathca  
Target, braue, after her two Beaulles, th'one with a  
wheele, the other with a blue Gowne.*

*Lod.* Are not you a Bride, forsooth?

*Dor.* Say yee?

*Car.* He wud know, if these be not your Bridemen.

*Dor.* Vuh, yes, sir: and looke yee, doe you see the Bride-  
laces that I giue at my wedding, will serue to tye Rosemary



*The Honest Whore.*

to both your Coffins when you come from hanging—Scab?

*Orl.* Fie, Puncke, fie, fie, fie.

*Dor.* Out you stale stinking head of Garlicke, foh, at my heeles.

*Orl.* My head's clouen.

*Hip.* O, let the Gentlewoman alone, she's going to shrift.

*Ast.* Nay to doe penance.

*Car.* I, I, goe Puncke, goe to the Crosse and be whipt.

*Dor.* Mary mew, mary muffle, mary hang you Goodman Dog: whipt? doe yee take me for a base Spittle whore? in troth Gentlemen, you weare the cloathes of Gentlemen, but you carry not the mindes of Gentlemen, to abuse a Gentlewoman of my fashion.

*Lod.* Fashion? pox a your fashions, art not a whore?

*Dor.* Goodman Slaue.

*Duke.* O fie, abuse her not, let vs two talke,  
What mought I call your name, pray?

*Cor.* I'm not ashamed of my name, Sir, my name is *Mistris Doll Target*, a Westerne Gentlewoman.

*Lod.* Her Target against any Pike in *Millan*.

*Duke.* Why is this wheele borne after her?

*i. Master.* She must spinne.

*Dor.* A coorse thred it shall be, as all threds are.

*Ast.* If you spin, then you'll earne money here too?

*Dor.* I had rather get halfe a Crowne abroad, then ten Crownes here.

*Orl.* Abroad? I thinke so.

*Inse.* Docst thou not weepe now thou art here?

*Dor.* Say yee? weepe? yes forsooth, as you did when you lost your Maidenhead: doe you not heare how I weep?

*Sings.*

*Lod.* Farewell *Doll*.

*Dor.* Farewell *Dog*.

*Exit.*

*Duke.* Past shame: past penitence, why is that blue Gowne?

*i. Master.* Being stript out of her wanton loose attire,  
That Garment she puts on, base to the eye,  
Onely to cloath her in humility.

*Duke.*

*The Honest Whore.*

*Duke.* Are all the rest like this?

*1. Master.* No, my good Lord.

You see, this Drab swells with a wanton reyne,  
The next that enters has a different straine.

*Duke.* Variety is good, let's see the rest. *Exit Master.*

*Bots.* Your Grace sees I'm sound yet, & no Bullets hit me.

*Duke.* Come off so, and 'tis well.

*Omnes.* Here's the second Messe.

*Enter the two Masters, after them the Constable, after him  
Penelope Whore-hound, like a Cittizens wife, after her two  
Beadles, one with a blue Gowne, another with  
Chalke and a Mallet.*

*Pen.* I ha worne many a costly Gowne, but I was neuer  
thus guarded with blue Coats, and Beadies, and Constables,  
and ———

*Car.* Alas faire Mistris, spoyle not thus your eyes.

*Pen.* Oh sweet sir, I feare the spoyling of other places a-  
bout me that are dearer then my eyes; if you be Gentlemen,  
if you be men, or euer came of a woman, pittie my case, stand  
to me, sticke to me, good sir, you are an old man.

*Orl.* Hang not on me, I prethee, old Trees beare no such  
fruit.

*Pen.* Will you bayle me, Gentlemen?

*Lod.* Bayle thee, art in for debt?

*Pen.* No — is my Iudge, sir, I am in for no debts, I payd  
my Taylor for this Gowne, the last five shillings a weeke  
that was behind, yesterday.

*Duke.* What is your name, I pray?

*Pen.* Penelope Whore-hound, I come of the Whore-hounds.  
How does Lieutenant *Bots.*

*Omnes.* A ha *Bots.*

*Bots.* A very honest woman, as I'm a Soldier, a pox *Bots* ye.

*Pen.* I was neuer in this pickle before, and yet if I goe a-  
mongst Cittizens wiues, they ieere at me: if I goe among  
the Loofe-bodied Gownes, they cry a pox on me, because I  
goe ciuilly attyred, and sweare their trade was a good  
trade



trade, till such as I am tooke it out of their hands: good Lieutenant *Bots*, speake to these Captaines to bayle me.

*1. Master.* Begging for bayle still? you are a trim gossip, goe giue her the blue Gowne, set her to her chare, worke Hus-wife, for your bread, away.

*Pen.* Out you Dog, a pox on you all, women are berne to curse thee, but I shall liue to see twenty such flat-caps shaking Dice for a penny-worth of Pippins: out, you blue-eyed Rogue. *Exit.*

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Duke.* Euen now she wept, and praid, now does she curse?

*1. Master.* Secing me: if still she had staid, this had beene worse.

*Hep.* Was she euer here before?

*1. Master.* Fiue times at least,  
And thus if men come to her, haue her eyes wrung, and wept out her bayle.

*Omnes.* *Bots*, you know her?

*Bots.* Is there any Gentleman here, that knowes not a Whore, and is he a haire the worse for that?

*Duke.* Is she a Citty-dame, she's so attyred?

*1. Master.* No, my good Lord, that's onely but the vaile  
To her loose body, I haue seene her here  
In gayer Masking Suits, as seuerall Sawces  
Giue one Dish seuerall Tastes, so change of Habits  
In Whores is a bewitching Art: to day she's all in  
Colours to besot Gallants, then in modest blacke,  
To catch the Cittizen, and this from their Examinations  
Drawne, now shall you see a Monster both in shape  
And nature quite from these, that sheds no teare,  
Nor yet is nice, 'tis a plaine ramping Beare,  
Many such Whales are cast vpon this Shore.

*Omnes.* Let's see her.

*1. Master.* Then behold a swaggering Whore. *Exit.*

*Orl.* Keep your grownd, *Bots*.

*Bots.* I doe but trauerse to spy aduantage how to arme my selfe.

Enter the two Masters first, after them the Constable, after them a Beadle beating a Bason, then Catyryna Bountinall, with Mistris Horsleach, after them another Beadle with a blue head guarded with yellow.

*Cat.* Sirra, when I cry hold your hands, hold; you Rogue-Catcher, hold: Bawd, are the French Chilblaines in your heeles, that you can come no faster? are not you (Bawd) a Whores Ancient, and must not I follow my Colours?

*Hors.* O Mistris Katherine, you doe me wrong to accuse mee here as you doe, before the right Worshipfull: I am knowne for a motherly honest woman, and no Bawd.

*Cat.* Mary foh, honest? burnt at fourteene, seuen times whipt, fixe times carted, nine times duck'd, search'd by some hundred and fifty Constables, and yet you are honest? Honest Mistris *Horsleach*, is this World, a World to keepe Bawds and Whores honest? How many times hast thou giuen Gentlemen a quart of wine in a gallon pot? how many twelue-penny Fees, nay two shillings Fees, nay, when any Embassadours ha bene here, how many halfe crowne Fees hast thou taken? how many Carriers hast thou bribed for Country Wenches? how often haue I rins't your lungs in *Aqua vite*, and yet you are honest?

*Duke.* And what were you the whilest?

*Cat.* Mary hang you, Master Slaue, who made you an examiner?

*Lod.* Well said, belike this Deuill spares no man.

*Cat.* What art thou prethee?

*Bots.* Nay what art thou prethee?

*Cat.* A Whore, art thou a Thiefe?

*Bots.* A Thiefe, no, I defie the calling; I am a Soldier, haue borne Armes in the Field, bene in many a hot Skyr-mish, yet come off sound.

*Cat.* Sound with a pox to yee, yee abominable Rogue! you a Soldier? you in Skirmishes? where? amongst pottle pots in a Bawdy-house? Look, look here, you Madam

Worm-



*The Honest Whore.*

Wormeaten, doe not you know him?

*Hers.* Lieutenant *Bots*, where haue yee beene this many a day?

*Bots.* Old Bawd, doe not discredit me, seeme not to know me.

*Hers.* Not to know yee, Master *Bots*? as long as I haue breath, I cannot forget thy sweet face.

*Duke.* Why, doe you know him? he saies he is a Soldier.

*Cat.* He a Soldier? a Pander, a Dog that will licke vp sixe pence: doe yee heare, you Master Swines snout, how long is't since you held the doore for me, and cried too't agen, no body comes, yee Rogue you?

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha, y'are smelt out agen, *Bots*.

*Bots.* Pox ruyne her nose for't, and I be not reuenged for this —vm yee Bitch.

*Lod.* Dee yee heare yee Madam? why does your Ladiship swagger thus? y'are very braue, me thinkes.

*Cat.* Not at your cost, Master Cods-head, Is any man here bleare-eyed to see me braue?

*As.* Yes, I am,  
Because good Cloathes vpon a Whores backe  
Is like faire painting vpon a rotten wall.

*Cat.* Mary muffle Master Whoremalter, you come vpon me with sentences.

*Ber.* By this light has small sence for't.

*Lod.* O fie, fie, doe not vex her.  
And yet me thinkes a creature of more scuruy conditions  
Should not know what a good Petticoate were.

*Cat.* Mary come out,  
Y'are so busie about my Petticoate, you'll creepe vp to my placket, and yee cood but attaine the honour, but and the outsid'es offend your Rogueships, looke o'the lining, 'tis Silke.

*Duke.* Is't Silke 'tis lined with then?

*Cat.* Silke? I Silke, Master Slaue, you wud bee glad to wipe your nose with the skirt on't: this 'tis to come a-

*The Honest Whore.*

mong a company of Cods-heads that know not how to vse  
a Gentlewoman.

*Duke.* Tell her the Duke is here.

*1. Master.* Be modest, *Kate*, the Duke is here.

*Car.* If the Deuill were here, I care not: set forward, yee  
Rogues, and giue attendance according to your places, let  
Bawds and Whores be sad, for Ile sing and the Deuill were  
a dying. *Exeunt.*

*Duke.* Why before her does the Bason ring?

*1. Master.* It is an emblem of their reuelling,  
The whips we vse lets forth their wanton blood,  
Making them calme, and more to calme their pride,  
In stead of Coaches they in Carts doe ride.  
Will your Grace see more of this bad Ware?

*Duke.* No, shut vp shop, wee'll now breake vp the faire,  
Yet ere we part — you, sir, that take vpon yee  
The name of Soldier, that true name of worth,  
Which, action not vaine boasting best sets forth,  
To let you know how farre a Soldiers name  
Stands from your title, and to let you see,  
Soldiers must not be wrong'd where Princes be:  
This bee your sentence,

*Omnes.* Defend your selfe, *Bots.*

*Duke.* First, all the priuat sufferance that the house  
Inflicts vpon Offenders, you (as the basest)  
Shall vndergoe it double, after which  
You shall bee whipt, sir, round about the Citty,  
Then banisht from the Land.

*Bots.* Beseech your Grace.

*Duke.* Away with him, see it done, Panders and Whores  
Are Citty-plagues, which being kept aliue,  
Nothing that lookes like goodnes ere can thriue.  
Now good *Orlando*, what say you to your bad Sonne-in-law?

*Orl.* Mary this, my Lord, he is my Sonne-in-law, and in  
law will I be his Father: for if law can pepper him, he shall  
be so parboild, that he shall stinke no more i'th nose of the  
Common-wealth.

*Bots.*



*The Honest Whore.*

*Bel.* Be yet more kinde and mercifull, good Father.

*Orl.* Doest thou beg for him, thou precious mans meat,  
thou? has he not beaten thee, kickt thee, trod on thee, and  
doest thou fawne on him like his Spanniell? has hee not  
pawnd thee to thy Petticoate, sold thee to thy smock, made  
yee leape at a crust, yet woodst haue me saue him?

*Bel.* Oh yes, good fir, women shall learne of me,  
To loue their husbands in greatest misery,  
Then shew him pittie, or you wracke my selfe.

*Orl.* Haue yee eaten Pigeons that y'are so kinde-hearted  
to your Mate? Nay, y'are a couple of wilde Beares, Ile  
haue yee both baited at one stake: but as for this Knaue, the  
Gallowes is thy due, and the Gallowes thou shalt haue, Ile  
haue iustice of the Duke, the Law shall haue thy life, what,  
doest thou hold him? let goe his hand: if thou doest not for-  
sake him, a Fathers euerlasting blessing fall vpon both your  
heads: away, goe, kisse out of my sight, play thou the  
Whore no more, nor thou the Thiefe agen, my house shall  
be thine, my meate shall be thine, and so shall my wine, but  
my money shall bee mine, and yet when I die, (so thou doest  
not flie hie) take all, yet good *Matheo*, mend.  
Thus for ioy weepes *Orlando*, and doth end.

*Duke.* Then heare, *Matheo*: all your wōes are stayed  
By your good Father-in-law: all your Ills  
Are cleare purged from you by his working pills.  
Come *Signior Candido*, these greene yong wits  
(We see by Circumstance) this plot hath laid,  
Still to prouoke thy patience, which they finde  
A wall of Brasse, no Armour's like the minde;  
Thou hast taught the Citty patience, now our Court  
Shall be thy Spheare, where from thy good report,  
Rumours this truth vnto the world shal sing,  
A Patient man's a Patterne for a King.

*Exeunt.*

L 3

*FINIS.*

Received of the Hon. the Secy of the Treasury  
the sum of \$1000000  
for the purchase of the Louisiana Territory  
the 20th day of July 1803

And the said sum of \$1000000  
is hereby paid to the said Secy of the Treasury  
in full for the purchase of the Louisiana Territory  
the 20th day of July 1803

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