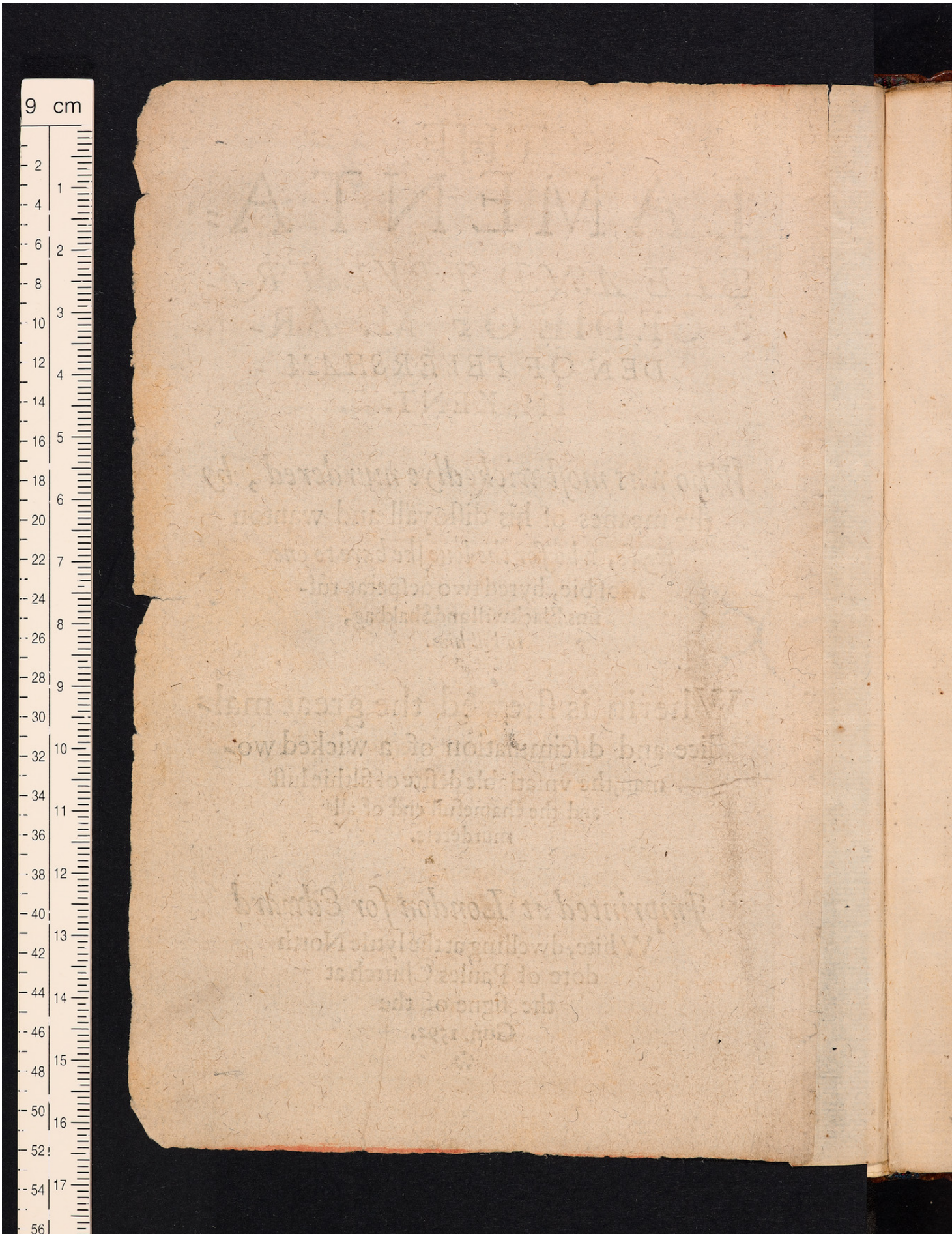


fol. A1v



THE
LAMENTA=
BLE AND TRVE TRA=
GEDIAE OF M. AR=
DEN OF FEVERSHAM
IN KENT.

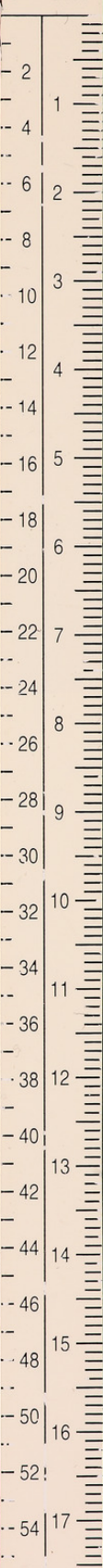
*Who was most wickedlye murdered, by
the meanes of his disloyall and wanton
wyfe, who for the loue she bare to one
Mosbie, hyred two desperat ruf=
fins Blackwill and Shakbag,
to kill him.*

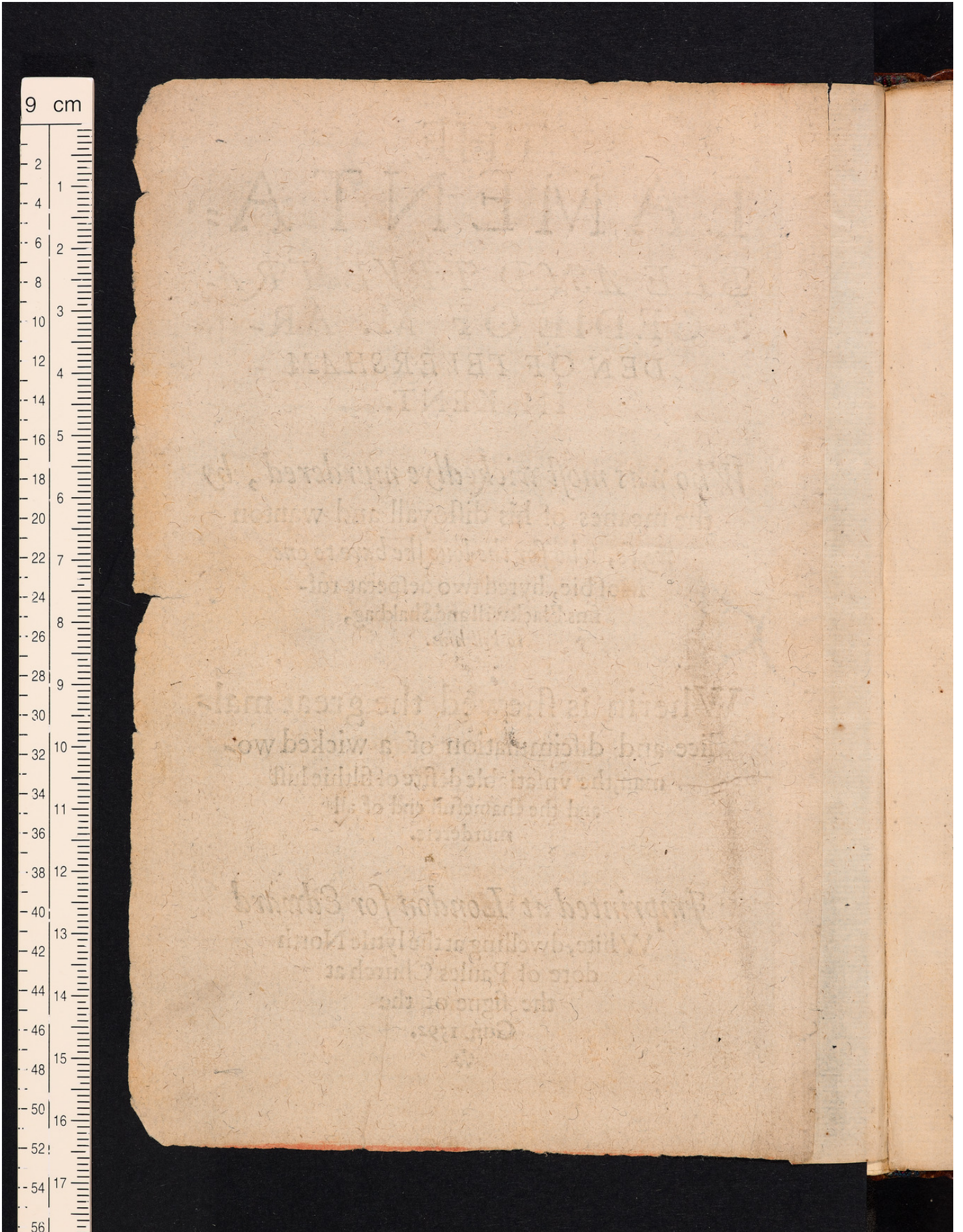
Wherin is shewed the great mal=
lice and discimulation of a wicked wo=
man, the vnsatiabie desire of filthie lust
and the shamefull end of all
murderers.

*Imprinted at London for Edward
White, dwelling at the lyttle North
dore of Paules Church at
the signe of the
Gun, 1592.*



9 cm





The Tragedy of M. Arden of Feueshame.

(Enter Arden, and Francklin)

Franklin **A** Rden chère by thy spirits and group no more
By gracious Lord & Duke of Sommerfet;

Hath frely giuen to thee and to thy heyres,
By letters patents from his Maiesty:
All the lands of the Abby of Feuerhame. (kings,
Her are the deedes sealed & subscribed wth his name and the
Read them, and leaue this melancholy mode

Arden. Francklin thy loue prolongs my weary lyfe,
And but for thee, how odious were this lyfe:
What shoues me nothing but torments my soule,
And these foule objects that offend myne eies,
Which makes me wish that for this vale of Heauen,
The earth hung ouer my hēde and couerd mee.
Loue letters past twixt Mosbie and my Wyfe,
And they haue pzeuie méetings in the Towne:
Pay on his finger did I spy the Ring,
Which at our Marriage day the Priest put on,
Can any græfe be halfe so great as this?

Fran. Comfozt thy selfe swæte frænd it is not strange,
That women will be false and wauering.

Arden. I but to doat on such a one as hēe
Is monstrous Francklin, and intollerable.

Francklin. Why, what is he?

Arden. A Botcher and no better at the first,
Who by base brocage, getting some small stock:
Crept into seruire of a noble man:
And by his seruire flattery and fawning,
Is now become the steward of his house,
And brauely lets it in his silken gowne.

Fran. No noble man will countnaunce such a peasant,

Arden. Yes, the Lord Clifford, he that loues not mee,
But through his fauour let not him grow proude,
For were he by the Lord Protector backt,
He should not make me to be pointed at,
I am by birth a gentle man of blode,

A. 2

And

9 cm

The Tragedy of M. Arden

And that iniurious riball that attempts,
 To vyolate my deare wyues chastitie,
 (For deare I holde hir loue, as deare as heauen)
 Shall on the bed which he thinks to defile,
 See his disseuered ioints and sinewes torne,
 Whilst on the planchers, pants his weary body,
 Smeard in the channels of his lustfull blode.

Fran. Be patient gentle frænd and learne of me,
 To ease thy grieffe, and saue her chastitye:
 Intreat her faire, swæte woords are fittest engines
 To race the flint walles of a womans bzeast:
 In any case be not too felyouse,
 For make no question of her loue to thee,
 But as securely, presently take horse,
 And ly with me at London all this tearme
 For women when they may, will not,
 But bæing kept back, straight grow outragious.

Arden. Though this abhorres from reason yet ile try it
 And call her forth, and presently take leaue: How Ales,
 Heere entes ales.

Ales. Husband what meane you to get vp so earely.
 Sommer nights are thort, and yet you ryse ere day,
 Had I bæne wake you had not rise so sone.

Ard. Swæt loue thou knowst that we two Ouid like
 Hane often chid the mozning, when it gan to peepe,
 And often wight that darke nights purblind stædes,
 Would pull her by the purple mantle back:
 And cast her in the Ocean to her loue.
 But this night swæte Ales thou hast kild my hart,
 I heard thee cal on Mosbie in thy slepe.

Ales. 'Tis lyke I was a slepe when I nam'd him,
 For bæing awake he comes not in my thoughts:

Arden. I but you started vp, and suddenly
 In stæde of him: caught me about the necke.

Ales. In stæde of him? why, who was there but you,
 And where but one is, how can I mistake.

Fran.

of Feuershame.

Fran. Arden leaue to bydge her ouer farre.

Arden. Nay loue there is no credit in a bycaine,
Let it suffice I know thou louest me well.

Ales. Now I remember where vpon it came,
Had we no talke of Mosbie yesternight.

Fra. Mistres Ales I hard you name him once or twice,

Ales. And thereof came it, and therefore blame not me

Arden. I know it did, and therefore let it passe,

I must to London swæte Ales presently.

Ales. But tell me do you meane to stay there long?

Arden. No longer there till my affaires be done.

Fran. He will not stay aboue a month at most.

Ales. A moneth aye me, swæte Arden come againe
Within a day or two, or els I die.

Arden. I cannot long be from thæ gentle Ales,

Whilist, Michel fetch our hozses from the field,

Franklin and I will down vnto the key:

Foz I haue certaine goods there to vnload,

Meanewhile prepare our breakfast gentle Ales,

Foz yet ere none wele take hozse and away,

Excunt Arden, & Francklin.

Ales. Ere none he meanes to take hozse and away:

Swæte newes is this, Oh that some ayyie spirit,

Would in the shape and liknes of a hozse

Gallope with Arden crosse the Ocean,

And throw him from his backe into the waves.

Swæte Mosbie is the man that hath my hart:

And he blurpes it, hauing nought but this,

That I am tyed to him by marriage.

Loue is a God and mariage is but words,

And therefore Mosbies tittle is the best,

Whe whether it be or no, he shall be mine,

In spight of him, of Hymen and of rytes.

Here enters Adam of the Flourdeluce.

And here comes Adam of the flourdeluce,

I hope he byzings me tydings of my loue.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

How now Adam, what is the newes with you?
Be not affraid my husband is now from home.

Adam. He whome you wot of Mosbie Pistres Ales,
Is come to towne, and sends you woꝝd by me,
In any case you may not visit him.

Ales. Not visit him?

Adam. No noꝝ take no knowledge of his beeing here

Ales. But tell me is he angræ oz displeasèd.

Adam. Should same so, for he is wondrous sad.

Ales. Were he as mad as rauing Hercules,
Ile see him, I and were thy house of foꝝce,
These hands of mine should race it to the ground:
Unless that thou wouldst bring me to my loue.

Adam. Nay and you be so impatient Ile be gone

Ales. Stay Adam, stay, thou wert wont to be my frënd
Aske Mosbie how I haue incurred his wꝝath,
Beare him from me these paire of siluer dice:
With which we plaid for kisses many a t. me,
And when I lost, I wan, and so did hee:
Such winning and such losing, Ioue send me,
And bid him if his loue do not decline,
Come this moꝝning but along my doze:
And as a stranger, but salute me there,
This may he do without suspect oz feare.

Adam. Ile tell him what you say, and so farewell.

Exit Adam.

Ales. Do, and one day Ile make amends for all:
I know he loues me well, but dares not come,
Because my husband is so Ielious:
And these my marrow pyꝝing neighbours blab,
Vnder our meetings when we would conferre.
But if I liue that block shall be remoued,
And Mosbie, thou that comes to me by stelth
Shalt neither feare the biting speach of men,
Nor Ardens lookes, as surely shall he die,
as I abhoꝝre him, and loue onely thee.

Here

of Fewershame.

Here enters Michaell.

How now Michaell, whether are you going?

Michael. To fetch my masters nagge,
I hope youle thinke on mee.Ales. I But Michaell see you keepe your oath,
And be as secret, as you are resolute.

Michael. He see he shall not liue aboue a weeke.

Ales. On that condition Michaell here is my hand
None shall haue Hobbies sister but thy selfe.Michael. I vnderstand the Painter here hard by,
Hath made reporte that he and Sue is sure.

Ales. There's no such matter Michaell beleue it not,

Michael. But he hath sent a dagger sticking in a hart,
With a verse or two stollen from a painted cloath:

The which I heere the wench keepe in her chest,

Well let her kepe it, I shall finde a fellow

That can both write and read, and make rime too,

And if I do, well, I say no moze:

He send from London such a taunting letter,

As shall eat the hart he sent with salt.

And sing the dagger at the Painters head.

Ales. What needes all this, I say that Susan's thine

Michael. Why then I say that I will kill my master
Or any thing that you will haue me do.

Ales. But Michaell see you doo it cunningly.

Michael. Why, say I should be toke, ile nere confesse,
That you know any thing, and Susan being a Maide,
May begge me from the gallous of the Shziefe.

Ales. Truste not to that Michaell.

Michael. You can not tell me, I haue seene it I,
But mistres tell her whether I liue or die.

He make her moze woozth then twenty Painters can,

For I will rid myne elder brother away:

And then the farme of Bolton is mine owne.

Who would not venture vpon house and land?

When he may haue it for a right downe blowe.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Here enters Mosbie.

Ales. Ponder comes Mosbie, Michaell get thee gone,
And let not him noz any knowe thy drifts.

Exit Michaell.

Mosbie my loue,

Mosbie. Away I say, and talke not to me now.

Ales. A word or two swete hart, and then I will,
Tis yet but early daies, thou needest not feare.

Mosbie. Where is your husband?

Ales. Tis now high water, and he is at the key.

Mos. Where let him be, hence fo:ward know me not.

Ales. Is this the end of all thy solemne oathes?

Is this the frute thy reconcilment buds?

Haue I fo: this giuen thee so many fauours,

Incurd my husbands hate, and out alas,
Made shipwack of myne honour fo: thy sake,

And doest thou say hence fo:ward know me not?

Remember when I lockt the in my closet,

What were thy words and mine, did we not both

Decree, to murder Arden in the night.

The heauens can witnes, and the world can tell,

Befoze I saw that fallshode loke of thine,

Foze I was tangled with thy tyling speach,

Arden to me was dearer then my soule,

And shall be still, base pesant get thee gone.

And boast not of thy conquest ouer me,

Gotten by witch-craft, and mere sozcery.

Foz what hast thou to countenaunce my loue,

baeing discended of a noble house,

And matcht already with a gentleman,

Whose seruant thou maist be, and so farewell.

Mos. Ungentle and vnkinde Ales, now I see

That which I euer feard, and finde too true:

A womans loue is as the lightning flame,

Which euen in bursting forth consumes it selfe,

To trye thy constancie haue I bene strange,

would

of Feuer shame.

Would I had neuer tryed, but liued in hope.

Ales. What neds thou try me, whom thou neuer found

Mos. Pet pardon me foꝛ lone is Ielious, (false,

Ales. So list the Sailer to the Harmaids song,

So lookes the trauellour to the Baüliske,

I am content foꝛ to be reconcilde,

And that I know will be mine ouerthrow.

Mos. Whine ouerthrow? first let the world dissolue,

Ales. Nay Polbie let me still inioye thy loue,

And happen what will, I am resolute,

By sauing husband hozdes by bagges of gould,

To make our childzen rich, and now is hæ

Gone to vnload the goods that shall be thine,

And he and Francklin will to London straight.

Mos. To London Ales, if thoult be rulde by mæ,

Wæle make him sure enough foꝛ comming there.

Ales. Ah, would we could.

Mos. I happend on a Painter yesternight,

The onely cunning man of Ch�istendome:

foꝛ he can temper poyson with his oyle,

That who so lookes vpon the worke he drawes,

shall with the beames that issue from his sight,

Suck vennome to his bzeast and slay him selfe,

Swæte Ales he shall draw thy counterfet,

That Arden may by gazing on it perish.

Ales. I but Polbie that is dangerous,

foꝛ thou oꝛ I, oꝛ any other els,

Comming into the Chamber where it hangs, may die.

Mos. I but wæle haue it couered with a cloath,

And hung vp in the Studie foꝛ himselfe.

Ales. It may not be, foꝛ when the pictur's drawne,

Arden I know will come and shew it me.

Mos. Feare not wæle haue that shall serue the turne,

This is the painters house Ile call him foꝛth.

Ales. But Polbie. Ile haue no such picture I:

Mos. I pray thø leave it to my discretion. Now, Clarke

B.

Here

9 cm

The Tragedye of M. Arden

Here enters Clarke.

W you are an honest man of your word, you serud me wel,

Clark. Why sir, ile do it for you at any time,
 Provided as you haue given your worde,
 I may haue Susan Mosbie to my wife:
 For as sharpe witted Poets, whose swæte verse
 Make heauenly gods break of their Pector draughts,
 And lay their eares down to the lowly earth:
 Use humble promise to their sacred Muse,
 So we that are the Poets fauorits,
 Must haue a loue, I, Loue is the Painters Muse.
 That makes him frame a speaking countenaunce.
 A weeping eye that witnesses hartes grieffe.
 Then tell me Master Mosbie shall I haue hir?

Ales. 'Tis pittie but he should, hæle vse her well.

Mosbie Clarke hærs my hand my syster shall be thine,

Cl. Then brother to requite this curtisie,
 You shall command my lyfe my skill and all.

Ales. Ah that thou couldst be secret,

Mosbie. Feare him not, leaue, I haue talkt sufficient,

Cl. You know not me, that ask such questions:

Let it suffice, I know you loue him well,
 And faine would haue your husband made a way:
 Wherein trust me you shew a noble minde,
 That rather then youle liue with him you hate,
 Youle venture lyfe, and die with him you loue,
 The like will I do for my Susans sake.

Ales. Yet nothing could inforce me to the deed,

But Mosbies loue, might I without controll,

Inioy the kill, then Arden should not die:

But seeing I cannot, therefore let him die.

Mos. Enough swæte Ales, thy kinde words makes me
 Your tricke of popsoned pictures we dislyke, (melt,
 Some other popson would do better farre.

Ales. I such as might be put into his broth,
 And yet in taste not to be found at all,

Clarke.

of Feuershame.

Clarke. I know your minde, and here I haue it for you,
Put but a dram of this into his drinke,
Or any kinde of broth that he shall eat:
And he shall die within an houre after.

Ales. As I am a gentle woman Clarke, next day
Thou and Susan shall be married.

Mos. And ile mak her dowry moze thē ile talk of Clark,

Clarke. Ponder's your husband, Mosbie ile be gone.

Here enters Arden and Francklin.

Ales. In god time, see where my husband comes,
Maister Mosbie aske him the question your selfe.

Exit Clarke.

Mos. Maister Arden, being at London yester night,
The Abby lands whereof you are now posselt,
Were offred me on some occasion,
By Greene one of sir Antony Agers men:
I pray you sir tell me, are not the lands yours?
Hath any other interest herein?

Arden. Mosby hat question wele decyde anon,
Ales make ready my breakfast, I must hence.

Exit Ales.

As for the lands mosbie they are mine,
By letters patents from his Maiesty:
But I must haue a Mandat for my wyfe,
They say you seeke to robbe me of her loue,
Willaine what makes thou in her company,
Shes no companion for so base a grome.

Mosbie Arden I thought not on her, I came to thee,
But rather then I pocket by this wrong.

Francklin. What will you do sir?

Mos. Reuenge it on the proudest of you both:
Then Arden drawes forth Mosbies sword.

Arden. So sirha, you may not weare a sword,
The statute makes against artificers,
I warrand that I doo, now vse your bodkin,
Your spanish needle, and your pressing Iron.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Foz this shall go with me, and marke my words,
 You godman botcher. tis to you I speake,
 The next time that I take thee neare my house,
 In stede of Legs Ie make thee crall on stumps.

Mos. Ah maister Arden you haue iniurde mee,
 I doe appeale to God, and to the world.

Fran. Why canst thou deny, thou wert a botcher once,

Mos. Measure me what I am, not what I was.

Ar. Why what art thou now, but a Veluet dzudge,
 A cheating steward, and base minded peasant.

Mos. Arden now thou hast belcht and vomited,
 The rancozous venome of thy mis-swolne hart,
 Heare me but speake, as I intend to liue
 With God, and his elected saints in heauen,
 I neuer meant moze to solicit her,
 And that she knowes, and all the world shall see,
 I loued her once, swæte Arden pardon me.
 I could not chuse, her beauty syzed my hearte,
 But time hath quencht these ouerraging coles,
 And Arden though I now frequent thy house,
 Tis foz my sisters sake, her waiting maid
 And not foz hers, maiest thou enioy her long:
 Hell syze and wynthfull vengeance light on me,
 If I dishonoz her oz iniure thee.

Ar. Mosbie with these thy protestations,
 The deadly hatred of my hart is appealed,
 And thou and Ie be freends, if this proue trew.
 As foz the base tearmes I gaue thee late,
 Forget them Mosbie, I had cause to speake:
 When all the knights and gentlemen of Bent,
 Make common table talke of her and thee. tongues,

Mos. Who liues that is not toucht with slaunderous

Fra. Then Mosbie, to eschew the speache of men,
 Upon whose generall bzute all honoz hangs,
 Fozbeare his house.

Ar. Fozbeare it, nay rather frequent it moze.

The

of Feuershame.

The world shall see that I distrust her not,
To warne him on the sudden from my house,
Were to confirme the rumour that is growne.

Mof. By faith my sir you say trew,
And therefore will I sojourne here a while,
Untill our enemies haue talkt their fill.
And then I hope theile cease, and at last confesse,
How causeles they haue inurde her and me.

Ard. And I will ly at London all this tearme,
To let them see how light I wey their words.

Here enters Ales.

Ales. Husband sit down, your breakfast will be cold,

Ard. Come M. Mosbie will you sit with vs,

Mof. I can not eat, but ile sit for company.

Ard. Sirra Michaell see our horse be ready.

Ales. Husband why pause ye, why eat you not,

Ard. I am not well, there's something in this broth
That is not holesome, didst thou make it Ales?

Ales. I did, and thats the cause it likes not you,
Then she throwes down the broth
on the grounde.

There's nothing that I do can please your taste.
You were best to say I would haue poysoned you,
I cannot speak or cast aside my eye:
But he imagines, I haue stept a wry.
Heres he that you cast in my teeth so oft,
Now will I be conuinc'd, or purge my selfe,
I charge thee speake to this mistrustfull man,
Thou that wouldst see me hange, thou Mosbie thou,
What fauour hast thou had more then a kisse
At comming or departing from the Towne?

Mof. You wrong your selfe and me, to cast these doubts
Your louing husband is not Ielous.

Ard. Why gentle mistres Ales, cannot I be ill,
But youle accuse your selfe.

Francckline thou haste a boxe of Methydate,

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Ile take a lytle to pzeuent the worst.

Fran. Do so, and let vs presently take hozse,
My lyfe foz yours ye shall do well enough.

Ales. Giue me a spoone, Ile eat of it my selfe,
Would it were full of poyson to the bzim.
Then should my cares and troubles haue an end,
Was euer silly woman so toymented?

Arden. Be patient swæte loue, I mistrust not thæ,

Ales. God will reuenge it Arden if thou doest.

Foz neuer woman lou'd her husband better, thæ I do thæ,

Ard. I know it swæte Ales, cease to complaine:
Least that in teares I answer thæ againe.

Fran. Come leaue this dallying, and let vs away.

Ales. Fozbeare to wound me with that bitter word,
Arden shall go to London in my armes.

Arden. Loth am I to depart, yet I must go,

Ales. Wilt thou to London then, and leaue me here?

Ah if thou loue me gentle Arden stay,

Pet if thy busines be of great Impozt

Go if thou wilt Ile beare it as I may:

But wryte from London to me euery wæke,

Pay euery day, and stay no longer there

When thou must nedes, least that I die foz sorow.

Arden. Ile wryte vnto thee euery other tide,
And so farewell sweete Ales till we mæte next.

Ales. Farewell Husbaud seing youle haue it so.

And M. Francklin, seing you take him hence,

In hope youle hasten him home Ile giue you this
and then she kisseth him.

Fran. And if he stay the fault shall not be mine,
Mosbie farewell and see you keepe your oath.

Mosbie I hope he is not Ielious of me now.

Arden. No Mosbie no, hereafter thinke of me,
As of your dearest frend, and so farewell.

Exeunt Arden, Franklin, & Michaell.

Ales. I am glad he is gone, he was about to stay.

But

of Feuershame.

But did you marke me then how I brake of?

Mosbie I Ales, and it was cunningly perfozmed,
But what a villaine is this painter Clarke?

Ales. Was it not a godly popson that he gaue?

Why he's as well now, as he was befoze.

It should haue bene some fine confection,
That might haue giuen the broth some daintie taste,
This powder was to grosse and populos.

Mosbie But had he eaten but thzæ sponefulles moze,
Then had he died, and our loue continued.

Ales. Why so it shall Mosbie, albeit he liue,

Mosbie. It is bnpossible, for I haue swozne,
Neuer hereafter to solicite thee,

Or whilest he liues, once moze impoztune thee.

Ales. Thou shalt not neæde I will impoztune thee.

What shall an oath make thee forlake my loue?

As if I haue not swozne as much my selfe,
And giuen my hand vnto him in the church,
Tush Mosbie oathes are woordes, and woordes is winde,
And winde is mutable: then I conclude,
Tis childishnes to stand vpon an oath.

Mos. Well proued Mistres Ales, yet by your leaue,
Ile keepe mine vnbroken, whilest he liues.

Ales. I doo, and spare not his time is but thozt,

For if thou beest as resolute as I,
Wele haue him murdered, as he walkes the streets:

In London many alehouse Ruffins keepe,
Which as I heare will murther men for gould,
They shall be soundly fed, to pay him home:

Here enters Greene.

Mos. Ales whats he that comes yonder, knowest thou

Ales. Mosbie be gone, I hope tis one that comes (him
To put in pradis our intended dzifts,

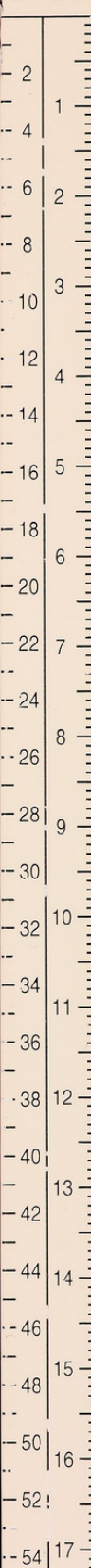
Exit Mosbie.

Gre. Mistres Arden you are well met,
I am sozry that your husband is from home,

B. 4.

When

9 cm



The Tragedy of M. Arden

When as my purposed iourney was to him,
 Yet all my labour is not spent in vaine:
 For I suppose that you can full discourse,
 And flat resolue me of the thing I seeke.

Ales. What is it maister Greene? If that I may
 Do can, with safety, I will answer you.

Greene. I heard your husband hath the grant of late,
 Confirmed by letters patents from the king,
 Of all the lands of the Abby of Feuerthame,
 Generally intituled, so that all former grants,
 Are cut of, whereof I my selfe had one,
 But now my interest by that is void,
 This is all mistres Arden, is it trew no? no?

Ales. Trew maister Greene, the lands are his in state,
 And whatsoever leases were befoze,
 Are void for tearme of Maister Ardens lyfe:
 He hath the grant vnder the Chancery seale.

Gre. Pardon me mistres Arden, I must speake,
 For I am toucht, your husband doth me wrong:
 To wyng me from the little land I haue.
 My living is my lyfe, onely that
 Resteth remainder of my portion.
 Desyre of welth is endles in his minde,
 And he is greedy gaping still for gaine,
 For cares he though young gentlemen do begge,
 So he may scrape and hōrde vp in his poutche,
 But seeing he hath taken my lands, Ile value lyfe:
 As careles, as he is carefull for to get,
 And tell him this from me, Ile be reuenged,
 And so, as he shal! withe the Abby lands
 Had rested still, within their former state.

Ales. Alas poze gentleman, I pittie you,
 And wo is me that any man should want,
 God knowes tis not my fault, but wonder not
 Though he be harde to others, when to me,
 Ah maister Greene, God knowes how I am vnde.

Greene

of Feuershame.

Gre. Why mistres Arden can the crabbed churle,
 Use you vnkindely, respects he not your birth:
 Your honozable frænds, noz what you bzought:
 Why? all Kent knowes your parentage, and what you are

Ales. Ah M. Greene be it spoken in secret heere,
 I neuer liue good day with him alone:
 When hæ is at home, then haue I froward lokes,
 Hard words and blowes, to mend the match withall:
 And though I might content as god a man,
 Yet doth he kæpe in euery corner trulles,
 And weary with his trugges at home,
 Then rydes he straight to London, there sozsoth
 He reuelles it among such filthie ones,
 As counsels him to make away his wyfe:
 Thus liue I dayly in continuall feare:
 In sozrow, so dispairing of redzes
 As euery day I wish with hartly pzyer,
 That he oz I were taken sozth the worlde.

Gre. Now trust me mistres Ales, it græueth me,
 So faire a creature should be so abused.
 Why who would haue thought the ciuill sir, so sullen,
 He lokes so smoothly now sje vpon him Churle.
 And if he liue a day he liues too long,
 But frolick woman, I shall be the man,
 Shall let you fræ from all this discontent:

And if the Churle deny my interestte,
 And will not yelde my lease into my hand,
 Ile paye him home, what euer hap to me,

Ales. But speake you as you thinke?

Gre. I Gods my witnes, I meane plaine dealing,
 For I had rather die then lose my land.

Ales. Then maister Greene be counsailed by me
 In daunger not your selfe, soz such a Churle,
 But hyze some Cutter soz to cut him thozt,
 And hærs ten pound, to wager them with all,
 When he is dead you shall haue twenty moze.

C

And

9 cm

The Tragedy of M. Arden

And the lands whereof my husband is possess,
Shall be intyled as they were befoze.

Gre. Will you keepe promise with me?

Ales. O; count me false and periurde, whilst I liue,

Gre. Then haeres my hand Ie haue him so dispatch,
Ile vp to London straight, Ie thether poast,
And neuer rest, til I haue compass it,
Till then farewell.

Ales. God fortune follow all your fo;ward thoughte

Exit Grene.

And whosoeuer doth attempt the da;de,
A happie hand I wish, and so farewell.

All this goes well, Possbie I long fo; the;e
To let thee know all that I haue contriued.

Here enters Mosbie & Clarke.

Mos. How now Ales whats the newes,

Ales. Such as will content thee well swate hart,

Mos. Well let them passe a while, and tell me Ales,
How haue you dealt, and tempered with my sister
What will she haue my neighbour Clarke, or no?

Ales. What D. Mosbie let him wooe him self,
Thinke you that maides loke not fo; faire wo;des,
Go to her Clarke the;es all alone within,
Michaell my man is cleane out of her bookes.

Clarke I thanke you mistres Arden, I will in,
And if faire Susan, and I can make a gree,
You shall command me to the vttermost,
As farre as either gods or lyfe may streach. Exit Clark.

Mos. Now Ales lets heare thy newes?

Ales. They be so good, that I must laugh fo; ioy,
Befoze I can begin to tell my tale,

Mos. Lets heare them, that I may laugh fo; company

Ales. This mo;ning D. Grene, dick greene I means,
From whome my husband had the Abby land,
Came hether railing fo; to know the trueth,
Whether my husband had the lands by grant,

I could

of Feuerhame.

I tould him all, where at he stoznd a maine,
 And swoze he would cry quittance with the Churle,
 And if he did denye his interest
 Stabbe him, whatsoeuer did befall him selfe,
 When as I saue his choller thus to rise,
 I whetted on the gentleman with words
 And to conclude, Mosbie, at last we grew
 To composition for my husbands death,
 I gaue him ten pound to hire knaues,
 By some deuise to make away the Churle:
 When he is dead, he should haue twenty more,
 And repossesse his former lands againe,
 On this we greed, and he is ridden straight
 To London, to bzing his death about.

Mos. But call you this good newes?

Ales. I swæte hart, be they not?

Mos. Twere cherefull newes, to hear the churle swer
 But trust me Ales, I take it passing ill, (dead,
 You would be so forgetfull of our state,
 To make recount of it to euery grome,
 What? to acquaint each stranger with our dyfts,
 Chæfely in case of murther, why tis the way,
 To make it open vnto Ardena selfe.
 And bzing thy selfe and me to ruine both,
 Foze warnde, foze armde, who thzeats his enemye
 Lends him a sword to guarde him selfe with all.

Ales. I did it for the best.

Mos. Well, seing tis don, cherey let it pas.
 You know this Græne, is he not religious?
 A man I gesse of great deuotion.

Ales. He is.

Mos. Then sweete Ales let it pas, I haue a dyft
 Will quyet all, what euer is amis.

Here enters Clarke and Susan.

Ales. How now Clarke, haue you found me false?
 Did I not plead the matter hard for you?

The Tragedye of M. Arden

Clarke. You did.

Mof. And what, Will be a match,

Clarke. A match, I faith sir I. the day is mine,
The Painter, layes his cullours to the lyfe,
His pensel drawes no shadowes in his loue,
Susan is mine.

Ales. You make her blushe.

Mof. What sister is it Clarke must be the man?

Su. It resteth in your graunt, some words are past,
And happely we be growne vnto a match,
If you be willing that it shall be so?

Mof. Ah maister Clarke, it resteth at my grant,
You see my sister's yet at my dispose,
But so youle graunt me one thing I shall aske,
I am content my sister shall be yours.

Clark. What is it M. Mosbie?

Mof. I doe remember once in secret talke,
You tould me how you could compound by Arte,
A crucifix impoysoned:
That who so loke vpon it should ware blinde,
And with the sent be stifeled, that ere long,
We should dye poysoned, that did view it wel.
I would haue you make me such a crucifix,
And then Ile grant my sister shall be yours.

Cla. Though I am loath, because it toucheth lyfe,
Yet rather oz Ile leaue sweete Susans loue,
Ile do it, and with all the haste I may.
But for whome is it?

Ales. Leaueth that to vs, why Clarke, is it possible,
That you should paint and draw it out your selfe,
The cullours being balefull and impoysoned,
And no waies pzeiudice your selfe with all?

Mof. Well questioned Ales,

Clarke how answer you that?

Cla. Wery easily, Ile tell you straight,
How I doe worke of these Impoysoned drugs,

of Feuershame.

I fasten on my spectacles so close,
As nothing can any way offend my sight,
Then as I put a leafe within my nose,
So put I rubarbe to auoid the smell,
And softly as another woꝝke I paint,

Mos. Tis very well, but against when shall I haue it,

Clā. Within this ten dayes,

Mos. It will serue the turne.

Now Ales lets in, and see what chere you keepe,
I hope now M. Arden is from home,
Woule giue me leaue to play your husbands part.

Ales. Godbie you know whose maister of my hart,
He well may be the maister of the house. Ecunt,

Here enters Greene and Bradshaw,

Brad. See you them that come yonder M. Greene?

Gre. I very well, doe you know them?

Here enters Blacke Will and Shakebagge.

Brad. The one I knowe not, but he seemes a knaue,
Chastly for bearing the other company:

For such a slaue, so vile a roge as he,
Lyes not againe vpon the earth,
Black-will is his name I tell you M. Greene,
At Bulloine he and I were fellow souldiers,
Where he plaid such pranks,
As all the Campe feard him for his villany:
I warrant you he beares so bad a minde,
That for a crowne heele murder any man.

Gre. The fitter is he for my purpose may.

Will. How now fellow Bradshaw,
Whether away so earely?

Brad. O Will times are changed, no fellows now,
Though we were once together in the field,
Yet thy friend to do thee any good I can.

Will. Why Bradshawe was not thou and I,
Fellow souldiers at Bulloine: (grome?)
Where I was a cozpozall, and thou but a base mercenarye

The Tragedy of M. Arden

No fellows now, because you are a gouldsmith,
 And haue a lytle plate in your shoppe,
 You were gladde to call me fellow Will,
 And with a cursy to the earth,
 One snatch god cozpozall.
 When I stole the halfe Dre from John the bitler,
 And domincer'd with it, amongst god fellowes,
 In one night.

Brad. I Will, those dayes are past with me.

Will. I but they be not past with me.

Foz I kepe that same honozable minde still, low,
 God neighbour Bradshaw you are too proude to be my sel-
 But were it not, that I see moze company comming down
 The hill, I would be fellowes with you once moze,
 And share Crownes with you to.

But let that pas, and tell me whether you goe.

Brad. To London Will, about a peece of seruice,
 Wherein happely thou maist pleasure me.

Will. What is it?

Brad. Of late Lord Cheiny lost some plate,
 Which one did bring, and soude it at my shoppe,
 Saying he serued sir Antony Coke,
 A search was made, the plate was found with me,
 And I am bound to answer at the syle,
 Now Lord Cheiny solemnly bowes,
 If law will serue him, hele hang me for his plate,
 Now I am going to London upon hope,
 To finde the fellow, now Will I know
 Thou art acquainted with such companions.

Will. What manner of man was he?

Brad. A leane faced wrythen knaue,
 Hauke nos de, and verry hollow eied,
 With mightye furrowes in his cozmye browes,
 Long haire down his shoulders curled,
 His Chinne was bare, but on his upper lippe,
 A matchado, which he wound about his eare,

Will

of Feuershame.

Will. What apparell had he,

Brad. A watchet sattin doublet all to tozne,
The inner side did beare the greater show,
A paire of thæd bare Veluet hose seame rent,
A woſted ſtockin rent aboute the shoe,
A livery cloake, but all the lace was of,
It was bad, but yet it ſerued to hide the plate,

Will. Sirra Shakebagge, canſt thou remember
Since we troud the boule at Sittingburgh,
Where I broke the Tapſters head of the Lyon
With a Cudgill ſticke?

Shak. I very well Will.

Will. Why it was with the money that the plate was
Sirra Bradshaw, what wilt thou giue him (ſould ſoz:
What can tell thæ who ſoulde thy plate?

Brad. Who I pray thæ god Will,

Will. Why twas one Jacke Fitten,
He's now in Newgate, ſoz ſtealing a horſe,
And ſhall be arrainde the next liſe.

Brad. Why then, let Lord Cheiny ſæk Jack Fittæ ſozth
Foz Ile backe and tell him, who robbed him of his plate,
This chæres my hart M. Greene, Ile leaue you,
Foz I muſt to the Ile of Shepppy with ſpæde,

Greene Befoze you go let me intreat you
To carry this letter to miſtres Arden of Feuershame,
And humbly recommend me to her ſelfe.

Brad. That will I M. Greene, and ſo farewell.
Here Will, theres a Crowne ſoz thy god newes.

Exit Bradshawe.

Will. Farewell Bradshaw,
Ile dzinke no water ſoz thy ſake, whileſt this laſts:
Now gentleman, ſhall we haue your company to London.

Gre. Nay ſtay ſirs, a lytle moze I needs muſte vſe your
And in a matter of great conſequence, (helpe,
Wherein if youle be ſecret and pzoſound,
Ile giue you twenty Angels ſoz your paines.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Will. How: twenty Angells: giue my fellow
George Shakbag and me, twenty Angels,
And if thoult haue thy owne father slaine,
That thou mayst inherit his land, wele kill him,

Shak. I thy Mother, thy sister, thy brother, or all thy

Gre. Well this it is, Arden of Feuerthame, (kin.

Hath highly wrongd me about the Abby land,
That no reuendge but death will serue the turne:
Will you two kill him, haeres the Angels downe,
And I will lay the platfozme of his death:

Will. Plat me no platfozmes giue me the money,
And ile stab him as he stands pissing against a wall,
but Ile kill him.

Sha. Where is he?

Greene. He is now at London, in Aldersgate Strate,

Shak. He's dead, as if he had bene condemned
By an act of parliament, if once Black Will and I
Sweare his death,

Gre. Here is ten pound, and when he is dead,
Ye shall haue twenty moze:

Will. My fingers itches to be at the pesant,
Ah that I might be set a worke thus thzough the yære,
And that murther would grow to an occupation:
That a man might without daunger of law,
Zounds I warrant, I should be warden of the company,
Come let vs be going, and wele bate at Rochester,
Where Ile giue thee a gallon of Sack,
So hansell the match with all. Exeunt,

Here enters Michael.

Mich. I haue gotten suche a letter,
As will touche the Painter, And thus it is.

Here enters Arden and Francklin, and heares
Michaell read this letter,

*My duetye remembred Mistres Susan, hoping in God you be in
good health, as I Michaell was at the making heereof. This is to
certifie you, that as the Turtle true, when she hath lost her mate,
sitteth*

of Feuershame.

sitteth alone, so I mourning for your absence, do walk vp and down
 Poules, til one day I fell a sleepe and lost my maisters Pantophelles.
 Ah mistres Susan abbolishe that paltry Painter, cut him off by the
 shinnes, with a frowning looke of your crabed countenance, & think
 upon Michaell, who druncke with the dregges of your fauour, wil
 cleaue as fast to your loue, as a plaster of Pitch to a gald horse back
 Thus hoping you will let my passions penetrate, or rather impetrate
 mercy of your meeke hands, I end.

Yours Michaell, or els not Michaell.

Ard. Why you paltrie knaue,
 Stand you here loytering, knowing my affaires,
 What haste my busines craues to send to Went?

Fran. Faith friend Michaell, this is very ill,
 Knowing your maister hath no moze but you,
 And do ye slacke his busines for your owne?

Ard. Where is the letter sirra, let me see it,

Then he giues him the letter.

See maister Francklin, heres pproper stufte,
 Susan my maid, the Painter, and my man,
 A crue of harlots all in loue forsoth,
 Sirra let me heare no moze of this.

Now for thy lyfe, once wryte to her a woerde,

Here enters Grene, Will, and Shakebag,

Wilt thou be married to so base a trull.

Wis Hobbies sister, come I once at home,

Ile rouse her from remaining in my house:

Now M. Francklin let vs go walke in Paules,

Come, but a turne or two and then away, Exeunt.

Gre. The first is Arden, and thats his man,

The other is Francklin Ardens dearest friend.

Will. Zounds Ile kill them all three,

Gre. Nay sirs, touch not his man in any case,

But stand close, and take you fittest standing,

And at his comming forth speede him:

To the Pages head, ther is this cowards haunt,

But now Ile leaue you till the deed be don: Exit Greene

D.

Shake.

9 cm

of Feuershame.

Sha. If he be not paid his owne nere trust Shakebagge,

Wil. Sirra Shakbag, at his comming sozth
Ile runne him thzough, and then to the blackfrers,
And there take water and a way.

Sha. Why thats the best, but se thou misse him not.

Wil. How can I misse him, when I thinke on the soztye
Angels I must haue moze.

Here enters a Prentise,

Prentise. 'Tis very late, I were best shute vp my stall,
Foz here will be ould filching when the pzeffe comes sozth
of Paules. Then lettes hedowne his window, and it
breaks Black Wils head,

Wil. Zounds dzaw Shakbag dzaw, I am almost kild.

Pren. Wele fame you I warrant.

Wil. Zounds I am fame enough already,

Here enters Arden, Fran. & Michael.

Ard. What troublefome fray oz mutany is this?

Fran. 'Tis nothing but some bzabbling paltry fray.

Deuised to pick mens pockets in the thzong.

Ard. If nothing els? come Franklin let vs away. Exeunt

Wil. What mends shal I haue foz my bzoken head?

Pren. Hary this mends, that if you get you not away
All the sooner, you shall be well beaten and sent to the coun-
ter. Exit prentise.

Wil. Well Ile be gone, but loke to your signes,
Foz Ile pull them down all.

Shakbag my bzoken head græues me not so much,

As by this meanes Arden hath escaped.

Here enters Greene.

I had a glimpse of him and his companion.

Gre. Why sirs, Arden's as wel as I,
I met him and Franchlin going merrilly to the ordinary.
What dare you not do it? (again,

Wil. Yes sir we dare do it, but were my consent to giue
We would not do it vnder ten pound moze.

I value every dzop of my blod at a french Crowne.

I haue

of Feuershame.

I haue had ten pound to steale a dogge,
And we haue no moze heere to kill a man,
But that a bargane is a bargane, and so swyth,
You should do it your selfe.

Gre. I pray thee how came thy head broke,
Will. Why thou seest it is broke, dost thou not.

Sha. Standing against a staule, watching Ardens coming,
A boy let down his shop window, and broke his head.
Whereupon arose a bzaul, and in the tumult
Arden escapt vs, and past by without thought on.
But forberance is no acquittance,
Another time wele do it I warrant thee.

Gre. I pray thee will make cleane thy bloodie brow,
And let vs bethink vs on some other place,
Where Arden may be met with handsomly.
Remember how deuoutly thou hast sworne,
To kill the villaine thinke vpon thyne oath.

Will. Tush, I haue broken siue hundred oathes,
But wouldst thou charme me to effect this dede?
Tell me of gould my resolutions see,
Say thou seest Holbie kneeling at my knees,
Offering me seruice for my high attempt:
And swete Ales Arden with a lap of crownes.
Comes with a lowly curly to the earth,
Saying take this, but for thy quarterige,
Such yeerely tribute will I answer thee.
Why this would steale soft metled cowardice,
With which black Will was neuer tainted with.
I tell thee Greene the forlozne trauailer,
Whose lips are glewed with sommers parching heat,
Here longd so much to see a running broke,
As I to finish Ardens Tragedy.
Dost thou this goare that cleaueth to my face?
From hence nere will I wash this bloody staine,
Til Ardens hart be panting in my hand.

Gre. Why thats wel said, but what saith thakbag?

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Shak. I cannot paint my valour out with words,
 But give me place and opportunitie,
 Such mercy as the Staruen Lyons
 When she is dry suckt of her eager young:
 Showes to the pray that next encounters her,
 On Arden so much pittie would I take.

Gre. So should it faire with men of firme resolute,
 And now sirs seeing this accident,
 Of meeting him in Paules hath no successe:
 Let vs bethinke vs on some other place,
 Whose earth may swallow vp this Ardens blode.

Here enters Michael.

Se yonder comes his man, and wat you what,
 The foolish knave is in loue with Hobbies sister,
 And for her sake whose loue he cannot get,
 Unlesse Hobbie solicit his sute.
 The villaine hath swozne the slaughter of his maister,
 Woele question him, for he may stead vs muche:
 How now Michael whether are you going?

Mic. My maister hath new supt,
 And I am going to prepare his chamber.

Gre. Where supt M. Arden?

Mic. At the Pages head, at the 18 pence ordinarie.
 How now M. Shakbag, what Black Wil,
 Gods dère lady, how chaunce your face is so bloody?

Wil. Go to sirra, there is a chaunce in it.
 This sawcines in you wil make you be knockt.

Mic. Nay and you be offended ile be gone.

Gre. Stay michael you may not scape vs so.
 Michael I knowe you loue your M. wel.

Mic. Why so I do, but wherefoze vudge you that?

Gre. Because I thinke you loue your mistres better,
 So think not I, but say, yfaith what if I should?

Shak. Come to the purpose Michael, we heare
 You haue a pretty loue in Feuerthame,

Mic. Why haue I two or thre, whats that to thè?

Wil.

of Feuershame.

Wil. You deale to mildely, with the peasant, thus it is,
 'Tis kowne to vs you loue mosbies sister.
 We know besides that you haue tane your oath,
 To further Mosbie to your mistres bed.
 And kill your M. for his sisters sake.
 Now sir, a poyser toward then your selfe,
 Was neuer fostered in the coast of Kent.
 How comes it then, that such aknaue as you
 Dare sweare a matter of such consequence?

Gre. Ah will.

Will. Wth giue me leaue, thers no moze but this,
 Sith thou hast swozne, we dare discover all,
 And hadst thou oz shouldst thou vtter it,
 We haue deuised a complat vnder hand
 What euer shall betide to any of vs:
 To send thæ roundly to the diuell of hell.
 And therefore thus, I am the very man,
 Markt in my birth howze by the destinyes,
 To giue an end to Ardens lyse on earth,
 Thou but a member, but to whet the knife,
 Whose edge must search the closet of his bzeast.
 Thy office is but to appoint the place,
 And traine thy M. to his tragedy.
 Wyne to perfozme it, when occasion serues.
 When be not nice, but here deuise with vs,
 How and what way, we may conclude his death.

Sha. So shalt thou purchase, Mosbie for thy friend
 And by his friendship gaine his sisters loue.

Gre. So shal thy mistres be thy fauozer,
 And thou disburnded of the oath thou made.

Mic. Wel gentlemen I cannot but confesse,
 Sith you haue bydged me so aparantly,
 That I haue volved my M. Ardens death,
 And he whose kindly loue and liberall hand,
 Doth challenge naught but good deserts of me,
 I wil delyuer ouer to your hands.

The Tragedye of M. Arden

This night come to his house at Aldersgate,
 The doores he leaue vnlockt against you come.
 No sooner shall ye enter through the latch,
 Ouer the thzesholde to the inner court.
 But on your left hand shall you see the staires.
 That leads directly to my D. chamber,
 There take him and dispose him as ye please,
 Now it were good we parted company,
 What I haue promised, I will perfozme.

Wil. Should you deceiue vs, t would go wzong to you,

Mic. I will accomplish al I haue reuealde, (a dog

Wil. Come let's go dzinke, choller makes me as dze as

Exeunt Will, Gre. and Shak.

Manet Michaell.

Mic. Thus feedes the Lambe securely on the downe,
 Whilst' through the thicket of an arber bzake,
 The hunger bitten Woulfe ozepyzes his hant,
 And takes aduantage to eat him vp.
 Ah harmeles Arden how, how hast thou misdone,
 That thus thy gentle lyfe is leueld at,
 The many good turnes that thou hast don to me,
 Now must I quitance with betraying thee.
 I that should take the weapon in my hand,
 And buckler thee from ill intending foes.
 Do lead thee with a wicked fraudfull smile,
 As vn suspected, to the slaughterhouse:
 So haue I swozne to Wolby and my mistress.
 So haue I promised to the slaughtermen.
 And should I not deale currently with them,
 Their lawles rage would take reuenge on me,
 Tuth I will spur ne at mercy for this once.
 Let pittie lodge where scable women ly.
 I am resolued, and Arden needs must die. Exit Michaell.

Here enters Arden & Fran.

Arden. No Francklin no, if feare oz stozy thzets,
 If loue of me, oz care of womanhoode,

of Feuers hame.

If feare of God; or common speach of men,
 Who mangle credit with their wounding words,
 And cooch dishonoz, as dishonoz buds.
 Might ioyne repentaunce in her wanton thoughts,
 No question then but she would turne the leafe,
 And sozrow for her desolation.

But she is rooted in her wickednes.
 Peruerse and stobburne, not to be reclaimde,
 God counsell is to her as raine to waedes
 And repzehension makes her vice to grow,
 As Hydraes head that perisht by decay.
 Her faults me think are painted in my face.
 For euery searching eye to ouer reede.

And Mosbies name, a scandale vnto myne.
 Is deely trenched in my blushing brow.
 Ah Francklin Francklin, when I think on this,
 My harts græfe rends my other powers,
 Woyle then the conflict at the houre of death.

Farn. Gentle Arden leaue this sad lament,
 She will amend, and so your græfes will cease
 Or els shele die, and so your sozrows end.
 If neither of these two do happely fall,
 Yet let your comfozt be, that others beare
 Your woes twice doubled all with patience.

Ard. My house is irksome, there I cannot rest.

Fra. When stay with me in London, go not home.

Ard. Then that base Mosbie doth vsurpe my roome,
 And makes his triumphe of my bëing thence.
 At home, or not at home, where ere I be.
 Heere heere it lyes, ah Francklin here it lyes,
 That wil not out till wretched Arden dies.

Here enters Michaell,

Fra. Forget your græfes a while, heer coms your man,

Ard. What a Clock itt sirra?

Mic. Almost ten.

Ard. See see how runnes away the weary time,

C. 4.

Come

9 cm

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The Tragedy of M. Arden

Come M. Franklin, shal we go to bed.

Exeunt Arden & Michaell.

Manet Francklin.

Fran. I pray you go befoze, He follow you,
 Ah what a hell is fretfull Ielousie?
 What pittie moning woords? what deepe fetcht sighes?
 What grieuous grones? and overlading woes,
 Accompanies this gentle gentleman.
 Now will he shake his care oppzessed head,
 Then sit his sad eis on the sollen earth,
 Ashamed to gaze vpon the open woꝛld.
 Now will he cast his eyes vp towards the heauens,
 Looking that waies foꝛ redzeesse of wzong,
 Some times he seeketh to beguile his grieffe,
 And tels a stoꝛy with his carefull tongue.
 Then comes his wiues dishonoꝛ in his thoughts,
 And in the middle catteth of his tale.
 Now wzing fresh soꝛrow on his weary lins.
 So woe begone. so inlye charged with woe,
 Was neuer any lyued and bare it so.

Here enters Michaell.

Mic. My M. would desire you come to bed.

Fra. Is he himselfe already in his bed?

Exit Fran. Manet Mic.

Mic. He is and faine would haue the light away,
 Conflicting thoughts incamped in my brest
 Awake me with the Echo of their strokes:
 And I a iudge to censure either side,
 Can giue to neither wished victoꝛy.
 My masters kindnes pleads to me foꝛ lyfe,
 With iust demaund, and I must grant it him.
 My mistres he hath forced me with an oath,
 Foꝛ Sulans sake the which I may not bzeake,
 Foꝛ that is nearer the a masters loue,
 That grim faced fellow, pittiles black Will,
 And Shakebag Stearne in bloody Stratageme,

Two

of Feuershame.

Two Kuffer Kuffins neuer liued in Kent,
 Haue swozne my death, if I infrindge my bow,
 A dreadfull thing to be considered of,
 He thinks I see them with their bolstred haire,
 Staring and grinning in thy gentle face,
 And in their ruthles hands, their daggers drawne,
 Insulting oze there with a peck of oathes.
 Whilist thou submissiue pleading soz relæse,
 Art mangled by their irefull instruments.
 He thinks I heare them aske where Michaell is
 And pittiles black Will, cryes stab the slaue.
 The Pesant will detect the Tragedy.
 The wyncles in his fowle death thzeatning face,
 Capes open wide, lyke graues to swallow men.
 My death to him is but a merrymment,
 And he will murther me to make him sport.
 He comes he comes, ah M. Francklin helpe,
 Call by the neighbozys oz we are but dead
 Here enters Fran. & Arden.

Eran. What dismall outcry cals me from my rest?

Ard. What hath occasiond such a fearefull crye?

Speake Michaell, hath any iniurde thæ?

Mic. Nothing sir, but as I fell a slape,
 Upon the thzeelhoide leaning to the staires.

I had a fearefull dreame that troubled me,

And in my slamber thought I was beset,

With murtherer theeues that came to rifle me.

My trembling ioints witnes my inward feare.

I craue your pardons soz disturbing you.

Ard. So great a cry soz nothing, I nere heard.

What, are the dozes fast lockt: and al things safe?

Mic. I cannot tel, I think I lockt the dozes.

Ard. I like not this, but Ile go see my selfe.

Perere trust me, but the dozes were all vnlockt.

This negligence not halse contenteth me.

Get you to bed, and if you lone my sauour,

E.

Let

9 cm

The Tragedye of M. Arden

Let me haue no moze such pzanckes as these
Come M. Francklin, let vs go to bed.

Farn. I be my Faith, the aire is very colde, Exeunt.
Michaell farewell, I pray thee dreame no moze.

Sha. Black night hath hid the pleasures of y^e day.
Here enters Will, Gre. and Shak.

And sheting darknesse ouerhangs the earth,
And with the black folde of her cloudy robe,
Obscure vs from the sight of the worlde,
In which swete Silence such as we triumph.
The layste minuts linger on their time,
Loth to giue due audit to the howze:

Til in the watch our purpose be complete,
And Arden sent to euerlasting night.
Greene get you gone, and linger here about,
And at some houre hence, come to vs againe,
Where we will giue you instance of his death.

Gre. Spede to my wish whose wil so ere sayes no,
And so ile leave you for an howze or two. Exit Gre.

Will. I tel thee Shakebag, would this thing wer don,
I am so heauy that I can scarce go:
This drowlines in me bods little good.

Shake. How now Will, become a precisionian.
Pay then lets go Aape, when buges and feares,
Shall kill our courages with their fancies worke,

Will. Why Shakbagge thou mistakes me much,
And wrongs me to in telling me of feare,
Wert not a serious thing we go about,
It should be slipt, til I had fought with thee:
To let thee know I am no coward I,
I tel thee Shakbag thou abusest me.

Sha. Why thy speach bewyaied an inlye kind of feare.
And sauourd of a weak relenting spirit.
Go forward now in that we haue begonne.
And after wards attempt me when thou darest.

Wil. And if I do not heauen cut me of,
But let that passe, and show me to this house.

Where

of Feuershame.

Where thou shalt see Ile do as much as Shakbag.

Sha. This is the doze, but soft, me thinks tis shut,
The villaine Michaell hath deceiued vs,

Wil. Soft let me see, Shakbag tis shut indeed,
Knock with thy sword, perhaps the slane will heare,

Sha. It wil not be, the white liuerd pesant is gon to bed
And laughs vs both to scozne.

Wil. And he shall by his mirriment as deare,
As euer costrell bought so little sport,
Nere let this swozde assist me when I neede,
But rust and canker after I haue swozne:
If I the next time that I mete the hind,
Loppe not away his leg, his arme or both,

Sha. And let me neuer draw a sword againe,
Nor prosper in the twilight, cockshot light,
When I would seece the welthie passenger,
But ly and languish in a loathsome den:
Hated and spit at by the goers by.
And in that death may die, unpittied.
If I the next time that I mete the slane,
Cut not the nose from of the cowards face,
And trample on it, for this villany.

Wil. Come lets go seeke out Green I know hele swear

Sha. He were a villane and he would not sweare,
I would make a pesant sweare amongst his boyes.
That nere durst say befoze but yea and no.
To be thus flouted of a coysterel.

Will. Shakbag lets seeke out Green, & in the morning
At the Alehouse butting Ardens house,
Watch thee out comming of that prick eard cur,
And then let me alone to handle him. *Exeunt.*

Here enters Ard. Fra. & Michaell.

Ard. Sirra get you back to billensgate,
And learne what time the tide will serue our turne,
Come to vs in Paules, first go make the bed,
And afterwards go harken for the floude. *Exit Michaell.*

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Come M. Francklin, you shall go with me.
 This night I dreame that being in a parke,
 A toyle was pitcht to ouerthrow the deare.
 And I vppon a little ryfing hill,
 Stoode whitely watching for the herds approach.
 Euen there me thoughts a gentle slumber toke me,
 And sommond all my parts to swæte repose.
 But in the pleasure of this golden rest,
 An ill thewd foster had remoued the toyle,
 And rounded me with that beguyling home,
 Which late me thought was pitcht to cast the deare,
 With that he blew an euill sounding hozne,
 And at the noise an other heard man came:
 With fauchon drawn, and bent it at my brest.
 Crying aloud thou art the game we seeke,
 With this I wakt, and trembled euery ioynt,
 Lyke one obscured in a lytle bushe,
 That sees a lyon foraging about,
 And when the dreadfull forest King is gone,
 He pyses about, with timorous suspect:
 Throughtout the thorny casements of the bzaks,
 And will not think his person daungerles.
 But quakes and shewers though the cause be gone.
 So trust me Francklin when I did awake,
 I stode in doubt whether I waked or no:
 Such great impressiõ toke this fond surprize:
 God graunt this vision bedecime me any good.
 Fran. This fantassie doeth rise from Michaels feare:
 Who being awaked with the noyle he made,
 His troubled sences, yet could take no rest.
 And this I warant you procured your dreame.
 Ard. It may be so God frame it to the best,
 But often times my dreames presage to trew.
 Fran. To such as note their nightly fantasies,
 Some one in twenty may incurre beliefe,
 But vse it not, tis but a mockery.

Ard.

of Feuershame.

Ard. Come M. Francklin wele now walke in Hau'es
And dyne togeather at the ozdinary,
And by my mans direction draw to the key,
And with the tyde go down to Feuershame,
Say M. Francklin shall it not be so?

Francklin. At your good pleasure sir,
Ile beare you companye. Exeunt.

Here enters Michaell at one doore,
Here enters Grene, Will, and Shakebag,
at another doore.

Wil. Draw Shakebag, for hears that villaine Michael,

Gre. First Will lets heare what he can say,

Wil. Speak milkesope slaue, & neuer after speake.

Mic. For Gods sake sirs let me excuse my selfe.

For heare I sweare by heauen and earth and all,
I did performe the outmost of my task,
And left the doores unbolted and unlockt,
But see the chaunce Francklin and my master,
Were very late conferring in the porch,
And Francklin left his napkin where he sat,
With certain gould knit in it, as he said
Being in bed, he did betinke himselfe,
And comming down, he found the doores unshut,
He lockt the gates, and brought away the keyes
For which offence my master rated me,
But now I am going to see what floode it is,
For with the tyde my M. will away.
Where you may frons him well on Raynum downe,
A place well fitting such a stratageme.

Wil. Your excuse hath somewhat mollified my choller,
Why now Grene tis better now noz ere it was,

Gre. But Michaell is this trew?

Mic. As trew as I repozt it to be trew.

Shak. Then Michaell this shall be your pennance,

To feast vs all at the Salutation,
Where we wil plat our purpose thzoughly.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Gre. And Michael, you shal bear no newes of this tide
Because they two may be in Kaynū down befoze your H.

Mic. Why He agreæ to any thing youle haue me.
So you will except of my company. Exeunt.

Here enters Mosby.

Mos. Disturbed thoughts dzyues me from company,
And dzyes my marrow with their watchfulnes,
Continuall trouble of my moody bzaine,
Fæbles my body by excesse of dzyinke,
And nippes me, as the bitter Noztheast wind,
Doeth check the tender blosoms in the spzing.
Well fares the man how ere his cafes do taste
That tates not with soule suspition:
And he but pines amongst his delicats,
Whose troubled minde is stuf with discontent.
My goulden time was when I had no gould,
Thought then I wanted, yet I slept secure,
My dayly toyle, begat me nights repose:
My nights repose made daylight fresh to me.
But since I climbd the toppe bough of the tree,
And sought to build my nest among the clouds.
Each gentle stary gaile doth shake my bed:
And makes me dzead my downfall to the earth,
But whether doeth contemplation carry me.
The way I seeke to finde where pleasure dwels,
Is hedged behinde me that I cannot back,
But needs must on, although to dangers gate:
Then Arden perish thou by that decre.
Foz Greene doth erre the land and weede thez vp,
To make my haruest nothing but pure cozne.
And foz his paines He heaue him vp a while,
And after smother him to haue his ware.
Such bees as Greene, must neuer liue to sting.
Then is there Michael and the Painter to,
Chrese actors to Ardens ouerthrow:
Who when they shall see me sit in Ardens seat,

They

of Feuershame.

They wil insult vpon me for my mede,
 D^r fright me by detecting of his end.
 He none of that, for I can cast a bone,
 To make these cures pluck out each others throat,
 And then am I sole ruler of mine owne:
 Yet mistres Arden liues, but she's my selfe,
 And holy Churchrites makes vs two, but one,
 But what for that I may not trust you Ales,
 You haue supplanted Arden for my sake,
 And will ertirpen me to plant another:
 Tis feareful sleeping in a serpents bed.
 And I wil cleanly rid my hands of her.

Here enters Aes.

But here she comes and I must flatter her.
 How now Ales? what sad, and passionat?
 Make me pertaker of thy pensiuenes:
 Flye deuided burnes with lesser force.

Ales. But I will damne that fire in my breast,
 Till by the force therof, my part consume, ah Mosbie.

Mos. Such depe pathaires lyke to a canons burst,
 Dischargde against a ruinated wall,
 Breakes my relenting hart in thousand pieces,
 Ungentle Ales thy sorrow is my soze,
 Thou knowst it wel, and tis thy pollicy,
 To forge distressefull looks, to wound a breast,
 Where lyes a hart, that dies where thou art sad,
 It is not loue, that loues to anger loue.

Ales. It is not loue, that loues to murther loue.

Mos. How meane you that?

Ales. Thou knowest how dearly Arden loued me.

Mos. And then.

Ales. And then conceale the rest, for tis too bad,
 Least that my words be carried with the wind.
 And publiht in the world to both our shames,
 I pray thee Mosbye let our springtime wither,
 Our harnest els will yeald but lothsome weedes.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Forget I pray thee what hath past betwix vs,
For now I blushe and tremble at the thoughts,

Mos. What are you changde?

Ales I to my former happy life againe.

From tytle of an odious strumpets name,
To honest Ardens wife, not Ardens honest wife,
Ha Gosbye tis thou hast rised me of that,
And mad me slaundrous to all my kin:
Cuen in my forehead is thy name ingraueu,
A meane Artificer, that lowe bozne name,
I was bewitched, woe worth the haples howze,
And all the causes that inchaunted me:

Mos. Nay if thou ban, let me bzeath curses forth,
And if you stand so nicely at your fame:
Let me repent the credit I haue lost,
I haue neglected matters of import,
That would haue stated me aboue thy state:
For slowde abuantages, and spurnd at time.
I fortunes right hand Gosbie hath forsokte,
To take a wanton giglote by the left,
I left the Mariage of an honest maid,
Whose dowry would haue weyed down all thy wealth,
Whose beauty and demiano, farre exceeded thee.
Whis certaine god I lost for changing bad,
And wrapt my credit in thy company.
I was bewicht, that is no theame of thine,
And thou unhallowed hast enchaunted me:
But I will bzeake thyspels, and excirsmes,
And put another sight vpon these eyes,
That shewed my hart. a rauen for a dowe.
Thou art not faire, I vied thee not till now.
Thou art not kinde, till now I knew the not.
And now the raine hath beaten of thy gilt,
Thy worthless copper shoves thee counterfet.
It grieues me not to see how foull thou art,
But maddes me that euer I thought thee faire,

of Feuershame.

Go get thee gone, a copesmate for thy hyndes.
I am too good to be thy fauorite.

Ales. I now I see, and too soone find it trew,
Which often hath bene tould me by my frends?
That Holbie loues me not but for my wealth,
Which too incredulus I nere beleued.
May heare me speake Holbie a word or two,
He byte my tongue, if it speake bitterly:
Loke on me Holby, or He kill my selfe,
Nothing shall hide me from thy sight, my loke:
If thou cry warre, there is no peace for me
I will do penance for offending thee,
And burne this prayer booke, where I here vse,
The holy word that had conuerted me,
See Holbie I will teare away the leaues.
And all the leaues, and in this golden couer,
Shall thy swete phrases, and thy letters dwell,
And thereon will I chiefly meditate,
And hould no other sect, but such deuotion,
Wilt thou not loke? is all thy loue ouerwhelmed?
Wilt thou not heare? what malice stopes thine eares?
Why speakes thou not? what silence ties thy tongue?
Thou hast bene sighted, as the eagle is,
And heard as quickly as the fearefull hare:
And spoke as smoothly as an orator.
When I haue bid thee heare, or see, or speak.
And art thou sensible in none of these?
Waigh all thy good turns, with this little fault,
And I deserue not Holbies muddy lokes.
A fence of trouble is not thicken'd still,
We cleare againe, He nere more trouble thee.

Mos. No, I am a base artificer,
My winges are feathred for a lowly flight,
Holby fy no, not for a thousand pound,
Make loue to you, why tis unpardonable,
The beggers must not bzeath where gentiles are.

¶

Ales

9 cm

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Ales Swete Holbie is as gentle as a King,
And I to blinde, to iudge him other wise,
Flowers do some times spring in fallow lands,
Weedes in gardens, Roses grow on thornes.
So what so ere my Holbies father was,
Himselfe valued gentle by his worth.

Mof. Ah how you women can insinuate,
And cleare a trespassse with your swete set tongue,
I will forget this quarrel gentle Ales,
Prouided He be tempted so no moze.

Here enters Bradshaw,

Al. Then with thy lips seale by this new made match
Mof. Soft Ales for here comes some body.

Ales. How now Bradshaw, whats the news with you.

Brad. I haue little news but heres a letter.

That D. Greene importuned me to giue you:

Ales Go in Bradshaw call for a cuppe of beare. Exit
Tis almost suppertime, thou shalt stay with vs.

Then she reades the Letter.

We haue mist of our purpose at London, but shall perform
it by the waye, We thanke our neighbour Bradshaw.

Yours Richard Greene.

How lykcs my loue the tennoz of this letter?

Mof. Well, were his date compleat and expired.

Ales. Ah would it were,

When comes my happy houre.

Till then my blisse is mixt with bitter gall.

Come let vs in to thun suspicion.

Ales. I to the gates of death to follow thee. Exeunt.

Here enters Greene Will & Shakbag.

Shak. Come Will, see thy toles be in a redynes?

Is not thy Powder dancke,

Or will thy flint stryke fyze

Will. Then aske me if my nose be on my face.

Or whether my tounge be frosen in my mouth.

Zounds

of Feuershame.

Zounds heres a coyle, you were best sweare mee on the
intergatozies, how many Pistols I haue toke in hand.

Oz whether I loue the smell of gunne powder,

Oz dare abide the noise the dagge will make.

Oz will not wincke at flashing of the fire.

I pray thee Shackbag let this answer thee.

That I haue toke moze purses in this down,

Then ere thou handledst pistols in thy life.

Sha. I happely thou hast pickt moze in a thzong,

But should I bragge what booties I haue toke,

I think the ouerplus thats moze then thine,

Would mount to a greater somme of money,

Then either thou, oz all thy kinne are worth.

Zounds I hate them as I hate a toade,

That cary a muscado in their tongue.

And scarce a hurting weapon in their hand.

Wil. O Greene, intollerable,

It is not for mine honoz to beare this.

Why Shackbag I did serue the King at Bulloyne,

And thou canst bragge of nothing that thou hast done.

Shak. Why so can Iack of Feuershame,

That sounded for a phillope on the nose:

When he that gaue it him hollowed in his eare.

And he supposed a Cannon bullet hit him.

Then they fight.

Greene. I pray you sirs list to Clops talk,

Whillett two stout dogs were struing for a bone,

There comes a cur, and stole it from them both.

So while you stand struing on these termes of manhode,

Arden escapes vs and deceaue vs al.

Shake. Why he begun.

Will. And thou shalt finde Ile end.

I do but slip it vntil better time.

But if I do forget.

Then hee kneeles downe and houldes vp
his hands to heauen.

F. 2

Gre.

9 cm

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Greene. Wel take your fittest standings, & once moze
 Time your twigs to catch this weary bird,
 He leaue you, and at your dags discharge
 Make towards lyke the longing water dog,
 That coucheth til the fowling peccé be of:
 Then ceazeth on the pray with eager mode,
 Ah might I see him stretching forth his limmes,
 As I haue seene them beat their wings ere now,

Shak. Why that thou shalt see if he come this way,

Gre. Yes that he doth shakebag I warrant thee:
 But bzaul not when I am gone in any case,
 But sirs be sure to speede him, when he comes,
 And in that hope He leaue you for an houre. Exit Gre.

Here enters Arden Fran. & Mic.

Mic. It were best that I went back to Rochester,
 The horse halts down right, it were not good
 He traauiled in such paine to feuer shame:
 Remouing of a shoemay happely help it.

Ard. Well get you back to Rochester, but sirra see ye
 ouertake vs ere we come to Raynum down,
 For it will be very late ere we get home:

Mic. I God he knowes, & so doth Will and Shakebagge,
 That thou shalt neuer go further then that downe,
 And therefore haue I prickt the horse on purpose,
 Because I would not view the massacar. Exit Michael.

Arden. Come M. Francklin onwards with your tale,

Fran. I assure you sir, you taske me much,
 A heauy blode is gathered at my hart,
 And on the sudder is my winde so short:
 As hindereth the passage of my speach.
 So ferse a qualme yet neere assayled me:

Ard. Come M. Francklin let vs go on softly,
 The anoyance of the dust, or els some meat,
 you eat at dinner, cannot bzooke you:
 I haue bene often so, and soone amended.

Fra. Do you remember where my tale did leaue?

Ard.

of Feuerſhame.

Ard. I, where the gentleman did chek his wife.

Fran. She being repzehended for the fact,

Witness produced that toke her with the deed,
Her gloue bzoght in, which there she left behind,
And many other assured Arguments:

He husband askt her whether it were not so.

Ard. her answer then, I wonder how she lokt,
Hauing forſwozne it with such vehement oathes,
And at the instant so approued vppon her,

Fra. first did she cast her eyes down to the earth,
Watching the dzops that fell amaine from thence,
Then softly dzawes she forth her hand kercher,
And modestly she wypes her teare staine face:
Then hemd she out to cleare her voice should seeme,
And with a maiesty addzest her selfe,
To encounter all their accusations.

Pardon me M. Arden I can no moze:

This fighting at my hart, makes shozte my wynde.

Ard. Come we are almost now at Raynum delone,
Your pretty tale beguiles the weary way:
I would you were in state to tell it out.

Shak. Stand close Will I heare them cumming.

Here enters Lord Cheiny with his men.

Wil. Stand to it Shakbag, and be resolute,

Lord Che. Is it so nere night as it seemes,

O, wil this black faced euening haue a showze?

What M. Arden, you are well met.

I haue longd this fortnights day to speake with you,

You are a stranger man in the ile of Shepny,

Ard. Your honozs alwayes bound to do you seruiçe,

Lord Che. Come you from London & nere a man with

Ard My man's comming after, (you?

But her's my honest frænd that came along with me.

Lord Che. My Lord protectozs man I take you to bee

Fran. I my good Lord, and highly bound to you,

Lord Che. You & your frend come home & sup with me.

A. 3.

Ard.

9 cm

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Ard. I beseech your honoꝝ pardon me.
I haue made a promise to a gentle man,
My honest friend to meeete him at my house,
The occasion is great, oꝝ els would I wait on you.

Lord C. Will you come to morrow & dyne with me.
And bring your honest friend along with you:
I haue dyuers matters to talke with you about.

Arden. To morrow wele waite vpon your honoꝝ,

Lord C. One of you staye my horse at the top of the hill.
What black Will, soꝝ whose purse wait you?
Thou wilt be hanged in Kent, when all is done.

Wil. Not hanged, God saue your honoꝝ.
I am your bedesman, bound to pray soꝝ you,

Lord C. I think thou nere saidest prayer in all thy lyfe,
One of you giue him a crowne,
And sirra leane this kinde of lyfe.
If thou beest tainted soꝝ a penny matter,
And come in question, surely thou wilt trusse.

Come D. Arden let vs be going,
Poore way and mine lyes foure myle togeather. Exeunt

Manet Black Wil & Shakbag.

Wil The Deuill break all your necks, at 4 myles end,
Zounds I could kill my selfe soꝝ very anger.
His Lordship chops me in, euen when
My dagge was leaueld at his hart.

I would his crowne were molten down his throate,

Sha. Arden thou hast wondrous holpe luck,
Did euer man escape as thou hast done.

Well Ile discharge my pistoll at the skye,
Soꝝ by this bullet Arden might not die.

Here enters Greene.

Gre. What is he down, is he dispatcht?

Sha. I in health towards Fevershame, to shame vs all

Gre. The Deuill he is, why sirs how escapt he?

Shak. When we were ready to shote,
Comes my Lord Cheing to pꝛeuent his death.

Gren

of Feuershame.

Greene. The Lord of heauen hath preserued him.

Will. Preserued, a figge, the L. Cheiny hath preserued
And bids him to a feast, to his house at thozlow: (him)
But by the way, once moze Ile mate with him,
And if all the Cheinies in the world say no,
Ile haue a bullet in his bzeast to mozrow,
Therefore come Greene and let vs to Feuerhame.

Gre. I and excuse our selues to mistres Arden,
Whow shele chafe when she heares of this.

Sha. Why ile warrant you shel think we dare not do it

Wil. Why then let vs go, & tell her all the matter.
And plat the newes to cut him of to mozrow. Exeunt.

Here enters Arden and his wife, Francklin
and Michael.

Ard. See how the howrs the gardeant of heauens gate
Haue by their toyle remoued the darksome cloudes.
That Soll may wel deserue the trampled pace,
Wherein he wount to guide his golden ear,
The season fits, come Francklin, let's away.

Ales. I thought you did pretend some speciall hunt,
That made you thus cut bozte the time of rest.

Ard. It was no chafe that made me rise so early,
But as I tould the yesternight to go to the Ile of Sheppy:
Where to dine with my Lord Cheiny.
For so his honoz late commanded me.

Ales. I such kinde husbands seldome want excus:s,
Home is a wilde Cat, to a wandzing wit,
The time hath bene, would God it were not past,
That honozs tytle noz a Lords command,
Could once haue dzalwne you from these armes of mine,
But my deserts, oz your deserues decay,
Oz both, yet if trew loue may same desert,
I merite stil to haue thy company.

Fran. Why I pray you sir, let her go along with vs,
I am sure his honoz wil welcome her,
And vs the moze, for bzinging her along.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Ard. Content, sirra saddle your mistres nagge.

Ales. No, begde fauoꝝ merits little thanks,
If I should go, our house would runne away,
Or els be stolne, therefore I le stay behind.

Ard. Nay see how mistaking you are,
I pray thee goe.

Ales. No no, not now.

Ard. Then let me leaue thee satisfied in this,
That time noꝝ place, noꝝ persons alter me,
But that I should thee de rer then my life.

Ales. That will be reene by your quick returne.

Ard. And that shall be ere night and if I liue.
Farewell swæte Ales, we mind to sup with thee Exit Al.

Fra. Come Michaell are our hozles ready?

Mic. I your hozle are ready, but I am not ready,
Foz I haue lost my purse,
With six and thirtie shillinges in it,
With taking vp of my M. Page.

Fra. Why I pray you let vs go befoze,
Whilest he staves behind to seeke his purse.

Ard. Go to sirra, see you follow vs to the ile of Sheppye,
To my Lord Cheynnes where we meane to dine.

Exeunt Arden & Francklin.

Manet Michaell.

Mic. So faire whether after you,
Foz befoze you lyes, black Will and shakebag,
In the byome close, to close for you,
Theyle be your ferrymen to long home,
Here enters the Painter.

But who is this the Painter, my cozriual,
That would nedes winne M. Susan.

Clark. How now Michael how doth my Mistresse,
And all at home?

Mic. Who susan Gosbye? theis your Mistres to

Cl. I How doth she, and all the rest?

Mic. Al's well but susan she is sicke,

Clark,

of Feuershame.

Clā. Sick, of what disease?

Mic. Of a great feare.

Clā. A feare, of what?

Mic. A great feuer.

Clā. A feuer God forbide.

Mic. Yes faith, and of a lozdaine too,
As bigge as your selfe.

Clā. O Michael the spleane prickles you.

Go too, you carry an eye ouer mistres susan.

Mic. I faith, to keepe her from the Painter.

Clā. Why moze from a Painter, then from a seruing
creature like your selfe.

Mic. Because you Painters make but a painting ta-
ble of a pretty wench, and spoile her beauty with
blotting.

Clā. What meane you by that?

Mic. Why that you Painters, paint lambes, in the
lyning of wenches peticots

And we seruingmen put hoznes to them, to make them be-
come shepe.

Clā. Such another woꝝd wil cost you a ruffe or a knock

Mic. What with a dagger made of a pensell?

Faith tis too weake,

And therefore thou too weak to winne susan.

Clā. Would susans loue lay vppon this stroke,

Then he breakes Michaels head.

Here enters Mosby Greene & Ales.

Ales. Ile lay my lyfe, this is for susans loue,

Stayd you behinde your D. to this ende?

Haue you no other time to bzable in

But now when serious matters are in hand?

Say Clarke, hast thou done the thing thou promised?

Clā. I heare it is, the very touch is death.

Ales. Then this I hope, if all the rest do faile,

Will catch D. Arden.

And make him wise in death, that liued a foole.

G.

Why

9 cm

The Tragedye of M. Arden

Why should he thrust his sickle in our corne,
 O what hath he to do with thee my loue?
 O gouerne me that am to rule my selfe,
 Forsooth for credit sake I must leaue thee.
 Nay he must leaue to liue, that we may loue,
 Nay liue, may loue, for what is lyfe but loue?
 And loue shall last as long as lyfe remaines,
 And lyfe shall end, befoze my loue depart.

Mos. Why whats loue, without true constancy?
 Lyke to a piller built of many stones,
 Yet neither with good moztter, well compact,
 Nor semell, to fasten it in the ioynts.
 But that it shakes with euery blast of winde,
 And being toucht, straight fallens onto the earth,
 And buries all his haughty pride in dust.

Do let our loue be rockes of Addamant,
 Which time nor place, nor tempest can a sunder.

Gre. Mosbie leaue protestations now,
 And let vs bethinke vs what we haue to do:
 Black Will and Shakebag I haue placed,
 In the brome close watching Ardens comming.
 Lets to them, and see what they haue done. *Exeunt.*

Here enters Ard. & Fra.

Ard. Oh ferry man, where art thou?

Here enters the Ferriman,

Fer. Here here, goe befoze to the boat.
 And I will follow you.

Ard. We haue great haste, I pray thee come away.

Fer. Hy what a mist is here.

Ard. This mist my frend, is misticall,
 Lyke to a god companions smoaky bzaine,
 That was halfe dround with new ale ouer night.

Fer. Twere pittty but his scull were opened,
 To make moze Chimny roome.

Fran. Frend whats thy opinion of this mist.

Fer. I think tis lyke to a curst wife in a lylehouse,
 That

of Feuershame.

That neuer leaues her husband till she haue bzinen him
out at doores, with a wet paire of eyes,
Then lookes he as if his house were a fire,
D; some of his fréends dead.

Ard. speaks thou this of thine owne experiece,

Fer. Perhaps I, perhaps no: For my wyfe is as other
women are, that is to say, governed by the Wone.

Fran. By the Wone, how I pray thee:

Fer. Na thereby lyes a bargane.

And you shall not haue it fresh and fasting.

Ard. Yes I pray thee good ferryman.

Fer. Then for this once, let it be midsommer Wone.

But yet my wyfe as another mone.

Fran. Another Wone.

Fer. I, and it hath influences, and Eclipses.

Ard. Why then by this reconing, you somtimes

Play the man in the Wone.

Fer. I but you had not best to meddle with that mone
Least I scratch you by the face, with my bzamble bush,

Ard. I am almost stifed with this fog, come lets away

Fran. And sirra as we go, let vs haue som moze of your
bolde peomandy.

Fer. Nay by my troth sir, but flat knauery. Exeunt.

Here enters Will at one doore, and
Shakbag at another.

Sha. Oh Will where art thou?

Wil. Here Shakbag, almost in hels mouth,

Where I can not see my way for smoake.

Sha. I pray thee speake still, that we may mete
by the sound, for I shall fall into some ditch or
other, vnles my feete see better then my eyes.

Wil. Didest thou euer see better weather to runne a-
way with another mans wife, or play with a wenche
at pottinger.

Shak. No this were a fine world for chandlers,
If this weather would last, for then a man

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Should neuer dyne nor sup without candle light,
But sirra Will, what horses are those that past?

Wil. Why, didst thou heare any?

Sha. I that I did.

Will. My life for thine, twas Arden and his companio
And then all our labour's lost,

Sha. Nay say not so, for if it be they, they may happely
lose their way as we haue done

And then we may chaunce meete with them.

Wil. Come let vs go on lyke a couple of blind pilgrims
Then Shakebag falles into a ditch.

Sha. Helpe Will help, I am almost drownd.

Here enter the ferryman.

Fer. Whose that, that calles for help?

Wil. It was none here, twas thou thy selfe.

Fer. I came to help him that cald for help,

Why how now? who is this that's in the ditch?

You are well enough serued, to goe without a guyde,
such weather as this. (morning

Wil. Sirra what companyes hath past your ferry this

Fer. None but a cupple of gentlemen, that went to
dyne at my Lord cheyneis.

Wil. Shakebag did not I tell thee as much?

Fer. Why sir, will you haue any letters caried to them?

Wil. No sir, get you gone.

Fer. Did you euer see such a mist as this?

Wil. No, nor such a fools as will rather be bought
then get his way.

Fer. Why sir, this is no hough munday, you ar deceiud
Whats his name I pray you sir?

Sha. His name is black will.

Fer. I hope to see him one day hangd vpon a hill.

Exit Ferriman.

Sha. See how the Sunne hath cleard the foggy mist,
Now we haue mist the marke of our intent.

Here

of Feuershame.

Here enters Grene Mosbye and Ales.

Mos. Black Will and Shakbag, what make you heer
What is the deed don: is Arden dead.

Wil. What could a blynded man perfozme in armes?
Saw you not how till now, the sky was darke,
That neither horse noz man could be decerned,
Yet did we heare their hozses as they pass.

Gre. Have they escapt you then, and pass the ferry?

Sha. I for a while, but here we two will stay.
And at their coming back meete with them once moze,
Zounds I was nere so toylde in all my lyfe,
In following so slight a taske as this.

Mos. How camst thou so beraide?

Wil. With making false footing in the dark,
He needs would follow them without a guide.

Ales. Here's to pay for a fire and good chere
Get you to Feuershame to the stowze deluce,
And rest your selues vntil some other time.

Gre. Let me alone, it most concernes my state.

Will I mistres Arden, this wil serue the turne,
In case we fal into a second fog.

Exeunt. Grene Will and Shak,

Mos. These knaues wil neuer do it, let vs giue it ouer

Ales. First tell me how you like my new deuce?

Some when my husband is returning back,
You and I both marching arme in arme,
Lyke louing friends, we le meete him on the way.
And boldly beard and bzaue him to his teeth:
When woords grow hot, and blowes beginne to ryle,
He call those cutters forth your tenement,
Who in a manner to take vp the fray,
Shall wound my husband hoznelbie to the death.

Mos. Ah fine deuisse, why this deserues a kisse. Exeunt.

Here enters Dicke Reede and a Sailer.

Sayler. Faith Dick Reede it is to lytle end.
His conscience is too liberall, and he too nigardly.

To

9 cm

The Tragedy of M. Arden

To parte from any thing may do thee good.

Rede He is comming from Shozlow as I vnderstand,
 Here ile intercept him, soz at his house
 He neuer will vouchase to speake with me:
 If pzayers and faire intreaties will not serue,
 D² make no battry in his flintye breast.

Here enters Fra. Ard. and Michaell.

Ile curse the carle and see what that wil do,
 He where he comes, to further my intent,
 M. Arden I am now bound to the sea,
 My comming to you was about the plat of ground,
 Which wzongfully you detaine from me.
 Although the rent of it be very small,
 Yet will it helpe my wife and childzen:
 Which here I leaue in ffeuerthame God knowes,
 Pædy and bare, soz Chzists sake let them haue it.

Ard. Francklin hearest thou this fellow speake?
 What whitch he craues I dearely bought of him,
 Although the rent of it was ever mine.
 Sirra you, that aske these questions,
 If with thy clamarous impeaching tongue
 Thou raile on me, as I haue heard thou dost,
 Ile lay thee by so close a twelue months day,
 As thou shalt neither see the Sonne noz Mone,
 Loke to it. soz as surely as I liue,
 Ile banish pittie if thou vse me thus.

Rede. What wilt thou do me wzong, & thzeat me to?
 Nay then Ile tempt thee, Arden do thy worst,
 God I beseech thee show some miracle,
 On thee oz thine, in plauging thee soz this.
 What plot of ground, which thou detainest from me,
 I speake it in an agony of spirite,
 Be ruinous and fatall vnto thee:
 Either there be butcherd by thy dearest fréndz,
 Or els be brought soz men to wonder at.
 Or thou oz thine miscary in that place.

D²

of Feuershame.

O there runne mad, and end thy cursed dayes,
 Fra. If bitter knaue bypde thine enuious tongue,
 For curses are like arrowes shot by right,
 Which falling down light on the sutors head.
 Rede Light where they will, were I bypon the sea,
 As oft I haue in many a bitter stozme,
 And saw a dreadfull suthern flaw at hand,
 The Pylate quaking at the doubtfull stozme,
 And all the saylers praying on their knees,
 Euen in that fearefull time would I fall dovn,
 And aske of God, what ere betide of me,
 Vengeance on Arden, or some misleuent,
 To shewe the woꝛld, what wꝛong the carle hath done.
 This charge I leaue with wy distresfull wise.
 My children shall be taught such prayers as these,
 And thus I go but leaue my curse with the.
 Exeunt Rede & Sayler.

Ard. It is the raylingest knaue in chyztendome,
 And oftentimes the villaine will be mad,
 It greatly matters not what he sayes,
 But I assure you, I nere did him wꝛong.

Fra. I think so D. Arden.

Ard. Now that our hozles are gone home befoze,
 My wife may hapely mete me on the way,
 For God knowes she is growne passing kinde of late,
 And greatly chaunged from the sulde humoz.
 Of her wounted frowardnes.

And seeks by faire meanes to redeeme ould faults.

Fra. Happy the change, that alters for the best,
 But see in any case you make no speache,
 Of the cheare we had at my Loꝛd Cheineis,
 Although most bounteous and liberall,
 For that will make her think her selfe moze wꝛongd,
 In that we did not carry her a long,
 For sure she greued that she was left behinde.

The Tragedye of M. Arden

Ard. Come Francklin, let vs strain to mend our pace,
And take her vnawares playing the cooke.

Here enters Ales and Mosbie.

Foz I beleue thele stryus to mend our chere.

Fran. Why thers no better creatures in the world
Then women are, when they are in good humors.

Ard. Who is that? Mosbie, what so familiare?
Iniurious strumpet, and thou ribald knaue,
Untwyne thole armes.

Ales I with a sugred kisse, let them vntwine.

Ard. Ah Mosbie, perturde beast, beare this and all.

Mos. And yet no hozned beast,
The hoznes are thine.

Fran. O monstrous, Nay then tis time to draw.

Ales Helpe helpe they murther my husband.

Here enters Will, and Shak.

Sha. Zounds who iniures M. Mosbie.

Help Wil I am hurt.

Mos. I may thank you Mistris arden for this wound,
Exeunt Mosby Will & Shakbag.

Ales. Ah Arden what folly blinded thee?

Ah Ielious harebaine man what hast thou don,

When we to welcome thy intended spozt.

Came loungly to mete thee on thy way.

Thou drewst thy sword iraged with Ielousy,

And hurie thy frande,

Whose thoughts were free from harme.

All for a wortbles kisse, and ioyning armes.

Both don but mir:ely to try thy patience.

And me vnhappy that ceupled the Jest,

Which though begonne in spozte, yet ends in blode.

Fran. Mary God defend me from such a Feast.

Ales Couldst thou not sa vs frendly smyle on thee?

When we ioynd armes, and when I kist his cheeke.

Hast thou not lately found me ouer kinde?

Didst thou not heare me cry they murther thee.

Calbe

of Feuershame.

Cald I not helpe to set my husband free:

No, eares and all were witcht, ah me accurst,

To lincke in loking with a frantick man,

Hence forth Ile be thy slaue, no moze thy wife:

Foz with that name I neuer shall content thee.

If I be merry thou straight waies thinks me light.

If sad thou saiest the sullens trouble me.

If well attyzed thou thinks I will be gadding,

If homely, I seeme stuttish in thine eye.

Thus am I still, and shall be whill I die,

Woz wench abused by thy misgouernment,

Arden But is it foz truet, that neither thou noz he,

Entendedst malice in your misdemeanoz.

Ales. The heaucns can witnes of our harmles thoghts

Arden. Then pardon me swæte Ales,

And forgiue this faulte:

Forget but this, and neuer see the lyke.

Impose me pennance, and I will perfozme it:

Foz in thy dilcontent I finde a death,

A death tozmenting moze then death it selfe.

Ales. Nay hadst thou loued me as thou doest pretend,

Thou wouldst haue markt the speaches of thy frend,

Who going wounded from the place, he said

His skinne was peir'd only through my deuise.

And if sad so row taint thee foz this falt,

Thou wouldst haue followed him, and sene him dzeff,

And cryde him mercy whome thou hast misdone,

Perce shall my hart be eased till this be done.

Arden Content thee swæt Ales thou shalt haue thy wil

What ere it be, foz that I iniurde thee

And wzongd my frend, shame scourgeth my offence,

Come thou thy selfe and go along with me,

And be a mediatoz twixt vs two.

Fran. Why D. Arden, know you what you do,

Will you follow him that hath dishonourd you,

Ales. Why canst thou proue I haue bene disloyall.

Fran.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Fran. Why dost thou traunt you husband with the hozn,
Ales I after he had reupled him,

By the inturyous name of periurde beast,
He knew no wong could spyte an Ielious man,
Mozze then the hatefull naming of the hozne.

Fran. Suppose tis frew, yet is it dangerous.
To follow him whome he hath lately hurt,

Ales. A fault confessed is moze then halfe a mends,
But men of such ill spirite as your selfe.

Wozke crosses and debates twixt man and wife.

Ard. I pray the gentle ffrancklin holde thy peate,
I know my wife counsels me soz the best,

Ard. He secke out mesby, where his wound is drest,
And salve his haples quarrell if I may.

Exeunt Arden & Ales.

Fran. He whome the diuel dzines must go perforce,
Wozze gentleman how lone he is bewitcht,

And yet because his wife is the instrument,
His frends must not be lauish in their speach, Exit Fran.

Here enters Will Shakabage & Greene

Wil. Sirra Greene when was I so long
in killing a man.

Gre. I think we shall neuer do it.

Let vs giue it ouer.

Sha. Nay Zounds wele kill him.

Though we be hangd at his doze soz our labour.

Wil. Thou knowest Greene that I haue liued in
London this twelue yers.

Where I haue made some go vppon wodden legges,
Foz taking the wall on me,

Dyers with slaer noses, soz saying,
There goes blackwill.

I haue crackt as many blades,
As thou hast done Putes.

Gre. O monstrous lye.

Wil. Faith in a maner I haue.

The

of Feuershame.

The balodie houses haue paid me tribute,
 There durst not a whoze set vp, vnlesse she haue agreed
 with me first, for opening her shoppe windowes.
 For a crosse worde of a Tapster,
 I haue pearced one barrell after another, with my dager,
 And held him be the eares till all his beare hath run out,
 In Temes streate a brewers carte was lyke to haue runne
 ouer me, I made no more ado, but went to the clark
 and cut all the natches of his tales,

and beat them about his head. (watch,

I and my companie haue taken the Constable from his
 And carried him about the fields on a colt staffe.
 I haue broken a Sarians head with his owne mace,
 And baid whome I list with my sword and buckler.
 All the tenpenny alhouses would stand euery moorning,
 With a quart pot in his hand,
 Saying will it please your worship drinke:
 He that had not done so had bene sure to haue had his
 Singne puld down, & his lattice bozne away the next night
 To conclud, what haue I not done? et cannot do this,
 Doubtles he is preserved by Miracle.

Here enters Ales and Michaell.

Gre. Hence Will, here comes M. Arden.

Ales Ah gentle michaell art thou sure thei'r frends

Mic. Why I saw them when they both shoke hands,
 When Gosbie bled, he euen wept for so:row:
 And raild on Francklin that was cause of all.

So soner came the Surgen in at dozes,
 But my M. toke to his purse, and gaue him money.

And to conclud, sent me to bring you word,
 That Gosbie, Francklin, Bradshaw, Adam scwle,
 With diuers of his neighbors, and his frends,
 Will come and sup with you at our house this night.

Ales. Ah gentle Michaell, runne thou bak againe,
 And when my husband walkes into the faire,
 Bid Gosbie steale from him, and come to me,

H. 2

And

9 cm

The Tragedy of M. Arden

And this night shall thou and Susan be made sure,

Mic. He go tell him.

Ales. And as thou goest, tell John cooke of our guests,
And bid him lay it on, spare for no coast. Exit Michael.

Wil. Nay and there be such chere, we wil bid our selues
Mistres Arden, Dick Græne & I do meane to sup wth you,

Ales. And welcome shall you be, ah gentlemen,
How mist you of your purpose yesternight?

Gre. It was long of Shakebag that valuckye villaine.

Sha. Thou doest me wrong, I did as much as any.

Wil. Nay then D. Ales, He tell you how it was,
When he should haue lockt with both his hilts,

He in a brazery flozht ouer his head

With that comes Francklin at him lustely

And hurts the slaue, with that he slinks away,

Now his way had bene to haue come hand and fæte,
one and two round at his colterd.

He lyke a soole beares his sword point halfe a yarde out

of danger, I lye here for my lyfe.

If the deuill come, and he haue no more strength then fence

He shall neuer beat me from this warde,

He stand to it, a buckler in a skilfull hand,

Is as good as a castell.

Nay tis better then a sponce, for I haue tryde it.

Molbie perceiuing this, began to faint.

With that comes Arden with his arming sword,

And thrust him thzough the shoulder in a tryce.

Ales. I but I wonder why you both stode still.

Wil. Faith I was so amazed I could not strike.

Ales. Ah sirs had he yesternight bene slaine,

For euery drop of his detested blode,

I would cramme in Angels in thy fist.

And kiss thee too, and hugd thee in my armes.

Wil. Patient your selfe, we can not help it now,

Græne and we two, will dogge him thzough the faire,

And stab him in the croud, and steale away,

Here

of Feuerhame.

Here enters Mosbyc.

Ales. It is vnpossible, but here comes he,
That will I hope inuent some surer meanes.
Swete Mosbie hide thy arme, it kills my hart.

Mos. I mistres Arden, this is your fauour,

Ales. Ah say not so for when I sawe the hurt,
I could haue toke the weapon thou letst fall,
And runne at Arden, for I haue swozne,
That these mine eyes offended with his sight,
Shall neuer close, til Ardens be shut vp.

This night I rose and walkt about the chamber,
And twise oz thrise, I thought to haue murthred him,

Mos. What in the night, then had we bene vndone.

Ales. Why, how long shall he liue?

Mos. Faith Ales no longer then this night.

Black Will and Shakebag, will you two
Perfozme the complot that I haue laid.

Will. I oz els think me as a villaine.

Gre. And rather then you shall want,

Ile help my selfe.

Mos. You M. Greene shal single Francklin forth,
And hould him with a long tale of strange newes:
That he may not come home till suppertime.

Ile fetch M. Arden home, & we like frends.

Will play a game oz two at tables here,

Ales. But what of all this?

How shall he be staine?

Mosbie. Why black Will and Shakebag lockt within
the countinghouse.

Shall at a certaine watchwozd giuen, rush forth,

Wil. What shall the watch wozd be?

Mos. (Now I take you) that shall be the wozd.

But come not forth befoze in any case.

Wil. I warrant you, but who shall lock me in?

Ales. That will I do, thou'lt kepe the key thy selfe.

Mos. Come M. Greene, go you along with me.

The Tragedy of M. Arden

See all things ready Ales against we come.

Ales. Take no care for that, send you him home.

Exeunt Mosbie and Greene.

And if he ere go forth againe, blame me,
Come blacke Will that in mine eyes art faire,
Pert vnto Mosbie doe I honour thee,
Instead of faire wordes and large promises,
My hands shall play you goulden harmonie,
How like you this? say, will you doe it first?

Will. I and that byanelyto, marke my deuice.
Place Mosbie being a stranger in a chaire,
And let your husband sit vpon a stole,
That I may come behind him cunninglie,
And with a towell pull him to the ground,
Then stab him till his flesh be as a sine,
That done beare him behind the Abby,
That those that finde him murthered, may suppose
Some slaue or other kild him for his golde.

Ales. A fine deuice, you shall haue twenty pound,
And when he is dead, you shall haue forty more.
And least you might be suspected staying heere,
Michaell shall saddle you two lusty geldings.
Ryde whether you will to Scotland or to Wales.
He see you shall not lacke, where ere you be.

Will. Such wordes would make one kill 1000. men.
Giue me the key, which is the counting house?

Ales. Here would I stay, and still encourage you,
But that I know how resolute you are.

Sha. Tush you are too faint harted, we must do it.

Ales. But Mosbie will be there, whose very looks,
Will ad vntounted courage to my thought,
And make me the first that shall aduenture on him,

Will. Tush get you gone, tis we must do the dede.

When this doze oppens next looke for his death

Ales. Ah, would he now were here, that it might open
I shall no more be closed in Ardens armes,

that

of Feuershame.

That lyke the snakes of blacke Disiphone,
 Sting me with their enbraceings, mosbies armes
 Shal compasse me, and were I made a starre,
 I would haue none other spheres but those.
 There is no nectoꝝ, but in Holbies lypes,
 Had chaste Diana kist him, she like me
 Would grow loue sicke, and from her watris bowler,
 fling down Endimion and snath him by:
 Then blame not me, that say a silly man,
 Not halfe so louely as Endimion.

Here enters Michaell.

Mic. Mistres my maister is comming hard by,

Ales. Who comes with him.

Mic. No body but mosbye.

Ales. Whats will michaell, fetch in the tables,
 And when thou hast done, stand befoze the
 countinghouse doze.

Mic. Why so?

Ales. Black will is lockt within, to do the dede.

Mic. What shall he die to night?

Ales. I michaell

Mic. But shall not susan know it?

Ales. Yes soꝝ shele be as secrete as our selues.

Mic. Whats bzaue, Ile go fetch the tables.

Ales. But michaell hearke to me a woꝝd oꝝ two,
 When my husband is come in lock the strate doze:
 He shall be murthzed oꝝ the guests come in. Exit mic.

Here enters Arden & Mosbie.

Husband what meane you to bzing mosby home?
 Althought I wisht you to be reconciled,
 Twas moze soꝝ feare of you, then loue of him,
 Black Will and Greene, are his companions,
 And they are cutters, and may cut you thozte,
 Therefore I thought it god to make you frends.

H. 4,

But

9 cm

The Tragedy of M. Arden

But wherefoze do you bzing him hether now,
 You haue giuen me my supper with his sight, (gone.

Mof. M. Arden me thinks your wife would haue me

Arden. No good M. Dofbie, women will be prating.

Ales bid him welcome, he and I are frends.

Ales You may inforce me to it, if you will.

But I had rather die then bid him welcome,

His company hath purchest me ill frends.

And therefoze wil I nere frequent it moze.

Mof. Oh how cunningly she can dissemble.

Ard. Now he is here you wil not serue me so.

Ales. I pray you be not angrea oz displeased

Ile bid him welcome seing youle haue it so,

You are welcome M. Dofbie will you sit down.

Mof. I know I am welcome to your louing husband,

But for your selfe, you sprake not from your hart.

Ales. And if I do not, sir think I haue cause.

Mof. Pardon me M. Arden, Ile away.

Ard. No good M. Dofbie.

Ales. We thal haue guests enough, thogh you go hence

Mof. I pray you M. Arden let me go.

Ard. I pray the Dofbie let her prate her fill.

Ale. The dozes are open sir, you may be gone.

Mic. Nay thats a lye, for I haue lockt the dozes.

Ard. Sirra fetch me a cup of Wine.

Ile make them frends.

And gentle M. Ales, seing you are so stout,

You thal beginne, frowne not, Ile haue it so.

Ales I pray you meddle with that you haue to do.

Ard. Why Ales? how can I do too much for him,

Whose lyfe I haue endaugered without cause.

Ale. Tis true, & seing twas partly throught my means

I am content to drinke to him for this once.

Here M. Dofbie, and I pray you hence forth,

Be you as straunge to me, as I to you

Your company hath purchasled me ill freends.

And

of Feuershame.

And I for you God knowes, haue vnderferued
Beene ill spoken of in euery place.

Wherefoze hencefozth frequent my house no moze.

Mos. Ile see your husband in dispight of you,
Yet Arden I protest to thee by heauen,
Thou nere shalt see me moze, after this night.
Ile go to Rome rather then be forsworne.

Ar. Tush Ile haue no such vowes made in my house.

Ales. Yes I pray you husband let him sweare,
And on that condition Mosbie pledge me here.

Mos. I as willingly as I meane to liue.

Ar. Come Ales, is our supper ready yet?

Ales. It wil by then you haue plaid a game at tables,

Ar. Come M. Mosbie, what shall we play for?

Mos. Thre games for a french crowne sir,
And please you.

Ar. Content.

Then they play at the Tables.

Wil Can he not take him yet? what a spight is that?

Ales Not yet Will, take hede he see the not?

Wil. I feare he wil spy me, as I am coming,

Mic. To prevent that, crepe betwixt my legs.

Mos. One ace, or els I lose the game.

Ar. Hary sir theres two for sayling.

Mos. Ah M. Arden (now I can take you)

Then Will pulles him down with a towell

Ar. Mosbie, Michaell, Ales, what will you do?

Will Nothing but take you by sir, nothing els.

Mos. Thers for the pressing Iron you tould me of.

Sha. And ther's for the ten pound in my sleue,

Ales. What, grones thou? nay then giue me y^e weapō,
Take this for hindring Mosbies loue and mine.

Michaell. O Mistres.

Will Ah that villaine wil betray vs all.

Mos. Tush feare him not, he will be secrete,

Mic. Why dost thou think I will betray my selfe?

I

Sha.

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The Tragedy of M. Arden

Sha. In Southwarke dwels a bonnie noztherne lasse,
The widow Chambley ile to her house now,
And if she will not giue me harborough,
Ile make bootie of the queane euen to her smocke.

Will. Shift for your selues. We two will leane you no w

Ales. First lay the bodie in the countinghouse.

Then they lay the body in the Countinghouse.

Will. We haue our gould mistris Ales, adew,
Mosbie farewell, and Michaell farewell to. Exeunt

Enter Susan.

Susan. Mistres, the guests are at the dozes.
Hearken they knocke, what shall I let them in?

Ales. Mosbie go thou & beare them companie. Exit. M.
And susan fetch water and wash away this blode,

Susan. The blode cleaueth to the ground & will not out

Ales. But with my nailes ile scrape away the blood,
The moze I strue the moze the blod appeares:

Susan. Whats the reason M. can you tell?

Ales. Because I blush not at my husbands death,
Here enters Mosbie.

Mos. How now, whats the matter: is all well?

Ales. I wel, if Arden were alieue againe.

In baine we strue, for here his blod remains,

Mos. Why strew rushes on it, can you not,
This wench doth nothing fall vnto the woake.

Ales. Was thou that made me murther him,

Mos. What of that?

Ales. Say nothing Mosbie so it be not known.

Mos. Keepe thou it close, and tis vnpossible,

Ales. Ah but I can not, was he not slaine by me,
My husbands death torments me at the hart.

Mos. It shall not long torment thee gentle Ales,
I am thy husband, thinke no moze of him.

Here enters Adam fowle and Brad,

Brad. How now M. Arden: what ayle you weepe?

Mos.

of Feuershame.

Mof. Because her husband is abroad so late,
A cupple of Kuffins threathned him yesternight,
And the poze soule is affraid he should be hurt.

Adam It nothing els? tush hele be here anone.
Here enters Greene.

Gre. How M. Arden lacke you any guests.

Ales. Ah M. Greene, did you se my husband lately,

Gre. I saw him walking behinde the Abby euen now,
Here enters Francklin.

Ales. I do not like this being out so late,

M. Francklin where did you leaue my husband.

Fra. Belæue me I saw him not since Morning,
Feare you not hele come anone, meane time
You may do well to bid his guests sit down.

Ales. I so they shall, M. Bradshaw sit you there,
I pray you be content, I le haue my will.

M. How bie sit you in my husbands seat.

Michaell Susan shall thou and I wait on them,
And thou saist the word let vs sit down too.

Su. Peace we haue other matters now in hand.
I feare me Michael al wilbe bewraied.

Mic. Tush so it be knowne that I shall marry the in the
Morning, I care not though I be hangde ere night.
But to pzeuent the worst, I le by some rats bane.

Su. Why Michael wilt thou poyson thy selfe?

Mic. No, but my mistres, for I feare shele tell.

Su. Tush Michell feare not her, she's wise enough.

Mof. Sirra Michell giues a cup of beare.

M. Arden, heers to your husband.

Ales. My husband?

Fra. What ailes you woman, to erie so suddenly.

Ales. Ah neighbors a sudden qualm came ouer my hart
My husbands being forth tozments my mynde,
I know some thing's amisse, he is not well.

Or els I should haue heard of him ere now.

Mo. She will vndo vs, thzough her foolishnes.

A. 2.

Green

9 cm

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Gre. Feare not M. Arden, he's well enough.

Ales. Well not me, I know he is not well,
He was not wount for to stay thus late.

God M. Francklin go and seeke him forth,
And if you finde him send him home to me.
And tell him what a feare he hath put me in.

Fra. I like not this, I pray God all be well.
Exeunt Fra. Mos. & Gre.

Ile seeke him out, and find him if I can.

Ales. Michaell how shall I do to rid the rest away?

Mic. Leauē that to my charge, let me alone.

'Tis very late M. Bradshaw,
And there are many false knaues abroad,
And you haue many narrow lanes to pas.

Brad. Faith friend Michaell and thou saiest trew,
Therefore I pray thee lights forth, and lends a linck.
Exeunt Brad, Adam, & Michael.

Ales. Michaell bzing them to the dozes, but do not stay,
You know I do not loue to be alone.

Go Susan and bid thy bzother come,
But wherefoze should he come? Here is nought but feare.
Stay Susan stay, and helpe to counsell me.

Susan. Alas I counsell, feare frights away my wifs,
Then they open the countinghouse doore,
and looke vppon Arden.

Ales. See Susan where thy quandam Maister lyes,
Swæte Arden smeard in blode and filthy goze.

Susan. My bzother, you, and I, shall rue this dæde.

Ales Come Susan, help to lift his body forth,
And let our salt teares be his obsequies.

Here enters Mosbie and Greene.

Mos. How now Ales whether will you beare him?

Ales. Swæte Mosbie art thou come?

Then weepe that will.

I haue my wishe in that I loy thy sight.

Gre. Well it houses vs to be circumspect.

Mos.

of Feuershame.

Mos. I foꝛ Francklin thinks that we haue murthzed

Ales. I but he can not pꝛoue it foꝛ his lyfe, (him.

Wele spend this night in daliance and in spoꝛt.

Here enters Michaell

Mic. O mistres the Maioꝛ and all the watch,
Are comming towards our house with glaues & billes.

Ales. Make the doze fast, let them not come in,

Mos. Well me swete Ales how shal I escape?

Ales. Out at the back doze, ouer the pyle of woode.
And foꝛ one night ly at the floure deluce,

Mos. What is the next way to betray my selfe.

Gre. Alas M. Arden the watch will take me here,
And cause suspition, where els would be none.

Ales Why take that way that M. Mosbie doeth,
But first conuey the body to the fields.

Then they beare the body into the fields

Mos. Until to moꝛrow, swæte Ales now farewel,
And see you confesse nothing in any case.

Gre. Be resolute M. Ales, betray vs not,
But cleaue to vs as we will stick to you.

Excunt Mosbie & Grene.

Ales Now let the indge and iuries do their woꝛk,
My house is cleare, and now I feare them not.

Susan As we went it snowed al the way,
Which makes me feare, our fote steps will be spyed.

Ales Peace sole, the snow wil couer them againe.

Susan But it had done befoze we came back againe.

Ales Hearke hearke, they knocke,
go Michaell let them in.

Here enters the Maior and the Watch.

How now M. Maioꝛ, haue you bzought my husband home

Maior. I sawe him come into your house an hour agoe.

Ales You are deceiued, it was a Londoner,

Maior Mistres Arden know you not one
that is called blacke Will.

Ales I know none such, what meane these questions.

Maior

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The Tragedye of M. Arden

Maioꝛ. I haue the counsels warrand to apꝛehend him

Ales. I am glad it is no woꝛse.

Why M. maioꝛ, thinke you I harbour any such?

Ma. We are infoꝛmd that here he is.

And therfoꝛe pardon vs, foꝛ we must searꝓ.

Ales. I searꝓ and spare you not, thꝛough euery roome,
Where my husband at home, you would not offer this,
Here enters Francklin.

M. Francklin what meane you come so sad.

Fra. Arden thy husband, and my frænd, is slaine,

Ales. Ah, by whome? M. Francklin can you tell?

Fra. I know not, but behind the abby,

There he lyes murthꝛed in most pittious case,

Mai. But M. Francklin are you sure tis he,

Fra. I am to sure, would God I were deceiued.

Ales. Finde out the Murthꝛers let them be knowne,

Fra. I so they shall, come you along with vs.

Ales. Wherefoꝛe?

Fra. know you this handtowel and this knyfe?

Su. Ah michael thꝛough this thy negligence.

Thou hast betraied and vndone vs all.

Mic. I was so affraide, I knew not what I did,
I thought I had thꝛowne them both into the well.

Ales. It is the pigs blode we had to supper.

But wherfoꝛe stay you? finde out the murthꝛers.

Ma. I feare me youle pꝛoue one of them your selfe.

Ale. I one of them, what meane such questions.

Fra. I feare me he was murthꝛed in this house.

And carried to the fields, foꝛ from that place,

Backwards and foꝛwards may you see,

The print of many fete within the snow,

And loke about this chamber where we are,

And you shall finde part of his giltles blode,

Foꝛ in his slipshoe did I finde some rushes.

Which argueth he was murthꝛed in this roome.

Ma. Loke in the place where he was wont to sit.

of Feuershame.

See see his blood it is too manifest,

Ales It is a cup of Wine that michaell shed.

Mic. I truely.

Fran. It is his blode, which strumpet thou hast shed,
But if I liue thou and thy complices,
Which haue conspired and wrought his death,
Shall rue it.

Ales Ah M. Francklin God and heauen can tell,
I loued him moze then all the world beside.
But bring me to him let me see his body.

Fra. Bring that villaine and mosbies sister too,
And one of you go to the flooze deluce.

And seeke for mosbie, and appzehend him to. Excunt
Here enters shakebag solus.

Sh. The widdow chably in her husbands dayes I kept
And now he's dead, she is growne so stout
She will not know her ould companions,
I came thither thinking to haue had
Harbour as I was wount
And she was ready to thrust me out at doozes.
But whether she would or no, I got me by,
And as she followed me I spurnd her down the staires,
And broke her neck, and cut her tapsters throat,
And now I am going to sing them in the Temes,
I haue the gould, what care I though it be knowne?
Ile crosse the water, and take sanctuary.

Exit shakebag.

Here enters the Maior, Mosbie, Ales, Francklin,
Michaell and Susan.

Maior See M. Arden where your husband lyes.
Confesse this foule fault, and be penitent.

Ales Arden swete husband, what shall I say?
The moze I sound his name, the moze he bleedes.
This blode condemnes me, and in gushing forth
Speakes as it falles, and askes me why I did it,
Forgiue me Arden, I repent me nowe,

The Tragedye of M. Arden

And would my death saue thine, thou shouldst not dye,
Kylc by swete Arden and enioy thy loue.

And frowne not on me when we mete in heauen,
In heauen I loue thee, though on earth I did not,

Maioꝛ Say Mosby what made thee murther him.

Fra. Study not foꝛ an answer. loke not down
His purse and girdle found at thy beds head,
Witness sufficiently thou didst the deede.

It bootles is to sweare thou didst it not.

Mos. I hyzed black Will and Shakebagge,
Kuffynes both,

And they and I haue done this murthzous deed,
But wherefoze stay we?

Come and beare me hence.

Fran. Those Kuffins shall not escape.

I will by to London, and get the counsels warrand
to appzehend them. Execunt.

Here enters Will.

Will. Shakebag I heare hath taken sanctuary,
But I am so pursued with hues and cryes,
Foꝛ petty robberies that I haue done,
That I can come vnto no Sanctuary.
Wherefoze must I in some Dyster bote,
At last, be faine to go a boozd some Hopye.
And so to Flushing there is no staying here,
At Sittinburgh the watch was like to take me.
And had I not with my buckler couerd my head,
And run full blanck, at all aduentures,
I am sure I had nere gone further then that place,
Foꝛ the Constable had 20 warrands to appzehend me,
Besides that, I robbed him and his Pan once
at Gades hill,

Farewell England, Ile to Flushing now. Exit Will.

Here enters the Maioꝛ, Mosby, Ales, Michaell,
Susan, and Bradshaw.

Maioꝛ. Come make haste & bying away the prisoners.
Bradshaw

of Feuershame.

Brad. **M.** Arden you are now going to God,
 And I am by the law condemned to die.
 About a letter I brought from **M.** Greene,
 I pray you **M.** Arden speak the trueth,
 Was I euer pziue to your intent or no?
 Ales What should I say?
 You brought me such a letter.
 But I dare sweare thou knewest not the contents.
 Leave now to trouble me with worldly things.
 And let me meditate vpon my sauour **Chzist**,
 Whose blode must saue me for the blode I shed,
Mos. How long shall I liue in this hell of grieffe?
 Conuey me from the pzeience of that strumpet.
 Ales. Ah but for thee I had neuer bene strumpet
 What can not oathes and prote stations doe?
 When men haue oppoztunity to woe.
 I was too young to sound thy villanies.
 But now I finde it, and repent too late.
Su. Ah gentle bzother, wherefoze should I die.
 I knew not of it, till the deed was don.
Mos. For thee I mourne moze then for my selfe,
 But let it suffice, I can not saue thee now,
Mic. And if your bzother and my **Mistres**.
 Had not promised me you in marriage,
 I had nere giuen consent to this foule deeds.
Maior Leave to accuse each other now,
 And listen to the sentence I shall giue.
 Beare **Mosbie** and his sister to London straight,
 Where they in **smithfield** must be executed.
 Beare **M.** Arden vnto **Canterburge**,
 Where her sentence is she must be burnt.
Michaell and **Bradshaw**, in **Feuershame**
 must suffer death.
 Ales Let my death make a mends for all my finnes,
Mos. Fly vpon women, this shall be my song.
 But beare me hence, for I haue liued too long.

B.

Susan

9 cm

The Tragedy of M. Arden

Susan Being no hope on earth, in heauen is my hope.

Mic. Faith I care not seeing I die with Susan.

Brad. By blode be on his head that gaue the sentence,

Maor To speedy execution with them all. Exeunt

Heere enters Francklin.

Fran. Thus haue you seene the trueth of Ardens death

As for the Ruffins, Shakkbag and blacke Will,

The one toke Sanctuary, and being sent for out.

Was murthred in Southwark, as he past

To Greene witch, where the Lord Protector lay.

Black Will was burnt in flushing on a stage.

Greene was hanged at Disbridge in Kent.

The Painter fled, & how he dyed we know not.

But this about the rest is to be noted.

Arden lay murthred in that plot of ground,

Which he by force and violence held from Kede.

And in the grasse his bodyes pynt was seene,

Two yeeres and moze after the daede was done

Gentlemen we hope youle pardon this naked Tragedy,

Wherin no filed points are foisted in,

To make it gracious to the eare or eye.

For simple trueth is gracious enough:

And needes no other points of glosing stufte.

FINIS.

