



L. O. O. 844 RETURN FROM PERNASSUS, or the Scourge of Simony, published by the Students in Saint John's Colledge in Cambridge Printed by G. Eld for John Wright, 1606

S. G. S. G.
May 21. 1857.

* * * This play contains criticisms on Shakespeare and most of the principal poets of the day, including Spenser, Ben Jonson, Daniel, Drayton, Marlowe, Marston, &c. It is not generally known there are two editions of this play dated 1606, with the same title, but differing materially otherwise. The present is the rarest of these.

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Thomas Pennant Barton.

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THE
RETURNE FROM
PERNASSVS:)

Or

The Scourge of Simony.

Publiquely acted by the Students
in Saint Johns Colledge in
Cambridge.



AT LONDON
Printed by G. Eld, for John Wright, and
are to bee sold at his shop at
Christ church Gate.

(1606.)

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966

RECEIVED FROM
P. R. VASSY

The Court of Sessions

153.584

May, 1878

Witnessed by the Clerk
in the Court of Sessions
at Glasgow

Thomas Primant Barton

RECEIVED FROM
P. R. VASSY
NOTARY

Witnessed by the Clerk
in the Court of Sessions
at Glasgow
1878

The Prologue.

Boy, Stagekeeper, Momus, Defensor.

Boy.

Spectators we will act a Comedy (*non plus*.
Stageke. A poxon't this booke hath it not in it, you would be whipt, thou raskall: thou must be sitting vp all night at cards, when thou should be conning your part.

Boy. It's all long on you, I could not get my part a night or two before that I might sleepe on it.

Stagekeeper carrieth the boy away vnder his arme.

Mo. It's euen wel doone, hereis such a sturre about a scur-
nie English show.

Defen. Scuruie in thy face, thou scuruie Iack, if this company were not, you paultry Crittick Gentleman, you that knowe what it is to play at primero, or passage. You that haue beene student at post and payre, saint and Loadam. You that haue spent all your quarters reuenewes in riding post one night in Christmas, beare with the weake memory of a gamster.

Mo. Gentlemen, you that can play at noddy, or rather play vpon Noddies: you that can set vp a ieast, at primero instead of a rest, laugh at the prologue that was taken away in a voy-
der.

Defen. What we present I must needs confesse is but flub-
bered inuention: if your wisdome obscure the circumstance, your kindenelle will pardon the substance.

Mo. What is presented here, is an old musty showe, that hath laine this twelue-moneth in the bottome of a coale-house amongst broomes and old shoues, an inuention that we are ashamed of, and therefore we haue promised the Copies to the Chandlers to wrappe his candles in.

Defen. It's but a Christenmas toy, and may it please your cur-
tifies to let it passe.

The Prologue.

Mom. It's a Christmas toy indeede, as good a conceite as slauging hotcockles, or blinde-man buffe.

Defen. Some humors you shall see aymed at, if not well resembled.

Mom. Humors indeede: is it not a pretty humor to stand hãmering vpon two *indiuuum vagum* 2. schollers some whole yeare. These same *Phil.* and *Studio*: haue beene followed with a whip, and a verse like a Couple of Vagabonds through *England* and *Italy*. The Pilgrimage to *Pernassus*, and the returne from *Pernassus* haue stooed the honest *Stagekeepers* in many a Crownes expence: for linckes and vizardes purchas'd a Sophister a kn-ck: which a clubbe hindred the butlers box, and emptied the colledge barrells, and now vnlesse you know the subiect well, you may returne home as wise as you came, for this last is the least parte of the returne from *Pernassus*, that is both the first & the last time that the Authors wit wil turne vpon the toe in this vaine, and at this time the scene is not at *Pernassus*, that is, lookes not good inuention in the face.

Defen. If the Catastrophe please you not, impute it to the vnpleasing fortunes of discontented schollers.

Mom. For Catastrophe ther's neuer a tale in *Sir John Mandeuil*, or *Benis of Southampton* but hath a better turning.

Stagekeeper. What you ieering asse, be gon with a pox.

Mom. You may doe better to busy your selfe in prouiding beere, for the shewe wil be pittifull drie, pittifull drie.

Exit.

No more of this, I heard the spectators aske for a blanke verse.

What we shew, is but a Christmas iest,
Conceiue of this and guesse of all the rest:
Full like a schollers haplesse fortunes pen'd,
Whose former griefes seldome haue happy end.
Frame as well, we might with easy straine,
With far more prayse, and with as little paine.
Storyes of loue, where forne the wondring bench,
The hisping gallant might enioy his wench.

The Prologue.

Or make some Sire acknowledge his lost sonne,
Found when the weary act is almost done,
Nor vnto this, nor vnto that our scene is bent,
We onely shew a schollers discontent,
In Schollers fortunes twise forlorne and dead
Twise hath our weary pen earst laboured,
Making them Pilgrims in *Pernassus* hill,
Then penning their returne with ruder quill.
Now we present vnto each pittying eye,
The schollers progresse in their miserye.
Refined wits your patience is our blisse,
Too weake our scene : too great your iudgment is,
To you we seeke to shew a schollers state,
His scorned fortunes, his vnpittyed fate.
To you : for if you did not schollers blisse,
Their case (poore case) were too too pittillesse.
You shade the muses vnder fostering,
And make them leaue to sigh, and learne to sing.



The names of the Actors.

Dramatis Persona.

<i>Ingenioso.</i>	<i>Academico.</i>
<i>Iudicio.</i>	<i>Amorotto.</i>
<i>Danter.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Philomusus.</i>	<i>Signor Immerito.</i>
<i>Studiofo.</i>	<i>Stercutio his father.</i>
<i>Furor Poetiens.</i>	<i>Sir frederick.</i>
<i>Phantasma.</i>	<i>Recorder.</i>
<i>Patient.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
<i>Rhichardetto.</i>	<i>Prodigo.</i>
<i>Theodore phisition.</i>	<i>Burbage.</i>
<i>Burgesse patient.</i>	<i>Kempe.</i>
<i>Iaques studiofo.</i>	<i>Fidlers.</i>
	<i>Patients man.</i>

Actus I. Scena I.

Ingenioso, with Iuuenall in his hand.

Ingenioso.

D*ifficile est, Satyram non scribere, nam quis iniqua
Tam patiens urbis, tam furens ut teneat se?*
I, Iuuenall: thy ierking hand is good,
Not gently laying on, but fetching bloud.
So surgean-like thou dost with cutting heale,
Where nought but lanching can the wound auayle.
O suffer me, among so many men,
To tread aright the traces of thy pen.
And light my linke at thy eternall flame,
Till with it I brand euerlasting shame,
On the world's forehead and with thine owne spirit,
Pay home the world according to his merit.
Thy purer soule could not endure to see,
Euen smallest spots of base impurity:
Nor could small faults escape thy cleaner hands,
Then foule faced Vice was in his swadling bands.
Now like *Anteus* growne a monster is,
A match for none but mighty *Hercules*.
Now can the world practise in playner guise,
Both finnes of old and new borne villanyes.
Stale finnes are stole: now doth the world begin,
To take sole pleasure in a witty sinne.
Vnpleasant is the lawlesse sinne has bin,
At midnight rest, when darknesse couers sin.
It's Clownish vnbeseming a young Knight,
Vnlesse it dare outface the gloring light.
Nor can it nought our gallants prayles reape,
Vnlesse 'it be done in staring Cheape.
In a sinne-guilty Coach not cloasely pent,
Logging along the harder pauement.
Did not feare check my repining spirit,
Soone should my angry ghost a story write.

In which I would new foſtred ſinnes combine,
Not knowne earſt by truth telling *Aretine*.

Enter Ind Scena 2. Ingenioſo, Iudicio.

Ind. What *Ingenioſo*, carrying a Vinegar bottle about thee, like a great ſchole-boy giuing the world a bloody noſe?

Ing. Faith *Iudicio*, if I carry the vineger bottle, it's great reaſon I ſhould confer it vpon the bald pated world: and againe, if my kitchen want the v:enſilies of viands, it's great reaſon other men ſhould haue the ſauce of vineger, and for the bloudie noſe, *Iudicio*, I may chance indeed giue the world a bloody noſe, but it ſhall hardly giue me a crakt crowne, though it giues other Poets french crownes.

Ind. I would wiſh thee *Ing.* to ſheath thy pen, for thou canſt not be ſucceſſefull in the fray, conſidering thy enemies haue the aduantage of the ground.

Ing. Or rather *Ind.* they haue the grounds with aduantage, and the french crownes with a pox, and I would they had them with a plague too: but hang them ſwadds, the baſeſt corner in my thoughts, is too gallant a roome to lodge them in, but ſay *Iudicio*, what newes in your preſſe, did you keepe any late corrections vpon any tardy pamphlets?

Ind. *Veterem iubes renouare dolorem* *Ing.* what ere befalls thee, keepe thee from the trade of the corrector of the preſſe.

Ing. Mary ſo I will, I warrant thee, if pouerty preſſe not too much, Ile correct no preſſe but the preſſe of the people.

Ind. Would it not grieue any good ſpirits to ſit a whole moneth nitting out a louſy beggarly Pamphlet, and like a needy Phiſitian to ſtand whole yeares, toſſing and tumbling, the filth that falleth from ſo many draughty inuentionſ as dayly ſwarme in our printing houſe?

Ing. Come (I thinke) we ſhall haue you put finger in the eye and crie, O friends, no friends, ſay man what new paper hobby horſes, what rattle babies are come out in your late May morrice daunce?

Ind. Sly my rimes as thick as flies in the ſunne, I thinke there

there be neuer an alle house in England, not any so base a may pole on a country greene, but setts forth some poets petternels or demilaunces to the paper warres in Paules Church yard.

Ing. And well too may the issue of a strong hep learne to hop all ouer England, when as better wittes sit like lame coblers in their studies. Such barmy heads wil alwaies be working, when as sad vineger witts sit souring at the botteme of a barrell: plaine Meteors, bred of the exhalation of Tobacco, and the vapors of a moyst pot, that soure vp into the open ayre, when as sounder wit keepes belowe.

Iud. Considering the furies of the times, I could better endure to see those young Can quaffing hucksters shoot of their pellets so they would keepe them from these English *flores-poetarum*, but now the world is come to that passe, that there starts vp euery day an old goose that sits hatching vp those eggs which haue ben filcht from the nest of Crowes and Kestrells: here is a booke *Ing*: why to condemne it to cleare the vsuall Tiburne of all misliuing papers, weare too faire a death for so soule an offender.

Ing. What's the name of it, I pray thee *Iud*?

Iud. Looke its here *Beluedere*.

Ing. what a belwether in Paules Churchyard, so cald because it keeps a bleating, or because it hath the tinckling bel of so many Poets about the neck of it, what is the rest of the title.

Iud. The garden of the Muses.

Ing. What haue we here, the Poet garish gayly bedeket like fore horses of the parish? what follows.

Iud. *Quem referent muse, viuet dum roborat tellus,*

Dum calum stellas, dum vehit amnis aquas.

Who blurres fayer paper, with foule bistard rimes,

Shall liue full many an age in latter times:

Who makes a ballet for an ale house doore,

Shall liue in future times for euer more.

Then () thy muse shall liue so long,

As draffy ballats to thy praise are song.

But what's his deuise, Parnassus with the sunne and the lawrel:
I wonder this owle dares looke on the sunne and I maruail

this gosse flies not the lawrell: his deuise might haue bene better a foole going in to the market place to be seene, with this motto. *scribimus indocti*, or a poore beggar gleaning of eares in the end of harvest, with this word, *sua cuiq; gloria*.

Ind. Turne ouer the leafe *Ing*: and thou shalt see the paynes of this worthy gentleman, Sentences gathered out of all kind of Poetts, referred to certaine methodicall heades, profitable for the vse of these times, to rime vpon any occasion at a little warning: Read the names.

Ing. So I will, if thou wilt helpe me to censure them.

<i>Edmund Spencer.</i>		<i>Michaell Drayton.</i>
<i>Henry Constable.</i>		<i>Iohn Davis.</i>
<i>Thomas Lodge.</i>		<i>Iohn Marston.</i>
<i>Samuel Daniell.</i>		<i>Kit: Marlowe.</i>
<i>Thomas Watson.</i>		

Good men and true; stand together: heare your censure, what's thy iudgement of *Spencer*?

Ind. A sweeter swan then euer song in Poe,
 A shriller Nightingale then euer blest
 The prouder groues of selfe admiring Rome,
 Blith was each vally, and each sheapeard proud,
 While he did chaunt his rurall ministralsye.
 Attentiue was full many a dainty eare.
 Nay hearers hong vpon his melting tong,
 While sweetly of his Faery Queene he song.
 While to the waters fall he tun'd for fame,
 And in each barke engrau'd Elizaes name.
 And yet for all this, vnregarding soile
 Vnlac't the line of his desired life,
 Denying mayntenance for his deare releife,
 Carelesse care to preuent his exequy,
 Scarce deigning to shut vp his dying eye.

Ing. Pitty it is that gentler witts should breed,
 Where thicke skin chuffes laugh at a schollers neede,
 But softly may our honors ashes rest,
 That lie by mery *Chaucers* noble chest.

But I pray thee proceede breefly in thy cenſure, that I may be proud of my ſelfe, as in the firſt, ſo in the laſt, my cenſure may jumpe with thine. *Henry Conſtable, Samuel Daniel, Thomas Lodge, Thomas Watſon.*

Iud. Sweete Conſtable doth take the wondring care,
And layes it vp in willing priſonment:
Sweete hony dropping *Daniell* doth wage
Warre with the proudeſt big Italian,
That melts his heart in ſugred ſonetting,
Onely let him more ſparingly make uſe,
Of others wit, and uſe his owne the more:
That well may ſcorne baſe imitation.
For *Lodge* and *Watſon*, men of ſome deſert,
Yet ſubiect to a Critticks marginall.
Lodge for his oare in euery paper boate,
He that turnes ouer *Galen* euery day,
To ſit and ſimper *Euphues* legacy.

Ing. *Michael Drayton.*

Draytons ſweete muſe is like a ſanguine dy,
Able to rauish the raſh gazers eye.

Ing. How euer he wants one true note of a Poet of our times,
and that is this, hee cannot ſwagger it well in a *Tauerne*, nor
dominere in a hothouſe.

Iud. *John Davis.*

Acute *John Davis*, I affect thy rymes,
That ierck in hidden charmes theſe looſer times:
Thy playner verſe, thy vnaffected vaine,
Is grac't with a fayre and a ſoothing traine.

Ing. *Locke and Hudſon.*

Iud. *Locke and Hudſon*, ſleepe you quiet ſhauers, among the
ſhauings of the preſſe, and let your bookes lie in ſome old
nookes amongſt old bootes and ſhooes, ſo you may auoyde
my cenſure.

Ing. Why then clap a locke on their feete, and turne them
to commons.

John Marſton.

Iud. What *Monſier Kinsayder*, liſting vp your legge and
piſſing

The returne from Pernaſſus.

piſſing againſt the world, put vp man, put vp for ſhame.

Me thinks he is a Ruffian in his ſtile,
Withouten bands or garters ornament,
He quaffes a cup of frenchmans Helicon.
Then royſter doyſter in his oylie tearmes,
Cutts, thruſts, and foines at whomſoeuer he meets.
And ſtrewes about Ram-ally meditations,
Tut what cares he for modeſt cloſe coucht termes,
Cleanly to gird our looſer libertines.
Giue him plaine naked words ſtrip't from their ſhirts
That might beſeeme plaine dealing *Aretine* :
I there is one that backes a paper ſteed
And manageth a pen-knife gallantly,
Strikes his poinado at a buttons breadth,
Brings the great battering ram of tearms to town
And at firſt volly of his Cannon ſhot,
Batters the walles of the old fuſtie world.

Ing. Chriſtopher Marlowe.

*Iud. Marlowe was happy in his buſkind muſe,
Alas vnhappy in his life and end,
Pitty it is that wit ſo ill ſhould dwell,
Wit lent from heauen, but vices ſent from hell.*

*Ing. Our Theater hath loſt, Pluto hath got,
A Tragick penman for a driery plot.*

Beniamin Iohnſon.

Iud. The wittieſt fellow of a Bricklayer in England.

*Ing. A niceere Emperick, one that gettes what he hath by ob-
ſeruation, and makes onely nature priuy to what he endites,
ſo ſlow an Inuentor, that he were better betake himſelfe to
his old trade of Bricklaying, a bould whorſon, as confident
now in making of a booke, as he was in times paſt in laying
of a brick.*

William Shateſpeare.

*Iud. Who loues Adonis loue, or Lucre's rape,
His ſweeter verſe contaynes hart robbing life,
Could but a grauer ſubiect him content,
Without loues fooliſh lazy languishment.*

Ing.

Ing. Churchyard.

Hath not *Shor's* wife although a light skirts she,
Giuen him a chaste long laſting memory?

Ind. No all light pamphlets once I finden shall,
A Churchyard and a graue to bury all.

Ing. Thomas Naſſo.

I heare is a fellowe *Iudicio* that carryed the deadly ſtocke in
his pen, whose muſe was armed with a gagtooth, and his pen
poſſeſt with *Hercules* furies.

Ind. Let all his faultes ſleepe with his mournfull cheſt,
And then for euer with his aſhes reſt.

His ſtile was wittie, though he had ſome gal,
Something he might haue mended, ſo may all.

Yet this I ſay, that for a mother witt,
Fewe men haue euer ſcene the like of it.

Ing. Reads the reſt.

Ind. As for theſe, they haue ſome of them beene the old
hedgſtakes of the preſſe, and ſome of them are at this inſtant
the botts and glanders of the printing houſe. Fellowes that
ſtand onely vpon tearmes to ſerue the tearme, with their blot-
ted papers, write as men goe to ſtoole, for needes, and when
they write, they write as a Beare piſſes, now and then drop a
pamphlet.

Ing. Durum telum neceſſitas. Good fayth they do as I do, ex-
change words for mony, I haue ſome traffique this day with
Danter, about a little booke which I haue made, the name of
it is a Catalogue of *Cambrige* Cuckolds, but this *Beluedere*,
this methodicall aſſe, hath made me almoſt forget my time: Ile
now to *Paules* Churchyard meete me an houre hence, at the
ſigne of the *Pegaſus* in Cheap-ſide, and Ile moyſt thy temples
with a cuppe of *Claret*, as hard as the world goes. *Ex. Iudicio.*

Actus 1. Scena 3.

Enter Danter the Printer.

Ing. Danter thou art deceiued, wit is dearer then thou takeſt
it to bee, I tell thee this libel of *Cambridge* has much fatt and
pepper in the noſe: it will ſell ſheerely vnderhand, when al

theſe bookes of exhortations and Catechiſmes, lie moulding on thy ſhopboard.

Dan. It's true, but good fayth M. *Ingenioſo*, I loſt by your laſt booke, and you knowe there is many a one that payes me largely, for the printing of their inuentions, but for all this you ſhall haue 40. ſhillings and an odde pottle of wine.

Ing. 40. Shillings? a fit reward for one of your reumaticke poets, that beſlaucers all the paper he comes by, and furniſhes the Chaundlers with waſt papers to wrap candles in: but as for me, Ile be payd deare euen for the dreggs of my wit: little knowes the worlde what belong to the keeping of a good wit in waters, dietts, drinckes, Tobacco, &c. it is a daynty and coſtly creature, and therefore I muſt be payd ſweetly: furniſh mee with mony, that I may put my ſelfe in a new ſute of clothes, and Ile ſuite thy ſhop with a new ſuite of tearmes: it's the gallanteſt Child my inuention was euer deliuered off. The title is, a Chronicle of *Cambridge* Cuckolds: here a man may ſee what day of the moneth ſuch a mans commons were incloſed, and when throwne open, and when any entayled ſome odde crownes, vpon the heires of their bodies vnlawfully begotten: ſpeake quickly ells I am gone.

Dan. Oh this will ſell gallantly: Ile haue it whatſoeuer it coſt, will you walke on M. *Ingenioſo*, weele ſit ouer a cup of wine and agree on it.

Ing. A cup of wine is as good a Conſtable as can be, to take vp the quarrell betwixt vs. *Exeunt.*

Actus 1. ſcena 4. Philomauſus in a Phiſitions habit: Sudioſo that is Iaques man, And patient.

Phil. *Tit tit tit, non poynte, non debet fieri phlebetomotio in coitu Luna:* here is a Recîpe.

Pat. A Recîpe.

Phil. *Nos Gallia non Curamus quantitatem ſyllabarum:* Let me heare how many ſtooles you doe make. Adeiu mounſeir, adeiu good mounſeir, what *Iaques Il n'a perſonne apres icy.*

Stud. Non.

Phil.

Phil. Then let vs ſteale time for this borrowed ſhape,
Recounting our vnequall happs of late.
Late did the Ocean graſpe vs in his armes,
Late did we liue within a ſtranger ayre:
Late did we ſee the cinders of great Rome
We thought that Engliſh fugitiues there eate.
Gold, for reſtoratiue, if gold were meate.
Yet now we finde by bought experience,
That where ſo ere we wander vp and downe,
On the rounde ſhoulders of this maſſy world,
Or our ill fortunes, or the worldes ill eye
Forſpeake our good, procures our miſerye.

Stud. So oft the Northen winde with frozen wings,
Hath beate the flowers that in one garden grewe:
Throwne downe the ſtalke of our aspiring youth,
So oft hath winter nipt our trees faire rinde,
That now we ſeeme nought but two bared boughes,
Scorned by the baſeſt bird that chirps in groaue.
Nor Rome, nor Rhemes that wonted ar to giue,
A Cardinall cap, to diſcontented clarkes,
That haue forlooke the home-bred thanked roofes,
Yielded vs any equal maintenance:
And it's as good to ſtarue mongſt Engliſh ſwine,
As in a forraine land to begge and pine:

Phil. Ile ſcorne the world that ſcorneth me againe.

Stud. Ile vex the world that workes me ſo much paine.

Phil. Fly lame reuengings power, the world well weenes.

Stud. Flyes haue there ſpleene, each ſilly ant his teenes.

Phil. We haue the wordes they the poſſeſſion haue.

Stud. We all are equal in our lateſt graue.

Phil. Soone then: O ſoone may we both graued be.

Stud. Who wiſhes death, doth wrong wiſe deſtinie,

Phil. It's wrong to force life, loathing men to breath.

Stud. It's ſinne for doomed day to wiſh thy death.

Phil. Too late our ſoules flit to their reſting place.

Stud. Why mans whole life is but a breathing ſpace.

Phil. A painefull minute ſeemes a tedious yeare.

The returne from Pernaſſus.

Stud. A conſtant minde eternall woes will beare.

Phil. When ſhall our ſoules their wearied lodge forgoe?

Stud. When we haue tyred miſery and woe.

Phil. Soone may then fates this gale deliuer ſend vs.

Small woes vex long great woes quickly end vs.

But letts leaue this capping of rimes *Studioſo*, and follow our late deuife, that wee may maintaine our heads in cappes our bellies in prouender, and our backs in ſadle and bridle: hetherto wee haue fought all the honeſt meanes we could to liue, & now let vs dare, *aliquid breuibus graciſ* and *carcere dignum*: let vs run through all the lewd formes of lime-twig purloyning villanyes, let vs proue Cony catchers Baudes, or any thing, ſo we may rub-out, and firſt my plot for playing the french Doctor that ſhall hold: our lodging ſtand here filthly in ſhooe lane, for if our commings in be not the better, London may ſhortely throw an old ſhooe after vs, and with thoſe ſhredds of French, that we gathered vp in our hoſtes houſe in *Paris*, wee'l gull the world, that hath in eſtimation forraine Phiſitians, & if any of the hidebound bretheren of Cambridge and Oxforde, or any of thoſe Stigmatick maiſters of arte, that abuſed vs in times paſt, leaue their owne Phiſitians, and became our patients, wee'l alter quite the ſtile of them, for they ſhal neuer hereafter write, your Lordſhips moſt bounden: but your Lordſhips moſt laxatiue.

Stud. It ſhalbe ſo, ſee what a little vermine pouerty altereth a whole milky diſpoſition.

Phil. So then my ſelfe ſtreight with reuenge Ile Seate,

Stud. Prouoked patience growes intemperate.

Actus 1. Scena 5.

Enter Richardetto, Iaques, Scholler learning french.

Iaq. How now my little knaue, *quelle nouvelle mounſeir.*

Richar. Ther's a fellow with a night cap on his head, an vri-
nal in his hand, would fayne ſpeake with maſter *Theodore.*

Iaq. *Parle Francoyes moun petit' garſoun.*

Richard. *Hy a vs homme avec le bonnet de*

es un urinell in la mens, que veut parler,

Iaq. Foc beien.

La teste

Theod. Iagues a bonus. Exeunt

Theodore

Actus, 1. Scen. 6.

Furor poeticus: and presently after enters *Phantasma*.

Furor poeticus rapt within contemplation.

Why how now *Pedant Phebus*, are you smutching *Thalia* on her tender lips? There hoie: pefast avant: come Pretty short-nof d nimph: oh sweet *Thalia*, I do kisse thy foote. What *Cleio*? O sweet *Cleio*, nay pray thee do not weepe *Melpomene*. What *Vrania*, *Polimnia*, and *Calliope*, let me doe reuerece to your deities.

Phantasma puls him

Fur. I am your holy swayne, that night and day,

by the

Sit for your sakes rubbing my wrinkled browe,

scene.

Studying a moneth for on Epithete.

Nay siluer *Cynthia*, do not trouble me:

Straight will I thy *Endimions* storye write,

To which thou hastest me on day and night,

You light skirt starres, this is your wonted guise,

By glomy light perke out your doutfull heades:

But when *Don Phebus* shoves his flashing snout,

You are sky puppies, streight your light is out.

Phan. So ho, *Furor*.

Nay prethee good *Furor* in sober sadnes,

Furor. *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.*

Phan. Nay sweet *Furor*, *ipsa te Tytire pinus,*

Furor. *Ipsi te fontes, ipsa hac ar busta vocarunt.*

Who's that runs headlong on my quills sharpe poynt.

That wearyed of his life and baser breath,

Offers himselfe to an Iambicke verse.

Phant. *Si quoties peccant homines, sua fulmina mittat*

Iupiter, exiguo tempore inermis erit.

Fur. What slimye bold presumtious groome is he,

Dares with his rude audacious hardye chatt,

Thus seuer me from skibbered contemplation?

Phant. *Carmina vel celo possunt deducere lunam.*

Furor. Oh *Phantasma*: what my indiuiduall mate?

O *mihi post nullos Furor memorande sodales,*

The returne from Pernaſſus.

Furor. Say whence comest thou? sent from what deytie?
From great Apollo or thy Mercurye.

Phan. I come from the litle Mercury, *Ingenioſo, For,*
Ingenio pollet cui vim natura negauit.

Furor. Ingenioſo?

He is a pretty inuenter of flight prose:
But there's no spirit in his groaueling speach,
Hang him whose verse can not out-belch the wind:
That cannot beard and braue *Don Eolus,*
That when the cloude of his inuention breakes,
Cannot out-cracke the scarr-crow thunderbolt.

Phan. Hang him, I say, *Pendo pependi, tendo tetendi, pedo pe-*
pedi. Will it please you maister *Furor,* to walke with me. I prom-
ised to bring you to a drinking Inne, in Cheapſide at the
ſigne of the nagges heade, *For,*

Tempore lenta pati frana docentur equi.

Furor. Paſſe the before, Ile come incontinent.

Phan. Nay faith maister *Furor,* letts go together, *Quoniam*
Conuenimus ambo.

Furor. Letts march on vnto the houſe of fame:
There quaffing bowles of Bacchus blood ful nimbly,
Endite a Tiptoe, ſtrouting poeſy.

They offer the way one to the other.

Phan. *Quo me Bacche rapis tui plenum.*

Tu maior: tibi me eſt equum parere Menalca.

Act. ſecundus: Scena. 3.

Enter Philom. Theod. his patient the Burgeſſe, and his wian
with his ſtate.

Theod. puts on his ſpectacles.

Mounſieur here are *atomi Natantes,* which do make ſhew
your worſhip to be as leacherous as a bull.

Burg. Truly maister Doctor we are all men.

Theod. This water is intention of heate, are you not pertur-
bed with an ake in your race, or in your occiput. I meane your
head peece, let me feele the pulſe of your little finger.

Burg. Ile aſſure you M. *Theodour,* the pulſe of my head
beates exceedingly, and I thinke I haue diſturbed my ſelſe by

studying the penall statutes.

Theod. Tit, tit, your worship takes cares of your speeches. *O, contra leues loquantur, ingentes stoupent*, it is an Aphorisme in Galen.

Burg. And what is the exposition of that?

Theod. That your worship must take a gland, *ut emittatur sanguis*: the signe is for excellent, for excellent.

Burg. Good maister Doctor vse mee gently, for marke you Sir, there is a double consideration to be had of me: first as I am a publike magistrate, secondly as I am a priuate butcher and but for the worshipfull credit of the place, and office wherein I now stand and liue, I would not hazard my worshipfull apparell, with a suppositor or a glister: but for the countenancing of the place, I must go oftener to stoole, for as a great gentleman told me of good experieuce, that it was the chiefe note of a magistrate, not to go to the stoole without a phisition.

Theo. A, vous ettes un gentell home vrâiment, what ho Iaques, Iaques, dou e vous? un fort gentel purgation for monsier Burgesse.

Iaq. Voste tres humble seruiture a vostre commandement.

Theod. Donne vous un gentell purge a Monsier Burgesse. I haue considered of the crasis, and syntoma of your disease, and here is *un fort gentell purgation per euacuationem excrementorum*, as we Phisitions vse to parlee.

Burg. I hope maister Doctor you haue a care of the countreyes officer, I tell you I durst not haue trusted my selfe with euery phisition, and yet I am not afraide for my selfe, but I would not depriue the towne of so carefull a magistrate.

Theod. O monsier, I haue a singular care of your valetudo, it is requisite that the French Phisitions be learned and carefull, your English veluet cap is malignant and enuious.

Burg. Here is maister Doctor toure pence your due, and eight pence my bounty, you shall heare from me good maister Doctor, farewell farewell, good maister Doctor.

Theod. Adieu good Mounsier, adieu good Sir mounsier.

Then burst with teares vnhappy graduate:

Thy fortunes still wayward and backward bin:

Nor canſt thou thrive by vertue, nor by ſin.

Stud. Oh how it grieues my vexed ſoule to ſee,
Each painted aſſe in chayre of dignitie:
And yet we grouell on the ground alone,
Running through euery trade, yet thrive by none.
More we muſt acte in this lues Tragedy,

Phil. Sad is the plott, ſad the Cataſtrophe.

Stud. Sighs are the Chorus in our Tragedy,

Phil. And rented thoughts continuall actors bee.

Stud. Woe is the ſubiect: *Phil.* earth the loathed ſtage,
Whereon we act this fained perſonage.
Moſſy barbarians the ſpectators be, *moſt like*
That ſit and laugh at our calamity. *throng*

Phil. Band be thoſe houres when mongſt the learned
By Grants a muddy bancke we whilome ſong,

Stud. Band be that hill which learned witts adore,
Where earſt we ſpent our ſtock and little ſtore:

Phil. Band be thoſe muſty mewes, where we haue ſpent,
Our youthfull daies in paled languſhment.

Stud. Band be thoſe coſening arts that wrought our woe,
Making vs wandring *Pilgrimes* to and fro.

Phil. And *Pilgrimes* muſt we be without reliefe,
And whereſoeuer we run there meets vs greefe.

Stud. Where euer we toſſe vpon this crabbed ſtage
Griefe's our companion, patience be our page.

Phil. Ah but this patience is a page of ruth,
A tired Lacky to our wandering youth.

Actus. 2. Scena. 2.

Academico ſolus.

Acad. Faine wold I haue a liuing, if I could tel how to come by
it. *Eccho.* Buy it.

Buy it fond *Ecc?* why thou doſt greatly miſtake it. *Ecc.* ſtake it.
Stake it? what ſhould I ſtake at this game of ſimony? *Ecc:* mony
What is the world a game, are liuingſ gotten by playing?

Eccho. Paying.

Paying?

Paying? but ſay what's the neareſt way to come by a liuing?

Eccho. Giuing.

Must his worſhips fiſts bee needs then oyled with Angells?

Eccho. Angels.

Ought his gowty fiſts then firſt with gold to be greaſed?

Eccho. Eated.

And is it then ſuch an eaſe for his aſſes backe to cary mony?

Eccho. I.

Will then this golden aſſe beſtowe a vicarige guilded?

Eccho. Gelded.

What ſhall I ſay to good Sir *Roderick* that haue gold here?

Eccho. Cold cheare.

De make it my lone requeſt, that he wold be good to a ſcholler.

Eccho. Choller,

Yea, will hee be cholerike, to heare of an art or a ſcience?

Eccho. hence.

Hence with liberal arts, what then wil he do with his chancel?

Echo, ſell.

Sell it? and muſt a ſimple clark be fayne to compound then?

Eccho, pounds then.

What if I haue no pounds, muſt then my ſute be proroagued?

Eccho, Roagued.

Yea? giuen to a Roague? ſhall an aſſe this vicaridge compaſſe?

Eccho, Aſſe.

What is the reaſon that I ſhould not be as fortunate as hee?

Eccho. Aſſe he.

Yet for al this, with a penileſſe purſe wil I trudg to his worſhip

Eccho. words cheape.

Wel, if he giue me good words, it's more thē I haue from an *Ec-*

cho. *Eccho* goc.

Actus. 2. Scena. 3.

Amoretto with an *Ouid* in his hand. *Immerito.*

Amoret. Take it on the word of a gentleman, thou cannot haue it a penny vnder, thinke ont, thinke on it, while I meditate on my fayre miſtres.

Nunc sequor imperium magne Cupido tuum.
 What ere become of this dull thredbare clearke,
 I must be costly in my mistresses eye:
 Ladyes regard not ragged company.
 I will with the reuenewes of my chafred church,
 First buy an ambling hobby for my fayre:
 Whose measured pace may teach the world to dance,
 Proud of his burden when he gins to prounce:
 Then must I buy a iewell for her eare,
 A Kirtle of some hundred crownes or more:
 With these fayre giftes when I accompanied goe,
 Sheele giue *Ioues* breakfast: *Sidny* tearmes it so.
 I am her needle: she is my Adamant,
 She is my fayre Rose, I her vnworthy pricke.

Acad. Is there no body heere will take the paines to geld his mouth?

Amor. Sh's Cleopatra, I Marke Anthony,
Acad. No thou art a meere marke for good witts to shoote at: and in that suite thou wilt make a fineman to dash poore crowes out of countenance.

Amor. She is my Moone, I her Endimion,

Acad. No she is thy shoulder of mutton, thou her onyon: or she may be thy Luna, and thou her Lunaticke.

Amo. I her *Aeneas*, she my *Dido* is.

Acad. She is thy Io, thou her brasen asse,
 Or she Dame *Phantasy* and thou her gull:
 She thy *Pasiphae*, and thou her louing bull.

Actus. 2. Scena. 4.

Enter Immerito, and Stercutio his father,

Ster. Sonne, is this the gentleman that sells vs the liuing?

Im. Fy father, thou must not call it selling, thou must say is this the gentleman that must haue the gratuito?

Acad. What haue we heere, old trüpenny come to towne, to fetch away the liuing in his old greasy slops, then Ile none: the time hath beene when such a fellowe medled with nothing but

but his plowshare, his spade, and his hobnayles, and so to a peece of bread and cheefe, and went his way: but now these fellows are growne the onely factors for preferment.

Ster. O is this the grating gentleman, and how many pounds must I pay?

Im. O thou must not call them pounds, but thanks, and harke thou father, thou must tell of nothing that is done: for I must seeme to come cleere to it.

Acad. Not pounds but thanks: see whether this simple fellow that hath nothing of a scholler, but that the draper hath blackt him ouer, hath not gotten the stile of the time.

Ster. By my fayth sonne looke for no more portion.

Im. Well father, I will not, vpon this condition, that when thou haue gotten me the gratuito of the living, thou will likewise disburse a little mony to the bishops poter, for there are certaine questions I make scruple to be posed in.

Acad. He meanes any question in Lattin, which he counts a scruple, oh this honest man could neuer abide this popish tounge of Latine, oh he is as true an English man as liues.

Ster. Ile take the gentleman now, he is in a good vayne, for he smiles.

Amor. Sweete Ouid, I do honour euery page.

Acad. Good Ouid that in his life time, liued with the *Getes*, and now after his death conuerseth with a Barbarian.

Ster. God bee at your worke Sir: my Sonne told me you were the grating gentleman, I am *Stercutio* his father. Sir, simple as I stand here.

Acad. Fellow, I had rather giuen thee an hundred pounds, then thou should haue put me out of my excellent meditation, by the faith of a gentleman I was rapt in contemplation.

Im. Sir you must pardon my father, he wants bringing vp.

Acad. Marry it seemes he hath good bringing vp, when he brings vp so much mony.

Ster. Indeede Sir, you must pardon me, I did not knowe you were a gentleman of the Temple before.

Amor. Well I am content in a generous disposition to beare with country education, but fellow whats thy name?

Ster. My name Sir, *Stercutio* Sir.

Why then *Stercutio*, I would be very willing to be the instrument to my father, that this liuing might be conferred vpon your sonne: mary I would haue you know, that I haue bene importuned by two or three seueral Lordes, my Kinde cozins, in the behalfe of some Cambridge man: and haue almost engaged my word. Mary if I shall see your disposition to be more thankfull then other men, I shall be very ready to respect kind natur'd men: for as the Italian prouerbe speaketh wel, *Chi ha baura.*

Acad. why here is a gallant young drouer of liuings.

Ster. I beseech you sir speake English, for that is naturall to me & to my sonne, and all our kindred, to vnderstand but one language.

Amor. Why thus in plaine english: I must be respected with thanks.

Acad. This is a subtle tractiue, when thanks may be felt and seene.

Ster. And I pray you Sir, what is the lowest thanks that you will take?

Acad. The verye same Method that he vseth at the buying of an oxe.

Amor. I must haue some odd sprinckling of an hundred pounds, if so, so, I shall thinke you thankfull, and commend your sonne as a man of good giftes to my father.

Acad. A sweete world, giue an hundred poundes, and this is but counted thankfullnesse.

Ster. Harke thou Sir, you shall haue 80. thankses.

Amor. I tell thee fellow, I neuer opened my mouth in this kind so cheape before in my life. I tel thee, few young Gentlemen are found. that would deale so kindly with thee as I doe.

Ster. Well Sir, because I know my sonne to be a toward thing and one that hath taken all his learning on his owne head, without sending to the vniuersitye, I am content to giue you as many thankses as you aske, so you will promise me to bring it to passe.

Amor. I warrant you for that: if I say it once, repayre you to the place, and stay there, for my father, he is walked abroad to
take

take the benefit of the ayre . Ile meete him as he returnes, and
make way for your suite .

Exeunt Ster. Im.

Act. 2. Scen. 5.

Enter Academico. Amoretto.

Amor. Gallant, I saith.

Acad. I see we schollers fish for a living in these shallow
foardes without a siluer hook. Why, wold it not gal a man to
see a spruse gartered youth, of our Colledge a while ago, be a
broker for a living, & an old Baude for a benefice? This sweete
Sir profered me much kindenesse when hee was of our Col-
ledge, and now Ile try what winde remaynes in his bladder.
God saue you Sir.

Amor. By the masse I feare me I saw this Genus & Species
in Cambridge before now: Ile take no notice of him now : by
the faith of a gentleman this is pretty Ellegy. Of what age is
the day fellow? Syrrha boy, hath the grocme saddled my hun-
ting hobby? can Robin hunter tel where a hare sits.

Acad. See a poore old friend of yours, of S. Colledge in
Cambridge.

Am. Good fayth Sir you must pardon me. I haue forgotten
you.

Acad. My name is *Academico* Sir, one that made an ora-
tion for you once on the Queenes day, and a show that you
get some credit by.

Amor. It may be so, it may bee so, but I haue forgotten it:
marry yet I remember there was such a fellow that I was very
beneficiall vnto in my time. But howsoeuer Sir, I haue the cur-
tesie of the towne for you . I am sory you did not take me at
my fathers house : but now I am in exceding great hast, for I
haue vowed the death of a hare that wee found this morning
musing on her meaze.

Acad. Sir I am imboldned, by that great acquaintance that
D hereto-

heretofore I had with you, as likewise it hath pleased you heretofore.

Amor. Looke syrha, if you see my Hobby come hetherward as yet.

Acad. To make me some promises, I am to request your good mediation to the Worshipfull your father, in my behalfe: and I will dedicate to your selfe in the way of thanks, those dayes I haue to liue.

Amor. O good Sir, if I had knowne your minde before, for my father hath already giuen the induction to a Chapaine of his owne, to a proper man, I know not of what Vniuersitie he is.

Acad. Signior *Immerito*, they say, hath bidden sayrest for it.

Amor. I know not his name, but hee is a graue discrete man I warrant him, indeede hee wants vtterance in some measure.

Acad. Nay, me thinkes he hath very good vtterance, for his grauitie, for hee came hether very graue, but I thinke he will returne light enough, when he is ridde of the heavy element he carries about him.

Amor. Faith Sir, you must pardon mee, it is my ordinarie custome to be too studious, my Mitresse hath tolde me of it often, and I finde it to hurt my ordinary discourse: but say sweete Sir, do yee effect the most gentle-man-like game of hunting.

Acad. How say you to the crafty gull, hee would faine get mee abroad to make sport with mee in their Hunters termes, which we schollers are not acquainted with: sir I haue loued this kinde of sporte, but now I begin to hate it, for it hath beene my luck alwayes to beat the bush, while another kild the Hare.

Amor. Hunters luck, Hunters luck Sir, but there was a fault in your Hounds that did spend well.

Acad. Sir I haue had worse luck alwayes at hunting the Fox.

Am. What sir do you meane at the vnkennelling, vntapezing, or earthing of the Fox.

Acad. I meane earthing, if you terme it so, for I neuer found yellow earth enough to couer the old Fox your father.

Amor. Good faith sir, there is an excellent skill in blowing for the terriers, it is a word that we hunters vse when the Fox is earthed, you must blow one long, two short, the second winde one long two short: now sir in blowing, euery long containeth 7. quauers, one short containeth 3. quauers.

Acad. Sir might I finde any fauour in my sute, I would wind the horne wherein your boone deserts should be sounded with so many minims, so many quauers.

Amor. Sweet sir, I would I could conferre this or any kindnesse vpon you: I wonder the boy comes not away with my Hobby. Now sir, as I was proceeding: when you blow th death of your Fox in the field or couert, then must you sound 3. notes, with 3. windes, and recheat: marke you sir, vpon the same with 3. windes.

Acad. I pray you sir.

Amor. Now sir, when you come to your stately gate, as you sounded the recheat before, so now you must sound the releefe three times.

Acad. Releefe call you it? it were good euery patron would finde the horne.

Amor. O sir, but your reliefe is your sweetest note, that is sir, when your hounds hunt after a game vnknowne, and then you must sound one long and six short, the second wind, two short and one long, the third wind, one long & two short.

Acad. True sir, it is a very good trade now a dayes to be a villaine, I am the hound that hunts after a game vnknowne, & blowes the villaine.

Amor. Sir, I will blesse your eares with a very pretty story, my father out of his owne cost and charges keeps an open table for all kinde of dogges.

Acad. And he keeps one more by thee.

Amor. He hath your Grey-hound, your Mungrell, your Mastife, your Leurier, your Spaniell, your Kennets, Terriers, Butchers dogs, Bloud-hounds, Dunghill dogges, trindle tailes, prick-card cures, small Ladies puppies, Caches and Bastards.

Acad. What a bawdy knaue hath he to his father, that keepes his *Rachell*, hath his bastards, and lets his ſonnes be plaine Ladies puppets, to beray a Ladies Chamber.

Amer. It was my pleaſure two dayes ago, to take a gallant leaſh of Grey-hounds, and into my fathers Parke I went, accompanied with two or three Noble men of my neere acquaintance, deſiring to ſhew them ſome of the ſport: I cauſd the Keeper to ſeuer the rascal Deere, from the Bucks of the firſt head: now ſir, a Bucke the firſt yeare is a Fawne, the ſecond yeare a pricket, the third yeare a Sorell, the fourth yeare a Soare, the fiſt a Buck of the firſt head, the ſixt yeare a compleat Buck: as likewise your Hart is the firſt yeare a Calfe, the ſecond yeare a Brochet, the third yeare a Spade, the fourth yeare a Stagge, the fiſt yeare a great Stag, the ſixt yeare a Hart: as likewise the Roa-bucke is the firſt yeare a Kid, the ſecond yeare a Girle, the third yeare a Hemuſe: and theſe are your ſpeciall beaſts for chaſe, or as wee Huntſmen call it, for venery.

Acad. If chaſte be taken for venery, thou art a more ſpeciall beaſt then any in thy fathers forreſt. Sir I am ſorry I haue been ſo troubleſome to you.

Am. I know this was the readieſt way to chaſe away the Scholler, by getting him into a ſubiect he cannot talke of, for his life. Sir I will borrow ſo much time of you as to finiſh this my begun ſtorie. Now ſir, after much trauell we ſingled a Buck, I rode that ſame time vpon a Roane gelding, and ſtood to intercept from the thicket: the Buck broke gallantly: my great Swift being diſaduantaged in his ſlip was at the firſt behinde, marry preſently coted and out-ſtrippt them, when as the Hart preſently diſcended to the Riuer, and being in the water, proferd, and reproferd, and proferd againe: and at laſt he vparted at the other ſide of the water which we call foyle of the Hart, and there other Huntſmen met him with an adauntreley: we followed in hard chaſe for the ſpace of eight houres, thruſe our hounds were at default, and then we cryed a ſlaine, ſtreight ſo ho: through good reclaiming my faulty hounds found their game againe, and ſo went through the wood with
gallant

The returne from Perñassus.

gallant noice of musicke, resembling so many Violls Degambo: at last the Hart laid him downe, and the Hounds seized vpon him, he groned, and wept, and dyed. In good faith it made me weepe too, to thinke of *Aleons* fortune, which my *Ouid* speakes of. *He reades Ouid.*

Militat omnis amans, & habet sua castra Cupido.

Acad. Sir, can you put me in any hope of obtayning my fute.

Amor. In good faith Sir, if I did not loue you as my soule, I would not make you acquainted with the mysteries of my Art.

Acad. Naye, I will not dye of a discourse yet, if I can choose.

Amor. So sir, when we had rewarded our Dogges with the small guttes and the lights, and the bloud; the Huntsmen hal- lowed, So ho, *Venus* a coupler, and so coupled the Dogges, and then returned homeward: another company of Houndes that lay at aduantage, had their couples cast off and we might heare the Huntsmen cry, *horse, decouple, Avant*, but streight we hearde him cry, *le Amond*, and by that I knewe that they had the hare and on foote, and by and by I might see fore and refore, prick, and reprick: what is he gone? ha ha ha ha, these schollers are the simplest creatures.

ACTUS 2. Scen. 6.

Enter Amoretto and his Page.

Page. I wonder what is become of that *Ouid de arte amandi*, my maister he that for the practise of his discourse is wonte to court his hobby abroad and at home, in his chamber makes a sett speech to his greyhound, desiring that most sayre and amiable dog to grace his company in a stately galliard, and if the dog seeing him practise his lusty pointes, as his crospoint backaper, chance to beray the roome, he presently doffes his Cap, most solemnly makes a low-leg to his Lady Ship, taking it for the greatest fauour in the world, that shee would vouchsafe to leaue her Ciuet box, or her sweete gloue behind her.

Amr. He opens *Ouid* and reads it.

Page. Not a word more Sir, an't please you, your Hobby will meete you at the lanes end.

Am. What *Iack*, faith I cannot but vent vnto thee a most witty iest of mine.

Page. I hope my maister will not breake winde : wilt please you sir to blesse mine eares with the discourse of it.

Am. Good faith, the boy begins to haue an elegant smack of my stile : why then thus it was *Iack* : a scuruie meere *Cambridge* scholler, I know not how to define him.

Page. Nay maister, let mee define a meere Scholler, I heard a Courtier once define a meere scholler, to bee *animal scabiosum*, that is, a liuing creature that is troubled with the itch : or a meere scholler, is a creature that can strike fire in the morning at his Tinder-box, put on a paire of lined slippers, sit rewming till dinner, and then go to his meate when the Bell rings, one that hath a peculiar gift in a cough, and a licence to spit : or if you will haue him defined by negatiues. He is one that cannot make a good legge, one that cannot eate a melle of broth cleanly, one that cannot ride a horse without spur-galling : one that cannot salute a woman, and looke on her directly, one that cannot —————

Am. Inough *Iacke*, I can stay no longer, I am so great in child-birth with this iest : *Sirrha*, this prædicable, this fauicy groome, because when I was in *Cambridge*, and lay in a Trundlebed vnder my Tutor, I was content in discreet humilitie, to giue him some place at the Table, and because I inuited the hungrie slaue sometimes to my Chamber, to the canuasing of a Turkie Pye, or a piece of Venison, which my Lady Grand-mother sent me, he thought himselfe therefore eternally possesst of my loue, and came hither to take acquaintance of me, and thought his old familiaritie did continue, and would beare him out in a matter of weight. I could not tell how to rid my selfe better of the troublesome Burre, then by getting him into the discourse of Hunting, and then tormenting him awhile with our wordes of Arte, the poore Scorpion became speechelesse, and suddenly rauished. These

Clearkes are simple fellowes, simple fellowes. *He reads Ouid.*

Page. Simple indeed they are, for they want your courtly composition of a foole and of a knaue. Good faith sir a most absolute iest, but me thinkes it might haue bene followed a little farther.

Am. As how my litle knaue.

Page. Why thus Sir, had you inuited him to dinner at your table, and haue put the caruing of a Capon vpon him, you should haue seene him handle the knife so foolishly, then run through a iury of faces, then wagging his head, & shewing his teeth in familiaritie, venter vpon it with the same method that he was wont to vtrusse an Apple pie, or tyrannise an Egge and Butter: then would I had applied him all dinner time with cleane trenchers, cleane trenchers, & still when he had a good bit of meate, I would haue taken it from him, by giuing him a cleane Trencher, and so haue serued him in kindnesse.

Am. Well said subtile lack, put me in minde when I returne againe, that I may make my Lady Mother laugh at the Scholler. Ile to my game: for you lacke, I would haue you imploy your time till my coming, in watching what houre of the day my Hawke mutes.

Exit.

Page. Is not this an excellent office to be Apothecarie to his worships hawke, to sit scouting on the wall, how the Phisicke workes, and is not my maister an absolute villaine, that loues his Hawke, his Hobby, and his Grey-hound, more then any mortall creature: do but dispraise a feather of his hawkes traine, and he writhes his mouth, and swears, for he can doe that onely with a good grace, that you are the most shallow braind fellow that liues: do but say his horse stales with a good presence, and hee's your bond-slaue: when he returnes Ile tell twentie admirable lyes of his hawke, and then I shall be his little rogue, & his white villaine for a whole weeke after. Well let others complaine, but I thinke there is no felicitie to the seruing of a foole.

Act. 3. Scen. 1.

Sr Rad. Recorder. Page. Sig. Immerito.

S. Rad. Signior Immerito, you remember my caution, for the

the tithes, & my promise for farming my tithes at such a rate.

Im. I, and please your worship Sir.

Sir Rad. You must put in security for the performance of it in such sorte as I and maister Recorder shall like of.

Im. I will an't please your worship. -

S. Rad. And because I will be sure that I haue conferred this kindenesse vpon a sufficient man, I haue desired maister Recorder to take examination of you.

Pag. My maister (it seemes) tak's him for a thiefe, but he hath small reason for it, as for learning it's plaine he neuer stole any, and for the liuing he knowes himselfe how he comes by it, for lett him but eate a measse of surmenty this seauen yeare, and yet he shall neuer be able to recouer himselfe: alas poore sheepe that hath fallen into the hands of such a fox.

S. Rad. Good maister Recorder take your place by me, and make tryall of his gifts. is the clerke there to record his examination, oh the Page shall serue the turne.

Pag. Tryal of his gifts, neuer had any gifts a better tryal, why *Immerito* his gifts haue appeared in as many coloures, as the Rayn-bowe, first to maister *Amoretto* in colour of the sattine suite he weares: to my Lady in the similitude of a loose gowne: to my maister, in the likenesse of a siluer basen, and ewer: to vs Pages in the semblance of new suites and poyntes. So maister *Amoretto* playes the gul in a piece of a parsonage: my maister adornes his cuppoord with a piece of a parsonage, my mistres vpon good dayes, puts on a piece of a parsonage, and we Pages playe at blowe pointe for a piece of a parsonage, I thinke heer's tryall inough for one mans gifts.

Reco. For as much as nature hath done her part in making you a handsome likely man.

Pag. He is a handsome young man indeed, and hath a proper gelded parsonage.

Reco. In the next place, some art is requisite for the perfection of nature: for the tryall whereof, at the request of my worshipfull friend, I will in some sorte propound questions fitt to be resolued by one of your profession, say what is a person that was neuer at the vniuersity.

Im. A person that was neuer in the vniuersity, is a liuing creature that can eate a tithe pigge.

Rec. Very well answerd, but you should haue added, and must be officious to his patrone: write downe that answer to shew his learning in logick.

Sir Rad. Yea boy write that downe. Very learnedly in good faith, I pray now let me aske you one question that I remember, whether is the Masculine gender or the feminine more worthy?

Im. The Feminine sir.

Sir Rad. The right answer, the right answer. In good faith I haue beene of that mind alwayes; write boy that, to shew hee is a Grammarian.

Pag. No maruell my maister be against the Grammer, for he hath alwayes made false latine in the Genders.

Rec. What Vniuersity are you of?

Im. Of none.

Sir Rad. He tells trueth, to tell trueth is an excellent vertue, Boy make two heads, one for his learning, another for his vertues, and referre this to the head of his vertues, not of his learning.

Pag. What, halfe a messe of good qualities referred to an asse head?

Sir Rad. Nowe maister Recorder, if it please you I will examine him in an author, that will sound him to the depth, a booke of Astronomy otherwise called an Almanacke.

Rec. Very good, *Sir Raderike*, it were to be wished that there were no other booke of humanity, then there would not bee such busie state-prying fellowes as are now a dayes, proceede good sir.

Sir Rad. What is the Dominicall letter?

Im. C, sir, and please your worship.

Sir Rad. A very good answer, a very good answer, the very answer of the booke, write downe that and referre it to his skill in philosophie.

Pag. C, the Dominicall letter: it is true, craft and cunning do

To dominere: yet rather C and D, are dominicall letters, that is crafty Dunſery.

S.Rad. How many daies hath September?

Im. Aprill, Iune and Nouember, February hath 28. alone and all the reſt hath 30. and one.

S.Rad. Very learnedly in good faith, he hath alſo a ſnacke in poetry, write downe that boy, to ſhew his learning in poetry.

How many miles from Waltham to London?

Im. Twelue Sir.

S.Rad. How many from Newmarket to Grantham?

Im. Ten Sir.

Pag. Without doubt he hath bene ſome Carriers horſe.

S.Rad. How call you him that is cunning in 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. and the Cipher?

Im. A good Arithmatician.

S.Rad. Write downe that anſweare of his, to ſhow his learning in Arithmetick:

Pag. He muſt nedes be a good Arithmetician that counted money ſo lately.

S.Rad. When is the new moone?

Im. The laſt quarter the 5. day at 2. of the cloke and 38. minuts in the morning.

S.Rad. Write him downe, how cal you him, that is weather-wife?

Recor. A good Aſtonomer.

S.Rad. Sirra boy write him downe for a good Aſtronomer.

Pag. As Colit aſtra.

S.Rad. What day of the month lights the Queenes day on?

Im. The 17. of Nouember.

S.Rad. Boy reſeere this to his vertues, and write him down a good ſubieſt.

Pag. Faith he were an excellent ſubieſt for 2. or 3. good wits. he would make a fine Aſſe for an ape to ride vpon.

S.Rad. And theſe ſhall ſuffice for the parts of his learning, now it remaines to try whether you bee a man of good vte-

rance.

rance, that is, whether you can aske for the strayed Heifer with the white face, as also chide the boyes in the belfrie, and bid the Sexton whippe out the dogges: let mee heare your voyce.

Im. If any man or woman.

S. Rad. Thats too high.

Im. If any man or woman.

S. Rad. Thats too lowe.

Im. If any man or woman, can tell any tydings of a Horse with fowre feete, two eares, that did straye about the seuenth howre, three minutes in the forenoone the fift day.

Page. I tooke of a horse iust as it were the Eclipse of the Moone.

S. Rad. Boy wryte him downe for a good vtterance: Maister Recorder I thinke he hath beene examined sufficiently.

Rec. I, *Sir Radericke*, tis so, wee haue tride him very thoroughly.

Pag. I we haue taken an inuenty of his good parts and prized them accordingly.

S. Rad. Signior *Immerito*, forasmuch as we haue made a double tryall of thee, the one of your learning, the other of your erudition: it is expedient also in the next place to giue you a fewe exhortations, considering the greatest Clarkes are not the wisest men: this is therefore first to exhort you to abstaine from Controuersies. Secondly not to gird at men of worship, such as my selfe, but to vse your selfe discreetly. Thirdly not to speake when any man or woman coughs: doe so, and in so doing I will perseuer to bee your worshipsfull friend and louing patron.

Im. I thanke your worship, you haue beene the deficient cause of my preferment.

Sir Rad. Lead *Immerito* in to my sonne, and let him dispatch him, and remember my tithes to bee reserued, paying twelue pence a yeare. I am going to Moore-feldes, to

ſpeake with an vnthrift I ſhould meeete at the middle Temple
about a purchaſe, when you haue done follow vs. *Excus*
Immerito and the Page.

Act. 3. Scen. 2.

Sir Rad: and Recorder.

Sir Rad. Harkes you Maister Recorder, I haue fleſht my
prodigall boy notably, notable in letting him deale for
this liuing, that hath done him much, much good I aſſure
you.

Rec. You doe well *Sir Raderick*, to beſtowe your liuing
vpon ſuch an one as will be content to ſhare, and on Sunday
to ſay nothing, whereas your proud vniuerſity princex
thinks he is a man of ſuch merit the world cannot ſufficiently
endow him with preferment, an vnthankfull viper, an vn-
thankfull Viper that will ſting the man that reuiued him,

Why iſt not ſtrange to ſee a ragged clarke,
Some ſtamell weauer or ſome butchers ſonne:
That ſcrubd a late within a ſleeueles gowne,
When the Commencement, like a morice dance,
Hath put a bell or two about his legges,
Created him a ſweet cleane gentleman:
How then he gins to follow faſhions.
He whoſe thin ſire dwell in a ſmoky rouſe,
Muſt take Tobacco and muſt weare a locke.
His thirſty Dad drinckes in a wooden bowle,
But his ſweet ſelfe is ſeru'd in ſiluer plate.
His hungry ſire will ſcrape you twenty legges,
For one good Chriſtmas meale on New-yeares day.
But his mawe muſt be Capon crambd each day,
He muſt ere long be triple beneficed,
Els with his tongue hee'l thunderbolt the world,
And ſhake each peſant by his deaſe-mans eare.
But had the world no wiſer men then I,
Weede pen the prating parates in a cage,
A chayre a candle and a Tinderbox.

A thacked chamber and a ragged gowne
Should be their landes and whole possessions,
Knights, Lords, & lawyers should be log'd & dwell
Within those ouer stately heapes of stone.
Which doting syre in old age did erect.

Well it were to be wished that neuer a scholler in England
might haue aboute fortie pound a yeare.

Sir Rad. Faith maister Recorder, if it went by wishing, there
should neuer an one of them all haue aboute twentie a yeare:
a good stipend, a good stipēd, maister Recorder. In the meane
time, howsoeuer I hate them all deadly, yet I am fayne to giue
them good words. Oh they are pestilent fellowes, they speake
nothing but bodkins, and pisse vinegar. Well, do what I can in
outward kindnesse to them, yet they doe nothing but be-
ray my house: as there was one that made a couple of knauish
verses on my countie Chimney now in the time of my soiour-
ning here at London: and it was thus.

Sir Radericke keepes no Chimney Cauerle,
That takes Tobacco aboute once a yeare.

And an other made a couple of verses on my Daughter
that leernes to play on the viall *de gambo*,

Her vyall *de gambo* is her best content,
For twixt her legges she holds her instrument.

Very knauish, very knauish, if you looke vnto it maister
Recorder, Nay they haue playd many a knauish tricke beside
with me. Well, tis a shame indeede there should be any such
priuilege for proud beggars as Cambridge, and Oxford are.
But let them go, and if euer they light in my handes, if I do not
plague them, let me neuer returne home againe to see my wifes
wayting mayde.

Recor. This scorne of knights is too egregious.

But how should these young coltes proue amblers,
When the old heauy galled iades do trot:
There shall you see a puny boy start vp,
And make a theame against common lawyers:
Then the old vnweldy Camels gin to dance,
This fiddling boy playing a fit of mirth:

The gray bearde scrubbe, and laugh and cry good, good,
To them againe, boy scurdge the barbarians:

But we may giue the loosers leaue to talke,
We haue the coyne, then tel them laugh for me.
Yet knights and lawyers hope to see the day.

When we may share here their possessions,
And make Indentures of their chaffred skins:
Dice of their bones to throw in meriment.

Sir Rad. O good fayth maister Recorder, if I could see that
day once.

Rec. Well remember another day, what I say: schollers are
pyed into of late, and are found to bee busye fellowes, distur-
bers of the peace, Ile say no more, gesse at my meaning, I smel
a ratt.

Sir Rad. I hope at length England will be wise enough, I
hope so, I faith, then an old knight may haue his wench in a
corner without any Satyres or Epigrams. But the day is farre
spēt, maist. Recotder, & I feare by this time the vnthrif is arri-
ued at the place appointed in Moore fields, let vs hastē to him.

He looks on his watch.

Recor. Indeed this dayes subiect transported vs too late,
I thinke we shall not come much too late, *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Scen. 3.

Enter Amoretto, his page, Immerito booted.

Amor. Maister Immerito deliuer this letter to the pofe in
my fathers name: marry withall some sprinkling, some sprink-
ling. *verbum sapienti sat est.* farwell maister Immerito.

Imer. I thanke your worship most hartely.

Pag. Is it not a shame to see this old dunce learning his In-
duction at these yeates: but let him go, I loose nothing by him,
for Ile be sworne but for the booty of selling the parsonage
I should haue gone in mine old cloathes this Christmas. A
dunce I see is a neigbourlike brute breast, a man may liue
by him.

Amor. seems to make verse.

Amor.

Amor. A pox on it, my maſe is not ſo witty as ſhee was wonte to be, her noſe is like, not yet. plague on theſe mathematikes, they haue ſpoyled my brayne in making a verſe.

Page. Hang me if he hath any more mathematikes then will ſerue to count the clocke, or tell the meridian howre by rumbling of his panch.

Am. Her noſe is like.

Page. A coblers ſhooinghorne.

Am. Her noſe is like a beauteous maribone.

Page. Marry a ſweete ſnotty miſtres.

Amor. Fayth I do not like it yet: aſſe as I was to reade a peece of *Ariſtotele* in greeke yeſternight, it hath put mee out of my Engliſh vaine quite.

Page. O monſtrous lye, let me be a pointtruffer while I liue if he vnderſtands any tongue but Engliſh.

Amor. Sirrha boy remember me when I come in *Paules Churchyard* to by a *Ronzard*, & *Dubartas* in french & *Aretine* in Italian, and our hardeſt writers in ſpaniſh, they wil ſharpen my witts gallantly. I doe reliſh theſe tongues in ſome ſort. Oh now I do remember I heare a report of a Poet newly come out in hebrew, it is a pretty harſh tongue, and reliſh a gentleman traueler, but come lets haſt after my father, the fields are fitter to heauenly meditations.

Exeunt.

Page. My maiſters, I could wiſh your preſence at an admirable feſt, why preſently this great linguist my maſter will march through *Paules Church-yard*. Come to a bookebinders ſhop, and with a big Italian looke and a ſpaniſh face aſke for theſe bookes in ſpaniſh and Italian, then turning, through his ignorance, the wrong end of the booke vpward uſe action, on this vnknowne tong after this ſort, fiſt looke on the title and wrinkle his browe, next make as though he red the fiſt page and bites a lip, then with his nayle ſcore the margent as though there were ſome notable conceit, and laſtly when he thinks hee hath gulld the ſtanders by ſufficiently, throwes the booke away in a rage ſwearing that hee could neuer finde

finde bookes of a true printe since he was last in *Iosadna*, enquire after the next marte, and so partes. And so must I, for by this time his contemplation is arriued at his mistres nose end, he is as glad as if he had taken Ostend: by his time he begins to spit, and cry boy, carry my cloake: and now I go to attend on his worship.

Act. 2. Scen 4.

Enter Ingenioso, Furor, Phantasma.

Ing. Come ladds, this wine whetts your resolution in our designe: it's a needy world with subtil spirits, and there's a gentle manlike kinde of begging, that may besecme Poets in this age.

Furor. Now by the wing of nimble Mercury,
By my *Thalias* siluer sounding harpe:
By that caelestiall fier within my brayne,
That giues a liuing genius to my lines:
How ere my dulled intellectuall.
Capres lesse nimbly then it did a fore,
Yet will I play a hunt's up to my muse:
And make her mount from out her shuggish nest,
As high as is the highest sphere in heauen:
Awake you paltry trulles of *Helicon*,
Or by this light *Ile Swagger* with you streight:
You grand syre *Phabus* with your louely eye,
The firmaments eternall vagabond,
The heauens promoter that doth peepe and pry,
Into the actes of mortall tennis balls.
Inspire me streight with some rare delicies,
Or *Ile* dismount thee from thy radiant coach:
And make thee poore Cutchy here on earth.

Phan. *Currus auriga paterni.*

Ing. Nay prethe good *Furor*, doe not roaue in rimes before thy time: thou hast a very terrible roaring muse, nothing but squibs and fine ierkes, quiet thy selfe a while and heare thy charge.

Phan.

Phan. Hinc ades hæc animo concipe dicta tuo.

Ingeni. Let vs on to our deuise, our plot, our proiect. That old Sir *Raderick*, that new printed *compendium* of all inquirye, that hath not ayred his countrey Chimney once in 3. winters: he that loues to liue in an od corner here at London, and effect an odde wench in a nooke, one that loues to liue in a narrow roome, that he may with more facility in the darke, light vpon his wifes waiting maide. one that loues alife a short sermon and a long play, one that goes to a play, to a whore, to his bedde in Circle, good for nothing in the world but to sweate night caps, & foule faire lawne shirtes, feede a few foggy seruing men, and preferre dunces to liuings. This old Sir *Raderick* (*Furor*) it shall be thy taske to cudgelt with thy thick thwart tearmes: marry at the first giue him some sugar candy tearmes, and then if he will not vnty purse stringes, of his liberality, sting him with tearmes layd in *aqua fortis* and gun powder.

Furor. In noua fert animus mutatas dicere formas.

The Seruile current of my slyding verse,
Gentle shal runne into his thick skind eares:
Where it shall dwell like a magnifico,
Command his slymie spright to honour me;
For my high tiptoe strouting poesye.
But if his starrs hath fauour'd him so ill,
As to debarre him by his dunghil thoughts,
Iustly to esteeme my verses lowting pitch:
If his earth wrotting snout shal gin to scorne,
My verse that giueth immortality:
Then, *Bella per Emathios.*

Phan. Furor arma ministrat.

Furor. Ile shake his heart vpon my verses poynte,
Rip out his gutts with riuyng poinard:
Quarter his credit with a bloody quill. ?

*Phan. Calami, Aramentum, charta, libelli,
Sunt semper studijs arma parata tuis.*

Ing. Inough *Furor*, wee know thou art a nimble swaggerer with a goose quill: now for you *Phantasma*, leaue trussing your pointes and listen,

Phan. *Omne tulit punctum.*

Ing. Marke you *Amoretto* Sir *Radericks* sonne, to him shall thy piping poetry and sugar endes of verses be directed, he is one, that wil draw out his pocket glasse thrise in a walke, one that dreames in a night of nothing, but muske and ciuet, and talke of nothing all day long but his hauke, his hound, and his mistres, one that more admires the good wrinkle of a boote, the curious crinkling of a silke stocking, then all the witt in the world: one that loues no scholler but him whose tyred eares can endure halfe a day together, his sibliowne sonnetes of his mistres, and her louing pretty creatures, her munckey and her puppet: it shal bee thy task (*Phantasma*) to cut this gullies throate with faire tearmes, and if he hold fast for al thy iuggling rettoricke, sal at defyance with him, and the poking sticke he weares.

Phan. *Simul extulit ensem.*

Ing. Come braue mips, gather vp your spiritts and let vs march on like aduenturous knights, and discharge a hundreth poeticall spiritts vpon them.

Phan. *Est deus in nobis, agitante calefcimus illo.* *Exeunt.*

Act. 3. Scen. 5.

Enter Philomusus, Studiofo.

Stud. Well *Philomusus*, we neuer scaped so faire a scouring: why yonder are purseuantes out for the french Doctor, and a lodging bespoken for him and his man in newgate. It was a terrible feare that made vs cast our hayre.

Phil. And canst thou sport at our calamities?

And countest vs happy to scape prisonment?

Why the wide world that blesteth some with wayle,

Is to our chayned thoughts a darke some gayle.

Stud. Nay prethee friend these wonted tearmes forgo,

He doubles grieffe that comments on a wo.

Phil. Why do fond men tearme it impiety,

To send a wearisome sadde grudging Ghost,

Vnto his home, his long, long, lasting home?
 Or let them make our life lesse greuous be,
 Or suffer vs to end our misery.

Stud. Oh no the sentinell his watch must keepe,
 Vntill his Lord do lycence him to sleepe:

Phil. It's time to sleepe within our hollowe graues,
 And rest vs in the darke some wombe of earth:
 Dead things are graued, and bodies are no lesse
 Pined and forlorne like Ghostly carcases.

Stud. Not long this tappe of loathed life can runne,
 Soone commeth death, and then our woe is done.
 Meane time good *Philomusus* be content,
 Letts spend our dayes in hopefull meryment.

Phil. Can't be our thoughts whē ere they dreame of hopes
 Band be those happs that herceforth flatter vs,
 When mischief dogs vs still and still for aye,
 From our first byrth vntill our burying day.
 In our first gamesome age, our doting fires
 Carked and cared to haue vs lettered:
 Sent vs to Cambridge where our cyle is spent:
 Vs our kinde Colledge from the teate did teate:
 And for't vs walke before we weaned weare,
 From that time since wandred haue we still:
 In the wide world, vrg'd by our forced will,
 Nor euer haue we happy fortune tryed:
 Then why should hope with our tent state abide?
 Nay let vs run vnto the basefull caue,
 Pight in the hollow ribbs of craggy cliffe,
 Where dreary owles do strike the liue-long night,
 Chasing away the byrdes of chearefull light:
 Where yawning Ghosts do howle in ghastly wise,
 Where that dull hollow ey'd that staring, syre,
 Yclept *Dispaire* hath his sad mansion,
 Him let vs finde, and by his counsell we,
 Will end our too much yrked misery.

Stud. To wayle thy happs argues a dastard minde.

Phil. To heare too long argues an asses kinde.

Stud. Long since the worst chance of the die was cast,

Phil. But why should that word *worst* so long time last?

Stud. Why doth *thou* now these sleepe plaintes commence?

Phil. Why should I ere be duld with patience?

Stud. Wise folke do beare with, struggling cannot mend.

Phil. Good spirits must with thwarting fates contend

Stud. Some hope is left our fortunes to redresse,

Phil. No hope but this, ere to be comfortlesse,

Stud. Our liues remainder gentler hearts may finde,

Phil. The gentlest harts to vs will proue vnkind.

Act. 4. Scen. 1.

Sir Radericke and Prodigio, at one corner of the Stage. Recorder and Amoretto at the other. Two Pages scouring of Tobacco pipes.

Sir. Rad. M. Prodigio, M. Recorder hath told you lawe, your land is forfeited: and for me not to take the forfeiture, were to breake the Queenes law, for marke you, its law to take the forfeiture: therefore not to breake it is to breake the Queenes law. and to breake the Queenes law is not to be a good subiect, and I meane to bee a good subiect. Besides, I am a Iustice of the peace, and being Iustice of the peace I must do iustice, that is law, that is to take the forfeiture, especially hauing taken notice of it. *Marrie Maister Prodigio*, here are a few shillings, ouer and besides the bargaine.

Prod. Pox on your shillings, sblood a while agoe, before he had me in the lurch, who but my coozen *Prodigo*, you are welcome my coozen *Prodigo*, take my coozen *Prodigos* horse, a cup of Wine for my coozen *Prodigo*, good faith you shall sit here good coozen *Prodigo*, a cleane trencher for my coozen *Prodigo*, haue a speciall care of my coozen *Prodigos* lodging: now maister *Prodigo* with a pox, and a few shillings for a vantage, a plague on your shillings, pox on your shillings, it it were not for the Sergeant which dogges me at
my

my heeles, a plague on your ſhillings, pox on your ſhillings, pox on your ſelic and your ſhillings, pox on your worſhip, if I catch thee at *Oſtend*: I dare not ſtaye for the Sergeant.

Exit.

S. Rad. pag. Good faith Maifter *Prodigo* is an excellent fellow, he takes the *Gulan ebullitio* ſo excellently.

Amor. Page. He is a good liberall Gentleman, he hath beſtowed an ounce of Tobacco vpon vs, and as long as it laſts, come cut and long-taile, weele ſpend it as liberally for his ſake.

S. Rad. Page. Come fill the Pipe quickly, while my maifter is in his melancholic humour, it's iuſt the melancholy of a Colliers horſe.

Amor. page. If you cough *Zacke* after your Tobacco, for a puniſhment you ſhall kiſſe the Pantoffle.

S. Rad. It's a foule ouer-ſight, that a man of worſhip cannot keepe a wench in his houſe. but there muſt be muttering and ſurmizing: it was the wiſeſt ſaying that my father euer vttered, that a wife was the name of neceſſitie, not of pleaſure: for what do men marry for, but to ſtocke their ground, and to haue one to looke to the linnen, ſit at the vpper end of the table, and carue vp a Capon: one that can weare a hood like a Hawke, and couer her foule face with a Fanne: but there's no pleaſure alwayes to be tyed to a piece of Mutton, ſometimes a meſſe of ſtewd broth will do well, and an vnlac'd Rabbet is beſt of all: well for mine owne part, I haue no great cauſe to complaine, for I am well prouided of three bounding wenches, that are mine owne fee-ſimple: one of them I am preſently to viſit, if I can rid my ſelfe cleanly of this company, Let me ſee how the day goes: (*hee puts his Watch out.*) precious coales, the time is at hand, I muſt meditate on an excuſe to be gone.

Record. The which I ſay, is grounded on the Statute I ſpake of before, enacted in the raigne of *Henry the 6.*

Amor. It is a plaine caſe, whereon I mooted in our Temple, and that was this: put caſe there be three bretheren, *John a Nokes*, *John a Naſh*, and *John a Stile*: *John a Nokes* the elder, *John a Naſh* the younger, *John a Stile* the youngeſt of all, *John*

a Nasb the younger, dyeth without issue of his body lawfully begotten: whether shall his lands ascend to *John a Noakes* the elder, or descend to *John a Stile* the youngest of all? The answer is: The lands do collaterally descend, not ascend.

Record. Very true, and for a prooffe hereof, I will shew you a place in *Littleton*, which is verye pregnant in this point.

Actus 4. Scena 2.

*Enter Ingenioso, Furor,
Phantasma.*

Ing. Ile pawne my wittes, that is, my reuenues, my land, my money, and whatsoeuer I haue, for I haue nothing but my wit, that they are at hand: why any sensible snout may winde Maister *Amoretto* and his Pomander, Maister *Recorder* and his two neates feete that weare no sockes, Sir *Raderike* by his rammish complexion. *Olet Gorgoimus byrcum, S't. Lupus in fabula.* *Furor* fire the Touch-box of your witte: *Phantasma*, let your inuention play tricks like an Ape: begin thou *Furor*, and open like a phlappmouthed Hound: follow thou *Phantasma* like a Ladies Puppie: and as for me, let me alone, Ile come after like a Water-dogge that will shake them off, when I haue no vse of them: My maisters, the watch-word is giuen. *Furor* discharge.

<i>Furor</i> to	The great proiector of the Thunder-bolts,
<i>S.Rad.</i>	He that is wont to pisse whole clouds of raine, Into the earth vast gaping vrinall, Which that one ey'd subicer of the skie, <i>Don Phæbus</i> empties by caliditie: He and his Townesmen <i>Planets</i> brings to thee, Most fatty lumpes of earths facilitie.

S.Rad. Why will this fellowes English breake the Queenes peace, I will not seme to regarde him.

The returne from Pernaſſus.

Phant. | *Mecenas atavis edite regibus,*
to Am. | *O et praſidium, & dulce decus meum,*
Dyſfaciant votis vela ſecunda tuis.

Ing. God ſaue you good maifter Recorder, and good fortunes follow your deſerts: I thinke I haue curſt him ſufficiently in few words.

S. Rad. What haue we here, three begging Souldiers, come you from *Oſterd*, or from *Ireland*?

Pag. *Cuium pecus, an Malibei*? I haue vented all the Latin one man had.

Phan. *Quid dicam amplius? domini ſimilis es.*

Amor. pag. Let him alone I pray thee, to him againe, tickle him there.

Phan. *Quam diſpari domino dominaris?*

Rec. Nay that's plaine in *Littleton*, for if that ſee-ſimple, and the ſee taile be put together, it is called hotch potch: now this word hotch potch in English is a Pudding, for in ſuch a pudding is not commonly one thing onely, but one thing with another.

Amor. I thinke I do remember this alſo at a mooting in our Temple: ſo then this hotch potch ſeemes a terme of ſimilitude.

Furor to Great *Capricornus*, of thy head take keepe,

S. Rad. Good *Virgo* watch, while that thy worſhip ſleepe,
And when thy ſwelling vents amaine,
Then *Piſces* be thy ſporting Chamberlaine.

S. Rad. I thinke the deuill hath ſent ſome of his family to torment me.

Amor. There is taile generall and taile ſpeciall, and *Littleton* is very copious in that the ame: for taile generall is, when lands are giuen to a man and his heyres of his body begotten: Taile ſpeciall, is when lands are giuen to a man, and to his wife, and to the heires of their two bodyes lawfully begotten, and that is called Taile ſpeciall.

S. Rad. Very well, and for his oath I will giue a diſtinction: there is a materiall oath, and a formall oath: the formall oath
may

may be broken, the materiall may not be broken: for marke you fir, the law is to take place before the conscience, and therefore you may, vsing me your counteller, cast him in the sute: there wants nothing to the full meaning of this place.

Phant. Nihil hic nisi Carmina desunt.

Ing. An excellent obseruation in good faith, see how the old Fox teacheth the young Cub to wurry a sheepe, or rather fits himselfe like an old Goose, hatching the addle braine of maister *Amorette*: there is no foole to the Sattin foole, the Veluet foole, the perfumde foole, and therefore the witty Taylors of this age, put them vnder colour of kindnesse into a paire of cloath-bags, where a voyder will not serue the turne: and there is no knaue to the barbarous knaue, the moulting knaue, the pleading knaue: what ho maister *Recorder* i Maister *Nouerint vninersi per presentes*, not a word he, vnlesse he feele it in his fist.

Phant. Mitto tibi metulus, cancos imitare legendo.

S. Rad. to Furor. Fellow what art thou that art so bold?

Fur. I am the bastard of great *Mercurie*,

Got on *Thalia* when she was a sleepe:

My Gawdie Grandfire, great *Apollo* high,

Borne was I heare, but that my luck was ill,

To all the land vpon the forked hill.

Phant. O crudelis Alexi nil mea carmina curas?

Nil nostri miserere mori me deinq; coges?

S. Rad. Pag. If you vse them thus, my maister is a Iustice of peace, and will send you all to the gallowes.

Phant. Hci mihi quod domino non licet ire tuo.

Ing. Good maister *Recorder*, let me retaine you this terme for my cause, for my cause good maister *Recorder*.

Record. I am retained already on the contrary part, I haue taken my fee, be gon, be gon.

Ing. It's his meaning I should come off: why here is the true stile of a villaine, the true faith of a Lawyer: it is vsuall with them to be bribed on the one side, and then to take a fee of the other: to plead weakely, and to be bribed and rebribed on the one side, then to be feed and refeed of the other, till at length

length, *per varios casus*, by putting the case so often, they make their client so lanke, that they may case them vp in: combe case, and pack them home from the tearme, as though he had trauelled to London to sell his horse onely, and hauing lost their fleeces, liue afterward like poore shorne sheepe.

Furor. The Gods about that know great *Furors* fame,
And do adore grand poet *Furors* name:
Granted long since at heauens high parliament,
That who so *Furor* shal immortalize,
No yawning goblins shall frequent his graue,
Nor any bold presumptuous curr shall dare
To lift his legge against his sacred dust.
Where ere I haue my rymes, thence vermin fly
All, sauing that foule fac'd vermin pouerty,
This sucks the eggs of my inuention:
Euacuates my witts full pigeon house,
Now may it please thy generous dignity;
To take this vermin napping as he lyes,
In the true trappe of liberallity:
He cause the Pleiades to giue thee thanks,
He write thy name within the sixteenth spheare:
He make the Antarticke pole to kisse thy toa,
And *Cynthia* to do homage to thy tayle.

Sir Rad. Pretious coles, thou a man of worship and Iustice too? It's euen so, he is ether a madde man or a coniuurer: it were, well if his words were examined, to see if they be the *Queenes* or no.

Phan. *Nunc si nos audis ut qui es diuinus Apollo,
Dic mihi, qui nummos non habet unde petat?*

Amor. I am stil haunted with these needy Latinit fellowes: the best counsell I can giue is to be gone.

Phan. *Quod peto da Caie, non peto consilium.*

Am. Fellow looke to your braines: you are mad, you are mad.

Phan. *Semel insaniuimus omnes.*

Am. Maister Recorder, is it not a shame that a gallant cannot walke the streete quietly for needy fellowes, and that, after there is a statute come out against begging?

He strikes his brest.

Phant. Pectora percuffit, pectus quoq; robora funt.

Recor. I warrant you, they are ſome needy graduates: the Vniuerſity breakes winde twiſe a yeare, and lets flie ſuch as theſe are,

Ing. So ho maifter Recorder, you that are one of the Diuels fellow commoners, one that ſizeth the Devils butteries, finnes and periuries very lauiſhly: one that are ſo deare to *Lucifer*, that he neuer puts you out of commons for non payment: you that liue like a ſummer vpon the finnes of the people: you whoſe vocation ſerues to enlarge the territories of Hell, that (but for you) had bene no bigger then a paire of Stockes or a Pillorie: you that hate a ſchoiler, becauſe he deſcries your Altes cares: you that are a plague ſtuffed Cloake-bagge of all iniquitie, which the grand Seruing man of Hell will one day truſſe vp behind him, and carry to his ſmokie Wardrobe.

Recor. What frantick fellow art thou, that art poſſeſt with the ſpirit of malediction?

Furor. Vile muddy clod of baſe vnhalloved clay,
Thou ſlimie ſprighted vnkinde Saracen:
When thou wert borne, dame *Nature* caſt her Calfe,
Forrage and time had made thee a great Oxe,
And now thy grinding lawes deuoure quite,
The fodder due to vs of heavenly ſpright.

Phant. Neſaſto te poſuit die quicumque primum et ſacrilega
reanu,

*Produxit arbor in nepotum perniciem ob propriumque
pugi.*

Ingeni. I pray you *Monſieur Ploidon*, of what Vniuerſitie was the firſt Lawyer of, none forſooth, for your Lawe is ruled by reaſon, and not by Arte: great reaſon indeed that a Ploydeniſt ſhould bee mounted on a trapt Palfrey, with a round Veluet diſh on his head, to keepe warme the broth of his witte, and a long Gowne, that makes him looke like a *Cedant arma toga*, whileſt the poore *Ariſtotelians* walke in a ſhorte cloake and a cloſe *Venetian* hoſe, hard by the
Oyſter-

Oyster-wife: and the Silly Poet goes muſſed in his Cloake to eſcape the Counter. And you Maſter *Amoretto*, that art the chiefe Carpenter of Sonets, a priuiledged Vicar for the lawleſſe marriage of Inke and Paper, you that are good for nothing but to commend in a ſette ſpeech, to colour the quantitie of your Miſtreſſes ſtoole, and ſweare it is moſt ſweete Ciuet: it's fine when that Puppet-player *Fortune*, muſt put ſuch a Birchen-lane poſt in ſo good a ſuite, ſuch an Aſſe in ſo good fortune.

Amor. Father ſhall I draw?

Sir Rad. No ſonne, keepe thy peace, and holde the peace.

Inge. Nay do not draw, leaſt you chance to bepiffe your credit.

Furor. *Flectere ſi nequeo ſuperos, Acheronta mouebo.*

Fearfull *Megara* with her ſnackie twine,
Was curſed dam vnto thy damned ſelfe;
And *Hircan tigers* in the deſert Rockes,
Did foſter vp thy loathed hatefull life,
Baſe *Ignorance* the wicked cradle rockt,
Vile *Barbariſme* was wont to dandle thee:
Some wicked hell-hound tutored thy youth,
And all the griſſy ſprights of griping hell,
With mūning looke hath dogd thee ſince thy birth:
See how the ſpirits do houer ore thy head,
As thick as gnattes in ſummer euening tide,
Balefull *Alecto*, pree the ſtay a while,
Till with my verſes I haue rackt his ſoule:
And when thy ſoule departs a Cock may be,
No blanke at all in hells great Lotterie.
Shame ſits and howles vpon thy loathed graue,
And howling vomit vp in filthy guiſe,
The hidden ſtories of thy villanies.

Sir Rad. The Deuill my maisters, the Deuill in the likenesse
of a Poet, away my maisters, away. *Exit.*

Phan. *Arma virumq; cano,
Que fugis ab demens?*

Amor. Base dog, it is not the custome in Italy to draw vp
on euery idle cur that barkes, and did it stand with my reputa-
tion: oh, well go too, thanke my Father for your liues.

Ing. Fond gul whom I would vndertake to bastinado quick-
ly, though there were a musket planted in thy mouth, are not
you the young drouer of liuings. *Academico* told me of that
hants steeple faires. Base worme must thou needes discharge
thy craboun to batter downe the walles of learning.

Amor. I thinke I haue committed some great sinne against
my Mastris, that I am thus tormented with notable villaines:
bold pefants I scorne, I scorne them.

Furor to | Nay praythee good sweet diuell do not thou part,
Recor. | Ilike an honest deuill that will shew
Himselfe in a true hellish smoky hew:
How like thy snowt is to great Lucifers?
Such tallents had he, such a glaring eye,
And such a cunning sight in villanie.

Recor. Oh the impudencie of this age, and if I take you in
my quarters.

Furor. Base slave ile hang thee on a crossed rime,
And quarter.

Ing. He is gone, Furor, stay thy fury.

S. Rad. Pag. I pray you gentlemē giue 3. groats for a shilling.

Amo. Pag. What wil you giue me for a good old sute of ap-
parell?

Phan. *Habet et musca splenem, et formica sua bilis inest.*

Ing. Gramercie good lads: this is our share in happinesse, to
torment the happy: lets walke a long aud laugh at the iest, its
no staying here long, least Sir Radericks army of baylifes and
clownes be sent to apprehend vs.

Phan. *Procul hinc, procul ite prophani.*

Ile lash Apollon selfe with ierking hand,
Vnlesse he pawne his wit to buy ine land.

Act. 4. Scen. 3.
Burbage. Kempe.

Bur. Now Will *Kempe* if we can intertaine theſe ſchollers at a low rate, it wil be well, they haue oftentimes a good conceite in a part.

Kempe Its true indeede, honeſt *Dick*, but the ſlaues are ſome-what proud, and beſides, it is a good ſport in a part, to ſee them neuer ſpeake in their walke, but at the end of the ſtage, juſt as though in walking with a fellow we ſhould neuer ſpeake but at a ſtile, a gate, or a ditch, whete a man can go no further. I was once at a Comedie in Cambridge, and there I ſaw a paraſite make faces and mouths of all ſorts on this faſhion.

Bur. A little teaching will mend theſe faults, and it may bee beſides they will be able to pen a part.

Kemp. Few of the vniuerſity pen plaies well, they ſmell too much of that writer *Ouid*, and that writer *Metamorphoſis*, and talke too much of *Proſerpina* & *Iuppiter*. Why heres our fellow *Shakeſpeare* puts them all downe, I and *Ben Ionſon* too. O that *Ben Ionſon* is a peſtilent fellow, he brought vp *Horace* giuing the Poets a pill, but our fellow *Shakeſpeare* hath giuen him a purge that made him beray his credit:

Bur. Its a ſhrewd fellow indeed: I wonder theſe ſchollers ſtay ſo long, they appointed to be here preſetly that we might try them: oh here they come.

Stud. Take heart theſe lets our clouded thoughts refine,
The ſun ſhines brighteſt when it gins decline.

Bur. M. Phil. and M. Stud. God ſaue you.

Kemp. M. Phil. and M. Otioſo well met.

Phil. The ſame to you good M. Burbage. What M. Kempe how doth the Emperour of Germany?

Stud. God ſaue you M. Kempe: welcome M. Kempe from daſcing the morrice ouer the Alpes.

Kemp. Well you merry knaues you may come to the honor of it one day, is it not better to make a foole of the world as I haue done, then to befooled of the world, as you ſchollers are?

But be merry my lads, you haue happened vpon the moſt excellent vocation in the world for money: they come North and South to bring it to our playhouſe, and for honours, who of more report, then *Dick Burbage & Will: Kempe*, he is not couñted a Gentleman, that knowes not *Dick Burbage & Wil Kemp*, there's not a country wench that can dance Sellengers Round but can talke of *Dick Burbage* and *Will Kempe*.

Phil. Indeed *M. Kempe* you are very famous, but that is as well for workes in print as your part in kne.

Kemp. You are at Cambridge ſtill with ſice kne, and be luſty humorous poets, you muſt vntruſſe, I road this my laſt circuit, purpoſely becauſe I would be iudge of your actions.

Bur. M. Stud. I pray you take ſome part in this booke and act it, that I may ſee what will fit you beſt, I thinke your voice would ſerue for *Hieronimo*, obſerue how I act it and then imitate mee.

Stud. Who call *Hieronimo* from his naked bed?

And &c.

Bur. You will do well after a while.

Kemp. Now for you, me thinkes you ſhould belong to my tuition, and your face me thinkes would be good for a fooliſh Mayre or a fooliſh iuſtice of peace: marke me. —————

Foraſmuch as there be two ſtates of a common wealth, the one of peace, the other of tranquility: two ſtates of warre, the one of diſcord, the other of diſſention: two ſtates of an incorporation, the one of the Aldermen, the other of the Brethren: two ſtates of magiſtrates, the one of gouerning, the other of bearing rule, now, as I ſaid euen now for a good thing, thing cannot be ſaid too often: Vertue is the ſhooringhorne of iuſtice, that is, vertue is the ſhooringhorne of doing well, that is, vertue is the ſhooringhorne of doing iuſtly, it behoo- ueth mee and is my part to commend this ſhooringhorne vnto you. I hope this word ſhooringhorne doth not offend any of you my worſhipfull brethren, for you beeing the worſhipfull headſmen of the towne, know well what the horne meaneth, Now therefore I am determined not onely to teach but alſo to inſtruct, not onely the ignorant, but alſo

the simple, not onely what is their duty towards their betters, but also what is their duty towards their superiours: come let mee see how you can doe, sit downe in the chaire.

Phil. Forasmuch as there be. &c.

Kemp. thou wilt do well in time, if thou wilt be ruled by thy betters, that is by my selfe, and such grave Aldermen of the playhouse as I am.

Bur. Like your face, and the proportion of your body for *Richard the 3.* I pray *M. Phil.* let me see you act a little of it.

Phil. Now is the winter of our discontent,

Made glorious summer by the sonne of Yorke,

Bur. Very well I assure you, well *M. Phil.* and *M. Stud.* wee see what ability you are of: I pray walke with vs to our fellows, and weele agree presently.

Phil. We will follow you straight *M. Burbage.*

Kempe. Its good manners to follow vs, *Maister Phil.* and *Maister Otiso.*

Phil. And must the basest trade yeeld vs reliefe?

Must we be practis'd to those leaden spouts,

That nought downe vent but what they do receiue?

Some fatall fire hath scorcht our fortunes wing,

And still we fall, as we do vpward spring:

As we striue vpward to the vaulted skie,

We fall and feele our hatefull destiny.

Stud. Wonder it is sweet friend thy pleading breath,

So like the sweet blast of the southwest wind,

Melts not those rockes of yce, those mounts of woe,

Congeld in frozen hearts of men below.

Phil. Wonder as well thou maist why mongst the waues,

Mongst the tempestuous waues on raging sea,

The wayling Marchant can no pittie craue.

What cares the wind and weather for their paines?

One strikss the sayle, another turnes the same,

He shakes the maine, an other takes the Ore,

An other laboureth and taketh paine,

To pompe the sea into the sea againe.

Still they take paines, still the loud windes do blowe
Till the ships prouder mast be layd belowe:

Stu. Fond world that nere thinkes on that aged man,
That *Ariostoës* old swift paced man,
Whose name is Tyme, who neuer lins to run,
Loaden with bundles of decayed names,
The which in Lethes lake he doth intombe,
Saue onely those which swanlike schollers take,
And doe deliucr from that greedy lake.
Inglorious may they liue,inglorious die,
That suffer learning liue in misery.

Phil. What caren they, what fame their ashes haue,
When once their coopt vp in silent graue?

Stud. If for faire fame they hope not when the dye,
Yet let them feare graues stayning Infamy.

Phil. Their spendthrift heires will those firebrands quench
Swaggering full moistly on a tauernes bench.

Stud. No shamed fire for all his glosing heire,
Must long be talkt of in the empty ayre.

Stud. Beleue me thau that art my second selfe,
My vexed soule is not disquieted,
For that I misse, is gaudy painted stare,
Whereat my fortunes fairely aim'd of late.
For what am I, the meanest of many mo,
That earning profit are repaide with wo?
But this it is that dorch my soule torment,
To thinke so many actiueable wits,
That might contend with proudest birds of *Pa*,
Sits now immur'd within their priuate cells,
Drinking a long lank watching candles smoake,
Spending the marrow of their flowring age,
In fruitelesse poring on some worme eate leafe:
When their deserts shall seeme of due to claime,
A cherefull crop of fruitfull swelling sheafe,
Cockle their haruest is, and weeds their graine,
Contempt their portion their possession paine:

Stud. Schollers must frame to liue at a low sayle,

Phil

The returne from Fernassus.

Phil. Ill sayling where there blowes no happy gale.

Stud. Our ship is ruin'd, all her tackling rent.

Phil. And all her gaudy furniture is spent.

Stud. Teares be the waues whereon her ruines bide.

Phil. And sighes the windes that wastes her broken side.

Stud. Mischiefe the Pilot is the ship to feare.

Phil. And Wo the passenger this ship doth beare.

Stud. Come *Philomusus*, let vs breake this chat,

Phil. And breake my heart, oh would I could breake that.

Stud. Lets learne to act that Tragick part we haue.

Phil. Would I were silent actor in my graue.

Actus 5. Scena 1.

Phil. & Stud. become Fiddlers with their consort.

Phil. And tunc fellow Fiddlers, *Studioſo* & I are ready. *(they*

Stud: going aside sayeth.

tunc.

Fayre fell good *Orpheus*, that would rather be

King of a mole hill, then a Keyfars slaue:

Better it is mongst fiddlers to be chiefe,

Then at plaiers trencher beg reliefe.

But ist not strange this mimick apes should prize

Vnhappy Schollers at a hireling rate.

Vile world, that lifts them vp to hye degree,

And trades vs downe in groueling misery.

England affordes those glorious vagabonds,

That carried earst their fardels on their backes,

Coursers to ride on through the gazing streetes,

Sooping it in their glaring Satten futes,

And Pages to attend their maisterships:

With mouthing words that better wits haue framed,

They purchase lands, and now Esquiers are made.

Phil. What ere they seeme being euē at the best,

They are but sporting fortunes scornfull iests.

Stud. So merry fortune is wont from ragges to take,

Some ragged grome, and him some gallant make.

The returne from Pernaſſus.

- Phil.* The world and fortune hath playd on vs too long.
Stud. Now to the world we fiddle muſt a ſong.
Phil. Our life is a playne ſong with cunning pend,
Whoſe higheſt pitch in loweſt baſe doth end.
But ſee our fellowes vnto play are bent:
If not our mindes, letts tune our instruments.
Stud. Letts in a priuate ſong our cunning try,
Before we ſing to ſtranger company.

Phil. ſings. The tune.

How can he ſing whoſe voyce is hoarſe with care?
How can he play whoſe heart ſtringes broken are?
How can he keepe his reſt that nere found reſt?
How can he keepe his time whome time nere bleſt?
Onely he can in ſorrow beare a parte,
With vntaught hand and with vntuned hart,
Fond arts farewell, that ſwallowed haue my youth.
Adew vayne muſes that haue wrought my ruth.
Repent fond ſyre that trayn'd'ſt thy happleſſe ſonne,
In learninges loare ſince bounteous almes are done.
Ceafe, ceafe harſh tongue, vntuned muſicke reſt:
Intombe thy ſorrowes in thy hollow breſt.

Stud. Thankes *Phil.* for thy pleaſant ſong,
Oh had this world a tutch of iuſter grieſe:
Hard rockes would weepe for want of our relieſe.

Phil. The cold of wo hath quite vntun'd my voyce,
And made it too too harſh for liſtining care:
Time was in time of my young fortunes ſpring,
I was a gameſome boy and learned to ſing.

But ſay fellow muſicians, you know beſt whether we go, at
what dore muſt we imperiouſly beg.

Jack, ſid. Here dwells Sir *Raderick* and his ſonne: it may be
now at this good time of Newyeare he will be liberall, let vs
ſtand neere and drawe.

Phil. Draw calleſt thou it, indeed it is the moſt desperate
kinde of ſervice that euer I aduentured on.

Act. 5. Scena. 2.
Enter the two Pages.

Sir Rad pag. My maister bids me tell you that he is but newly fallen a sleepe, and you base slaues must come and disquiet him: what neuer a basket of Capons? masse, and if he comes heele commit you all.

Amor. pag. *Sir* Jack, shall you and I play *Sir Raderick* and *Amoretto*, and reward these fiddlers, Ile, my maister *Amoretto*, and giue them as much as he vscth.

Sir Rad. And I my old maister *Sir Raderick*: fiddlers play. Ile reward you, sayth I will.

Amor pag. Good sayth this pleaseth my sweete mistres admirably: cannot you play twytty twarty toole, or to be at her, to be at her.

Rad. pag. Haue you neuer a song of maister Dowlands making?

Am. pag. Or *Hos ego versiculos feci &c.* A pox on it, my maister *Am.* vscth it very often. I haue forgotten the verse.

Rad. pag. *Sir Theon*: here are a couple of fellowes brought before me, and I know not how to decide the cause, looke in my Christmas booke who brought me a present

Am. pag. On New-yeares day goodman Foole brought you a present, but goodman Clowne brought you none.

Rad. pag. Then the right is on goodman fooles side.

Am. pag. My mistres is so sweete, that al the Phisitions in the towne cannot make her stinck, she neuer goes to the stoole, oh she is a most sweete little munkey. Please your worship good father yonder are some would speake with you.

Rad. pag. What haue they brought me any thing, if they haue not, say I take Phisick.

Forasmuch fiddlers, as I am of the peace, I must needs loue all weapons and instruments, that are for the peace, among which I account your fiddles, because they can neither bite nor scratch, marry now finding your fiddles to iarre, and knowing that iarring is a cause of breaking the peace, I am by the vertue of my office and place to commit your quarelling fiddles to close prisonment in their cases.

They call within.

sha ho, Richard, Jack.

Ha

Amor. pag.

Am. Page. The foole within, marres our play without. Fiddlers ſet it on my head, I uſe to ſize my muſicke, or go on the ſcore for it, Ile pay it at the quarters end.

Rad. Page. Farewell good *Pan*, ſweete *Irenias adieu*, *Don Orpheus* a thouſand times farewell.

Iack Fid. You ſwore you would pay vs for our muſick.

Rad. Page. For that Ile giue Maſter *Recorders* law, and that is this, there is a double oath, a formall oath, and a materiall oath: a materiall oath cannot be broken, the formall oath may be broken, I ſwore formally: farewell Fiddlers.

Phil. Farewell good wags, whoſe wits praiſe worth I deeme, Though ſomewhat waggiſh, ſo we all haue beenc.

Stud. Faith fellow Fiddlers, heres no ſiluer found in this place, no not ſo much as the vſuall Chriſtmas entertainment of Muſicians, a black Iack of Beare, and a Chriſtmas Pyc.

They walke aſide from their fellowes.

Phil. Where ere we in the wide world playing be,
Miſfortune beares a part, and marres our melody,
Ippoſſible to pleaſe with Muſickes ſtraine,
Our hearts ſtrings brokē, are nere to be tun'd againe.

Stud. Then let vs leaue this baſer fidling trade,
For though our purſe ſhould mend, our credit fades.

Phil. Full glad I am to ſee thy mindes free courſe,
Declining from this trencher waiting trade.
Well may I now diſcloſe in plainer guiſe,
What earſt I meant to worke in ſecret wiſe:
My buſie conſcience checkt my guilty ſoule,
For ſeeking maintenance by baſe vaſſallage,
And then ſuggeſted to my ſearching thought,
A ſhepherds poore ſecure contented life,
On which ſince then I doted euery houre,
And meant this ſame houre in ſadder plight,
To haue ſtolne from thee in ſecrecie of night.
Deare friend thou ſeem'ſt to wrong my ſoule too
Thinking that *Studioſo* would account, (much,
That fortune ſowre, which thou accompt'ſt ſweete,
Nor any life to me can ſweeter be,

Then

Then happy swaines in plaine of *Arcady*.

Phil. Why then lets both go spend our litle store,

In the prouision of due furniture:

A shepards hooke, a tarbox and a scrippe.

And hast vnto those sheepe adorned hills,

Where if not blesse our fortunes we may blesse our

Stud. True mirth we may enioy in thacked stall, (wills.)

Nor hoping higher rise, nor fearing lower fall.

Phil. Weele therefore discharge these fidlers. Fellow musitions, wee are sory that it hath beene your ill happe to haue had vs in your company, that are nothing but scritch-owles, and night Rauens, able to marre the purest melody: & besids, our company is so ominous, that where we are, thence liberality is packing, our resolution is therefore to wish you well, and to bidde you farewell.

Come *Stud*: let vs hast away,

Returning neare to this accursed place.

Actus 5. Scena. 3.

Enter *Ingenioso*, & *Academico*.

Inge. Faith *Academico*, it's the feare of that fellow, I meane the signe of the seargeants head, that makes me to be so hasty to be gone: to be briefe *Academico*, writts are out for me, to apprehend mee for my playes, and now I am bound for the Ile of doggs. *Furor* and *Phantasma* comes after, remoouing the campe as fast as they can: farewell, *mea si quid vota ualebunt*.

Acad. Fayth *Ingenioso*: I thinke the Vniuersity is a melancholik life, for there a good fellow cannot sit two howres in his chamber, but he shall bee troubled with the bill of a Drawer, or a Vintner: but the point is, I know not how to betser my selfe, and so I am fayne to take it.

Act. 5. Scen. 4.
Phil, Stud, Furor, Phant.

Phil. Who haue we there, *Ingenioso*, and *Academicos*?

Stud. The very same, who are those, *Furor* and *Phantasma*?

Furor takes a louse off his sleeue.

Furor. And art thou there six footed Mercury?

Phan. with his hand Are rymes become such creepers now a dayes?

in his bo- Presumptuous louse, that doth good manners lack,

some. Daring to creepe vpon Poet *Furors* back:

Multum refert quibuscum vixeris.

Non videmus Mantica quod in tergo est.

Phil. What *Furor* and *Phan.* too, our old colledge fellowes, let vs incounter them all, *Ing: Acad. Furor. Phantasma.* God saue you all.

Stud. What *Ingen. Acad. Furor. Phantasma*: howe do you brauelads.

Ing. What our deere friends *Phil.* and *Stud*?

Aca. What our old friends *Phil.* and *Stud*?

Fur. What my supernaturall friends?

Ing. What newes with you in this quarter of the City?

Phil. We haue run through many trades, yet thriue by none,

Poore in content, and onely rich in moane,
A shephards life thou knowst I wont to admire,
Turning a Cambridge apple by the fire.
To liue in humble dale we now are bent,
Spending our dayes in fearelesse merriment.

Stud. Weel teach each tree-euen of the hardest kind,
To keepe our woefull name within their rinde:
Weel watch our flock, and yet weele sleepe withall,
Weele tune our sorrowes to the waters fall,
The woods and rockes with our shrill songs weele
blesse,

Let them proue kind since men proue pittilesse,
But say whether are you and your company iogging: it seemes
by your apparell you are about to wander.

Ing. Faith we are fully bent to be Lords of misrule in the
worlds wide heath: our voyage is to the Ile of Dogges, there
where the blattant beast doth rule and raigne Renting the
credit of whom it please.

Where serpents tongs the pen men are to write,
Where cats do waule by day, dogges by night:
There shall engoared venom be my inke,
My pen a sharper quill of porcupine,
My stayned paper, this sin loaden earth:
There will I write in lines shall neuer die,
Our feared Lordings crying villany.

Phil. A gentile wit thou hadst, nor is it blame,

To turne so tart for time hath wrongd the same,

Str. And well thou dost from this fond earth to flit,
Where most mens pens are hired parasites.

Aca. Go happily, I wish thee store of gal,
Sharply to wound the guilty world withall:

Phil. But say, what shall become of *Furor* and *Phantas-*

ma?

Ing. These my companions still with me must wend,

Aca. Fury and Fansie on good wits attend.

Fur. When I arriue within the ile of Doggs,

Don Phœbus I will make thee kisse the pompe.

Thy one eye pries in euery Drapers stall,

Yet neuer thinkes on poet *Furors* neede:

Furor is lowsie, great *Furor* lowsie is,

He make thee run this lowsie case I wis.

And thou my cluttish landresse *Cynthia*,

Nere thinkes on *Furors* linnen, *Furors* shirts:

Thou and thy squirting boy *Endimion*,

Lies slaivering still vpon a lawlesse couch,

Furor will haue thee carted through the dirt,

That makest great post *Furor* want his shirts

The returne from Pernaſſus.

Inge. Is not here a trus dogge that dare barke ſo boldly at
the Mooone.

Phil. Exclayming want and needy care and carke,
Would make the mildeſt ſpright to bite and barke.

Phan. *Canes timidi uehementius latrant.* There are certaine
burrs in the Ile of doggs called in our English tongue, men of
worſhip, certaine briars as the *Indians* call them, as we ſay cer-
tayne lawyers, certayne great lumps of earth, as the *Arbians*
call them, certayne groſers as wee tearme them, *quos ego ſed
motos preſtat componere fluctus.*

Inge. We three vnto the ſnarling Iland haſt,
And there our vexed breath in ſnarling waſt.

Phil. We will be gone vnto the downes of Kent,
Sure footing we ſhall find in humble dale:
Our fleecy flocke weel learne to watch and warde,
In Iulyes heate and cold of Ianuary:
Weel chant our woes vpon an oaten reede,
Whiles bleating flock vpon their ſupper feede:
So ſhall we ſhun the company of men,

Stud. That growes more hatefull as the world growes old,
Weel teach the murmuring brookes in tears to flow:
And ſteepy rocke to wayle our paſſed wo.

Acad. Adew you gentle ſpiritts, long adew:
Your witts I loue and your ill fortunes rue:
Ile haſt me to my Cambridge cell againe,
My fortunes cannot wax but they may waine.

Inge. Adew good ſheppards, happy may you liue,
And if heereafter in ſome ſecret ſhade,
You ſhall recount poore ſchollers miſeries,
Vouchſafe to mention with teares ſwelling eyes,
Ingenioſoes thwarting deſtinyes,
And thou ſtill happy *Academico*,
That ſtill maiſt reſt vpon the muſes bed,
Inioying there a quiet ſlumbering,
When thou repayeſt vnto thy *Grantaes* ſtreame,
Wonder at thine owne bliſſe, pittie our caſe,

That

That ſtill doth tread ill fortunes endleſſe maze,
Wiſh them that are preferments Almoners,
To cheriſh gentle wits in their greene bud:
For had not Cambridge bin to me vnkinde,
I had not turn'd to gall a milkye minde.

Phil. I wiſh thee of good hap a plentious ſtore,
Thy wit deſerues no leſſe, my loue can wiſh no more.

Farewell, farewell good *Academico*.
Neuer maiſt thou taſt of our forepaſſed woe.
Wee wiſh thy fortunes may attaine their due:
Furor and you *Phantasma* both adue.

Acad. Farewell, farewell, farewell, o long farewell,
The reſt my tongue conceales, let ſorrow tell.

Phan. *Et longum vale, inquit Iola.*

Furor. Farewel my maſters, *Furor's* a maſty dogge,
Nor can with a ſmooth glozing farewell cog.
Nought can great *Furor* do, but barke and howle,
And ſnarle, and grin, and carle, and towze the world,
Like a great ſwine by his long leane eard lugges.
Farewell muſty, duſty, ruſty, tuſty London,
Thou art not worthy of great *Furors* wit,
That cheateſt vertue of her due deſert,
And ſuffereſt great *Apollaes* ſonne to want.

Inge. Nay ſtay awhile and helpe me to content:
So many gentle witts attention,
Who kennes the lawes of euery comick ſtage,
And wonders that our ſcene ends diſcontent.

Ye ayrie witts ſubtill,
Since that few ſchollers fortunes are content,
Wonder not if our ſcene ends diſcontent.
When that your fortunes reach their due content,
Then ſhall our ſcene end in her meriment.

Phil. Perhaps ſome happy wit with feeling hand,
Hereafter may recorde the paſtorall
Of the two ſchollers of *Pernaſſus* hil,
And then our ſcene may end and haue content.

Inge. Meane time if there be any ſpightfull Ghoſt,

That smiles to see poore schollers misery:
Cold is his charity, his wit too dull,
We see in his censure, he is a seeing gull,
But whatsoere refined sprighes there be,
That deeply grieve at our Calamity,
Whose breath is turn'd to sighes, whose eyes are wet,
To see bright arts bent to their latest set:
Whence never to rise againe their heads shall see,
To blesse our art disgracing hemisphere.

Juge. Let them.

Fury. Let them.

Phar. Let them.

Acad. And none but them.

Phil. And none but them.

Stud. And none but them.

§ All give vs a
Laudic.

FINIS.

finis

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