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Accessions

149,639



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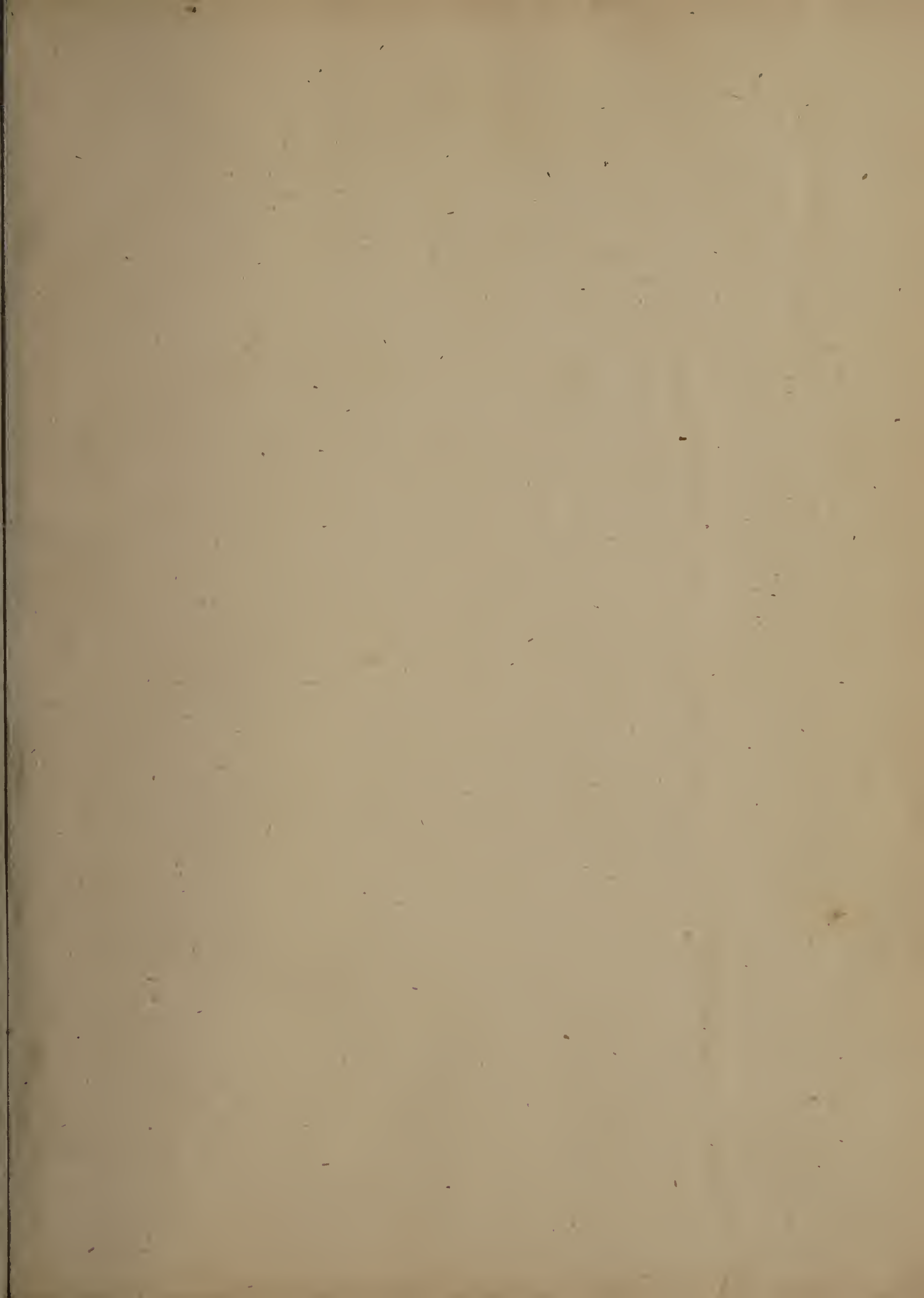
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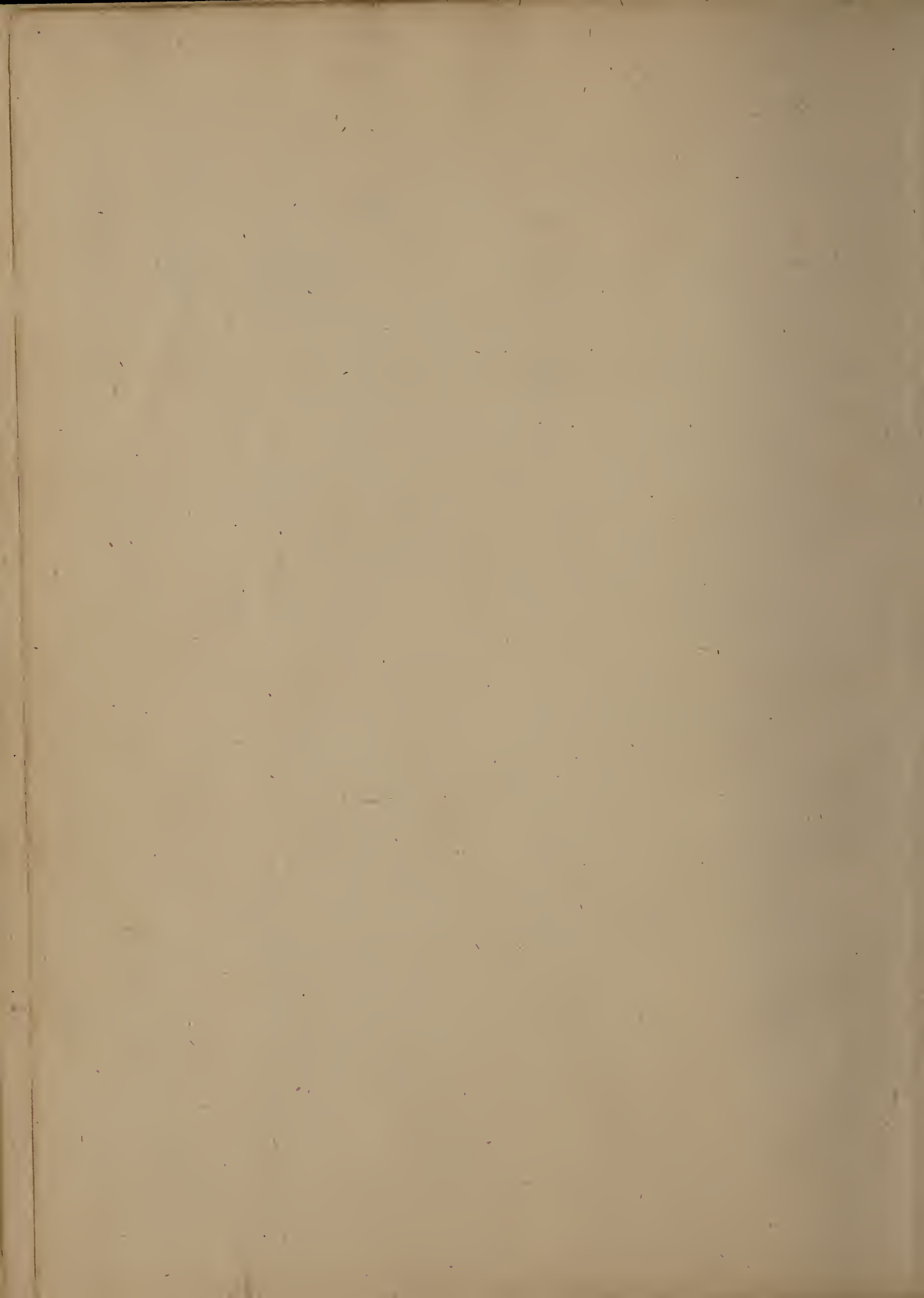
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Boston Public Library.

See Baker's *Beogr. Dramatica*. vol. ii. p. 181. 'The incident of Julius' cheating his drunken Guests, is repeated by Kirkman in his *English Rogue*. p. iii. c. 13. as is also that of his cheating the Countryman of the piece of Gold; in the account of the hard frost of 1684. in 8<sup>vo</sup>. p. 41. but contrary to the usual Custom, these Writers have stolen these incidents from the Play; instead of the Play being founded on their Writings."

Faint, illegible handwriting at the top of the page, possibly a header or title.

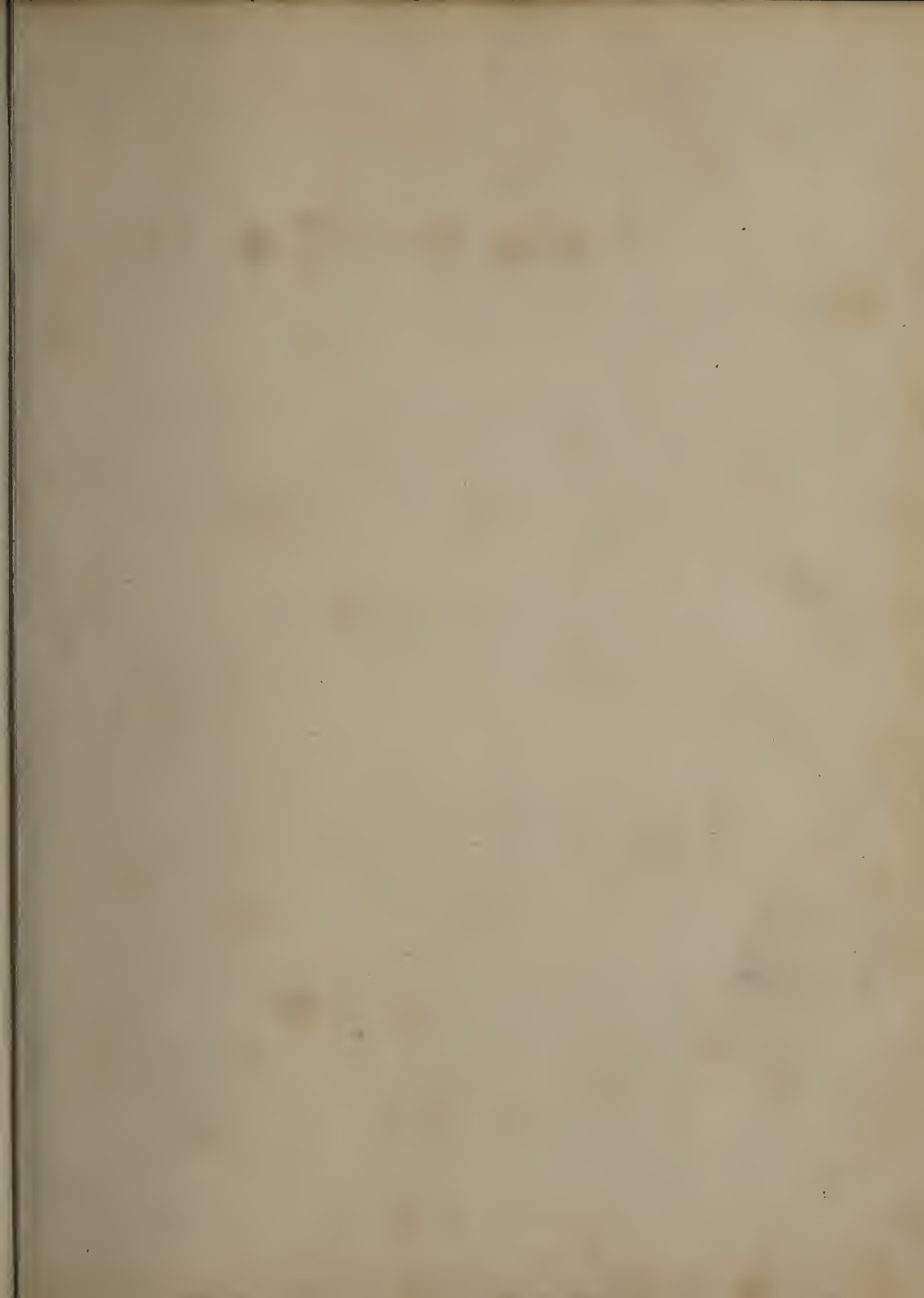














The Knave in Graine,  
New Vampt.

A witty Comedy, Acted  
at the *Fortune* many dayes to-  
gether with great  
*Applause.*

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*Written by J. D. Gent.*

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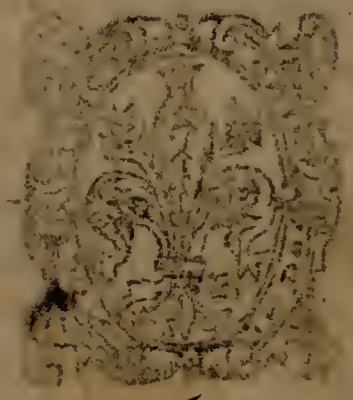
**LONDON:**  
Printed by *J. O.* and are to be sold by  
*John Nicholson* at his Shop under  
St. Martins Church neare  
*Ludgate, 1640.*

The Knaves in Chains  
New York

XG  
3810  
34

149,639  
A very curious story  
of the famous many days to  
gether with great  
all sorts.

Written by J. D. Gent.



LONDON:

Printed by J. O. and are to be sold by  
John Nicholson at his Shop under  
St. Martin Church porch  
LONDON: 1740.



## To the Generous Reader.

**C**ourteous Reader, the ancient Latin Adage is, Sul-  
torum, but I say Nebulonum plena sunt omnia,  
Knaves be about all persons, and in all places.  
There are twelve Coat-Cards in the bunch, of  
which foure are Knaves, Heart, Diamond, Spade,  
Club, suiting with the foure C C C C : Court, City, Country,  
Campe : My purpose is not to touch any in particular ; onely  
thus much of them in generall : some are notable, some notori-  
ous, some pimping, some panderly Knaves ; some prating, some  
pestilent ; some consening, some cunny-catching Knaves. There  
are also lazy and lying, base, and deboist, fantastical, foolish, and  
false Knaves. To these we may adde Hereticall and Hypocriti-  
call, schismaticall, and separatistick Knaves : not forgetting  
perjur'd, and shamelesse ; impudent, and informing ; arrogant,  
and arrant Knaves, Cum multis alijs. And besides these, I  
have heard of a Knaue Tapster, a Knaue Ostler, a Knaue Ser-  
jeant, and a Knaue Broker : but with these we have nothing to  
doe at this time ; onely with a Knaue in graine, or a Knaue  
new vaupt, in decyphering of whom, I give all the rest this  
Caveat, Have amongst you my Masters : And now if any of  
the rest shall finde himselfe touch't, hee hath his mends in his  
owne hands : for he cannot say but I gave him faire warning.  
And so much of the Argument, the Act followes.

The



## The Actors Names.

**I**ulio the Knave in grain.

**Franciscus** a Merchant of  
*Venice.*

**Chrispus** Father to *Cornelia.*

**Thomaso.** }  
**Lodwicke.** } Gentlemen.

**Stultissimo** a humerous  
gentleman.

**Fub** his man.

**Arbaces** a Senator of *Ve-*  
*nice.*

**Antonio** his sonne.

**Vallentius** a gentleman.

A **Hermite.**

A **Doctor.**

A **Divine.**

A gentleman with him.

**Duke of Venice.**

Two Senators.

A Guard.

A Drawer.

The Bread and Meatman.

A Mercer and his man.

A Barber.

Two Serjeants.

A Carman.

A rabble of Boyes and o-  
thers.

Two men.

A Country fellow.

---

**Cornelia** wife to *Francis-*  
*cus.*

**Phemone** her sister.

**Monkey** the Knaves wife.

**Pusse** the Bawd.

**Doctors Wife.**

The





# The Knave in Graine;

O R

*New Vampt.*

---

Actus primus. Scena prima.

---

*Enter Julio and Monkey.*

*Julio.*



Hy how now *Puss*, what ayles my *Monkie* to chatter out of tune thus?

*Monk.* A whoreson sencelesse Cox-combe—— but I am glad th'art come, I long for a pottle of wine and a Capon.

*Julio.* Good provision for the present *Monkie*, but *viderit futuritas*, in the meane time, who layes up for futu-

rity? Come you raise foure hundred *per annum*, out of pottles of Wine and Capons?

B

*Monk.*

*The Knave in Graine.*

*Monk.* Yes my *Granado*, in this qualitie: they that come short of my breeding have don't. The first credit I wonne was in a Garrison.

*Julio.* In *Holland*.

*Monk.* No; and yet in the low Countries: I never fate foot in a leaguer yet.

*Julio.* The reason of that?

*Monk.* My hard fate nothing else, having as much impudence, and as many wayes to manage it, receiving weekly *Corantoes* from *Paris*, *Roterdaem*, and *Flushing*, and having trade too in *Middleborough*, I have beene house Lecturer three yeares together, and read *Aretine*, both in print and picture, and that is much for one of my yeares.

*Julio.* 'T may be thou wantst acquaintance.

*Monk.* No such matter, the old Exchange, the new Burse, and new Town, afford plenty; not a Prentice that can cry Bawd, nor a Butchers Dog that can say bow wow, but is of my acquaintance. (in't.

*Julio.* Yet it may be they are precise, and will not be seen

*Monk.* That I know not, but most sure, I have feasted the Liberty twice at mine owne charge, and helpt their wives and daughters to the earning of many a fair pound: they will be seen in that.

*Julio.* Well, I am sure I have furnish'd thy Library with all books of behaviour, and tables of entertainment.

*Monk.* And I have cull'd out all my phrases as curiously & stuck my language with such inticing conveniences: and for intellicence, all the lawn women, lace women, box women, and to come nearer to the businesse, very haire women, perriwig women, and candied Elicumpany lick halbars, come in twice a week like decoy Ducks, with whole sholes at the taile of them.

*Julio.* Why, then there's a fault in your company.

*Monk.* I, I, that villanous company undoes all, Ther's *Lodowick Tomaso Vallentine*, high talkers, and deepe drinkers, but they have wit in their wine, and too much honesty in their actions at all time, there's only on Gentleman

*Julio*

2

*The Knave in Graine.*

*Julio.* *Stultissimo* of a plain cut and square size, he runs just as you throw him; rub him a little against the grain now, and he will come off a great deal the smoother. You would not thinke, what charitable benefactors three or foure such plush Colonels would be to the founding of a new honour.

*Monk.* But hast thou such a purpose, indeed?

*Julio.* Why should not I have purpose and effect as much as any: A leager, yes, so it lay in the Ile of plentie; Ide dig through the *Alpes* with *Haniball*, and fetch *Thesens* from Hell, with *Hercules* purpose and practice, my precious *Monkie*, tis done.

*Bawd.* And shall I come to the honour to write Mistris of the Leaguer.

*Julio.* Shall not bate an accent of that title my Catampti-all Monky, but you must look out for Spiders Monky, and the Sprall of all foure *Puzz*: I have laid the foundation in gold already.

*Monk.* Hast had a good return of thy Rings chuck?

*Julio.* Rings hang um, they are as stale as *Scotch Lanson*, Or as your Decoy,

No, I have sent um out in a desperat venture to Cape.

No *Monkie*, my old friend *Franciscus* hath repaired my Jacket already, & has promised to new thatch my outside too. One of these boxes has 100 pieces of new gold, With chains and keyes correspondent.

*Monk.* For what use Chick?

*Julio.* For a dead lift *Monkie*: a Leaguer cannot be planted, mann'd, victuall'd and munition'd with a small Magazine: to work *Monkie*, a mouzing Puss, make choice of your company, admit no parley with the popular, be high and proud of thy selfe, and let those that will needs buy thee, pay soundly for thee with a pox to um, Puss a wink to the wise, you know my minde, let's have no more midnight catterwowlings under Sale-mens shop windows, Vintners dark cellers, no Justices long Entries, but beare up your selfe for civill and so meager,

*The Knave in Graine.*

You may be stilde a sister of the Leaguer.

*Enter Dulciflora a Whore, and Mistris Durable a Band,  
old Signior Stultissimo a foolish Gentleman,  
and Fub.*

*Whore.* Away you Rogue.

*Stult.* As I am a Gentleman body and soule. Ile break your windowes.

*Fub.* Master, as you are a man stand and tickle her.

*Whore.* Will you, you Rascall.

*Band.* Ah, sweet heart, prethee good woman.

*Fub.* Nay, let her come. Ile give her her belly full.

*Stult.* Let her alone *Fub*: let her alone, by this hand. Ile make the boyes maule her Ruffs.

*Whore.* Fie, how I am tyred, a whorson stinking thame leg'd, Fie, fie, fie, use a Gentlewoman thus in her own lodging.

*Band.* How does your back, O the *Fucas*, out alas, here's half a Crown in Complexion utterly cast away.

*Whore.* If I be not even with the Rutter

*Band.* If hee come where you have to doe, let him pay soundly.

*Whore.* A plague upon his Asses eares, by my Virginitie. Ile send his beard into *New-found-land* for this.

*Band.* And so I would, to make dines to catch Gods: out, out, out, a Gentleman, and use a woman no other wise; yfaith, yfaith, it stands not with his reputation.

*Whore.* A whorson smelt: *Mistris Durable*, I would I had some of your *aqua vite*, I'm sick after the conflict.

*Band.* And shall good woman, come, come, pray keep your self warme.

*Enter Franciscus, and Julio, Julio very poore.*

*Fran.* Forsake me honour, when I doe forget the bond of friendship; let not poverty, no, nor your fathers haviour

*Julio*: though our *Venetian* law proved him a Traitor: come pluck

The Knave in Graine.

plucke away your interest from my breast: when we were pupills in the Academy, I was *Franciscus* and your fellow then; I am *Franciscus* and your fellow still, nor can be altered: I have now a heart as free from pride, as when I clipt thee thus, before thou knew'st the taste of poverty, or I prosperity. Thinke not ancient friend I can forget thee, though thy need were such as beggery despis'd.

*Julio.* The liberall hand of heaven reward your love, or lend my wishes that ability to thank you in requitall.

*Fran.* Amen to that and more.

I tell thee *Julio*, I am not happier in my vertuous wife: and yet that's greater than yielding thee reliefe: tis all that good men wish: Why have we wealth bestow'd on us, but to returne the same, where stern necessity pinches the ribs of him or her that wants? it has no other worth, no more esteeme of me. Heap it together while the, massie weight e'ne crack, what bears it lesse than dust? on dust deserves no more regard. I have a Wife, Nurse, and mother, all she is in one; yet one deserves more Titles, besides her feature, which may make compare with those that boast of parts: she is so kinde, that many millions may be stamp't againe, ere one so perfect currant. She is worth more than the earth is: but she is my wife, and I will cease her praise: you know her father when you have his name: hee is called *Chrisippus*, many stile him good, and with all *Venice* such.

*Julio.* Ere I was banish'd for my fathers fact, my knowledge coated, and all *Italy*, spoke of a Damosell called *Cornelia*, this good *Chrisippus* daughter.

Enter *Chrisippus*, *Cornelia*, *Antonio*, *Tomaso*,  
*Phemono*, *Stultissimo*, and *Fub*.

*Fran.* She is that Jewell, that unmatched thing I made my boast of: That *Cornelia* is none but mine, I dare boldly say, and eke affirme it: See, my *Julio*, she meets us unexpected, and comes to hinder what I would speake more, in cause of her demerit, modesty, and sweetnesse.

*Chris.* *Franciscus*: sonne!

The Knave in Graine.

*Fran.* My Love and duty make me ever such.  
To all this company a happy houre.

*Corn.* You have bin mist *Franciscus*.

*Fran.* You have beene mist *Cornelia*.

*Corn.* Where?

*Fran.* Where ere I have bin, this is my friend, tender him  
your welcome with as good respects as I my selfe where he.

*Corn.* Sir, bid your own welcome, and command as much  
as all we have, were yours.

*Julio* Your courtesies to one so throng'd in misery  
As my selfe, dulls my behaviour, that I know not how  
Enough to laud or thanke you.

*Fran.* You shall exchange your habit:

*Phemone*, sister, *Anthonio* ~~whispers.~~

*Anth.* We mist you yester night.

*Fran.* I durst not come believe it:

*Vallentius* forsayes rowfes are too great,

They make me quake to see 'em.

How fares my cousen *Lodwick*?

*Anth.* He spoyle our sport: he was not well he said:

I would you had beene there: *Tomaso* pledg'd you twice.

*Fran.* I thank his love. *Tom.* It is not worth it Sir.

*Stult.* Yfaith Nephew I was extream drunke, aske my man

*Fub* else, he'll tell you what a coyle he had with me: the ra-

rest Iest yfaith: prethee tell 'em how thou foundst me under-

neath the staires.

*Fub.* By no meanes, 'twill make 'em drunk to heare it.

Enter *Arbaces*, *Antonios* Father.

*Cris.* Signior *Arbaces* you are the man I wisht for.

*Arb.* Well met Gentlemen: are you here *Antonio*?

*Cris.* *Cornelia.* *Corn.* Sir.

*Cris.* No, tis no matter. *Tomaso* you shall do't,

Goe see nothing want; you are all my guests, you dine with

Me that's certaine: Nay, I will not be deny'd:

Most welcome Sir to you: will you walke?

*Fran.* Ever, ever welcome.

Exeunt. Manet *Stultissimo* and *Fub*.

*Fub.*

*The Knave in Graine.*

*Fub.* Will you walk fir? will you munch?

*Stult.* Sirrah *Fub*, thou wouldst not think how sore my head is, ever since I had the knock with the Ladle?

*Fub.* I believe you: will you feed fir?

*Stult.* No more i'th' Ladle. Me thinkes I am pocky melancholy here of late.

*Fub.* So I ghest, ever since you knew the Gentlewoman that beate you.

*Stult.* Thou sayest true, ever since yfaith.

*Fub.* Why she is able to make any body pocky melancholy. But would you would snap a bit fir.

*Stult.* I love her I cannot tell how: yfaith and I were well search'd, I think I am little kin to a Spannell, the more I am beaten, the better I affect.

*Fub.* Would I were sure of that.

*Stult.* Well, she shall heare from me in some Sonnet or Ditty; some rare thing of mine owne invention, and that speedily: Let me see to what tune shall I have it?

*Fub.* And if you please, let it goe to the Punks delight; 'tis your onely sweet tune: for women doe love the Punks delight.

*Stultif.* By this hand gramercy; they doe indeed, thou canst sing if need be.

*Fub.* I can make a scurvy shift: But to say truth I am no good Querister.

*Stult.* But canst thou doe well and scurvily?

*Fub.* After my manner.

*Stult.* Would I might be hang'd presently, but methinkes I am a piece of a Poet already, there's such a whistling in my pate.

*Fub.* That's nothing but your conceit fir.

*Stult.* Conceit merrily: O that my love were any thing but woman.

*Fub.* O that your love were any thing but Common: then might she be. —

*Stu.* What might she be. *Fub.* Nay what you wil yfaith.

*Stu.* Ile to't while tis hot, I know I'me in an excellent vein.

*Fub.* Pricke it quickly then:

But Harke you Signior, shall you not need my helpe?

*Stuli*

*The Knave in Graine.*

*Stult.* I defie't, It shall be all mine own, I cannot abide, tis the scurviest thing to rob others of their wit, good or bad, it shall flow from mine own sweet brain.

*Fub.* I believe youle finde the tyde turn'd, tis ebbing water there, would I might be begg'd, as hee had like to have been, if his foolery do not vex my discretion, but hee gives me means, and I could do little if I could not smile.

*Exit.*  
*Enter Lodowick and Vallentius.*

*Lod.* Well *Vallentius*, and you be caught ith' purlues: and you be not stung for't Ile forswear privacie, and all that belongs too't, I have a *Girl*, the very spirit of what she was made for, and she were honest, she might crave supremacie of *Hellen*, and make her ride behinde.

*Vallen.* And I love one were she not honest, that's her only fault, shee were a Paragon unparalleld, mingle all beautie that our *Venice* yields, and set her self aside, she would stand peerlesse, over-shine them all, and dimme the Artists cunning.

*Lod.* Is she a woman?

*Vall.* Yes, but such a one no voluntary habit, nor sic drift with all accommodations that beseemes, unblemisht truth it selfe can bring to speech or give my thoughts access.

*Lod.* What is she for a Saint, that stands in the how faire and beautifull: may one of my birth intreat her name and knowledge?

*Vall.* Vow your assistance to my purposes, and I a Traitor to my selfe reveale the treason of my minde.

*Lod.* Give me your hand, I am yours for better or worse, in all causes, all adventures, my sword and selfe vow fealty: Is she a wife?

*Vall.* I, would she were not.

*Lod.* Know you *Vanderman* our great Physician.

*Vall.* What, my fretfull Doctour? the only curer of mad folks;

Know



The Knave in Graine.

Know I my selfe?

*Vall.* You know hee's married.

*Lod.* Yes, and what of this (oh would you be ministring therein.) I have you my deare *Flora*, well take my word shee's thine.

*Vall.* I would that I were hers.

*Lod.* Why it lyes in thine own choice.

*Vall.* But setting all this pleasantnesse aside, in earnest *Lodowick* I affect her so, no motive mean nor yet dire accident can change my stedfast will, I must enjoy her, or I must not live.

*Lod.* Thou shalt enjoy her, or I will not live.

*Vall.* You speak like a friend.

*Lod.* I speak like what I am, a Christian, and by that *Epe- thite*, I meant as much as I speake, nor could I thinke, *Val- lentius*, you of all the men alive, would have mistaken mee.

*Vall.* In any kinde but this I never had: pardon me *Lodo- wick* this doting loves beares such a jealous sway, the least suspition puts us on the wracke, and breaks all chaines of duty: You may perswade me to believe, but yet he that never saw a Vessell under sayle, cannot imagine what the Seaman brooks, the Merchant sleeping on his downey Cowch, nere dreams what danger the bold Souldier dures, and he that never felt the pangs of Hell, cannot report the torments: assure thee *Lodowick* so be satisfied, since I knew her, I have not known my selfe, so mighty is loves extreame.

*Lod.* Tis strange.

*Vall.* She troth plight was to me, and had been mine, had not desire of pelfe alter'd her friends, and I dare well vow she loved me once, what ere her minde be now.

*Lod.* Come be rul'd by mee, thou shalt set thy toe in the Doctors stirrop, ride and go a foot at thy pleasure: did shee love thee once?

*Vall.* I had her oath.

*Lod.* Go to, renew thy suite, the fire is not all out, stir up

*The Knave in Graine.*

the ashes, and thou dost not finde some embers, that will both glow and warme, pawn me for butter'd Sack, and let me never be worthy redemption.

*Val.* I want the means.

*Lod.* Think not of that, tis here my *Flora*, what man? he's not the first Doctor has worn a corner Cap: come, will you be merry *Vallentius*, and youle forsake not this mood, I renounce society.

*Val.* I am yours, obedient as your hand.

*Lod.* Follow me then, and I drive not this melancholly fit out of thee, Ile never trust my conceit: what, ho *Damazzella*?

*Knocks, and Clariflona looks out at the window.*

*Whore.* Whose there?

*Lod.* He's here that should be here, come down?

*Whore.* *Lodowick*.

*Lod.* Yes.

*Val.* What's she.

*Lod.* The commodity I told you of, there's a Gentleman a friend of yours in love with her.

*Val.* Not your selfe.

*Lod.* No faith, though you shall heare her sweare as much, tis our rich heire *Signior Stultissimo*.

*Val.* What, the Foole?

*Lod.* That morsell of mans flesh, shee cannot beat him away, he haunts the Eves like a Sparrow in *March*, you may hunt flies from honey sooner then him out of her company: now Mistris how stands things with you, when did you play with your fools bable?

*Whore.* Youle never leave this.

*Lod.* Bid my friend welcome.

*Val.* I thank you Lady.

*Lod.* Come kisse me?

*Whore.* Will you stay all night?

*Lod.* Yes, when I am weary of strength, and foes with my back.

*Whore.* Yfaith *Lodowick*, you must leave this?

*Lod.* So I will,

*Whore.*

*The Knave in Graine.*

*Whore.* When?

*Lod.* When thou leav'st thy trade?

*Whore.* Will you sup here?

*Lod.* Yes drink, nothing else.

*Whore.* Lord, how wise your grown?

*Lod.* So I were, if I could keep out of your company.

*Whore.* Fie, your'e to uncourteous *Lodwick*: nay, he's ever thus, but tis my fault.

*Lod.* Marry mend it then for shame.

*Whore.* Where's my Bracelet, which of your Truls has that?

*Lod.* Shall I be true to thee?

*Whore.* Your'e nere true to me.

*Lod.* I mean honest.

*Whore.* I care not for your honesty.

*Lod.* I believe that too, but in plain verity. Your bracelet embraces my horses main.

*Whore.* Come, you jest.

*Lod.* No good troth.

*Whore.* Swear you, I hope you make a difference between your horse and me.

*Lod.* Faith but little: and yet your'e both good bearers.

*Val.* By the bright Sun you wrong her: weepe not faire one.

*Lod.* What, shall we have tricks? *Enter Julio.*

*Val.* You are too blame be shrow me.

*Lod.* Now, when, what needs all this, nay, and you powt farewell.

*Val.* As I am a Gentleman you part not so.

*Whore.* Sweet, *Lodwick*,

*Lod.* Hum, why was not this before, I have scene the Beares. X

*Val.* Do not I know your woman?

*Enter the Bawd.*

*Bawd.* Hist, hist, Are you the man of War?

*The Knave in Graine.*

*Lod.* Nay, you must draw neerer, if youle have your Embassie answered: how ist *Mistris Durable*?

*Bawd.* How do you Master *Lodowick*?

*Lod.* The worse for you, and your creatures.

*Bawd.* It's a good hearing.

*Lod.* Shall I have three or foure words in private?

*Whore.* Not with her unlesse I participate.

*Bawd.* Whats the matter?

*Whore.* Yonder's *Fub*, the parties man you wot on has something under hand and scale.

*Bawd.* For me.

*Whore.* So he gives out.

*Bawd.* You may admit him.

*Whore.* Rest you merry Gentlemen. *Enter Fub.*

*Lod.* Whose this secret party, this conceal'd Champion, What have ye here, *Signior Stultissimos* man?

*Fub.* All haile.

*Vall.* This fellow would keep a vilde coyle if hee were a top ath' tiles.

*Fub.* Gentiles, good speed.

*Lod.* What, the Plough?

*Fub.* No, you, and you please, *Marona* to your self.

*Lod.* This fellows disereet. *(gives a paper)*

*Whore.* To me.

*Fub.* So layes his backside.

*Enter Julio.*

*Julio* You the man of War, or more properly Pirat, that gave summons to the leager.

*Lod.* Leager, Sir.

*Julio.* Leager, Sir, the report of your Pot-guns cannot make us hang up a white flag.

*Toma.* The skirt of a clean smock's more proper ath' two.

*Julio.* Wee come not to learne whats proper of you, *Monkie*, and catch flies.

*Lod.* Play at his foolery, come hither *Punch*.

*Julio.*

*The Knave in Graine.*

*Julio.* Sir, y'are uncivill, she's none ; nor this a Bawdy house ; but a Leaguer of gentle entertainment.

*Lod.* The fellow dreames : Come wake and be thy selfe.

*Julio.* My selfe ? Would you were as sure your selves as I am.

*Tom.* A what ?

*Jul.* I'de faine know that of you :

But I advise you to take councell of your best judgment first, Your words will be questioned.

*Lodw.* Question that dares, th'art an arrant Cheater.

*Julio.* Tis not your pare royall of plush Coxcombes can secure you in't.

*Lodo.* Valiant a the suddaine too.

*Julio.* Not suddainly neither :

The growth has both time and sufficient temper.

Why I a Cheater ? let any impartiall \_\_\_\_\_

Ride Circuit, and sit in judgement of us all,

And shew any reason either in Art or Nature,

Why I a Cheater more than any of you.

*Lod.* Thou hast nothing but a little wit to live upon.

*Julio.* That's endowment enough for a Gentleman :

I ever shall count him the nobler gentleman

That makes himselfe a fortune in the world, than he

That brings it into the world with him.

*Tom.* Suppose this granted : yet why this a Leaguer ?

*Julio.* I want words for you : onely for conclusion, one out

of a strange affected carriage has gathered an admirable meth-

od of drilling, and training men from the flying of *Cranes* :

Another rare order and government of *Common-wealths*,

from the poore labour of the *Bee* : And I out of this

Leaguer \_\_\_\_\_

*Lodo.* Will extract certaine wayes and carriages for Cheaters and Libertines.

*Jul.* Twere not from my purpose if I granted that to. *Ly-*

*curgus* was the first Law-maker ; and the best Law that ever

he made, was a provision or maintenance for Cheats, as you

call em, and Fellons (*viz.*) That he ( without exception of

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age, quality, or condition) which could doe the most high daignty, and dangerous peece of Felony, and come cleare off, should be preferred to the most eminent place of office in the State; but if he failed, he was then to receive Martiall Law.

*Lodo.* Strange course, pick Officers out of Fellons.

*Iulio.* 'Tis a kind of Mellin or mingled graine still.

How much of the poores money was found in one of the Churchwardens purchase last day?

*Lod.* None I thinke.

*Iulio.* How many theeves horses have bin watered at the High Constable of the hundreds watring trough within this tenne yeares?

*Tom.* I think not any.

*Iulio.* It may be so: But I am sure, I have heard, or read, or something, that a new Chiefe Justice of some place, or a better man wo'd not ha made very nice to bid a fat purse to breakfast with him if he light upon it soundly: so that it is not so much the Art to know, as the government to dispose: that quallifies the man.

*Lodo.* He sayes true: all times ha' bin guilty of good fellowship, why not this? I like the Leaguer now so well, I care not if I buy a place of command in it my selfe.

*Iulio.* Why now you come to me,  
That's the Pearle I ha' div'd for all this while:

I have a catalogue of names, places, and prizes.

A cup of entertainment for my friend.

Welcome to the new Leaguer.

*Lodo.* We'le pledge, we'le pledge:

Victual'd and Win'd already?

*Iulio.* To the Society at the Swan two pottles and a halfe:

*Monkey* the health; these are my noble & prime visi tants; the boxes I gave you to lay up.

*Lod.* How now *Iulio*, gold?

*Tom.* By this light, and the most curious.

*Iul.* A poore Grannams gift gentlemen: 300 peeces,

or such a taste, partly induction to a businesse, or so. There's a

*Burde-*

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*Burdeaux* Merchant in Towne now, would lay me between  
wind and water this twelve month, but the spite is, I am  
tyed not to part with this gold for ever: if I knew where  
to borrow but halfe the worth on't——

*Lodw.* Halfe the worth?

He vow to lend the full worth,  
If that will pleasure thee.

*Julio.* You shall keepe the gold under locke and key for  
your pawne.

*Lod.* Thou shalt not want for such a courtesie to doe thee  
good: I me glad th'art so thriving.

*Tom.* Lock up the boxe, and keep the key; there's the full  
summe.

*Julio.* To a Piece I assure you: you shall see else agen.

*Lod.* No more, no more trouble:  
Let me see for how long?

*Julio.* Three Moneths, not a day longer:  
Nay sooner if mony chance to come in afore:  
I have offices in my Leaguer stand upon Fortunes hill,  
Vds me Signior *Stultissimo* promised  
Me a courtesie last night.

*Monkey.* Assure thee sweet chuck he'le not faile thee.

*Julio.* I believe thee without an oath:  
Make my friend welcome to the Leaguer *Monkey*:  
As soone as I have dispatch'd my voyage  
To the Canaries, I am for you agen Lads.

*Whor.* Gentlemen, who can read?

*Lod.* Who cannot?

*Fub.* I can resolve you:

She cannot.

*Lod.* What's here?

*Opprobrious Saint, and most Angellicke fiend,  
Ere I begin, thus doe I make an end.*

*Lod.* I should have beene sorry else:  
Nay silence, or the Proclamation's lost.

*And if thy heart be not patcht up in Marble,  
Harke how my pen does in thy prayses warble.*

*Fallen.*

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*Val.* O deare *Apollo*, how art thou abus'd,  
Is there more?

*Sweet stinging Wasse, and well conceited Dove;  
For beauty nice, intituled Queen of love  
Of me, Sir reverence; that doe's thee adore;  
Which art esteem'd a good one and no more:  
Let reason rule thy Amazonian fist,  
Let ladle rude be thrown at hadywist,  
So shall I love thee, take it for no fable  
Better then well, and more then I am able.*

Yours despite your guts.

S. S.

*Lod.* Assc, Assc.

*Val.* The Authours name.

*Lod.* Cannot you get her *Signior Stultissimo*?

*Val.* O, lamentable complaint!

*Lod.* As ever poore man heard.

*Whore.* Will he take no warning.

*Val.* Is this a Challenge?

*Lod.* Eie no, they are too violent to come in rime.

*Whore.* *Lodowick*, is not this your practice?

*Lod.* Why, dost thou think me so simple, so ridiculous.

*Fub.* No, Ile assure you, It's a token of good will of my  
Masters, there's no brain guilty ont but his own; if you like  
it you may, and you will not, the laws in your own hands,  
you may choose.

*Whore.* Good Gentlemen return the Carrier.

*Lod.* What? a cuffe or a knock.

*Fub.* Hee has penn'd a Song too, which I should have  
tickled, if I had not been hoarse with drinking Flap-Dra-  
gons last night.

*Lod.* Whats thy name?

*Fub.* *Fub.*

*Lod.*



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*Lod.* Prethee honest *Fub*, tickle thy selfe out of our companies, weele be *Fubb'd* no longer.

*Fub.* Will not you be *Fubb'd* Sir.

*Lod.* Thou knowest my resolution.

*Fub.* Nay, but will ye not indeed?

*Lod.* No faith.

*Fub.* I am glad I know't, — be with you. *Exit.*

*Lod.* Have you any wine ith' house?

*Whore.* Yes dearest.

*Enter Julio.*

*Lod.* Come, a pox a these devices, hang off: will you drink *Vallentius*?

*Val.* Will I live?

*Lod.* Where's the Matron?

*Whore.* The Matron, Lord, you're the strangest man. —

*Lod.* Your Matron *Grandum*, what will you have it, your Bawd?

*Whore.* I must be quiet.

*Val.* Nay, enter, enter. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Julio, very brave, solus.*

*Julio.* The easie time, and such as thrive in it, favour my wishes, the ignorant whose sole dependance is on veritie, and carry conscience in their timorous brests, are not associates meet for *Julio*. Those that neere knew the straine of *Policie*, nor ayme at more, then what may well content, draw not my length, the way to prosper, the directest course such are my sore necessities, is to get liking of this lovely Maid *Franciscus* sifter, bright *Phemone*, the Virgin's modest, chaste, and debonaire, besides her brother's rich, there hang my hopes, but shee affects not mee, all her desires are on young *Anthonios*, rich *Arbaces* sonne, my friend (suppos'd) at least, but that is breath; by what man has, or can have, he's my foe that hinders my designe, where hee my next of bloud, that shall he finde: the meane to purchase what I reach at now, there is but only one, one only meane that can supplant him, here it lies shall doo't, were hee as deare in estimation as *Nisus* to *Enrialus*.

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I love my selfe, I count him still most wise,  
That cares not who's thrown down so he arise.

---

**Actus secundus. Scena prima.**

---

*Enter Franciscus and Julio* *found Musick.*

*Fran.*

**T**HOU hast to say something, yet nothing I hope triviall,  
by our known affection I beseech thee, speak what thou  
canst.

*Julio.* I would I had embraced my povertie, while the  
pale Moone has residence in heaven, would I had beene  
deafe.

*Fran.* Whereto tends this speech? if I thought my fault, or  
any ones pertain'd to mee, through wilfull negligence, or  
otherwise, to breed the occasion of this passionate mood, I  
should condemne the cause of the offence, and deeme my  
self unhappy.

*Julio.* Can heaven suffer it?

*Fran.* What, what does heaven suffer, speak my *Julio*?

*Julio.* Too much of ill.

*Fran.* Let me know that ill, and I rest satisfied.

*Julio.* Pray no more, the malady is mortall, un sanctified,  
monstrous. *Anthonio* is there such a man?

*Fran.* Many that weare that name in *Italy*: but one a-  
mongst that many known to me.

*Julio.* Hate all the name.

*Fran.* Pardon *Julio*, Ile hate my selfe first.

*Julio.* *Anthonio* is a Villain.

*Fran.* Blot not the reputation of his youth with such  
calum-

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calumnie, he is no way such, but as unblemish'd, as the snow before it touch the Mountains.

*Julio.* He's a Villain.

*Fran.* Villain never had so faire an out-side, nor yet heart so just as that he carries.

*Julio.* He's a Villain.

*Fran.* I have some businesse at the Port, youle sup with me to night.

*Julio.* Doe you love your selfe, do you love honour, do you love your wife?

*Fran.* I do.

*Julio.* Then hate that *Antonio*.

*Fran.* Give me to understand, since you will force me to endure your report, wherein hee's culpable, or does deserve these ignominious titles.

*Julio.* He loves not you.

*Fran.* Tis not my fault.

*Julio.* He wrongs your sister.

*Fran.* Therein, he's too blame.

*Julio.* He loves your wife.

*Fran.* That amends, quits all his former wrongs.

*Julio.* Can you beare it thus, wink *Vulcan* then, And let the god of Warre, throw up her skirts agen.

*Fran.* How's this?

*Julio.* You will not understand; He speak no further.

*Fran.* Come, come, my wife is honest.

*Julio.* Yes.

*Fran.* If she be, tis nothing you have said; He heare no more; begon.

*Julio.* Will you list a word, *Antonio* wrongs you.

*Fran.* Wrong me, and if he would he cannot.

*Julio.* He playes the Parasite, the officious Ass to vaile his sinne.

*Fran.* Would I might understand you?

*Julio.* The Serpent tempts your wife, these eares and eyes can testifie; for your sister, she's stale: his excuse, whereby hee cloakes his vice,

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*Fran.* I wish you *Iulio*, to know what you speak. (ther.

*Iulio.* I am not mad, I love you, tis my love, you are my fa-

*Fran.* I pray be advised, consider what you do? speak not this on report, be certain; do not abuse my patience. Tempt my wife, rent earth, and swallow falshood.

*Iulio.* Will you be moved *Pernassus*, the two topt, forked Mount?

*Fran.* My blood is not mine own, I want command of all that now obeyed me, how different are my fits? I am now a congealed, kneaded cake of ice, bound from all motion, now again (mee thinks) a flaming Iland, a *Vesuvius* Hill, meerly combustion.

*Iulio.* Forget not, sir, your patience.

*Fran.* Tell me of patience when I am my selfe; how did he tempt her, how did she accord on thy reputation?

*Iulio.* I would I had been dumbe?

*Fran.* Hang not ith' winde, (delay does torture) answer me as how?

*Iulio.* Kinde, sir, recall your wonted manhood?

*Fran.* Answer me how.

*Iulio.* I pray pardon me.

*Fran.* What? strike and cry mercie, I must be resolved, thou hast flung me ith' fire, even in the Oven, the mouth of *Aetna*, nothing thou couldest have said, nothing have done, could have assured like torture.

*Iulio.* Would, when I saw him kisse her, crush her hand, wink and laugh out, use his undecent language; Fie, fie!

*Fran.* *Connelia* false, the flood may come again, nothing impossible, kisse, and crush hands, wink, wink heaven and all above.

*Iulio.* Kind, sir.

*Fran.* Beare witness, all that good are, how deare, how deare, I held that most false man: set him here, here, even on the spire and pinnacle of my heart; my life was his, and all that I call mine, but her he has abused?

*Iulio.* Deare friend, do not forget your name, these are but likelihoods, farre from the thing it selfe, and say he be a Villain,

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laine, as no doubt he's little better in his rude exposures:  
she may be honest.

*Fran.* No *Julio*, no, had she meant well,  
She would have warn'd me of his foule attempts,  
Said such, and so's his haviour.

When she was loyall, as sure onc shee was,  
(If ever any was) no accident how vaine  
So e'te it seemed, but she a woman, would unfold  
Her sexe, and say 'twas thus, and thus.

*Julio.* I have stroke him through.

*Fran.* Treble abuse:

Deflowred my wife, abused me,  
Disgraced my sister; throwne infamy  
On all our heads at once; What beast uncivill bred,  
Amongst carelesse Monsters (but thee *Antonio*)  
Would have beene kickt on to that damned enterprise?  
That I had patience; me thinks thou shouldst not  
Be the Villaine yet, report does speake thee.

*Julio.* Nay gentle friend.

*Fran.* Tis true, 'tis true.

Had any 'twixt the North and Southerne Pole  
Spoke these words but hee, it had not beene,  
And he had falsely lyed.

This is a Creature I have rais'd, reviv'd,

Snatch'd from destructions teeth,

Incorporated to me, so deare and just, as not

A thing in all the world can be more truer to it selfe

And certaine: but his modesty conceales it,

Could write a Volume of their loath'd designs,

And curse the stories cause. O false *Cornelia*!

*Julio.* Remember what you are.

*Fran.* Remembrance burst!

There's no contemplation, nothing what ere can

Drive the thought of shame out of my mind:

Would I had never knowne discretion,

Could never have made distinctions of persons,

And harmlesse Creatures; henceforth be ignorance:

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Mother of Nations and Vnderstanding perish:  
Faire, foule *Cornelia*. The blue fac'd  
Ocean, nor her fertile wombe, that yields  
Vs all increase, nourishes none so false as woman:  
Traytors have they been since their first being,  
And betray'd poore man e're he beheld himselfe.

*Cornelia* can it be thou art a Strumpet?

Oh, oh, fury finish that, burnes thee to Cynders. *Exit.*

*Iulio*. Worke on, worke on:

Fate lifts me to the seat of my desires;

And I am prosperous and happy.

This Devill jealousie, my present friend,

Cannot at least but quite supplant *Anthonio*:

Besides this seeming honesty of mine, begets me good

Opinion of *Franciscus*, as shall install my wish;

All addes to my availe: what need I curses feare

For the debate my policy shall raise betwixt these Turtles?

I hold with *Machievel*, for fame or profit,

To breake oath or league with friend,

Or Brother: there's nothing gainfull bad:

I ha my wish, Advancement now

Is what I aime at, present glory here:

He's true religious, that does nothing feare. *Exit.*

Enter *Thomaso, Valentius, Lodwicke, Stultissimo, and Fub.*

*Stult.* And how? and how?

Was it not pathetical and pretty?

*Val.* Yfaith I never heard the like.

*Lod.* Nor I.

*Stult.* I thanke the Muses, I have as sharpe a conceite of  
mine owne when I list.

*Lod.* Sir I take you to be a great devourer of Verjuice.

*Stult.* Now and then; but 'tis not altogether that; every  
one has his gift,

*Val.* Tis so.

*Stult.* Some has two or three.

*Lod.*

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*Lod.* You say true Signior, some has twenty: for which they may thanke impudency and the art of begging.

*Stul.* The art of begging: pray you how long has begging beene an art?

*Lod.* Ever since it rid in a foote-cloath, and wore the badge of authority.

*Stult.* How long's that agoe?

*Lod.* Ever since you Grammams daughter had a Calfe of your age.

*Stul.* Is't possible?

*Lod.* Yes, and will continue till hee's a Bull and horne mad.

*Stul.* Most miraculous: would I were mercinary, and had no more in me than an ordinary man: Signior, I crye you mercy. How doe you since you powred the pottle of wine in my neck, and threw the pot at my head, because I would not pay my part o' th shot?

*Tom.* Was there such a time?

*Stult.* Was there? Why have you forgot how you kickt me, and I crept under the Table: Ile be sworne this Hip's as lame ever since, as if I had the *Cyatica*.

*Fub.* Absurd and grosse.

*Vallen.* We must leave you Signior.

*Stul.* I thanke you with all my heart: I am going to the foresaid place: here's my servant *Fub* can tell you if I lye in my throat.

*Fub.* I will assure you he's wandring to *Pusse*, or as a man would say, to deale with *Mistris Clariflora*.

*Stul.* Yes faith am I: she beat me tother day, and I am now going to make her amends. I thinke I endure more beating than any three in *Venice*.

*Fub.* Than a Stock-fish.

*Val.* 'Tis a signe you are offensive.

*Stul.* So they say that do't: Yester night a scurvy boy did so joule my head and the wall together, for holding opinion that Cheefe was unwholsome.

*Val.* No more good Signior: farewell.

*Stul.*

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*Stul.* At your service :

Shall we expect you at the old house?

Exit *Stul.* & *Fub.*

*Val.* If you please :

Have you heard the like ?

*Tom.* These are Asses so tedious ———

*Val.* They're kin to Burs, they will not off with shaking.

Now my *Thomaso* what I have to say :

The chiefe occasion made me summon you,

Is to entreate your knowledge and assistance

In such a project, (as your selfe set by) and him that must

Partake in the attempt, *Venice in Italy*

Conceales the man that I durst credit.

*Tom.* Let it not touch confusion of the State,

Treason, and Murther : whatsoe're it be,

Command my will and sufferance.

*Val.* Defend that ever I should be such :

*Vallentius* never had so foule a thought,

To infect himselfe, and others.

Thus, in briefe, I love a woman ; fairer

Than her selfe ne're wore the *Epethite* :

You have seene her sure, and know her :

She's wife to *Vanderman*.

*Tom.* *Correma's* daughter?

*Val.* That same onely wight, is the most precious

Beauty I adore, and would faine call mine own.

*Tom.* Knew you her husband?

*Val.* By his name, no further;

By that knowledge you understand his course.

*Tom.* Yes he's a Physitian : and besides,

What else report speaks of him.

*Val.* Listen then my purpose,

The severe sir, whose high stretcht phrases

Galls the eares of Patience, and wisdom would fain shun,

Beares such a jealous and observant eye

Over the prey I aime at, all conference is debar'd,

And you may sooner whisper with the Saint

*Argos* had charge of, than converse with her,

Vnscene



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Unseene, and unsuspected.

*Tom.* Is there no device to compasse her?

*Val.* But one, and this is it;

Your selfe and *Lodwicke* (harken I beseech you)

Shall to this skilfull *Vanderman* present me

As one distracted: nay smile anon,

And with a kinde of sober modesty, as if you list you can,

Report some probable possibility, how

And which way I got my extasie:

Let me alone to make your words seeme truth,

And so possess my prating Mountebanke,

That he shall say and sweare I'me mad at least,

If not past all recovery.

*Tom.* Will this doe?

*Val.* This, or none.

*Tom.* Then none.

Why this is the shallowest, indirectest course to win a woman that ever was compos'd, in my opinion.

*Val.* In your opinion: why sir?

*Tom.* Why, hope you to gaine her thus with a mad fit: marke the event, this is a course as wide: Are you so simple to imagine, she a timorous woman, will endure your presence, seeming possesst? for shame believe it not, invent some other meanes.

*Lodw.* I verily thinke so too, but he will never bee perswaded.

*Tom.* This were a way to scare her, and to make her shun you.

*Lodw.* Leav't off, leav't off, and study some other new passage.

*Tom.* Doe, doe; this is the grossest: fie *Vallentius*:

*Lodw.* Come, you shall pardon him once: wee all misse sometimes.

*Val.* Good gallants doe not ride me, lest I gall you: Ile assure you I trot hard: why my brace of conceits, my wits; what does your abundance of wit runne at waste: for shame, have you so poore a braine, and you my most exquisite ex-

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cellent, for shame take off your spectacles and see better: are you such a dunce: are you so rare a Coxcombe, to deeme I will appeare alwaies the same: are you the men you promist? will you be Masters of your words and oaths, tender your vow'd assistances?

*Lodw.* I am *Lodwicke* still.

*Tom.* And I *Tomaso*.

*Val.* Continue so: what shall redound upon this adventure, falls upon my head, be it no shame to yours: onely preferment and your smooth appologies.

*Lod.* Leave that to us.

*Tom.* But can you act the mad-man bravely?

*Val.* Tut, I have play'd *Ajax*, and perform'd the part well, to make boast of imitation, better than he that *Lucian* writes of, who so digested what he plaid, that he run mad indeed.

*Tom.* Can you do't?

*Val.* So well, as *Aesop* could discharge his Scene, whereby he won most laud.

*Lod.* This praise were well in me.

*Val.* Mistrust not my behaviour, and if it prove not correspondent to my word, thinke me an idle vanter, and no meet associate for you.

*Tom.* When put we this in practice?

*Val.* There's no deferring weekes, nor dayes, this houre, this very evening does my fit begin.

*Lod.* Shall we about it then?

*Val.* What else, what else? Remember gentlemen you fall not upon the scandall of Ignorance: but in any case keep your countenances.

*Lodw.* Make no doubt of that.

*Val.* Come then, and fortune friend us.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Francisco, and Antonio, in a Grave.*

*Fran.* Draw your sword.

*Ant.* Gainst whom?

*Fran.* Gainst me.

*Ant.* Gainst any living man thats your enemy:

What.

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What ailes my deare *Francisco*?

By your face you should not be in health,

*Fran.* Draw your sword.

*Ant.* What meane you?

*Fran.* Draw your sword.

*Ant.* 'Gainst you never in anger:

Are you well *Franciscus*? me thinkes your cheeke

Carries a paler hue than wont to be his Livery.

*Fran.* I must fight with you.

*Ant.* With me.

*Fran.* With thee perfidious monster, with thee thou *Judas*.

*Ant.* Are you your selfe?

*Fran.* Thou hast abused me, wronged me.

*Ant.* I wrong'd and abus'd you?

*Franciscus*, can you think so of me?

*Fran.* Doe not enquire; yonder he sits knowes all:

Look yonder, thou art to him transparent, and seen through,

As easie as the aire: doe not cloak thy vice, doe not:

See'st thou this? see'st thou the place we tread on?

Marke my speech, one of us twaine, or both (never start)

On this cold earth, this very Champion, shall

Offer up a crimson sacrifice of his most precious blood:

For that cause drew I to this silent shade,

Remote from all suspicion, where

Revenge might glut with satisfaction:

Draw thy sword, or else thou never shalt.

*Ant.* Did not my love prohibit,

Thinke, *Francisco*, I could not be a Coward,

Nor endure the opprobrious taunts the malice

Of your heart has made your tongue throw on me;

Why I know not: believe me, and receive it for a truth,

Were you some other, in this wide vast world,

And not *Franciscus*, you had beene a dogge

That I had kickt long since; but you are my friend,

And my disgrace is buried: yet if you carry honour

In your breast, and beare your wonted venerable mind,

Make me to understand from whence, or why your

Comminations & undecent language point thus at me alone?

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*Fran.* Will you draw?

*Ant.* Do you thirst for bloud? if so, and mine, hide to the hilts your naked instrument, my bosome is your mark: thrust home and take your fill.

*Fran.* Will you draw?

*Ant.* You had mine answer, never, never.

*Fran.* Do you not love my wife?

*Ant.* Yes, by Heaven.

*Fran.* Confesse, ô impudence! my wrong cries out, no more expostulation, remember *Julio*.

*Ant.* Wherefore him, he is a Toad more virulent, oh, oh!

*Fran.* Bathe there, adulterate fiend, and thy red drops wash off thy guilty stains.

*Enter Hermite and Shepheard.*

*Ant.* Oh, some charitable creature!

*Francisco, dear Francisco.*

*Exit.*

No pittie, no remorse, I bleed, and much effusion robs me of my breath, something of sence relieve me, help, ô help.

*Shep.* That dying tune, was sure a mans, where art thou friend, speak thou that cryd'st for help, if thou wouldst have thy wish, speak once again: where art thou?

*Ant.* Here.

*Shep.* To one in thy case could I nere lesse wish, then health and mercy, how fare you sir?

*Ant.* Oh! Oh!

*Shep.* His utterance is decayed, and life begins to creep out of his wounds: let me see, so many, and so mortall I can I but stay the course I wish no more: have I nothing left, to stay this passage: well, yet still hee breathes, that I had here some help. Thy aid Omnipotent, yet his pulses beat, life is not quite discharged, ————— no succour I keep he but motion, till I can beare him to my Cell, I doubt not, his recovery: this winde, this winde, that my Balmes were here: for my youthfull dayes heaven lend ability. *Exit.*

*He carries him off.*

*Enter*

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*Enter Crissippus, Tomaso, Lodwick, Iulio,  
Cornelia, and Phemone.*

*Cris.* Run to all brief confusion.

*Lod.* Good, sir, be pacified.

*Cris.* Even in the pride, and noon time of his fortunes, brought to destruction thus: a milder, better tempered Gentleman, *Venice* nor *Europe* yielded; his knowledge made me proude, and I was rich in his adoption.

*Corn.* O my *Franciscus*, ô my gentle Lord!

*Phe.* My brother, my deare brother.

*Cris.* My sonne, my sonne, so noble, valiant, wise, dearer to me then him I call mine owne by true succession, doe you weep?

*Iulio.* I am not blest, all things doe sort contrary; 'twill not do, my projects thrive not, would I had been silent, wee know the first, but not the last, I begin to perceive our policies oft times whets the Axe, cuts off our own necks; I have undone my selfe, that it should come to this, wee seeke to mend so long, that we marre all: for mine own part, would I could have been content: but who would have dreamt the course would have proved so violent: well this I am sure on, I may starve ere I get such another friend.

*Tom.* Sister, if it be true, as so the rumour goes, you have playd false, and wronged your dearest friend: you are not worthy such another man, you sole *Queene* of *Africk*; had you to live as many ample yeares as our first fathers, or their ages thrice: you might spend all those tedious houres twice told, ere you finde a Mate so worthy, were you equivalent, in birth and beauty, and had no paralell: *Neptunes* gems to boot, you want worth and excellencie both, to weigh down his demerit; *Vertue* and *Honour* stampt him for their own, at his first being, and the *Graces* strove to increase his plentitude. More perfection then he has, hee needs not, where ere he's betook.

*Corn.*

*The Knave in Graine.*

*Corn.* Somthing that's mighty, stain me Leopard like, if ere I gave offence.

*Julio.* I should be loath to wish so.

*Cris.* Not you offend? look here,  
This letter left he as a testimony,  
Who is there here, 'mongst all this company,  
That knew *Franciscus*, knew not he affected,  
And highly priz'd the slain *Antonio*?  
What could have rais'd such deadly enmity?  
But this, but this, thou strumpet,  
Between such twinlike friends?  
Thy misdemeanour, thy approved falsnesse;  
Which too, too well he knew,  
Thou hast undone him,  
Fled he is and gone;

His goods already seiz'd are for the State:  
And die he shall if ever he be took,  
Oh, fie upon thee my perpetuall shame!

*Corn.* Can you this behold, you upright *Justices*?

*Cris.* Thou art not mine, I here deny thy claime,  
And warn thee hence-forth,  
Come not neere my rooffe:  
Pine, starve and die, reliefe and comfort  
Never more expect from him that was thy father.

*Julio.* 'Tis nothing I see, to work the dissolution of a house,  
How easily this is done?

*Cris.* I must weep, to deeme  
I should be forc'd to be so cruell;  
More I have to say, if teares would let me,  
(Me thinks) I could both kisse and curse her:  
If she be wrong'd, and through some make-strife,  
These foule illls prove a greater plague,  
Then fell in *Egypt*, light on the Authors head,  
The maws of Dogs be his Tombe:  
Help me to curse him *Julio*.

*Julio.* Ten thousand swords strook me together.

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*The Knave in Graine.*

*Lod.* Liv'd there such a wretch,  
And that I knew him,  
Let my faith not save me,  
But I would teare the Viper with my teeth,  
And like a rude and savage Caniball,  
Eate out his treacherous heart.

*Iulio.* Now the foule Devill, stuffe thy glutnous paunch,  
I am no viand for thee?

*Lod.* Who's this comes here, *Arbaces*?

*Enter Arbaces, with two or three Gentlemen.*

*Arba.* Disgrace and woe smite all this company, and make  
them feele my griefe.

*Cris.* Disgrace, contagion, and what can be worse,  
Smite thee and all thy tribe.

*Arba.* Undone, undone, where is *Anthony*?  
Where's my sonne *Crisippus*?

*Cris.* Answer thine own words;  
Where's mine *Arbaces*?

*Arba.* Where such a Villain ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~  
And fell murtherer should.

*Lod.* More charity for shame.

*Cris.* Sorrow gripe my heart till it be bloudlesse,  
But what thou speak' it is false;  
A more slanderous lye never left the lips of any.

*Arba.* Lye?

*I Gent.* Sir, be perswaded.

*Cris.* Tell not me, Ile prove it on him, *Arbaces*, boy ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~

*Arba.* That we were alone.

*Lod.* Well said, old Lad.

*Arba.* Shew thy self a man, meet me to morrow.

*Lod.* Good, sir, forbear.

*Cris.* Not meet him.

*I Gent.* Will you be entreated?

*Cris.* Give me leave.

*Lod.*

*The Knave in Graine.*

*Lod.* Will you be pacified ?

*Cris.* Meet thee, yes I will meet thee ;  
I dare meet a man : *Arbaces* thou shalt finde it.

*Arba.* Come, you are a prater.

*Cris.* Prate; ye shall heare from me.

*Toma.* With reverence of your age, good fir,  
You want of that discretion and stayd judgement;  
Your yeares and place requires: It is not well,  
One of your reputation and report,  
Should so forget your self; to be plain,  
You lack advice; and this same cavillation,  
Meerly provok'd by you  
Proclaymes a loud your inconsiderate folly.

*Arba.* Sir, fir; check your own :  
X You never lost a sonne, and cannot  
Ayme at my affections and paternall care:  
You have undone me  
Robb'd me of my joy.

*Toma.* You are not right considerate,  
Who has undone you fir?

*Arba.* You, you, and shee, and every one of you!  
The punishment for murder fall on all your heads,  
And blast your terrene hopes;  
Cruell, cruell, butchery.  
Wast not sufficient that he took his life,  
As by his own confession;  
Undid his wofull mother and my self,  
But he must practice more  
Immanly, more dire austerly;  
Throwing his breathlesse trunk  
In some obscure night-shaded Mansion,  
A prey for ravenous beasts;  
Where never eye of creature rationall,  
Shall more behold him; unchristian part,  
If there be justice, above or here,  
As certainly there's both: He petition,



My lowd complaints shall pierce both sides o' the globe,  
And strike a sorrow in the rudest thing,  
Nature for mans use moulded:

O! my Antonio? my joy, my life;  
My deare, my deare Antonio: *Exit*

*Lod.* There's cause for this: Boiled with us, follow'd by o'

*Cris.* Sure, sure, how fond was I  
That could not weigh this before;  
Having his proper cause,

If for some not slaughtred,  
Nor mine own, but by selection,

I could sigh my age, shed floods of teares,  
Meet dangers in my shirt, bid conquering

Death defiance, if all this and more I durst attempt,  
For one no otherwise, then mine by law;

Needs must he rave past rules of Manhood,  
And forget all precepts that support his suffrance:

See you this? What think you of your self?  
Have you not done well? account thou scandall,

That like the Whore of Greece,  
Was teem'd for mans destruction;

Thy sin upon thy self, my doore is shut;  
That hospitality I shew a stranger,

Shall be restrained from thee.  
*Corn.* Most courteous sir, ——— expect more.

*Cris.* Keep your Orisons to charm relenting beggers.  
Such in need, as may thy wants relieve;

Or at least sympathy thy mournfull tale,  
When fierce distresse smiles,

Expect more comfort from the blustering North,  
When he does blow the highest Acorn head

Down to the Medow, and there dips his cup;  
Then least relief from me, for thee;

For thee chaste Maid, all benifons,  
And goodnesse, that I can, command and have.

*Phe.* Your liberality was ever such,  
As merits more then thanks; yet thus far,

The Knave in Graine.

Truth emboldens me to say you are too cruell kinde,  
 Not all the proofs,  
 What ere incenst my brother to his rage;  
 Can wean me to that vain opinion,  
 To think it her desert: I dare protest for her,  
 No perswasion can drive belief in me,  
 To call Antonio false; if you prove so cruell,  
 So unnaturall as you speak, there is no pittie in you:  
 Nor are you such as a father ought to be,  
 Thrust her out, then turn me off;  
 If you supplant one, you extirpate both,  
 And her extreame is mine.

*Cris.* Since you disdain my proffer'd courtesie,  
 Together shelter your necessities;  
 Take up your labour with the hardy beast;  
 These gates are lockt to her and her relievers;  
 Hence forth I will forget her name,  
 Blot her name forth of the Bedroute  
 Where my children stand,  
 And vow I had none such:  
 Hence, hence, thou scandall,

*Cor.* Thus guiltlesse ones suffer the guilties blame,  
 While they triumph in fraude, thus the strict Judge  
 Condemnes th' innocent for the thieves offence;  
 Whilst partiality allows his wrong,  
 And greatnesse makes it good;  
 Will equity never take place again?  
 Has trust left swaying here? What I but knew my crime,  
 Or that Francisco but beheld my heart!  
 Let mine eyes rain a river of salt drops,  
 And my tears drown me, if any foule sin of mine,  
 Deserve Franciscos hate;  
 I had rather heaven had made me anything,  
 Then one so much unhappy,  
 When ere thou bidest on the plenteous shore,  
 Or labouring floud,  
 Prosperity adhere to thy proceedings,

*The Knave in Graiue.*

And fame conclude thy deeds,

For me despised, such be my Fortune as my loyalty,

And I request no more,

My sweet, my sweet *Francisco*. *Exit.*

*Pho.* Heaven do thee right.

*Lod.* And if thou beest not honest,

There's neither pride nor coozenage in this Citie:

If every conscience were well searcht,

And you did not finde

Some dainty fine conceited Rogue

Has been tempering,

Let me return to my Cradle,

And be hang'd in my swadling clouts.

---

**Actus tertius. Scena prima.**

---

*Enter Vallentius, and Doctors Wife, Lodowick,*

*Tomaso, and Julio.*

*Sound Musick.*

*Tomaso.*

**T**hink you it so?

*Lod.* Yes, and verily believe't.

*Toma.* Tis strangely carried.

*Lod.* Mark the end, marke the end;

Why do you sigh, *Signior*?

Are you troubled with the Crampe?

*Toma.* O, blame him not, he has good cause to sigh,

*Francisco* set by him precious: How fare you, *Signior*?

*Julio.* Never worse, my Friend's undone.

*Lod.* I, a mischief and a vengeance oth' cause, by this

sword, nay, feare not man, I am not angry, and I could not

judge, well, I say no more: but if hee did not walke on

*The Knave in Graine.*

Stilts, I do detest eating and drinking, and those are two necessaries, a man can hardly live well without them.

*Toma.* The very Paragon, mirrour of the time.

*Lod.* If I could not have wept when I beheld her, and that was more then I did at the death of my father; I have no beliefe in me.

*Toma.* Who but she, the wonder of our age.

*Lod.* No more words, mark the end, marke the end; I say, still mark the end.

*Toma.* I must leave you.

*Lod.* Not as the wench left the *Frenchman* in the fids, there's neither mettle nor society in thee; if thou abandon'st my company, till we have visited *Valentius*.

*Toma.* I wonder how he speeds?

*Lod.* Did he not act the mad man to the life, was't not well? could ever a Dunsticall Doctor in this Towne, have pickt falshood out of his behaviour: he was so mutable, so full of varying tricks (me thinks) I see him yet.

*Toma.* Defer your visitation till to morrow, or late sometime to night: I am yet unfit, this sudden trouble has made me not my selfe.

*Lod.* Nay, you must goe; I have sworne you shall, and

*Toma.* I pray you pardon me. (that presently.

*Lod.* I will not be deny'd, refuse me now and ever.

*Toma.* Youle have your humour still?

*Lod.* What, eschew acquaintanceship? forget, After my most hearty commendations, my very trusty friend, 'Twere sin and shame *Tomaso*.

*Toma.* But some other time.

*Lod.* This time, sometime, other times, and all times, this day, yesterstay, tother day, and every day; no houre amisse, march on, march on.

*Exit.*

*Julio.* I could launch my Dagger through my side, at one casie throw: begger my friend; subvert mine owne estate, and undo her, by whom I hope to climbe, accursed, brainles slave: could the damn'd Devill with all his fire-brands, beat into my pate no sounder subtilty. I had, I had reliefe, Foole

vaunt

*The Knaue in Graine.*

vaunt of that? boast what thou hadst? or might have? 'tis  
past, 'tis gone, my villaine selfe, confounded has my selfe,  
and him that did sustaine me:

What choaks Corne sooner than side-fed weeds,  
Who offer does man wrong than he affeeds:

Let me ponder; have I no other invention?

No trick to take away my life, after my meanes:

Study upon't, I'me strooke upon a sand,

Swallow'd, devowr'd, through wilfull ignorance,

Never to rise againe: 'tis a villaines cast,

First to sinke others, them himselve at last.

*Enter Valentius and Doctors wife.*

*Val.* You cannot blame me neither:

For love himselve undertooke more for love;

Had you been tangled in a Labyrinth more intricate

Than held the *Minotaur*, or have beene

By Inchantments bound to servitude,

My life's adventure had my love exprest,

And offered the release.

*Doct. wife.* Our plighted amities will dwell in me

While life endures; the many winters, & the tedious hours

We two have spent alone, alone *Valentius*,

When nothing but what was not fit the Sunne

Should look upon, — Alacke my Husband.

*Enter Doctor, Thomaso, Lodwicke, Stultissimo, and Fub.*

*Val.* It must not be denyed, He maintaine't before the

Synod, here's my witnesse: was't not well done of brave

*Caligula* to make his horse a Senator? deny't, deny't, would

not a good horse shew well among a teame of Asses: ha,

what thinke you: give me another sword: O noble *Hector*,

looke, *Achilles* fyes, and bloody *Pyrrhus* shrinkes.

*Tom.* Alas, alas.

*Val.* What newes, what newes?

*The Knave in Graine.*

*Stul.* Gentlemen he takes me for a Carrier :  
You are deceived fir, I am not the party.

*Val.* Will *Pluto* keep his word, shall all extortioners, en-  
grocers, usurers, be finely damn'd, of what kind so'e're? will  
he spare none?

*Lod.* Wondrously spent.

*Val.* Let me see, let me see, the sonne of *Panace*, a sprightly  
Lad; *Hercules*, a lusty youth, a very lusty youth; *Sampson*,  
a tall young man, a very tall young man.

*Lod.* Does he not do't well?

*Val.* Ile make thee proof't, Ile make thee proof't.

*Fub.* I thinke you are mad:

What shall I prove?

*Val.* Why greatest generalls, that command whole, Legi-  
ons, and traine, and keepe in order every man, cannot keepe  
in a woman.

*Fub.* That's an easie question, because most of them get  
Follies wings, and grow so light there's no ho' with them:  
they must flye out.

*Val.* Hang them, they are naught all: Tell not me learned  
*Ovidius Naso*, what's your name.

*Doct.* Good fir.

*Val.* That bloody villaine: Treason gentlemen, call up a  
Guard, the traytor's discovered: binde him sure, sure: are  
you tooke napping firrah: Downe with him, downe with  
him, downe.

*Doct.* Helpe, helpe, helpe Gentlemen.

*Valentius beates him in, the gentlemen would come  
between. Exit all but the Doctors wife.*

*Fub.* I doe not like this. *Fub goes off another way.*

*Enter Valentius againe, and kiffes her.*

*Val.* Now my sweet I have sent him off in post,  
Let us retire the while.

Who in affection will not his wits prove,  
Was never loyall, nor did ever love.

*Enter Doct.*

*Doct.* Past, past cure, I doubt. Give me leave, I finde by  
my

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*The Knave in Graine.*

my Art 'tis no *Vertiga*, no whirling, but a meere settled frenzy: Nay I pray you give me leave: for as both *Hypocrates*, and *Gallen*, *Avicen*, *Podalirius*, *Rucis*, *Cornelius*, *Celsus*, *Corannus*, *Augustino*, and *Rombart*, doe you conceive mee? besides a dozen or two of English-men, most learned and worthy Physitians (if I knew what they were) have demonstrated paraphrastically, both it and the cause, styling the malady the digestion of the braine, or *Irrevocabilis ignis*, the irrevocable fire: Nay, will you understand me?

*Lod.* Would we could.

*Doct.* I pray you give me leave.

*Tom.* Who hinders him?

*Stul.* Sir if you can speake our tongue, I would very faine be beholding to you.

*Doct.* Art thou mad?

*Stul.* Not altogether mad, though I confesse I have beene prickt with the thornes of Love: I have beene over shoes in my dayes.

*Doct.* Avoydance, for charity avoydance.

*Stul.* Yes marry shall you: I would desire you to helpe me to a pill, or a potion that could make one honest, that I doubt is a little gone astray.

*Doct.* Avaunt, avaunt.

*Stul.* No sir, she is none of my naunts: she's one that must be my wife.

*Doct.* Turbulant fiend: avaunt, avaunt I charge thee.

*Stul.* I would have it applyed sir.

*Doct.* Illiterate dunce, abandon my house, avaunt I say againe.

*Stul.* Nay, I pray you be quiet, for though I have endured many hard words at your hands, I shall hardly brooke blowes.

*Enter Fub.*

*Fub.* Good gentlemen give me leave to laugh ha, ha, ha, the Doctors wife, and the Mad-man: the mad-man, and the Doctors wife.

*Fub.*

*The Knave in Graine.*

*Lod.* Why, what's the matter?

*Fub.* Why sir, the fits upon him, and he's upon her, and yonder's such sport, ha, ha, ha.

*Doct.* Fire and Thunder.

*Exit.*

*Fub.* Runne: ware hornes.

*Tom.* Is this true sirrah?

*Fub.* Follow the Doctor, believe your eyes.

*Lod.* Beware the trap *Valentius*.

*Tom.* Pray heaven he be not tane with nibbing.

*Lod.* Why are you melancholy Signior?

*Stul.* Faith sir I'm troubled with cornes, and ever against raine they make me so melancholy.

*Lod.* Is that it, for the thing you spake on, you shall not be beholding to the scald peremptory Doctor: Come to my Chamber anon, and Ile give you a powder shall fulfill your request, as well as all the potions or Pills he can devise.

*Stult.* Nay, but will you be constant.

*Lod.* Say no more:

*Stul.* And you doe take my word, while I live: She and I will be at your service: when shall I come for't?

*Lod.* Any time after noone. Will you walk *Tomaso*?

*Stul.* This is good newes withall my heart: *Fub* we are all made; thou shalt have a new Livery out of the bargain.

*Fub.* I thanke you sir, I would I had it.

*Stul.* Thou shalt, thats as good: would I were whipt but I could be monstrous merry now.

*Fub.* No I pray you bee not monstrous merry till you are married.

*Stul.* Ile goe give thee a pottle of Sack.

*And ever he gave her a bob,*

*And ever he gave her a blow:*

*But where he knockt her once above,*

*He thumpt her thrice below.*

The Taverne

Scene.

What wil't not doe? prethee let's be lusty.

*Fub.* As a Crow in a Gutter. Run there she goes. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Antonio, and the old shepheard disguised.*

*Ant.* Father, for so I must stile you,

YOU



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*The Knave in Graine.*

Your care and paines in my recovery,  
Deserves a recompence more than I am able to performe :  
Now I consider with my selfe, had we compassionate soules,  
Or were men but good, they would banish beggery  
The World quite over, and every one have sufficient.  
As hitherto you have conceald my course,  
Continue still your wonted secrecie,  
Call me your sonne, and such appoyntments as a father  
Should command me to endure I shall performe :  
Blessed, blessed be you : effectuall be my prayers.

*Shep.* The longer time you sojourn here with me  
The more welcome : nothing more I crave ;  
But if I dye while you recide i'th' grove,  
Out of your charity you'le take the paines  
To lay me in the grave I have prepar'd, and with your hand,  
Your foote, or any thing, cast dust upon my body,  
And spend a little Ceremony.

*Ant.* More than this I will, and more than I will speak,  
*Francisco*, wherfoe' re thou bidest, abide in quiet,  
And have my pardon ever. If thou be'st fled  
For any cause of mine, and I thy ruine prove,  
Defend it heaveu, were't not for triall of *Phemone's* love,  
And promis'd constancy, how soone would I renounce  
My habitation, uncloth thy feare, & set all even againe?  
Nothing' mazes, nor drives me into that serious  
Contemplation, as whence his wrath should proceed.  
Perchance *Franciscus* thinkes me unfit to call him brother,  
And his suddaine rage proceeded from advice : *Enter*  
If it be so for ever will I keep this shady bower, *Corn. and*  
And never hold companionship with man, *Phemone*  
More than is present, forget *Arbaces* ever *disguised.*  
Cal'd me his, or that I was his sonne.  
Circle me safety, what are these come here  
Where never neighbour'd welt ?

*Corn.* Calamity could not inflict so much as I could beare  
With patience, did *Franciscus* imagine but the truth :  
No lenity, but all extreames that may

*The Knave in Graine.*

Attend me with their sharpest violence,  
If e're I broke my vow : this sorrow,  
Nor the haviour I sustaine are for mine owne enduring,  
Witnesse you that know all secrets, 'tis for him  
I wish thrice better than my selfe.

*Ant.* Yes, and that *Cornelia*; as sure as the black Ousell  
Has a yellow mouth, that whistles me awake.  
Tis she, or I am fond.

*Corn.* O my *Franciscus*! O my dearest Lord!

*Ant.* There needs no more for confirmation :  
What make they here? Doe not undoe me wonder.  
Ne're had two ragged coats more orient pearles,  
Than you two shells doe hide : 'tis she, or I am fond,  
Leap not forth with joy, such needy robes  
Should wrap the shoulders of necessity,  
When winter falls the Lease : happy *Antonio*,  
I am disguised, and so, if that my speech reveale not,  
Without suspect I may obtaine my wish,  
And have all doubts resolv'd : Ile greet 'em.

*Bonny wight, what e're you be,*

*Lucke be in your company :*

*Are you Sylvanus, say to me ?*

*Phem.* None such, good Shepheard.

*Ant.* *Dest and trim ones mickle glee,*

*Be you what you please to be,*

*Some disaster tend by yee,*

*Corn.* Never, never more.

*Phe.* A me unfortunate.

*Ant.* *Welladay, now by my Creed,*

*And my merry Oaten Reed,*

*Sike another rousing sigh,*

*Would well split me gay and blith :*

*Let a loutish Clowne partake,*

*Why this sobbing dole you make ?*

*Corn.* O inconstant world.

*Phe.* A me unfortunate.

*Ant.* *Wonderment of woe relate*

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*The Knave in Graine.*

*If simplenesse you might not scorne,  
How you hapt to be forlorne.*

*Corn.* The story would be too tedious for the time,  
And would undoe the speaker: Friend no more,  
You shall doe well to leave us.

*Ant.* Be not all too keene, bright starre,  
If my pertnesse went too farre,  
Mercy is the doome I sue,  
Good things never meant more true,  
Than the silly shepheard did,  
Late wen he your sorrow bid:  
Discourse the meanes merry Pan,  
And the sagest gods doe scan;  
Wherefore was it? well a neare,  
Yon foule mucky cloud I feare  
Will besprint us, Pœbus twaine,  
If so list you but to daine  
A poore shepheards entertaine,  
Welcome should you be, I wisse,  
Nor thing comely should you misse,  
Though not courtly: answer make,  
Will you my small feasting take?

*Phem.* The raine begins to fall;  
Sister accept the Shepheards courtesie,  
His simplenesse cannot but meane well sure.

*Corn.* Even what you please:  
Whither I goe, or wheresoe'er I rest,  
Sorrow with me, and I with sorrow feast.

*Welcome, welcome, welcome still,  
Never with a freer will  
Was welcome spoken, by the skie;  
Welcome, welcome heartily.*

*Alacke, alacke, the rotten south  
Gins to ope his dewy mouth,  
Time to hide you: Father meeke  
Give kind welcome, I beseeke,  
To these white ones, bonny girles,  
Welcommer than heaps of Pearles.*

*The Knave in Graine.*

*Sheph.* You see our Cave, and make as bold as welcome.

*Exeunt.*

*Anto.* Receive my adorations Queene of chance,  
Thou never gav'st that jewell to that man, was halfe so wel  
esteem'd ; my hopes have their desires, *Phemone*, blest suc-  
cesse ; nothing that's amisse, but I shall understand : disguise  
I thanke thee, joy ties up my tongue, and will not let mee  
speake ; they part not soone. *Exit.*

*Enter Franciscus disguised.*

*Fran.* What Angle of the Earth must be my grave ?  
The Sea and Sunne have bounds, and know their course,  
The sonnes of men have none :  
Limitleffe he wanders the forraigne desarts,  
And begets more wonders every hour :  
The Chime that tells the last minuite of the night,  
Chides but in vaine when every thing's a sleepe ;  
So I in the relation of my woe, when no man hearkens,  
Spend but idle breath, and never finde reliefe.  
But for increase sake, I could wish devoutly,  
I never had knowne woman :  
What comfort ever others reapt from them,  
They have beene plagues to me : to note the difference,  
They are such things, nothing's more worse, nor better ;  
To say truth, they are Angels, and Devils ;  
I will not curse 'em, lest I make them worse  
That needs no badnesse, nor rip up their defects,  
Lest I spend all my after time of life in nothing else but that.  
*Julio*, the profit of my Orisons be thine,  
Where e're I spend 'em, upright constant man :  
Yet I am eas'd, in that I doe not beare my slavish yoake,  
Cocker mine infamy, as many doe within our *Venice* gates :  
Thanks to thee *Julio* ; Chastity, honour of women,  
Whither art thou fled ? that they are all so false  
I must forget 'em, they will make me mad  
To thinke of their abuse : would I could learne

What

23

*The Knave in Graine.*

What inquisition is made after me ;  
Some speech of my concealment will report blab out,  
That I may heare the danger does pursue me,  
Though I adventure life, I will know more,  
Or dye in the presumption : I'll nearer to the City.

*Enter Lodwick, Tomaso, Iulio, Stultissimo, Fub,  
the Whoore, and the Bawd.*

*Stult.* That's a good jest yfaith ; Drawer, gives more  
Wine.

*Lod.* What's a good jest Signior ?

*Stult.* That none should be honest but the valiant.

*Lod.* How's that ? how's that ?

*Stult.* Why my beetle-brow'd Host swears 'tis impos-  
sible for any to be honest, that is not valiant.

*Toma.* What said he ? What said he ? *Enter Drawer.*

*Stult.* That none could be honest, that were not valiant.

*Toma.* O very good, very good : more Wine here, hee's  
packing, set out his hand.

*Lod.* And his foote too, ere I have done : where's this  
fellow ? another Pottle sirrah.

*Stult.* Sir I thanke you for my powder, it gave her halfe  
a dozen of tickling stooles, she has beene loose ever since.

*Lod.* Give me your hand, here's even now to all the invi-  
sible hornes i'th' City.

*Stult.* Forget not the Countrey, let it go round I pray you.

*Lod.* A health.

*Fub.* You'le have reason to pledge this shortly.

*Stult.* Will you come ? to morrow is the day Ile assure  
you, for better or worse.

*Lod.* To morrow from better to worse ?

*Fub.* Yes faith he has said it, and I sweare it, from better  
to worse indeed.

*Toma.* Married to morrow Signior ?

*Stult.* You have said we shall be doing.

*Fub.* Undoing hee means.

*The Knave in Graine.*

*Toma.* So neare marrying *Clariflora*, and not acquaint your friend? yfaith I thought Mistris you would have let me understood what had past.

*Bawd.* 'Tis my part to conceale.

*Fub.* She were no good Bawd else.

*Lod.* Come, sit round, sit round, to morrow the day?

*Stult.* Pardon me, Ile not sit next this lousie fellow: gentlemen, what doe you with this poore rogue in your companies? Does he come to make mirth, can hee play the foole wittingly?

*Lod.* I know him not.

*Toma.* Would he were set downe staires, I never could endure him from the first: *Franciscus* made me know him.

*Stult.* Sirra, if you meane to depart in peace, begon suddenly.

*Toma.* Would the Affe could rid this intruding Copef-mate.

*Julio.* Let me beseech you.

*Stult.* You shall goe, your prayers cannot save you; *Fub*, shew him the way downe.

*Fub.* Shall I be your Vther? will you follow your leader sir?

*Julio.* Thus poverty's despis'd at home, abroad; and in all companies.

*Stult.* A whorson Tatred-demallion, come amongst Gentlemen of fort. What, is't no more but up and ride? How now *Fub*, is he vanisht?

*Fub.* The Drawers have drawne him out Sir.

*Lod.* Clinke boyes.

*Toma.* Drinko boyes.

*Stult.* And let the Cannikin clinke boyes.

*Lod. Stultus.*

*Stult.* Yes *Lodwick*.

*Lod. Tomaso,* shall's make a night on't mad lads?

*Toma.* And a mad night too Bullies: where shall's strike saile?

*Lod.* The Leaguer, where but a'th' new League r: there's generous

*The Knaue in Graine.*

generous entertainment for Gallants of sort, at all times:  
and for entrance trust me my mates.

*Toma.* But money grows low, and expences will flye  
high.

*Stult.* Fly hyc, let it, I have a jacke in a boxe shall pay for  
all one day.

*Lod.* I am as full as a Spunge, I cannot sinke up a drop  
more.

*Stult.* No matter, we can squeeze some more out thus: we  
can wake the Constable, trouble the neighbours, disquiet  
the Master and whole family, spill his Wine, puffle his To-  
bacco, foule his roomes, practise who shall breake most  
holes, and cleanliest, in the bottome of quart-pots, with a  
piece of a Tobacco-pipe: cry good morrow mine Host, we  
ha' made a madde night on't I vow, and so trance; wee are  
no Gallants and we cannot doe this.

*Lod.* But this course is either conscionable, or commen-  
dable.

*Tom.* Faith 'tis the course, most of the corke-headed Can-  
dle-snuffes walke in these latter daies, late at nights.

*Lod.* Well, let them rest: So, ho, the Leaguer.

*Munk.* Chi-va-lah.

*Lod.* *Amice.*

*Munk.* The word.

*Lod.* *Pecima largienda.*

*Munk.* Let 'em passe: downe with the Percullis:  
Lights and attendance, welcome Gentlemen.

*Enter* Iulio, Drawer, Pusse, Bawd.

*Iulio.* I ever said, it might come in a night, that came not  
in an age; *Et ecce noctem felicem*; see, that joviall night is  
come: They have beene playing high, and potting deepe:  
Lights, Wine, and more stooles for these Gentlemen; wel-  
come.

*Enter* Lodowick, Tomaso, Stultissimo, and Fub.

*Lod.* Tomaso when's the day?

*Stult.*

*The Knave in Graine.*

*Stult.* Assure's this the night before to morrow, I have brought in my Estate a matter of 400 pound *per annum*, in Deeds, Leases, Fee-simple, and Coppy-hold already: and that's no simple Estate youle say: I meane to bid you welcome to a Leaguer of mine own shortly Gentlemen; some wine you Scondrils.

*Ind.* I'me pleas'd to here't, whose faults this, yours *Tomaso?*

*Enter Julio.*

*Julio.* What's this Leaguer rayfed yet, Par la ho boy, I thought we should have had a second siege of *Troy* on't, is their Reckoning paid? not a penny, they call'd for one, but in such a drunken key; I bad em sleep upon't, and I would tell em more on't when they were sober.

*Julio.* Best of all, and whats to pay then?

*Draw.* Nine and six pence, Sir, allowance for lights, linnen, coals to light faggots: and six pence for one journymans sleep only deducted, and yet they grumbled too.

*Julio.* But nine and six pence, and grumble; my friend the reckoning's not payd you say.

*Monk.* Not a penny.

*Julio.* The reckoning but nine and six pence, how poorely this shews, in a Leaguer too, and friends that pretended me a courtesie too? How many joynts of meat to supper?

*Draw.* Only a couple of clean Pipes, some three times filld I thinke.

*Julio.* No meat, come to hansell a Leaguer, what no-meat? Are they abed at *Anthones Ordinary* yet?

*Draw.* Two houres ago.

*Julio.* Step down, and see, nine and six pence, they must and shall heare more of this: we may go beg, or buy up all the, refuse, broken bread and meat, scraps, offall, and garbage that Cooks shops, Shambles, Ordinaries, Entries, and Richmens dores afford; nine and six pence, if they do not heare more of this

*Draw.*



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*The Knave in Graine.*

*Draw.* Tis past that time of night; *Charitie's* a bed, sir, but if not. —

*Enter Bread and Meatman.*

*Bread.* Bread and meat for poore prisoners, Bread & meat.

*Iulio.* What doth that fellow cry?

*Bread.* Bread and meat for the poor prisoners, bread & meat.

*Iulio.* For poore prisoners? as fit for my purpose, as a Conny for a Purfnet; here, take mony, buy his provision by the lumpe: if I had studied for a fortune to fall upon me, I could not have had a fairer.

*Monk.* Wilt thou victuall thy Leager with scraps, sweet Chuck?

*Iulio.* No, my sweet *Monkie*, I have further aymes then so, this broken meat and baggage offall, will I strew in my Kitchen, Dressers, Hall, Entries, and every doore and draw-window, and perspicous places about the house: foule all the vessell, three or foure times over, all to besmeere the rustie spits and dripping-pans; breake all my broken glasses, beat the bottom out of my Cans: beat all my foul Tobacco-pipes, into stoppers.

*Monk.* And to what end all this?

*Iulio.* Per-la-hay, My friends shall hear more of that in the reckoning, my sweet *Monkie*: when the Drunkards shall wake, and see all these ruines, or rather remayns of a plenti-full Leager: Oh, hast thou no apprehension? Why, I tell thee, they cannot choose out of their generous bounties, but see all discharg'd?

*Within.* A cup of six, Drawer.

*Iulio.* Oh, the Leager begins to rise! Come *Monkie* a few directions for you in private, give you attendance on the Leager; let em call for what they will, and want nothing they call for: only I will tell em no more of nine and six pence in the reckoning.

*Monk.* But for the nine and six pence.

*Iulio.* *Monkie*, you shall heare more of that anon, when they are sober? why Drawer, Dog, Dunghil-raker; is the Leager dry? By and by, a cup of six into the low Leager, there.

H

*Wake*

*The Knave in Graine.*

Wake Lodwick, Tomasa, Stultissimo, Fub.

*Stult.* So, ho, the Leaguer.

*Draw.* What do ye lack? by and by, do ye call Gentlemen?

*Stult.* No, and I call'd a Gentleman, he would answer me, I call a Drawer good man Rascall, art thou one?

*Draw.* For fault of a better, sir.

*Lod.* Couldst not ha said so then? where's the Master of the Leaguet? *Enter Julio.*

*Julio.* Parlahey Monkie, bene venu Gallants, com a stata Sigiores mio com I stato.

*Tom.* Marry the better for your entertainment; thanks, sir.

*Stult.* Thank him, I scorn to thank him, He pay him, and be out of his debt: come, to pay? A reckoning Drawer.

*Julio.* You Rascall, who takes away here? here's a house bestrewed with garbage and offall, as if the great Inquest had been feasted, &c.

*Stult.* As good men, to no mans dispraye be it spoken, where's a Bill?

*Lod.* Prethee knock us not down, afore our time; was this certain feast of our making? what a spoyle of Poultry has here been? *Tom* so, I must be beholding to thee for this ordinary.

*Tom* i. Some small trifie *Stultissimo*, the Reckoning is thought to be.

*Stult.* The Reckoning's very high, nine pound six shillings.

*Julio.* Nine pound six shillings, Parlahey, and yet I use you like Christians too boyes.

*Lod.* Nine pound six shillings, how could wee foure devoure so much being halfe drunk when we came in?

*Stult.* Why, there's the mistry? you fall asleep with meat in your mouthes, my Mistris and I stood it out.

*Monk.* Wast not an excellent Swan-pie? Servant.

*Stult.* As ere swam in Mil-dam.

*Lod.* Nine pound six shillings, one lay out for all,  
Come,

The Knave in Graine.

Come, your purses Gentlemen.

*Stult.* And you love me, let me have the credit at this time there's: ten pounds, give me the rest again (ah, wee had the bravest Marchpane, and Sugar-candy Custard) or do not, let it run on towards fouling of linnen, and paying for sawce: the rest agen, or do ———

*Julio.* I do not think but you are sawst pretty well already, for the Devill a bit of meat saw I, and yett all these scraps could not come of nothing.

*Stult.* The Reckoning's paid to a haire, come let's withdraw (but while the Room be a little finificald.

*Julio.* Parlahy, welcome Gallants to the Leaguer still: please you withdraw.

*All.* We accept it thankfully.

*Lod.* Whose fault's this yours *Tomaso*?

*Toma.* There wants lap.

*Stult.* Throw downe the pottle pot, let's have a gallon more.

*Enter a Fidler.*

*Fid.* Wilt please you Gentlemen, to heare any Musicke, and a good Song?

*Lod.* Very fain, a good one.

*Toma.* What's your fellows, whose noyse are you?

*Fid.* *Ruberts* noyse, and please you?

*Lod.* Call your fellows, and strip your tools.

*Tom.* Here's to you *Signior*.

*Stult.* A brace of them if you love me.

*Toma.* Marry and shall.

*Draw.* Score a gallon of Claret in the Pomegranat.

*Fub.* What *Tim*?

*Draw.* Master *Fub* I rejoyce to see you well.

*Lod.* You are not merry Gentlewomen, *Mistris Durable*, what, no mirth?

*Draw.* And how ist, how have you done this seven yeares, welcome again.

*Fub.* As you see, in perfect memory, when shall wee ride the hogsheds?

*The Knave in Graine.*

*Draw.* Ha, do you remember that night, Ancient *Thumps* health overthrew mee, my Master goes out of Towne next weeke; yfaith and youle come, there's halfe a dozen good boys, weele be swingeing merry, will give him a crash, old *Will* will be here?

*Fub.* What *Will*?

*Draw.* Little *Will* of the Miter. Oh, Master *Fub*, *Sis*, our Maid, that gave us the Neats Tongue is gone.

*Fub.* See, see.

*Toma.* Some Sugar there?

*Fidler.* Ha, ha, hum.

*In ample stories written tis,  
Who list but for to minde it;  
How loved Narcissus?  
Go look and you shall finde it.*

*This Eccho was a Nymph most chaste,  
A lack, the more the pittie  
She should be so, and should not reape:  
What follows in my Ditty?*

*Narcissus was but young, I wisse,  
But yet of perfect feature,  
And had enough to satisfie  
A reasonable creature.*

*His brawny limbes became his parts,  
No one of sence could blame them:  
And so did something else I trow,  
Eccho knew how to name them.*

*Stult.* A vertuous piece of matter, Gentlemen, wee'le no more on't.

*Lod.* Nay, hold up, Signior.

*Stult.* Bid her hold up, feare not me.

*Lod.* Come Gentlewomen, shall we have a dance? *Tomaso*  
what say you?

*Tom.*

The Knave in Graine.

Tom. You prevented me.

Stult. I thought it should have been my motion?

Fub. Wherefore ring those bells?

Stult. Bells, you are deceived, it is the clincking of pots.

Lod. I would have sworn, it had been Coronation day.

Masters, can you play us *Gascoynes Whibling*?

Fidler. Yes, sir.

Lod. Let's ha't.

Toma. Here lacks a couple, we cannot dance it.

Fub. Lack a couple, what serve *Tim* and I for?

Lod. Tis true, well remembred.

Draw. Truly, Master *Fub*, I cannot dance.

Fub. Truly, you shall learn then.

Draw. I shall be willing to endeavour.

Toma. Strike.

Stult. Ile throw the pot at his head that strikes heere,

Whose that will strike?

*Hee drinks all the*

Stult. Rare yfaith, give's more wine.

*while they dance.*

Boy. What, *Timothy*?

Draw. By and by.

Boy. Look to the Lion.

*He rises and throws*

Stult. Ile have my *Galliard* too.

*down the table.*

Toma. You spoyle all.

Clar. How does your head, sweet heart will you drinke?

Stult. Yes faith, and thank you too, what Rogue's he that turns the Room round? shall we not quench our thirsts before we part?

Lod. What else my sweet Signior, this is your servant?

Cl. Good enough for a property, he will serve my turn, as well as a better, I shall but use his name: do you think I would marry the Coxcombe, but only for colour and feare of the Law? I'de see him bak'd first.

Bawd. Tis wisely done of you? and so my Gossip *Slight* could say I warrant you.

Lod. Boy, another quart, and bring a Reckoning. Here sir.

Fidler. Heaven keep your Worship.

*The Knave in Graine.*

*Lod.* In honest company.

*Stult. Fub,* call for a Looking-glasse.

*Lod.* Did you go the right way?

*Enter the Drawer.*

*Draw.* It's a cup of neat wine, Ile assure——

*Lod.* Mistris to your self, and to our next meeting?

*Tom.* What's to pay?

*Draw.* Nine and six pence, and you're welcome.

*Tom.* How comes that to passe?

*Draw.* Here's seven groats Glasses.

*Lod.* How?

*Draw.* No lesse, Ile assure your Worship.

*Lod.* Come your mony, Signior—— *Let's take away*

*Stult. Fub,* discharge it *Fub.* *and pay together.*

*Monk.* Some lights, shew the Gentlemen.

*Enter and follow with a letter from Vallentius.*

*Stult. Fub,* I am ene as full as a Toad.

*Fub.* Yes, sir, but do not spit your venome.

*Stult.* Prethee give mee another sip. I am as dry as a Cook.

*Fub.* So I think.

*Stult.* A pox a this *Megrum.*

*Lod.* What's here, I prethee marke *Tomaso: Lodwick,* I have my desire: fetch mee off speedily, lest I cure the Doctor? yours *Vallentius,* lest I cure the Doctour.

*Tom.* What should he mean by this?

*Lod.* Why, belike he has infused his fit into him, and the Physician's turn'd Patient?

*Tom.* That's impossible?

*Lod.* But for *Vallentius.*

*Tom.* We must redeem him.

*Lod.* What else.

*Tom.* Heyda, is the winde in that door?

*He reels.*

*Fub.*

*The Knave in Graine.*

*Fub.* A link good *Tim*, a link.

*Draw.* Here's one ready, sir.

*Lod.* Signior, good night.

*Fub lights the link.*

*Stult.* Not a drop more yfaith.

*Tom.* Wee'le take our leaves.

*Clar.* When shall we see you?

*Tom.* Sometime to morrow, if my father send not.

*Bawd.* Good night Master *Lodwick*, good night good, sir.

*Fub.* Good night *Tim*, remember Friday.

*Draw.* I warrant you, forget not to bring *Hugh*, Welcome Gentlemen.

*Exeunt omnes.*

---

**Actus quartus. Scena prima.**

---

*Enter the Doctor and his Wife.*

*Doctor.*

**I** Speak't in thunder once again, no more; thou *Babylonian* Strumpet, in thunder I command thee thou lump of sinne, no more.

*Wife.* Have patience, sir.

*Doct.* I rore it in thy eares, once more aloud, no more: cannot I deale, but you must be applying; you must be tampering, you must minister: have you not Pills for Potions? do you not traffique? do not you exchange Merchant?

*Wife.* Good *Vanderman*.

*Doct.* Sorceresse, I defie thee, and thy deeds of darknes.

*Wife.* Heare me, sir.

*Doct.* I have heard and seen too much, has hee not paid you soundly for your pains: no, has hee popt you.

*Wife.* You are deceiv'd.

*Doct.*

*The Knave in Graine.*

*Doct.* You say very true, I am deceived indeed, and Fub'd, and Guild, and Rid, and you are Rid too.

*Wife.* What meane you?

*Doct.* Here blow it abroad, there's horns enow to do't.

*Wife.* Why are you thus impatient?

*Doct.* Dainty fine yfaith, very dainty. Whore thou hast made me monstrous, and I may challenge Gyants: Yes, he shall be your mad-man; Doe you not like his fits, doe you not, doe you not?

*Enter Thomaso, Lodwicke, and Vallentius,*

*Amb.* Good morrow to you both.

*Doct.* Why should this be?

*Lod.* How doe you sir? how does your patient?

*Doct.* Are you not satisfied? am I a stale? must you have new-found Crochets?

*Lod.* Doe you heare me sir: is he recovered?

*Doct.* *Homo Armatus*, a man armed.

*Lod.* Have you heard the like?

*Tom.* Me thinks 'tis excellent.

*Doc.* And when, when shall he plant againe?

*Lod.* I wish you would understand me, sir.

*Doct.* Here's a fruitfull soyle.

*Tom.* Ha, ha.

*Lod.* Sir, I will be heard, and understood:

Save you Lady:

*(he kisses her.)*

*Doct.* More furies, might, and secrecie, whoredome and Theevery bring all to confusion.

*Tom.* Would we had more of this; we le see what will come of all.

*Lod.* I perccive *Vallentius* was i'th' right, he's made indeede:

*Wife.* Good Morrow Gentlemen: I have good newes for you; your friend is well.

*Lod.* Your tidings makes us happy, and gives us a moyetic of that content which nothing can doe more.

*Tom.*



The Knave in Graine.

*Toma.* I shall rejoyce to see him what hee was, and Master of that temper he commanded, when he did dare the vaunting *Bajefet* for taxing his beliefe. *Enter Vallentius.*

*Val.* *Tomaso, Lodwick,*

*Lod.* *Valentius.*

*Toma.* I am glad to see you once again your self.

*Lod.* You're welcome to your wits.

*Val.* When time and place shall serve, my wit shall thanke I am ever bound to you sweet Lady. (you.

*Tom.* Harke you *Lodwick*, are not we partly Bawds?

*Lod.* Faith in one kinde, we have a snatch that way.

*Tom.* So I say partly.

*Lod.* I must confesse, partly.

*Val.* Not remember you, have not that bad opinion, doe not think I can be one so false by this kisse.

*Doct.* *Sibylla.*

(He calls within.)

*Wife.* Ay me, my husband.

*Val.* Once again and part.

*Doct.* *Sibylla.*

*Wife.* Farewell, *Valentius.*

*Val.* A thousand take with thee.

*Tom.* What, hungry still *Vallentius*, that you cast such a greedy eye that way?

*Lod.* How ist man? what in a trance?

*Val.* And kinder far then faire.

*Lod.* What, shall we have a Pamphlet; that he begins to study? doe you heare *Valentius*: here's a friend of yours would speak with you, when you are at leisure.

*Val.* I crave your pardon Gentlemen, as I live she is \_\_\_\_\_

*Lod.* What's this to the purpose? *Exeunt.*

*Enter Julio, and the Mercer with his man.*

*Mer.* You know my price: for the finenesse of the silke, the working of the stufte, and the pleasantnesse of the colour, the whole street shall not afford you a better, Ile assure you tis died in grain.

*Julio.* The better for him that shall wear it, nothing but what's in grain can please him: let mee see, I know not how my mony will reach: the Silkman hath emptied my pocket this morning, but you will bate nothing of your price?

*The Knave in Graine.*

*Mer.* I protest sir, I cannot, and save by it, and I know you would not wish me to be a loser.

*Julio.* By no means, I would have every man to live & thrive by what he professeth, it is mine owne case: let me see, I cannot make up the sum, I pray you let one of your men step over to the next lane: I lie there at the Barbers, Ile dispatch him presently.

*Mer.* My servants are all busie for the present, you see my shop is full of Customers, and every one striveth who shall be first served.

*Julio.* And I am in haste too, for I have sent for my Tailor to meet me at my lodging, and I am loth to disappoint him, because I would have his opinion in the stuffe.

*Mer.* I pray you, sir, be expeditious, and my man shall be with you by that time you have told out the mony.

*Julio.* I am much obliged to you as a stranger, I care not if I accept

*Mer.* Dispatch me that Customer quickly, and follow this Gentleman to his lodging: you heare where he lies.

*Julio.* Yes, at the next turning?

*Mercers man.* Ile but fold up this boult of Sattin, and be with him instantly.

*Julio.* Turne by the next lane, and thou shalt be sure not to misse it, though thou findest not me, I have took sufficient order and you shall be sure to be satisfied.

*Mer.* We have many cheapners, but few buyers, many such customers as this would make quick riddance.

*Mercers man.* What comes the summe to, sir.

*Mer.* Three yards of Sattin and a halfe at seventeene, eight yards of Plush at foure and twenty; nay, there are divers other parcels, the summe is soon cast up: thou shalt have a note of all.

*Mercers man.* And Ile but fold up these few boultts lie loose, and cleere the counter and be gone.

*Mer.* Be quick there.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Barber and Julio.*

*Julio.* But thou must be secret.

*Barb.* As your self, Sir.

*Julio.* A pretty handsome youth, and will be loath to discover himselfe, being extreemly bashfull, and will make it strange.

*Barb.*

*The Knave in Eraine.*

*Barb.* Leave him to me, Ile perswade him that I know him, ere I saw him.

*Julio.* Hee's my Kinsman, next Cousin German's by the Mothers side; now playing the Wag, as many youths will doe, you know it Barber.

*Barb.* Very well, it hath been many a good mans case.

*Julio.* He hath got a clap.

*Barb.* These claps are got by clapping.

*Julio.* But for one thing, never should it grieve mee, I feare it might go nere to spoile his marriage, which I would not for more than Ile speak.

*Barb.* You shew your self a Kinsman.

*Julio.* Now his excuse will be (as I told thee he's extreamly bashfull) to enquire for a Gentleman that owes his Master mony, to comply with the old Proverbe, Though his excuse be draff, yet drinks his errand.

*Barb.* And lotion must be used.

*Julio.* As it shall seem best: but thinkst thou hee'l endure it.

*Barb.* 'Twill put him to some pain.

*Julio.* Which Ile not heare, my heart's so tender ore him: when he comes (as long hee will not stay) take him in charge, Thy pains shall be well paid, for doubt not but Ile come to the conclusion.

*Barb.* Very good, sir?

*Julio.* My hope is it will succeed according to my wishes.

*Barb.* Make no doubt of that, sir.

*Julio.* If I had, I had not made choice of thee above any other.

*Barb.* You are my friend indeed: and so I hope to keep you.

*Julio.* I will withdraw for the present, and instantly return.

*Barb.* Now good speed with you, good customers are thicke sowed, and come up but thin. It is good to make much of them, when we have them. This should be the patient, that he talked off.

*Enter Mercers man.*

*Mercers man.* I come to seek a Gentleman.

*Barb.* You do: that owes your Masters mony.

*Mer. man.* Very true, sir, you know my errand then.

*Barb.* Before you came.

*Mer. man.* The Gentleman belike hath told it you,

The Knaves in O'aine.

*Barb.* He hath indeed.

*Mer. man.* Is he within?

(dispatcht.)

*Barb.* But before he went, left order with me, you should be

*Mer. man.* Then I shall find him as good as his word: he hath acquainted you with my occasions.

*Barb.* He assure you that, and intends well towards you, I pray come neer into the withdrawing Room.

*Mer. man.* He wait on you, pray know you what it comes too.

*Barb.* Yes youth, I know, wherfore you come: pray rest you in that chaire, and He be for you presently; be not ashamed, you are not the first, nor shall be the last, that meet with these disasters: and now come, pray shew me your commodity.

*Mer. man.* The commodity belongs, sir, to my Master, 'twas not mine.

*Barb.* Are his in danger too? let him not feare, but if hee have not let it run too far, there may be helpe found: nay, come, will you shew?

*Mer. man.* Mean you the note: there are the parcels sent.

*Barb.* These parcels may in time grow great, come, will you be ruled, the Gentleman your Kinsman, told mee before, how bashfull you would be; and it becomes you well: but for your parcels, shew them in time: for if delay be long, that little which perhaps you shall have left, in time will come to nothing: your Kinsman's loth that you should spoile your Marriage?

*Mer. man.* Spoile my Marriage, spoile not my Masters debt, Neither draw these fearfull tricks on me: I need them not, pay mee the mony that your friend hath left, Dispatch mee so, for Kinsman I have none, And honest Barber finde some else to sport with, make me none of your Guls?

*Barb.* But I pray say.

*Mer. man.* I say, pay me sir, what's my due, & what by your confession, your friend left, or bring me to the party, or commodity he late had of my Master, or Coine for't: you have confest him to be your friend, therefore for him must answer.

*Barb.* By your favour, no more friend of mine, then you found him, to claime Kinred: my acquaintance with him, yet is scarce a full-houre.

*Mer. man.* You are Confederates, and so I feare that I shall finde you: You know my errand, & promist mee dispatch:

Wh

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Why am I not dispatched then ?

*Barb.* My meaning was to give you a Sering, or an incision Knife, Of which he told me you did stand in need: Indeed I deal in such commodities, And am acquainted what such parcels mean: For other wares or mony due for them, I know not what belongs to't.

*Mer. man.* Satisfie my Master so, quit me, and cleer thy self; or 'twill fall foule upon thee.

*Barb.* Willingly: my cloak boy, Ile along, yet am affraid That hee who had profest himsef thy Kinsman, and my deare friend, will prove thy Masters Cofin. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Lodwick, Tomaso, Stultissimo, Monky, Pufs, &c.

*Pufs.* Give you joy Master *Stultissimo*, give you joy.

*Stult.* You talk like Gentlemen, and I like your talk the better, because you talke to a Gentleman; you call mee *Stultissimo*, and I say, *Stultorum plena sunt omnia*: and now I talk to you like a Gentleman and a Scholer.

*Gent.* All health and joy betyde you.

*Stult.* Gramercy Gentlemen, I am not now the man, I was in the morning; I did rise single, I return double: in the Meridian but Worshipfull, in the afternoon Honorable before Sun-set, and who knows but Majesticall before mid-night: nay I perswade my self I am so: am I not sweet *Monkie*?

*Monk.* Thou art my deare Baboon.

*Stult.* Very pretty names in faith: I prethee let's enterchange them still betwixt us: or Marmoset, or Apes face.

*Monk.* Yes, yes, by any means.

*Stult.* All thy goods and chattels, thy moveables, and the stuff that belongs thereto, thy utensils and implements; now are all mine.

*Monk.* They are, to have and to hold.

*Pufs.* Yes, as long as yee can keep them.

*Stult.* I have purchased thee in thy proper person by my word, but all thy other *omnium gathrum*, before named, by my deeds, I think thou hast them to shew.

*Tom.* The minde gives sometimes words unto the tongue, and makes it speak perforce, beare with him *Lodwick*.

*Lod.* Let the Doctors wife beare with him, for mine own part, with-

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without he renounce this mood, and become sociable, as hee had wont, I defie his fellowship.

*Tom.* Will you dine with me *Valentius*?

*Val.* Yes, shall we be merry?

*Lod.* O is the tide turn'd, is the winde come about, by this good day, and I were not cursing my selfe, for being accessary to this melancholy, I have no faith in me; if women can transmute men thus suddenly, hang me, if I keep not out of their clutches.

*Val.* Gallants, shall wee walk? I have a story for ye: prethee *Lodwick* frown not, be a friend indeed, and see not my defects, I have a tale shall make you laugh anon, and will excuse my blame; prethe be thy selfe, be jocund man.

*Lod.* Nay, I am soon perswaded.

*Val.* Where shall we be? *Tom.* At the old house.

*Val.* Come then, I'll make you laugh I sweare.

*Enter Franciscus in disguise.*

*Fran.* Thus by degrees, with hazard of my life, have I attain'd unto my wishes rest; and boldly gaze thee *Venice* in the face: the time has beene, Oh, but that time is past, when I was more familiar with thy pompe, but all that blisse is gone: And murther now, has with a crimson stain seal'd mee accurst, and like a condemn'd guilty Fugitive; I wander in despaire; fearing the ruffle of the harmlesse bird, and the flies clamor, the Ant, the Waspe, and every lesser thing, Dreadlesse of danger, straves abroad for food; Not caring who behold them, But I, alas, of all, am most unhappy: Would I were dead, and past the feare of that, Makes mee thus  
X Cowish: Who art thou comm't here, more needy then my self?

*Enter Julio poore.*

*Julio.* Where might I run to meet destruction, And set a period on my wretchednesse? Stern misery I know, and feele thee now: Yet is the earth content to beare my weight, And suffer what proud man disdains to know, Unlesse to spit upon, or add to that, Which wanteth no extream.

*Fran.* I cannot hold: his voice, his humour, I dare sweare as much, 'tis he; 'Tis he by heaven, my *Julio*.

*Julio.* *Franciscus*, preserver of my life; O let mee kisse the ground whereon thou treadest, then rise to thank thee.

*Fran.* That I could spend my self to teares for joy, beare witnessse you that know it: *Julio*, for ever dwell within these arms

of

of mine, thou truest among men, I have not power to question thee, my danger, my joy is so excessive; runne all to spoyle, & terrour meet with terrour, I feare none my *Julio*.

*Julio*. Strike when thou wilt proud death, I dare thee now; For having what I wisht, I wish no more, nor would entreate time to deferre a minuite to have him rest an age, since all things must have end, end it at once, my prayer is confirm'd, I have seene you e're I die.

*Fran*. And if you love me wish me not that wrong by praying for your end: doe not quite undoe me, if you but knew my heart, my *Julio*, you would not crav't againe: I could have comfort now, and cleane forget the dangers I have past, and those pursue me still: nothing to come can halfe so much dismay, as thou dost comfort; be it suddaine death or torture worse than it: but for your sake, would in my wombe I had bin strangled, and never drawne this aire.

*Julio*. Where art thou Conscience? whither hast thou tooke Since thou didst leave mans breast? that wee should all have mothers; VVisedome all, yet all contemne her precepts: when you first fled, and by command'ment from the Senate house, your ships and lands were siez'd on for the State, those that which staid them did appeare so neare, as if their blood had ty'd them to your service, grew so forgetfull in a moments space, that neither argument, nor extreame signes could winne them to believe there had beene such, as what you were to them: I (as no lesse I could) bound to't by duty, spoke your merits still, and did maintaine your right, on the Allyes of your inconstant wife: but I am poore for't, truth was still despis'd, and lesse I could not be.

*Fran*. Take all I have: had I my former wealth, My bounty could not recompence thy worth, And powre it all before thee (my deare *Julio*:) Be not impatient with thy sufferance, he's above wil pay thee all My debts, though I should perish now. Contemn'd for me? alack, alack, if there be such A thing in Charity, be charitable: doe not curse the cause Of this thy present want, I doe beseech thee doe not thou *Julio*: I prethee answer me, and either doe what I have wisht, Or cure the wound thou hast made.

*Julio*.

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*Iul.* Good fir no more : doe not call all the teares out of mine eyes ; think who I am : would you did but know.

*Fran.* I will not urge thee further :  
Shall we here combine, and shape our course alike,  
And never, never part ; yet pardon me,  
I will not wish thee so much injury  
To be unknowne of woman.

*Iulio.* You wish me not so well, how e're you wish, if you wish otherwise : your misery be mine, and my enduring yours ; one grave receive our bones ; and hee that sayes this Sepulcher is mine, call it *Francisco's* Tombe.

*Fran.* I have a habite for thee yet unknowne, or worne,  
But by my selfe : 'tis not a Furlong from the Antique Beech,  
Whose hollow sides conceales it : bide but here,  
Till I can reach it from the hidden place,  
And take it for thine owne : though homely,  
Yet the courseneffe will keep warme,  
And ward the sharpest blast.

*Iulio.* You binde me to my prayers.

*Fran.* He be with thee straight.

*Iulio.* Ignorant honesty, shallow *Italian*, yes, live a wretch :  
Canst thou be so fond to thinke me of that mettle ? hast thou  
eyes, and mayst , yet will not see how thou art o're-recht : yes,  
doe continue innocent, doe, and die a foole, my friend, my friend,  
my very loyall friend, all friendship I forswear, save outward  
signes, which with my garment J cast nightly off. The father  
of the slaine *Antonio* promises liberally by Proclamation to any  
that can bring *Francisco* forth. I will betray him, I will be the  
man shall purchase the reward : What way I curses, or care for  
the report the multitude shall clamour therein. He imitate the  
Lawyer, making bad words my gaine. *Franciscus* thou wast born  
for my advancement : he's sunke himselfe, and fruitlesse is the  
hope depends on that which was, and not which is ; give me the  
present, not precedent man. Let me not hanker for emergency,  
but take the instant sway, the publish't recompence is mine, 'tis  
sayd, 'tis mine.

*Franciscus* puts a coat upon him.

*Fran.* That any should be false — But were there no drosse,  
gold could not be esteem'd, nor nothing precious rare. *Cornelia*  
let me forget that name and nothing else.

*Iulio.*



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*Julio.* It is a month and more since she left *Venice*.

*Fran.* Would I had left the world when I first saw her.

*Julio.* And the same minuite did *Phemone* forsake her friends and kindred: but where or whither they have betook themselves the most knowing but conjecture.

*Fran.* How easie could wee make our miseries, if wee might live and dye when't pleas'd our selves?

*Julio.* These strange additions to my newes I add, *Antonio's* Carcasse never could be found since yours and his contention.

*Fran.* I left him dead: thou art still just; some beast has made that fouler beast his prey, and made up my revenge: but come with me, let us withdraw unto yon thicket by, and speake at large that woefull history commixt of my proceedings, and pursuit h; wilt time's our owne.

*Julio.* I would provide me of some necessaries, small in expence, which make a mighty misse, and health cryes out to have: so if you please but let me fit my present want, at my returne enjoyne me to your will, though it continue to the latest date, and I am serviceable.

*Fran.* Speake no more such words, but make your owne content: yet good *Julio* be not absent long, make me not long to see thee.

*Julio.* Such shall be my speed, you will not wish me sooner to returne.

*Fran.* Not wish thee? yes, though thou shouldst make returne ere thou depart.

*Jul.* Marke the end.

*Fran.* Be brieft, and goodnesse take with thee. This *Julio*, if desert might purchase Fame, deserves sufficient: but thou art partiall Fortune in cramming Buzzards, whilst the Eagle sterves: How many in this fertile *Italy*, whom Nature moulded when she loath'd her taske, and blew her seed among the ignorant, hast thou adorn'd with plenty? whilst seemely vertue, wrackt with poverty, jets under base controule: There's no felicity, nor true content here upon earth: The Spider builds his Webbe in Barnes and Palaces: and the Prince himselfe tastes gall as hony: Happinesse there's none, for least or greatest: Here my grieve so parches me, that it does paine me to relate my woes, and make my feelings knowne. Beneath this Hill a cleare and pleasant

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fountain curls along, whose shallownesse makes the small pibbles peare above like Rocks, and murmure as shee runnes downe to the silver Current, thither will I high, and borrow so much of her watry store, as will asswage my thirst :

All things are kinde,

And feed our wants when they themselves are pin'd.

*Enter Iulio and Puffe.*

*Iul.* Now my Catter-whauling *Puffe*, how didst thou like my last Cheat? did I not foole them finely?

*Puffe.* Thou art the very meere *Mephostophelus*, and I perswade my selfe thou hast new vampt thy wits.

*Iulio.* Tush these are nothing: I have cheated one of the bravest Stats-men of the world; the very quintessence of *Spaine*: Nay, I have fool'd him who boasted in his Country, he had guld all our Nation. A Guelding is not rid in the horse-faire, but hee is mine to ride, maugre his Masters teeth. I have out-fac'd a fellow of his horse in the open Market, sold him before his face; & but making a question whether he trots or ambles, ride away both with the horse and mony, my *Puffe*. Sweet *Munkey*, looke to the house at home, I must abroad againe, to fetch in a new purchase.

*Puffe.* Maist thou thrive according to thy will, and to my wishes.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Stultissimo, Lodwicke, Tomaso, and two Sericants.*

1. *Serg.* And what's your Action?

*Stult.* Three hundred pound: bee you ready to snappe him, and not to escape you without good baile: he's as slippery as an Ecle.

2. *Serg.* Therefore we'll take him by the shoulder, and not by the taile; and so we shall be sure to hold him. But can you shew us the man?

*Tom.* This is his walk, and without waiting long you may spye him.

1. *Serg.* Say but that's he, and 'tis enough.

*Lod.* Stand as close as you can: If he have but the least suspicion of an arrest, he's gone in a twinkling.

2. *Ser.* But will not you stay and assist us?

*Stult.* By no meunes; Ile but see him in hucksters handling, and be gone. Are you not paid your Fees afore-hand, and

That's

The Knave in Graine.

That's he now: Now let him scape upon your owne perills  
Farewell.

*Exeunt.*  
*Enter Iulio.*

*1 Serg.* If he doe, say no more: Yeoman stand to me.

*Iulio.* Now let me see: whom shall I next encounter?

*1 Serg.* Marry the Counterfeits: for we arrest you.

*Iulio.* Ha, Counterfeits so nigh?

*2 Serg.* Yet currant enough to carry you to prison.

*Iulio.* And yet your Counter-tenour sounds: but like scurvy  
Musicke: am I catcht then? I pray you at whose suite?

*1 Serg.* At three mens suite.

*Iulio.* Then three merry men, and three merry men be we, are  
we not honest Serjeants? well, there's a peece to begin with-  
all: lets talke further of the businesse.

*1 Serg.* You speake well sir, if you hold on as you beginne:  
and if you can finde good baile, tenn to one but we shall prove  
as you late cald us (*Honest Serjeants.*)

*Iulio.* Me thinks you doe not speak like Varlets:

*Enter a grave Doctor in serious discourse with a gentleman.*

*Gent.* May it please you, sir, to imploy mine industry  
For any further service?

*Doct.* Something more, and of my charge businesse:  
Which in my former Letter I forgot, and shew how I  
I would entreat you beare in memory:  
And that's but this ————— *They whisper.*

*Iulio.* And in good time: Know you that reverend man?

*1 Serg.* Know him sir, yes, for a worthy Doctor.

*Iulio.* He's mine owne Uncle: will you take his word,

And make it to me as a free discharge?  
If he but say (nay there's another peece)  
Ile see you satisfied?

*2 Serg.* Yes, could we heare him say so: for hee's one whose  
word will not be questioned.

*Iulio.* 'Tis enough:

Give me but so much leaue as speake unto him,

And Ile keep in faire distance: on my life,

If he say not Ile see you satisfied,

I will returne your prison.

*1 Serg.* 'Tis enough: for so farre we dare trust you: you have

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paid for't well: but we will watch him at an inch.

*Julio.* I know he will not suffer mee to lye  
For such a petty summe: Now braine or never.  
Excuse my boldnesse Sir: though it be scarce manners,  
To interrupt your serious conference.

*Doct.* With me sir is your businesse?

*Julio.* Such a businesse,  
Which as it toucheth me in Charity,  
So should it you in Conscience.

*Doct.* Speake it pray.

*Julio.* Look well on these two men,

*1 Serg.* He poyns at us.

*Julio.* The one is an arch Brownist, and the other

Cannot endure to see a Surplesse worne:

Subject indeed to no conformity;

Yet both so well perswaded of your learning,

And spotlesse life, that what you shall propose

Th'are willing to subscribe too.

*Doct.* I am as ready to give them my instructions.

*Julio.* And please you say so, that they may heare you sir.

*Doct.* Well I will:

My honest friends, and please you to have the patience

Till I have ended with this gentleman,

And instantly Ile see you satisfied.

*1 Serg.* It is enough grave sir.

*Julio.* Now honest Serjeants: what desite you more?

*2 Serg.* Nothing from you sir.

*Julio.* I hope so honest Serjeant: you see I deale fairely.

Farewell my honest Serjeants. *Exit.*

*Doct.* I have told you all: only remember me to these my noble friends.

*Gent.* With all the art  
My weake tongne can deliver.

*Exit Gentleman.*

*1 Sergeant.* So, he is now at leisure.

*Doct.* And now I come to you.

*1 Serg.* Most welcome, sir, we stay for the same purpose.

*Doct.* Now, tell me briefly, which of you is the Brownist?  
which the other, cannot indure a Surplice?

*2 Serg.* You are pleasant, sir.

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We waite here, hoping to be satisfied.

*Doct.* And to that end I stay, for these opinions  
So erroneons and so grosse.

*1 Serg.* Sir, all the opinion that we hold is that you will pay  
us the mony.

*Doct.* Still obstinate in error; 'tis this mony,  
And worldly care on which so much you doate:  
Breeds in you these distractions.

*1 Serg.* Please you to pay the mony, you shall finde us confor-  
mable in all things.

*Doct.* Mony my friends, are not you Sectarics?

*2 Serg.* Sectarics; no, sir, we are Sergeants.

*Doct.* Sergeants; and waite for me? I owe you mony?

*1 Serg.* Yes, sir, for your Nephew that was with you but now,  
and told you of it; & we heard you say, you would see us satisfied.

*Doct.* The man's to me a stranger I protest,  
And his request was I should satisfie you  
In some points of Religion.

*1 Serg.* Religion, sir, 'tis a theam we seldome think of,  
But three hundred pound is mony.

*Doct.* But I tell you,  
I past my word for counsell not for coine,  
And this is all that you from me can have:  
Endure a Surplice, and beware a Knave.

*2 Serg.* Had we not warning sufficient of this before?

*1 Serg.* Well, howsoever, we have had good counsell,  
If we had the grace to follow it. *Exeunt.*

---

**Actus quintus. Scena prima.**

---

*Enter Arbaces, and Julio in good apparell, with three  
or foure with weapons.*

*Julio.* **A** Ssure me of the promist recompence, I'le bring you  
to his presence.

*Arba.* Heare me a word.

*They whisper aside.*

*Enter*

*The Knaue in Graine.*

*Enter Vallentius, Lodwick, Tomaso, Stultissimo and Fub.*

*Val.* Now Signior, how do you feele yourselfe? How like you marriage?

*Stult.* Faith it's a pretty quaint thing, and there's much good sport belongs to't, would I were unmarried again?

*Lod.* Why? are you weary of *Clariflora* already?

*Stult.* Weary no, but I would have store.

*Fub.* Harke you, sir, take my counsell; though store be no fore, meddle with no more of them, lest you make me a Prophet, and get many a fore head by the match: have you not heard the ancient saying, *No man can serve two masters?*

*Lod.* That's true, but any man may serve two Mistresses.

*Fub.* And serve their turns well.

*Lod.* Nay, it's leave that to the performer.

*Fub.* Hark you Master *Lodwick*, you or any man may thinke he does well, and yet come short.

*Lod.* Briefly, directly, and learnedly spoken, sweet *Fub.*

*Fub.* I speak by proof.

*Lod.* Go to, you are a Knaue *Fub.*

*Fub.* Hold your peace, there's more in the company.

*Val.* Well said, yfaith, thank him *Lodwick.*

*Fub.* It's not worth it, though I should say as much by you.

*Tom.* This fellow flows with wit.

*Stult.* Gallants, when were you at Court? I have been desired thether fortie times, my wife (I thinke) has a hundred friends there: besides Cooks, and Pantlers, that she has had many a good thing of, and they have sworn to bid me welcome for hersake.

*Val.* You may see what comes by marriage?

*Fub.* If we might see all that comes by marriage, there would be old butting abroad?

*Arba.* Here's the summe, perform thy word, and claime it.

*Val.* Good morrow, good *Arbaces.*

*Julio.* Make me not known to these?

*Arba.* *Vallentius.* *Val.* Hec?

*Arba.* Are you not mad, I heard no lesse of late.

*Lod.* Report's a calumnious quean, and will abuse vertue it self you see, both what he is, and what he was?

*Arba.* I am not forrie, that I am deceiv'd: heare you not of *Franciscus.*

*Exit Arbaces with Julio, and the Watch.*

*Val.*

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Val. Upon my credit nothing.

Arba. Faire be your companie, come Gentlemen.

Lod. What's he that throws his Cloake about his nose?

Is it not *Julio*?

Tom. By all exterior seeming?

Val. My life 'tis he?

Lod. What should this mean?

Val. I was asking that.

Tom. Mark't you *Arbaces*: he hath some drift in hand.

Val. Did you not note his followers?

Lod. Yes, and the Arms they carried.

Val. Shall we trace them, sirs? and leave our wonder: I dare gage my life, the knowledge will deserve the industry?

Tom. You speake my words.

Lod. Hee named *Franciscus*.

Val. Yes, and question'd me.

Tom. Withall, observ'd you but his speed.

Val. Come, wee will pursue him.

Scult. La, la, la, la: nay, I pray take me with you Gentlemen.

Frab. If not for company, for mirth's sake, take heed before there.

*Enter Franciscus alone.*

*Fran.* In mightie men how great appears the vertue nere so small; how small the vice, though mighty Philosophie, thy rules bridles my cogitations; and prolongs, what manhood would disdain, the time to come appales my courage and strikes instant feares through every nerve and artery: might wee like beasts end when wee die, and never make account in no other place then heere: what heart so base would feare the threatning Law? Elatter the Judge to save him: I would not sure: but there is blisse and torment much to come, wee cannot thinke on't yet the Resurrection awes me, I am much distempered, and want of companie; begets in me millions of terrours: *Julio* tarries long, my Orisons secure him, could the teares wash the bloud but of my hands, my minde were something free.

*Enter Julio musted, Arbaces and a Guard.*

*Julio.* This is the place, and there *Franciscus* walks.

*Arba.* Where?

*Julio.* That's he: apprehend him, i'le not be seen in't.

*Arba.* Your office, sir.

*Fran.*

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*Fran.* What are these for men.

*Arba.* Lay hands upon him.

*Fran.* What mean you friends?

*Constable.* This we mean to attach you, as a murderer.

*Fran.* *Arbaces*, I am betray'd.

*Arba.* Look to the homicide, such mercie as a Tiger yields his prey, when he's pinch't for want of what's his booty, expect from me thou murtherer.

*Fran.* None I have deserv'd, or am about to crave, I know the worst, my life thou canst but have, 'Tis thine; I make a tender of it ere the sentence come, & give thy labour ease, alas, poor *Iulio*: thou wilt unfriended, run thy future race without societie, I pittie thee my friend more then my selfe, danger to me is such, I do expect and dread not. Fare thee well, my breach of promise, is not with my will, but meerly on constraint.

*Enter the Gentlemen.*

*Arba.* Lead him hence.

*Lod.* Here they are.

*Val.* Who have we here bound to the good behaviour? *Fran-*

*Lod.* My deare friend. (*Franciscus?*)

*Tom.* My brother.

*Arba.* Officers, why doe you linger thus, away with him?

*Val.* How fare you, sir?

*Fran.* Sicke, sicke to death *Vallentius*: shall wee hence?

*Exit Franciscus with guard.*

*Tom.* I now behold my feare, when I did heare *Arbaces* speak of him.

*Val.* Something of badnesse shoot me instantly, but hee does pierce me through.

*Lod.* Good Gentleman.

*Tom.* Has he recided here since he first fled?

*Val.* I thought him now in *Milkain*, where hee did trafficke

*Lod.* I wonder how he came to be discovered? (much.)

*Tom.* Beshrew my bloud, I pittie his estate.

*Val.* Will you accord with mee, shew that respect you once did tender him, and withall willingnes strive to invent a means may do him ease.

*Lod.* What, my sword, my word, or wealth can doe is his, comimand it for him?

*Val.*



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*Val.* Let us petition to his rough adversary, and like true Suppliants in our own behalfe, draw mercy from *Arbaces*.

*Tom.* Agreed.

*Val.* About it then, and our intentions thrive. *Manet Julio.*

*Julio.* The gold is mine, his certain bondage does assure mee it, why should I be an Ass, and nicely stand on that no Tradesman does: no thrifty one, what conscience, any thing but such a word: our wise divines that preach an't, know it not, nor make good use of that, or ought they say, but of good mony: this I daily see, and sometime make my daily meditation, all's Ceremonie compos'd for purpose:

But be it what it will, this is my grace,  
If not for one, I'me for the othe place.

*Enter the Duke of Venice, two Senators, Crissippus, Arbaces, Vallentius, Tomaso, Lodwick, Clarke, and others.*

*Duke.* Bring the offender forth.

*Cris.* Have mercie, good my Lord.

*Duke.* Believe't thou mayst sooner move a rock, which neither blustering winde, nor boisterous Sea could shake or swallow, then beget remorse or smallest favour in so foule a case: I were unjust, and much unmeet to be the man I am, should wee shew mercie where the crime deserves, beyond the laws extent. He that shall pardon murder, take't from me, is accessory to the guilty deed, and stands in self predicament: Heaven defend we should be such, were he my Nephew, nay, my first-borne sonne, or one more neere: let me not be blest in my proceedings, if our Authoritic should blind his sinne, or alter justice course, let him forth: what favour equitie can yield be his, no more expect

*Crisippus.* *Enter Officers with Francisus.*

*Pri. Sen.* Read the indictment.

*Fran.* Save that pains, guilty, nor do repent, that in my wrath I did, whereof I stand convict.

*Duke.* Art thou not forrie for thy hainous crime?

*Fran.* No mighty sir, but rather joy the more, in that it breviats my passage here, which I would willingly leave.

*Arba.* Impudent homicide: justice good my Lord, with that severitie which they deserve, which wilfully commit

*Duke.* Arise, thou needst not kneele, nor beg for justice, be assured *Arbaces*: such his deservings, such his punishment, and cruell

*The Knave in Graine.*

as the cause; thou most brutish man; nay, beast or something worse: hadst thou no humanitie, no sparke of reason then, nor sence, to thinke thy trespass foule and ugly? do'st not repent thy tyranny in death, though not the deed it self: fie on thee monster, hast thou a foule and dreadst not her perdition; what heathen savage, nay, what ruder thing, having the life thou soughtst, would have enacted such a deed of ruth, as thou, thou worst of creatures, on the image and livelesse carcasse of thy loving friend.

*Pris. Sen.* 'Twas most uncivill, most unchristianly.

*2 Sen.* An act, a Tigre would not have perform'd, on one that had slain his brood.

*Fran.* Heare me good my Lord.

*Arba.* My poore *Antonio*.

*Fran.* That I did take his life, I have confest, what further accusations laid on mee, is meerly malice, and proceed from some, could wish my torment worse.

*Arba.* Out on thee butcher: give me leave my Lord.

*Clark.* Silence.

*Duke.* Canst thou deny thy wrathfull crueltie, impetuous tyranny, and fell revenge upon his bleeding trunk?

*Fran.* Unlesse I should belie my selfe, and speake like a yaine boaster, more then what I did, I must say this is false, and hee's from truth, as farre as I am from hope of life, begot this slander.

*Duke.* Produce your prooffe *Arbaces*, strike blushes through the cheeks of this false man, and let him see his shame.

*Fran.* What Devill should be rais'd from the lowest hell, to justifie this wrong?

*Tom.* This is strange.

*Dod.* I never thought *Franciscus* one so foule, as I behold him now.

*Val.* Not thought, I durst have sworn him of a purer mettle, and better temper farre.

*Enter Julio and Arbaces.*

*Julio.* Prosperitie to the Venetian State.

*Fran.* *Julio*: he's not his proof I hope.

*Duke.* Is this the Gentleman?

*Arba.* This is he my Lord.

*Duke.* Make room, give way there.

*Fran.* How comes this about?

The Knave in Graine.

2 Sen. The fact's confest, my Lord, what need we further wade into the Law, or heap on troubles which we may eschew, upon so plain a case? the crime is Murder, Murder is confest, then as you finde the guilt, proceed to judgement, and make no further question.

Duke. We shall be suddain.

Fran. My sentence, good my Lord.

Duke. Speake, sir, can you report any thing more touching this businesse then what already is delivered here in the open Court.

Julio. No more or lesse, then what his owne tongue uttered, can I or have to say.

Fran. How's that?

Julio. We were once friends: once had I such opinion of his vertues, my life and estimation were both his, hee might command them, much it were to speake of all that past between us: thus in short, I would some other were compell'd to this, which you have tied me too, my neereft friend alive.

Duke. Arbaces: was this the man gave you first notice where this Murderer kept?

Arba. The same my Lord.

Fran. Did he betray me? can this be.

2 Sen. Forward.

1 Sen. Speake.

Julio. Must we be enforc'd, what should I speak, hee slue him, ript his bowels, mangled him, and in his wrath, as man will any thing: tumbled his reeking quarters downe a Vault most steep and lothsome: what of this, hee might deserve much worse austeritic, yet this was bad enough?

Fran. Ha?

Arba. Justice, gracious Prince, justice, justice, sir.

Duke. Is this truth?

Julio. Let me be depos'd.

Lod. The most erronious, execrable part that ever was perform'd.

Val. Were hee my father, should forget himselfe, and match this outrage, mercy quite forsake me if I would sue his pardon.

Tom. It was ruthlesse, fell, and bloudie.

Duke. Look not up for shame, thou hast no interest there.

*The Knave in Graine.*

*Fran.* I have done wrong, mightie, mightie wrong.

*Duke.* Canst thou behold it now?

*Fran.* Pardon me father, pardon good *Arbaces*: that villaine,  
that foule villaine.

*Enter Antonio, Cornelia, Phemone, and Shepheard.*

*Antonio.* 'Twas time to come.

*Cor.* Shew mercie, mercie, Duke.

*Phe.* Pittie our complaints, have some compassion.

*Duke.* What are these that make this earnest deprecation, with  
such a heartie zeale: are they well known to this assembly?

*Tom.* *Cornelia*, sister.

*Val.* Faire *Phemone*.

*Cris.* When will these humid fountains be dried up, and yield  
no more warme drops?

*Cor.* My sweet *Franciscus*.

*Fran.* Some good or bad thing fell mee suddenly, let mee be-  
hold no more.

*Duke.* Is that his wife?

*Val.* She was my Lord, while some hard fate dis-joyn'd their  
mutuall league, and burst the holy concord.

*Fran.* Wilt thou pardon me and live a happie one, when I am  
dead, and lapt in this cold earth.

*Cor.* *Franciscus* I was ever true to you.

*Fran.* I see it, and believe: that villaine, oh, that villaine!

*Duke.* Harken thy sentence.

*Fran.* Heare mee my good Lord, little I have to say, yet to  
much grief tend my few words, this traitor, nay, 'tis title all too  
good for one so hainous foule, that he is perjur'd; by the death I  
owe his latest words do witnessse what hee is more, and worse:  
with pardon Lords, I shall delate at large, that all hereafter  
may example take, and shun a villaines snare; I tooke him up,  
when like an Adder in the frosty dew, the cold had starved him:  
that I had set my foot upon his head, when to my besome I did  
take the Serpent, not cherisht, comforted long had hee been, but  
hee both bit and stung mee: foolish man I was to be so fond, not  
many months, nor happy days I had with this most truest, most  
immaculate piece, but that perfidious Caitiffe, that blacke fiend  
by strange suggestions, and invented projects, draws mee into a  
confirm'd jealousie, that she had stained her honour, falsly playd  
with

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with young *Antonio*.

*Anton.* O forgive me heaven, what is this?

*Fran.* I from my wrong conceiv'd, least could I not,  
Drew him apart into a silent Grove,  
Having before vow'd solemnly revenge,  
Where I made some repetition of my griefe: he still  
(I see him) innocent gentleman, taking my words  
For such as Lovers use, when they are wanton,  
Smiles me in the face, and would not thing 'twas anger.

*Ant.* 'Tis truth he speakes.

*Fran.* This inkindled me, and as Boare,  
When he does chaw his foame, predicts some mischief,  
So my bended front fore-told his ruine,  
Forth I drew my sword, and sheathed it  
Wit hin his breast, what else is added,  
He's a Jew averres, and falser than a whore.

*Julio.* See, see the Ages wickednesse: can it be possible?  
O miserable time, when men make no more reckoning of their  
soules! Fye, fye, *Francisco*, thinke upon your end, and whither  
you must goe. Most reverend Fathers, observe you this his con-  
tumacy: I shall I feare be forc'd to speak what in my heart till  
now I chested, and rib'd in, because mine oath, 'twas not my wil  
hath heare constrained me to expose his blame, my soule had  
vowed to hide; Note into malice how he throwes himselfe, and  
would staine my reputation with a calumnious lye.

*Fran.* Art thou a man, or something else; oh foole, foole.

*Ant.* Is this possible?

*Duk.* Give eare unto thy sentece. *They talken*

*Ant.* I must, in \_\_\_\_\_ *in private.*

*Duke.* Did not I say he's mad, starke raving mad, away with  
him. The man's alive that's dead.

*Val.* Yes, they supt together: I love this fellow.

*Julio.* Your Grace shall doe well to punish this saucy groom?

*Ant.* You are a most pernicious damn'd villaine, and your  
soule knowes it.

*Arb.* Come, sir, depart, & rave not, or I shall see you whipt.

*Ant.* Good father pardon: pardon mighty Duke, pardon *An-  
tonio*, cause of this disquiet. *Lod. Antonio?*

*Val.* By this light he supt with him indeed.

*The Knave in Graine.*

*Fran.* It is not so, this cannot be.

*Jul.* Is there no mountaine nigh to fall on me, no rotten house?

*Arb.* I know not whether I may call thee sonne, for rest in doubt for ever.

*Ant.* I am *Antonio*, and I was your son, when I left *Venice* last.

*Duk.* Is no man here amaz'd but onely I?

*Anto.* My deare *Phemone*!

*Phem.* Were you the Shepheard?

*Ant.* You see chaste *Cornelia*.

*Arb.* Was ever man so blest?

*Ant.* Nay, come *Francisco*, I must have your hand: I can as well forgive, as I can love; and nothing more than both: good *Crissippus*, my old friend!

*Val.* You have bin a stranger Signior; but I'me glad 'tis thus.

*Julio would be gone.*

*Duk.* Whither away: stay him officers; wee have not done with you.

*Julio.* Wither shall I runne to hide my selfe? What Climate, or what Region? Pardon greatest Prince. Pardon grave Fathers.

*Arb.* Against that prayer kneele I: No pardon Prince, as thou dost hope for blisse.

*Cris.* Grant him a halter; nothing else good Duke.

*Duk.* Give him his liberty: Art thou so impudent to pleade for mercy, and beg of me, having committed such a capitall trespasse here in my view?

*Fran.* Though what I speake, with some additions, I have done and more, and he more false has plaid, than I have said; blot his offences: be propitious Sir.

*Ant.* Though the greatest sufferance fell on my part, I here acquit him, and beseech for mercy.

*Fran.* Yet be compendious, and possesse this presence, what cause thou hadst that tempted thee so badly to seek my ruine.

*Julio.* The Devill and his Angels.

*Fran.* O sic *Ioretzo*.

*Duke.* How *Ioretzo*? not the sonne of that pernicious traytor, had plotted with *Lamunes* for summes of gold to burn our City?

*Fran.* He's dead, and suffered for the same offence.

*Duke.* When brought the toad forth other than himselfe, unlesse

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lesse 'twere something worse ?

*Ant.* Forget his Fathers faults : be pittifull.

*Duke.* He that prays next in his behalfe, by heaven friends not himself, and is mine enemy : We have too long suffered such Weeds as these to flourish in our soyle : No more the bosome of this earth of ours, shall (like a mother) lend her fruitlesse increase, to cherish those would bane her : The sword of justice cut the justice off that keeps it sheath'd to such : His deeds were shamefull, his rewards be so, and quittance his desert : Seare on his brow in letters cappitall, the name of knave, that all behold may roade him what he is, and hate him in the sight : His next doome is this ; after three daies we charge thee on thy life, never set foote more in thy Native Climate.

So, beare him to his torture, speech is vaine :

For what is said there's nothing can restrain. *Exit Iulio.*

*Arb.* Most worthy Prince.

*Lod.* Ile be honest while I live for this trick.

*Fran.* Can you forgive mine injury, Antonio ?

*Ant.* As freely as I hope to be forgiven ; and crave no more amends, but onely this, you'le call me brother, and make *Phemone* mine.

*Fran.* I need not make what's made, take and enjoy her that hath vow'd to be none but yours.

*Cris.* Thy hand *Arbaces*, our quarrell's or'e, we'le no fighting.

*Arb.* Fight, yes : I hope we shall find something else to doe.

*Cris.* Daughter I have done thee wrong too ; but Ile seeke forgiveness when we have more leasure.

*Fran.* This day breeds wonders : by what accident scapt you of your wounds ?

*Ant.* Here stands the meanes, whom I must ever tender with respect, as with my full proceedings you shall heare, when none can interrupt.

*Duk.* *Francisco*, henceforth know your vertuous wife, & prize her as a jewell : I have heard the world speake well of her, and those unmatched with they may have your fortunes. *Lodwicke* where's the dumbe shew you promis'd me.

*Lod.* Even ready my Lord ; but may be cald a motion : for puppits wil speak but such corrupt language, you'le never understand without an interpreter, or a short plot, which I have drawn

thus

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thus——Now the motion followes. *Enter Doctor.*

*Doct.* What not divulge : yes, yes, I will divulge.

*Duk.* The jealous Doctor : I have him.

*Doct.* Doe me right, sweet Duke, doe me right.

*Duk.* What art ?

*Doct.* A foole, a physitian, a maintainer of whoredome, with a poxe to me.

*Duk.* Then *Medice cura te ipsum* ; more knave than foole, the plot's false drawne else : away with em.

*Lod.* Come sir, depart.

*Doct.* Purge mee Duke, purge me, or let my wife take out my corrupted braines, and rince them in a Cucking-stoole : I come Skimmington, I come. *Exit.*

*Lod.* *Vallentius* you must take some order for the Doctors cure : he befriended you in as great a courtesie.

*Enter Stultissimo and Fub.*

*Stult.* Trot on afore : is the Corne-cutter come yet ?

*Fub.* The Horne-cutter is come, sir.

*Stult.* On, on to the Leaguer then : I am ashamed to show my head amongst Animalls : on to the Leaguer. *Exit.*

*Val.* This is a Monster of your making, *Lodwicke*, buy him a Cap-case to hide up his hornes in, for shame o' th' world.

*Lod.* Come we are both——

A great Hubub and noise, a ringing of basons, a great many Boyes before, and Julio drawne in a Cart.

1 *Boy.* He comes, he comes.

2 *Boy.* Where doth he come? hee is rather drawne hither like a Bare to a stake.

3 *Boy.* What in a Coach?

1 *Boy.* Nay, rather in an open Charriot : and yet it cannot bee properly called a Chariot, because it runnes but on two Wheeles.

2 *Boy.* Roome for him there : for I am sure hee had rather any here had his roome than his company.

3 *Boy.* Silence there ; you in the Docket there, let but one speake in the Court at once.

All. Silence.



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*Julio.* Noverint universi,  
It is the Dukes mercy;  
And the condition of my Obligation,  
To make my recantation,  
That I within bound,  
Should give reasons profound,  
Why ( much against my heart )  
I thus ride in a Cart.

Nay, gentlemen, no egges I beseech you : for I love them  
at this time, neither raw, roasted, nor rotten. For should  
they hit me on the breast, they would goe cleane against my  
stomacke.

*Tomaso in a corner of the Gallery.*

*Tom.* You Phaeton,  
Is that your Father *Phæbus* his Chariot, and will he allow you  
never a Boxe to sit in?

*Julio.* No juglers Boxe, Ile assure thee friend : for here's  
neither passe, nor repasse, I stand here you see for an example,  
And could wish all these good people to follow it.

*Lodwicke in another corner.*

*Lod.* Who's that, *Bootes* mounted in his *Charles* waine? doth  
he cry Pippings, Carrets, or Turneps?

*Julio.* You are deceived, Signior : rather *Bread*, and *Meate*, as  
Pye-crust, bones, and fragments out of the *Ludgate* mans basket:  
Nay, hold your hands, I beseech you Gentlemen, and use your  
tongues and spare not.

*Soul.* Well, he stands heare but for a shew, and I am sure I suf-  
fered for it really and indeed.

*Julio.* Beare witnesse my Masters, that is the maine malefactor  
indeed, and I stand here for a show : Ile goe no further than his  
owne confession.

*A Country fellow standing by.*

*Country fel.* They talke of Cheaters, here is a twenty shil-  
lings peece that I put into my mouth, let any Cheater in  
Christendome cousten me of this, and carry it away cleanly, and  
Ile not only forgive him, but hugge him and imbrace him for it,  
and say he is a very *Hocus Pocus* indeed.

*Julio.* What said that fellow?

*Pusse.* He saith he hath a peece in his mouth, that all *Europe*  
shall not cheate him of.

M

*Julio.*

*The Knave in Graine.*

*Julio.* I have markt him, 'tis mine owne : and notwithstanding all this melancholy we'le spend it at night in Wine and Musicke.

*Count. fel.* Hee that can plucke this peece out of my jawes, spight of my teeth, and I keepe my mouth-fast shut, Ile say hee is more than a Cheater, and a Doctor *Faustus*, or *Mephostophilus* at least.

*Puss.* Dost heare how he brags ?

*Julio.* 'Tis mine own I warrant thee.

*Two Countermen.*

*1 Count.* But what's become of my horse ?

*2 Count.* And what's become of my load of hay ?

*Julio.* May I eate hay with your horse, if they were not both done nearely and cleanly. But Gentlemen, and the rest, you see I am at this present your pittifull Spectacle. I lookt once within this twelve month, not to have been mounted in such state : but no man knows what preferment hee is born to. You see I have hitherto sayled through this great storme without soyling my Suite, spoyling my Ruffe, or spattering my Beaver : thanks to these kinde spectators.

*1 Serg.* But Master Fast and Loose, doe you remember what a slipperie trick you ferved Master Doctor and us ?

*Julio.* And was it not fairely done Master Sergeant, to teach you how to digest the wearing of a Surplice, before you came to stand in a white sheet.

*1 Serg.* Well now you are at your journies end : May it please you to alight for your ease ?

*Julio.* Withall my heart : and if either you or any of my accusers be weary with following me on foot, the Room is now empty, I will give him leave to ride in my place. *Hee seems to fall* Yet when I doe but think of this disaster, it *into a passion.* draws teares from mine eyes.

*He draws his handkerchiefe ( as to wipe his eyes ) just before the Country fellow, and scatters some small mony.*

*Country fellow.* Sir, you have (I think) let fall some mony.

*Julio.* Thanks honest friend. *He takes it up.*

*Count. fel.* What do you look for ? I can assure you here is all that fell.

*Julio.* Nay, sure I had more mony ? 'tis not in my handkerchief,

*The Knave in Graine.*

chief, nor in my pockets, I have examined them both.

*Serg.* Why, what do you want sir?

*Julio.* A picce, a picce, and had it now, just now; sure whilst I was so high perchd none could dive so low into my pocket, it was sure as I lighted, and dropt from mee, just as I drew my handkerchief.

*Puss.* Some such thing I saw fall.

*Julio.* Pray who were they that stoopt?

*Serg.* I saw none stoop but this Country fellow.

*Julio.* Then sir, I must demand this piece of you.

*Count. fellow.* Of me? I professe I tooke up but two shillings and six pence, and that I gave into your hand.

*Julio.* But I professe that one of them was a piece, and never came into my hand, and that I must demand of you: say did nobody stoop but hee?

*Serg.* None I assure you.

*Julio.* Thou art still my honest Sergeant.

*Puss.* That fellow hath something in his mouth.

*Count. fel.* Yes my tongue and my teeth, and what of all that.

*Puss.* Nay, something else sure, for hee is not troubled with the Mumps, and yet see how one side of his cheeks bumps out.

*Julio.* I am afraid, we shall finde him a Cheater.

*Serg.* Sirrah know I am an Officer, (I charge you open your mouth, and let us see what you have in it, &c.

*Count. fel.* Well sir, I have a twenty shillings piece, what then?

*Serg.* And this man misseth a twenty shilling piece out of his pocket.

*Julio.* Plead well Sergeant and thou shalt have thy fee.

*Count. fel.* Well, there it is, what can you make of it?

*Julio.* Marry twenty shillings good and lawfull currant money, *Puss,* was not this the piece that I put in my poeket this morning?

*Puss.* I know it by that mark.

*Serg.* And she's witnesse sufficient in conscience.

*Julio.* Doe you see Gentlemen! I am here brought to publike penance for a Cheater, and here's a plain fellow that (it seems) in his simplicity would out-doe me: if I be thus censured mee-ly for suspision; shall hee scape free that is taken in the very action?

The Knave in Graine.

All. No, no, mount him, mount him,

Count. fel. Nay, by your favour Gentlemen, I have driven a Cart often for my pleasure, and would bee loth to ride in one now for my punishment. It is penance enough for mee to part with my peece, which cannot be more currant of Coine; then his is Arrant for Knavery. *Exit.*

Julio. He's gone, I am still here, now Gentlemen, If heretofore there hath been any Doll, Any bold Beachum, and any Cut-purse Moll, Any Bawd fat with wealth, or with care meager, That spends her time in Garrison or Leager, Grace me so farre to say, that of a Cheater Though some have been more grave; scarce any greater, But Gentlemen; what need we more repeating Knowing, that even in all Trades there is cheating, Tis common both in buying and in selling, In all Commerce; nay, even in mony telling, Tis frequent 'twixt the Pander and the Whore, We our selves finde it at the Play-house doore, And though (for an example) here I stand, I am not all the Cheaters in the land, Some here (no question) know it but I vow, (They what they please) I will cheat none of you.

Duke. We understand their humours, And the cause of their distempers; And have too long suffered such weeds As these to flourish in our soyle, But now no longer shall this earth of ours, Like a kinde Mother lend her fruits increase, To cherish those would eclipse her worth. But those whose aymes and acts are imitable, Crown with green Garlands, and with Bowls brim'd full,

Musique proclaime a generall Festivall, A Jubile of joy and mirth to all: May love and truth, never like comfort misse, Nor Knave in Grain, scape a reward like this.

FINIS.

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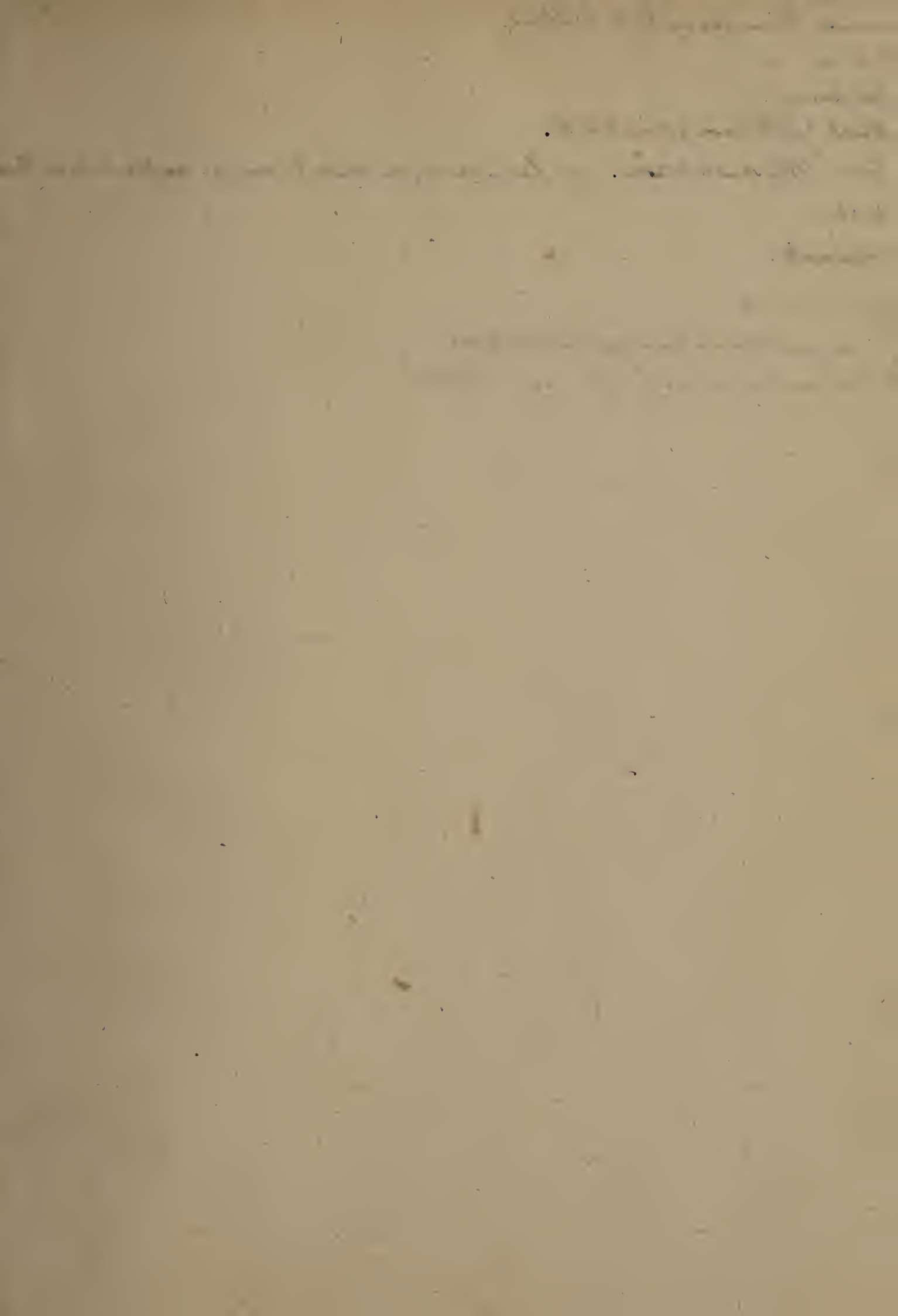












P. 1. de boist.

P. 2. candid Vicumpany like halbars.

P. 11. Othello.

P. 17. Shakspeare.

P. 22. 'Black Ousell has a yellow mouth.'

P. 23. Ford's 'Pity shes a Whore.' you have said, 'we shall be doing'. see Ms. Note on Ford.

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P. 24. Copemate.

Songs. p. 22. 23. 28.

P. 28. Can you play us Gascoyne's Whibling?

P. 23. Like another rousing 'Sigh'. lege. 'Sighth'.

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