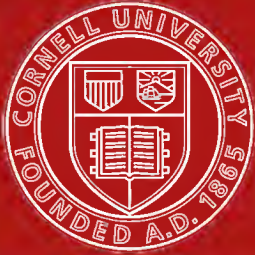




CORNELL UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES
ITHACA, N. Y. 14853



JOHN M. OLIN
LIBRARY



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

Publications,
OF THE
University of Pennsylvania

SERIES IN
Philology and Literature

VOLUME XIII.

WILLIAM ROWLEY

HIS

ALL'S LOST BY LUST, AND A SHOE-
MAKER, A GENTLEMAN

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION ON ROWLEY'S PLACE IN THE
DRAMA

BY

CHARLES WHARTON STORK, A.M., Ph.D.

Instructor in English at the University of Pennsylvania

Published for the University

PHILADELPHIA

1910

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.
1006-16 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q15K
~~6878~~
F30

A.E 44684

Clun
PR
2742
A44
1910
V7

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.
1008-1016 ARCH STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PREFACE.

The editing of *All's Lost* was undertaken in 1904 and might have been finished in the following year had I not gone abroad to collate the text. Learning of Mr. Morris' projected edition of that play, I made no effort to anticipate him, but added *The Shoemaker A Gentleman* to my book. As nearly all of my notes on the former play were written before Mr. Morris' edition appeared, I have only acknowledged such of his work as I have actually made use of, although our results have of course often been the same.

The texts have been reproduced *litteratim et verbatim* except that *v* has been substituted for *u* of the older spelling. Such additional punctuation as has seemed necessary to the sense has been duly noted.

I take this opportunity to thank for their courtesy the librarians with whom I have come in contact in the course of this work, especially those of the South Kensington Museum and Trinity College, Cambridge. I wish also to thank Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly for suggestions as to the source of *All's Lost*. Professor Rennert and Professor Jastrow, of the University of Pennsylvania, have assisted in special investigations. To Dr. J. P. W. Crawford, of Pennsylvania, I owe the results of a very careful investigation into the Spanish and French versions of the story of *All's Lost*. But my greatest debt of gratitude is due to Professor Schelling, under whose guidance and supervision this work was begun, continued and completed.

WILLIAM ROWLEY

BY

CHARLES WHARTON STORK

I.
LIFE OF ROWLEY.

Everyone who has attempted to investigate the lives of the old English dramatists is forced to acknowledge that data are extremely scarce. Take the case of John Webster, for instance. Concerning him we have absolutely no certain information, save that he wrote various plays. In considering the life of William Rowley we are much better off; but still the evidence must of necessity sound somewhat disconnected. Since, however, our greatest tragic playwright since Shakespeare is merely a name, we should not suppose that because little is known of Rowley he is therefore a dramatist of minor importance.

A primary consideration in taking up the life of William Rowley is the fact that there were several other Rowleys living at the same time, among whom was a well-known playwright, Samuel Rowley. There is absolutely no reason for connecting these men of the same name and profession, though Collier conjectures that they were brothers. Samuel Rowley wrote *When you see me you know me*, and perhaps *The Bristowe Tragedy*. He is always the Rowley mentioned by Henslowe. He is altogether inferior both in genius and in importance to the man we are about to consider.

William Rowley was born about 1585.¹ We have no evidence for the date, but it cannot be far wrong. Rowley contributed to one play which was performed in 1606² and had at least the greater share of another given in 1607,³ besides which he was a leading actor in his company in 1610.

¹*Dict. of Nat. Biog.* Fleay, B. C., II, p. 89.

²*The Travailes of Three Brothers.*

³*A Match at Midnight.*

This would make it improbable that he was born after 1585. Again, we learn that 1637 he married Isabel Tooley at Cripplegate.⁴ We may conjecture that Rowley would not be likely to marry when much over fifty. Where he was born and of what parents must also remain an open question, though probabilities point to London and a humble sphere of life. For Rowley was peculiarly at home in the metropolis,⁵ and his portrayal of simple emotion and of the lower classes shows an instinctive familiarity with the popular heart.

Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, mentions among the best writers of comedy "Maister Rowley once a rare scholler of learned Pembroke Hall in Cambridge."⁶ The records of Pembroke, however, mention only the name of Ralph Rowley, a clergyman who wrote verses to Sir Philip Sydney.⁷ *The Dictionary of National Biography* mentions another Ralph Rowley, who acted in the Duke of York's Company, 1610, and there was also Samuel Rowley already referred to.

William Rowley seems to have taken early to the stage, where he probably acted with Queen Anne's Company previous to 1610.⁸ On March 20 of that year, a patent was granted to the new players of the Duke of York, among whom the name of William Rowley stands second.⁹ Upon the death of Prince Henry, 1611-1612, these players became the Prince's (Charles') servants, and about April, 1614, they joined the Lady Elizabeth's men at the Hope. The Revel's Account of Court performances shows Rowley to

⁴*Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare*, p. 233, by J. P. Collier.

⁵Swinburne, *Age of Shakespeare*, p. 187.

⁶Reprinted in Brydges *Censura Litteraria*, Vol. IX, p. 49 and note.

⁷Cooper's *Athenæ Cantabridgienses*, Vol. II, p. 388, and Malone, *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 172.

⁸*Dict. of Nat. Biog.* and Fleay, *History of the Stage*, p. 375.

⁹Fleay, *History of the Stage*, p. 188.

have been a leading man in his company. In 1612, June 20, certain payments are recorded to William Rowley for four plays by the Duke of York's men.¹⁰ Again, January 20, 1613, Rowley was paid for four plays by the Duke of York's men,¹¹ and later in the same year, June 7,¹² he was paid for the presentation of two plays, the first and the second part of *The Knaves*.¹³

An extant play of Rowley's, *A Shoemaker a Gentleman*, was played at the Bull in 1609¹⁴ and, unless I greatly mistake, *A New Wonder, A Woman never Vext*, dates from about the same time. But I shall leave this discussion to its proper place.

Besides Rowley's labors as an actor and as a playwright, he published in 1609 a prose pamphlet entitled *A Search for Money*.¹⁵ After Prince Henry's death, 1613, Rowley contributed verses to William Drummond's *Mausoleum*¹⁶ in honor of the deceased prince. He also prefixed commendatory verses to John Taylor, the water poet's *Great Britain all in Black*,¹⁷ and later to his *Nipping and Snipping of Abuses*.¹⁸ Joshua Cook's play of *Green's Tu Quoque*¹⁹ is

¹⁰Fleay, *History*, p. 175 for these extracts.

¹¹Fleay, *History*, p. 175. Mr. Fleay notes that payment is here, delayed for three years, and that one play, February, 1610, was given when, on account of the plague, no other companies acted.

¹²Cf. also *Shakespeare Society Papers*, Vol. II, Art. XX.

¹³Perhaps, as Mr. Fleay suggests, one of these plays was *The Knaves in Print*, entered S. R., 1653.

¹⁴Fleay, *Biographical Chronicle*, II, p. 95. The play was printed 1638.

¹⁵Fleay, B. C., II, 89. Entered S. R., May 10, 1609, reprinted in the *Proceedings of the Percy Society*, Vol. II, dedicated to Maister Thos. Hobbes.

¹⁶Fleay, B. C., II, 89.

¹⁷Fleay, *History*, p. 308, printed 1612.

¹⁸Fleay, *History*, p. 308, S. R., December 7, 1613.

¹⁹*Old Plays*, Vol. VII, ed. 1825. The preface says the quarto dates 1614.

preceded by a short prose eulogy of Greene, the actor,²⁰ written by Heywood, and the following couplet signed W. R.,

“How fast bleak Autumn changeth Flora’s dye!
What yesterday was Green, now’s seer and dry.”

Rowley wrote in 1621 “*For a Funerall Elegie on the Death of Hugh Atwell,*²¹ *Servent to Prince Charles, this fellow-feeling his Farewells who died the 25th of Sept., 1621.*” The list of Rowley’s non-dramatic works is completed by the mention of lines “*To His Friend Mr. John Webster, upon his Duchess of Malfi*”²² prefixed to the edition of 1623 of that play.

When the Prince’s Company and the Lady Elizabeth’s Company combined in 1614,²³ Rowley was, we may judge, for the first time brought into close contact with the master dramatist whose name has ever since been connected with his. In 1616, March 29, a warrant was issued to the leaders of various companies to prohibit them from playing in lent.²⁴ That to the Prince’s servants is addressed to William Rowley, John Newton. The Prince’s men separated from the Lady Elizabeth’s men in 1616-1617,²⁵ and went to the Curtain, where *The Fair Quarrel*,²⁶ and *A Courtly Mask; the Device being called The World Tost at Tennis*,²⁷ both the joint work of Rowley and Middleton, were acted. In lists of the players,²⁷ c. Feb., 1616, and March 20, 1616, Rowley’s name stands first. He took the part of Plum Por-

²⁰Thos. Greene, shareholder and actor with Queen Anne’s Co., died 1612, August-September, Fleay, *History*, p. 271.

²¹Hugh Atwell, Fleay, *Hist.*, p. 265.

²²*The Dramatic Works of John Webster*, ed. Hazlitt, London, 1857, Vol. II, p. 159.

²³Cf. above p. 8 and note.

²⁴Fleay, *Hist.*, p. 309.

²⁵Fleay, *Hist.*, p. 265.

²⁶Fleay, B. C., II, p. 98. Published 1617, “as it was acted before the king.”

²⁷Fleay, *Hist.*, p. 306, B. C., II, p. 100.

riage in Middleton's *Inner Temple Mask of Heroes*, Jan., 1619,²⁸ and appears third in a list of the Prince's men, 17th March, 1625, published by the New Shakspeare Society.

Meanwhile the other two masterpieces of this notable alliance, *The Changeling*, and *The Spanish Gypsy*²⁹ were performed, in that order³⁰ by the Lady Elizabeth's servants at the Cockpit 1621-22, as was Rowley's single unassisted tragedy, *All's Lost by Lust*. Mr. Fleay thinks that Rowley joined the King's men in 1623, since he collaborated with Fletcher in the *Maid of the Mill*³¹ presented at court that year, and acted in the play himself.³²

In 1625, as noted above, we find him mentioned as a Prince's man at the King's funeral, but in the patent³³ of June 25th he appears as a King's man again, and so on the title page of *A New Wonder*.³⁴ He is not mentioned in the patent list of 1629, and it seems likely that he left the stage after Middleton's death, July, 1627. In 1637 he married Isabel Tooley at Cripplegate.³⁵ Of Rowley's death we have no record.

The only contemporary reference of a critical nature to Rowley that I could find is the following from Taylor's Praise of Hempseed, 1620,³⁶

²⁸Fleay, Hist., p. 265, also Middleton, ed. Bullen, Vol. VII, In S. R. (Arber III, 652), July 10, 1619, "*The Temple Mask Anno 1618*" (1619 new calendar).

²⁹Fleay, Hist., p. 306, B. C., II, 101-102, for substantiation of the dates.

³⁰Act. II, sc. 1, Gypsy, "None but myself shall play the changeling." See Fleay, Hist., 258, for court performances of these two plays, and Fletcher's and Rowley's *Maid of the Mill*.

³¹Licensed 1623, Aug. 29, by Fletcher and William Rowley, Fleay, B. C., II, p. 105.

³²Fleay, Hist., p. 269; see also p. 270 for his acting in other of Fletcher's plays.

³³Fleay, B. C., II, 90.

³⁴Fleay, B. C., II, p. 90, and 102-103. S. R., Nov. 24, 1631.

³⁵Cf. above p. 8 and note.

³⁶Quoted in Bullen's Middleton, preface, p. xci.

“And many there are living at this day
 Which do in paper their true worth display,
 As Davis, Drayton and the learned Dun (Donne),
 Johnson and Chapman, Master Middleton,
 With Rowley, Fletcher, Withers, Massinger,
 Heywood, and all the rest where'er they are,”

Here surely our author appears in good company.

I quote Langbaine's reference³⁷ at length. “William Rowly (sic) an author that flourished in the Reign of King Charles the First: and was sometime a Member of Pembroke Hall in Cambridge. I can say nothing further of his Life or County; but as to his Poetry and his intimate Acquaintance with the prime Poets of that age, I can speak at large. He was not only beloved of these Great Men, Shakespear, Fletcher and Johnson; but likewise writ with the former, *The Birth of Merlin*.”

The tendency of modern critics has been to discredit all of the preceding encomium, because later scholarship has disproved the theory that William Rowley was the writer of comedies mentioned by Meres,³⁸ and the assertion that Shakespeare had a hand in *The Birth of Merlin*.³⁹ Both errors, however, would have been natural to Langbaine, whose only mistake lay in trusting his predecessors too well. In corroboration of his testimony relative to the “prime Poets of that age” we have good evidence. There can be no doubt that Rowley collaborated with Fletcher. Mr. Fleay says,—⁴⁰ “It appears from commendatory verses prefixed to his works (“The Sculler,” 1612) that Taylor was a friend of Jonson. A previous quotation⁴¹ associates Taylor

³⁷*History of the English Dramatic Poets*, 1691, p. 428.

³⁸Cf. above p. 8.

³⁹See later in list of plays.

⁴⁰Hist., p. 308.

⁴¹Above p. 9.

with Rowley, and we find the latter poet contributing to others of Taylor's works.⁴² To be sure Jonson disliked Middleton,⁴³ but then he probably knew Rowley before the two were closely associated.⁴⁴ Another point is Rowley's connection with Drummond.⁴⁵ As to Shakespeare, I confess the case is not so clear; but Rowley wrote a couplet⁴⁶ on the actor, Thomas Greene, whom Malone thought to have been a relative of Shakespeare.⁴⁷

Later allusions to Rowley are merely critical, and I shall forbear quoting further except to bring out the different views concerning his style. I shall now present a list of his plays, preserving the order of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and adding those plays assigned to him by important critics.

I. Plays in which Rowley's name appears alone on the title-page:

	Acted.	Published.
1. A New Wonder, A Woman never Vext ⁴⁸	c. 1609	1632
2. All's Lost by Lust ⁴⁹	c. 1622	1633
3. A Match at Midnight ⁵⁰	c. 1607	1633
4. A Shoemaker a Gentleman ⁵¹	1609	1638

⁴²Cf. above p. 9.

⁴³See quotation in Bullen's Middleton, preface, p. xi.

⁴⁴In 1614, cf. above p. 10.

⁴⁵Cf. above p. 9.

⁴⁶Above p. 10.

⁴⁷Malone, *Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakespeare's plays*, p. 275.

⁴⁸Fleay, B. C., II, p. 102-103, by "William Rowley, one of His Majesty's servants." But Rowley was only a King's man, 1623-25. Fleay, Hist., p. 376, also above, p. 11.

⁴⁹Fleay, Hist., p. 306.

⁵⁰Fleay, B. C., II, p. 95.

⁵¹Fleay, B. C., II, p. 95.

II. Plays in which Rowley's name appears with others on the title page:

	Acted.	Published.
With Day and Wilkins:		
5. The Travailes of 3 English Brothers ⁵²	1607	1607
With Middleton:		
6. A Fair Quarrel ⁵³	1617	1617
7. A Courtly Mask: the Device being called the World Tost at Tennis ⁵⁴	1619-20	1620
8. The Changeling ⁵⁵	1621	1653
9. The Spanish Gipsie ⁵⁶	1622	1653
With Heywood:		
10. Fortune by Land and Sea ⁵⁷	1609	1655
With Massinger (?) and Middleton:		
11. The Old Law ⁵⁸	1599 (?)	1656
With Ford and Dekker:		
12. The Witch of Edmonton ⁵⁹	1621	1658
With Webster (?):		
13. A Cure for a Cuckold ⁶⁰	1618	1661
With Webster (?) (Rowley's share doubtful):		
14. The Thracian Wonder ⁶¹	1617	1661

⁵²Fleay, B. C., II, pp. 276-7.

⁵³Above p. 10.

⁵⁴Above p. 10.

⁵⁵Fleay, B. C., II, p. 101.

⁵⁶Fleay, B. C., II, p. 101-102.

⁵⁷Fleay, B. C., I, p. 235.

⁵⁸Fleay, B. C., II, pp. 100-101.

⁵⁹Fleay, B. C., I, p. 231.

⁶⁰Fleay, B. C., II, p. 99.

⁶¹Fleay, B. C., II, p. 332.

With Shakespeare (certainly wrong) :

		Entered.
15. The Birth of Merlin ⁶²	1608 (?)	1662

III. Lost Plays.

16. The Fool without Book ⁶³		1653
17. A Knave in Print, or One for Another ⁶⁴		1653
18. The Nonesuch ⁶⁵		1660
19. The Booke of the Four Honored Loves		1660
20. Hymen's Holiday, or Cupid's Vagaries ⁶⁶		1616

IV. Plays partly attributed to Rowley.

With the Fletcherian school :

	By Whom Attributed.	Acted.	Published.
21. The Parliament of Love ⁶⁷	(Generally)	1624?	1660
22. The Maid in the Mill ⁶⁸ . .	"	1623	1647
23. The Noble Gentleman ⁶⁹ . .	(Fleay)	1626	1647
24. Wit at several Weapons ⁷⁰	(Fleay)	1623	1647
25. The Bloody Brother ⁷¹ . . .	(Dyce)	1637	1639
26. The Queen of Corinth ⁷² . .	(Dyce)	1618	1647

⁶²Fleay, B. C., II, p. 105.

⁶³Fleay, Hist., List at the end.

⁶⁴Cf. above p. 11.

⁶⁵The last three plays are supposed to have been destroyed by Warburton's cook.

⁶⁶Fleay, B. C., II, 95.

⁶⁷Cf. Malone, *Attempt to ascertain the dates of Shakespeare's plays*, p. 468. Also note in *Old Plays*, 1825, Vol. VII, *Match at Midnight*, preface. The play was later found. Cf. Gifford's ed. of Massinger.

⁶⁸Fleay, B. C., I, 217, cf. above p. 11.

⁶⁹Fleay, B. C., I, 222; Ward, II 238-39.

⁷⁰Fleay, C. C., I, 218. Probably from an old play, *The Devil of Dowgate*.

⁷¹Fleay, B. C., I, 203.

⁷²Fleay, B. C., I, 206; Ward, II, 714.

William Rowley

With Middleton:

	By Whom Attributed.	Acted.	Published.
27. No Wit, no help, like a Woman's ⁷⁸	(Fleay)	1613	1657
28. The Mayor of Queenbor- ough ⁷⁴	(Bullen)	1597-1606	1607

Shakespeare and Pseudo-Shakespeare:

	Acted.	Published.
29. The Puritan ⁷⁵	1606	1607
30. Pericles ⁷⁶	1607	1608
31. Timon of Athens ⁷⁷	1608	1623

⁷⁸Fleay, B. C., II, 96, attributed to R. Hist. play list; Ward, II, 523.

⁷⁴Schelling, E. D., I, 295-296. Based on an old play, c. 1597, revised by Middleton and Rowley, c. 1606, revived, 1622 (Fleay, B. C., II, 92-3).

⁷⁶Attributed to Rowley by Mr. Swinburne in *The Nineteenth Century*, Jan., 1886.

⁷⁰Dr. Schelling suggested in an unpublished lecture that scenes from Pericles may have been written by Rowley.

⁷¹Mr. Walter Raleigh in his *Life of Shakespeare* (English Men of Letters series) remarks that Rowley's name would be convenient in attributing the doubtful scenes of Timon. Cf. also Lee, *Shakespeare*, p. 252.

II.

The safest way to determine Rowley's share in the plays connected with his name is first to form as definite an idea as possible of his distinctive qualities, both in the wide field of plot construction and development, and in the more minute points of characterization and style. To do this we must first examine the four extant plays wherein his name stands alone on the title-page. The earliest of these is *A Match at Midnight*, acted c. 1607.

Mr. Fleay and Mr. Bullen¹ both assume that Middleton had a share in the original piece, which Rowley may have revised for publication, 1633. An argument in favor of this hypothesis might be based on contiguity and resemblance; for Middleton had plays performed by the same actors about the same time,² and the plot certainly resembles those of *Blurt, Master Constable* and *Michaelmas Term*.³ After a careful rereading, however, I am strongly inclined to think that Middleton's influence was exterior, as was that of Shakespeare and of Jonson. But let us examine the play itself.

Mr. Ward⁴ describes *A Match at Midnight* as "an outrageous farce with an extremely curt moral;" but he could not deny that it is unflagging in interest, and written with irrepressible spirit and dash.⁵

The play is in fact a complex comedy of city life, cen-

¹Introd. to his edition of Middleton, p. lxxix. To the contrary cf. the discerning remarks of Mr. E. C. Morris (section II of his article On the Date and Composition of *The Old Law*, Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, Vol. XVII).

²Fleay, Hist., p. 203.

³Also *A Trick to catch the Old One*, and *A Mad World, my Masters*.

⁴II, p. 544.

⁵Swinburne, *The Age of Shakespeare*, p. 192.

tering in the wooing of a supposed widow. Bloodhound, a usurious pawn-broker and one of the widow's suitors, wishes to marry his daughter Mary to an old informer appropriately named Earlack. In the midst of their machinations, Ancient Young, an innocent heir whom Bloodhound has defrauded, enters upon the scene and with the aid of Mary's elder brother Saunder, succeeds in winning the maiden's love.

Meanwhile the courting of the widow goes on fast and furiously. In these scenes a Welshman named Randall, who has stumbled by fortune upon a highwayman's hoard, affords much amusement. The highwaymen themselves, viz. Captain Carvegut and Lieutenant Bottom, are among the widow's suitors, as is also Saunder Bloodhound. Then follows a capital tavern scene in which Saunder, Carvegut, Bottom and their female accomplices, Mistress Coote and Sue Shortheels, get Tim Bloodhound, the pious younger brother, so drunk that he believes Sue to be an heiress and resolves to marry her.

The fourth act is a maze of misunderstandings, of which Jarvis, the widow's servant, is the Daedalus. The result is that old Bloodhound takes Mrs. Coote for the widow, Randall runs off with the widow's maid whom he supposes to be Mary, while Mary herself elopes with Ancient Young after giving Randall, by mistake, the deeds to Young's stolen property. In a later scene, Saunder by his own effrontery and the aid of Jarvis wins the widow's consent to his suit.

The final act contains the usual explanations and readjustments. Bloodhound and Tim send their supposititious brides to prison, Mary and Young are forgiven and obtain the lost papers from Randall. The crowning touch is where Jarvis discovers himself as the "widow's" husband, supposedly dead, but in reality disguised to test his wife.

In general the plot is more intricate than those of Row-

ley's other plays, and the dramatic morality is much less frank than is usual with him. My explanation for thinking that Rowley wrote practically all of the *Match at Midnight* is as follows. Rowley was a comparative novice at play writing, the London comedy of intrigue was then at its height; therefore he chose that phase of the drama, and followed the masters Jonson and Middleton, treating the pieced-up plot in his own unmistakable style. Jonson's assistance could only be as a model, and, with a few exceptions, the comedy of the play lacks that rapier-like keenness and coldness of thrust and parry which justify Middleton's fame. The fun has a certain openness and broadness mixed with a rough-and-tumble element, a combination peculiarly the property of Rowley. The difference may be summarised when we say that in Middleton the characters evolve the wit, in Rowley the humor illustrates the characters. Middleton delineates his people in clear-cut lines, like Vandyke; Rowley depicts them with an easy heartiness, like Hogarth.

But let us turn to the characters separately. Old Bloodhound is drawn on Middletonian lines, but Tim his son, and Sim his servant are altogether different. There is a primitive simplicity about them, a native humor that is altogether different from anything else after Shakespeare. They are never carefully defined, as Middleton would draw them, but are always essentially of the soil, whether that soil be urban or rustic. To quote a touch from Tim: "An I had but dreamed of this an hour before I had wak'd, I would have put on my Sunday clothes." Foolish enough it may sound to some; but then humor can never be interpreted, it must be felt intuitively. Here is a characteristic bit of dialogue.

Tim. Sniggers, what does the devil and a saint both in a sign?

Sim. What a question's that? What does my master and his prayer-book o'Sunday, both in a pew?

Old Bloodhound. Well, well, ye gipsy, what do we both in a pew?

Sim. Why, make a fair show;⁶ and the devil and the saint does no more.

The humor of Randall, too, is entirely personal; read apart from his character it would sound absurd. The roaring characters are full of boisterous mirth, resembling the "roarers" of *A Fair Quarrel*.

Mary is a very Rowleian conception. She is taunted by her brother into an avowal of her love, and we shall later see heroines in *All's Lost by Lust*, and *A Shoemaker a Gentleman* taking the like initiative with their lovers. Rowley's women are of a higher nobility and command more respect than do most of the heroines in the later drama, and they have also an ingenuous charm which is refreshingly feminine.

Jarvis is a purely Jonsonian figure. He is the Brain-worm of the piece, the dynamic character of complex situations. As a hero Ancient Young can hardly be pronounced successful; he merely fills a place.

Almost the only verse in the play is Young's speech of denunciation against the roarers. It has a true ring, but is end-stopped, very harsh in sound, and irregular in its internal rhythm. Rowley, even more than his contemporaries, is fond of allowing a pause in sense to replace an accented syllable.

"Set time and place then, with time's old friend."

The prose throughout is marked by a free unconsciousness and naturalness. The puns, such as those on the smith's "vice," are characteristic of Rowley, as is the

⁶There is a pun here. Show means both "appearance" and "presence."

pedantic quirk, "The Roman ans(w)er is the English goose."

A Match at Midnight, taken as a whole, is a fairly well-knit play, abrupt in transition at times, but with a never failing succession of lively scenes and a quaint array of characters.

The Shoemaker a Gentleman was played before 1610.⁷ This play, first reprinted here, is a strange mixture of subject-matter, containing pseudo-historical material from the time of the Roman occupation of Britain, a saint's legend, and much realistic comedy of London life. Here, as in *The Birth of Merlin* and *All's Lost by Lust*, Rowley changes from a lofty, over-figurative verse to a prose that is fairly lurid with local color; but Rowley is by nature a lover of extremes. Mr. Swinburne⁸ finds charm in some scenes and sprightliness in others. Professor Schelling, in some unpublished notes, reports the play as "thoroughly delightful and Rowley all over," and wholesome, though coarse.⁹ The plot is briefly as follows:

Maximinus, a Roman emperor, slays Allured, King of Britain and imprisons his wife. Allured's sons, Offa and Elred, escape and become prentices to a shoemaker under the names of Crispinus and Crispianus. Crispinus, taking shoes to the palace, is beloved and wooed by the Princess Leodice, to whom he then discloses his identity. They are secretly married, and later, when the time of Leodice's confinement approaches, Crispinus steals her away and conceals her in the house of the shoemaker. Meanwhile Crispianus, pressed for military service, goes to France where he shows his noble blood by rescuing the life of Maximinus' ally, Dioclesian (sic), in battle with the Goths and Vandals. He returns to Britain in triumph and asks as his

⁷Schelling, *Elizabethan Drama*, I, p. 297, where the source is also given.

⁸*Age of Shakespeare*, 193 ff.

⁹First reprinted in this volume.

reward the liberation of his mother. Crispinus, taking advantage of a proclamation of Maximinus, brings back Leodice with the child who has just been born to her, and all are reconciled, the princes being made sub-kings of North and South Britain.

In the underplot, Winifred, a Welsh virgin, is courted by Prince Hugh, but like Modestia, in *The Birth of Merlin*, prefers a religious life to which she has been persuaded by Amphiabel. An angel, who rises from a fountain, bears witness to her saintly character. She is subsequently taken prisoner by the Romans along with Amphiabel and Albon, a deputy, who like St. Paul has been changed from a persecutor to a believer. Prince Hugh, who has temporarily taken service with our old acquaintance, the shoemaker, avows his faith when he beholds his mistress, and the four Christians are martyred, Hugh being condemned to drink the poisoned blood of Winifred. After his death Hugh is proclaimed a saint by his fellow prentices.

I must confess that *The Shoemaker a Gentleman* is not likely to please a casual reader. The reason for this is that Rowley's naive earnestness and no less naive humor charm us sophisticated moderns less than his exaggerated terror and pathos, and his often brutal coarseness repel us. That I have come to enjoy the play, all except the scene of martyrdom, is caused, I feel sure, not because familiarity hardens one to faults; but because after a time one is drawn into the attitude of Charles Lamb,¹⁰ whose responsive spirit appreciated Rowley's sincerity and child-like truth to nature. We now demand literary finish and find it difficult to sympathise with an author who sought to come within the apprehension of a homely but honest-hearted audience. Yet after a time we come imperceptibly to recognize in Rowley that fundamental quality of every popular dramatist, truth to feeling.

¹⁰Cf. especially his selections from *A New Wonder* in the *Specimens*.

In style the play is uneven and represents the author in comparative immaturity. I strongly suspect that the text is in bad shape. Mr. Swinburne thinks that Rowley was led astray by a desire to conform his metre to realistic dialogue, which may be partly true, but I believe a much easier explanation is offered by the fact that the printer was egregiously careless and ran the blank verse together incontinently. Rowley was doubtless affected by Fletcher's free rhythms, which he used very clumsily, but in general he adheres to a regular, end-stopped line. I would explain the irregularities that appear by making occasional short, three-accent lines after the pattern of Massinger, and by the fact that Rowley often omits an accent where a pause occurs in his pentameter. Of both these assumptions abundant proof is found in *All's Lost by Lust*. The prose in the scenes of low life is nervous and vigorous.

In conduct the *Shoemaker* is full of action, and the various plots are skilfully interwoven by a playwright who was obviously a master of stagecraft. We have rapid changes throughout, for example in the first act from the high style of the field of battle to the rough humor of the shoemaker's shop, and again to the beautiful religious scenes of Winifred and the angel. Leodice is charming throughout, but especially in the avowal of her love when she shows herself to Crispinus in a mirror¹¹ in which she has promised he shall see his future wife. I also like the scene where Crispinus tells the shoemaker's wife of his predicament. The battle gives occasion for some stirring rhetoric. In short the play is anything but dull. Only the scene of Hugh's martyrdom is a flat failure because Rowley tries too openly to work it up. Good minor characters are the cowardly prentice Barnaby and Leodice's nurse, who

¹¹Rowley's women often take the initiative. Cf. the widow, Moll and Dionisia.

So many Souldiers 'gainst a silly woman,
 You cannot call | this Conquest if yee win;
 I claime the Law of Armes, |
 A friendly parley ere the Battaile joyne,
 The time | let it be now;
 I crave the friendly respite of a moneth, |
 Meane time, let me heare no more Love Alarmes,
 Then will | I either yeeld yee up the Fort,
 Or stand in the defiance."

Rowley is fond of Latinisms, e. g. "lingued fame," "cadence" meaning fall, and he has a pun on the Latin "sutor." Several parallels to *All's Lost* occur, notably to III, 1, in

"Defiance to thee thus (*spitting*); Oh were it poyson
 To swell this | tyrants bosome till it burst,"

and to the last words of Jacinta in

"My words I'le better spend in prayers to Heaven,
 But if I chance to Curse, I'le think on thee:"

I have already tried to quote pasages typical of the poetry of the play. The following is a strong metaphor.

"Vandalls | and Goths
 Poore frozen Snakes, that from the Northerne cold |
 Crepe to the warmth of the Sunnes Westernne fires,"

And we have a resounding rhyme-tag in

"I outgoe him in life; he me in fame
 In spight weele after him with glorious wings,
 A bloody field is a brave Tombe for Kings."

Then for prose, a good motto for the play would be the shoemaker's "Goe too, good soles will carry out bad upper leathers," nor can I forbear inserting a racy logical

disquisition by Barnaby apropos of his being drafted for the war :

“O Mistresse, there is alwayes policy in Warres as well as blowes: if it be good sleeping in a whole skinne, it must needs be bad sleeping in a broken one; [N. B. He is pretending to be sick so as to beg off.] and he that cannot sleepe well, it is a signe he cannot drinke well; and he that does not drinke well, never digests his meate well; and he that digests not his meate well, 'tis a signe he has not a good stomack; and he that has not a good stomacke, is not fit for the Warres, I did thinke it better to stay at home truely Master.”

I do not consider *A New Wonder, A Woman never Vext*, of primary importance in determining Rowley's style, but as our evidence is so small, we must sift it all carefully. I heartily agree with Mr. Fleay¹² in believing this play to be a revision of a previous play. Mr. Fleay also points out that Constable, who published this comedy in 1632, issued (with one exception) only plays given by the Lady Elizabeth's men Rowley was with that company 1621-23, but this play certainly represents an earlier stage of the drama and of the author's career. I should place its date at c. 1609, or the same as that of *Fortune by Land and Sea*, for at that time Heywood and Rowley were together in the Queen's Company, and the domestic and popular London comedy of Dekker and Heywood was flourishing.

The comedy deals with a quarrel between Foster and his scapegrace brother Stephen, and with a widow of marvellous good temper and good fortune.¹³ The founding of a traveller's home by Brewen and the improvement of Ludgate by Stephen Foster must have appealed to the Londoners as did the Guildhall scene from *The Shoemakers'*

¹²B. C., II, 102-103.

¹³Cf. Candido in *The Honest Whore*.

Holiday. The long-suffering character of Foster's son Robert is the exact reproduction of Philip Harding in *Fortune by Land and Sea*. Having placed the comedy in its proper class, we may now proceed to examine the play itself.

The primary motive of the play is a quarrel between Foster, a merchant, and his brother Stephen, with the consequent division in the affection of the merchant's son Robert. First Robert is disowned by his father for helping his scapegrace uncle. Then Foster gives up all his property to Brewen, a fellow-merchant, in consideration for receiving the full profit of a rich venture. The venture is lost at the Thames' mouth, and Foster is hurried off to the debtors' Prison.

Meanwhile we are introduced to a wealthy widow, "the woman never vext," who finally marries the dissolute Stephen in order to break the ominous charm of her continued good fortune. But Stephen in his sudden prosperity reforms and becomes a model husband and man of business. He straightway adopts the outcast Robert, but forbids him to aid his father. Robert has previously won the love of Brewen's daughter Jane, outstripping the foolish suitors, Speedwell and Lambskin. He now gives secret aid to his father, who will not wittingly receive his alms. Stephen presently finds out his nephew's disobedience and pretends to be furiously enraged.

In the last act, Henry III and his nobles come to the dedication of Brewen's hospital. Robert petitions the king for redress, but at this point Stephen shows his true character and divides his property with his brother, and all parties are reconciled. Jane and Robert plight their troth before the assembly.

The play as a whole is entertaining, but at times weak and uneven, like all of Rowley's work, especially his early comedies. However, one excellence of plot which has been

cited in the *Match* and *The Shoemaker* is the skilful interweaving of the two main threads. At the widow's home we meet Mrs. Foster, the suitors to Jane are debtors to Stephen, etc. I think these devices may represent Rowley's work either in composition or revision.

Before reading the *Shoemaker*, I attributed parts of *A New Wonder* to Heywood, for indeed they are much in his vein. The childish simplicity which we find especially in the character of Robert Foster, the general childish moral development of the plot, is common enough in Heywood but does not appear elsewhere in Rowley to nearly the same degree as in these two plays. I feel now, however, quite certain that Heywood's influence was external as was Middleton's in *A Match at Midnight*. Rowley, especially in his early plays, was dominated like Shakespeare by the fashion of the hour, and his partnership with Heywood in *Fortune by Land and Sea* is quite sufficient to account for the influence of the latter dramatist in the play before us.

The New Wonder remains essentially Rowley's. Heywood could write a spirited and entertaining play, but his people are nearly always wooden, arousing interest merely from the rôle they play in a lively series of events. But Rowley, weak as he is in some respects, has the sovereign virtue of making his characters live. I find Stephen, the widow, mine host of the tavern with the card-players, and the house fool more lifelike than any figures in all of Heywood. I picture the prolific Heywood moving his people like chess-men, whereas Rowley saw them before him in the scenes like the paintings of Brouwer. Notice how Heywood sharply divides his scenes, for example in *A Woman Killed with Kindness* and *The Fair Maid of the West*, merely for dramatic effect. But in Rowley each scene refers forward and back with reference to the characters. I can not escape the feeling that to Heywood his

people were counters in a narrative, whereas Rowley's were individual and dynamic; he must have loved them for their own sake.

The verse is peculiar and interesting, at least in forming a test for Rowley's style. The following passage, Act I, sc. 1, shows the stiltedly regular, side by side with the much freer Fletcherian verse, the latter probably a sign of revision from the old fourteeners lines of which we find fossilised traces.

Brewen. "All this may be, sir; yet examples daily show
To our eyes that prodigals return at last
And the loudest roarer (as our city phrase is)
Will speak calm and smooth; you must help
with hope, sir,
Had I such a brother I would think
That heaven had made him as an instrument
For my best charity to work upon."

Far from being an exceptional passage, this will prove to be typical of Rowley at all times. I add examples of the fossilised fourteeners.

*Mrs. Foster.*¹⁴ If this may be suffered, I'll have no eyes
to see.

Foster. Prythee content thyself, I'll see a present remedy.

¹⁵Well, since there is no remedy, O tears! by
you my friend.

Foster. ¹⁶This is the rich merchantman.

Mrs. F. That' neither grave or wise.

Foster. Who will kill a man at Tyburn shortly.

Mrs. F. By carts that may arise.

¹⁴Act. I, sc. 1.

¹⁵Act II, sc. 1.

¹⁶Act II, sc. 3.

The next two quotations illustrate a metrical peculiarity of Rowley noted above,¹⁷

¹⁸“Will thunder on me. Go get thee gone!”

¹⁹“Fawn not upon him, nor come not near him.”

We come finally to *All's Lost by Lust*. This play certainly dates c. 1623, and therefore represents the author's matured genius.²⁰ Besides, it is Rowley's only unassisted tragedy, and since the most important plays in which he had a share were tragedies,²¹ this should certainly be the best criterion of his work. Further, I have Mr. Swinburne's opinion to back me in the assertion that Rowley's "call was toward tragedy."²² Lamb's liberal quotations from this play in the *Specimens* serve still further to indicate that here we shall find the dramatist at his best. By leaving out of account the tragic power of this play, previous critics have been liable to error in judging that Rowley was incapable of writing the stronger scenes in *A Fair Quarrel* or *The Witch of Edmonton*. In conclusion, we shall find *All's Lost by Lust*, in conception, development, in characterisation, in style, the greatest and most typical of Rowley's unassisted plays.

All's Lost by Lust is a romantic tragedy of blood written after the Fletcherian manner, though it has at times the primitive largeness, the titanic simplicity of the pre-Shakespeareans. The characters, all but Jacques, are those usually found in romantic plays of that time; viz., the lustful tyrant, the humorous courtier, the valiant soldier, the false lover and his falser friend, the chaste maiden, and the love-lorn maiden "that forsaken dies." But in Rowley's play

¹⁷Page 20.

¹⁸Act. III, sc. 2.

¹⁹*Ibid.*

²⁰Cf. list of plays.

²¹*Fair Quarrel, Spanish Gypsy, Changeling, and Witch of Edmonton.*

²²*XIXth Century Magazine*, Jan., 1886.

these types become unique, in comparison with the conventional figures of the Fletcherian school. After minute study I find that *All's Lost by Lust*, far from palling by familiarity, improves immeasurably. In fact I should not hesitate to rank it with the best of Middleton and all but the best of Beaumont and Fletcher. I should place it with *Thierry and Theodoret* and *The Bloody Brother*, above *The Duke of Milan* and *The Roman Actor*, and somewhat below *Women Beware Women*, *Valentinian*, and *The White Devil*.

The argument of the play has been reprinted from the quarto, but it will be necessary to examine it more systematically and minutely. I shall, for brevity's sake, assume that the reader has already perused the play; if not, it stands ready for reference.

However, in order not to break the continuity of the introduction, I shall sketch the plot. Roderick, the lustful king of Spain, sends his faithful general Julianus against the Moors, that he may have a free opportunity to tempt the chastity of Julianus' daughter, Jacinta. When neither the fat profligate Lothario nor the bawd Malena can win Jacinta to the king's will, Roderick resorts to violence. The wronged maiden at last escapes and comes in disguise to her father just after his victory over the Moors. In a scene of beautiful pathos Jacinta finally discovers herself and her wrongs to Julianus, who swears vengeance and liberates Muley Mumen and his other Moorish captives to aid him. Roderick, impiously attempting to burst into a sacred chamber which he supposes to be full of treasure, is confronted by the apparition of his victims, and soon after learns that his army has been defeated. He flees in despair and does not reappear in the play. But after Julianus' victory, Muley Mumen assumes the lead and imprisons his former conqueror. As Jacinta spurns his overtures, the Moor has her tongue and Julianus' eyes torn out. He

then gives Julianus a sword and promises to abide his stroke, but instead puts the dumb Jacinta before him. She is slain by her father, who is then killed by the Moor. In conclusion Muley Mumen proclaims himself king of Spain.

In the secondary plot the nobly-born Antonio marries Margaretta, a maid of humble birth. He later deserts his first wife for Dionisia, a lady of his own rank. But Margaretta discovers his perfidy, and when Lazarillo comes to take Antonio's place, she strangles him by mistake. In the last scene Antonio and both of his ill-fated wives perish.

Rowley's exposition in the opening scene is admirably brief and complete. In a few pages we know of Roderick's love for Jacinta, of the impending war with the Moors, and of the enchanted chamber. The lines, though rough, are superbly dignified and the poetic imagery is vivid and effective. Note the vigor in such ringing couplets as

"On to thy charge, prosper in thy high deeds;
Who aymes at honour nobly, nobly speedes."

Roderick has as much of Tamburlane as of Valentinian in his composition, and the sleek Lothario is a quaint specimen of humorous degeneracy. In low life, Rowley need seek no models; Malena is a masterpiece on her own merits, or demerits. The dignified speeches are usually decasyllabic and strongly end-stopped, the more humorous parts fall into prose or into a very slipshod Fletcherian measure, indistinguishable from prose except that it is end-stopped. I add an example of each.

"Tut, feare frights us not, nor shall hope foole us:
If neede provoke, wee'le dig supply through hell
An her enchantments. Who can prefixe us
A time to see these incantations loosde?"

The verse is harsh and rigid, but powerful. How great is the contrast between Roderick's verse and Lothario's in

the opening lines of the play! We may also note here that half-lines throughout the play are made to fit as perfectly as halves of a single line.

Rod. "Give leave: Lothario.

Loth.

My Sovereigne.

Rod. The néws in bríefe: hów replyés Jacinta?

Will she be woman? will shee meete our armes

With an alternate roundure? will she doe?

Loth. NÓthing to the púrpose my liége, cóld as Aquárius,

There she was borne, and there she still remaines;

I cánot móve her to énter into Pisces, I'

Laid the flésh to her tóo, and the delights thereof,
she leánes

Another way, and talkes all of the spirit," etc.

Lothario's lines are surely a metrical jumble, and we shall find many more quite as hard to scan.

In the latter part of the scene, the secondary plot is neatly woven in after the manner noticed in *The New Wonder*. The vacillating Antonio and the selfishly calculating Lazarillo are notably contrasted. Scene three gives us Rowley at his best. The canny Pedro, the ambitious Claveele, Margareta, strong and steadfast, and the inimitable Jacques form a family group worthy of Teniers. It would be hard to define the humor of Jacques, but it has an unmistakable flavor which must appeal to anyone who puts himself in sympathy with it. It depends more on the innocent absurdity of his ideas than on any more finished or purely witty quality, and represents a coarseness of the soil, so to speak, in contrast to the refined licentiousness of Fletcher. But of that more anon.

The flyting between Lothario and Malena was doubtless more appreciated by the groundlings than it can or should be by modern readers. Jacinta's nobility stands forth splendidly against the wiles of the temptress, and the

scene with Roderick rivals, for concentrated passion, anything in the later drama. Jacinta's cries pierce our ears and Roderick's grim, "T'le stop the rest within thee," strikes the note of terror. In the next scene appears Dionisia, sweet and piquant, as different from Margareta as both are from Jacinta. Rowley's welding of interests shows in Julianus' allusions to his daughter. After a short bout at repartee, Antonio, already smitten with a second love, is summoned to battle. On the field we meet the Moor delivering the fine invocation to the sun which Lamb has honored by quotation. A few rapid changes suffice to present to the audience the defeat of the infidels; and the scene returns to Alonzo's castle. Antonio's second skirmish with Dionisia closely resembles the trial of wit between Benedick and Beatrice, and the trick of returning a borrowed kiss suggests, of course, the scene in *Romeo and Juliet*. Rowley has made both borrowings his own by creating a new pair of lovers. The dissection of the heart, quoted by Lamb, is, however, more thoroughly characteristic. Note the gradual moral corruption of Antonio's faith.

At the opening of the third act, we find Jacinta hurling trenchant invective against Lothario, who exhibits a whimsical tolerance and has a quaint trick of metaphor distantly suggestive of Banquo. In his short part Cob proves himself a shrewd boy with a wit of his own. Margareta's speeches in the next scene are terribly pregnant with her just hate, and the airs of her brother Jacques, assumed because of his connection with the nobility, are delicious. He is also the dynamic character in the third scene, where his puns and his philosophy shine at their best. At the close we see Antonio at his lowest ebb of virtue.

The fourth act opens with a scene which is not only the finest in the play, but also one of the most touching in all the later drama. Its tenderness has a direct appeal from

the heart to the heart. What could not the creator of such pathos accomplish! Julianus' sudden rebellion is perfectly motivated, and partly, though as the event shows not wholly, excused. In the second scene Margaretta's fanatical pride in the murder she has committed is as dramatically true as it is unexpected and effective.

The first scene of the closing act again suggests *Macbeth*. Roderick's outbraving of the apparitions stirs our admiration for a villain almost as does,—“Lay on, Macduff.” The poetry, too, is of no inferior stamp.

“Conscience beats

The drum of horror up.”

and

“Tis holliday in hell, the fiends are loose,”

show Rowley's grasp of a heroic situation. By way of contrast, we have next Lothario preparing to die like a cloyed Epicurean, too much of a gentleman to hang himself. He redeems his character at the last by a sort of indifferent repentance which he wears very becomingly. A brief scene suffices to show us Roderick defeated, flying for his life. The long concluding scene is extravagant, I grant, but contains a remarkable summary of tragic justice. Antonio dies for his perfidy, Julianus for his disloyalty, Margaretta for her murder; and Jacinta and Dionisia, too unhappy to survive, perish as the innocent victims of circumstance. As for the triumphant Moor, we feel it is enough punishment for him to be himself. Impossible as the conclusion seems when coldly considered, it makes no unfitting catastrophe for the romantic plot, which has preceded. Dionysia dies in Fletcherian style, but Julianus falls like a hero of one of the early tragedies.

All's Lost by Lust leaves the reader doubly impressed by a sense of its power and its completeness. Spectacularly it has not a dull scene. The action progresses with tremen-

dous speed, but without a gap or an unexplained incident, and relief scenes are used with unerring skill. The plot is close-knit, the underplot is woven into the fabric as we have noticed it in the other plays, and the threads are gathered up at the last so as to leave no loose ends.

The characterisation is on conventional lines, but is originally developed. Rowley's people exhibit a kinship to Fletcher's but trace their descent further back to the scene-shakers of Marlowe. They have a relish of the extreme, nay at times of the improbable. The largeness of conception and simplicity of delineation contrast with the more narrow and more subtly finished portraiture of Middleton, and with the refined peculiarities so deftly exhibited by Fletcher. Rowley's passions and emotions are compelling in their primitiveness, Middleton's are refined and intellectualised. These distinctions will be all-important in considering the tragedies in which the two worked side by side.

Jacques deserves a paragraph to himself. The Rowleian clown, indeed, stands alone. He comes nearer to Launce, or Bottom, or the grave-diggers than does anyone in the post-Shakespearean drama. His humor is the product always of his own personality, never of the author's cleverness. Jacques is easily king, but brother Go-To't, Gnotho, Cuddy Banks and the gipsies²³ are all kinsfolk in this royalty of mirth. With all his simplicity your clown is no fool. His philosophy is aboriginal, but his shrewdness is thoroughly modern; he knows how to bring the principles of self-preservation up to date, in other words. Take him for what he is, and his jokes will be what you might expect; they are, in fact, but little more coarse than Shakespeare unexpurgated. Jacques should, therefore, be studied by anyone who would have an infallible test to discover Rowley.

There is practically no rhetoric in this play. There is humor and play of wit for relief, there is occasional expan-

²³*Birth of Merlin, Old Law, Witch of Edmonton, Spanish Gypsie.*

sion in the tragic passages to amplify the motivation or to round out a situation; but Rowley never talks for talk's sake. How different are his contemporaries. Massinger is all sentiments, so too is Ford frequently, though more poetically refined, "fiddling harmonics on the strings of sensualism." Webster is the romantic, Middleton the realistic psychologist; each works on the spectator consciously through the characters. Heywood writes a play like a popular novel, all plot, no character. Dekker has poetry and humor, but no control of dramatic unity. Fletcher remains, the greatest poet of them all. And herein his style differs from Rowley's; both are consummate playwrights, but Fletcher is ever able and ready to throw the glamor of exquisite poetry about his plays. Rowley, being an actor, is in a sense the most practical playwright of them all. Each speech is the outcome of the characters and the situation.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to speak of Rowley's dramatic morality. That shown in the *Match* is Middletonian, roughly fair but by no means strict; that in *A Woman never Vext* and the *Shoemaker* is over-conscientious. *All's Lost* is Shakespearean as regards rewards and punishments. A difference between this and a tragedy of Middleton, e. g. *Women Beware Women*, is that with Rowley the justice of the outcome is dramatically spontaneous, with Middleton it is deliberate and sensibly artificial. Rowley has none of the gentleman's familiarity with painted vice which we see in Fletcher.

In style Rowley is eminently direct, subordinating manner to matter. He had a ready command of vivid figure, as may be seen in his prose pamphlet, *A Search for Money*; and although his metaphors are usually illustrative merely, he sometimes shows a conscious pleasure in some more transcendent flash of imagination,—as

"If words will serve—if not, by rapine's force
Wee'le plucke this apple from th' Hesperides."

Decidedly pre-Shakespearean, but note that it illustrates the character of Roderick, himself a relic of Marlowe. And this will be found universally true, that Rowley's speeches serve either to develop his plots or to bring out his characters. His poetry is picturesque, forceful and downright. A touch of Rowley reminding us of Shakespeare's pedants is his fondness for classical allusions and Latin quotations (again a relic of the earlier stage).

Before proceeding to discuss Rowley's verse, I must perforce express my opinion on the subject of discriminating passages in collaborated plays by tests of metre. I believe that comparatively little weight should be given to metrical evidence *per se*,²⁴ and that the surest test is a much more subtle one, viz., the detection of the author's personality. For instance, in the Beaumont and Fletcher question, the accepted metrical distinctions are to my mind merely side indications as to the authorship of a given passage. Who could doubt that Beaumont wrote the epilogue to *An Honest Man's Fortune* if we did not find definitely set to it the name of Fletcher? Or how shall we explain a complete change from regular to free in the midst of a speech which has perfect dramatic coherence? No, men working side by side as the old playwrights did must certainly have influenced each other, and each must often, consciously or unconsciously, have assumed the style of the other. The kind of play in question, too, is all-important. One man's tragedies often differ more from his comedies than they differ from the tragedies of another man. Therefore, I shall attach greater importance to the foregoing tests of dramatic personality, than to the ensuing peculiarities of versification.

Rowley's verse is of two kinds, both rough and both vigorous. These are, as we have noted, first a moderately end-stopped verse with stilted regularity of accent, and

²⁴Cf. Morris's edition of *All's Lost*, Preface, xlvi.

secondly a very loose Fletcherian metre, with numerous unaccented syllables thrown in. This second type is like Massinger in that it is often run-on. The half lines are carefully made to fit, and this rule applies even to *thirds and quarters of lines*. We have also noticed the peculiarity of omitting the accented syllable where there is a pause in the middle of a line.

The play contains several peculiar words; e. g. "pyramis" (for pyramid) "gigliotories" and "geomantick." Rowley was also fond of using Latin derivatives with their primary meaning; e. g. "apprehensive" for "quick to apprehend," "performance" for "the completion of a continued act."

The most important general statement to be made about Rowley, before passing on to the collaborated plays, is that he was a practical playwright. In looking for his personality we must keep the visible stage before our mind's eye. Rowley was a leading actor of comic roles, and his most distinguishing quality as a dramatist is that he writes plays which will appeal to a general, not too select, audience. His plot never flags and his action never tires unless by over-abundance.

The most famous plays connected with Rowley's name are those in which he worked with Thomas Middleton. An admirable article has already been written on the Middleton-Rowley plays by Miss P. G. Wiggin,²⁵ and I am able to add little but confirmation to her theories. I read the plays before reading the monograph and arrived at virtually the same conclusions; although I laid greater stress on looking for Rowley's personality, and comparatively less on the metre. For the sake of convenience I shall follow Miss Wiggin as to the order in which she takes up the plays.

A Fair Quarrel was acted about 1617.²⁶ It is a serious

²⁵Radcliffe Monographs, No. 9, *An Inquiry into the Authorship of the Middleton-Rowley plays*.

²⁶Cf. above p. 10.

romantic comedy. The main plot hinges on a quarrel between a colonel and a captain. The colonel impugns the legitimacy of the captain's birth, but when the latter questions his mother she forswears her honesty to prevent the impending duel. The captain refuses to fight in an unjust cause, but quickly resumes his anger when taunted with cowardice. He wounds the colonel who later makes amends by giving his sister to his rival. The secondary plot is concerned with Jane, who is secretly married to one lover, sought in marriage by a gull, and basely solicited by her physician.

My analysis of the play agrees scene for scene with that of Miss Wiggin, who gives Middleton the main plot, excepting I.1, and III.2, and Rowley the minor plot. Rowley's rapidity of dramatic movement made him the more suitable of the two to write the opening scene. Act III, scene 2, I gave to Rowley, because of the primitive womanliness of Anne, who is most gentle and winsome, qualities quite foreign to Middleton's heroines. The main plot in general shows Middleton's marvelous insight in characterisation and his firm restraint in the development of the action, combined with his polished and fluent rhetoric. The secondary plot exhibits a child-like simplicity of motivation united with great violence of passion, embodied in the rough verse which we must regard as typical of Rowley. The "roaring" scenes again show us the creator of Jacques in his element.

We have already seen the essential differences between Rowley and Middleton,²⁷ but the Fair Quarrel may serve to bring out another aspect. As we have noted, Rowley was a practical dramatist and wrote from the heart. Middleton, on the contrary, worked out his action by brilliant

²⁷Mr. Morris in his preface brings out the fact that Rowley's gentlemen are of the lower classes and Middleton's servants, etc., of the middle class, showing the social fibre of the respective writers.

but cold mental processes. This is shown by the fact that his plot is worked out almost entirely by the psychological changes of his characters, instead of by direct action. He deliberately produces suspense, and the reader repeatedly pauses to admire his intricate analysis. Rowley is fond of violent stage action and has no subtleties. I quote an example of his irregular metre from the opening scene,—

“Fy madman-like to dance without music.”

The mask, the device of which is called *The World Tost at Tennis*, was performed in 1620.²⁸ The dedication is signed by Middleton; the prose introduction shows Rowley's puns and euphuism, the latter resembling the prose of *A Search for Money*. The prologue would seem to be Middleton from its fluency and the numerous feminine endings, rare in couplets. I again unconsciously followed Miss Wiggin's division of the piece, giving Rowley the beginning up to the entrance of the Starches, and Middleton the rest. I would make one reservation on the last statement, however. Simplicity's prose has Rowley's humor, and the pun on “bag and baggage”²⁹ is in one of the roaring scenes of *A Fair Quarrel*. I find no trace of Rowley in the *Inner Temple Mask*.

The Spanish Gypsy was probably written after *The Changeling*, but Miss Wiggin takes it up next in order, so as to leave the best until the last. *The Spanish Gypsy* was played about 1622. It is a romantic comedy with several gloomy episodes. The two plots, both derived from Spanish stories,³⁰ are characteristically complex and extravagant. At the beginning Louis unknowingly betrays his sweetheart to Roderigo, who finally marries the girl he has

²⁸Cf. above p. 10.

²⁹Line 609.

³⁰Cf. Langbaine sub. *Middleton*; Fleay and Word sub. *Spanish Gypsy*.

wronged. The minor plot deals with various characters who have turned gypsy, but are eventually brought back and reconciled to their respective friends and enemies.

I cannot agree with Miss Wiggin, Mr. Fleay and other commentators in giving Rowley so small a share in this play. To my mind the wildness and romance of the story, though partly due to the sources, suggests his influence at every turn. The other critics confine Rowley's share to Act II, but I should find traces of him in all the acts. The opening scene, for example, has but little verse, and the breathless rapidity and strong directness seem unlike the deliberate Middleton. Roderigo's grim, "Are you crying out? I'll be your midwife," touches the chord thrilled by the terrible scene in *All's Lost by Lust*, where the tyrant bearing the same name drags off the screaming Jacinta with the words, "I'll stop the rest within thee." The next scene is a mere link, and scene three, though romantic in conception, bears unmistakable evidence of Middleton's manner. Then follows another short scene; such scenes are more common in Rowley than in Middleton, and the last scene begins with lines invariably end-stopped. The following line has a Rowleian trick,—

"Now at the instant—Ha! stand! thy name."

The principal part of the scene, however, shows the smoother verse of Middleton and his greater restraint. Such a scene may serve as an example of the difficulties in disentangling styles.

Act II is Rowley of course, and Sancho and Soto appear in the next act, the rest of which I should give to Middleton. Act IV, scene I, shows clear indications of Rowley in despicable puns and coarse wit, but most particularly in the character of Cardochia. The plot of turning a lover against his friend occurs in two other plays connected with Rowley's name, viz., *The Parliament of Love*, and *A Cure*

for a Cuckold. The giving of the jewel is a primitive bit of Rowleian stage business, and the sentiments are extravagant. Furthermore the metre is rough and the line,

“Strike on since thou wilt be a striker,”

contains a coarse pun found in *All's Lost by Lust*. In the second scene, where we turn from the gypsies to the courtiers, we see Middleton unquestionably. Some of the ranting in the play within the play, scene three, looks like Rowley again.

Act V only shows Rowleian touches at the end where the metre roughens in parts or becomes stilted.

It will be seen by examining the play that I have only found traces of Rowley in the more rapid scenes of the first act and in those which deal with the gypsies. We have found Rowley managing the entire secondary plot of *A Fair Quarrel*, and shall later see him doing the same in *The Changeling*. Why the gypsy scenes should be given exclusively to Middleton is more than I can see, unless the smoothness of the songs is taken as final evidence. But, however Middletonian they may be, we know that songs were frequently interpolated in the old plays. And the characters in these scenes are as Rowleian here as elsewhere. The virtuous Constanza, the fierce Cardochia, the boisterous young bloods, the two gulls—they are all to my mind as typical of Rowley as possible. Then there is much horse-play, much coarse humor, and withal a certain earthiness or nearness to the native soil which smack of the actor playwright. Both the conception and the style of the secondary plot are the very antithesis of realism.⁸¹

⁸¹While this book was in the press, Mr. Morris' edition of *The Spanish Gypsie* and *All's Lost* appeared. He maintains with much plausibility that Rowley's share in the former play was but in revision. Whether he has proved his case may be questioned. I consider the evidence insufficient, but do not feel called upon to go into the question

The Changeling is the most famous play connected with the names of Rowley and Middleton. It is a romantic tragedy of revenge with a humorous underplot. The main plot deals with the love of De Flores for Beatrice-Joanna. He gets her in his power by murdering one of her suitors at her command that she may wed another; but just as she is congratulating herself on her success, De Flores demands her love as a reward for his service. After descending to the lowest moral depths, Beatrice is finally stabbed by her accomplice, just as their crimes are discovered. The minor plot is set in a mad-house, where a pretended madman tries to win the love of the jailer's wife.

Miss Wiggin gives the sub-plot to Rowley, and the principal plot with the exception of Act I, sc. 1, and Act V, sc. 3, to Middleton. On examining my analysis, I find the same general divisions noted; the first and last scenes of the play I have given to Rowley, and Act V, sc. 2, I have marked doubtful. Sufficient praise has been lavished on the main plot. In cold development and dramatic inevitability it is the acme of Middleton's art. The early gay and graceful scenes deliberately prepare the way for the grand climax of villainy. Middleton's analytic knowledge of human depravity has done much towards placing this play among the greatest tragedies of our language. The *facilis descensus*, too, is pursued remorselessly, till Beatrice comes to endure, to pity, to embrace, the Vice she once instinctively loathed. The main plot is a flawless masterpiece.

The secondary plot has no vital connection with the primary motive of the play. The madmen suggest Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, and the same expedient is used, but for

minutely. Mr. Morris finds Rowley's hand in the scenes as already noticed and divides the whole play line by line. I can only say with an eminent German professor of English, "I envy the penetration of a man who can decide to his own satisfaction to which of two collaborators any given line or part of a line belongs."

sinister purposes, in *The Duchess of Malfi*. The handling is utterly inconsequential, palpably a mere device for relieving the terrific tension of the tragic motive. So considered, this by-play is not ineffective; for Tony and his charges are undeniably diverting, and some of Francisco's poetry has real beauty. In the doubtful scenes of the main plot, Rowley's hand appears in the rapidity of movement and the abundance of stage action, as well as in end-stopped verses. Middleton's finished deliberateness contrasts with the easy, careless, uneven work of Rowley. But Rowley had the surer touch. Middleton's unassisted brilliance tires the mind, but Rowley, undesigning as he appears, seldom fails to reach the heart. Compare the courtly insincerity of the wit, Act II, sc. 2, with the merry spontaneity of Tony. Again, Middleton's knowledge of vice is more minute and more discriminating, whereas Rowley's villains are all out-and-out monsters. Middleton shows his control in his use of suspense, Rowley trusts his characters to the whirlwinds of passion.

Miss Wiggin, in the most able and convincing portion of her monograph, argues that it would be unfair to limit Rowley's influence in the plays just reviewed to the scenes he actually wrote. Middleton alone had no successes to rival those he achieved in collaboration. Furthermore, all these plays are consistent wholes, proving a close co-operation of the two authors. *The Fair Quarrel*, *The Spanish Gypsy* and *The Changeling* are all more romantic, more extreme, in conception than anything else of Middleton's except *The Mayor of Queenborough*. And the characters have a greater nobility, awakening a larger sympathy than such depraved women as Livia and Bianca in *Women Beware Women*. The duel in *A Fair Quarrel* resembles those in *A Cure for a Cuckold* and *The Parliament of Love*, the violated Clara and the chaste Constanza suggest Jacinta, and Beatrice never quite forfeits our pity even in her most

abject state. Miss Wiggin's case is so strongly grounded and so clearly put that I feel sure any student must admit her conclusions.

Two other plays must be mentioned in connection with the Middleton-Rowley question. We have already noted the romantic character of *The Mayor of Queenborough*. This play is the same as *Hengist*, mentioned by Henslowe 1597, and very probably the same as *Vortiger*, both being chief characters in *The Mayor*.³² Rowley, as we shall see in *The Travels of 3 English Brothers*, had begun to write broadly humorous and ranting tragic scenes about that time, and his familiarity with Middleton may well date so far back.³³ At all events an allusion to the *Wildgoose Chase* for the comic part proves that the play had a revival c. 1622.

The play is a ranting tragedy of blood. Vortiger kills Constantine, the rightful king of Britain, and summons

³²B. C., II, 104. Schelling, *The English Chronicle Play*, p. 182. Mr. Howe, *Modern Philology*, IV, 193-205, points out the resemblance between this play and *The Birth of Merlin*, which is practically a continuation. He then attempts to prove that Middleton had a share in the latter which, as he shows, must have followed *The Mayor*. His arguments, however, only serve to convince me that Rowley had a greater share in *The Mayor of Queenborough* than I at first supposed. He notes the resemblance of Castiza to Modestia in *The Birth of Merlin*, but I would call attention to the similarity of both to Winifred in a *A Shoemaker, a Gentleman*. There are broken lines in both *The Mayor* and *Merlin*, many end-stopped lines, rhyme is mixed with blank verse, double feminine endings occur, and half lines spoken by different persons fit together. All of these peculiarities are more common to Rowley than to Middleton (cf. *All's Lost* and *The Shoemaker*), Middleton's verse being smoother and often run-on. To the fact that the word "pish!", occurring in these two plays, is used elsewhere by Middleton and not by Rowley, I do not attach great weight. I conceive that *The Mayor* was based on an old play of c. 1597, revised by Middleton and Rowley, c. 1606, at a time when plays of ancient Britain were in vogue. Cf. *The Birth of Merlin*, *The Shoemaker*, *King Lear*, *Cymbeline*.

³³Cf. *Match at Midnight*.

Hengist and Horsus to help him defend his stolen title. He divorces his wife by an expedient similar to that in *The Queen of Corinth*, and marries the daughter of Hengist, who is also the secret mistress of Horsus. The play closes with a general catastrophe. The humor of the play is supplied by Simon, a tanner, later the Mayor.

Rowley's hand appears notably in the comedy, and less distinctly in some of the tragic passages, where the roughness may be a relic of the older play. The opening speech of Vortiger has his largeness combined with wrenched accents in the metre, and the same characteristics appear in Act II, sc. 2, which contains some particularly vigorous lines. In the next scene Simon has a quibble on "fellow" precisely like that of Jacques in *All's Lost by Lust*.

"Fair she is, and fortunate may she be;
But in maid lost forever."

recalls passages of the same play, which, it must be remembered, dates the same as the revival of *The Mayor of Queenborough*.

"How, Simon too?" "Nay 'tis but Simon one," is also a familiar trick. The characters of Vortiger and Horsus frequently declaim Rowleian lines, and many of the wild and over-abundant incidents are like those in *All's Lost*, etc. The test of chastity has a parallel in Rowley's part of *The Changeling*. But the fun is undoubtedly the strongest evidence that Rowley had a hand in the play. His share in the tragedy would seem to belong to an early period about the time of the *Travels* and *Merlin*; the comic part seems much more finished, contains an allusion to the *Wildgoose Chase*, and has several parallels in *All's Lost by Lust*.

Mr. Fleay thinks he discerns traces of Rowley in *No Wit, No Help like a Woman's*. As the only signs of Rowley appear in minor comic parts, we may well suppose that

they might have been added between the time of performance, 1614, and of publication, 1657.

The main plot is a pure adaptation of Terence; angry father, deceitful Davos, weak-kneed hero, long-lost maiden, etc. The secondary plot, containing much more life and wit, is the courtship of a widow. Middleton was certainly unassisted in the conception and general development of this play, but Rowley would seem to manifest himself in parts of Act III, sc. 1, and Act III, sc. 2, where the humorous Pickadill appears. I quote from the former scene not to illustrate Rowley's wit, but to give a passage far too crude for Middleton's deft pen.

"Who be the speakers?" "Troth I know none but those that open their mouths."

This, I need hardly explain, is not clever; but it is all too characteristic of Rowley at his worst. Both the scenes mentioned, however, are full of freedom and life, and must have been pleasant additions to the action, though purely incidental. Weatherwise has some of the eccentricities of a Rowleian creation, but I incline to think him, at least in the main, a product of the realistic comedy of manners.

Middleton and Rowley were associated in another play, *The Old Law*, this time in conjunction with Massinger. A division of the scenes written by Middleton and Massinger is fortunately out of my province, but I am inclined to think that the latter had a greater share in this play than is usually assigned him. From a reference in Rowley's part, Act III, sc. 1,³⁴ the original date of the play has been set at 1599. But this supposition would dispose not only of Massinger, but also of Rowley, who could hardly have written the scene containing the reference when he was only about fourteen years old. I incline, therefore, to consider the evidence inconclusive, especially as it has no confirma-

³⁴Clerk "Born in an. 1540, and now 'tis 99."

tion. Mr. Fleay's date for the revival, 1615³⁵, may well be the date of composition.³⁶

The Old Law is based on a law for killing all men over eighty and all women over sixty. This extravagant theme is treated seriously, wittily and farcically by three sets of characters. Roughly these three treatments may represent respectively Massinger, Middleton and Rowley. Whatever doubts exist relative to the other characters, Gnotho is undoubtedly typical of Rowley. Mr. Fleay also gives him the Creon and Antigona parts Act I, 1; II, 1; V, 1. This division is somewhat abrupt, but the metre bears it out. Creon's pathetic speech, I, 1, is childlike in its substance and marked by strong endings, stilted regularity and wrenched accents. After Creon's exit, Cleanthes makes a speech which is the opposite in every respect. Act II, sc. 1, has a characteristic pun³⁷ and a snatch of coarse doggerel. Simonides in Act III, sc. 2, has some of Rowley's daring, and perpetuates a pun too odious for either of the other collaborators.³⁸ But the characters in this play are hopelessly mixed up, and I would not venture to assign anything positively to Rowley except the Gnotho scenes, the most successful part of the play.

Massinger is by no means an easy dramatist to discriminate from Rowley. The freer passages in *All's Lost by Lust* are metrically quite in his style, and his high morality and marked delineation of character bear no slight resem-

³⁵B. C., II, 100-101.

³⁶Mr. Morris in his examination of this play (cf. above) undertakes to prove that Rowley's hand appears only in revision. How he has succeeded the special student of this play may judge, but no subtleties can convince me that Gnotho is not a Rowleian creation. Mr. Morris, however, jauntily gives Middleton any tid-bits of dialogue that are too clever for his conception of Rowley.

³⁷"Away, unnatural!" "Then I am no fool sure."

³⁸"Venues in Venice glasses."

blance to the typical qualities of Rowley. They differ in that Rowley is more direct, rapid and intense, whereas Massinger is leisurely, very fond of moralising theoretically, and has, in general, less marked idiosyncrasies of style.

With these considerations, we may approach *The Parliament of Love*, licensed for The Cockpit, 1624. It is worth noting that Rowley was concerned in three plays given at The Cockpit near this time.³⁹ The play was entered at the Stationers' Register, 1660, as by W. Rowley.

The Parliament of Love has come down to us in mutilated form. Three threads of love and intrigue are woven into this complicated piece. The most serious of these, that in which Leonora commands her lover, Claremond, to kill his best friend, shows pretty clear evidence of Rowley's hand. The episode is precisely that of *A Cure for a Cuckold*, and approximately that of Cardochia's revenge in *The Spanish Gypsy*, while the duel in *A Fair Quarrel* is of the same type. A very marked parallel occurs in II, 2,—

Leonora. "I have heard
Of mountebanks that to vent their drugs and oils,
Have so enured themselves to prison, that
They could digest a venom'd toad, or spider,"

Compare, both in thought and style, the following from *All's Lost by Lust*,—

Jacinta. "O that I could spit out the spider's bladder,
Or the toad's intrals into thee, . . .
For were not poison to thee naturall,
Thy own foul rottenness would strangle thee."

This violent scene concludes with a rime-tag that is equally characteristic in its distorted metre and its stirring power,—

³⁹*Changeling*, *Spanish Gypsy*, and *All's Lost by Lust*; Fleay, *Hist.*, p. 306.

"I'll say only,
With a heart-breaking patience, yet not rave,
Better the devil's than a woman's slave."

Rowley's wild sentiments appear again in III, 2, another scene of peculiar vigor and pathos, as is also IV, 2, although so violent as almost to out-Rowley Rowley. The invective in the trial scene, V, 1, between Claremond and Leonora is of a piece with those just cited, and quite apart from the milder progress of the other suits. The play as a whole is typical of Massinger, though far from his best style. His delight in rhetorical argument, his temptation scenes, his good-natured punishment of incontinence all are here, set in his stately phrase. But I believe that no one could read the play without being struck by the difference in style of the Claremond story. I must, however, note Mr. Stoll's comparison with *The Unnatural Combat*.⁴⁰

From Massinger we shall proceed along the line of the romantic drama to Fletcher, leaving for later consideration Rowley's share in the domestic drama. Rowley is definitely associated with Fletcher in one play only, viz., *The Maid in the Mill*; but Dyce suspects that he had a share in *The Bloody Brother*, and *The Queen of Corinth*, and Mr. Fleay finds evidences of his work in *The Noble Gentleman*, and *Wit at Several Weapons*.

The Maid in the Mill was licensed and performed, publicly and three times at court, in the year 1623.⁴¹ Rowley himself acted in this play, doubtless taking the part of Bustofa. The main plot is a weak comedy of intrigue resembling *Romeo and Juliet*; the minor plot, containing the rough humorous element, centres around Florimel, the supposed daughter of a miller. The play has been underrated because Fletcher's work in the main plot is of a low

⁴⁰*Monograph on John Webster*, p. 162 ff.

⁴¹Preface to the play in Dyce's ed. of Beaumont and Fletcher, Vol. IX.

order; but toward the end, the secondary plot, a much more serious and vigorous piece of writing, absorbs the entire interest. Bustofa, the brother of Florimel, is thoroughly Rowleian.⁴²

Miss Wiggin gives Fletcher Act I; III, 2, 3; V, 2 (first part); and Rowley Acts II and IV; III, 1, and V, 1, 2, (last part). I find my analysis identical. Fletcher's share does him scant credit, and Rowley was probably responsible for the success of the play. Bustofa's ingenuousness and mock importance are in the author's best vein. His coarse allusions to his father are in perfect keeping with his clownish nature. Anyone who has listened to countrymen talking will recognize the verisimilitude of such a character.

Rowley's genius was limited in expression. He continually repeats plots, incidents and characters. Antonio, of *The Maid in the Mill*, who fancies himself in love with two women at the same time, corresponds to the Antonio in *All's Lost by Lust*; and Martine stands for Lazarillo; Act III, sc. 1, where Julio is moved by the mention of his lost daughter, reminds us of the similar emotions of Julianus. The puns in this scene, following on speeches of violent passion, are not inappropriate or even inartistic. The strain on Franio's mind is too severe to be sustained and he seeks relief in rough humor, which at the same time gives a necessary change and contrast to the audience. The delightfully inconsequential character of Bustofa appears in the speech, Act IV, sc. 2,—“The children that never shall be born may rue it; for men, that are slain now, might have lived to have got children that might have cursed their fathers.” Rowley is fond of repeating phrases with a different meaning,—“Oh, your wife, Franio.” “Tis, ‘oh my wife’ indeed.” Bustofa's desire for nobility in the last scene is precisely like that of Jacques.

⁴²Cf. Jacques in *All's Lost*, and the brother of Jane in *The Birth of Merlin*.

The Maid in the Mill, which may be divided so easily, gives us a good opportunity to compare Fletcher with Rowley. Fletcher's typical verse is sufficiently familiar for anyone to separate it from Rowley's. But here caution must be taken. Fletcher has frequent passages where strong endings prevail, nor can we always bring ourselves to attribute them to Beaumont. I have relied on a far different test in examining the play under consideration. In the first place Rowley can always be detected by positive qualities: coarse humor, puns, violence of expression, etc. But I believe there is an even better way of recognizing him, viz., by the vigor and rapidity of his dramatic action. Fletcher is leisurely in his general progress, working up to great effects in his finest scenes; Rowley, in a perpetual state of excitement, is always hurrying the action to climaxes, only pausing to give his clown an opening.

Of the remaining four plays, those mentioned by Dyce have, to my mind, at least suggestions of Rowley; those mentioned by Mr. Fleay not a trace. *The Queen of Corinth*, 1618, is a romantic comedy of the more serious type. The striking resemblance of some of its scenes⁴³ to *The Old Law* has been noted by Dyce and others. The general conduct of the play is certainly Fletcherian. In the main plot, Theanor, the lustful tyrant, makes amends for his crimes by marrying his victim. Euphanes, in love with Beliza, is the object of the queen's infatuation, but his nobility and valor win him his mistress. The play has fine tragic scenes, truly Fletcherian, but also shows evidences of a rougher and weaker hand. Whose hand this was I am not prepared to guess, but I believe it was not Rowley's. The humor, supplied by the ridiculous figures of Onos, his uncle and his tutor, is quite removed from the style of Rowley. Fletcher's wit consists largely in representing characters with affected and ridiculous peculiarities, such as

⁴³Act. IV, sc. 1; V, sc. 4.

those exhibited in *The Nice Valor*, *The Noble Gentleman*, *Wit at several Weapons*, etc., etc., Onos, therefore, is just in his style, and altogether removed from such a figure as that of Bustofa. The prose passages of the play, if not Fletcher's, are certainly not Rowley's. They are utterly lacking in spirit and dash, and are in fact of a negative quality. Such a scene as the first of Act III might well cause us to suspect that Fletcher had no hand in the verse, but here again the action is lame and I prefer to assign it to some distinctly second-rate dramatist. If Rowley had any share at all in the play, it appears most strongly in Act IV, sc. 1, the scene resembling *The Old Law*. Here indeed Onos comes out more positively, we have an anachronism about the "church-book at Ephesus",⁴⁴ a Latin pun and a line containing one of Rowley's favorite figures, "He will eat spiders faster than a monkey." Later the metre of the scene changes to the Fletcherian. Act IV, sc. 3, has strong endings, and Act V, sc. 4, is like *The Old Law*. I do not pretend to decide the question, but merely to indicate the evidence. I must say, however, that if Rowley had a share in *The Queen of Corinth*, he appears there in his weakest and least characteristic style.

We have no less than seven names conjecturally attached to *The Bloody Brother*.⁴⁵ There is no record of its entry or performance until long after Fletcher's death, and there is no doubt that others completed the play. It was printed in 1639 as by B. J. F. and Jonson's hand may well appear in the astrologer scenes. The play is a violent tragedy of blood, uneven, but strong in interest with beautiful passages; quite the same kind of a play as *Thierry and Theodoret*. Rollo, the "bloody brother", murders Otto with many of his followers, and falls in love with the daughter of one of his victims. She resolves to have revenge on

⁴⁴Cf. *Old Law*, Act III, sc. 1.

⁴⁵Ward, II, p. 736 and notes; Fleay, B. C., I, p. 203 ff.

her father's murderer, but relents at Rollo's penitence, just as Hamond enters to avenge his brother, Allan. Rollo and Hamond kill each other, and the virtuous Aubrey succeeds to the throne.

I follow Dyce in giving Fletcher the first and second acts; the characters and style are typical, and the servants speak in verse. The savage murder scene sounds a good deal like Rowley, both in its primitiveness of motive and its power of rapid action. A bad pun in the heat of the conflict is also strong evidence in the same direction,—*Otto*. "Hold!" *Sophia*. "Hold me still." The violent succession of murders, the bloody head, the grim humor and the pure character of Edith swell the testimony to respectable proportions. Upon a careful rereading, however, I feel practically sure that the scene is Fletcher's and that the exaggerations noted above are all the product of the harrowing plot. *All's Lost by Lust*, as we have noted, is an exaggeration of Fletcher, and Fletcher could exaggerate himself, as we see in *Thierry*. In the next short scene, the servants speak Fletcherian verse, and neither the humor nor the songs are broad enough for Rowley. The first and third scenes of Act IV are probably Fletcher's, the second perhaps Jonson's. The last act is nearly all Fletcher's, at least the great scene between Rollo and Edith is his. There is a good deal of patching throughout the last three acts, and some couplets seem to have been added later; but who the reviser was, I believe no one can tell.

Wit at several Weapons, 1623, is a lively comedy of manners and intrigue. Doubtless Mr. Fleay's reasons for suspecting that Rowley was involved in it were: first, because the metre has often a large proportion of strong endings; and secondly, on account of the would-be humorous Pompey Doodle. As to the former evidence, Beaumont, if the play was written early, or any one of several inferior men might have influenced the metre. And

Pompey has only a faint superficial resemblance to Rowley's clowns. The positive qualities of Rowley appear nowhere in the play. And yet Mr. Fleay⁴⁶ boldly asserts that Rowley wrote all but I, 1; II, 1; III, 1; IV, 1, 2, 3, a preposterous assumption. The plot is too elaborate, the wit too polished, the characters too conventional, and the style too smooth for Rowley. It might, I admit, be possible that Rowley played the part of Pompey and added a few touches to the part, but the conception has none of that shrewd simplicity or that smack of the soil that we see in *Bustofa*.

The Noble Gentleman was licensed 1626. Dyce pertinently suggests that this play was finished by Shirley, which would account for the change in metre and the fact that though the interest of plot is maintained, the characters fade into types. Mr. Fleay "does not hesitate" on historical and metrical grounds to assign the completion of the play to Rowley. The play itself is a clever comedy of manners quite like Shirley's *Lady of Pleasure*. There is not a shadow of Rowley's style in the play. The characters; gentlemen, wives, courtiers, and servants, are all smoothly depicted types. There is no coarse humor, but on the contrary plenty of that licentious suggestive wit so common to Shirley and so foreign to Rowley. There is not a real man or woman in the play. Again, we find much ridicule of affectation and an utter disbelief in virtue; none of the sterner ethics of the earlier comedy. The progress is most delicate and leisurely, never abrupt and compelling. In conclusion, there is not a trace of Rowley in the play.

Now that we have formed some idea of Rowley's work in collaboration, we may go back and pick up the remaining threads. *The Travailes of the three English Brothers: Sir Thomas, Sir Anthony, Mr. Robert Shirley*, 1606, is one of the earliest plays connected with Rowley's name. He was

⁴⁶B. C., I, p. 218.

assisted in this play by Day and Wilkins. The piece is a hero play of the most primitive type, in which the brothers in turn perform prodigies of valor, after the manner of Godfrey's sons in *The Four Prentices of London*. Mr. Bullen, in his edition of Day,⁴⁷ gives several divisions of the scenes in the *Travailes* proposed by Mr. Fleay and himself; but neither of them produces any conclusive evidence. To my mind the question is of scant importance. The play is a wretched combination of inanity and bombast, not likely to reflect credit on anyone concerned in it. I should say that Rowley was certainly responsible for Kempe, and very probably for the jailer. Of the rest, I should exempt him from any share in the *Jew*. Rowley is seldom inane, but often in his early plays bombastic, and he may have written many of the grandiloquent speeches of the Turks, and the vainglorious boastings of the brothers. The whole question is one of slight moment; we shall certainly find nothing in *The Travailes* to throw light on the genius of Rowley.

Next in chronology come the pseudo-Shakespeare plays. No one but Mr. Swinburne has suspected Rowley of any share in *The Puritan*, played 1607.⁴⁸ The play is a Jonsonian comedy of roguery with parodies of Shakespeare, a sprightly piece without the power of Ben Jonson, to my mind, the keenness of Middleton. The plot is infinitely less brilliant and well handled than those of Middleton's triumphs. There is not a sign of Rowley. Conscious and deliberate art appears in every line, and none of Rowley's positive characteristics show themselves. The play is the clever production of some second-rate man.

A far different kind of play is *The Birth of Merlin*.⁴⁹ I

⁴⁷Vol. II, Introduction to the *Travailes*.

⁴⁸Fleay, B. C., II, p. 92 ff.

⁴⁹Based on an old play dating 1597. Schelling, E. D., I, 296. I find no trace of Middleton in the play. Cf. p. 37, note a.

thoroughly agree with Mr. Fleay⁵⁰ that this remarkable production is an old play, perhaps *Uter Pendragon*, refashioned and greatly augmented by Rowley. As to the date of revision, I can only hazard a guess. *The Birth of Merlin* naturally falls into the category of *The Mayor of Queenborough*, and *The Shoemaker a Gentleman*; both plays of pre-historic Britain, the latter having also the supernatural element. Both *Merlin* and the *Shoemaker* resemble the *Virgin Martyr*, entered S. R. 1606. The style of *Merlin* is rough and uneven, the plot very irregular; the play is evidently in Rowley's earlier manner. I am therefore fairly safe in placing the date c. 1608.

The original conception of this play was a tragedy of blood; but the later predominance of the Merlin episodes, probably introduced by Rowley, has given the play a more cheerful as well as a more humorous aspect.

The plot is as follows. Aurelius, king of Britain, loves and weds the Saxon princess Artesia, who comes as a mediatrix for her already beaten countrymen. Artesia then calls in her kinsmen and secretly lures the king's brother, Prince Uter, into her chamber. Here she sets up a shrieking and the Saxons rush in, but Edol, the British general, arrives in time to save the Prince and remove him from the court. The minor plot, a curious mixture of the humorous and the terrible, describes the birth of Merlin, who soon after his nativity prophesies to Vortiger, another British king allied with the Saxons,⁵¹ the defeat of their combined forces by Uter. Later Vortiger falls in battle, Aurelius is poisoned by Artesia, Uter is then proclaimed king, and Merlin tells of the coming glories of his son, Arthur. Artesia is finally captured and led forth, unflinching, to a death by torture. Merlin closes the play with further prophecies about Arthur. In several side scenes

⁵⁰B. C., II, p. 105.

⁵¹Cf. *Mayor of Queenborough*.

throughout the play is told the story of Donobert's daughters, one of whom persuades her sister to renounce her coming nuptials for the joys of celibacy.

If Rowley had any collaborator in this play, he most certainly dominated his assistant. The play abounds in all of Rowley's characteristics and might well have been his unassisted work. The conduct of the plot is more inconsequential than we find it in *All's Lost*, but the play has many strong scenes. The scene where one sister attempts to persuade another to marry, but is herself induced to take religious vows, resembles the argument between Dorothea and the daughter of Theophilus in *The Virgin Martyr*. There are several suggestions of Macbeth in the battle scenes, confirming the date proposed above.

The characters are strong and primitive, especially Uter. The trial of magic is based on that in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*; in each the native sorcerer surpasses his foreign rival in commanding shades of mythical heroes. The clown, brother to Joan GoTo't the distressed heroine, is an excellent specimen of Rowley's pre-eminent type; and the devil is a formidable fiend indeed.

The wild style of Merlin is peculiarly suited to the prehistoric plot. Violent invective is followed by mildness worthy of the early Christians, the whole dashed with scenes of rustic humor instinct with the native spirit of the soil. I quote a few selections for their own sake,—

Devil (Merlin's father). "Lucina, Hecate, dreadful Queen of Night,

Bright Proserpine, be pleas'd for Ceres' love,
From Stygian darkness summon up the fates,
And in a moment bring them quickly hither,
Lest death do vent her birth and her together.
Assist, you spirits of infernal deeps,
Squint-ey'd Ericho, midnight Incubus,
Rise, rise to aid this birth prodigious."

Who could fail to recognize the untrammelled spirit of the elder drama in such an invocation? Nor is exorbitant compliment wanting.

“These trees would bend their tops to kiss the air
That from my lips should give her praises up,”

is almost Marlowesque, yet I do not believe it is a remnant of the hypothecated older play.

The following may serve to help identify Rowley's humor. The clown says to his sister, who is ignorant as to the name of the father of her unborn child,—“Not his name? why, this showes your County breeding now; had you been brought up i' th' City, you'd have got a father first, and the child afterwards.” And again, after the appearance of the devil he holds forth concerning an old swineherd's wife: “Neither she nor none of her sowes would stir a foot to help us.” Compare this with Launce and his dog. But Rowley's humor must suffer by quotation, it is so intimately a part of his characters. Rowley is fond of coining words, e. g. “pentagoron,” “igniferent.” “Know'st thou what pendulous mischief roofoes they head?”⁵²

I find no trace of Rowley in the coarse, low-comedy scenes of *Pericles*.

For *Fortune by Land and Sea*, by Heywood and Rowley, Mr. Fleay plausibly sets the date at 1609.⁵³ I have already noted the general resemblance between this play and *A New Wonder*. *Fortune by Land and Sea* is a racy and spirited comedy of adventure, altogether in Heywood's vein, and Rowley's share is at most but an occasional short scene or touch. The house fool resembles his fellow in *A New Wonder*, and the pirates' farewell dialogue reminds us of Rowley both in character and metre. Heywood's lines, however, are often as stiff as Rowley's. The general

⁵²B. C., II, 294.

⁵³Cf. the Latinisms in the *Shoemaker*, and *All's Lost*.

run of the play is too even for Rowley and the parts are better subordinated to the whole, but then the play never reaches the absolute. Rowley's hand appears occasionally in the Harding part of the comedy, especially in the violent I, 3, and the humorous III, 4. Compare in the former

Harding. She's poor.

Philip. Yet virtuous.

Harding. Virtue! a sweet dower!—with *All's Lost by Lust*.

Antonio. She's fair.

Lazarillo. A fair dower.

The same scene of Fortune contains a specimen of Rowley's puns,—

Old Harding. Go to Cheapside, with virtue in your purse
And cheapen plate.

The fun in III, 4, resembles the treatment of Jane's suitors in *A New Wonder*. This scene was evidently a good acting, though rather a bad reading, one. The scene before the execution is full of nautical puns, as is the minor plot of *A Cure for a Cuckold*. Wordplay, however, is again a familiar device with Heywood, but he uses it far more delicately. The characters of the play have Heywood's lack of color and virility, and are tame compared to even some of the people in *A New Wonder*. Like the figures in *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, they are lay subjects for our pity or congratulation as the plot may determine.

On approaching Webster, I am fortunate in having at hand the most recent investigation of the subject, viz., *John Webster*, by E. E. Stoll. In 1661, Francis Kirkman published as by Webster and Rowley two plays entitled *The Thracian Wonder*, and *A Cure for a Cuckold*. The plot of the former was taken from a story by William

Webster printed 1617,⁵⁴ and Dr. Stoll not only thinks that John Webster's supposed authorship in the play the result of a mistake, but also that Rowley's name was connected with it for no other reason than because the two dramatists worked together on *A Cure for a Cuckold*. I gladly add my opinion to the consensus of judgment which denies to John Webster any share in such a wretched, botcherly play as the *Thracian Wonder*, but I cannot conscientiously do as much for Rowley. The play is a pastoral extravaganza without a shadow of dramatic merit; but I believe Rowley was called upon at the last moment to supply a few touches of saving humor, which he did with a poor grace. The clown, I, 1; II, 2; IV, 2; V, 2, though lacking in Rowley's best qualities, has yet occasional quips which may justify us in giving this master humorist a share in the play. The fun in this case consists of coarse and worn-out puns which indeed anyone could have adopted, but as we have Rowley's name attached to the play, we may imagine that he condescended to do the patching, though with no heart in the work.

In *A Cure for a Cuckold* we have Webster and Rowley associated in a romantic comedy of which neither need be ashamed. The plot, as Dr. Stoll points out,⁵⁵ is adapted from *The Parliament of Love* and originally from *The Dutch Courtesan*. The play takes its title from the subplot of Compass and his wife, the most thoroughly successful as well as the most thoroughly Rowleian part of the play. I am very much mistaken, however, if Rowley did not have a large share in the main plot, though Webster certainly did most of the detail work. We have found Rowley's name connected with *The Parliament of Love*, and have noted the similarity of his later style to that of Massinger, even venturing to attribute the duel scene of that

⁵⁴Hazlitt, IV, 117-118.

⁵⁵Sub. *A Cure for a Cuckold*, p. 162 ff.

play to his hand. A *Fair Quarrel* gives us a closer parallel than *The Unnatural Combat*, for in the former there is the same discussion about being first in the field as we find in *The Parliament* and later in *A Cure for a Cuckold*. With Webster, as with Chapman, action was a secondary matter, and in carrying out his partner's scheme he pursues his own method of analytic casuistry. Dr. Stoll has clearly illustrated this phase of the play. But apart from sources, the wild daring of the main plot is far more in keeping with what we know of Rowley. That it is not successfully carried out proves a lack of sympathy in the partnership. But note another parallel. Rochfield, the honest thief, is an adventurous conception similar to young Foster of *Fortune by Land and Sea*, and his mercantile ventures remind us of *A New Wonder*. The poor fellow seems out of place in the company of the introspective ladies and courtiers of the play. The general conduct of the main plot is too mild for Rowley. The style gives play for those sophisticated dilemmas in which Webster takes such delight. He twists his plot and uses circumstances to anatomise his characters.

In the minor plot Rowley is perfectly at home. There is a lovable quality about the frank and rough old mariner coming back to London, "Blackwall, do I see thy white cheeks again!" And all through there is an undercurrent of pathos in his attitude. "Alas! husband." "A lass or a lad, wench, I should be glad of both: I did look for a pair of Compasses before this day," has more in it than a couple of passable puns. When accused of being a coxcomb, Compass answers philosophically, "I knew 'twould begin with a C." Several coarse allusions could be paralleled if any doubt were raised as to Rowley's authorship. The "Bronstrops," IV, 1, shows that the play followed *A Fair Quarrel*, where the word is invented by the roarers. The whole of Compass' part in the play is interesting and full of

quaint touches of character unlike anything after Shakespeare. Compare "As lawful a child as a couple of unmarried people can beget," with the equally solemn paradoxes of Verges or the grave-diggers.

The last play of Rowley which we shall consider is the *Witch of Edmonton*, written in conjunction with Dekker, Ford, etc. *The Wonder of a Kingdom* has the same prologue as *All's Lost by Lust* and has some resemblances in the comic passages, but nothing sufficient to connect Rowley's name with the play.⁵⁶

The Witch of Edmonton is a domestic tragedy of peculiar power, simplicity of plot and depth of insight. As both Mr. Fleay and Mr. Ward point out, this play must have been produced about 1621, or soon after the execution of Mother Sawyer who gives the piece its title.⁵⁷ Mr. Fleay divides the play so as to give Ford the Thorney story, Dekker the Sawyer part, and Rowley the buffoonery of Cuddy Banks. Mr. Ward does not see why scholars should exclude the supposition that Rowley had a substantial share in the production, nor do I. But let us examine *The Witch of Edmonton*.

In the first place, Rowley's name has precedence on the title page. Again, the plot is much to his taste, especially the double marriage of Frank Thorney⁵⁸ and the mixing of humor with the supernatural.⁵⁹ To be sure, the domestic motives would be in keeping with the genius of Dekker, but they are quite foreign to Ford who, we shall find, had the chief hand in modelling the main plot. The play as a whole has Rowley's rapidity of action and continuous change of scene, carefully fitted together for stage effect.

⁵⁶The prologue is certainly Rowley's. *All's Lost*, pub. 1633; *The Wonder*, 1636, the latter as by Dekker.

⁵⁷Fleay, B. C., II, p. 230-231; Ward, III, 74-75.

⁵⁸Cf. Antonio in *All's Lost* and again in *The Maid in the Mill*.

⁵⁹Cf. *Birth of Merlin*.

Ford's construction is more dignified, studied and deliberate; whereas Dekker's is much looser and worse proportioned. I should therefore give Rowley the chief hand in the general conception, and all the scenes including old Banks, Cuddy Banks with his clowns, and Mother Sawyer; assigning to Ford the main tragedy, and leaving Dekker the parts directly connected with the character of Carter.

In the opening scene, as in the great murder and discovery scenes, III, 3, and IV, 2, we encounter the smooth, regular, end-stopped verse of Ford. Even more typical is the delicate and somewhat over-sentimental characterisation throughout these parts. Winifrede has the clinging nature of Ford's heroines and Frank Thorney is a minute study of degeneracy. The play of character is subtle and deliberate, without either the freedom of Dekker or the rough spontaneity of Rowley. The poetry is always beautiful, often of an exquisite pathos, but withal a trifle florid. Ford is without a rival in the art of exciting pity for an unworthy object, as in *'Tis Pity she's a Whore*.

In Carter I find all the hearty sincerity personified by Dekker in Simon Eyre and Orlando Friscobaldo. The frankness, the hospitality, the direct response of Carter's nature to every stimulus, stamp him unmistakably Dekker's. Middleton and Massinger caught at times the spirit of the country gentleman, but even they could scarcely create so true a specimen as Carter.

No one would dispute Rowley's title to the humor of Cuddy Banks, but I am aware that strong evidence must be produced to prove his authorship of the portions concerning the witch. In the first place Mother Sawyer is always closely associated with either Banks or his son. Her figure in itself is unique, not only as regards the three authors, but as regards the whole field of the drama. To proceed by the method of exclusion, she is too terribly real for Ford, who is always refined and attains his tragic effects by means

of awakening pity. Dekker, too, I think, would incline to give her more poetic charm, or at least to give a less gross representation of her incantations. Dekker's devils in *If this be not a good Play* are more oratorical, and are utterly without that grim earnestness which Mother Sawyer exhibits. Let us see, then, if she shows the qualities of Rowley.

“What is the name, where and by what art learn'd,
What spells, what charms or invocations,
May the thing call'd Familiar be purchas'd?”

Note the stiffness of the metre and the wrenched accent in the first line. All of Mother Sawyer's lines are equally strong and end-stopped, and her curses are as violent and her figures as coarse as anything in Rowley. Then the mixture of rough humor with the diabolic has its counterpart in the clown and Merlin in *The Birth of Merlin*. Rowleian traits in Cuddy are his puns, his Latin, his attribution of human qualities to dogs and hobby-horses, and his general sophomoric attitude. At the incantation he says, “Afraid, mother witch!—‘Turn my face to the west!’ I said I should always have a back-friend of her; and now it's out. An her little devil should be hungry, come sneaking behind me, like a cowardly catchpole, and clap his talents on my haunches—’Tis woundy cold, sure—I dudder and shake like an aspen leaf every joint of me.”

Cuddy is closely woven into the sub-plot of the witch and her dog, much more so, in fact, than Carter is in the main plot. When Cuddy is lured into the water, III, I, he exclaims, “This was an ill night to go a wooing in; I find it now in Pond's almanac.” The reader will remember that fun is made of almanac passages in *A Fair Quarrel*, and *No Wit, No Help, like a Woman's*. Cuddy's catechising of the dog has numerous parallels in plays previously noted. Dyce, however, thinks this scene is Dekker's.

Mother Sawyer's defence, IV, 1, is again rough and vigorous, and her part is mixed in with those of the clownish Banks and Cuddy. The episode of Ann Ratcliffe's madness is thrown in, after Rowley's manner, for stage effect.⁶⁰ There is a fine sinister touch where the demon dog, commanded to torment Sir Arthur, replies "No, there's a dog already biting's conscience."⁶¹

Act V, scene 1, is full of the most wildly extravagant poetry, quite in the vein of Merlin's father in his invocation already quoted. For further evidence we have the transition from the terrible to the comic in the puns about the dog—"It is my black cur I am cursing"—and Cuddy Banks comes in later. In the final scene I discern a decided difference in style between the earlier part and that which follows the exit of Frank; the former having Ford's most poetical pathos, and the latter the honest, homely sentiments of Dekker.

Of one part of the play I am uncertain. The beginning of IV, 2, is certainly Ford's, but as to the authorship after Carter's entrance I am uncertain, inclining to ascribe it to Dekker. The puns in the midst of Carter's violent tirade would, however, suggest that Rowley had a hand in the composition.

With *The Witch of Edmonton* we reach a fitting close to the dramatic career of William Rowley. He was largely a deviser of plots and a writer of humorous scenes for men more widely known, but *All's Lost by Lust* shows that he was by no means incapable of writing a strong play, unassisted, and *The Shoemaker a Gentleman*, here first reprinted, should throw further light upon his uncouth but strongly marked genius. Thus an investigation of Rowley's unaided work may show how large a share he had in the plays he wrote with other men. Rowley among the

⁶⁰Cf. Dionysia's madness in *All's Lost*.

⁶¹Wrongly changed by Dyce to . . . "biting—his conscience."

later dramatists had a unique gift of the clownish humor we usually reserve for Shakespeare, and his characters from low life have a native quality which should place them high in their class and time. Nor are the nobler types to be forgotten. With all their extravagance and bombast, they represent lofty ideals largely displayed, and indicate a reaction from the too analytic realism of the Jacobeans. Rowley was a practical playwright amid a school of gentlemen dramatists, and his influence in preparing plays for the stage may well be greater than this paper has indicated. He has in full measure the faults of his position, no doubt he catered too freely to the degraded taste of a male London audience; but in the larger aspect of dramatic morality he shines clear, and with his true understanding of the sympathies of men he may justly appeal to us to-day as he repeatedly did to the honest, virile theatres of his own time. Such are William Rowley's claims to a permanent place in our literature.

All's Lost by Lust

THE SOURCE OF ALL'S LOST.

This play belongs to the class of romantic tragedies from foreign history, of which *Thierry and Theodoret* and *Sir Van Olden Barneveldt* are notable examples. In subject it is akin to the old play, *Lust's Dominion*, wrongly attributed to Marlowe; but in treatment it is far nearer *Valentinian*.

The main plot is taken from a legendary aspect of Spanish history. Roderick, the last Gothic king of Spain, was defeated and expelled by the Moors in 711; so much is historic. The story of the enchanted vault was introduced from the Arabic of Abdelmelic ben Habib (whose manuscript is preserved in the Bodleian Library), who died c. 853. He tells of a house upon which each king, on his accession, placed a padlock. Roderick, despite all remonstrances, burst in and found a box with Arabic trophies and an inscription reading: When this box is opened, people such as are here represented will invade and conquer the country. In that year the Moors landed.

Aben Abdelhaquem (died c. 870) related the violation of Julian's daughter and the vengeance of the father in his *Libro de los Caminos y de los reinos* (translated as *Ibn Abdel Haquem's History of the Conquest of Spain*, by Harris Jones, Gotting, 1858). The *Cronico del Moro Rasis*, tenth century, gives details of the rape and the letter of the maiden (here first called La Cava) to her father. Pedro del Corral and Miguel de Luna, sixteenth century, added romantic elements.¹

Besides the histories we have a version of the story in a French poem, *Anseis de Carthage*, of the thirteenth cen-

¹The foregoing summary is compiled from Dozy, *Recherches sur l'histoire et la littérature de l'Espagne pendant le Moyen Age*, 1881.

ture. Many Spanish ballads were written on the subject, six of which are included by Wolf in his *Primavera y Flor de romances* (Berlin, 1856). Durán includes twenty-five in his *Romancero*. Finally Lope de Vega dramatized Roderick in *El Postrer Godo de España*.²

Just how Rowley got hold of the story, if he did not read Spanish, is problematical. There was, however, a book printed in Frankfort, 1579, entitled *Rerum hispanicarum scriptores*, which was a compilation by Robert Beale from divers Latin histories. Among these was one by Rodrigo de Toledo, who treated our story.³

Rowley used his material, however obtained, with artistic freedom. There is no trace of a relation between *All's Lost* and Lope's play. Rowley, besides inventing the exquisite scene in which the wronged girl comes to her father in disguise, modifies throughout both situation and character to suit his requirements.

The secondary plot of Margaretta's revenge was taken, according to Langbaine, from *The Unfortunate Lovers*, Nov. 3. Mr. Morris in his treatment of the source points out several titles to which this can *not* allude. The nearest guess we can make is *The Fortunate, the Deceived and the Unfortunate Lovers*, 1632.⁴ That this work contained material known before Rowley's time we may judge from the fact that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and Fletcher's *Triumph of Death* (one of the *Four Plays*) were taken from it.

All's Lost, first played c. 1622, at the Cockpit, by the Lady Elizabeth's Servants, was revived at the Phoenix "with great applause" c. 1633, as we learn from the title-page. Furthermore Halliwell tells us (*Dictionary of Old English*

²Cf. Menéndez y Pelayo's *Antología de poetas líricos Castellanos*, vol. xi, pp. 133-175, Madrid, 1903.

³Cf. Underhill, *Spanish Literature in the England of the Tudors*.

⁴Cf. *Proceedings of the Modern Language Association*, vol. x (new series, vol. iii). An article by Miss M. A. Scott, entitled *Elizabethan Translations from the Italian*, p. 291.

Plays) that, according to a manuscript in the Lord Chamberlain's office, the play belonged to the Cockpit company in 1639; which might indicate a renewal of interest in the piece at that date. Again, Pepys saw it given at the Red Bull. The performance was, however, marred because Cob did not sing his song right and was beaten behind the scenes (Diary, March 23, 1661). The material seems to have been worked over again in *The Rape Reveng'd, Or, The Spanish Revolution: A Tragedy*. The author, W. C. (surely not William Congreve). Of this play W. C. Hazlitt notes that it was in blank verse, five acts, the scene laid in the time of the Gothic domination. It was preserved in a MS. of fifty-four leaves of c. 1690, and sold among Joseph Lilly's books, part 2.⁵ Undoubtedly Rowley's play was made over as *The Conquest of Spain* by Mrs. Pix (born Mary Griffith), and published anonymously in 1705.⁶

The theme attracted several writers of the romantic period at the beginning of the last century. Southey depicts Jacinta under her Moorish sobriquet in one of his monodramas, entitled *La Coba*, written in 1802. (*The British Poets*, Boston, 1864, Vol. II, p. 125, of Southey.) Here the wronged girl upbraids her father for his treachery and finally hurls herself to destruction. Again Southey treats the story in another phase and at much greater length in *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*, an epic in twenty-five books. This begins with Roderick's defeat and concludes with his reconciliation with Count Julian and Florinda. Scott in his *Vision of Don Roderick* takes up the legend of the enchanted chamber which had already been used by Calderon in his play, *La Virgin del Sagrario*. But the finest of all these later versions is Landor's restrained and noble play, *Count Julian*, where the emphasis is laid on the title character. Finally, Irving tells the narrative in his *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*, and Lockhart has translated it in his *Ancient Spanish Ballads* (London, 1823).

⁵Hazlitt's *Play-Collector's Manual*, p. 191, London, 1892.

⁶Cf. Ward II, 544 and Dict. of Nat. Biog. sub. Pix.

THE TEXT.

All's Lost was licensed and printed in a quarto of 1633, the only reprint of which is that edited by Professor Edgar C. Morris in the Belles-Lettres Series, Boston, 1908. The present edition reprints for the first time the epilogue found in the Dyce copy. The text used as a basis is that in the library of the University of Pennsylvania. With this were collated the following, some of the abbreviations for which have not been used. A. at the Boston Library; Bod. at the Bodleian; Br.¹ and Br.² (in the order of the catalogue) at the British Museum; D. and K. (the first with, the second without the epilogue) in the Dyce collection at the South Kensington Museum; T. C. in the Capell Collection at Trinity College, Cambridge; and L. from the private collection of Francis Longe offered for sale by Rosenthal & Co., Munich. Several minor variants have been found.

A
TRAGEDY
CALLED
ALLS LOST
BY
LVST

Written by *William Rowley*.

Divers times Acted by the Lady Elizabeths
SERVANTS

And now lately by her Maiesties Servants, with
great applaufe, at the *Phænix* in *Drury Lane*

Quod non dant Proceres, Dabit Histris.

{
[DESIGN]
}

LONDON:

¶ Printed by THOMAS HARPER, 1633

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RODERIGO, King of Spaine.

MEDINA, a Duke.

IULIANUS, a Generall against the Moores : Father to Iacinta.

ANTONIO, a Don, lover of Dionysia, yet husband to Margaretta.¹

ALONZO, a Don, Father to Dionysia :

PIAMENTELLI.

KING OF AFRICA.²

MOORES.

FIDELLA,³ a Moore, wayting-woman to Margaretta.

PEDRO, an old fellow, Father to Margaretta :

IAQUES, a simple clownish Gentleman, his sonne, personated by the Poet.

CLAVEELE,⁴ a Rusticke.

LOTHARIO, a Privado to the King.

LAZARELLO, Minion to Antonio.

COB,⁵ a Page.

MALAENA, a Pandresse.

¹The period is not found in P or L.

²Dyce adds "Muley Mumen" to explain.

³Texts. No punctuation after Fidella.

⁴Texts. Cloveele. Dyce corrects.

⁵Texts. No punctuation after Cob.

THE ARGUMENT.

Roderigo, King of Spaine, being deeply enamored upon Iacynta, a beautifull yong Spanish Lady, daughter to a great Commander in the warres, (called Iulianus) hath often by private solicitations and gifts, tryed to winne her to his embraces; but they not prevailing, hee resolves to enioy her by force: whilst hee sailes in these lustfull thoughts, Lothario, (a Gentleman of better fortunes than condition) is his Pilot, steering his wickednesse on. To helpe which with winde and weather, Mulymumen, King of Barbary, with an Army of 60000. Moores, is ready to crosse into Spaine, to invade Roderigo, who no way frighted, but laying hold on this occasion, sends Iulianus as Generall against the African, and by his two evill Spirits, Lothario and Malaena,¹ gets accesse to the Lady in her Fathers absence, but their Engines breaking, he ravishes her. The Dove being thus ruffled, is delivered out of one Falcons Tallons, to the gripe of another: Lothario is made her Keeper, whom Iacynta one day finding fast asleepe, takes the keyes of the Castle from him, & flyes to her Father in the Camp; who hearing the storie of the Ravisher, ioynes with those Spanish Lords in his Army, to bee revenged on the Tyrant: To hasten this vengeance, the African is taken prisoner, and againe set at liberty, with condition that hee shall Rally all his scattered Troopes, and then those two Armies being incorporated in one, to drive Roderigo out of his Kingdome, & to inthrone the Moore there. Mulymumen so likes the ravished Lady, that he begges her of her Father to be his: but Roderigo flying into Biscany, and the African

¹Texts. A single bracket with no comma.

Lord of all, is scorned by Iacynta, who in revenge, calls for
30 Iulianus (her Father) commanding his eyes to be put out,
and her tongue to be cut out, and so to leade him; In the
end, the Barbarian to shorten Iulianus his misery, gives him
a weapon, the Moore hath another, with intent to runne ful-
butt at one another, much entreaty being made to let Iacynta
35 dye nobly, tis promist, and then they both being ready to
runne, the Moore snatches Iacynta before him, and so the
Father kils his own Daughter, and is presently by the Moore
slaine himselfe.

Antonio marries Magaretta, faire, but low in fortunes,
40 and comming to these warres, fals in love with Dionysia,
daughter to Alonzo, but the women come to tragicall ends,
and Antonio for upbraiding Iulianus with selling his King
and Country to the Moore, is by Iulianus slaine.

ALL'S LOST BY LUST.

ACTUS PRIMUS. [SCENA PRIMA.]
[*The Court of Spain.*]

*Enter Rodericke, King of Spaine, Lothario, Medina,
Iulianus, Antonio, and Lazarello.*

Rodericke: Give leave: *Aside Lords.* Lothario.

Lo. My Sovereigne.

Rod. The newes in briefe: how replies Iacinta?
Will she be woman? will shee meete our Armes
With an alternate roundure? will she doe?

Lo. Nothing to the purpose my Liege, cold as Aquarius, 5
There she was borne, and there she still remains;

I cannot move her to enter into Pisces, I
Laid the flesh to her too, and the delights thereof, She leanes
Another way, and talkes all of the spirit, I
Frighted her with spirits too, but all would not doe: 10
She drew her knife, pointed it to her breast, swore
She would doe something, but womens tongues are
Sometimes longer then their armes.

Rod. Enough, we have bethought another way.
This wooing application is too milde: 15

'Tis better trust the mercy of a storme,
To hast our way, then to be calmd for ever,
Short of the wished haven: [*To the Lords.*] Now draw
neere, [*Lords approach.*]

You told us of a hot invasion,
The barbarous and tawney Affricans, 20
Intend upon our confines.

Med. True, my Liege.

Full threescore thousand are discryde in Armes,
 Ready to passe the Streights of Gibbraltar,
 Whose watry divisions, their Affricke bounds
 25 From our Christian Europe in Granado,
 And Andalusia;¹ they spred and flourish
 Their silver moones, led as it is supposde,
 By some blinde guide, some Saintish Infidell,
 That prophesies subjection of our Spaine,
 30 Vnto the Moores.

Rod. They would deter us with their swarty lookes :
 Were they the same to their similitude,
 Sooty as the inhabitants of hell,
 Whom they neerest figure; cold feare should flye
 35 From us as distant as they are from beauty :
 They come to sacrifice their blouds to us,
 If that be red, a *mare rubrum*,
 Wee'le make so high to quench their silver moones;
 And on their carkasses an Istmus make
 40 To passe their straytes agen, and forrage there.

Iul. Your forward valour speakes you maiesticall,
 But my dread Liege, does not your **treasury**
 Grow thinne and empty? so long have you held
 A champion resolution 'gainst the Turke,
 45 That Spaine is wasted in her noble strength,
 On which presuming, tis to be suppos'd
 The Moore is thus encourag'd.

Rod. And yet we vndaunted Iulianus, our treasury is
 A myne unsearcht, wee have a Castle
 50 Suppos'd enchanted, wee'le breake the magicke,
 If spels there be, ope the forbidden dores
 Which twenty of our predecessors have refusde,
 But added each a locke to guard it more,
 Rather then our Souldiers shall want pay
 To fight our battailes nobly.

¹Bod, has small a. All texts, "Audalusia."

- Iul.* O my Lord, 55
That's a dangerous secret, onely known
To such as can divine futurities,
And they with fearefull prophesies predict
Fatall events to Spaine, when that shall be
Broke up by violence: till fate hath runne 60
Her owne wasting period; which out staide
Auspiciously they promise, that wreathes are kept
In the fore-dooming Court of destiny,
To binde us ever in a happy conquest.
- Rod.* Tut, feare frights us not, nor shall hope foole us: 65
If neede provoke, wee'le dig supply through hell
And her enchantments. Who can prefixe us
A time to see these incantations loosde?
Perhaps 'twill stay tenne generations more,
When our bloud royall may want succession, 70
If not; what bootes it us (lost in our dust
And memory 500. yeeres) that then this hidden
Wörke shall be; tush, the weakenesse of our predecessors
Shall not fright us, all is not deadly,
That lookes dangerous. 75
- Ant.* I wish no life to see that day.
- Med.* Nor I,
So many Kings have fear'd that destiny.
- Rod.* Lord Iulianus, we commit to you
The charge of this great worke against the Moores,
With title of Lord Generall, as you please, 80
Order this high affaيرة; call to the field
An equall Army against those Affricans,
The bold and hardiest souldiers of our kingdome:
Scourge backe agen those halfe-nak't Infidels
Into their sun-burnt Clymate; in thy heart 85
Be loyaltie and courage, strength in thine arme:
With christian valour strike the heathens dead,
And for thy triumph, bring the Mulyes head.
- Iul.* This honour which your Maiestie has given me,

90 Tho better it might fit anothers wearing,
 Of abler limbs, where time has not defac't,
 Nor halfe so many winters quencht his bloud,
 As a new spring it hath revivde agen
 This Autumne of my yeeres; there's but one care
 95 I leave behinde me within the Court of Spaine,
 My poore Iacinta, mine, and onely mine;
 May she here thrive in honour, and in favours,
 And I shall meete her with a victory,
 (Heaven put before) as shall endow us both
 In your high esteeme.

100 *Rod.* That shall be our care
 Noble Iulianus, to see her safe,
 [*Aside.*] We love Iacinta more then you must know,
 And for her sake we doe remove you hence;
 You may thanke your daughter for this honour Sir,
 105 If you knew our purpose.

Lo. [*aside.*] I understand all this, whilst he warres
 abroad, his
 Daughter must skirmish at home; Venus is in conjunction
 With Mercury, wit and lechery are both in labour
 At once; alas poore mayden-head, th' art calt i' faith,
 110 And must to execution; virginity hadst thou bin
 Moulded in my compasse, thou hadst scap't this pitfall.

Rod. On, to thy charge, prosper in thy high deedes;
 Who aymes at honour nobly, nobly speedes.

Iul. My heart and tongue, thus sentence to my fate,
 115 In honour thrive, in basenesse ruinate.

Rod. All helpe him on his speede: Lothario.

Exeunt omnes nisi Rod. & Loth.

Have we not finely moulded our designe?
 Times antient bawde, opportunity attends us now,
 And yet our flaming bloud will scarce give leave
 To opportunity.

120 *Lo.* I told your highnesse
 Of a second bawd to time, & yet

Not times second neither, for time nere pattern'd her
A thing reall, not a dumb morall, as time it selfe
Is, but a speaking thing, and one that speakes
Effectually; one that has wrackt more mayden-heads 125
In Spaine, then she has yeers upon her reverent browes,
And yet she writes odde of threescore, an odde wench' tis.

Rod. Thou nam'st her to me.

Lo. Malena.

Rod. And hast instructed her?

Lo. I have prepar'd her

Fit for instruction my Liege; shee waites 130
Her further confirmation from your Highnesse:
Oh every souldier has a double heart,
When the King's in field.

Rod. Call her²

Lo. By her right name; bawd, where art thou bawd?

Rod. If Words will serve, if not, by rapines force; 135
Wee'le plucke this apple from th' Hesperides.

Enter Malena.

Lo. This is the thing I told your Highnesse of.

Rod. A reverent one it is, & may be cal'd
Schoolemistresse of her sexe; if Apelles
Had ever picturde forth experience, 140
Here might he take his patterne.

Mal. Indeed my Liege, I have bin the pattern that a great
many has taken out pictures by, I confesse I have
bin a greater friend to the Hospitals, then the Nunneries,
and I thinke it was the greater charity, because 145
they are the poorer, and more wretched places.³

Lo. The very *ipsissima* of her sexe, my Liege, as old as
She is, I will undertake she shall wrastle a fall
With the strongest Virgin in Spaine, & throw her down too.

²Texts have no punctuation.

³Texts begin every line of Malena's speech as it stands with a capital, but I cannot believe it was intended for verse.

150 *Rod.* Thou must be my Lawyer (I'le fee thee well,)
And at the Barre of beauty plead a cause,
Which whether right or wrong, must needs be mine.

Mal. Indeed in rightfull causes, weake lawyers will
serve turne, but the wrong had need have
155 the best Orators; I'me but a weake vessell, you
know my Liege.

Lo. Shee'le hold out I warrant, harke you my Liege,
This vessell is not hollow yet, it does not sound,
There's mettall in her, there's sacke in this Tunne,
160 That has eaten up a great deale of dead
Flesh in her time, light, longs and bad livers.

Rod. Come, come, you must not plead an insufficiency.

Mal. I'le doe my best my Lord.

Lo. Tush, *in malo consilio foeminae vincunt viros.*

165 *Mal.* Does he not abuse me my Liege?

Rod. Not at all, he sayes women overcome men in
giving counsell.

Mal. Is there not a faulty word amongst them?

Lo. Thou art able to corrupt any good sense, with bad
construction :

170 I say *foeminae vincunt*, that is, *quasi vincere cunctos*,
Ouercomes all men.

Mal. Go to, go to, there is a broad word amongst 'm,
vincunt

quotha, is it spoke with a K, or a C? but in plaine
language I will doe my best, if she be of my sexe, I
175 will shew her the end of her function, men follow
the traditions of their forefathers, so should
women follow the trades of their fore-mothers.⁴

Rod. I see thou hast perswasive oratory.
Here's iuyce of liquorish, good for thy voyce,

[*Gives money.*]⁵

180 Speake freely, and effectually.

⁴Texts have capitals here.

⁵Added by Dyce.

Mal. I will speake the words that have o'rethrowne a hundred in my time.

Lo. I was within compass then.

Mal. Let me have accesse to her, if she be flesh and blood, I'll move her, I will not leave her till I turne her to a stone. 185

Rod. Vnite your forces both, conquer in love, I will reward as for a victory

Purchac't with blood from my worst enemy :

Effect, for ill things have their effects we see,

Prosper, wee'le call it a prosperity.

Exit. 190

Mal. You'le bring me to the place and party?

Lo. Prepar'd with all advantage. I will assist thee, thou destroyer of mayden-heads. *Exeunt*

[ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA SECUNDA.]

[*The Same.*]

Enter Antonio, and Lazarello.

Laz. Your passions erre my Lord, did you foresee
What may ensue; folly begets danger, I
Nay oft, their full effects, destruction;
You would not clothe the noblenesse of your blood
In such base weedes, shee's a beggar you doate on. 5

Ant. Th'ast spoke the worst thy malice can invent,
A beggar say'st? and better being so,
If a small Starre could overshine the Sunne,
And shew his brightnesse in the solsticie,
Should it be blam'd or prais'd? the feeble Vine 10
Brings forth sweet fruits, whilst the Cedar's^a barren;
Beggar is she, I'll poyse her graces with't,
And see how many infinites shee'le pull
The ballance downe, and yet that poverty

^aTexts. "Cedars's."

- 15 A goodnesse dis-esteem'd; shee's faire,
 Modest, lovely, wise, vertuous.
Laz. Nay, if you doate, I'le waste no more good counsell,
 And what's her dower Sir?
Ant. Infinites, I nam'd them to thee.
Laz. O shee's faire, a faire dowry.
Ant. Chast and vertuous.
- 20 *Laz.* Those are iewels indeed, but they'le yeeld little.
Ant. They are not things of prise, they are farre off,
 And deare, yet Ladies send not for'em.
Laz. May not a league be taken for a time?
 Deferre this hasty match, you have employment
- 25 As a Souldier, the King has given you charge,
 Approve your champion valour in the field,
 If that remoue not this domesticke trouble,
 Retire upon your Venus.
Ant. I'le prevent that venome,
 This night I will be married to my sweet,
- 30 And then her memory enjoy'd, shall strengthen
 Mine arme against my foe, which else would droope,
 Suspecting of her losse, I feare it now;
 What eye can looke upon her, but is captiv'd
 In the enchanted prison of her eyes.
- 35 *Laz.* Why you'le be jealous in your absence then?
Ant. Away, away, thou dost forget her vertues
 Faster then I can name'em; shee's chastity
 It selfe, and when a Shrine shall be set up
 Vnto that Saint, it shall be built upon
- 40 The marble that shall cover her.

Enter Iulianus and Iacinta.

Laz. Here comes the Generall.

Iul. No more, no more,
 Thy feares are all follies, my Iacinta.⁷

⁷Texts. No punctuation after Iacinta.

Iac. I must not leave you thus.

Iul. Antonio? what unplum'd? you are a Souldier Sir,
And Souldiers should be forward; looke yee [*Draws*
sword.] 45

I have bright steele for the blacke Affricans;
I tell you Sir, I went not with more joy
Vnto my mayden Bride, that Hymen night,
From whence I fetcht this ieuell of my heart,
Then now I doe unto my second nuptials. 50
Oh 'tis a gallant Mistresse, an old man
Is young agen at sight of her.

Ant. Worthy Sir,
Your leading vallor wil centuple the harts
Of all your followers; when set you forward?

Iul. Tush, we limit time to her best haste, 55
Three dayes will be the most, the longer stay
Looses the more advantage.

Ant. We shall be ready to attend you honour,
[*Aside.*] Hymen, this night I vow to thee, Mars be my
morrowes Saint.

Laz. [*Aside to Antonio, indicating Iacinta.*] Here
were a Saint fitting your orisons. 60

Ant. [*Aside to Lazarello.*] Blasphemy, speake that no
more, the begger,
(If you will so prophane to speake her so)
Is gold refinde, compar'd unto this rubbish,
Diamond to Marble; [*Aloud to Iulianus.*] my noble Lord
Wee'le leave you to hasten our attendance on you. 65
Exit Ant. & Lazar.

Iul. Farewell Antonio,
I'me in haste too, my preparations call me.

Iac. I call too, I beseech you heare me.

Iul. Th'art a clog to me,
Me thinkes thou shouldst be reading o're new fashions,^s

^sT. C. fashion.

- 70 Conferring with your Tire-woman for faire dressings,
 Your Ieweller has new devices for yee,
 Fine labels for your eares, bracelets for wrists,
 Such as will illustrate your white hand;
 These are all Pedlars ware to me, Iacinta;
- 75 I am for Corslets, Helmets, Bils, Bowes, and Pikes,
 The thundring Guns, Trumpets tan tara,
 The ratling sheepeskin, and the whistling Fife:
 What Musicke's this to your eares? ha, farewell,
 Farewell, and heaven blesse thee.
- 80 *Iac.* Good heaven, how slightly
 You o're-run⁹ my feares, you goe to meete
 With a full power, an armed foe abroad,
 And leave me single to an enemy
 That hath both power and will to ruine me.
- 85 *Iul.* 'Tis treason that thou speak'st, and by the Saint
 Of Spaine, mend it, or I'le discover thee:
 Wrong my dread Liege, my King, my Sovereigne,
 To say that he should doate upon your face,
 Away, away, 'tis your beauty's¹⁰ pride,
- 90 So to belye it selfe;¹¹ thou art not faire,
 Thou hast no eye to attract Maiestie,
 To looke upon't; say he speake love to thee,
 'Twas but to try thee, perhaps 'twas my consent,
 Will you enquire the hidden hearts of Kings?
- 95 He would not wrong thee for his kingdomes wealth,
 Even for my sake, away you wanton foole.
Iac. There has bin ravishers, remember Tarquin.
Iul. There has bin chast Ladies, remember Lucre:
 I'le heare no more, my time and haste hath bard me,
- 100 My blessing take, heaven and that shall guard thee. *Exit.*
Iac. You leave me in a tempest, heaven guide my fate,
 Oh let me sinke ere I be captivate. *Exit.*

⁹The metre seems to require "over-run."

¹⁰Texts, "beauties."

¹¹Texts have no punctuation here.

[ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA TERTIA.]

[*Margaretta's House.*]

Enter Pedro, Iaques, and Claveele.

Ped. I doe not like this match, this gay out-side
Is cloth of gold, within a ragged lining.

Iaq. O poore comparison father, doe they use to line
cloth of gold with cloth of gold; no, but with fine, gentle,
and easie linings; and such my sister may be, for tho I say 5
it that should not say it, my sister has a good face, a white
necke, and a dainty hand, and that may serve for lining
for the best cloth of gold in all Spaine.

Ped. Cedars and shrubs cannot grow up together.

Iaq. Away, away, speake not so like a Wood monger, I'lle 10
put you downe with a caparison¹² now, doe we not use
to graft sweet apples upon crab-tree stocks, doe we
not use to enoculate your Malicatoon upon a Gooseberry?
such is my sisters case now, say that the noble man
would enoculate his Lordship upon my sisters yeomandry, 15
what hurt were in this? would it grieve you to be a
Lords brother, or this old woman to have her Lady
daughter to aske, Granam, how doe you, will you ride
abroade in your *croatch*,¹³ or your embroderd side-saddle?¹⁴

Cla. I, thou talk'st wildly boy, yet err'st not much 20
In my conceit, be content man, and adde as meete it is,
loy to content, your daughter shal be made
A happy woman by a noble marriage.

Ped. Happy say'st thou?
Oh 'tis as distant as the Moon from earth, 25
And has the like effects, it changes oft,
So with a silver brow, greatnesse lookes on us

¹²Perhaps for "comparison."

¹³Intentionally or unintentionally for "coach."

¹⁴Texts have capitals at the beginning of each line.

Promising and lovely, but once growne full,
It brings swelling billows to o'rewhelme us.

30 *Iaq.* Pray father talk no more of the moon, but of your
son,

not my selfe that am your son and heire, but of your
son in law that shall be, my noble L. Antonio, Lord of
Barcelona, and his noble Lady my sister, that shall be.¹⁶

Ped. 'Twill well become her, what armes shall I give to
35 make her gentle by?

Iaq. Those we can buy of the Heralds, you know shee
has cryde Orenge the most of her time here in Ciuill;
now a fine Orenge for her crest, with Ciuillity
written round about¹⁶ it woud speake wondrous well,
40 then a Capon in a Scutchen with a gizard
vnder his left arme, with his spurs vpon his heeles
riding vpon a Lemman.

Ped. Away, away
Thy talks impertinent, what should a Capon
45 Do with a Lemman?

Iaq. I, you say well Father there indeed,
a Capon desires no Lemman, and therefore
wele hope of both that neither the Lord
proue himselfe a Capon, nor my Sister a Lemman.

50 *Ped.* I, thus¹⁷ thou touchest by a forced figure,
The perfect sence of all, thence grows my feare:
This loue was first conceivde, and borne in lust
How long has he laid an vnlawful seige
Against her Virgin honour, which had she yeilded,
55 and beene so lemond, she nere had bin profferd
The stile of wife.

Cla. Peace, see they come.

¹⁶Texts have no capitals here.

¹⁶Texts, "aboud."

¹⁷Texts, "this." Perhaps correct.

Enter Ant. and Margaretta.

Iaq. I marry, heres a Lady now will weare her owne
haire

Mar. [*to Ant.*] Nay now no further protestations.
You haue said enough to make me new, or ruine me,
And this my spirit, bids me prophesye 60
If you repent, as loue might be oresated
In its best desires; and any crosse euent
Should fall upon this you unequal choise,
Yours is the crime, your handmaid must be blamelesse,
Since you have sought what I haue not desirde, 65
And yet, you may auoide the fatall doome
(If any such there be) by throwing backe
Your atcheiv'de vassayle.

Ant. Teach me no errour.
I will not learne it, sweetest, if you do.
Speake nothing now but of those holy rytes 70
Whose sacred hands must guide vs to the path
Of your desired ioyes.

Mar. Heres all the barre;
When these haue giuen consent I am your owne.
Ant. It shall be done in this acknowledgement.
Father and mother let me but call you so. 75

Iaq. And brother eke also.

Ant. Yes brother too,
By this I claime them all, your daughter makes
Me your sonne, and yours.

Iaq. And my brother.

Ant. Ile not forget that neither.

Iaq. If you do,
I will forget to call your Lady Sister. 80

Cla. Sir, I haue question'd all the will in me,
And finde it now resolv'd vnto your wish.

Iaq. You haue my good will too brother.

Ped. Mine is wrought out through rocks of doubt and feare,

85 She is you owne, I send her pilote like
Into an Argosey beyond her sterge.

Ant. Ile hand the helme with her, and there abide
Safetie, or drowning.

Ped. She will be hated when the disdainfull browes
90 Of noble greatnesse shall be shot against her,
The scornes and flowts she shall endure, will be
Farre lesse content,
Then is the humble quiet she enioyes.

Ant. All those I will rebuke, and if she blush,
95 The beauty then will check their painted cheekes
With a rebounding shame vpon themselues,
Let not more obstacles be mention'd,
Onely let priuacie protect us yet
Altho we scant the full solemnitie

100 Due to thy wishes; Hymen which afterward
Shall dare the largest blazon.

Marg. Call it mine Sir,
And then the smallest ceremony may serue.
All wants, are onely wanting vnto you
To giue your greatnesse the due ornaments.

105 *Ant.* Shall your kinde paines prouide us of a Priest,
Whom my instructions shall direct you to?¹⁸

Iaq. Shall I? why who am I pray?

Mar. Yes, good brother do.

Ant. O you teach me,¹⁹ sweet; yes good brother do.

Ia. O as a brother I will, I perceiue these great men
110 are somewhat forgetfull of their poore kindred.

Ant. A Fryer in Saint Austins Monastery
Aske for one Benedicke, my comends to him
Will bring him with thee, hees prepar'd for it.

¹⁸Texts have period.

¹⁹Texts. No punctuation after "me."

Ia. Ile be the Clarke my selfe for the groat sake,
which you know will arise out of the two and twenty. 115

Ant. Tush, Ile treble that wages.

Ia. Nothing grieues me but this wedding will be so still
borne

we shall haue no dancing at it, but Ile foot it
to the Priest howsoeuer, Fala la, la, la: [Exit.]²⁰

Ant. How ere the kings employment in the wars 120
Calls on my person, I shall leaue behinde
My selfe in thee, and beare my selfe along
In thy sweet memory.

Mar. O Sir, you speake of swift diuorce.

Ant. Rellish to ioy, a breathing from our pleasures, 125
Come, come, true loue
Shall tye two hearts in one.

Ped. O happy proue. [Exeunt.]

ACTUS SECUNDUS.¹ [SCENA PRIMA.]

[A Room in one of Roderick's Castles.]

Enter Lothario, and Malena.

Lo. Come old reuerence, if euer thou hadst musique in
thee,
To inchant a maydenhead, now strike vp.

Mal. You play well
On the Pandora, Sir I wonder your skill
Failes to make her dance after it.

Lo. Tush, I giue thee
The precedence, wire strings will not doote, it must be 5

²⁰Stage direction added by Dyce.

¹Texts. No capital for "secundus," or for the Latin numbers of the succeeding acts.

A winde instrument thats gouern'd with stopping of holes,
Which thou playest well on, my old Violl de gamb,
Come, thou shalt haue reward.

Ma. And what pay haue you for pandership,

10 *Lo.* Little or nothing, it comes short of the bawd alwaies.

Ma. A bawd, why whats a bowd, pander?

Lo. Why bawd, Ile tell thee what a bawd is.

Mal. Then pander I will tell thee what a pander is.

Lo. A bawds a thing that when the deuill plaies at maw,
15 He turnes vp trump, because shees a helpe.

Mal. But the pander playing with the deuill robs the
bawd

To make his hand the stronger, and the cards being
The deuils, he makes out a little heart (and thats all
He has) into the stocke.

20 *Lo.* The deuill vyes with the bawd.

Mal. The pander being drunke sees the deuill.

Lo. The deuill playes on, and looses the bawd.

Mal. And takes away the knaue (which is the pander)
With his fwe finger.

Lo. And fearing he has not tricks enough
25 Giues vp his dealing to the bawd, so they shuffle agen.

Mal. Enough of this game.

Lo. Well, the maidenhead is
In this enchanted Castle, thou must blow vp,
Giue fire old Linstocke, I confesse I am repulst ith van;
If thou failst too the king comes with a murdering piece
30 In the rere; on tis a royall seruice.

Mal. Well, leaue it to me Sir.

Enter Iacinta.

Lo. See,² she sallyes vpon thee,
Asmotheus, Cerothus, and all the fiends of the flesh
Stand at thine elbow.

Exit Lothario.

²T. C. has "See," all others "she."

Mal. Blesse ye faire Virgin :

Iac. From your age with a virgine Epitaph, if you
No better be then I esteeme you.

Mal. Twere pity 35
Indeed you should be a virgin to my age
Sweet beauty,

You woud be like a garment long laid by,
And out of fashion, which tho new, woud not
Be worth a wearing :

Iac. Is that your companion 40
Parted with you?

Mal. No companion Lady,
But a friend of mine, as I hope he is of yours.

Iac. Y'are both naught then, and neither friends of mine,
But here you haue me prisoner in your power
If you haue ought to speake to me out with't. 45

Mal. Ya're belou'd Lady, and which is more, yea most,³
Of a king beloude.

Iac. A good induction ;
And all this I may deserue being a loyall subiect.

Mal. Your loyalty may be mixt with his royalty,
If youle be rulde, vnderstand, kings are not common things, 50
Nor are their actions common ; all things are
Proper, and peculiar vnto them ; so Ladies
Whom they loue, are commonly proper Ladies, who being
Proper, cannot be counted common.

Iac. Tis all⁴ my pride, I'le be accounted proper. 55

Mal. Onely to a king

Iac. And common to all the world besides,⁵
That were grosse.

Mal. You wrest my meaning virgin, I woud not haue
you be—⁶

³Texts have "yea most" on a separate line.

⁴Texts have "Tis all" on a separate line.

⁵Dyce puts a question mark after "besides."

⁶Dyce adds the dash.

Iac. A virgin, is not that your meaning?

60 *Mal.* Now you come to me;
Tis true: For what is a virgin? knew you as much
As I youde nere be a virgin.

Iac. I dare sweare I shoud not.

Mal. A virgin? why tis as much as to say because
65 You were borne a childe you shoud euer be so;
This were ridiculous. Virginitie,
Why tis a Jewell kept in a Casket,
Which neuer open'd, as good you neuer had it;
Shall muske be alwayes kept in the Cod, how shall
70 The sweetnesse be tasted then? Virginitie is
Like a false friend to you, which indeed is better lost then
kept.

Iac. Out shame of women, thou the falsest art,
Be lost for euer looking on my face,
Or lose⁷ those instruments thou lookst withall;
75 Immodesteyes in men are veniall,
When women rebell against their weaker selues.
Out hag, turne thee into some other shape,
Or I shall curse my selfe for being one
Of thy bad sex.

Enter Rodorique.

Mal. Nay, I haue done with you Lady,
80 If Flags of truce will not serue, you must look
For defiance, and here he comes that brings it with him.

Iac. All powers of goodnesse guard me.

Rod. Speake, is she pliant?

Mal. Stubborn as an Elephants leg, no bending in her,
You know what you haue to do my Leige, trees that
85 Will not yeeld their fruit by gentle shaking, must
Be climde, and haue it pulde by violence.

Rod. Giue leaue.

"Texts, "loose," except D. and T. C.

Mal. I woud she woud giue leaue as soone
As I, you shoud not be troubled to aske a duty
From me, I woud fall at your feet my Leige.

Exit.

Rod. Why turne you from us Lady?

Iad. O my Leige, 90
I turne not from your face, but from your power,
You bring a frowne, I dare not looke upon.

Rod. Your thoughts instruct you ill, I do not frowne,
But smile vpon you.

Iac. I craue your pardon, and bend 95
My knee, your true obedient servant, my life
I'll lay an offering at your feet, what more
Woud you from your humble vassayle?

Rod. Nothing so much,
But far⁸ lesse then eyther, thy love faire virgin.

Iac. Keeping that name, you have it ever.

Rod. What name?

Iac. A virgin; you have my prayers dayly to heaven 100
For your long soveraignties, your honours health and vic-
toryes.

Rod. 'Tis⁹ good, and will you deny your selfe, what
you wish
From others? I would atchieve a victory from you.

Iac. Sir, I am not you foe.

Rod. Concluded well;
Approue your selfe a friend, the war is love, 105
Wherein we two must strive make it no warre,
But yeeld it freely.

Iac. It is not love you seeke;
But an Antipathy as dissonant
As heaven and hell, the musique of the spheares,¹⁰
Comparede with gnashings, and the howles below. 110

⁸Texts, "for."

⁹Texts, "T'is."

¹⁰Texts have a period after "spheares."

Can lust be cal'd love, then let men seeke hell,
For there that fiery deity doth dwell.

Rod. We come not to dispute of good, and bad,
Do as your sex has done, tast what's forbid,

115 And then distinguish of the difference,
I come not now to war with eloquence,
Those treaties are all past, if you embrace
Our profferd love, wele pray; or call it lust,
If not, we speake a king to you, you must:

Iac. Will you be a Rauisher?

120 *Rod.* Cal't as you please,
We haue a burning feauer, and the disease
You must lay balsum to.

Iac. Poyson be it,
A serpentine, and deadly aconite,
Neuer survive to know what you haue done,
125 But perish in the deed, or ere begun.

Rod. These blasts are Zephires breath, a gentle gale
When it blows high.

Iac. Then let my teares preuaile.

Rod. The sacrifice of fooles, the proverbs scorne,
None pitties womens teares, but Ideots borne.

130 *Iac.* Remember what my Father does for you,
Hees gone to brandish gainst your enemies,
Hees fetching you honour home; while at home
You will dishonour him.

Rod. My purpose twas,
To send him forth the better to atchieve

135 My conquest here.

Iac. Tyranous vnkingly.

Rod. Tush, I have no eares.

Iac. Hele be reveng'd:

Rod. Pitty, nor future feares.

Iac. Help, help, some good hand help:

Rod. Thers none within thy call.

Iac. Heaven heares.

Rod. Tush, tis far off.¹¹ 140

Iac. See heaven, a wicked king, lust staynes his Crowne,
Or strike me dead, or throw a vengeance downe.

Rod. Tush heaven is deafe, and hell laughs at thy crye.

Iac. Be cursed in the act, and cursed dye.

Rod. Ile stop the rest within thee.¹² 145

Exit dragging her.

[ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA SECUNDA.]

[*Outside Alonzo's Castle.*]

Enter Iulianus, Medina, Antonio, Lazarello.

Iul. Not the messenger returnd from the Castle
With answer from Alonzo?

Enter Alonso (sic) and Dionisia, [and messenger.]

Med. See my Lord,
They come together.

Alon. Noble Iulianus,
The dignity of generall you weare,
Be with your valour individuall, 5
Till we haue made it triple by our conquests,
Then let that threefold one, impale your browes,
And beare it to king Rodorique in triumph.

Iul. Worthy Alonzo you must helpe your wishes
Ere they can take effect, your approved arme 10
Will be a good assistant, but I pray Sir,
How have you kept your Castle so unbruis'd?
The foe not far distant, have you not tane
Nor given? no sallying forth, no buffetting?

Alon. My Lord, we have beene yet as quiet as in league, 15
Which makes me guesse their number is not full,
They have not yet, unlesse with grim aspects
So much as frightened this my tender daughter.

¹¹T. C. has: all texts "of."

¹²Dyce suggests "there."

- Dio.* Tender father, I pray let not your pittie
 Disparadge me, I have seene a sword whipt out
 20 Starke naked in my time, and never squeakt;
 Do you thinke a Sarazins head, or a Blackamoores face
 Can affright me, let me then be afraid
 Of every chimney sweeper.¹³
- Iul.* Good spirit yffaith;
 Even such a souldier have I left behinde,
 25 I had much adoe to keepe her from the field;
 Poore Iacinta, had I knowne such a sworne sister for her
 I shoud almost have given her leave.
- Alon.* I'le tell you Sir,
 Were there a band of buskind Amazons
 That woud tucke up their skirts, and strike indeed
 30 My girle shoud weare bright Menalippaes belt
 She shoud be foremost; and I'le venture her.
- Laz.* Is she such a striker, my Lord?
Dio. All at head,
 No where else, beleeve me Sir, we hold it base
 To strike below the wast.
- Laz.* You fight high Lady.
 35 *Ant.* So she does¹⁴ at heart I thinke.
- Iul.* So, so, to her batchellours,
 Antonio, Lazarello, Medina; Come Alonzo,
 You and I must treat more seriously
 Upon our war intendments.
- Laz.* [*Aside to Antonio.*] The generall wrongs you
 To call you batchellour, Antonio.¹⁵
 40 *Ant.* Woud he did not wrong me.
Laz. Have not you a Cordiake

¹³Texts in this speech end with *me, time, head, then* and *sweeper*.
 I am indebted to Mr. Morris for the rearrangement.

¹⁴Perhaps a dash here would help the meaning.

¹⁵Texts have but two lines for these three, ending with *intendments*
 and *Antonio*. I follow Mr. Morris.

A heart fever now, ha? Do you thinke there is
A Phenix now, is there but one good face
In the world?

Ant. I see nothing in her face,
Prethee attempt to make her speake agen. 45

Laz. Her tongue? nay if you like her tongue, you must
needs
Like her tayle, for the one utters the other. [*to Dionisia*]
Lady

What would you give now for Moores heads by the dozen?

Dio. I would buy by the score Sir.

Laz. And what a score then? 50

Dio. Chalks best for the score, every alewife knows that.

Laz. You talke of chalke, and I of cheese.

Dio. Hees in the last dish, pray take him away here.

Laz. I have not done yet, will you buy any ware of me?

Dio. What? proffer'd ware? foh. 55

Ant. Give o're, thou wilt be foyl'd else.

Laza. Why, heres a wench now, I had rather lie with
her witt,

Then with the best piece of flesh in Christendome,
I could beget young Mercuries on her, with
The very conceit: would you had had a good paire 60
Of eyes in your head.

Ant. They are false glasses, and will
Deceive me.

Enter a Scout.

Scout. My Lords to armes, the foe discover'd,
Marching amaine upon you.

Iul. We are in readinesse, our Councels broke, 65
Advice must be all blows, Ladie to your hold,
And at advantage, see what these youths will do,
To gaine your love; nobly for Spaine speake drum,
And if they call, answer for us, they come.¹⁶

¹⁶Perhaps "they come" should be in quotation marks.

[ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA TERTIA.]

[*Field of Battle near Alonzo's Castle.*]*Alarum. Enter Mully Mumen King of the Moores.*

Mull. Descend thy speare, thou burning Diety,
 Hast from our shame, go blushing to thy bed;
 Thy sonnes we are, thou euerlasting ball,
 Yet never shamde these our impressive brows
 5 Till now; we that are stamp't with thine owne seale,
 Which the whole ocean cannot wash away:
 Shall those cold ague cheeks that nature moulds
 Within her winter shop, those smoothe white skins,
 That with a palsey hand she paints the limbes,
 Make us recoyle.

Enter Zacharia [i. e., A Moore.]

10 *Zac.* Great Mullymumen haste,
 Either give heart to our retyring troups
 By a fresh onset; or haste to saftie by
 Flight and basenesse: Bennizaverian's¹⁷ slaine.
Mull. Where's our brother Mahu Mahomet?
 15 *Zac.* Rounded with danger,
 Where he behaves himselfe nobly.¹⁸ Haldillinbaiday,
 Enafer, and fwe Alchaides more are gone
 Vp to his rescue, and if not more he dies,
 Or is captiv'de.

Mull. Wele partake either or both with him.
 20 They are both noble; but to¹⁹ basely flie
 Is to preserve life, and let honour die.
 Fall then my flesh, so there survive my name,
 Who flies from honour, followes after shame. *Exeunt*

¹⁷Texts have "Bennizaverians" without the apostrophe.¹⁸Texts. No punctuation after "nobly."¹⁹Texts, "too."

[ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA QUARTA.]

[*The Same.*]

Alarum. Enter *Iulianus, Antonio, and Alonzo.*

Iul. Antonio, now by the Saint of Spaine
You haue made your selfe remarkable to day,
Valour, exceeding valour, was not lookt for
Which you have showne to day.

Alon. So nobly Sir,
That I could wish my daughter were in love 5
With you, and your vertues; would you requite it,
Her dowry should be 50 thousand crownes,
More then I ever meant it.

Ant. [*Aside.*] O heart, thou speak'st too late.
My Lords your praises, and your noble wishes
Makes me esteeme my selfe behinde hand with fame 10
Heres yet more worke to do.

Iul. One Mully we have tane,
If Mumen flie not, hees his fellow-captive.

Ant. There my new fortunes shall their honour prove,
Then fare well war, next wele war faire with love.

Exeunt.

[ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA QUINTA.]

[*The Same.*]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter *Iulianus and
Medina, with two prisoners.*

Iul. Medina, post to king Rodorique, do thus and thus,
Tell our royall Master what worke we have done him:
You see and know, and it needs no relation,
Here are royall prisoners.

Moores. How will you use us?

5 *Iul.* As in captivity we wish our selves.

Amb. May we not be ransomde?

Iul. As from the king

We shall receive: as his pleasure returnes us,

Meane time you shall have cause to blame

Your fortunes, not your conquerours; where's Antonio

10 The best deseruer of this dayes honour.

Med. Retirde to his tent.

Iul. Not wounded, is he?

Med. No my Lord, but weary.

Iul. So we are all,

Now we have time to rest, and get new breath,

We conquer to the life, and not to death.

Exeunt.

[ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA SEXTA.]

[*Before Alonzo's Castle.*]

Enter Antonio reading a letter, Lazarello.

Laza. Now Antonio, where's Margarett now?

Ant. [*pointing to his heart.*] Here.

Laza. Whose²⁰ that in your hand then?

Ant. I know not, looke, tis gone. [*Drops the letter.*]

Laz. Fie, youle take it up againe; come, come, stoope,

This is Dionisiaes character: a hand worth your heart,

Peruse it better, [*Antonio picks up the letter.*] so, so, tis

5 well:

Ladies faire hands must not be rejected so,

I did foresee this dangerous relapse,

You are in love.

Ant. With Margarett.

²⁰Perhaps for "Who's," or else contracted for "Whose is."

Laz. With Dionisia;
Nor do you shame it, rather cherish it.
It is a choise befitting your high blood; 10
What you have done, make it as an assay²¹
Vnto your best desires.

Ant. O Lazarello!
Thou giv'st me poyson to recure a wound
Already mortall.

Laz. Why this is speedlesse haste,
I know your sated pleasures would throw up 15
Their over-cloyde receipt; you have beene noble
In your brave deeds of armes; who shall boast it,
Your beggars issue? they are Antipathies;
How would it sound to heare poore Margaret say
Her Lord hath brought home honour from the warres: 20
T'woud staine your worth to be so vainly boasted.
No, this Lady
Would multiply your praises with her phrase,
Let²² Dionisa say that her Antonio
Won the palme of victory, then y'are throne, 25
And musique gracing the solemnitie.

Ant. One word confutes thee, ever into silence,
I am married.

Laz. A mistake in private, who knows that?

Ant. Margaretta, and my selfe,
Besides a thousand witnesses within.²³ 30

Laz. Quit you those, and who dares speake it else?

Ant. Who dares not speake a truth.

La. Dares not, who dares?

What danger is more great then to speake truth?
If poore ones durst speake plaine of great mens faults,
There needed no libelling.

²¹Texts, for "an assay" have "a say."

²²Texts, "Lest."

²³Texts. No period.

- 35 *Ant.* I'le choake freedome;
 Oh what a bed of snakes struggle within me.
La. Tush, they are but wormes, and I'le give thee seed
 and reasons
 To destroy 'em; yo'are married.
Ant. A good physitian;
 Thou kill'st me quickly to haste me out of paine.
- 40 *La.* Tush, I must first draw the corruption forth,
 And then apply the healing medicine.
Ant. Perswade me to turne Turk, or Moore Mahometan,
 For by the lustfull lawes of Mahomet
 I may have three wives more.
- 45 *La.* And concubines besides; turne Moore?
 Do you expect such counsell from your friend?
 Wrong me not so, I'le shew you a Christian way
 At least a way dispenc'd with Christians,
 Say you distaste your match, as well you may,
- 50 When truth shall be unmask't, and shame walke by,
 Bearing a blushing torch to light them both,
 Mend then the cause before it take effect,
 Annihilate your marriage, that's the cause,
 Tis private yet, let it be private ever:
- 55 Allow your Margaret a pension,
 She may be glad to embrace that, twere pride
 To embrace you, say she be call'd your whore
 For some thing that may breed from what is done,
 Better her shame then yours; a common thing:
- 60 Poore beauties are proud of noble bastardie.
Ant. Fearfull counsell.
La. Does your Margaret love you?
Ant. Beyond her life.
La. Good, marry Dionisa,
 Griefe kills her, then are you a widower.
Ant. Horrible murther; twere lesse tyranny
- 65 To kill at once, then by a lingring poyson.

La. Ha? poyson? what white devill prompted that?
Poyson, brave, the very change of friendship, the triall
Of a friends love to death, would you make sure
Of a friends constancy, a swift poyson will strike it dead.
And tis the easiest way, and may be done 70
Even in the termes of love, as thus, I drinke to you,
Or accept these gloves, the taste, the touch, the sight,
Tush, any sence will take it kindly.

Ant. I'le heare
No more from thee, thou studiest to make worse
A positive bad, by a vilde performance. 75

Enter Dionisa.

La. Ha?
Looke yonder, there's an eye speakes better oratory
In very silence, where's poore Margaret now?

*Ant.*²⁴ Oh my heart.

La. Looke upon that face; well, y'are my friend,
And by that true loves knot; had I that face 80
But in reversion after your decease,
I thinke I should give you physicke fort.

Dio. Worthy Sir,
My noble father intreats some words with you.

Ant. A happy messenger invites me to him,
How shall I quit your paines?

Dio. I'le take my travell fort Sir. 85

Ant. Tis too little.

Dio. I thinke it too much Sir,
For I was loth to have travellde thus farre, had not
Obedience tide me toot.

Ant. Y'are too quicke.

Dio. Too quicke Sir, why what occasion have I given you
To wish me dead? 90

Ant. I cannot keepe this pace with you, Lady,
I'le go speake with your father.

"Texts. Colon after "Ant."

- Dio.* I pray stay Sir, I'le speake with you my selfe.
Ant. Before your father.
Dio. No, here in private by your selfe.
 95 *La.* I'le stop my eares, Madam.
Dio. Why, are they running away from your head, Sir?
Laz. I meane I'le seale them up from hearing, Lady.
Dio. You may, no doubt they have wax o' their owne.
Ant. Venture thy eares no farther good Lazarellos,
 100 She will endanger 'em, but Lady now I thinke on't²⁵
 Speake, is not this your hand?
Dio. I have three then it should seeme,
 For I have two of my owne fingring.
Ant. This is your letter?
 105 *Dio.* You know my minde then by this time.
Ant. If I may be your expositor, Lady, I thinke I do.
Dio. And how do you expound me Sir?
Ant. Kinde and loving.
Dio. Kinde and loving: t'were a good commendations
 110 For a sow and her pigs.
Ant. You aske me the reason why I enquirde your age
 of your father.
Dio. Tis true Sir, for what have you to do with my age?
Ant. I'de rather have to do with your youth Lady:
Dio. Who, my page?
 115 *Ant.* Fye, Madam, y'are too apprehensive, too dexterious,
 Your wit has two edges I protest.
Dio. What a cut would that giue to a bald crowne.
Ant. My crowne itches not at that, Lady.
Dio. Yet you may scratch it though.
 120 *Ant.* Come, come, your wits a good one, do not tyre it
Dio. Vnlesse it remove out of my head, I must,
 For I must tire that.
Ant. I thinke you love me.
Dio. You and I may be of two opinions,
 125 I thinke not so now.

²⁵Texts, "on."

Ant. Come, your hand has betraid you,²⁸
Do not you plainly say here, we two should be well matcht?

Dio. O strange, he steals halfe a text to uphold
His heresie; but what follows, we should be well matcht
At a game of shuttlecocke, the meaning is, 130
For a couple of light headed things we could not be over
matcht;

He might have conceited that that could have but said
B to a battleder: but come Sir, you have said
Enough to me, will you go speake with my father?

Ant. This I'le adde first, which I'le avouch unto 135
Your fathers face, I love you.

Dio. This I'le confirme to you,
And to my fathers face, but I'le not promise you,
Whether I blush or no, I do not hate you.

Ant. I'le follow you, yet give me leave ere you go 140
To give a gratitude unto your lip.

Dio. My lips do not stand in the high way to beg
A charity, as open as they appeare to you. [*He kisses her.*]
You'le follow me Sir.

Ant. I cannot stay long after. 145

Dio. Soft I'me in your debt Sir, did you bestow a kisse
on me?

Ant. I did so farre presume.

Dio. Take it againe . . .

So now I am out of your debt, hereafter never feare
To lend freely to one that payes so willingly. *Exit.*

Laz. Now Sir, what do you do? 150

Ant. I am dissolving an Enigma.

La. Let me helpe you, what ist.

Ant. I would faine know

What kinde of thing a mans heart is.

Laz. Were you never 155

At Barbar Surgeons hall to see a dissection?

²⁸Bod, seems to have a period here. So B.

- I'll report it to you, tis a thing framde
 With divers corners, and into every corner
 A man may entertaine a friend, there came
 155 The proverbe, a man may love one well, and yet
 . Retaine a friend in a corner.
Ant. Tush, tis not
 The reall heart, but the unseene faculties.
Laz. Those I'll decipher unto you, for surely
 The most part are but ciphers; the heart indeed
 160 For the most part doth keepe a better guest
 Then himselfe in him, that is the soule: now the soule
 Being a tree, there are divers branches spreading out of it,
 As loving affection, suffering sorrowes, and the like.
 Then Sir, these affections, or sorrowes, being but branches,
 165 Are sometimes lopt off, or of themselves wither,
 And new shoot in their roomes. As for example;
 Your friend dies, there appeares sorrow, but it quickly
 Withers, then is that branch gone; Againe you love a friend,
 There affection springs forth, at last you distaste,
 170 Then that branch withers againe, and another buds
 . In his roome, shall I give you history to this morall?
Ant. No, I can doot my selfe; oh Margareta.
La. So shees in the vocative case already; if she slide
 Into the ablative, shees thrust²⁷ quite out of the number.
Ant. I am lost Lazarello.
 175 *La.* I shall finde you againe
 In Dionisaes armes.
Ant. Must I backe slide.
La. If you can finde in your heart, you must.
Ant. My hearts a rebell to me.²⁸
La. Faith all your body
 Will be accessary toot, I'me a friend,
 180 Come, come, league with your thoughts, you are too nice.

²⁷Texts, "thrush."

²⁸Text make *my hearts* a separate line, cf. Morris.

Ant. How ill thou speakest of good, how good of vice?
'Tis now concluded in me, I will on,
I must, although I meet destruction:
Downe hill we run, climbe upward a slow pace:
Easie discents to hell, steepe steps to grace. *Exeunt.* 185

ACTUS TERTIUS. [SCENA PRIMA.]

[*A Room in Roderick's Castle.*]

*Enter Lothario, and Iacinta.*¹

Lo. Quiet your tongue, or I'll take away your liberty,
Know y'are under me, and my command.

Iac. Quiet my tongue? art officer of hell!
Thou Iaylor to the devill, fleshy fiend,
I'll waken heaven and earth with my exclames, 5
Astonish hell for feare, the fire be doubled
In the due vengeance of my hainous wrong,
My heavy hainous wrong.

Lo. Forbeare I say:
You are a crackt virgin,
And I'll bestow the widows almes on you 10
In charity, if you not hold your tongue.

Iac. Worst of humanity, hold thou thy tongue,
Shame thou to speake; my shame enforceth me.

Lo. Come, come, my little (what shall I call thee)
For it is now doubtfull what thou art; being neither 15
Maide, wife, nor (saving your reverence) widow.

[*She*] *spits at him.*²

Ha? Doest spit at me? I'll have you spitted for this tricke,
And I will turne you as you see, and moreover
I will bast you.

¹Texts, "Iacenta."

²Texts all cut close so as to leave no space for punctuation after
"him."

- 15 *Iac.* O that I could spit out the spiders bladder,
 Or the toads intrals into thee, to take part
 And mixe with the diseases that thou bear'st,
 And altogether choke thee; or that my tongue
 Were pointed with a fiery Pyramis
 20 To strike thee through; thou bundle of diseases,
 The store-house of some shaggy meteor,
 Some blazing fire shon o're thy fatall birth,
 And laid up all her sad effects in thee;
 Gouts, aches, dropsies, and a hundred more,
 25 For were not poyson to thee naturall,
 Thy owne foule rottennesse would strangle thee.
Lo. Thou art a looser, and I do consider it,
 Thou hast lost a maydenhead, a shrewd cracke:
 A flaw that will hardly be soaderd againe;
 30 Some there be that can passe away these counterfeits
 For currant, as brasse money may be taken
 For silver, yet it can never be the same,
 Nor restorde to his first purity, this I consider;
 And beare, (but presume not too much to trouble
 35 The poole of my patience, it may rise foule, it may.)^s
Iac. O that thine eyes were worth the plucking out,
 Or thy base heart, the labour I should take
 In rending up thy bosome; I should but ope
 A vault to poyson me (detested wretch)
 40 The hangmans man, basest degree of basenesse,
 Thou liv'st upon the lees and dregs of lust,
 Thy soule is a hyrde hackney towards hell.
 O Iulianus, my much honour'd father,
 How is thy simple faith deluded now!
 45 Thou hadst not so much thought of ill in thee,
 To breede a bad opinion of a villaine,

^sTexts have bracket after "foule" instead of after "may." No comma after "foule."

Tyrant, and ravisher; whilst thou art winning
 Renowne and honour from Spaines enemies,
 Spaine has dishonour'd and imprisoned me:
 Thou understandst not this, unlesse the windes 50
 Vpon their fleeting convey beare it thee;
 Some gentle vision tell thee in thy sleepes,
 And heaven instruct thee with a waking faith,
 True to beleee thy slumbers; boyle out my bloud,
 And at the briney limbecke of mine eyes 55
 Distill my faculties; alone I'le tell
 My sorrowes unto heaven, my curse to hell:
 And there I'le mixe that wretch, from thence they rise,
 Oh whilst I looke on him, I loath mine eyes. *Exit.*

Lo. But that I have some kinder purpose, I would not 60
 Be thus baited: I am given to the flesh as well
 As the king my Master, I have some hope to taste
 This dish after him; but tis yet too hot for me,
 It will coole, and then I will draw my blade, and have
 A flash at it: this womans two edgde tongue, 65
 And this burthen of flesh that I beare about me,
 Hath made me so heavy, I must take a nap.
 Cob, boy, Cob, page.

Enter [Cob, the] Page.

Cob. Here Sir.

Lo. There is some thing gone
 Into my eares that troubles my braine, blow in 70
 Some musique to fetch it out againe.

Cob. The best I can, my Lord.

Lo. And hearke you, having done, ascend the Turret
 And see if you can discover his Maiesty
 Comming to the Castle: this houre he appointed 75
 For his recreation, if you do, descend,
 And give me warning.

Cob. I will. [*Exit.*]

A song within. Lo. falls asleepe.

Enter Cob.

So I have luld my Lord asleepe,
 I see he takes my musique heavily,
 80 Therefore I'le sing no more: now to my Turret
 To see if the king come, now he may take him napping.
Exit.

Enter Iacinta.

Iac. There is no resting place within a prison
 To make my sorrows lesse by recounting:
 I throw'um forth, but empty none at all;
 85 [*Sees Lo.*] Ha, asleepe? I, security can sleepe,
 Griefes a true watchman: how the devill snores?
 There's hell within him, and what a hideous noise
 The fiends do make: oh had I a murdering heart,
 I could with his office beat out his braines.
 90 But I have better thoughts, these keyes may give me
 My release from prison: Can I thinke
 Of better release, no; I will not delay it,
 I will keepe backe my sinnes from multitudes,
 And I may flie for safety to my father:
 95 Theres divers wayes, heaven instruct the privat'st,
 And best for my escape: fare ill, not well,
 Thou and thy lustfull Master: from all but one,
 This key now frees me, O! that I beare about,
 Which none but mercies key can deliver out. *Exit Iacinta.*

Enter Cob.

100 *Cob.* My Lord, I spie the king comming privately
 By himselfe, my Lord, one were as good attempt
 To wake a watchman at three a clocke in the morning,
 My lord,⁴ lend me your keyes if you'le not stir your selfe:

⁴Perhaps "My Lord" should stand on a line alone.

Me thinkes he should wake himselfe with snoring, but it
may be
The more noise makes him sleepe the sounder; the best is, 105
I take it, the king has a private key to let in himselfe;
If he have, he will do his own work himselfe, and my Lord
For this time shall be an innocent pander,
In this act of sleepe a harmlesse husband may be so
To his owne wife; 110
Tis as I guesst, he is come in of himselfe.

Enter Rodorique.

Rod. Where's your Master?

Cob. Hees here

In his private meditations, my Liege.

Rod. He was ever heavie, where's Iacinta?

Cob. Safe enough,

My Liege, she strucke my Lord into these dampes 115
With the very musique of her tongue, but they were all
discords.

Rod. Command her hither, [*Exit Cob.*]^s her father
sends me word,

He has a noble fortune to bring home
Conquest and royall captives; I shall not well
Requite him: therefore I must now be heedfull 120
What I returne, how the villaine snores!
Sleepe on Sir, your sinne will be the lesse, in being
My bawd. Now where is she?

Enter Cob.

Cob. Alas my Lord,
I have beene . . .

Rod. Beene impe, where have you beene?

Cob. Seeking about all the corners in the Castle 125
For Iacinta.

^sAdded by Dyce.

Rod. Why, is she to seeke slave?

Cob. I can neither heare nor see her any where.

Rod. Rogue, thou neither seest, nor near'st more if I see not her :

Cob. I'll go seeke better, my Leige, I doubt some leger-demaine,

[*Aside.*] But if I finde not her within, I know the way
130 out. *Exit.*

Rod. You dormouse, baby of fifty, bundle of security,
Awake Rogue, pocks of your heavy flesh, hast thou no soule?

Lo. Mynnion, I'll clog your heeles with irons for this,
Will you not let me rest by you?

135 *Rod.* Mischiefe ope you eye-lids: blocke, image.

Lo. I will tell the king, and he shall tickle you for this.

Rod. Sir death, I'll tickle you for this, loggerhead,
where's Iacinta?

Lo. O my Leige, is it your Maiesty, I beseech you pardon me:

These after-dinner naps^s are the repasts to my body.

140 *Rod.* Diseases devoure your body, where's Iacinta?

Lo. Safe, safe, my Leige, my keyes, where be my keyes,
Saw you my keyes, my Leige?

Rod. Confirmde, she has the keyes, and is fled the castle:
Dog, hell-hound, thou shalt be my foot-ball, slave:

145 I'll drag this hatefull lump into his grave.

Lo. Nay but my Lord, I protest by mine honour,
And the office I hold about you, I left'em by me
When I went to sleepe, and my first dreame told me
They were there still. My boy, my Cob, saw you my Cob,
my Leige?

150 *Rod.* Dogs worry you both; search slave in every angle,
Send pursuite after her, if thou returnst her not,
Thou shalt curse thy being.

*Texts, "after dinner-naps."

Lo. If she be not above steeples,
Nor beneath hell, I'll finde her, for so high
And low I can reach and dive, as heavy as I am. *Exit.* 155

Rod. If she escape us, and once reach her father,
Now in his height of honour, we know not how
He may receive his wrongs, nor the event;
We will command him distant from the Court,
And his prisoners sent to us; And this shall haste 160
Before her possible speed, if she scape:⁷
Wele threaten his heads losse, if he deny'um,
Those that do wrong, had need keepe safety by'um. *Exit.*

[ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA SECUNDA.]

[*A Room in Margaretta's House.*]

Enter Margaretta and Fydella the Moore.

Mar. O that some striking aire had blasted me
Before this poyson entred at mine eares;
Married?

Fy. Madam, sweet Madam.

Mar. Madam! prethee mock me not, nor gard my folly
With such a linsie wolsie ornament. 5
Madam, is the mad dame, and thence mad woman:
Define it so and I will borrow still
That little of my store. A coat of tissue
If a foole weares it, is but a fooles coat.
Such are my trappings; oh for time thats gone, 10
Equality, oh sweet equality,
Borne under Libra, thou hast both right hands,
Without advantage, or priority.
Base ones made big by beauty are but slaves,

⁷The metre would require "escape."

- 15 Their Lords nere truly bed but in their graves.
 Ha? a dangerous conceit, call my brother, Fidella.
Fy. Then let me counsell you, know hees open,
 Plaine, and rusticall, and alterd from his first condition,
 What ever your purpose is, let it not appeare to him.
- 20 *Mar.* Prethee be gone, and call him. [*Exit Fydella.*]
 Am I despis'd so soone? wedlocke uniust,
 Vnequall nuptials are not love, but lust:
 Come backe past time, oh tis a fruitlesse call,
 I may repent, but finde no helpe at all.
- 25 Now I forestall thee heaven ere I begin,
 Forgive me, I must act some^s heinous sinne,
 I must now be changde.

Enter Clowne, and Fydella.

- Clo.* (*Ia[ques]*) Lady sister, did your Madamship
 Send for my worship?
Mar. I did send for you brother.
Ia. You may intreat me.
Mar. I hope so, I have a letter
 30 To my Lord (brother) containing so much love
 And secresie; as I would trust none willingly
 But your selfe for the delivery.
Ia. A letter sister!
 I would not have you to take me for a Carrier,
 Or a Porter to carry words, or letters more
 35 Then it pleases me; yet in the way of a Nuntius,
 Partly Embassadour, or so, I will
 Travell for your sake.
Mar. Looke you, this is all, brother. [*Gives letter.*]
Ia. Is this all sister?
Mar. Vnlesse youle adde another:
 Commends by word of mouth.

*Texts have "some a." Perhaps for "soon a."

Ia. By word of mouth?
Twas not well spoken sister.

Mar. Why brother? 40

Iaq. Why what words are there, but words of the mouth?
Except it be words of the taylor, which would sound but ill
In my Lord brothers eares: for words behinde
A mans backe are but winde, you know that.

Mar. But be most carefull in the delivery, I entreat you
brother; 45

You know our wedding is onely knowne to us,
A thing conceald from wide mouthd rumour, then should you
Find him in company with Nobles of his own rank—⁹

Iaq. Tush, I can smell the rankest of them all.

Mar. Say amongst Ladies you should find him sporting 50
Dancing, kissing, or any such like wantonnesse,
Take heed your rude approach does not move him to any
distaste.

Iaq. O mine owne¹⁰ sister, my nose is a little more a kin
to you

Now then ever it was; you would have me be an informer
Of unlawfull games, as Ticktack, whipper ginny, in & in. 55

Mar. No trust me brother, onely to instruct you I speak;
For the least disparagement should chance to him
His pleasure forbidding it, would be a death to me.¹¹

Iaq. Well sister, heres my hand, and my heart is some-
where

Here about me too, but I'de be loath to bring him 60
Forth to witness, but I will be very carefull.

Mar. You undo me else brother.

Iaq. Pha, d'e thinke me for
A foole or your brother (sister)?¹²

⁹Texts. Period after "rank."

¹⁰Texts, "my nowne."

¹¹Texts. Comma after "me."

¹²Texts. No punctuation after "sister."

Mar. Do not thinke

But at your returne I shall be very thankfull.

65 *Iaq.* As for that, it is sufficient your Ladiship is my sister ;
oh ye little amiable rogue you, a good face is a good
dowry, I see sometimes ; when we two tumbled both in a
belly together, little did our mother thinke which should
have beene the Madam ; I might have beene cut the tother
70 way iffaiith, if it had pleased the sisters three, if the Mid-
wife had but knowne my minde when I was borne, I had
beene two stone lighter ; but much good do thee with thy
good fortunes ; farewell honourable flesh and blood, I will
deliver to my noble brother, pretty trim Lady, I thinke we
75 are eyde alike ; fare thee well, I cannot chuse but see thee as
long as I looke upon thee. *Exit.*

Mar. Effect thy owne content, paper and inke,
And then thou bringst the worke into my hands.

*Fydella.*¹³ [*Enter Fydella.*]

Fyd. Madam.

Mar. Thou louest me *Fydella.*

Fyd. Do you make a question ont Lady?

80 *Mar.* No, I rather

Speake it as acknowledgement, suppose I went
In the right noble way, to meet my foe
I'th field, woudst be my second.

Fyd. To my second life, Madam.

Mar. I do intend no such viragoes part,
85 But in shape, a danger to thee farre more worse,
But when tis done,
The spatious world shall have to understand,
Spite of the low condition of my birth,
High spirits may be lodg'd in humble earth. *Exeunt.*

¹³Texts have "Fudella" and "Fud." through the text of this scene.

[ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA TERTIA.]

[*Before Alonzo's Castle.*]

*Enter Dionisia and Antonio.*¹⁴

Dio. Sad still!

Ant. I am as I was ever Lady,
Full of retyred thoughts.

Dio. You draw these backward
Should be comming on, and meet in nuptiall pleasures.

Ant. All strive to be their owne Physitians (Lady)
We know whats best and fittest to be done,
But who can follow it?

Dio. Till the disease be knowne
In vaine it were to study remedy,
Pray whats your cause of sadnesse?

Ant. I have none, Lady.

Dio. Why are you not merry then?

Ant. You must finde fault with my complexion for't, 10
Nature, perhaps, has not compounded me
Of equall portions; yet you discover
Diseases outward, I not feele within,
Me thinkes I'me merry.

Dio. No, I have heard you sigh so violent, 15
They have wak't my slumbers with you in bed,
One gust following another, as you woud breathe¹⁵
Out all your aire together, there must¹⁶ be cause.

Ant. I know not how to win your good beliefe, Lady, 20
But if youle trust me; Lazarello come hither.

[*Enter Lazarello, then*] *enter Clowne.*

Iaq. [*Aside.*] A murrin o the carrier brought me
hither, I shall sit

¹⁴Texts, "Anthonio."

¹⁵Texts, "breath."

¹⁶Texts, "most."

the worse this two dayes, but I thinke I have requited his
sides for't; Now to my letter, pat yffaith, here's my noble
brother; hum, I have a pestilent Lady to my sister, she told
25 me I should finde him amongst Ladies; if she had said Lady
she had guest singular well yffaith; I will carry it as well as
I can for my honourable brothers credit.

Dio. Fie, that's a lame excuse, you won not honour
Equall with your will, my selfe from the Castle saw you,
30 Most nobly do, I saw you unhorse three brave opposers,
You kild and captiv'd many enemies.

Laz. Nay now sweet Lady
You make too strict an inquisition,
Men emulate in honour for the best.
35 Who woud be second that can formost be;
For this a man may wrangle with his fate,
And grieve and envy at anothers fortunes.

Iaq. [*Clears his throat.*] Hum, hum, hum.

Laz. [*Aside to Ant.*] See you yon fellow.

Ant. [*Aside to Laz*] Waite him hence good Lazarello,
I am undone else,
40 [*To Dio.*] Looke here Dionisia, here's a iewell,
I never shewed thee yet.

Dio. Tis a very pretty one,
Shall I have it?

Ant. With all my heart sweet.

Iaq. [*Aside.*] He gives me ayme, I am three bows too
short,

I'll come up nearer next time.

45 *Dio.* When does the Army
March hence, Antonio?

Ant. Some three dayes hence
I must prepare to go:

Dio. I'll go with you Antonio.

Ant. By no meanes sweet, I'll send for thee
50 With more harmonious musique.

Dio. Indeed I must.

Ant. Come, come, indeed you shall not. 55

Laz. [*Aside to Ant.*] He wonnot off Sir.

Ant. [*Aside.*] A mischiefe carry him :

Iaq. [*Aside.*] No! shall I have no notice taken of me!
I'le begin in another tone with you. Hum, hum, hum,
(*Sings.*) There was a Nobleman of Spaine, Lady, Lady,
That went abroad, and came not againe 60
To his poore Lady.

Oh cruell age, when one proud brother, Lady, Lady,
Shall scorne to looke upon another,
Of his poore Lady.

Dio. How now, what fellow's this? 65

Iaq. No mans fellow here, Lady, yet a good fellow too
In place where.

Laz. Who! this fellow, Lady! he that knows not him,
Knows not a man of mirth, this Doctor I tell you
Gives as good cure for the melancholy 70
As the best Emperick in Spaine, what ere he be.

Dio. I woud he woud practise on Antonio then.

Laz. Troth Madam tis a good plot, please you to walke
I'le man you to the Castle, leave them together,
Tis an equall match, if he make him not merry, 75
Heele most terribly trouble his melancholly.

Ant. [*Aside.*] Heele make me more sad I feare.

Dio. I had rather stay and partake some mirth.

Iaq. I am no womans foole (sweet Lady) tis two trades
in Sivill; as your mans Taylor, and your womans Taylor: 80
so your Lords foole, and your Ladies foole, I am for the
tongue, not for the bauble.

Dio. Well Antonio, I'le leave you, and sirra make him
merry,
And I'le reward thee:

Iaq. If I cannot make him merrie, I know who can.

Dio. Who I prethee?

Ant. [*Aside.*] Twill out.

85 *Iaq.* Why my—you can Lady.

Dio. Now you iest too broad sirra.

Iaq. That's womans iesting, Madam.

Exit Laz. and Dio.

Ant. [*Aside.*] I was afraid he woud have namde his sister.

Iaq. I will make bold to be cover'd, brother thou knowest—¹⁷

90 *Ant.* [*Pretending to recognise him.*] Oh brother.

Iaq. Looke thee theres black and white for thee from the little honourable rascall my sister, and a thousand commendations too without booke, which I was bid to tell thee by roat, if thou canst reade and heare all at once.

95 *Ant.* Yes I can.

Iaq. Theres honourable bones a breeding; my sister is the peevishest piece of Ladies flesh growne of late, we have good sport at it to see her vexe and fret, she boxes me as familiarly as if I were her Cobler, for talking to her, an un-
100 naturall varlet, to strike her owne flesh and bloud, but I beare with her for thy sake.

Ant. I thanke you fort, brother:

Iaq. Nay, she cuts her lace, and eats raw fruit too, what sallet do you thinke she long'd for tother day?

105 *Ant.* I know not:

Iaq. For a what doe call'um? those long upright things that grow a yard above the ground; oh Cuckow pintle roots, but I got her her belly full at last.

Ant. So twas well.

110 *Iaq.* But the best iest was, she bit her shoemaker by the eare as he was drawing on her shoes; and another time her Taylor for girding her too straight, he had a long nose, but she did so pinch his bill; what, hast thou good newes brother?

¹⁷Texts. No punctuation after "knowest."

Ant. Very good brother, all I reade are well.

Iaq. Yes faith brother, we are in health, and drinke to
thine sometimes. 115

Ant. Brother, I woud have your swift returne.

Iaq. Twas my sisters charge, she thinkes of long things,
poore heart.

Ant. I cannot give you the entertainment I woud bro- 120
ther, but I pray you let this provide for you. [*Gives money.*]

Iaq. This is Hostesse, Tapster, Chamberlaine, & all, bro-
ther.

Ant. In the morning early my letter shall bee ready
for you.

Iaq. I will lye in my boots all night, but I'le bee ready
as soone as your letter: *Bonos nocios, mi frater.* [*Starts* 125
to go.]

Ant. Stay brother, one thing I must aske you,
And pray you tell me, Whats your thought of me,
Finding me in a Ladies company?

Iaq. O brother, I woud not have you thinke you have
a foole to your kindred, what! I understand these toyes, 130
there are fowle, and there are fish, there are wag-tayles, and
there are Mermayds.

Ant. Of what sort do you thinke she is?

Iaq. Oh brother, definitions and distinctions! fie on
'um, come, I know flesh and bloud will be sporting. An¹⁸ 135
I were a married man my selfe, I woud not alwayes be at
home, I woud hawke, and hunt, and ride, there are divers
members in one body, there are flesh dayes, and there are
fish dayes, a man must not alwayes eate one sort of meat.

Ant. I see you are a wag brother. 140

Iaq. Alwayes let a married man get his owne children
at home if he can, if he have a bit abroad for procreation
or so . . .

¹⁸Texts, "And."

Ant. Well good night brother, I pray hold a good opinion of me.

Iaq. O Sir, I can winke with one eye like a gunner; shall I make my sister sicke of the yelow Iaundies? no, thought is free, whatsoever I speake, I'le say nothing; *Vale, valete, valete, valetote.* *Exit.*

150 *Ant.* I can dissemble mirth no longer;
Oh my afflicted soule, wert thou capable
Of separation, thou woudst now be rent
Into a thousand peeces: Lazarello.

Enter Lazarello.

Laz. Now Sir, you are full of newes I'me sure.

155 *Ant.* Heavy and froward newes: where's Dionisia?

Laz. At distance enough in the Castle; you may speake.

Ant. I am discover'd, Margareta knowes of this
Her wrong, and my disloyalty.

Laz. It was no mystery,
And must be found, but how does she beare it.

160 *Ant.* Better then her birth,
As well as my addition to her, nobly,
And if her hand does not belye her heart,
She's glad that I have found an equall liking.

Laz. She has done as becomes her.

Ant. Yet with this request,
165 That I woud not forsake her utterly,
But some times see her, tis articed too,
That twice a weeke sheed have my fellowship
By night, and private stealthes, the which obtainde,
Sheed loose the name of wife, and never shame
To be call'd my Concubine.

170 *Laz.* I, this is well,
Fine light pageant worke, but not¹⁹ sure building,
This gilds a while, but will at length wash off agen;

¹⁹Texts, "now." The emendation is Dyce's.

This rooffe must be raise'd upon a sounder ground-sill;
Give me your free bosome, you have one heart, and two
wayes,²⁰

Which may have the better part freely?²¹

Ant. My conscience 175

And my affection warre about this quarrell,
My conscience saith the first, but my affection,
The second.

Laz. So then, you should

Love Margareta, but do love Dionisia.

Ant. My heart's triangled, two points Dionisiaes, 180
And that downwards Margarets, and that's the smallest.

Laz. I thanke you for this free delivery:
You seale your friendship to me, now let me build,²²
I ha'te, I'll rid your griefes at once; will you
But give consent.

Ant. To any faire condition. 185

Laz. No worse then Margarets request to you,
Or very little, returne your letter, that
You will satisfie all her desire, appoint
Your first nights approach, and privately.

Ant. Night cannot hide it ever.

Laz. But heare me, 190

You shall not go, I will supply your place,
Not to blemish, but to preserve your honour:
Command your entertainment²³ so secret be,
As that no lights may leade you to your chamber,
Let me alone to counterfeit for once, 195
And once shall serve for all, if it but take,
And that she bed with me, not for the act,
For there your honor must be weighed, but company,

²⁰Perhaps we should read "wives."

²¹Texts have period.

²²D. has a period here.

²³Texts have comma.

Shall serve the turne, then rise I and proclaime
 200 Both our luxurious sinnes; how dares she then
 Claime any part in you?

Ant. Tis a strange extreame.²⁴

Laz. Ulcers must have corrasives to eate, not skinde,²⁵
 Extreames must have extreames to coape withall,
 It will not yeeld else.

Ant. I like it, and allow it;

205 Tis more then water that must fight with wilde fire.

This passage shall be instantly preparede
 With some of my wearings, brought as neare my selfe
 As art can make, this Ring to strengthen it,
 I could subtract a third from my estate

210 To heale her injury, and quite blot out

That taints mine honour, being voyc't,
 It must be curde; pardon heaven and Margaret,
 There is an innate falling from what's good,
 Which nothing can repaire in's but our bloud.

Exeunt.

ACTUS QUARTUS. [SCENA PRIMA.]

[*In Julianus' Tent.*]

Enter Iulianus with a letter, and Piamentelli.

Iul. That I should ten leagues be in scorne remov'de
 From Court unto my countrey house! for what?
 Tis very strange; know you the cause?

Pia. Not I, my Lord.

Iul. I cry you mercy Sir, and my king mercy,
 5 And I beshrew my thoughts for being troubled.
 I know the cause my selfe, his grace is wise,
 For seeing me on a Pyramis of honour,

²⁴Bod. has a period here.

²⁵Dyce emends to "skin."

So eye-able to the world, the talking slaves,
 The multitude in their loud bellowing voyces,
 Might adde so much to me Sir, as might dim 10
 His owne proper glory, for such weake eyes see
 The present obiect, nothing to come, or past;
 He gives me safety in it, and indeed
 Himselfe much worth and honour, for Sir, what honour
 Can subiects have, but is their kings owne right,¹ 15
 Due as their Crownes; hees royally wise in't,
 I do applaud it highly, and obey it.

Pia. Your prisoners must be sent him too my Lord.

Iul. Ha? my prisoners? that goes somewhat further,
 Sir, I beseech you this day entertaine 20
 Your selfe into our Campe, y'are nobly welcome,
 The kings health shall go round the Army too
 This very night, we'le answer and confirme
 What he commands.

Pia. To morrow I must returne. *Exit Piam.*

Iul. You shall; meane time I pray be merry with us: 25
 Commanded from the Court! and my prisoners sent for!
 Tis strange; oh my forgetfull memory!
 I did not aske how my Iacinta far'de:
 But she forgets too, mindes not me her father,
 We'le mixe'um both together; but my prisoners! 30

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, heres a woman (forcde by some tide of sorrow)
 With teares intreats your pittie, and to see you.

Iul. If any souldier has done violence to her,
 Beyond our military discipline,
 Death shall divide him from us: Fetch her in. 35
Exit Servant.

I have my selfe a daughter, . . . on whose face
 But thinking, I must needs be pitifull:²

¹Texts have a period.

²B has a period here.

And when I ha told my conquest to my king,
 My poore girle then shall know, how for her sake
 40 I did one pious act: is this the creature?⁸

Enter [Servant] with Iacinta.

Ser. Yes, my Lord, and a sad one.

Iul. Leave us: [*Exit Servant.*] a sad one!
 The down-cast looke, calls up compassion in me,
 A Coarse going to the grave looks not more deadly,
[*Iacinta kneels.*]

Why kneelst thou?⁴ art thou wrongde by any souldier?
 45 Rise, for this honour is not due to me.
 Hast not a tongue to reade thy sorrowes out?
 This booke I understand not.

Iacin. [*In a broken voice.*] O my deare father!

Iul. Thy father? who has wrongd him?

Iac. A great Commander.

Iul. Vnder me?

Iac. Above you.

Iul. Above me? who's⁷³ above a Generall?

None but the Generall of all Spaines Armies,
 50 And thats the king, king Rodericke; hees all goodnessse.
 He cannot wrong thy father.

Iacin. What was Tarquin?

Iul. A king, and yet a ravisher.

Iacin. Such a sinne

55 Was in those dayes a monster; now tis common.

Iul. Prethee be plaine.

Iacin. Have not you Sir, a daughter?

Iul. If I have not, I am the wretchedst man
 That this day lives: for all the wealth I have
 Lives in that childe.

⁸Texts have exclamation points.

⁷³Texts, "whose."

Iacin. O for your daughters sake then heare my woes. 60

Iul. Rise then, and speake'um.

Iac. No, let me kneele still,
Such a resemblance of a daughters duty,
Will make you mindfull of a fathers love:
For such my iniuries must exact from you,
As^s you would for your owne.

Iul. And so they do, 65
For whilst I see thee kneeling, I thinke of my Iacinta.

Iac. Say your Iacinta then (chast as the Rose)
Comming on sweetly in the springing bud,
And ne're felt heat, to spread the Sommer sweet:
But to increase and multiply it more, 70

Did to it selfe keepe in its own perfume:
Say that some rapine hand had pluckt the bloome,
Iacinta like that flower, and ravisht her,
Defiling her white lawne of chastity,
With ugly blacks of lust; what would you do? 75

Iul. O tis too hard a question to resolve,
Without a solemne Councell held within
Of mans best understanding faculties:
There must be love, and fatherhood, and grieffe,
And rage, and many passions, and they must all 80
Beget a thing call'd vengeance; but they must sit upon't.

Iac. Say this were done by him that carried
The fairest seeming face of friendship to your selfe.

Iul. We should fall out.

Iac. Would you in such a case respect degrees?

Iul. I know not that.

Iac. Say he were noble. 85

Iul. Impossible: th'acts ignoble; the Bee can breed
No poyson, though it sucke the iuyce of hemlocke.

Iac. Say a king should doo't? were th'act lesse done
By the greater power; does Maiesty extenuate a crime?⁶

90 *Iul.* Augment it rather.

Iac. Say then that Rodoricke, your king and Master,
To quit the honours you are bringing home,
Had ravisht your Iacinta.

Iul. Who has sent
A furie in this fowle-faire shape to vex me?
95 I ha seene that face me thinks, yet know it not:
How darest thou speake this treason, gainst my king?

Durst any man ith world, bring me this lye,
By this, 'had' been in hell; Rodoricke a Tarquin?

Iacin. Yes, and thy daughter (had she done her part)
100 Should be the second Lucrece: view me well,
I am Iacinta.

Iul. Ha?

Iac. The king my ravisher.

Iul. The king thy ravisher! oh unkingly sound:
He dares not sure, yet in thy sullied eyes
I reade a Tragicke story.

Enter Antonio, Alonzo, Medina.

O noble friends,
Our warres are ended, are they not?

105 *Omn.* They are Sir.

Iul. But Spaine has now begun a civill warre,
And to confound me onely: see you my daughter?
She sounds the Trumpct, which draws forth my sword
To be revengde.

Alon. On whom? speake loud your wrongs,
110 Digest your choller into temperance:
Give your considerate thoughts the upper hand,
In your hot passions, twill asswage the swelling

*Texts have apparently a colon.

†Texts, "had" for "he had" or "'a had."

Of your big heart; if you have iniuries done you,
Revenge them, and we second you.

[*Iulianus kneels before Iacinta.*]

Iac. Father, deare father.

Iul. Daughter, deare daughter.

Iac. Why do you kneele to me Sir? 115

Iul. To aske thee pardon that I did beget thee,
I brought thee to a shame staines all the way
Twixt earth and Acheron: not all the clouds
(The skies large canopy) could they drowne the Seas
With a perpetuall inundation, 120
Can wash it ever out, leave me I pray. *Falls downe.*

Alon. His fighting passions will be ore anon,
And all will be at peace.

Ant. Best in my iudgement,
We wake him with the sight of his won honours:
Call up the army, and let them present 125
His prisoners to him, such a sight as that
Will brooke no sorrow neare it.

Iul. [*rising,*] Twas a good Doctor that prescrib'de that
physick.⁸

I'le be your patient Sir, shew me my souldiers,
And my new honours won, I will truly weigh them, 130
With my full griefes, they may perhaps orecome. *Exit Ant.*

Alon. Why now theres hope of his recovery.

Iul. Iacinta welcome, thou are my child still,
No forced staine of lust can alienate
Our consanguinitie.

Iac. Deare Father, 135
Recollect your noble spirits, conquer grieffe,
The manly way: you have brave foes subdued,
Then let no female passions thus orewhelme you.

Iul. Mistake me not, my childe, I am not mad,
Nor must be idle; for it were more fit, 140

⁸Texts. No punctuation.

(If I could purchase more) I had more wit,
 To helpe in these designes, I am growne old:
 Yet I have found more strength within this arme,
 Then without prooffe I durst ha boasted on.
 145 Rodericke thou king of monsters couldst thou do this?
 And for thy lust confine me from the Court,
 Theres reason in thy shame, thou shouldst not see me.
 Ha! they come Iacinta, they come, hearke, hearke,
 Now thou shalt see what cause I have given my king:

*Enter Antonio with the Affrican king, and other
 Moores prisoners.*

150 Stand, pray stand all, deliver me my prisoners:
 So tis well, wondrous well, I have no friends
 But these my enemies, yet welcome brave Moores,
 With you I'le parley; [*To the Spaniards*] first I defie you all.

Alon. How?

155 *Iul.* I am a vovd foe to your King, to Rodorique.

Ant. How Iulianus!

Iul. Nay we feare you not, here's our whole army;
 Yet we are strong enough from feare or flight.

Ant. Make us understand a reason Iulianus,

160 If for disloyalty reason may be given
 Of this your language.

Iul. Be you my Iudges whom I make my foes?
 Was my power plac't above my mercy, or mercy
 Above my power? went they not hand in hand?

Ant. Ever most nobly.⁹

165 *Alon.* Ever, ever.

Iul. Why then should Rodorique doe this base deed?

Ant. You doe distract us Sir, beseech you name it.

Iul. Behold this child of mine, this onely mine,
 I had a daughter, but¹⁰ she is ravisht now.

⁹Texts have apparently a colon.

¹⁰Texts, "be."

- Omn.* Ravisht? 170
Iul. Yes, by Rodorique, by lustfull, tyrant, Rodorique:
Omn. O most abhorrid deed!
Iul. Ioyne with me noble Spaniards in Revenge.
Omn. We will.
Iul. Have I your hearts?
Omn. Our lives shall seale it.
Iul. Then Princely Mulymumen, here I free thee, 175
 And all thy valiant Moores: Wilt thou call back
 Thy scattered forces, and incorporate
 Their strengths with mine, and with me march through
 Spaine,
 Sharpning thy sword with vengeance for my wrongs?
Moore. Most willingly, to binde me faster to thee, 180
 Plight me thy ravisht daughter to my wife,
 And thou shalt see my indignation fly
 On wings of Thunder.
Iacin. O my second hell,
 A Christians armes embrace an infidell!
Iul. Ile not compell her heart, wooe, win, and wed her: 185
 Forc't has she bin too much,—My honor'd friends,
 What we all thought to ha borne home in Triumph,
 Must now be seene there in a Funerall,
 Wrackt Honour being chiefe Mourner; here's the Herse
 Which weele all follow;—Rodorique we come, 190
 To give thy lust a scourge, thy life a doome. *Exeunt.*

[ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA SECUNDA.]

[*A Room in Margareta's House.*]

A bed discovered, on it Lazarello, as Antonio: Enter Margareta and Fydella with a halter.

Mar. Sleeper he Fydella?

Fyd. Slumbringly Madam; hee's not yet in his dead sleeper.

Mar. Tis now his dying, anon comes his dead sleep.
 For never shall he wake, untill the world
 5 Hath Phoenix-like bin hid in his owne ashes,
 Fydella, take my strength into thine armes,
 And play the cruell executioner,
 As I will first instruct thee.

Fyd. I am so farre
 From shrinking, Madam, that Ile gladly be
 10 The Prologue to Antonios Tragedy.

Mar. Antonios Tragedy! that very Name
 Should strike even sparkes of pittie from the flint:
 Antonio! husband Antonio.

Fyd. Remember there's another owes that Name.
 15 *Mar.* I, that's the poyson kills me; shall a strumpet
 (For shee's no better) rob me of a treasure
 So deere to me as he was; yet her I pardon:
 The master-thiefe lies here, and he must dye for't:
 All mercy hence I banish, Iustice looke downe
 20 To see a womans vengeance; thus I begin. [*Pulls at the
 halter.*]

And follow thus and thus, now I am in,
 Nothing shall pull me back.

Laz. Oh, Oh.

Fyd. He has passage yet for breath.

Mar. Here's remedy for that, pull Fydella.

25 *Fyd.* He woud speake it seemes.

Mar. Never; his tongue betrayd me once, I will
 No more listen my temptations; heare he shall
 Awhile, and that but deafly: Antonio,
 I was your wife, Lordly Antonio,
 30 And in that balance equal'd with your selfe,
 I was your handmaid, and you might have trod
 On my humility, I had kist your feet,
 But with disdain thou trampledst on my throat,
 As I doe now on thine, and will deface

What nature built for honor, not deceit : 35
 Our wedding was in private, so our divorce,
 Yet this shall have as free¹¹ and open blazon
 As a truth-speaking goodnesse ; O my Fydella,
 Thou little instrument of my revenge,
 I woud not have thee (for thy duty) lost, 40
 There's gold, hye thee to safety, fare thee well,
 I must nere see thee more, this place will be—
Fyd. Not too hot for me Madam ; my complexion
 Is naturall to it : good fortunes follow you ;
 If I might counsell you, I woud conceale it : 45
 If you can fly, doe not betray your selfe. *Exit.*
Mar. Fy, prethee away, thou wilt marre all the glory,
 Conceale the deed? even to the bended brow
 Of the sterne Iudge, Ile speake, and call for iustice,
 Proud of my glorious vengeance, I will smile 50
 Vpon my dreadfull Executioner :
 Twas that was first enacted in my brest,
 She shoud not dare to kill, that dares not die,
 Tis needy mischiefe, and hee's basely bent
 That dares doe ill, yet feare the punishment. *Exeunt.* 55

ACTUS QUINTUS. [SCENA PRIMA.]

[*Roderick's Palace, as in Act I, Scene I.*]*Enter King Roderique and Piamentelli.**Rod.* Some musique.

Pia. Musique Sir! tis all untunde,
 Remember your proud enemies¹² approach,
 And your unreadinesse to entertaine um.

Rod. If all be set upon a carelesse hazard,
 What shall care doe there?

¹¹Texts, "fre."¹²Texts have no apostrophe.

- 5 *Pia.* Rouze you like a Lion,
 And fright this heard of Foxes, Wolves, and Beares,
 From daring to come neere you: a Kings eye
 Has Magicall charmes in't to binde treason down,
 They fight like theeves for spoile, you for your owne:
- 10 *Rod.* O Piamentelli, theres within my bosome
 An Army of Furies mustred, worse than those
 Which follow Iulianus: Conscience beats
 The Drum of horror up.
Pia. For what! a Maidenhead!
 Pray be your selfe, and justifie the act,
 15 Stand on your guard, and royalize the fact
 By your owne dispensation.
Rod. Goe call our friends together, if we have none,
 Hire them with double pay, our selfe will search
 And breake those dangerous doores which have so long
 Kept Spaine in childish ignorance.
- 20 *Pia.* O good my Lord,
 Forbeare, there's fatall prophesies forbid you.
Rod. There's fatall fooleries; tell me of prophesies!
 Shall feare affright me? no; upon my life
 Tis hidden treasure kept for needfull houres,
 25 And now tis come; tis gold must purchase soldiers;
 Shall I not seeke it then? alone Ile breake
 Ope those forbidden doores, goe muster men.
Pia. This I dread more then all our enemies,
 If good proceed from this, no Magick Art
 30 Shall fright me. *Exit.*
Rod. Or good, or bad, Ile throw the dice my selfe,
 And take the chance that fals; thou art the first,
[*Breaks open the door*], *Thunder.*
 Hell wakens, yet Ile on, twenty at least
 I must passe through before I breake the spell,
 35 If this doore thither lead, Ile enter hell. *Exit.*

ACTUS QUINTUS. [SCENA SECUNDA.]

[*The Fatal Chamber.*]

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Rodorique againe at another doore.

Rod. So now I me entred to the fatall chamber,
Shew now thy full effects; ha? what sight's this?

Enter Iulianus, Moore, Iacinta, Antonio, Alonzo, one presenting Rodorique.

Rod. Tis holliday in hell, the fiends are loose,
I have enfranchiz'd you, thank me Devils;
Was this the fatall incantation 5
That here was lockt so many fearfull ages,
And was't decreed for me to dislocate?
Fire consume you geomantick Devils,
Where borrowed you those bodies, you damn'd theeves?
In your owne shapes you are not visible, 10
Or are you yet but fancies imaginarie?
What's he that me presents? I have not lent
My carcas forth, I am not sleeping now,
And my soule straid forth, I am my reall selfe,
Must I be captiv'd by a traitor so? 15
Devill thou playest me false; undiadem'd?
And such a sooty fiend inherit me?
Iacinta, too, that she-curse, must she have part?
Kneeling to them, here's a solemnity
In the Devils name; goe raigne in Sulphur, or in 20
Some frozen Labyrinth; this Kingdom's mine:
Thou there that me personat'st, draw forth thy sword,
And brandish't against hell, Ile shew thee how:

Exeunt Shew.

What Magick bindes me? what furies hold mine arme?¹³
 25 Piamentelli, Avilla, none succour me?

Enter Piamenteli.

Pia. What ayles you Sir?

Rod. My foes are come upon me.

Pia. Comming they are, but yet a league distant, Sir,

Rod. Zounds!¹⁴ they are come, and have bin here with
 me.

Traiterous Iulianus, and his ravisht daughter,
 30 An army of Moores, of Turks and infidels.

Pia. Your fancies trouble you, they are but comming,
 Too neere in that, make up to your souldiers,
 Full twenty thousand now will follow you and more.

Rod. The Moore's a comming, & the devill too that must
 35 Succeed me in my last monarchy, take armes and fight,
 The fiends shall know they have not plaid me right.

Exeunt.

[ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA TERTIA.]

[*An Open Place.*]

Enter Lothario with a halter.

Lo. O for a private place to bee hang'd in; when all
 hope's gone, welcome despaire; which way soever the
 day goes, I'me sure this is my way; If the King overcome,
 I shall be hang'd for Iacintaes escape, if shee rise, I fall in
 5 recompence of her wrongs. All my grieffe is, I want an
 heire to have my purse and clothes, on that woud take
 the paines for me, an honest hangman were now as good
 a companion as I woud desire to meet with; I have liv'd
 a Lord, and I woud be loath to dye an executioner.

¹³Texts have apparently a period.

¹⁴Texts have no punctuation here.

Enter Clowne.

Iaq. Murder is come to light; Oh sister how hast thou 10
overthrowne our honorable house before it was well covered; oh ambitious sister, halfe a share in a Lord would not content thee, thou woud have all or none, now thou hast none, for thou hast kild thy Lord and husband.

Lo. I was a Lord, altho a bawdy Lord. 15

Iaq. I was a Lords brother, altho a bawdy Lords brother.

Lo. O Lechery, how hast thou puft mee up and undone me.

Iaq. O Lechery, thou hast battend me awhile, and then spoild me.

Lo. Ha? what art thou?

Iaq. Partly honorable, partly miserable. 20

Lo. Give me thy hand.

Iaq. Give me thy halter then.

Lo. Art thou a hangman then?

Iaq. I, and a mad one, but now I droope, and am ready to drop into the budget. 25

Lo. Looke here's worke for thee, here's clothes, and here's mony, wout thou take the paines to hang me?

Iaq. I have liv'd a Lords brother, and woud be loath to die a hangman.

Lo. Doe not desire to die, live till thou diest of thine owne accord.

Iaq. Tis my desire, but I want a cord of mine owne, 30
prethee lend me thine.

Lo. Let me perswade thee to be charitable to thy selfe, spare thy selfe, and hang me, I have been a Pander, knowst thou what a Pander is?

Iaq. In briefe a knave; more at large thus; 35
Hee's a thing that is poore,
He waits upon a whore,

When shee's sick, hee's sore,
 In the streets he goes before,
 40 At the chamber waits at doore,
 All his life a runs o'th score,
 This I know, and know no more.

Lo. All this Ile adde to it,
 He weares long locks,
 45 And villanous socks,
 Many nights in the stocks,
 Endures some knocks,
 And a many of mocks,
 Eates reversions of cocks,
 50 Yet lies in the flocks,
 Thrives by the smocks,
 And dies with the pox.

All this I have beene, and now desire to be hang'd for't.

Iaq. What hast thou there?

55 *Lo.* A hundred marks, besides leases, and lands which I
 have wickedly gotten, all which I will bestow on thee, if
 thou wilt take the paines to hang me.

Iaq. Hum!¹⁵ my brother is dead, and there is no way to
 raise our house agen but by ready money, or credit; the
 60 hangman many times mounts above his betters; well I
 will hang, but my conscience beares me witnesse, tis not
 for any good will I beare unto thee, nor for any wrong
 that I know thou hast committed; but innocently for thy
 lands, thy leases, thy clothes, and thy money. And so
 65 come along with me to¹⁶ the next tree, where thou shalt
 hang till thou art dead, and stink above ground.

Lo. With all my heart, my guts, my lights, my liver,
 and my lungs.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹⁵Texts have a question mark.

¹⁶Texts, "with to me."

[ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA QUARTA.]

[*The Field of Battle.*]

Alarum, Excursions. Enter Rodorique and Piamentelli.

Pia. Fly, fly my Lord.

Rod. With what wings?

Pia. With wings of speed,
Your foes, Sir, conquer, and souldiers¹⁷ bleed,
The barbarous Moore is titled by your name
The Spanish King; therefore your safest speed
Will be to Biscany, there you may finde
New friends, new safety, and new kingly minde.¹⁸ 5

Rod. There is no friendship where there is no power,
I must crave now, oh poverty most poore,
To beg of them receiv'd mine almes, before.
I have defended them:

Pia. They'le you releeve. 10

Rod. Ile make the prooffe: what do you call the man
Whose prowesse in that rightfull victory
Against the Moores did so much honor win?

Pia. Antonio.

Rod. He was, and is, and may be, but not long, 15
This poyson'd Iulianus has batterd him.
Thou art my subject still Piamentelli.

Pia. Whilst I am Piamentelli.

Rod. Wert thou gone,
I then might boast, I were a King alone,
For but thy selfe I doe not know one subject, 20
Then subjects all, since youle not let me die,
Ile seeke a weary life in Biscany. *Exeunt.*

¹⁷Texts, "souldies."

¹⁸Texts, "mindes."

[ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA QUINTA.]

[*The Palace as in V. I.*]¹⁹*Enter Moore [i. e., Mully Mumen,] and Iacinta.**Mo.* Thou mutable peece of nature, dost thou fly me?*Iac.* Th'art²⁰ frightfull to me.*Mo.* I shall be more frightfull,If thou repell a proferd arme of love,
There will rebound a hate blacker in Act²¹5 Then in similitude; forget me not,
Have not I chac't thy wronger from his ground,
And my triumphant selfe thy conqueror?
I am thy King.*Iac.* Ile feare thee then.*Mo.* Not love me?*Iac.* The word is poison'd in thy very tongue,
10 Love thee? as I woud love my ravisher.*Mo.* Thy father shall repent.*Iac.* He must, and will,
That ere he freed a captive infidell.*Mo.* Looke for a vengeance.*Exit.**Iac.* Yes, some barbarous one,
Tis naturall to thee, base African,
15 Thine inside's blacker then thy sooty skin;
Oh Iulianus, what hast thou done? th'ast scap't
The raging Lion, to wrastle with a Dragon,
He woud have slaine with a majesticke gripe,
But this with venome; better had bin thy fate
20 By him to fall, then thus, by such a helhound.¹⁹Mr. Morris places this scene on the field of battle, but line 195, "Upon this stayre we do ascend our throne," seems to indicate the palace.²⁰"Th'att."²¹Texts, "Art."

Enter Moore and Soldiers, with Iulianus.

Mo. Bring forth that traytor, seaze that lustfull whore.

Iul. What wilt thou monster?

Iac. Any thing that's monstrous.

Mo. Reward a traytor.

Iul. Traytor?

Mo. Be thine owne iudge,

What art thou but thy Kings, and Kingdomes ruine?

Was it thy hope,²² that ever I should trust thee? 25

Traytors are poyson'd arrowes drawne toth'head,
Which we shoot home at mischiefe; being struck dead,
Then let the arrow be consumed in fire:

Hast not betrayd thy King and Country basely?²³

Iul. For thee (ingratefull, villanous Moore) I have, 30
I have deserv'd to die, but not by thee,
And I beseech thee, bloody Tyrant, hasten
My punishment.

Mo. That boone is easily granted.

Iul. Tis now full glory to thee, to strike home
Set the black character of death upon me, 35
Give me a sentence horrid as thy selfe art,
Speake in thy barbarous language, thy last doome,
A tyrants Axe sends me to a blest home.

Mo. Pluck out his eyes, and her exclaiming tongue,
She shall in silent sorrow then lead him, 40
Her eyes shall be his starres:

Iul. O spare her tyrant,
By her offence and wrong thou hast aspirde,
Then tread not on her vertues, 'tis enough
That I doe suffer for the good ill I did
To set thy captiv'd foot above my head: 45
Oh spare my child.

²²Texts, "hopes," with the "s" cancelled, or at least blackened. However, there are other examples of this where the "s" is obviously in place.

²³Texts have no punctuation here.

Iac. Entreat for me? forbear Sir,
 Either be you dumbe, or let him not heare,
 I shall have mentall prayers left for heaven,
 Fuller effectuall then this tongue can utter,
 50 And for the author of my wrongs and sinne,
 I shall have hartly curses left within.

Ex. [*soldiers*] *with Iul. and Iacin.*

*Enter Margaretta with the body of Lazarello
 Pedro, and Claveile.*

Mar. O Iustice, Iustice, thou that filst the throne
 Of soveraigne Iustice, thou art a severe one,
 Give me thy sharpest rigor.

Mo. Against whom?

55 *Mar.* My selfe, the murdresse of my valiant husband.

Mo. More fruits of Christians.

Enter Antonio wounded, with Dionysia.

Mar. Yes, and see, here's more,
 Antonios ghost! mured by me, yet liv'st thou?

Ant. Revenge and jealousie mis-led thy arme,
 To kill my friend, (my supposde friend) not me;
 Thou strangledst Lazarello.

60 *Mar.* O my hard fate!
 My aime was full at thee.

Ant. End thy just hate,
 For I am parting from thee; see those two
 That wrong'd thee are both wounded to the death,
 With grieffe she, I by poyson lose my breath.

Dio. Forgive him, but spare not me.

65 *Mar.* How came you wounded?
 I clap my hands at this your tragedy,
 My birth was base, but my revenge flew high.

Mo. A noble girle, a lusty stout Virago.

Ant. Iulianus, for a wrong done to his daughter,

(The fatall Engine that hath beat downe Spaine) 70
 Revolted from his King, and set that Moore up,
 Who now insults, being but a captive then,
 And cause in honest language I was just
 In taxing this revolt of Iulianus,
 He bid a soldier kill me, who refusing it, 75
 He himselfe struck me; life was lent thus long,
 But for the clensing of my conscience:
 I feele deaths pangs, forgive me both, and all,
 Let my soul rise, altho my body fall:
 With honor I got honor, thus my sinne thrives, 80
 Thus fals the wretched husband of two wives: *Fals.*
Dio. So, here's a brace of widowes now at one windfall,
 A wholsome example to all succession;
 Let every wise man take heed of two wives,
 Tis too great ods, I durst be one of the two 85
 My selfe,²⁴ should break one of the strongest husbands
 hearts.
 What shoud I call thee, widow, shall wee marry one another
 now,
 And beget Chimeraes, I doe not thinke
 That ever any one husband dares venture
 On us both at once againe²⁵ 90
Mar. Dost thou play with thunder, or is that thing
 Which should supply the place of soule in thee,
 Merely phantasticall? are thy passions
 Such featherd follies, idle gigglotories?
 Are these the rites due to a funerall? 95
Dio. Why? hast never seene the sun-shine of a rainy day?
 Who does beleeve a widows teares to be her hearts sorrow?
 Are they not then better spar'd then derided?
 Let me see then what thou dar'st do with wet eyes,
 That I dare not answere with a smiling cheeke? 100

²⁴Texts, no punctuation after selfe.

²⁵These four lines are very rough. Perhaps Mr. Morris improves the metre by ending with *marry*, *chimeraes* and *husband*.

Mar. What thou dar'st not second I dare doe.

Dio. Begin, Ile pledge thee.

Mar. Thou dar'st not.

Dio. Try me.

Mar. Thus then I come to thee Antonio;

Stabs her selfe.

Thou didst forsake me living, being dead
105 I will enjoy thy monumentall bed.

Kisses him. [Then dies.]

Dio. I, hast thou that resolution?

Me thinkes a woman (as I am) should not out do me,
I must dye one day, and as good this day as another,
Whereabouts is my heart, I thinke all over my body,
110 I am all heart, and therefore cannot misse, [*Stabs herselfe.*]
Some creatures dye singing, why not I merrily,
Make me roome Antonio and Margarett,
Weele all tumble in one bed together,
Ile lie as close as shee on thy left side,
115 And have as many kisses too, that's my bargaine;
My sinnes are all upon thy conscience,
But I forgive thee, and heaven be the Clarke to't,
My soule will have free passage, my body I bequeath
To thee Antonio, I am your wife,
120 And will come to bed to you, thus I make unready,
Thus I lie downe, thus kisse, and this embrace,
Ile ever keepe, I am weary now with play,
I needs must sleepe for ever.

Moritur.

Mo. Excellent pastime.

Enter Iacinta leading Iulianus.

Iul. Tis night with me for ever, where's this tyrant?
125 Turne me but to him, and from these darkened eyes²⁶
I shall discover his Cymerian face,

²⁶B. has colon after "eyes."

For tho all is darke, yet still that's visible,
And nothing else to me; see rankerous villaine,
Looke what a bloody pageant thou hast made;²⁷
I borrow eyes to guide me of my child, 130
And her Ile lend a tongue to curse thee with.

Mo. Ha, ha, ha.

Iul. Thou laughest at misery.
Tis well, thou giuest a grave unto my sorrowes,
Yet wherefore shouldst thou glory in't? this worke
Is none of thine, tis heavens mercifull iustice, 135
For thou art but the executioner,
The master hangman, and those ministers
That did these bloody ravishments upon's,
Thy second slaves, and yet I more deserve,
I was a traytor to my lawfull King, 140
And tho my wrongs encited on my rage,
I had no warrant signde for my revenge,
Tis the peoples sinnes that makes tyrants Kings,
And such was mine for thee, now I obey,
But my affliction teaches me too late: 145
On bloody revenger, finish up my fate.

Mo. The rest shall noble be, Ile not confine
Nor give thee living in captivity,
Thy body shall enjoy the generall prison,
But thy soule set free.

Iul. Thou art good in that, and noble. 150

Mo. Nay it shall nobler be in the performance,
[*To attendants.*] Give him weapons, thou art a soldier,
And shalt end so; Ile be thy opposite,
With ods of eyes, but not of armes. I vow,
If thy darke ayme hit in my face, Ile stand, 155
And die with thee, if not, fall by my hand.

Iul. Thoul't hurt my penitence, for I shall blesse

²⁷L. has comma after "made."

All the ill deeds that I have done for thee,
In this so noble end.²⁸

Mo. Be prepar'd then.

160 *Iul.* One thing more of thee, be a prophet to me first,
For thou know'st what shall become of my poore Iacinta,
What end to her is fated.

Mo. Before thy end thou shalt know it.

Iul. Oh let it noble be, and honourable;
165 Her life has had too many strokes of sorrowes;
Oh let her end be sparing.

Mo. It shall be noble too.

Iul. I beg for her that has no tongue to beg,
And what remains in my faint yeelding breath,
Shall all be spent in blessings over thee:
170 Farewell Iacinta, take my latest blessing,
I know thy soule returnes a thanks to me,
Make haste to overtake me, if thou beest stayd,
Thinke of Cleopatra and Brutus wife,
There's many wayes to end a weary life.

Mo. Come Sir, I stand before you.

175 *Iul.* Thus I come,
Thy death Ile venter, but receive mine owne,
[*Stabs Iacinta, whom the Moore has held before him.*
The Moore then wounds him.]

So, I have my doome, and I have hit too.

Mo. Ha, ha, ha.

Iul. Laughest thou? I am deluded then.

180 *Mo.* O bloody homicide, thou hast slaine thy daughter.

Iul. False villaine, hast thou then so mockt my woes,
To make me fatall butcher of my child?
Was she the target to defend thy body?

[*Takes Iacinta's body in his arms.*]

Forgive me my Iacinta, 'twas in me

185 An innocent act of blood, but tyranny

²⁸Texts have a comma here.

In that black monster : 'tis not much ill,
Better my hand then a worse arme should spill
Thy guiltlesse life; what art thou going yet?
Thy warme blood cooles, my sunne begins to set,
Nature shrinkes backward to her former formes, 190
Our soules climbe stars, whilst these descend to wormes.
See tyrant, from thy further strokes we fly,
Heaven do thy will, I will not cursing die.

mor[itur.]

Mo. So, now we live beholding unto none
Vpon this stayre we do ascend our throne, 195
Give us our title.

Omn. Long live Mullimumen King of Spaine.

Mo. Your silence it confirmes, take hence their bodies,
Give them to Christians, and let them bestow
What ceremonious funerals they please. 200
We must pursue the flying Rodorique.
All must be ours, wee le have no Kingdome sharer,
Let Chroniclers write, here we begin our raigne,
The first of Moores that ere was King of Spaine.

[Exeunt.]

FINIS

THE EPILOGUE.¹

In battells, some men fall, others againe,
Come off with honor'd scarrs, wounded, not slaine,
In ship-wracks,² some sink, and are seene no more,
Others on Masts, and Planks, attaine the shore;
'Tis so 'twixt us and you; your Smile or Frowne,
Can save, or spill; to make us swimme or drowne.

5

¹Found only in one of the copies in the Dyce Collection, South Kensington Museum. Here it stands on a separate page facing the finis, with different paper and type.

²Texts, "ship-wrack's."

A Shoe-maker, a Gentleman.

SOURCES OF THE SHOEMAKER A GENTLEMAN.

The source of this play is found in the first two tales of Thomas Deloney's *The Gentle Craft, Part One*, published c. 1598, and edited by Mr. A. F. Lange for *Palaestra* XVIII, Berlin, 1903. The main plot is taken from the second story, entitled *Crispine and Crispianus*; the secondary plot from the first story, that of St. Hugh. Mr. Lange gives a careful study of Deloney's life, sources and influence in his introduction, to which the reader is referred.

As Mr. Lange points out, Rowley often follows his sources minutely, only varying them sufficiently to adapt them to stage purposes. For instance, the spirited opening scene on the battle-field is the playwright's substitute for the colorless beginning of Deloney's narrative. The general conduct of the plot and the motives of the main characters are nearly identical, and Deloney's euphuistic moralizings often suggest soliloquies to Rowley. In short, the dramatist wrote with his material before him.

We cannot, however, agree that Rowley borrowed his characterization. The individuality of a euphuistic person is almost nil, and Deloney's most original figure, the old friar who marries Crispine and the princess, is wanting in the play. Rowley introduced the figures of Amphiabell, Albon, the angel, the nurse and the prentices, and gave real life for the first time to all the others. Deloney is tame and formal, Rowley vigorous and life-like. Some of the wit is borrowed, but none of the humor.

The miraculous incidents added in the play, and the setting in ancient Britain suggest Rowley's *Birth of Merlin*. The vainglorious speeches and the idea of a London prentice becoming a world conqueror suggest, among other plays of its class, Heywood's *Four Prentices*. As to the nurse, she is

so close to her prototype in *Romeo and Juliet* that only the difference in the plot gives her any excuse for a separate existence.

Albon was of course St. Alban, the protomartyr of Britain, who was born at Verulam and flourished towards the end of the third century. He served as a soldier under Diocletian, but was converted by a monk of Caerleon and martyred by Diocletian c. 290. Four or five centuries later, Offa, King of the Mercians, built a monastery in his honor, around which the present town of St. Albans grew. (*Encyclopædia Britannica*, sub. Alban.) We see here whence Rowley got the name Offa in connection with Albon. The story was well known from Bede downward, a version appearing in Lydgate's *Life of Albon and Amphabel*, written c. 1439.¹ Rowley undoubtedly got the story from Holinshed (ed. of 1807, vol. I, p. 527, chapter XXVI). Here Alban, converted by Amphibalus, saves the latter by assuming his dress. He is martyred at Werlamcester where later the monastery and town of St. Albans grew up. Just after this passage we read that the eyes fell from the head of a man who executed one of Alban's converts. This no doubt suggested to Rowley the scene where Lutius loses his sight at Winifred's well.

The *Shoemaker* belongs partly to the realistic comedy of London life, partly to the class of extravagantly romantic plays. This latter phase places it early in the author's work, near *The Travels of Three Gentlemen* and *The Birth of Merlin*. As a picture of contemporary life it belongs with the plays of Heywood and Dekker, notably with the latter's inimitable *Shoemaker's Holiday*, which drew its material from the same source. That the play was popular we may infer not only from the passage in the printer's address to the reader,—a somewhat doubtful authority;—but also from

¹Cf. Early English Text Society, Extra Series, sub. *The Temple of Glas*, edited by Josef Schick, introd., p. cvii.

Langbaine's notice that it had been, "not many years since, revived at Dorset Garden," and that the comical part was often played at Bartholomew and Southwark Fair. Langbaine also mentions that the epilogue "when 'twas revived" may be found in Dasset's Poems, page 60 (Langbaine, sub. William Rowley).

THE TEXT.

The only known edition of *The Shoemaker a Gentleman* bears the date 1638. In his preface the printer speaks of the piece apologetically, saying that such was the style of plays "twenty years ago," from which, joined to corroborative evidence cited above in the list of Rowley's plays, we cannot be far wrong in setting the date of original performance at 1609.

The present text was made from a complete facsimile of the quarto (Malone, 222) in the Bodleian Library. With this have been collated the Bodleian copy of the Donce collection (D.), the copy of the Dyce collection (A.) in the South Kensington Museum, the copies in the British Museum, C. 12 f. 1 (B) and 644 c. 16 (C.); but no greater result was reached than the identification of a few blurred punctuation marks. The metrical division of the lines was so bad that they have been corrected without giving the original arrangement. All other changes have been duly noted.

A
M E R R I E
AND
Pleasant Comedy :

Never before Printed, called

A Shoo-maker a Gentleman.

As it hath beene sundry Times Acted
at the Red Bull and other Theaters, with a
generall and good Applause.

Written by *W. R.¹ Gentleman.*

L O N D O N :

Printed by *I. Okes*, and are to be sold by *John Cowper*,
at his Shop at the East-end of St. Pauls Church
at the Signe of the *Holy Lambe*,
1638.

¹The Dyce copy has *W. (illiam R. (owley)* written in, and also "first edition". Below the latter in another hand stands "only edition", B. has *W. R. (owley)*.

THE PRINTER TO THE

honest and High-spirited
Gentlemen of the never decaying
Art, called the *Gentle*
Craft.

None but to you (as whom of right it doth concerne) I thought good to present this Play: which though written many yeares since, ought not therefore to be slighted: I confesse we have better for Language in these our exquisite and refined Times, yet for the matter and Subject, none of 5 a more delightfull and pleasant Style; for it is well knowne to you (Gentlemen Cordwiners) that every yeare you doe celebrate the Feast of Crispine, & Crispianus, not in a meane and ordinary way, but with a great deale of Ceremony, keeping it as an Holyday, feasting and entertaining your 10 friends and neighbours. And likewise it hath bin so well approoved by you in the acting of it upon the Stage, and that with your loud alarums, (I meane your clapping of hands) that I could not chuse but commend it to you now in Print: 15 for it is a Play that is often Acted; and when others fade and are out of date, yet this doth endure to the Last: I know it may come short of that accuratenes both in plot and style that this witty age doth with greater curiosity acquire, I may thus excuse; that as Plaies were then, some twenty yeares agone, it was in the fashion. Nor could it have 20 found a fitter or more seasonable publication than at this time; when the glory of our Nation is so much admired, and the valour of our English so much esteemd, that it is sought for by forraigne Natives, as you may reade in this

25 Subject we have in hand; but I leave it to your perusall and
imitation; and returne to you my brave spirited Gentlemen
Shoo-makers, upon whom, & for whose sakes I have pub-
lished it; wishing you all that have their courages and for-
wardnes, their noble Fates and Fortunes: So hoping you
30 will goe through stich, I leave thee to Fare well.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

<p>ALLURED, King of Brittain.</p> <p>ELRED and OFFA this Kings two sonnes, borrowing the Names of CRISPINE and CRISPIANUS.</p> <p>SIR HUGH, a Prince of Wales, and a Sutor to Winifred.</p> <p>[HOWELL and Welsh Lords, Suitors to Winifred.]</p> <p>AMPHIABEL, a Nobleman.</p> <p>MAXIMINUS and DIOCLES- SIAN, the Emperours of Rome.</p> <p>BASSIANUS, } Nobleman LUTIUS, } and RUTULLUS, } Warriars.</p> <p>RODERICK, King of Vandals.</p> <p>HULDRICKE, King of Goths. Enemies to the Emperour.</p> <p>A Nuntius from the Em- peror Dioclesian.</p>	<p>A Roman Captaine.</p> <p>Souldiers and other Atten- dants.</p> <p>Three Countrey-men.</p> <p>A SHOOMAKER.</p> <p>BARNABY and RAPH, his Iourneymen.</p> <p>A QUEENE, Wife to King Allured, and Mother to Crispine and Crispianus.</p> <p>WINIFRED, a Virgin of Wales.</p> <p>LEODICE, Daughter to the Emperour Maximinus.</p> <p>A NURSE, who attends her.</p> <p>SISLEY, the Shoomakers Wife.</p>
---	---

A SHOO-MAKER,
A GENTLEMAN.

ACT I. [SCENE I.]

[*A Field of Battle in Britain.*]

*Enter Allured wounded, Elred, Offa and the Queene.
Alarum.*

King. Away, stand off, prop not a falling Castle
With your weake strength, tis sinfull Charity,
And desperate folly to meet a mischief,
Whose entertainment is assur'd destruction:
Leave me I pray savegard your owne lives. 5

Queen. Oh Royall Sir, tis you that doe dispaire,
Wounds are not alwaies mortall.

Ellred. Deare sir let them be drest :

King. You tire me out of breath with vaine delaies,
As well may you give life unto a stone,
A sencelesse statue; my lifes but lent 10
To bid you shun your deaths, and in that too
Heavens mercy is miraculous, yet you will not heare me:
Agen I charge you as a King; yet none regards
Declining Majesty; then as a husband,
And a Father hear;² dost thou love me? 15

Quee. Approve it in my death, if thou mistrust it Allured.

King. Have you duty, you Phaenix of my age,
For though two persons be distinguishable,
Yet ought there be but one combined heart
In your fraternall union, your knees promise. 20

Both. Our duties are much lower.

King. Then here I charge yee for to leave the Field,

²Texts, "here."

Fly from death, hee's now in pursuite of yee:
 Fly from the Tyrant, for this unhappy day
 25 Those bloody Persecutors Maximinus, and Dioclesian,
 Display their by-neckt³ Eagle over Brittainē,
 While she lyes under as a bleeding prey,
 One Talent here is fastned. [*Laying his hand on his breast.*]

Enter Amphiabell, and Sir Hugh.

Hugh. Fly Noble Princes,
 Wee have stood out the utmost of the day,
 30 Till hope had lost his anchorage, therefore fly,
 And seeke some other day for victory.
Amphi. How fares the King?
Al. Ene on⁴ the Virge of Blisse,
 O deare Amphiabell. Noble Sir Hugh,
 What more could I have wisht, then breath to thanke
 35 Your kind assistance in this haplesse day:
 Oh take an equall joynter⁵ with my Sonnes,
 From this cold Oracle all I bequeath
 Is Counsell for your safety, fly the slaughter,
 For dying men are halfe Propheticall,
 40 If you abide a long stay you fall:
 Oh doe not make me guilty of your deaths
 That drew you hither to expire your breaths,
 This path I progresse but avoyde my way,
 You neede not haste to an assured danger:
 45 Farewell my love, my blessing here shall fall,
 Performe my will, else Fate avert it all:
 Thou canst not boast grim death: I did not yeeld,
 Nor fell by Agues, but like a King ith' field. [*Dies.*]
Quee. Aye mee distressed Queene.

³Texts, no hyphen.

⁴Texts, "one." This correction is elsewhere made silently.

⁵Texts, "jonyter."

Amphi. Your grieffe's incurable,
Remember the will of your dead Lord, and be 50
A good Executrix, fly from persuing danger :
And you Royall youths must seeke some shelter
To secure your lives; away, tis all our Fates.

El. I could better dye on him that slew my Father.

Offa. Take my company in that, deare Brother. 55

Qu. So make a Mother prove unnaturall,
I will defend the foe, through this breast
You passe unto him, have yee forgot your Father?

El. No, wee'l reveng his death :

Quee. And kill your Mother first.

Hugh. What thinke yee Princes, that we left behind 60
The smallest attome of a seeming hope,
When wee forsooke the field, youle not thinke so?

El. Whats your Counsell?

Am. Take on some course disguise, what poverty is't⁶
But will be rich, being your lives protection. 65

Offa. Instruct and ayde us some superior power,
Which dost behold our forc'd necessity.

El. Brother, it shall be thus; some poore Souldier
Slaine in the battaile will we change habits with :
So it may be thought that wee are slaine, 70
And stay the bloody Inquisition.

Offa. Tis well advis'd, weele not assay to mend it :
This effected Mother, weele come and take our leaves.

El. What for your selfe Madam?

Qu. Here will I stay,
Untill my eyes like briny Pyoners 75
With their continuall Cadence, have digg'd up
A woefull Sepulcher, for this⁷ sweet Corps;
And if these sterrill Founts prove weake, and dry,
Here will I kneele till death has cloyd his Gorge,

⁶Texts, no apostrophe.

⁷Texts, "these."

80 And left the putrifaction, the mortall dampe
Shall kisse me to his company for ever.

Am. Oh Madam, these are but fruitlesse apprehensions,
And savoureth not of that discreet vertue
Hath beene ever in you: your story hath been fild
85 With Temperance, Care, and Patience, and all these forbid
This barren Sacrifice, loose not your selfe
In the great losse of your deare Husband.

Hugh. Madam,
If you dare trust your person to my protection,
I will Conduct you safe into North Wales,
90 Where Powes my Lord, and Father, yet maintaines
A petty Royalty: Thither if please you wend,
Weele either keepe or loose our selves with you.

Am. Alas Sir Hugh, little can you promise
Of safety there, for from faire Winifred,
95 The onely Daughter, and Heire to Dun-wallis,
I have receiv'd too true intelligence;
The Barbarous Romans have supplanted peace,
Putting to sword, and torture all, that beare
The name of Christians: Nay, even the right
100 Amphiabell did hold is now so ruinate,
I have not left one Subject to command.

Hugh. Heard you this from vertuous Winifred?

Am. Much more of woe, the vertuous Maid her selfe
Hath left off State, forsaken Royalty,
105 And keepes a Court so solitary, as it seemes
More like a Cloyster, then a Royall Pallace.

Within a cry, follow, follow.

Harke, our enemies persue us, if we stay
Wee must resolve for death.

Hugh. Madam, either injoyne us for your safe Conduct
110 Along with us, or heere defend your life
To the last breath?

Qu. Neither I beseech you gentlemen,

Will yee accept a poore widdowes thanks,
 For all your loves, tis a thin gratitude;
 But tis all I have; I beseech yee haste away,
 If you doe other, Ile not thanke you for't. 115
 For here Ile stay, and warme this cold remainder,
 Vntill some fiend, sent from the infernall pit,
 Doth separate by force, what Heaven hath knit.

Hugh. Then to the best protection of the Heavens,
 Wee leave you to be comforted. *Exit [with Amphiabell].* 120

Qu. That shelter cover you.

Enter Elred,⁸ and Offa.

El. Come deare Brother
 These poore habilliments may find surer footing,
 Than the rich Robes which Royalty is clad in:
 If they doe, weele blesse the happy Transformation.
 Mother, your blessing; nothing else wee want 125
 To further the issue of our unknowne fate.⁹

Qu. Take it, O take it in an houre of sorrow,
 But leave that all with me,
 So you have all I can bestow upon you:
 But mentally, Ile still be blessing of you, 130
 And never cease. (*Within: follow, follow.*¹⁰) Harke, tis
 time you'r gone,
 Away; I charge yee on your duties.

Offa. But wheres your owne safety?

Qu. Leave me, and haste you hence I say,
 Ile take my blessing off if you delay, 135
 And plant my curse instead; Elred, and Offa,
 You'r my Sonnes, I charge you to obey me.

⁸Texts, "Eldred." In this scene the text has both Elr. and Eld. before Elred's speeches. Eldred is also regularly written through the rest of the scene.

⁹Texts have a comma here.

¹⁰Texts, "follow, within [and below] follow."

El. Elred and Offa are already gone,
 For with our habits we have chang'd our names,
 140 When such you heare of, oh let your prayers still blesse them,
 With happy memory.

Qu. Ile never part with that remembrance :
 Obey me and bee gone.

Offa. With constant hope,
 That though vaild honor beare an Ecliptick staine,
 145 Our sunne will passe it, and shine bright againe

Exit [with Elred].

Qu. So, now come you Tyrants, here you shall find me
 Praying for curses on your cruelty.

*A Flourish. Enter Maximinus, Dioclesian, Leodice, Albon,
 Bassianus, and Rutullus, [with soldiers].*

Max. Now equal Cæsar, brave Dioclesian,
 The day's¹¹ at leasure to returne thee thanks
 150 For ayding Maximinus in these warres,
 In happy time thy succour came from France,
 To make us Conquerors of Brittain, which else might yet
 Have beene a doubtfull day : when thou want'st ayde,
 Bid Maximinus come with this joynt force,
 155 Weele make the world our owne.

Dio. Rome shall not loose its name, the worlds Com-
 mander,
 Till this knot unties ; perpetuall be it,
 Till Rome erects our golden Statues,
 Plac'd by Saturne, and great Iupiter,
 160 And there be deified, to blesse all those
 Which may succeed : but in these designes,
 Let us remember high deserving Albon,
 Whose valour was not seconded this day
 By any single Arme.

¹¹“Texts, “daies.”

Max. It was the best,
The shout and full applause was onely Albons, 165
For which unto thy Knighthood late given in Rome,
We adde the stewardship of Great Brittain
Vnder Maximinus, and Dioclesian :

Goe to thy Barony of Verrolam,
Two legions there shall still attend on thee, 170
To quell and persecute these Christians :
Who will not stoope unto our Roman God,
Shall feele the stroake of our revengfull Rod.

Alb. Albon shall still as substitute to Rome
Observe, and keepe her high imperiall Doome. 175

Max. Bassianus, be you Competitor with Lord Albon,
And with severity, through the conquer'd Cities persue
The Christians to their Martyrdomes: . . . Whose that?

Qu. Ile answer for my selfe; Tyrant a Christian,
A husbandlesse and Childlesse Christian, 180
Yet one so daring unto misery,
She throwes a Challenge, to the worst thou canst,
Defiance to thee thus; [*Spiis.*] Oh were it poyson
To swell this tyrants bosome till it burst,
And fall thus low. 185

Max. Ha ha ha, misery makes her desperate,
Thou add'st a triumph woman to our state,
To brandish forth such fruitlesse Menaces;
To Prison with her, weele thinke of further torments :
Ile prostetute thy body to some Slave, 190
And if the issue prosper, make him a Hang-man.

Qu. And such another may thy Daughter have.

Leo. Choose for your selfe Lady, I have an eye to pleas-
ure myselfe.¹²

Max. Weeie hold not dispute with women, away with her :
Rochester Castle shall be your pallace;¹² you'r like 195

¹²Texts have a question mark here.

To keepe a hard House on't.

Qu. Like the Court thou keepst.

Max. No more words, away with her.

Qu. My words Ile better spend in Prayers to Heaven,
But if I chance to Curse, Ile thinke on thee :

200 [*Aside.*] My Royall Plants, Heaven guard from their
full gripe,

Fall Fate on me, my time and dayes are ripe. *Exit* [*guarded*].

Dio. Oh Brother Cæsar, in this Brittish calme
Weele pas agen over to stormy France,
The Gothes, and Vandalls have out past the bounds,
205 And o're the Rhine past into Burgundy,
Our worke must be to reverberate,
And drive them to Confined Germany,
While you persever, with an awfull hand,
To keepe our conquer'd foes beneath your feet ;

210 Give not those frighted Welch-men time to breath :
But if agen you doubt of what you can,
You know your friend cald Dioclesian ?

Max. Your words are mine if you have need in France,
Weele Feast, and bring you to the Brittish shore,
215 Then part unto our worke. Our Daughter Leodice,
Weele leave to keep her court at Canterbury,
Rutullus, take it to your charge, to see erected
On the conspicuous promonts of our Land,
Beacons, which may stand in ken of other,
220 By whose suddaine fiers on the least invasion,
We may be cald to Armes.

Rut. It shall be done.

Dio. A carefull Policy, bee my Tutor
To teach me Military Discipline,
Fly Brason Oratrix, all linged fame,
225 And tell at Rome of Maximinus name :
Say Dioclesian too will bring a Crowne,
To bind thy seven fold Head with high Renowne. *Flourish.*

Say like to Ioves, when our Dread Thunders hurl'd,
Our sable Eagle strikes through all the world. *Exeunt omn.*

[ACT I. SCENE 2.]

Enter discover'd in a Shop, a Shoo-maker, his Wife Spinning, Barnaby, two Iournimen.

Shoo. Good boyes, fine knaves, yerke it home, good ware will away, when bad lyes dead on our hands, there's no thrift in that; spin a faire thread Sisly, let not my journimen want, the Warres has lam'd many of my old Customers, they cannot goe a hie lone, bad world for us, but a wet 5
winter, will weare out Shoo-leather, and make amends, weele cut it out if it doe Boyes?

Bar. Your journimen shall mount then Master, for my foots in the Stirrop already, ply your worke Mistresse, we alwaies bring your labours to good ends Ile warant yee. 10

Sis. Why Barnaby, thou seest I am at defiance with my worke till it be done, for I am alwaies spitting on my toe.

Shoo. Good wench Sisly, there shall no Cornes grow on thy toes for that, thy shoes shall be large enough, finely shalt thou goe, and tread upon Neates Leather. 15

Bar. Ile eate the feet if she doe Master;

Wife. Eate my feet goodman knave?

Shoo. Misconstruction Sis, thou mistakes Barnaby, heele eate Neates feet, none of thine, but Beeffe shall be thy foode boy, as good as the Major of Feversham cuts on's Tren- 20
cher, and Drinke as strong as the Statute affords.

Bar. Statutes are strong, Master, therefore we should have stronge drinke: I had rather weare Lace by the Statute, than drinke if it be small.

Shoo. Good drinke in thy throat if thou speak'st in 25
earnest: but Ralph, what price beares Ballets? no Musicke in Feversham?

Ralph. Faith sir your statute Beere has taken my pipe
a hole too low, it cannot reach Ela.

30 *Shoo.* Ile have that fault mended boy, but we must drink
strong drinke, as we shew our Religion, privately. 'Tis
dangerous to be good Christians now a daies.

Bar. I am afraide there will be to many Christians sir,
because many use to goe a Pilgrimage Bare-foot; and that's
35 an ill wind for our profit.

Shoo. No more talke of ill winds Barnaby, weele sing
away sorrow. Strike up Ralph, Ile wash thy whistle anon
boy.

Ralph. Well sir, Ile scoure it first if I can then, *Sings.*

Enter Crispianus, and Crispinus. [i. e., Elred and Offa.]

El. Brother, heer's a life to mocke at state,
40 And staine her surly greatnesse: who would venture
To walke upon the Icy path of Royalty,
That here might find a footing so secure:
Heer's harmony indeed, a fearelesse sport,
A joy our young yeares seld¹³ has [known] at Court.

45 *Offa.* I Brother, would we were of this Fellowship.

El. Dost thinke we could forget our former ease
And fall to labour?

Offa. Why not?
That was not without troubles of the mind,
And methinkes to exchange for the bodies labour,
50 Were a farre freer good; to sing with homely cheere,
Were sweeter farre then to feede fat with feare.

El. Weele put it then in practice, heaven grant
We may find entertainment:

[*to the shoemakers.*] good speede unto your labours Gentle-
men.

55 *Sho.* Gentlemen, we are good fellowes no Gent. yet if

¹³Texts, comma after "seld".

gentlenes make Gentility we are Gentlemen: My pretty youths, would you ought with us you speake so friendly?

El. No more then we shall deserve sir.

Wife. And you are worthy of that ifaith.

El. Sir, wee are youths whom the rough hand of Warre 60
Hath ruin'd, and made desolate, our friends
And meanes are parted from us, our friend's in Heaven,
Our meanes within the gripe of enemies,
Both inaccessible.¹⁴ Thus much we are,
Fatherlesse, friendlesse; succourlesse and forlorne, 65
What we may be, lyes yet within the grant
Of some kind Master, that may instruct us in
Some honest Trade, to get our living by.

Shoo. Pretty spoken youths by Saint Anthony,
How dost thou like them Sisly? 70

Wife. Yes truely husband, if they will doe as well as they say, I like 'em very well; good faces as faces goes now a dayes, prethee sweet heart be kind to 'em, and entertain 'em if they like our Trade.

Bar. Oh good Master entertaine 'em, we want junior 75
prentises for under worke.

Ralph. Doe sir, keepe good faces in your shop.¹⁵
Twill draw the Custome of pretty wenches the better.

Shoo. House-keeping's chargeable, men must have good
meat. 80

Wife. They will worke and earne their meat Ile warrant
yee.

Shoo. What are yee, Bretheren?

Both. In love and nature sir, the neerest Bretheren.

Wife. Tis pittie they should be parted then, if they love 85
so well.

Shoo. Your Names?

¹⁴No punctuation or capital here.

¹⁵Texts have a question mark.

*Cris.*¹⁶ Crispianus¹⁶ mine.

Crispi. Mine Crispinus.

90 *Shoo.* Good names; good names, well boyes on this condition I will entertaine you, I neede not doubt your truths, and honesty, you have such faire and promising out sides: but I must have you bound for seaven yeares, and then you are your owne men, and a good trade to get your livings
95 by.

Both. With all our hearts,
And happy are we in your kind acceptance.

Sho. You shall be mine, then give 'em entertainment Barnaby.

100 *Bar.* New Aprons and Capps here, for a Couple of Gent. So on with your Breast plate, this Cap makes thee a graduate, you are come amongst Bacularions,¹⁷ beare up your heads boyes, weele teach yee to bristle, wax better and better, last to the 12, then set foot in the stirop and have at all.

105 *Shoo.* Shew them their tooles, and give them entrance Barnaby.

Enter Rutullus and Souldiers, bearing the Queene to Prison.

Qu. Sir, I have not beene us'd to this hard travell,
If you dare mittigate your Masters Cruelty,
And let me rest a little, ile thanke you for it.

110 *Rut.* Tis not in our Commission, but Ile dispence a little.

Shoo. Who is this I pray sir?

Rut. The Queene going to Prison, to Rochester Castle,
Doe you not know her?

Shoo. Alacke, alacke.

115 *Qu.* [*aside.*] My eyes are not deceived, they are my Children.

¹⁶Texts, "Chris" and "Crispianus." We should expect hereafter *Cris.* to indicate Crispianus but in the scene with the queen *Cri.* is obviously used for each in succession.

¹⁷Texts, Bacularious.

*Cris.*¹⁸ Tis our Mother Offa, take heed our teares do not
discover.

Cri. Pray heaven they do not, I fear my eyes
Will be kind traitors.

Qu. Dare ye be so kind,
To afford a distressed woman a stoole?

Wife. I dare doe that Madam, Crispinus, reach a stoole. 120

Qu. On thy knee Child, why dost thou kneele to me?

Cri. Tis my duty Madam, misery hath not chang'd your
name,
Tho bated of your power, you are my Queene still.

Qu. Heaven blesse thee for't, [*aside.*] I have stolne thee
a blessing.

[*To Crispianus.*] Wouldst thou adde something too? 125

Cri[spia]. I would bee as Dutifull as my Brother,
Madam.

Qu. Is he thy Brother, blessing on you both :
[*Aside.*] This was a happinesse beyond my hope,
That I should once more blesse my Children really,
Keepe in thou woman's frailty, grieffe Chayne my Tongue. 130
Least thou betray the utmost of my hopes,
My teares may find excuse.

Rut. Why weepes those boyes?

Cris. Alas Sir, 'tis oft times the barren fruits
Of subjects loves, when they behold their Prince;
But much more will the Flux of sorrow sir 135
Abound, when they behold them throwne to misery.

Rut. You're very kind.

Wife. Kind boyes they are, indeed they shall fare neare
the worse, I could e'ne weepe my selfe, to see my boyes so
kind hearted. 140

Rut. Madam, you doe but trouble 'em, and win some
drops
From them, that they would spare if you were absent.

¹⁸In these speeches *Cris.* should mean *Crispianus.* See previous note.

Qu. Tis your trouble sir, they could be content
 With this kind expence, a longer sojourn, but you
 145 Instruct me well; farewell, I can but thanke yee,
 That's all I have to give for your kind youths
 —[*aside.*] What will my tongue doe, [*To Dame Sisly.*]
 pray use them well,
 So much the more cause they were kind to mee.

Rut. Madam will you goe?

Qu. We talke of no stay,
 150 Let not your hast make me unthankfull pray,
 And barre my thanks for kindnesse,
 But I have done: On to my house of woe,
 Yet since we must, delay the more annoyes.
 This comfort¹⁹ yet heaven to my sorrowes gives,
 155 In midst of Tyranny my children lives.

Exit [with Rutullus and soldiers].

Wife. The world treads not upright, methinkes it had
 neede of a good workeman to mend it.

Sho. Peace Sisly, no problems, no figures, no womans
 Rhetorick, the tongue may undoe the whole body, *Tausume*,
 160 there is Greeke for yee wife, let us keepe good consciences
 with in doores how ere the wind blowes abroad, tis honester
 deceite to seeme bad and be good, than to seeme pure and be
 a knave, goe too, good soles will carry out bad upper leath-
 ers, tis a bad time I can tell yee, but why were my boyes so
 165 passionate, to weepe at the Queenes distresse.

Cris. Alas sir, who could chuse, passion me thought
 Did make me apprehend strange fantasies,
 I made the case mine owne, suppos'd my Mother
 Had bin hal'd to Prison; some would have pittyed her,
 170 Though but a meane woman, much more at such a Sover-
 aignes fall.

Cri. I Brother, and suppose her Sonnes, though Royall,
 had seene

¹⁹Texts punctuate "annoyes this comfort."

Our mother as we saw her, in Princely compassion
Perhaps they would have done the like.

Cris. No doubt,
Nay Master without offence, it was your fault too,
For in your eye I spide a pearle of pittie. 175

Shoo. Good faith thou sayst true, I could doe no lesse,
neither doe I discommend yee for it, tis a good bosom where
mercy dwells.

Wife. I, their Compassion of women shall loose 'em
nothing, if they be but dutifull to their Master, and just to 180
their Dame.

Shoo. Enough of Ceremony: Whats a clocke Barnaby?

Bar. The chimes of my belly has gone, it should be past
twelve.

Shoo. Provide dinner Sis, Master, journimen, and 185
Prentises, one Table serves for all; wee feed as all fellowes;
shut up shop, this is afternoone's holy-day in honour of my
two new Prentises, and this caveat for all, keepe your bos-
omes lockt, we may be good Christians, but not shew it
abroad, 190

Lessen²⁰ our Charity in times of bloud
When tyrants Reigne, tis dangerous to be good. *Exeunt.*

²⁰Texts, "lesse in."

[ACT I. SCENE 3.]

[*Before Winifred's Castle near a Well.*]

*Enter Winifred in a blacke vaile, Amphiabell, Sir²¹ Hugh,
Howell and Lords. Soft Musick.*

Win. Cease, cease, it is too loude,
This tel-tale noise betrayes our privacy,
Which we desire more than thronging Visitants,
What is it you would have of me, ile give
5 My state to any of yee all, take it away,
And give me here onely my selfe to Governe;
More is too much to impose on my poore weakenesse.

Hugh. That is too much Sweet Lady, doe not taske
Your happy vertues to so hard a prooffe,
10 There is no strict injunction seal'd, to barre
The passage to a Nuptiall Bed, that is a statute
By selfe will decreed, to make Hymen a bond slave.

Win. O good Sir Hugh, how long have you lay'd
A fruitles siege vnto a Fort that is impregnable;
15 I thanke yee, and must needs acknowledge my love,
If I had such a Lunacy, to be a debt to you,
You have deserv'd it were it worth Receite.

Lord. Then give desert his due:²² leave of these nice
poynts
Of cold virginity, and warme affection
20 In the sweet imbraces of a Noble Husband,
Fitter for your state than this Cloyster habit.

Hugh. So shall you win a second power to yours,
This Noble Prince will with a husband be
A strong defence against your enemies.
25 *Lor.* Adde to necessity, a proved Loyalty,

²¹Texts have, proleptically, "Saint Hugh."²²Texts have a question mark here.

A love that will not claime equality,
But bound unto.

Win. No more, no more I pray,
Why²³ sure my foes would not this Cruell be,
To incounter me at such unequall odds,
So many Souldiers 'gainst a silly woman, 30
You cannot call this Conquest if yee win:
I claime the Law of Armes, a friendly parley
Ere the Battaile joyne, the time let it be now;
I crave the friendly Respite of a moneth,
Meane time, let me heare no more Love Alarmes, 35
Then will I either yeeld yee up the Fort,
Or stand in the defiance.

Lord. So so sir Hugh,
There is now some hope.

Hugh. A promising faire hope,
More than my three yeares service had before,
A moneth sweet Beauty, O let it be more 40
To shew my love weares humble Constancy,
Let it be two, or three.

Win. I take you at your word, it shall be three
Sir Hugh, in which time, I locke, by vertue of
This hand and tounge, your hand from any suite 45
That sounds but love, you shall not name the word
Within my Presence, tis breach of peace if yee doe.

Hugh. You have lockt the Closset and keepe the Key
of it.

Lord. Come then sir Hugh, since you have truc'd²⁴ with
love,
Lets deale with Armes another while, that when 50
Our foes come, they may perceive that we expect 'em.

Hugh. My Lifes my Countries, and Ile offert for them:
Three moneths I goe a banisht man from hence,
Yet this Ile borrow from beautious excellence,

²³Texts, "Whyle."

²⁴Texts, "trust."

55 When my white Plume shall in the field be spread,
My word of courage shall be Winifred.

Exeunt Hugh & Lords.

Win. Alas good Prince, I can but pittie thee,
And grieve because my pittie's pittillesse;
Like a misers Almes, God helpe; without Charity:

60 For I shall never quite thy labouring love.
No Prince Amphiabell, you have wedded me
To a Celestiall bridegroom, you have taught
My ignorance a knowing intellect:
Tis well begun, and who would not persevere

65 To love that love that lives, and lasts for ever?

Am. I come to strengthen you faire Winifred,
So to continue.²⁵ I hope I neede not,
Yet not so strictly to Virginitie
As to the Christian Faith;

70 For Wedlocke is an ordinance from Heaven,
Though Iunior to the single purity.²⁶
In this chast Wedlocke, doth the Conquest win,
She knowes the tree forbid, yet²⁷ will not sinne.

Win. But I have made a vow,

75 Thinke then what danger a relapse would be,
And you will grant my best Virginitie;
And I will further shew what Heaven hath done,
To ayde my female Resolution,
You then will bid me crosse the booke of love,

80 And Reade of nothing but that text above.

Am. You promist me no lesse.

Win. Ile make it good:

See you this spring, here a pretty streame
Begins his head, so late it was a parching drought
Had ceas'd our verdant grasse, here did I sit

85 In Contemplation, lifting to Heaven my Orisons
For present succour, but swifter then my thought,

²⁵Texts have no punctuation here.

²⁶Texts have no punctuation here.

²⁷Texts, "it."

All Potent Heaven a Miracle had wrought :
 That Barren seeming Ground brought forth a Spring
 Of such sweet waters, as it had not benee curst
 I th' old worlds deluge, I caus'd it then 90
 Thus to be digg'd and fram'd by hand of men,
 And comming still to see it as before,
 A Heavenly shape appear'd, and blest it more ;
 Gave it that power as heaven had so assign'd,
 To cure diseases, helpe the lame and blind : 95
 For which poore people their poore thanks to tell,
 Calls as I would not, Winifreds Well.

Am. Tis wonderfull! *Musicke.*

Win. Harke, these sounds did I heare
 When that Celestiall body did appeare,
 Let us with Reverence attend aloofe, 100
 Your eye or eare shall have a further proofe.

*Enter, an Angell ascends out of the Well, and after descends
 againe.*

Ang. With this the signe that holy Christians weare,
 When in the Field their Standers they up Reare
 Against the foes of Heaven; with this Tipe,
 That when they receive the Seale Regenerate, 105
 Gives them their Christian name, with this I blesse
 Agen this hallowed spring, who seekes Redresse
 With a beleeving heart, here he shall find ease,
 Take power to cure the leaprous disease,
 Give leggs unto the Cripple, blind their Sight, 110
 So that their blessings be receiv'd aright :
 To misbeleevers turne into a curse,
 Who seekes a Cure in scorne, disease him worse ;
 This Heaven hath done for truth, it is but young,
 And needes a Miracle to make her strong, 115
 The time will come when men shall here not see,

Then let the world expresse fidelity :
 Good prayers have power to fetch an Angell downe,
 And give a mortall an Immortall Crowne.

Musicke heere descends.

120 *Am.* I neede no more confirme yee beauteous Maid,
 My selfe ile taske unto some dangerous end,
 Ile take disguise, and straight to Verolome
 And to the face of persecuting Albon
 Our friend and fellow Knight, ile tell his curse

125 If he persist in Barbarous Cruelty,
 Ile throw my life in hazard, if I fall,
 Tell Christians keepe my true memoriall.

Win. Which first leave here with me, you shall doe well,
 Here will I keepe my Court, here will I dwell,

130 Here let the Roman Tyrant shed my bloud.
 Here they shall find me doing all the good
 A poore wretch can, what heaven has blest before,
 I as a second meanes will helpe the poore.

Am. To that I leave thee most vertuous maid,
 135 Oh might it of Amphiabell bee said ;
 His good intendment had so happy end,
 To make a Christian of a blouddy fiend,
 I come to trie thee Albon.

Win. Oh may it prove.

Am. Thus wee depart Lady

Win. Where meete, it is decreed above.

[*Exit.*]

Exit.

ACTVS SECVNDVS. [SCENE I.]

[*Leodice's Apartment.*]

Enter Leodice, and Nurse.

Leo. Nurse?

Nu. Madam?

Leo. Are the shoo-makers gone that brought my Shooes?

Nu. I know not Madam; shall I see?

Leo. My shooe wrings me so it goes to the heart of me. 5

Nu. Marry the Gods forbid Lady.

Leo. How? does the Gods forbid to Marry wench?

Nu. I hope not Madam, I should be sorry they should.

For the hopes that I have yet as old as I am,

Shall I goe call your Shoo-maker? 10

Leo. Prethee doe, but stay a little;

Nu. A little stay may make me looke too late.

Leo. Thou sai'st true, call 'em then, yet harke, 'twere as
good not,

The fault cannot be mended now:

Nu. But you may let him know his fault, and heele mend 15
it another time.

Leo. I thou saist true in that, doe, harke ere thou goest.

Nu. Venus blesse us, what crosse measures are in your
head!

Leo. How's that, youle not controule your Princes will 20
yee?

Is it not stately to be Phantasticall,

Goe call the Shoo-maker yet you shall not neither.

Nu. Ene as you please, Madam, both either, or neither.

Leo. You shall doe all, goe, yet answer to me first.

Was this young Shoo-maker ere here before? 25

Nu. I thinke not Madam, tis some young Prentice
Your old shoo-maker of Feversham hath got.

Leo. Wast not a pretty youth?

Nu. I have seene a worse face in better cloathes.

30 *Leo.* He drew my shooes on finely, quietly.

Nu. He would doe well if he knew the true length of
your foot Madam.

Leo. Tis that he wants, he must know it,¹ call him agen.

Nu. I will: If you doubt call me backe. *Exit Nurse.*

Leo. The length of my foot,

35 A pretty figure if he be a good Anatomist,

He may by one quantity guesse at another,

And in the end take the whole bodies length

Ha, some strange fantasies are crept within me,

I'me not acquainted with, tis a pretty youth

40 If I may credit my judgement at the first sight,

And whats that to me, and why not to me

As well as to another: I am alone,

And why should I feare to tell my selfe my thoughts,

I could love him, this tastes well of my tongue;

45 Oh, but the coursesnes of his condition

Offends my stomacke, when I should digest it,

Some Sectarist now to screw and wrest a Text

From his native sence, would helpe me well in this,

What am I, a woman, whats he,² a man,

50 Where's the inequality? my bloud Royall,

His perhaps ignoble, whence springs that fount

That runs all Royalty, tis the Sea it selfe,

The lesser Rivolets and running Brookes

Are those of common sence, yet all doe mixe

55 And run in one another, what are Titles,

Honors bestow'd *ad Regis placitum*,

Should my father make that shoo-maker a Lord,

Then were he Noble, yet where's his bloud refine,

¹Texts have no punctuation here.

²Texts have no punctuation here.

Tush tush, greatnesse is like a glistering stone,
More pretious in the esteeme than in the vertue: 60
So, I am well cald out of my contemplation.

Enter Nurse with Crispinus, and Barnaby, with Shooes on their Armes.

Nu. Come sir, you must answer a default to my Lady.

Leo. Who made my shooes sirra, they pinch me?

Bar. Indeed sweet Lady you must pardon this young man, 'tis his fault, he has not yet the true handling of his worke, hee cannot goe through stich yet, I hope your Ladi-ship knowes that I have yorkt as well for you, as any Cord-wainer in Kent or Canterbury could doe, and for a tunable heele I thinke I have plaid my part. 65

Leo. A tunable heele, I prethee English it. 70

Bar. A creak Madam, for a Musicall creak, nere a boy in Feversham yet went beyond me: in time my Iunior will doe pretty well, he's raw yet, at the change of his voyce heele creake farre better than he does yet.

Nu. And why was the creak of shooes first devised sir? 75

Bar. O for great cause for sooth, to hide faults, for if a gentlewoman such as your selfe, should chance to play too loud of her wind instrument, the creak of the shooe will cover the noyse.

Leo. You're pleasant sir, and what is this a Prentice? 80

Bar. Alas Madam, I would be loath to discredit the young man, hee's but a colt yet, a subsizer as they say, I brought him along to the Court to shew him fashions, and to instruct him how to handle a ladies Legg, to draw home his worke, and teach him his *nill ultra* how farre he may 85 goe.

Leo. And how farr's that, which are your bounds?

Bar. *Non ultra crepitum* as they say, this once learned, hee shall come alone hereafter.

- 90 *Leo.* You have done well sir, and so no doubt will he
By my instructions; whats thy name?
Cris. Crispinus Madam.
Nu. Were thy Parents of this profession?
Cris. I have forgot Madam.
Leo. Is it so long since thou lost them?
Cris. But since these last warres Lady, yet as I remember
95 They were better then my present profession.
*Leo.*³ [*Aside.*] He speakes well, sure there is some
hard characters
Which I understand not: [*To Crispinus.*] I like not these
shooes,
You must make an easier pare?
Cris. Ile doe my best to mend it Madam.
100 *Leo.* You promise well, let them be of your making then,
That I may see how neare you'le come to your promise.
Bar. Alas Madam, heele pinch your toes if I doe not
instruct him,
Hee's but a cobler yet.
Leo. No matter, Ile hazard his good will, to morrow
105 Let me have an other paire, and bring them your selfe.
Cris. I shall attend your Highnesse.
Leo. Come hither view my foot well, you must be better
acquainted with it.
Cris. Is it not heere they pinch you Madam?
Leo. No 'tis a little higher.
110 *Bar.* Away, away for shame, did I teach you that car-
riage? [*Draws Crispinus back.*]
Leo. Now sir what will you doe?
Bar. Teach him the true behaviour, heere, levell me a
legge here, now stretch him out-right upon your thigh, and
115 then you may come to your worke finely, I have found the
fault now you are pinclit in the very cranny.

³Texts, "Nu".

Leo. You have hit it Sir.

Bar. I told you so, a man of a longer standing will doe
alwaies better then a puny, he shall mend it I warrant you
Madam. 120

Leo. I hope he will: well, faile me not to morrow.

Cris. I will not Madam, my duty to your Highnesse.

Bar. If he doe Madam, you know your old man, for
yarke and seame, and handling ware in his kind, you cannot
put your legge in a better workemans hands though I say it 125
sweet Lady. *Due gat a whee.* *Exit Crisp. and Bar.*

Leo. There is an Idoll or bed in his eye, that I could ever
worship;

And if I should, sure he would blesse me, love and folly,
Inseperate and joynt companions, you are too violent
Upon me now; to beate affection with 130
Such downe right strokes on a Mechanicke drudge,
A base, how base? how base? is there no President
That great Ladies have yoakt their underlings in fellowship?
I'll take some counsell on't, Nurse.⁴

Nu. Shall I call the shoo-maker agen Lady? 135

Leo. Out witch, dost know my thoughts: the shoo-
maker,
And why the shoo-maker? I thought of him, why call him?

Nu. Nay I know not Madam.

Leo. Thor't in love with him, I beleeeve thou art, if I were
certaine
That thou wert so base, I'de banish thee my presence; 140
Nay, my Father should banish thee the bounds of Britany,
Out old doting foole.

Nu. Madam why chide you me? I will not love your
shoo-maker.

Leo. My shoo-maker minion.

⁴Texts, "I take some counsell, on't Nurse."

145 *Nu.* Does he not make your shoes? therefore your shoo-maker :

But thinke not Lady I can be so base
Being so neare your presence, to love such a groome,
If but for your credit sake.

Leo. Yet as great as you have doted on as base as he.

150 *Nu.* Yet that's no president for me, I have knowne Ladies
Remove their stable groomes into their bed-chambers,
And lower offices then that too: o 'twas a pollicy,
And hereafter may be in fashion for great Ladies
To match with their inferiours, because the woman
155 Adding no dignity to the man, nor loosing her owne,
Still keeps supremacy, he waites as dutifull
On her trencher as when he was her servant.

Leo. Hast thou History for this?

Nu. Twenty of mine owne knowledge, that I have seene
in my dayes.

160 *Leo.* Come to my closet, then thou shalt tell me some,
If thou pleasest, we will be friends agen,
If I find president Ile follow it,
(Ile else begin my selfe,) if there be none
Let after Ladies coate me downe for one.

Exeunt.

[ACT II. SCENE 2.]

[*Near Verulam.*]

Enter Amphiabell as an Hermit, and Albon.

Al. Thou constant friend what title shall I give,
Due to thy merit; 'tis more than a friendly part
To fetch from hell, friends turne at misery,
They abide long that part at prison doores,
5 The best lasts but till death, but thou hast stood
The renovation of a second life;

What may be given him for an epethite
That of a tyrant makes a proselite?

Am. You cannot adde unto the happinesse
Amphiabell hath found in honor'd Albon, 10
Joynt with my owne Salvation, I desire
Your partnership in Christianity,
Which as a second meanes I have confirm'd.

Al. I am your poore Disciple, my tutor Master.⁵
But friend I call you by no other name, 15
Although I derogate from your Princely Office
Cause I will follow you, if not proceede,
Even⁶ through the jawes of persecution;
I will not trust your person to the danger:
Let this helpe your haste, although Prince of Wales, 20
Yet in the course you take you may chance need
This drudging god of fooles to helpe you speed.

Am. Ile take your love, for what I shall not need
I shall bestow where there is need enough,
With this memoriall I leave you Sir. [*Gives him a cross.*] 25
Weare but this Embleme of a Christian,
Not as a thing materiall to availe you,
But for the strengthening of your memory,
You shall at sight of this still keep in mind,
All those instructions I have read to you; 30
And vertueous⁷ Lord, what in your power and greatnesse
You may afford unto distressed Christians:
Be free in Charity.

Al. Let me approve
Without a boast, the action of my love;
This in the open face of tyranny, 35
Ile daring weare: and in approbation
Of such an Alter, Sacrifice my bloud:

⁵Texts, "Mr."

⁶Texts, "ever."

⁷Texts, "verueous."

But sweet friend heare of me, behold it not :
I wo'd not have you lost.

Amphi. You shall prevaile.

40 *Al.* Put me in your praiera, that mercies white hand
May crosse the debt booke wherein I stand
Above my height in goare, this hand hath done
An act of bloody persecution.

Am. Trouble not your bosome, your end shall crowne
45 The bad that's past, with a more full renowne. *Exit Amphi.*

Florish. *Enter with Drum and Colours, Maximinus,
Basseanus, Rutullus, with an Army.*

Max. Where is Lord Albon?

Al. Heere Maxeminus.

Max. What, thy Sword sleeping in thy scabberd Knight?
Thou art too gentle in thy Stewardship,
These Hidra headed Christians more increase
50 Thy persecution; speake Prince of Knights,
For such an honour we bestow'd on thee:
Why art not wading in a sream of blood?
True Romans use to swim in such a fload.

Al. But I am an English man.

Max. Yet substitute to Rome.

55 *Al.* Not.

Max. Is this Albon?

Al. Not persecuting, but Christian Albon.

Bass. See great Emperour, in your face he weares,
The daring badge of Christianity.

Al. Yes Emperour, reade in this booke, if by this abstract
60 Thou canst understand, the Volume is within.

Max. 'Tis as we suspect,
That painefull Schoole-master Amphiabell⁸ is heere,

⁸Texts, "Am." In several later places where the meter requires abbreviations to be written in full, the change has been made silently.

Make swift and carefull search through Virulome,
Lop him and the head is perisht.

Al. You'le search too late.

Max. Where is he traytor? 65

Al. Gone, I have convaide him hence.

Max. Why didst thou not fly for thine owne safety?

Al. No, I have deserv'd to feele a Tyrants sword,
Because my sword was glaz'd in tyranny;
I am in debt for bloud, make thou it even,
Tyrants and fiends are officers to heaven. 70

Max. Hale him to the Temple, or force him kneele
Unto our Roman god, or kill the heriticke.

Al. Kill me first, or I shall spurne thine Idoll.

Max. If he recant not, torture, no mercy show.
A recreant friend worse than an open foe. 75

Al. I am blest in curses, now Albon shall be tride,
Man is gold oare, when he is purifi'd.

Exit. Alb. [guarded.]

Max. A second limbe is from our body cut,
In Albons relapse; it is that pedant Prince,
That seminary Knight Amphiabell, 80
That poysons thus the current of our State:
Bassianus, with two Romane legions
Persue that Cambriam sectarist Amphiabell:
His flight will be to Wales, lay desolate
The confines of that superstitious Virgin, 85
That with her sorcerous devotion
Works miracles, by which she drawes Christians, faster
Then we can kill 'em: let her feele our vengeance.

Bass. As Maximinus wils,
Where Ceser bids strike Bassiamus kils. 90

Max. What meanes this?

Enter Rutullus, and Nuntius.

Rut. A messenger from Dioclesian.

Nun. Faire and Royall greetings,

- With them intreating great Maximinus.
 95 Some present succour in this Gallia Wars,
 Allerick King of Goaths hath entred France,
 With ods of strength against Dioclesian;
 A breathing truce is yet concluded on,
 Untill the Callends of the following moneth,
 100 In which there is a day prefixt for battell,
 For this he craves thy ayde from Brittany,
 That Romans still may write victoria.
Max. We, or our best of helpe he might command,
 By vertue of that love he lent to us:
 105 Ruttullus, collect 10000. ablest Brittaines
 By our express command, let them be mixt
 With two Roman Bands, with both passe the Sea,
 And in our name great Dioclesian:
 Say we doe wish our personall Arme with him,
 110 Did not increasing troubles stay us here:
 So should it be; the rest weele write to him,
 Rutullus haste, this must not be delay'd:
 Bassianus to thy charge, my selfe to mine,
 Our works are one to scourge the Christians,
 115 Bloud is the theame we treat in Roman hand,
 Weele write the comment large o're all the land. *Exeunt.*

[ACT II. SCENE 3.]

[*Leodice's Apartment.*]

Enter Leodice, and Nurse.

Leo. Nay prethee tell it on Nurse.

Nu. Good faith I am weary Madam,
 I never knew my tongue would tire before:
 You have not let me close mine eyes to night.

5 *Leo.* Did not I watch with thee?

Nu. But I am old,
When I was yong, love would have kept me waking.

Leo. So could a young Batchelor yet, widdow,
I prethe finish but thy last discourse
'Mongst all thy Cotations of men made⁹ great
That were ignoble borne, this I most desire; 10
Was Dioclesian joynt caesar¹⁰ with my Father,
That oft hath made Rome gorgeous with his triumphs,
But of so meane discent as thou reports?

Nu. A Scriveners sonne, no better verily,
There's many Bonds yet in Rome uncanceled, 15
Where hee's subscri'd a publicke notary.

Leo. And yet is that no blemish to his sonne?

Nu. Not at all Madam, nay I could come neerer
Were I sure it would not offend your Grace.

Leo. My Grace be pledge, out, prethee speake freely? 20

Nu. As I have heard great Maximinus Father,
Your Fathers Father Madam, was but even a Smith,
That with his labour hammer'd out his living.

Leo. 'Tis true,
I have heard my Father boast it, yet had I forgot it. 25
Oh Majesty! thou maymest the memory,
It looseth all Records that are beneath us,
Now no more: prethee see if my shoo-maker be come yet,
Ile walke abroad perhaps to take the aire.

Nu. [*Aside.*] 'Tis now my every mornings worke to 30
watch

The comming of your shoo-maker: pray Venus
My Lady tread not her shooes awry, she changes
Her shooes so often. *Exit Nurse.*

Leo. I have not slept to night,
I shall be tame if I be¹¹ kept thus waking:

⁹Texts, semicolon after "made."

¹⁰Texts, "caesar."

¹¹"If I be" occurs twice here in the texts.

35 Ile give thee scope thou mutenous rebell Love,
 Ile plainly speake and wooe;
 'Tis that which many wish, tho few dares doe,
 Let such ones blush whose actions merit blame,
 My love is honest; and it needs not shame.

Enter Nurse, Crisp. with shooes.

40 *Nu.* Madam, your shoo-maker's¹² come.
Leo. Hee's welcome; I hope you'le fit me now?
Chri. Or else Ile promise faire Madam.
Leo. And a faire promise will be accepted if I
 Can get no more. Nurse I'de be private, be it
 45 Your charge to keepe gard without doores that none come
 in

Nu. [*Aside.*] Hey ho, these pretty toyes of my Ladies
 makes me call
 My youth to account againe, e'ne such Mad changes
 Had I in my head in those daies. Well shoo-maker,
 If thou dost not fit her for vpper leather and sole too,
 50 I would thou might never aspire so high as the instep agen,
 I would I had an old shooe to throwe at thy head. *Exit.*

Leo. Put to these Roses.

Cri. I shall Madam.

Leo. [*Aside.*] 'Tis I must speake, should I stay his
 beginning,
 I might have the greene sicknes first, 'tis blushing worke:
 55 Prompt me sweet love, if I doe loose my selfe,
 Ile talke a while at distance with him, perhaps
 He may understand me the nearest path I would
 Avoyde the beaten way. [*Aloud.*] Let me see, a pretty
 shoe.¹³

Cris. 'Tis made by a fine paterne Madam.

¹²Texts, "shoo-makers."

¹³Texts, "way, let me see a pretty shoe?"

Leo. My foot you'le say: well; I owe you nothing for 60
that,

For I commend your ware and you my foot,
But prethee tell me one thing I apprehend.¹⁴
Was not this velvet unhappy to be made
A servant to the foot, that might have beene
A famelier companion with his Ladies hand? 65
Her legge, her foot, nay, even her favorite,
The happy maske that dwells upon her lips?

Cris. This was not the websters fault Madam.

Leo. No, 'twas the shoo-makers, you have condemn'd
your selves.

Cris. The fault deserves not death Lady, for though the 70
limbes,
Have in themselves height and priority,
Yet are they all one peice, as one body, they equall,
'Cause one cannot want another and be a perfect body.

Leo. 'Tis true, beggers and Kings are all one peece
Of earth, nor can the head be without the foot; 75
He understands well if he could aply it:

Thus 'tis englisht; I cannot be without his company:
Come pull on my shooes, art not well, let me feele thy tem-
ples?

Cris. Yes Madam, I'me in health I thanke my preserver.

Leo. I began to feare, 'cause thou wast drawing on. 80

Cris. You make me smile Lady.

Leo. Dost thou? let me see how thou smilest.

Cris. I shal blush then Madam, if you looke on, is it not
easie Madam?

Leo. To looke on yes, farre easier than to worke.

Cris. I meane your foot Madam.

Leo. I meane as well as you sir: have you done? 85

Cris. Yes Madam.

¹⁴Texts, no punctuation here.

Leo. But I have not, I must chide you now sir.

Cris. That will helpe my blushing indeed, and make me looke pale;

But I hope your Ladiship has no cause.

Leo. Great cause sir :

I heare you are a Sutor to my woman.

90 *Cris.* A Sutor Lady? I understand it not?

And to your gentlewoman? 'twere great presumption.

Leo. You know your fault then, I wo'd wish you mend it ;
I speake what I have seene : You are a Sutor to my woman.

Cris. Madam.

95 *Leo.* Nay, nay, protest not to the contrary, 'tis so usually,
Ile have thee punisht for't, my Fathers power,
If mine cannot do't, shall crosse you sharpely for it :

[*Aside.*] 'Lasse I have chid too much ;

[*Aloud.*] Come, come Ile rather pardon thee than hurt thee ;

100 Nay, prethee do¹⁵ not sinke within my presence,

Let me feele thy hand, his pulses beat not,

Th'art cold i'th mouth I thinke.

Kisses him.

Cris. Had I beene, this had reviv'd me.

Leo. What had reviv'd you sir?

105 *Cris.* That touch from your sweet lip.

Leo. Why sir, doe not thinke that kisse was any favour,
But to supply the want of Rosa-solis.¹⁶

Cris. 'Twas farre better Madam.

Leo. I am glad it pleas'd you sir ; but I have not forgot
110 My former words, I say thou art a Sutor to my woman.¹⁷

Cris. Madam, in this reviv'd memory I protest.

Leo. Thou shalt not sweare and lye, Ile make it plaine
To thy confession ; art not her shoo-maker?

Cris. Yes Madam.

¹⁵Texts, "do'."

¹⁶Texts, question mark.

¹⁷Texts, question mark.

Leo. Then her Sutor; I am a Roman sir, and speake 115
that tongue;

Is not a *Sutor* a Shoo-maker? X

Cris. My trade, in that sence I confesse it Lady,
And so farre I am a Sutor to your Highnesse.

Leo. I would thou wert, in the plaine English sence,
Thou shouldst have then few naves. 120

Cris. I trouble you Madam.

Leo. Not: since I am so farre in discourse with you,
Ile bring it to some end: suppose shoo-maker
My woman did love you, and would have me to speake for
her,

What answer should I have?

Cris. Madam, this intercourse, you have vouchsafed so 125
kindly

With your Servant somewhat inboldens me.

Leo. Be bold, and say what answer shall I have?

Cris. Shee's old.

Leo. Old! this is a new answer; will not her dignity,
Wealth, and Estate, make her yong agen? 130

Cris. I could not chuse

By supposition so, if I durst speake freely.

Leo. You would have one yong then I perceive?

Cris. Since I am free to speake, I would Lady;
Yong for my eye, and rich to mend my state:
But alas Madam, I am a prentise and must not wed. 135

Leo. For doubling of your prentiship?

Cris. Nay, I might treble that doubling, for to a wife
I bind me to a perpetuall prentiship.

Leo. So 'twere one you lov'd, 'twere pleasing servitude? 140

Cris. I thinke it were Madam.

Leo. Dare you venture on a wife of my chusing?

Cris. If both parties were agreed Lady.

Leo. That's no venture, Ile promise she shall be yong,
Good parentage, honest, let her beauty commend it selfe.

145 *Cris.* It pleases Majesty some times to make sport
With humble vasselage, so doe you with me Lady.

Leo. You are too hard of beleefe, I meane plainely,
I have some skill in Magicke, what would you give
To see her amply personated in a glasse,

150 That must be your wife?

Cris. I would venture a chiding to stay so long: what
may this mean?

Leo. I could by Metroposcopie read thy fate¹⁸
Here in thy fore-head: by Chyromancie find it
In thy Palme, but these are petty arts, no Ile shew thee

155 By speculatory magick, her face in this glasse;
Kneele sir, for't must be done with reverence
I tell you: now tell me what thou seest?

Cris. I see a shadow Madam.

Leo. 'Tis but a shadow, hold up thy right hand and looke
Agen, what seest thou now? any substance yet?

160 *Cris.* I know not Madam, I am inchaunted with your
Magick.

Leo. How lik'st her now, has she a good face?

Cris. Tis very well made Madam.

Leo. Who does she resemble?

Cris. Your selfe, I thinke Lady.

165 *Leo.* I, shees very like me.

Cris. I would she were not.

Leo. Why wouldst not have her like me?

Cris. Because no like's the same.

Leo. 'Tis too long to dally, away with shadowes,

170 And imbrace the substance, introth I love thee;
Nay, doe not feare—Ile share all dangers with thee.

Cris. Danger Madam, were she brow'd like Nemisis,
Tuskt with Scorpions stings, as keene for spoyle
As an incensed fury, I would stand

¹⁸A. has "face."

In this quarrell 'gainst her open throat : 175
 But doe you not dally with a poore wretch?

Leo. Wrong not my love with doubt, looke Ile pay thee
 backe

Thy duty given to me, th'art my better
 By vertue of my honourable love,
 I make thee here my head: Thou shalt no more 180
 Descend unto my foot, here thy worke shall be,
 Whilst in thine eyes two wanton Cupids skip,
 Thou shalt lay Velvet touches on my lip.

Cris. Faith Madam, your lips deserve better than your
 foot,

That's two pild velvet, this must needs be three : 185
 Nay since you have rais'd me above the instep
 Ile reach at the highest now.

Leo. Yet all's not done,
 Two paire of Rosie cheeks shall tye them on :
 Shall I not neede to feare thee?

Cris. Not, Ile quell your feares, for now Ile put 190
 My life into your hands, to manifest
 The vertue of my love, for Heaven hath beene a motive
 To your love: For know sweet, 'tis no base contract,
 But of the Royalst Blood in Britany:

Love would not so have forc'd you to an errour, 195
 Crispinus is but borrowed, a poore shroud
 To keepe my life in, Offa is my owne,
 The youngest Sonne to the late vanquisht Alured,
 Eldred my Brother, both supposed slaine,
 Yet live within a parrallell disguise; 200
 I am no richer than I was before,
 But in that clouded Title.

Leo. If I could love thee better than I did I should,
 But introth I cannot, but for the safest gardian
 Of thy life, 'tis in my heart, and that shall be pluckt out 205
 Ere it be found to harme thee.

Cris. What's then to be done?

Leo. Our instant Marriage, that's the surest way,
Hazard a chiding for thy negligence,
And linger here about the court to night,
210 To morrow morning in some humble habit
Weele steale the gardian; it shall be my taske
To provide the Church-man.

Cris. There shall not want a Bride-groome.

Leo. May I ever lye alone if there want a Bride,
And that's a curse that I should be loath to indure,
215 Mean time be this the contract, this the word of troth.

Cris. The morning and a Priest shall make one of both.

Leo. There goes my heart.

Cris. Ile keepe it till to morrow.

Leo. Shut night, sweet Phebe on thy swiftest Arrow.

Exit Leo.

Cris. What pretty flies in loves sweet web doe lurke,
220 I must be Married, then unto my worke. *Exit Cris.*

ACTVS TERTIVS. [SCENE I.]

[*Winifred's Residence by the Sacred Pool, as before.*]

Enter Sir Hugh.

Hugh. My three moneths banishment I have observ'd,
And now the dated limit gives me leave
To re-approach my interdicted Saint;
Once more sweet love I doe invoke thy power,
5 To blesse my poore unspotted Sacrifice,
The offering of a loving loyall heart:
This is the customary retirement
Where daily she frequents, this speakes her name,
And speakes her vertues in a bubling murmur,
10 Which many ages after her Ascent
Up to that glorious Asterisme above,

Shall keepe and tell to long Posterities,
 Within this liquid Oracle shall be read,
 Heaven wrought a miracle for Winifred,
 Heere Ile awaite, and while my tongue takes rest, 15
 Solace my thought. *Lies downe.*

Enter Winifred, with a booke and a servant.

Win. Returne and give notice to Amphiabell,
 That I am walk't abroad, as he intreated.

Ser. I will Madam. [*Exit.*]

Win. His company is sweet fellowship; wanton folly,
 Thou hast no harbour in Amphiabell, 20
 But high and holy meditations,
 Rare vertues in a Prince, the example's good,
 And I will follow it; yea if thou goest
 Into the Militant Field of Martyrdome.
 Ha, who's that? this is not the company 25
 That my desires doe wish.

Hugh. Nay stay sweet Virgin, rather let me leave the
 place,
 Whose presence offends the place; yet, if you vouchsafe,
 Offend I may by your construction,
 But not by willing heart. 30

Win. I feare your method sir, would I might erre
 In false supposition, speake and Ile tell you.

Hugh. My three moneths exile is expired.

Win. And you have well observ'd it?

Hugh. Then give me leave to re-attempt my suite, 35
 Which I have kept a painefull sojourner
 In my unquiet bosome.

Win. 'Twas your owne tyranny
 To adde to my injunction, I crav'd
 But one moneth, and you would proffer three.

Hugh. 'Twas folly in my duty. 40

Win. Which still you doe persist in,
For since you left me I am contract and wedded.

Hugh. Am I out rivald?

Win. War not with heaven sir,
To that is ty'd my Nuptiall Gordion,
Within yon house of starres the Bride-groome sits,
45 And there the Spousall chamber is prepard,
You are the golden Himeneall flames,
Whose spherick Musicke, chast Hallelujahs sing,
To celebration of my Virgin rights:
Oh labour not then to divorce me thence,
50 Since all the fruit will be but vaine expence:
My love is fixt, and we have but one love;
You seeke for that below that's gone above.

Hugh. You are too obstinate:

Win. O chide your selfe sir,
'Tis your owne sin, you are too obstinate
55 To persevere against a decree of Fate:
Be this the finall answer to your suite;
If ever mortall man have attribute
Of Winifreds Husband, 't shall be Sir Hugh,
If it be debt to any 'tis your due.
60 *Hugh.* A desperate debt, hopelesse of recovery.

Win. And as the test to your faire seeming love,
Whether it Noble were or counterfeit,
By its best vertue here I charge you Sir,
To move no further questions at this time,
65 For if you speake I will not answer you;
You may in silence stay:
Thus doe I turne setting the world a part,
Here fixe mine eyes, and with mine eyes my heart.

Hugh. Thou gilded poyson, my tongue is silent,
70 But my unquiet thoughts will still take leave,
To thinke of thy perverse unkind disdain;
Ile thinke thee peevish, and blame all thy Sects

For thy selfe sin, for thou wert all to me;
Vanish all State, and Wales bow to the yoke
Of Tyrants servitude, noe defensive stroake 75
Shall this Arme lift to save me from thy thrale:
Rest there regardlesse honour, and take a fall
Before thy pride; hence forth some humble meane,
That will afford but merit to my paine,
Shall be my lives trafficke, Ile never mind 80
This, or too fickle, or too cruell kind,
But thus conclude, for thee I prove accurst,
Extreame in both, thou art both best and worst. *Exit Hugh.*

Enter Amphiabell.

Win. Who's there?¹ Amphiabell?
Am. Yes vertuous Lady.
Win. Thou abidest still. 85
Am. To death:
Christians tire not till they be out of breath;
Life labours here, at death the wage doth come,
Which Tyrants pay in Crownes of Martyrdome.

Enter Bassianus, Lutio, and Romans.

Bass. We forage unresisted: soft who are these?
Lut. Ceaze first, and then examine. 90
Am. Two, that will neither fly, nor resist your force.
Bass. Then you will surely dye Amphiabell.
Am. Yes.
Bass. And the holy Virgin.
Win. So, unhappy Tyrant.
Bass. The Triumphs of our Wars; here persuite shall
stay,
In your surprise we have atchiev'd the day. 95

¹Texts, "Whose there Am?"

Win. Ring out your triumphs loude, tis a large boast,
You have gain'd much, and we have nothing lost.

Bass. Thou art a traytor Capitall to Rome,
From whence thy knightly honors were deriv'd,
100 'Twas thy seditious heresie that wrought
The wracke of honor'd Albon, even this Lady
Hast thou seduc'd, a mercifull sommons
Now cal's his last to thee, turne unto Rome,
And worship give unto our Golden gods.

105 *Am.* No, I will not; when I crave mercy, give it.

Win. Thou debuty tyrant, this place is hallowed;
Doe not awake the thunder, if it strike,
The boult will fall downe perpendicular,
And strike thee under mercy.

Bass. Ha, ha, ha;
110 What pretty dreames these Christians apprehend:
They say your well is very Soveraigne
To cure the itch, I have got a scab, to day
Ile try the vertue of your Virgin water,
[*Lut.*] 'Tis good for sore eyes too, ist not? mine are
some thing Rhumaticke. [*Bathes his eyes.*]

115 *Win.* Doe, play with Lightning till it blasts thee.

Lut. Oh! here's hell, witchcraft, my eyes are lost,
This sorcerous poole hath tane away my sight:
Witch Ile find thee out, and breake thy Magicke,
By drawing of thy blood. [*Strikes Bassianus.*]

Bass. Has wounded me.

120 *Win.* Lay hold upon him, hee'le doe more mischeife else.

Lut. Guide me to the divill.

Win. Thou art going right blind-fold,
Hold fast his hands, I will be charitable
Unto my persecutors: now see the change,
Vertue, abus'd turnes unto damage more,
125 By helpe of heaven thus I thine eyes restore.

Lut. Ha, is't day agen?

Win. Wilt thou understand from whence thy succour comes?

Lut. From Apollo, and Iupiter, the gods of Rome,
Who would not see a witch abuse their creature,
Away with her to th' fire;² till she be burnt and dead, 130
Mine eyes will stand in feare within my head.

Bass. Let them be garded unto Verolome,
Where first they shall behold the dreadful sufferings
Of revolted Albon, as you looke on, and see
His tortures please, follow destruction. 135

Win. Come constant friend, now comes the wished day,
The path to blisse is through a thorny way. *Exeunt.*

[ACT III. SCENE 2.]

[*The Shoemaker's Shop.*]

Enter with a Trumpet, Rutullus, Shoo-maker, and his Wife.

Shoo. One out of my house my Lord? I am the Princes
Shoo-maker,
Will not that excuse me?

Rut. My Commission's strict, let me see your house-hold.

Shoo. I know not which to part with beleve me sir,
But you shall see them all, Ralph, Barnaby, Crispinus, 5
Crispianus, appeare my boyes.³

Enter Ralph and Crispianus.

Shoo. Looke, here's most of my store.

Rut. The worst of these will serve; but here's not all.

Shoo. Barnaby, where's Barnaby?

Wife. That Knave will still be backward: why Barnaby. 10

²Texts have no punctuation here.

³Texts end with a question mark.

Enter Barnaby, with a Kercher on.

Bar. Oh, oh, oh.

Shoo. Why how now Barnaby, what falne sicke o' th' sudden Barnaby?

[*Bar.*] Oh Master, I have such a singing in my head,
15 my toes are cramp't too.

Shoo. What from head to foot already, where lyes thy paine?

*Bar.*⁴ Here, here about my heart Master I have an Issue here too,

Oh Master, if you did but feele what a breath comes out,
You would stop your nose in't.

20 *Wife.* Come, come, you are a lazy knave, you must be prest for a Souldier.

Bar. Oh dame, Ile confesse and be hang'd rather then Ile bee prest.

Cris. The Drums and Trumpets will revive thee man.

Bar. Alas, if I heare any noise I'me a dead man.

25 *Shoo.* Ralph, what sayst thou, wilt thou serve the King?

Ral. I cannot serve a better Master if the King does entertaine me, Ile doe him the best service that I can.

Cris. I beseech you, sir let me excuse the rest :

I have a mind to meet a foe i' th field,

30 Meethinks I could performe some worthy act,
That at my backe returne, you should be proud
To say my Servant did it.

Shoo. Yee, saist thou so boy? I like thy forwardnesse,
But I'de be loath to leese thee yet.

35 *Wife.* Alas man the boy is yong, his tender limbes
Are scarce well joynted yet, let Ralph, or Barnaby,
Undertake that taske, 'tis fitter for either.

Bar. Oh a little aqua-composita: good dame,
I have a quaking ague come upon me.

⁴Texts give this line to the shoemaker.

Wife. A feaver lurden have you not? you lazy knave you, 40
Wilt thou let a boy out dare thee?

Cris. Good dame perswade him not against his heart,
Such brave designes as Souldiers undergoe,
Should not be forc'd, but free and voluntary.
A Coward in a Campe more spoyles an Army 45
By faint example of his frozen blood,
Than a full Squadron of the daring'st foes
Surprizing at advantage.

Rut. A forward spirit,
Such a faire promise cannot want performance:
Thou shalt be my choise; accept thy presse-money, 50
And for the hopes that I expect from thee,
Thy Ranke shall not be common.

Wife. Alack, alack, the Boy is forward, but farre un-
able; Sir pray spare him, and take either of these.

Bar. Oh, I have a stitch in my Elbow here; a little Par- 55
macadius.

Wife. A false stitch I warrant thee, the Warres will
pick it out.

Shoo. Peace Sisley; Boy, since thou art so forward,
I will not stay the freedome of thy spirit;
So I might hinder thee from better hopes
Than my poore substance could endow thee with: 60
Goe, and good Fortune keepe thee company;
If thou return'st, thou shalt be welcome still.
I must be willing though against my will,
To leave thee Boy.

Wife. And welcome shalt thou be to thy Dame boy; if 65
there come but a leg on thee back, the worst member thou
hast, shall be welcome to me; lame or blind, if thou comm'st
back, thou shalt want no Hospitall-pention as long as I live.

Shoo. Gramercy for that Sis; Ile sell all the shoes in
my Shop
Before my lame Souldier shall be kept in an Hospitall. 70

Crispia. Your loves are Parent-like, not as to a servant,
 But a child: the Heavens in safety keepe you;
 My prayers in duty shall be here at home,
 When my bodie's distant. I beseech you Sir,
 75 Commend me to my Brother: Raph, Barnaby farewell.

Bar. Farewell good Crispian. I shall never see thee
 more.

Crispia. Tush, feare not; nay, if e're I doe returne,
 Ile bring home stories that we'le turne to Meeter,
 & sing away our work with 'em.

Bar. Farewell Crispianus.

80 *Crispia.* Master and Dame, once more I bid farewell,
 'Tis brave to dye where Trumpets ring the Knell.

Rut. Come Crispianus. [*Exit with Crispianus.*]

Wife. Well, goe thy wayes, and take the kindest youth
 with thee, that e're set foot in the stirrup.

85 *Shoo.* How now Barnaby, art any thing better yet?

Bar. I am somewhat better than I was Master; I doe
 begin to feele my selfe better and better.

Wife. Oh you are a cunning counterfeit knave sirrah.

Bar. O Mistresse, there is alwayes policy in Warres as
 90 well as blowes: if it be good sleeping in a whole skinne, it
 must needs be bad sleeping in a broken one; and he that
 cannot sleepe well, it is a signe he cannot drinke well; and he
 that does not drinke well, never digests his meate well; and
 he that digests not his meate well, 'tis a signe he has⁵ not a
 95 good stomack; and hee that has⁵ not a good stomacke, is
 not fit for the Warres. I did thinke it better to stay at
 home truly Master.

Shoo. The end is, thou hadst rather worke than fight
 Boy:

I had rather thou shou'dst too:

100 But I wonder I heare not of Crispinus yet.

Wife. Truly man I am affraid hee's prest at Canter-
 bury.

⁵Texts, "h'as," a contraction for "he has," obviously out of place here.

Enter Crispinus.

Crisp. All the way 'twixt this and Canterbury
 Will not afford me an excuse sufficient
 For tarrying so long out of my Masters house:
 The truth I dare not tell, 'twere better lye 105
 Than confesse my lying with the Emperors Daughter,
 Though the case be honest, being my Wife:
 Well, somewhat it must be, I know not what yet;
 If I endure a rough chiding for my paines,
 It is but sawce to sweete meates. 110

Shoo. Looke, looke Wife, hee's come: why how now
 Crispinus,
 How comes it you have stayd so long?

Wife. O you are a fine loytering youth, what, lye out of
 your Masters house!

Crisp. Your pardon once good Dame, I was in no bad 115
 company.

Wife. Who knows that sir? you frighted both your
 Master & me;
 We thought you had beene prest for a Souldier, as your
 Brother is.

Crisp. [*Aside.*] So now my Dame has⁶ helpt me to an
 excuse:
 [*Aloud.*] Why truly Dame that was my feare; I was
 faine to shroud

My selfe in the Court all night for feare of the presse. 120

Shoo. Nay then 'twas wel done Boy, I wou'd not have
 lost thee too.

Wife. I, I, the flower's pluckt, but the weed remaines;
 Thy brother that's gone, would not have serv'd me so.

Shoo. Peace good Eve, no more words, the excuse is
 honest.

Wife. I, I, you'le marre 'em all: but he had better beene 125

⁶Texts, "h'as."

a sleepe in his bed, than tarryed out of his Masters house
to vexe me thus.

Cris. Nay, not so Dame; I had better lodging by your
leave.

Bar. Ey, ey; he had better beene sick in his bed as I was,
130 Than anger my Dame I warrant him.

Shoo. Why how now Barnaby, throw pitch i' th' fire?
no more words:

I say, Ile be his baile, he shall offend no more so.

Crisp. Doe not Master, I shal damnifie my baile,
And do so agen I'me affraid.

135 *Wife.* Thou shalt doe under-worke for't; thou shalt
make nothing but childrens shooes this halfe yeere.

Cris. I beleeve I have made worke for Childrens shooes
already.

Shoo. Medle with my Shop Avant,

Cadua, huc spectit tua cura mundare cacabum;

140 Goe looke to your Kitchin, let me alone with my Prentises.

Wife. I, let you alone, and your bond servants will be
all laxative one of these daies, if you let 'em loose in this
fashion. What will you say if this young Rogue has beene
a wenching to night? Some overdone thing or other makes

145 velvet of his black browes.

Bar. I beleeve so too Dame; for the old Gentlewoman
that waits upon my Lady, will have no body now adaies to
pull on her shooes but hee.

Shoo. Yet agen Barnaby? Why Lady D'Oliva, who's
150 controuler of my Houshold? have I not paid for my
breeches, are they not mine owne, and shall I not ware
'em? My Boy Crispinus shall arest his Dame Sisley for
an action of slander: he goe awenching?

Cris. No by my faith, 'tis past that Master;
155 Master and Dame, let me excuse my selfe,
Not to glosse o're the fault I have committed,
But with a promise to offend no more;
Nor if your patience might censure me,

Could I be much blam'd for it, seeing it was
The Princesse pleasure that inforc't my stay, 160
Who likewise hath enjoyn'd me to returne
Agen to night.

Shoo. No more, thy peace is made: how now, what's he?

Enter Sir Hugh

Hugh. A poore man Sir, one that would be proud to call
you Master.

Shoo. Ey, canst thou be poore and proud too? thou art 165
no shooe-maker then?

Hugh. Not yet Sir; I would be glad to learne.

Bar. No Sir, an you be poore and proud too, you are
fitter for a Tayler than a Shooe-maker.

Wife. Had you come a little sooner sir, you might have
had entertainment, and excus'd a pretty youth that's prest 170
to serve the King in his Warres: thou art well-limb'd.

Hugh. Alas, that were to throw me backe to woe
I have but lately scap't from: 'twas the Warres
That thus hath ruin'd me, and for I know
Those dangerous quick-sands, I had rather saile 175
In some freer sea-roome, any paines
That might afford me pension for my life,
I would doe double labour for my hire
If I might have employment.

Shoo. What Countreyman?

Hugh. Wales is my Countrey, my name is Hugh. 180

Bar. I have some Cozens in your Countrey: you know
Penvenmower, Blew Morrice Laugathin, Aberginenni
Terdawhee, Saint Davis Harpe, and the great Organ at
Wricksom?

Hugh. There's not a cragge beyond the Severne flood, 185
But I have held against the Roman Foes,
Till odds and losse of blood expell'd me thence:
Nor was I ever first forsooke the field;
But I doe vaine to boast.

- 190 *Shoo.* Thou art a Christian then?
Hugh. It was my quarrell Sir.
Bar. And you are a Gentleman I'me sure.
Hugh. I am a Welch-man Sir.
Bar. Nay then thou canst not choose but be a Gentleman.
Shoo. And how dare you thou a Gentleman sirrah?
Bar. Yes, a poore Gentleman alwayes, so long as he dares
195 not take exceptions. Pray you Master entertaine him, that
wee may have a Gentleman of our Trade: he may (Lord
blesse us) live to be Major of Feversham.
Wife. I sir, you are ready still to heape on more charges.
Shoo. More Lawyers weapons, more Tongue-worke:
200 Sisley, thou shalt entertaine him. Thou Gentleman, as thou
art a Souldier, and a good fellow, when th'art a Shooemaker
I bid thee welcome to Feversham: Crispianus is gone, and
thou shalt be his heire.
Crisp. [*Aside.*] Twere worth a Kingdome if he had his
due then.
205 *Wife.* By the faith of my upper bodies, and the honesty
of my neather skirts, but he shall not stay there a while; his
Brother Crispinus shall have that place.
Cris. I thanke you Dame, [*aside.*] if he dye issuelesse,
'tis my inheritance.
Hugh. I will be so obedient unto all,
210 That every servant shall be my second Master.
Bar. Well Cozen Hugh, I will doe my best to instruct
thee: but you must take heed there be no Turkey-cocks in
your worke.
Hugh. When I understand the English Sir, Ile observe
you.
215 *Bar.* Your Turkey-cock is as much as to say, Coble, coble,
coble; you must take heed of cobling.
Shoo. Come on good fellow, Ile teech thee a good Trade:
A Gentleman, if he want better meanes,
May live well by it; and this Ile promise thee

After some tearme of yeeres to make thee free : 220
Or if thou dye, and that's a Christians best
Ile see thy bones laid quietly to rest. *Exeunt.*

[ACT III. SCENE 3.]

[*A Battlefield in France.*]

*Enter Dioclesian, the Eagle borne before him at one doore,
at the other, Huldrick and Rodrick, Kings of the Goths
and Vandalls, with their Army.*

Diocle. Advance the Roman Eagle, and command
Our armed Legions to troope close, and stand.
Rod. The Romans are in sight, Drummes beate a parley.
Diocle. Death blurre their parley,
Wee'le not answer the thunder of their Drummes : 5
Our Eagle shall not nesell by base Ravens,
But to peck out their eyes; our Swords shall answer
The Thunder of their Drummes, the Roman Cæsar
Holds scorne to parley with such servile Nations,
As you the barbarous Vandalls and Goths, 10
Poore frozen Snakes, that from the Northerne cold
Creepe to the warmth of the Sunnes Westerne fires,
Troubling our fertile Lands, and like starv'd sheepe,
You spoyle the Countries with a line you keepe
In Regions beggerly. 15
Hul. Dioclesian, heare me.
Diocle. What croakes the Raven?
Hul. Proud Roman this: if here thou longer stay,
Hee'le peck thine Eagles eyes out, make thee a prey
To his sterne Gripe, whose dismall beake now sings
The sudden ruine 20
Diocle. Of two barbarous Kings.

Rod. Insulting Tyrant, stop thy scandalous breath,
 Thy blood shall finde us Kings and Souldiers both :
 We are a swelling Sea, and our owne Bankes,⁷
 Not large enough to bound us, are broke forth
 25 Like a resistlesse Torrent to o'rewhelme
 And drowne in blood all Nations that withstand us.
 Thou seest already Germany is ours ;
 So shall faire France be, at least those parts that lye
 Upon the Rhine, and fertile Burgundy :
 30 Which if thou grant before the Battailes joyne,
 We will retire, and league with thee and Rome.

Diocle. Ha, ha, ha ;

Must Lyons be inforc'd to league with Wolves ?

Hul. If thou deny it, by the glorious Sunne,
 35 And all the Deities our men adore,
 Wee'le forage up to Rome and Italy,
 And sit in tryumph in your Capitol :
 The Vandals and the Goaths shall carve their fames
 As deepe as now the Romans doe their Names :
 40 Raise up as many Trophies, and as high,
 In brazen pillars of their victory.

Diocle. Poore Flies, behold the Eagle, and give o're ;
 Strive not to cope with strength beyond your power,
 For us she spreads her wings as farre and bright,
 45 As in a Day the Sunne rides with his light,
 And that's the universall Globe of Earth :
 Europa's⁸ proud throat we tread on :
 Affrick and Asia our Eagles talents gripe,
 The Lords of Rome fadome both Land and Deepe.

50 *Rod.* New Lords new Lawes renew,
 As you of others, wee'le be Lords of you.

Diocle. Wee'le heare no more ; call up the Brittain Souldiers

⁷Texts, "Barkes."

⁸Texts, "Europos."

Our Brother Maximinus sent unto our aide,
Let 'em begin the battell, fight like Romans :
Remember this, your enemies are base; 55
Let your Swords worke like Sithes confound these swarmes,
And sweepe these Locusts hence with conquering Armes.
Exeunt.

[ACT III. SCENE 4.]

[*The Same.*]

Alarum. Enter Roderick and Huldrick with Souldiers at one doore, at the other, Crispianus and Brittaines, fight and drive off the Vandals.

Enter Roderick and Huldrick.

Rod. These Romans fight like devils.

Hul. Spirits infernall could not charge so hotly;
Disgrac't i' th' onset: Counsell Roderick,
What's to be done? our men flye, not able to endure 'em.

Rod. Knit all our Nerves in one; renowned Huldricke 5
Hye to thy Troopes, and with thy valiant Goths
Assaile the Romans in their hinmost Flankes,
And breake into their maine Battalia;
Whilst here I stay, and hold the Brittaines play.

Hul. I like it well; divided Armes thrive best, 10
This day weele climbe the lofty Eagles nest. *Exit.*

Enter Dioclesian.

Dioc. Turne thee base Vandal.

Rod. Roman 'tis thee I seeke.

Dioc. And thou hast found mee; Ile teach thee speake
The Roman Language.

Rod. And thou shalt learne from me

15 The Art of Warre, and Discipline of Armes
The Vandals teach.

Dioc. A Fencer tis agreed.

The Schoole tricke thou shalt learne at first blow. *Alarum.*

*Rodericke hath Dioclesian downe: Crispianus fights with
Rodericke and rescues him; and beates off Rodericke.*

Dioc. What art thou that hast saved me?

Cris. A Souldier: What art thou so saved?

Dioc. An Emperour.

20 *Cris.* Thou art saved then by a Warlike Brittain e souldier:

And had I as many lives as drops of blood,
I'de spend them all to doe great Cæsar good.

Dioc. I thanke thee: follow thy fortunes, and goe on;

The gods of Rome sit on thy weapon still:

25 The battaile ended, see me in my Tent.

Cris. I will.

Exit.

Dioc. Immortall gods! How crept a Kingly spirit
Into a breast so low! How now, how goes the day?

Enter a Roman.

Rom. Bloody and dismall; Huldrick King of Goths
30 Entred our Ranks, and like a Whirlewinde, sweepes,
And beates downe our maine Battalia, seizing by force
The Roman Eagle.

Dioc. How Traitor?

Rom. Beleeve it sir 'tis lost, and now in triumph
O're his Plume she claps her wings on high,

35 With ecchoing shout of present victory.

Dioc. The Roman gods forbid: Let a Trumpet
Call up the Britains to recover it. *Exit [soldier].*

Enter Huldricke King of Gothes [and soldiers].

Hul. Yeeld thee proud Roman, the sable Ravens plume
Hath strooke thy Eagle blinde, and blasted Rome.

Dioc. Hand off,⁹ thou barbarous slave;
I still can boast my state's Imperiall. 40

Hul. Tut, that Title's lost, thou art now
Within my power: [*to a soldier.*] flye to King Rodericke,
And glad his eares with newes of what you see,
And with our Drummes proclaime the victory.

Enter Crispianus with Eagle and Souldiers.

Cris. Base Goth looke up, and see 45
Here hovers Eagle winged victory,
Recoverd from thy troopes.

Hul. S'death lost agen,

Dioc. Fight Warlike Brittaines, free your Emperour.

Cris. We shall, or dye:
This holds the Goths death; this thy liberty. 50

Alarum: *Crispianus fights with his sword in one hand, and
the Eagle in the other: he kills Huldricke,
and frees Dioclesian.*

Dioc. Twice is my life indebted to thy valour:
Admired Souldier, if I winne the day,
Never had Brittain Souldier such a pay
As thou shalt have.

Cris. Talke not of debts, or pay, let's hence and fight; 55
As long as I have breath Ile hold your right.
Souldiers troope close, our taske is not yet done;
Ile keepe your Eagle till the battaile's wonne.

Dioc. Keepe it with fame.

Crisp. Even to my latest breath.

Exit.

Dioc. The glory's thine, thou hast sav'd me twice from 60
death. [*Exit.*]

*Texts, "of." No comma.

[ACT III. SCENE 5.]

[*The Same.*]*Alarum: a shout within: Enter Rodericke and Vandals.*

Rod. This Brittaines are all Divells,
 And amongst them there's one master Divell,
 That beares the face of a base Common souldier;
 Yet on his hornes he tosseth up our Vandals.

5 Now, what Newes? *Enter a Captaine.*

Cap. Rodericke flye, and save thy life;
 Huldrick the King of Goths is slaine.

Rod. I out goe him in life, he me in fame:
 In spight weele after him with glorious wings,
 A bloody field is a brave Tombe for Kings.

10 *Cap.* Hazard not all at one cast, since you see
 The Dice runnes high against yee; but give way,
 See not the board when you see fortune play:
 Winning the maine.¹⁰ No safety 'tis to fight.

Rod. How then?

Cap. Over the Rhine my Lord make speedy flight;
 15 The wheele of Chance may turne, and the dice runne
 For us to get, what now our foes have wonne.

*A shout within: Enter Crispianus and the rest, driving off
 the Vandals: he takes Rodericke prisoner; a retreat
 sounded: Enter Dioclesian with victory.*

Crisp. Now to the Royall hand of Cæsar I resigne
 The high Imperiall Ensigne of great Rome;
 And with it, this wilde tusked Boare, the stubborne Vandall,
 20 Snar'd in the toyles, and conquerd by this sword;
 I could have serv'd his head up at your board:

¹⁰Texts have no punctuation or capital.

But since for glory, more than blood we strive,
I'de rather have a Lyon tane alive.

Dioc. Noble thou art, as valiant, and this day
Thy onely sword the greater halfe hath wonne, 25
And we must pay thy merits. Whats thy name?

Crisp. Crispianus sir.

Dioc. Of what birth or fortunes.

Crisp. You may reade them here, writ on my bosome sir :
A common Souldier,
Yet were my Parents good and generous, 30
They dead, and I downe sinking in my state,
As others doe, I swore to crosse the Fate
That crossed me: and when all hopes else did fade,
I got my living by an honest trade:
A Shooe-maker my Lord, where merrily, 35
With frolicke mates, I spent my dayes, till when,
Being prest to warres amongst my Countrey-men,
Hither I came, and here my prize is playd,
For Brittaines honour, and my Masters trade:
This Vandall is my Prisoner: frowne not sir, 40
Great lookes can nere put downe a Shooe-maker.

Rod. Your fortune rises sir, and I must bow :
I was nere i'th Shooemakers stockes till now.

Dioc. Renowned Crispianus, royall thanks
Shall to our brother Maximinus flye, 45
For sending such a Souldier. Kneele downe,
And rise a Brittain Knight;
Hence forth beare Armes and Shield;
Thou hast won thy honour truely in the field.
Besides our gift, the ransome of this King 50
I freely give; and that thy fame may sing
A lofty note, backe to thy Countrey lead
These Brittain Souldiers, over whom I make thee head;
And to the Emperour Maximinus thou shalt beare
Such Letters from our selfe, as he shall reare 55

And swell thine honours, and when we in France
Have laid these Whirle-windes that now shake the State,
Weele crosse the seas to Brittain after thee.

Crisp. The gods with Garlands crowne thy victory.

60 *Rod.* What ransome you set downe Ile truely pay,
And draw¹¹ my forces backe to Germany,
There to confine our selves; the Vandals knee
Now humbly bowes to th' Roman Emperie.

Dioc. And that obedience Roderick weele imbrace.

65 Lead Crispianus to receive the Ransome:
Vandall and Goths; nay, Rome her selfe shall sweare,
She never met so brave a Shooe-maker.

A Flourish. Exeunt.

ACTUS QUARTUS. [SCENE I.]

[*A Street in Canterbury.*]

Enter Crispinus and Leodice with childe.

Cris. Be comforted my deare Leodice.

Leod. How can I want a sweete comfort, having thee?
Alack, that pleasure stolne, being backe returnd,
Should taste so sower: it seemes a shallow Ford,
5 When first 'tis tride; but when the depth we sound,
It is a gulfe of raging whirle-pooles found.

Cris. I know it Princely Love, and feare the event;
Love in the paths of danger ever went:
The morning flames of our desires burne bright,
10 And shall doe still in scorne of fortunes spight,
If you but feede the fire.

Leod. O me! 'tis this I feare,
The burthen in my wombe our deaths doe beare.

Cris. Why shouldst thou feare?¹ The knot our hearts
hath tide

¹¹Texts, "drow."

¹Texts have no punctuation here and a question mark after "tide."

Had heavens strength to it; and heaven will sure provide
For those whose names and faiths are written there. 15

Leod. What vaile can now be drawne to hide our cares,
Or keep this secret from our Fathers eares.
Of our stolne marriage?

Cris. Stay, lets devise.

Leod. It must be a thicke cloud darkens the Sunne:
This day my Father sits to cast deaths doome 20
Upon the Christians: and that doome I know.²
The fruit this Land brings next, must be my woe.

Cris. I prethee peace, the clocke of misery
Goes alwaies too true: yet let me set it now.

Leod. Dearest I will. 25

Cris. Doe this then; if the Emperour call for thee,
Be sicke and keepe thy chamber,
Untill I get some place for thy delivery.

Leod. Swear to me one thing first.

Cris. What ever thou desirest.

Leod. Then as thou art Princely bred, I charge thee 30
swear,
That as above the world I hold thee deare,
Thou wilt not leave me, whatsoever Thunder
My Father throwes at thee: kings frownes can be but death:
From thee Ile never part unto my latest breath.

Cris. By all the truths that man ere swore by, 35
No force of strength shall part us.

Leod. Peace, no more,
Ile aske thee pardon for this base mistrust:
Kisse thy gentle cheeke, loving and mild:
I know thou canst not leave thy wife and child.
O me, I shall forget my present safety: 40
Deare heart stand by. Nurse, Who's within there? Nurse.

²Texts have no punctuation here.

*Enter Nurse.**Nurs.* Anon sweet mouse.*Leod.* Sweet honey Nurse,

If the Emperour my father askes for me,
 Say I am not well, and keepe my chamber.

45 You Shooe-maker a word.

Nurs. [*Aside.*] Yet more worke for your Shooe-maker,
 well, well,

You play the wagge, and I the lye must tell.

I feare me there's a shooe wrings her i'th instep, of my
 yong Shooe-makers making: such fellowes as hee cannot
 50 chuse but bee slippery companions; for first they know the

length of a Ladies foote, and then they have such trickes
 to smooth her shooe, and tickle her sole; as I protest, if I
 were a Shooe-maker my selfe, it would make my teeth
 water: what a sweete thing it is, to have a round sweete,
 x 55 plumpe, delicate Calve of a Ladies legge lye roling on his

thigh, whilst he lies smoothing her fine silke stocking, slippes
 his hand to her garters, and sometimes higher by'r^s lady; I
 have beene serv'd so my selfe: there's many a Gallant, I
 can tell you, would give all the shooes in's shoppe to have

60 a shooe-makers office in a morning: Well, well, I say nothing,
 but I suspect something: Pitty of me, shee's as broad
 behinde as I am, and round enough before: I doubt me

he has made her a paire of short-heel'd shooes with a turne-
 over: [*aloud,*] Come sweet Mouse, have you given instruc-
 65 tions to your Shooe-maker? Why what a fellow art thou,
 canst not finde a Last to fit her yet?

Leod. Yes Nurse, he has fitted me now.

Nurse. That's well:

You must be carefull sirrah, you must take true measure,
 And fit her to a haire, I charge you.

Cris. I warrant you Mistris.

*Texts, "bir."

Nurse. Mistris! gods me; I am a Madam sir knave, 70
though I am a Nurse, I can tell you: Goe too, learne your
duty, and you shall worke to me too: when you have done
with my Lady, you shall take up my legge too: Come sweet
honey. *Exit.*

Leod. Adieu^t my comfort. *[Exit.]* 75

Cris. Even so my heart goes from me: O what waves
Swim Lovers in! of feares, of hopes, of cares,
Of discontents, terrours, and dispaies.
A thousand feares doe now my poore heart shake,
What medicine's best? Counsell, and that Ile take. 80

Enter Barnaby, Raph, and Hugh.

Bar. Come, come, an you be men, make haste: you 'tis
a hanging matter; the Emperour and all the Prisoners are
gone by already.

Raph. Stay, stay, here's our fellow Crispin, let's take
him with us. Wilt thou goe along Crispin? 85

Cris. Whither should I goe? prethee tell me, what make
you all at Canterbury?

Bar. Not to buy the Cat a Bell Crispin, but to make
loyter-pins. For this day Boy, we have made holy at Fever-
sham, shut up shop, throwne by our shooe-thred, and wash't 90
our faces: and now my Master and Dame, and all of us are
come to see the Emperour, and the Christians that must
dye to day. They say there's a fine young Queene amongst
them: prethee goe along with us.

Cris. In sadnesse I cannot. 95

Bar. In madnesse now I care not:
For our shooes are made of running lether,
And therefore wee'le gallop no man knows whether.
Farewell Crispine: shalt see my Dame come chaffing this

“Text, “Adeu.”

100 away anon, 'cause we ran away from her: Come fellow
Hugh, thou art so sad now, I prethee be merry.

Exit Barnaby and Raph.

Hugh. Ile follow straight, although to meet my ruine;
The Princesse Winifred is doom'd to die,
And I in death will beare her company. *Exit.*

105 *Cris.* Misery of times when Kings doe kill,
Not arm'd by Law to doe it, but by will.
From these deepe woes that my poore Countrey beares
Heaven save the Queene my Mother, Fates are just,
And till the thred be spun, none turne to dust.

Enter the Shoemakers Wife sweating.

110 *Wife.* Fie, fie, fie; Heaven for thy pittie how am I us'd
to-day! Here be youths indeed to runne away, and leave
me in this order: doe I keepe one, two, three, foure, and five
journey-men, besides Prentises, uprising and downe-lying,
and doe they all bob me of this fashion? How now, art
115 thou there Crispine? that's well: did you see your fellows?

Cris. Yes my good Dame; they are all before you.

Wife. Then Ile have you before me too, but not so farre
as they are: Fie, fie, see how I sweat with following them:
Come sir, though they gave me the slip, you'le not serve me
120 so I hope. Goe before, and man me.

Cris. O my good Dame!

Wife. How now Crispine, what's the matter Boy? Why
are so many Chancery Bills drawne in your face? Now,
where sits the winde that you blow so? What ayl'st thou?

125 *Cris.* I have ever found you a kind loving Dame, nay, a
good Mother both to my selfe, and my poore Brother Cris-
pianus.

Wife. Blesse him good Heaven, upon what ground so e're
he tread: he was an honest fellow, and a good servant, and
130 so he shall finde, if e're he come from the warres agen.

Cris. Oh my good dame, I to your eares must now un-
locke a secret, which, if ere you blab abroad—

Wif. Never by my Holy dame; yet I have much adoe to
keepe my owne secrets, but Ile keepe thine Ile warrant thee.

Crisp. Nay looke dame, my life and death lies on it. 135

Wif. Let what will lie on't, it shall nere be talkt of by me.

Crisp. Ile thanke yee then; this it is, but you will say
nothing?

Wif. Dost thinke I am a woman or a beast?

Cris. Nor be angry with me? 140

Wif. Here's a doe indeede, thou hast not got a wench
with child hast?

Cris. You have found my grieffe, good dame, indeed I
have.

Wif. Out upon thee Villaine. 145

Cris. Nay good Dame.

Wif. Hence you Whore-master knave, Gods my passion,
got a wench with childe, thou naughty packe thou hast un-
done thy selfe for ever: Precious coales, you are a fine youth
indeed, can you cut out no shooes but of Ducks leather, with 150
a wanion? has your Master so little doings, your tooles must
be working abroad in a forrainers shop?

Cris. Sweete Dame, you swore you would say nothing.

Wif. Nothing, hang thee villaine, Ile cry it at the Market
Crosse: I' faith, is your Aul so free for smocke-leather? 155

Crisp. Good Dame.

Wif. By these tenne fingers Ile double thy years for't:
Oh that I knew the Queane, I'de slit her nose, and teare her
eyes out of her head y' faith.

Enter Shooe-maker.

Shoo. How now, what's the matter that it thunders so? 160

Wif. Oh, you are as good a Master too o'th tother side:
you looke to your Prentises well; one of your men has beene

at greene-goose faire; but he shall pay for the sauce Ile warrant him.

165 *Shoo.* What Faire? what Sauce, goody gander-goose?

Wif. Nay, 'tis no matter, as he likes this, let him dance the shaking of the sheetes another time.

Shoo. What sheetes dame Guiniver? what dance I pray yee?

170 *Wif.* Marry uptailes all: doe you smell me now?

Shoo. I smell an Asse head of your owne: what's all this troe?

Cris. Pardon me Sir, unlesse you stand my friend, Alas I am but dead.

175 *Wif.* Dead, hang yee Rascall, hang yee; you were quicke enough when you laid your Whore on her backe, to take measure of her new shooes: Would you thinke it Husband, this young knave has got a wench with child.

Shoo. Hoyda, and is this the shaking of the sheetes you
180 talke of, good wife Snipper Snapper: s'foote I like him the better fort: he is of your husbands trade, you old whore, and he has mettall in him: dost scould for that, hold your tongue with a poxe.

Wif. I, I, one Whore-master will take part with another
185 still.

Shoo. Peace Walflit, leave gaping. A wench with child? s'fut in my my capring dayes I have done as much my selfe Sis.

Wif. I, beshrow your heart for your labour.

190 *Shoo.* Peace Sisley, I shall sow up your lips else; let me talke with my Prentise: hast got a maid with child saist?

Wife. A maid, marry hang her whore.

Shoo. Yet agen, keepe your Clacke, Ile slit your tongue else. Speake my young Cock-Sparrow, what merry wag-
195 taile hast thou beene billing with?

Cris. O Sir, if any but my dame and you should know it, I were lost forever.

Shoo. Mum, mum, for my part Boy; and you Margery Magpye, keepe your tongue from chattering, or by the mary maskins Ile tickle your gaskins: Come, say, what Did- 200
apper was't?

Cris. The Emperours Daughter Sir.

Shoo. Who, the Princesse?

Wife. Out upon thee Traytor.

Shoo. Sfoot will Bow-bell never leave ringing? will the 205
perpetuall motion of your old chaps never leave sounding?
I shall beate your clapper out anon for't: Ah sirrah, goe
too boy, no Court-mustard serve your turne but the Em-
perours Daughter? This is fine yfaith.

Wife. Hee'le smoake for't I warrant him. 210

Shoo. Why Wiperginie, prating still I say? th'ast drawne
on her shooe handsomely by the Masse: Prethee tell me,
how couldst thou being but a poore Shooemaker, climbe up
to a Court-bed-sted?

Wife. Hee'le climbe to the Gallows for't. 215

Shoo. Why Knipperdolin, is the Devill in thee?

Cris. I have climb'd farther Sir; shee's now my Wife,
and I have married her.

Wife. Hoyda.

Shoo. Hush madge Howlet, leave hollowing. 220

Cris. That very day my Brother was prest forth—

Wife. You prest her at night, did you?

Shoo. Grunting still you Sow-guelder?

Wife. Thou art a Coxcombe and a Claperdudgion: dost
thou see now, I was never so call'd in my life as thou 225
call'st me. Thou maist be asham'd on't: this 'tis to let thy
Prentises have their swing, and lye out at nights thus.

Shoo. Sweet Pigsnie, let me intreat thy patience: alas
poore youth, we must needs helpe him. Why I commend
him that he shoots at the fairest marke: what an excellent 230
show an Emperours Daughter will make in a Shooemakers
shop!

Wife. Shee'le spin a faire thred I warrant you: how will he maintaine her troe yee?

235 *Cris.* Shee knew my fortunes e're she married me,
And now your selves shall know them: I and my Brother
That thus have served you like Prentises,
Are Princes both, and Sonnes to Alured,
Late King of Brittain.

240 *Sho.* How! my right Worshipfull Prentise!

Stands bare.

Wife. Ha, is he a Kings sonne Husband?

Shoo. Make courtsie to your man you whore.

Cris. The Emperour Maximinus slew my Father,
And put the Queene my Mother into Prison:

245 What meane you gentle Master, pray be covered.

Shoo. No by my faith Sir, you are a better man than
the Master of my Company.

Cris. And seeing all my hopes lye dead save in her selfe,
I lov'd, reveal'd my selfe, and married her;

250 Yet I intreate you both—Nay gentle Master,
I am your Prentice still, pray stand not bare.

Shoo. Well, well, for this once I will boy; now you old
Gigumbob, you ne're had two such men to man you.

Wife. Nay truely Husband, I ever thought they were
255 some worshipfull mans sonnes, they were such mannerly
boyes still.

Cris. All I intreate of you is some advice
To get my faire Leodice from Court,
And then some secret place where she might be
260 In safety till her sweet delivery,
And then Ile dare misfortune.

Wife. Blessing of thy heart, I like thee well th'ast such
a care of thy Wife: therefore if thou couldst but steale her
from the Court, and bring her hither, she should lye in, and
265 be brought to bed at my house,⁵ and no body know it I
warrant you.

⁵Texts, period after "house."

Shoo. I marry Tib tattle-basket,⁶ how should we doe that wench?

Cris. That's all my care indeed, to steale her thence.

Wife. Come, come, leave it to me Boy, I see, a womans 270
wit must helpe at a pinch still Boy: Marke this device, and if you like it, doe it, and thus it is: Soone at night thou shalt hire some friend to fire a Tree upon the Coast at Dover, as neare the Beacons as can be possible, by which meanes the men that watch the other Beacons, seeing that 275
in flames, and supposing some Enemy landed, will presently fire all the rest, and so on a sudden set both Court, City, and COUNTRY, and all in an uproare, in which time if you and shee cannot bestirre your stumps, and run both away, would you were whipt yfaith. 280

Shoo. An excellent pate to trouble the whole Commonalty; the plot is good yfaith Boy.

Cris. I like it well, and will acquaint the Princesse with it.

Enter Barnaby and Raph crying.

Bar. Raph. O Master and Dame, Dame and Master; O 285
lamentable day! now or never.

Shoo. How now Knaves, tole one Bell at once, and leave jangling.

Bar. O pittifull Master, intolerable Dame, I am the fore-bell, and h'as rung all in many a time and often with you 290
Dame: but now I must ring out mine owne eyes in teares, in dolour, and most dolefull knells: My fellow Hugh is taken, and condemn'd like a Christian.

Wife. O horrible!

Shoo. Peace Bag-pipe: my man Hugh condemn'd, how 295
comes that?

Bar. O Master, your man Hugh is not the man you took him for; not plaine Hugh, but Sir Hugh, a Knight of fame.

⁶Texts, "Tib-tattle basket."

Shoo. How? a Knight of the Worshipfull Company of
300 the Cordwainers?

Bar. Nay, by St. Davie, hee's more, hee's a Welch Prince, and sonne to the King of Powes in South Wales, though he but a Shooemaker here.

Shoo. Passion of me, what a brood of Princes have I
305 brought up! And why is my right honourable Servant to be put to death?

Bar. As we were going to see the Christians, he spied his old Love Queene Winifred amongst them, and at the very sight hee look't as greene as a leeke, and so rusht in
310 amongst them; tooke the Lady by the Lilly-white hand, rail'd on the Roman gods, defied the Emperour, and swore he would dye if she did.

Shoo. Is there no helpe to save him?

Raph. None in the World, except he leave to be a Chris-
315 tian.

Bar. 'Tis true Sir, all the Sergeants and Officers that came to arest him, pittying his case, perswaded him to be no good Christian, as they were: then there was a Broker said hee would lay his soule to pawne, he could not prosper
320 if he were a Christian; nay, the Taylor cries out on him, and sayes, if he continue a Christian, hee'le use him like a Dog.

Shoo. Alacke the day;

I'me sorry for my honourable boote hailer:

Goe and comfort him; Ile see him anon tell him.

Bar. Nay, stay sweete Master, 'twas never seene that a Shooe-maker and his men were base Bassilomions, but true
bonus socius, up se freeze, though we cannot get him from prison, Ile sell my coate from my backe, ere a Shoemaker shall want: Let us shew our selves Cavaleeres or Coblers:
330 come every man his twelvenpence a peece to drinke with him in prison.

Shoo. A good motion: boone boyes, fine knaves; I like you well when you hang together: Hold my brave Journey-men, there's a double share for me.

Crisp. And mine with all my heart y'faith. 335

Wif. And cause he's a Knight, thou shalt have my shilling too.

Bar. I thanke you Dame :

Nay, wee le never leave a brother of our company,
As long as flesh and bones will hang together. 340

Shoo. Away boyes, goe you before ;
Joane jumblebrech your Dame and I will follow,
Cherish him up, tell him he shall not want ;
He lives not in the world could ever say,
A Shooe-maker from his friend did flinch away. *Exeunt.* 345

[ACT IV. SCENE 2.]

[*An open Square in Canterbury.*]

*Flourish: Enter Maximinus, Bassianus, Lutius, Officers;
Albon and Amphiabel in their shirts, as from
Torments.*

Max. Resolve me yet, you stubborne Christians,
Cannot the severall tortures which we doe inflict,
Yet melt the Iron of your hardned hearts,
To make you bow unto our Roman gods?
Speake, will you obey our hest? 5

Amph. None but the hests of heaven.

Alb. A thousand deaths have not the bitter stings
As are the paines we have felt in torturing ;
Yet Tyrant wee'le endure tenne thousand more,
And laugh in deaths face, e're we our faiths give o're. 10

Max. Renowned Albon, on thy head Ile set
A Crowne of gold.

Alb. To make me heaven forget :
Never.

Amph. Never.

- Max.* Let me yet winne thee foolish man :
 15 Remember what honours we, and Dioclesian
 Heapt upon thee : giving thee the stile
 Brittaines Stewardship, the Prince of Knights,
 Lord of Varlome.
- Alb.* And in thy Rackes, thy Irons, Gibbets, and thy
 Wheele,
- 20 Doe I more honour, and more comfort feele,
 Than all those painted smoakes by thee bestowed
 Of me : my Countrey may thus much boast : Albon
 Stood firme and fixt, in spight of tyrants wrath,
 Brittaines first Martyr for the Christian faith.
- 25 *Max.* But not the last : for to thy scorne Ile adde
 Millions of Christian slaves,⁷ to death and tortures.
Lut. Dispatch these first.
- Max.* I will dragge them hence in Chaines to Holnurst
 Hill,
 Three miles from Verolome, where Albons Lord,
 30 There after blowes, and spightfull buffettings,
 For honour of his knight-hood, once held the chiefe,
 He shall have a Knight to be his Heads-man.
- Alb.* That stroake shall well be given,
 That makes roome for a soule to flye to heaven.
- 35 *Max.* This fiend Amphiabel, from whose damn'd Teate
 He suckt this poyson, shall there be bound
 By a fixed stake, to which nail'd fast,
 The Navell of his belly being opened,
 Then with your sword prick him, and force him runne
 40 About like a wheele, till he has spunne his Guts out :
 And that dispatcht, saw off his traiterous head.
- Amph.* Cæsar in greater triumph nere was led.
Max. Away with them ; Albon's the first shall dye :
Alb. Thou honour'st me amidst thy tyranny :
 45 Come on dear friend,

⁷Texts, "flames."

Amph. Eternity protect us to our end:
Fight nobly then.

Albon. To my latest breath:
I goe to a wedding (friend) and not to death.

Max. Goe dragge 'em hence; this day
Weele quaffe the blood of Christians: call forth more: 50
So perish all will not our gods adore.

Enter Hugh, Wimifred, and Shooe-makers.

Bar. Nay fellow Hugh, or noble Sir Hugh, remember
'tis not every mans case to dye a Christian; prethee leave it
then, and save thy life; the Roman gods are as good gods 55
as e're trode on a shooe of leather: and therefore sweete
Hugh wee may get their custome, and bring 'em to our
shoppe, and so we shall be Shooe-makers to the gods.

Hugh. You trouble me, I pray leave.

Bar. Leave thee, not as long as thou liv'st I'faith.

Max. What are all these? 60

Bar. Men that respect a Christian no more than you
doe, Sir you neede not feare, there's not a good Christian
among us.

Max. Honest fellowes: backe, and give the Prisoners
roome.

Win. Come my constant friend: noble Sir Hugh 65

At last farewell joyne hands we never

Shall touch one another more, when these we sever;

Thou long hast lov'd me; truer ne're was found,

That both in life and death keepes faith so sound:

All that my love can give thee for thy paines 70

Ile marry thee, but death must bid the banes:

Never to wedding was such honour given,

Our wedding dinner must be kept in heaven.

Hugh. At which Angels shall waite: Saints be our
guests,

Our soules the wedding couple, and the feast 75

Joy and eternity; our bridall roome
 The Hall of heaven, where hand in hand weele come,
 Martyrs to dance a measure, which beginnes
 Unto the musick of the Cherubins.

80 *Max.* Meane time, even here you both shall dance with
 death;

Yet if our Gods you'le serve, prolong your breath.

Hugh. 'Tis life we seeke to loose; Tyrant strike home,
 They are but walls of clay which thou beatst downe.

Max. Call a Hangman, flea that villaine straight,
 85 And teare that womans flesh with burning Pincers.

Win. We both are ready Sir,
 Yet heare me Maximinus; by all the Rites
 Of honour I conjure thee, in Law of woman-hood,
 Let not my body be a Villaines prey;

90 But since I am a Queene and spotlesse Virgin,
 Let me chuse my death.

Max. Because thou once wert daughter to a King
 Injoy thy wish, so death may forth with strike,
 Meete him in any shape thou best shall like.

95 *Win.* Be sure it shall:
 Be thou the chiefe mourner at my funerall.
 My earthly love farewell; thy cheeke Ile kisse,
 Wee'le meete anon within the land of blisse:
 Follow my footesteps thou shalt soone be there:

100 Courage good heart, to dye I cannot feare.
 Ile be the first, and teach thee how to dye,
 Leading the way to sweete felicity.
 Come Tyrants lanch my arme, to death Ile bleed,
 Sweete blood was shed for me, and mine Ile sheede.

105 *Max.* Dispatch and lanch her arme, but save the blood
 The which this day to holy Iupiter
 Ile sacrifice.

Win. My dearest friend farewell,
 In one house shortly wee'le for ever dwell.

[*A vein is opened in her arm.*]

Hugh. The storme of death now comes, beare up brave saile.

Win. I feele no storme, but even the merriest gaile 110
That ever life was driven with: Oh how sweet
A dreame me thinkes I now am in; Angels doe runne
To meete and welcome me unto the Land of blisse,
Singing I have spunne a golden thred.

Hugh. That thread of gold weave still. 115

Win. I doe; farewell: make haste to meete— *Dies.*

Hugh. In faith I will,
In a whole Campe of Martyrs; blest Fate
Shee's gone for ever to an Angels state.

Max. Dispatch him; and dragge her body hence.

Hugh. 'Tis sister to the Saints; oh give it reverence. 120
Why doe I linger here, my love being gone?

Bar. A right Shooe-maker, he loves a woman.

Hugh. Mercifull Tyrant set me on deaths wings,
That I may beare a part where my love sings
Eternall Hymnes of joy; blest love I come, 125
As soone as I can set forth out of this house
Of earth and clay: when shall this stroake be given,
That I may mount and meete my love in heaven?

Max. Flea him alive: yet stay, because you are so love-
sicke,
Wee'le give you a drinke to cure it: Powre into a Cup 130
His sweete-hearts blood, and give it us.

Hugh. 'Tis precious Wine, holy, and good.

Max. And you shall quaffe your fill:
So, put in Poyson, spice it well;
There drinke thy last, and sinke with her to hell. 135

Hugh. Oh let me kisse this heavenly cup of all my hap-
' pinesse:
Deare Love to thy blest soules eternall goodnesse,
I drinke this health, fild to th' brimme:
Two hearts did never so in one streame swimme,

- 140 As thine and mine shall now; and though thy blood
 Be poysond, this our loves keepes firme and good.
 My Country men and fellow Shoo-makers,
 As of my best of friends I take my leave:
 We many times together have drunke healths,
 145 But none like this: yet Ile beginne to you all;
 But here you shall not pledge me.
Bar. Yes, and 'twere Aquavitæ we would pledge thee.
Hugh. The love which I so found in you,
 Even in my latest houre, Ile not forget,
 150 But to you all beginne my lasting love,
 Never did faire society of men
 More please me: you are a trade
 Of fellowships best mixture, nobly made.
Bar. We are Shooe-makers, and so.
 155 *Hugh.* My being amongst you, thus shall you preferre,
 To say a Prince was once a Shooe-maker.
 For which you now shall raise your skill aloft,
 And be cal'd gentlemen of the Gentle craft.
Bar. Oh noble Sir Hugh.
 160 *Hugh.* Could I give Indian Mines, they all were yours;
 But I have nought to give, nor ought to take,
 But this my farewell; therefore for my sake,
 When Death has seiz'd my flesh, take you my bones,
 Which I bequeath amongst you to be buried.
 165 *Bar.* Take no care for thy winding sheete, sweete Hugh,
 for never was gentleman of the Gentle craft so buryed as
 thou shouldst bee, if thou hadst drunke thy last.
Hugh. Now trouble me no more: upon this stage
 Of death I set my foote: to all farewell,
 170 Angels shall clap their wings to ring my knell,
 And bid me welcome to the land of rest,
 Where my immortall love lives ever blest:
 A health deare soule Ile drinke to thee: [*Drinks.*] so, so,
 How soone he fades, that now so fresh did grow!

Flye up my soule to heaven, my sins sinke to the earth; 175
Thus doe I seale my holy Christian faith. [*Dies.*]

Ralph. O noble Sir Hugh, oh lamentable Hearing.

Max. Conveigh that other body hence, and give it
Buriall as befits her state: for this, bestow it
On these shooemakers, as he bequeath'd it. 180

Bar. No Shooemakers now Sir, but the gentle Craft
Shall see it buried in state and pompe.

Max. Vse your own pleasures; where's Bassianus?
How chanc'd our Daughter, bright Leodice,
Came not to see these slaughtred Christians? 185

Bas. Shee keeps her Chamber Sir.

Max. Is she not well? let her be kept with care,
And to the gods of Rome these Trophies reare.

Flourish, exit Maxim.

Bar. Well my Masters, I could finde in my heart to raile
upon this Emperour Mr. Minus, but that I doubt hee'le 190
make us all die like Christians, and that he shall never doe
as long as we live I warrant him.

Raph. Wee'le watch him for that yfaith.

Bar. So let him passe then, and let us lay our sinodically
heads together, to know what shall become of Sir Hugh. 195

Raph. Let's all joyne together, and bury him.

Bar. How like a Christian thou talk'st: what before hee
be cold? then we should use him as many rich heires desire
to use their fathers: No, because he was a Prince, and did
such honour to our Trade, we'le bury him like a Prince and 200
a Shooemaker.

All. Agreed, agreed.

Bar. You know he gave us the name of the Gentle Craft,
and if we should give him an ill word now, 'twere a shame
yfaith. 205

Raph. That's true; how shall we doe then to honour
him?

Bar. Marry thus fellow-gentlemen, of my fellow Hughs

making, to requite his kindnesse, because he dyed a Chris-
 210 tian, he shall no more be call'd Sir Hugh, but St. Hugh,
 and the Saint for ever of all the Shooemakers in England.

All. O brave, brave Barnaby: St. George for England,
 and St. Hugh for the Shooemakers.

Bar. An you be Gentlemen, heare me: you know be-
 215 sides, h'as given his bones amongst us. Now you must not
 thinke as if a Butcher had given us a dozen maribones to
 be pick't.

All. Well, well, how then?

Bar. Marry thus; in memory of his gift, all our work-
 220 ing tooles, from this time for ever, shall be call'd St. Hughs
 bones.

All. Brave, brave, that shall stand for ever y faith.

Raph. I, but which of our tooles shall we call so?

Bar. Marry even all fellow Raph, all the tooles we
 225 worke with: as for example, the Drawer, Dresser, Wedges,
 Heele-block, hand and thumb-lethers, Shooe-thrids, Pincers,
 pricking-aule, and a rubbing-stone, Aule, Steele, and Tacks,
 shooe-haires, and Stirrups, whetstone, and stopping-sticke,
 Apron, and Paring-knife, all these are Sir Hughs bones.
 230 Now sir, whatsoever he be, that is a Gentleman of the Gen-
 tle Craft, and has not all these at his fingers ends, to reckon
 them up in Rime, shall presently up with him, and strapado
 his bum.

All. An everlasting Law renowned Barnaby.

235 *Bar.* Nay, heare me sing like a Swan, or a Sowter:
 Furthermore, if any Iourney-man shall travell without
 these tooles, now call'd St. Hughs bones, at his back, and
 cannot slash, cut, and crack coxcombes, with brave Sword
 and Buckler, long sword, and quarter-staffe, sound a Trum-
 240 pet, or play o'th Flute, 'or beare his part in a three mans
 Song, he shall forfeit a Gallon of wine, and be counted a
 Colt as long as his shooes are made of running lether:
 Speake, is't agreed on?

All. Agreed, agreed, agreed.

Bar. Wee'le take up the body then. 24'

Raph. Ile have a leg of him.

1. And I another.

2. And I another.

3. And Ile helpe thee Raph.

Bar. With reverence and with silence then: 250

For as we have made these Lawes in remembrance of him,

So it shall not be amisse to make it the sweeter,

To reckon up our tooles, and put them in meeter,

And instead of a Deirge, I thinke it fit time

And reason to reckon Sir Hughs bones in Rime: 255

The Drawer first, and then the Dresser,

Wedges and Heele-blocks, greater and lesser;

Yet tis not worth two Ganders feathers,

Vnlesse you have the hand and thumb-lethers:

Then comes your short-heeles, Needle, and Thimble, 260

With Pincers and pricking Aule, so neate and nimble:

Rubbing-stone next, with Aule, Steele, and Tacks,

Which often will hold when the shooe-leather cracks:

Then Stirrup, stopping-stick, with good Sow-haires, 265

Whet-stone, and cutting-knife which sharply pares:

And lastly, to clap Saint Hughs bones in

An Apron that's made of a jolly sheepes skin,

And thus to all Shooemakers we bid adieu,

With tryumph to bury the famous St. Hugh. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS QVINTVS. [SCENE I.]

[*An open Square.*]

A cry within, arme, arme, arme; then enter a sort of Country people at severall doores.

All. Arme, arme, arme; what shall we doe neighbours?

1. The Beacons are on fire, and my heart freezes in my belly.

2. They are fir'd round about us, and all the Country in
5 an uproare; my very nose drops with feare.

3. If our Enemies finde us in these cold sweats, we are all sure to goe to th pot for't.

4. Therefore let's goe to th' pot first; for when the
Drinke's in; the Wit's out: and when the wit is out, we
10 shall fight like mad men.

1. Content, and as we goe, let's raise the Countrey.

All. Arme, arme, arme.

*Enter Bassianus and Lutius.*¹

Bas. What Alarum's this? Why cry yee so like mad men?

15 1. Because we have no weapons in our hands Sir.

Lut. Why are the Beacons fir'd?

2. We are all affraid to thinke on't; they say the Enemy is landed Sir.

Bas. Stand you here like sheepe, when danger beats so
20 rudely at your doores?

4. There let 'em beate, he shall not be let in for me. The Enemies are landed men, and therefore wee'le goe by water: Come neighbours.

Within. Arme, arme, arme.

¹Texts, "Lutius."

Lut. The cry is still rais'd, let's put the Court in Armes, 25
And certifie the Emperour.

Bas. With all the speed that may be,
Arme, arme, arme. *Exeunt Bassian. & Lut.*

2. Let us be wise neighbours, and whilst they cry Armes,
Let us cry leggs, and trust unto our heeles. 30
Exeunt Neighbours, the cry continued.

Enter Crispine and Leodice.

Cris. The stratagem takes rarely, come faire Leodice,
This tumult in the Court gives meanes to flie.

Leod. Thus folded in thine Armes I wish to dye.

Cris. Talke not of Death, live, and be blest for ever,
No frowne of Fate two faithfull hearts can sever. *Exeunt.* 35
Within. Arme, arme, arme.

Enter Emperour and Lords with weapons drawne.

Max. My Horse and Armour villaines :
High Iupiter protect us; what neglect is this,
The Beacons fir'd, and a whole Land asleepe,
When Foes come arm'd in Thunder? 40
Guard the Court, see to our Daughters safety,
I feare these sudden tumults have disturb'd her.

Enter Shoormakers with staves.

All. Arme, arme, arme.

Bar. An you be men, shew your selves so.

Max. Why d'ee cry thus? say, whither run yee? 45

Bar. Out of our wits I thinke Sir; the Beacons all along
the Sea-coast burne most horribly.

Max. And what's the cause on't?

Bar. Because they are a fire Sir: Ten thousand Kentish
men which woefull taile's to tell, are knockt downe like 50
sheepe Sir: the Enemy is landed at Sandwitch, set a shore

at Dover, and arrived at Rumny Marsh: harke, I heare the Drummes already.

Max. I am amaz'd, what Drumme is this?

(A low march.)

55 Stand on your guard.

Bar. I would your Guard were here for us to stand upon,
That we might reach the further: Come, feare nothing Sir;
Let your Lords and you stand by, and see
How we Shoosmakers will thrash 'em.

Enter Crispianus with Drumme and Souldiers richly attir'd.

60 *Cris.* Health to the Emperour from the Roman State.

Bas. These are our Brittain friends, new come from
France.

Max. Whom at your landing saw you up in Armes,
That fright the Countrey thus?

Cris. None my good Lord, not any;
From France and Dioclesian thus I bring
65 These Brittain Souldiers back tryumphant home:
The black storme there is laid, and sure these feares
That bring these home-bred terrours, all are false:
And as I guesse, the firing of the Beacons,
Was at the sight of Dioclesians Fleete,
70 That with himselfe now rides in Dover-rode,
And is by this on shore: and how in France
The die of War hath run, His Majesty
In these Imperiall Letters certifies.

Max. Thankes for thy newes, wee'le read them straight.

75 *Bar.* By St. Hughs bones we were all affraid of our
owne shadows, we shall have no cuffing now I see.

Enter Lutius.

Max. What newes brings Lutius?

Lut. Comfort my Lord, the errour's found;
The sudden fire that kindled all this feare,

Is now quencht out; the cloud that threatned stormes, 80
 Is turn'd to drops of heate: some knavish fellow
 Hard by the Sea-coast set a Tree on fire,
 Which seene, men thought that Dover Beacon flam'd,
 And so fir'd all the rest, and rais'd the Alarum.

Max. I am glad it is no worse; run Bassianus, 85
 And sing this comfort to our Daughters eares,

Bas. I shall my Lord.

Max. These Letters of your noble Victories
 Are as your selfe, most welcome, on whose head
 Our brother Dioclesian layes the glory 90
 Of the conquest o're the Vandals and the Goths:
 He writes, he gave unto thy manly Thigh
 The sword of Kight-hood, wishing us to adde
 More honours on thee, which at his arivall,
 His, and our hand shall doe with royall bounty. 95

Cris. I am your lowly Vassall, royall Sovereigne,

Bar. Dost heare fellow Ralph, me thinkes I should know
 this Captaine; he lookes as like Crispianus as can be?

Enter Bassianus.

Max. Now Bassianus, speake, how fares our daughter?

Bas. Alas my Lord, the Court is all in mourning, 100
 The Princesse with this suddaine feare
 Is fled the Court, not to be found by any.

Max. Not to be found, why where's her Nurse?

Enter Nurse.

Bas. See here she comes.

Max. Speake, doating Beldam; where's my daughter. 105

Nur. Fie, fie, fie, I have not so much wit left
 As to tell yee where I am my selfe, O my side,
 Pray let me breath a little;
 When this hurly burly beganne i' th' Court,

110 Shee ranne, and I ranne; she haild, and I puld;
 She cry'd, and I roar'd; but her feare being
 Stronger than my old bones, away whipt shee
 Out at the Court-gates, and I fell in a sound,
 Starke dead y'faith; had not a Gentleman Usher

115 Come by and clapt me soundly, I'de beene
 Past telling Tales by this time. Oh my Backe.

Max. Oh dismall chance! Search every roome;
 This dismall clamour may so feare her blood,
 That death may seize her,² haste: if in the Court
 120 You misse her; see't proclaim'd, that whosoever
 Brings me her alive, goes laden with rewards;
 If nobly borne, we give her him to wife:
 Make haste, slippe not an houre,
 While I set on to meete the Emperour. *Exit.*

125 *Bar.* I say 'tis he; Ile speake to him what e're come on't.
 Crispianus?

Crisp. My honest fellow Barnaby!

Bar. O Rumpes and Kidnyes, did not I tell you so?

Ralph. Honest Crispianus, welcome from France.

130 *Crisp.* I thanke you: how does my Master?

Bar. In health, and brave as Holly: So art thou me
 thinks.

Crisp. The fortune of the warres: is my Dame well too.

Bar. The old wench still: she keeps the marke in her
 135 mouth.

Crisp. And how does my brother Crispine?

Bar. Oh he is the fore-man of the shop since you went;
 nay, we have newes to tell thee anon when we are drinking;
 we have given o're the Shoo-makers cloakes now, and are
 140 become Gentlemen of the Gentle Craft, and all our working
 tooles are cald Saint Hugh's bones.

Crisp. That's excellent.

²Texts, no punctuation after "her."

Enter Shooe-maker.

Shooe. How now my tall trencher men, what make you amongst Courtiers? What my Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, *virorum*, the *Basselus manus*, my noble Crispianus: and 145 how does the brave *Monsiers* in France, my brave Sheva-leere? As I am a Gentleman of the Gentle Craft, thou art welcome.

Crisp. I thanke your love and kindnesse Sir.

Shooe. Away my strong Beere drinkers; there's a Noble 150 in English, goe drinke a health to Saint Hugh's Bones; I must have some speech in private, and enter parly with my Man of Warre.

Bar. As long as this Drumme will strike, wee'le fight it out with pike and pot: wee'le drinke a health to you both 155 Master. *Exit.*

Shoo. Away my fine leather sellers, shrinke awhile i'th wetting; whilst thus I salute my right worshipfull Cord-wainer: for I heare say the Knightly Dub a Dub has been laid on thy shoulders. 160

Crisp. It pleas'd the Emperour so to honour me.

Shoo. He honours me and all my company by it: By Saint Hughs Bones thou shalt take the wall of thy Master now yfaith boy.

Crisp. The Wall, not so Sir. 165

Sho. And the Kennell too by the Speech-awles: nay Sir, I know more than you thinke I doe: Your Brother has song the three mans song, and told all yfaith: you were once my Princely Prentise.

Crisp. Sir. If my brother has disclos'd to you our births, 170 I doe conjure you, as my dearest friend, For to conceale it.

Shoo. Mum, mum boyes, as close as my Currier and I in a Taverne on a munday morning: tut, my Princely Prentise, thy brother knowes that I am leather that will 175

hold all waters when he trusts me with a secret: Harke in thine eare boy, has got a Wench with child by th' masse.

Crisp. How, a wench with child?

Shoo. Yes, and a great one too: no lesse than the Em-
180 perours daughter, and shee's as bigge as shee can tumble:
Has entred the best Chamber ith' Court, has tickled her
shooe sole for a girle or a boy by this time; and harke once
more, she lyes in at my house, too, but mum; no more
words boy.

185 *Crisp.* Pray heaven you catch no hurt by it,
For the Emperour sends forth wondrous search to find her.

Shoo. No matter, she shall be welcome home when e're
she comes, I hope shee's deliver'd too by this time, for I
heard such a Catterwalling, and my wife stirres up and
190 downe that she stinkes: Nay more, the Beacons were fired
on purpose to steale her from Court, and onely by the
knavery and policy of Gillian Ginger-taile my wife.

Crisp. The accident is strange; see, here comes my Dame
and Brother.

Enter Crispinus, and Shooe-makers wife with a child.

Shooe. Gods me shee's delivered: Ha boy, art come?
195 come hither Crispine, know yee this Shevaleere?

Crisp. My dearest Brother.

Crispian. I am glad to see you: I heare strange newes
brother.

Crisp. If from my Master Sir the newes did come,
Tis true, and Ile with life maintaine.

200 *Shoo.* Looke here old Sis, your other Prentise is come.

Crispian. My gentle Dame.

Wife. Sweete Crispianus, welcome home from the
warres; nay sir, your brother has beene in Armes too: Doe
you see what exployts has done?

205 *Shoo.* Is't a boy wife?

Wife. A boy I'me sure, has a Purse and two pence in't:

X

may come Sir, you shall kisse your kinseman: here's his
Fathers owne nose yfaith.

Crispian. A Princely babe,
The eye of Heaven looke on thee, and maist thou spread 210
Like to the Bay Tree, which the whole yeare springs,
And through this land plant a whole race of Kings.

Crisp. Nor shall he scorne, till that race be runne,
To call himsele a Prince, yet a Shooe-makers sonne.

Shoo. Of the Brittaines blood Royall yfaith boyes: 215
Let no man therefore henceforth take it scorne,
To say a shooe-makers Sonne was a Prince borne.

Crispian. Good Fate succede it: brother my Master hath
told

All your strange proceedings: have you heard of the Procla-
mations?

Crisp. Yes, and meane ere long to use it for my profit. 220

Crispian. Till when, muffle this Sonne in some darke
Cloud,

Whilst I at Court waite on the Emperour,
That's gone to meete great Dioclesian;
Fortune may turne her Wheele, and wee may stand
As erst wee did, and with our owne beames shine. 225

Crisp. Play you your game at Court, the next trick's
mine.

Shoo. And by Saint Hugh,
Though I neither shuffle nor cut, Ile holds Cards too.

Wife. And Ile not sit out, though I turne up Noddy.

Crispia. Worke wisely then, and part. 230

Shoo. Doe so till time ripen, which being knowne,
A Shooe-makers subtil wit shall then be shewne. *Exeunt.*

[ACT V. SCENE 2.]

[*The same.*]

*Trumpets sound: Enter Dioclesian, Maximinus, Bassianus,
Lutius,³ with Drumme and Colours.*

³Texts, "Latius."

Max. Great Dioclesian, our renowned Brother,
 In France your happy and tryumphant deeds
 We here in Brittain thus congratulate:
 The Vandall and the Goth we heare, have paid
 5 The price at full for daring insolence.

Diocl. Even with their bloods they have:
 Their daring and their downfalls fill one grave,
 And yet our Conquest had not spread such wings
 But for those Brittain forces you sent o're:
 10 They from the French Field pluckt the noblest Flower,
 And of them all, a Souldier too, whose Fame
 I cannot sing too much, carryed the name
 Of Honour from us all: his good sword flew
 Like Lightning, and where it went, o'rethrew:
 15 The King of Goths call'd me his prisoner,
 But then this brave Opponent fetcht me off
 In ransome with his blood, and that being done,
 He like a Lyon on the Vandall runne:
 Tooke him, and clos'd the battell in his fall,
 20 The worke was bloody, rough, and Tragicall;
 And therefore for my love pray crowne his head
 That twice sav'd mine: It is a man, whose Fate
 Vpheld the glory of the Roman State.

Max. The man you sent, and praise so Royall Sir,
 25 Shall ever live within our Princely favour:
 One call the Captaine hither.

Bas. Here he comes. *Enter Crispianus.*

Max. Brave Souldier, your high spoken merit
 Breath'd from an Emperours love, claimes due regard
 From his and our hands: cast therefore but your eye
 30 On all the Kingdome, what you can espie
 To please you, aske, and take it.

Diocl. Which wee'le confirme
 Brave Crispianus, make thy princely boone
 Worthy thy fame, and such as may besee me

- Great Maximinus and Dioclesian, 35
The Masters of the triple world, to give,
And by our gods thou shalt the same receive.
- Cris.* I humbly thanke my Lords; Ile aske no Gold,
Nor Lands, nor Offices; but thus high,
To beg a prisoners life and liberty. 40
- Max.* A prisoner noble Sir, what is he?
- Crisp.* 'Tis a sad Queene, my Mother Royall Sir,
Imprison'd by your Grace at Rochester.
- Max.* King Allureds Queene thy Mother?
- Cris.* Yes my good Lord, my Kingly Father slaine, 45
I and my brother did, disguis'd remaine,
Till I was prest for France.
- Diocl.* This wonder doth amaze me:
Is Crispianus then a Kings sonne found?
'Twas voyc'd abroad, thou and thy brother dyed
In the battell. 50
- Cris.* Fame speakes not alwayes troth: I live,
But of my brother what's become, as yet I have not heard.
- Max.* Thou here shalt live right deare in our regard;
Lutius by this our Signet free the Queene from Prison,
And give her knowledge of her Princely sonne:
O were our Daughter found, so much I love thee, 55
Thou should'st enjoy my bright Leodice.
- Diocl.* We thanke our Brothers love to grace our friend,
For to his worth we can no gift extend.
- Max.* What shouts are these? Looke out.
- A shout within. Enter Nurse.*
- Nurs.* Out of my way Sir: oh my heart! 60
- Max.* Why what's the matter?
- Nurs.* The matter say yee? pray let me gape a little;
I was out of my wits before with feare, and now for joy.
Oh my heart, I thinke in my conscience I have not so much
winde left in my belly as will blow out a Candle: The 65
Princesse, the Princesse Sir.

Max. Ha? my Daughter? Say, where is she?

Nurs. O my sweet Lambkin's found, and come to Court too.

Max. Where? who found her?

70 *Nurs.* A pretty handsome stripling by my Holy dame; her owne Shoomaker belike, poore duckling: she was wandring, and he met with her; and belike shee had worne out her shooes, and he fitted her finely: so drew on her shooes first, and drew her to Court after; and he and all
75 the Company of the Gentle Craft Sir, brings her home most sumptuously.

Max. With Musicks sweetest straines conduct 'em in, Our sorrows wither, as our joyes begin.

Musick: Enter Shoomaker, and other in their Liveries, then Leodice and Wife with the Child: Crispine bare-headed before, Barnaby and the rest after: Leodice kneeles, and Maximinus embraceth her.

Max. Life cannot be more welcome; which is he
80 Doubles my joyes in my Leodice?

Nurs. This is the youth that doubles 'em:

O my sweet Honey-suckle, have I found thee agen?

Max. Ile treble his rewards for finding her:

And to be sure my Daughter, not to loose thee more,
85 Great Emperour see

To doe all honour unto this Prince, and thee,
I give my onely daughter for his wife.

Leod. His wife my Lord?

Max. Ey my Daughter:

Though a stranger to thee, hee's a Prince borne,
90 Sonne to a King, and well deserves thy love.

Leod. Here's one deserves it more, he sav'd my life
When I was almost dead with griefe;
These can witnesse it.

Bar. 'Tis very true Sir; when shee was the lost sheepe,
He was the Shepheard that found her; 95
When she was a cold, he cover'd her;
Nay more, when shee was hungry, he fill'd her belly:

Wif. Here's one, if it could speake, would be a wit-
nesse to that.

Leod. And by the Proclamation, your selfe are bound
To let this young man marry me: 100
Ile sweare Ile wed with none, except this Shoemaker.

Max. Sure her sudden fright hath made her mad:
Was she not frantick when thou foundst her first?
Nay, shee's mad still; how dare you stand this scorne?
This is a Prince, that but a begger borne. 105

Leod. A Beggar? looke on this Babe: 'tis his owne;
'Tis Princely borne, and a Shoometers sonne.

Max. Fond Girle.

Leod. Good Father heare,
You know not what brave men these shoometers are.

Bar. 'Tis knowne we can get Children Sir. 110

Max. How am I vext with fooles and mad men!

Leod. I doe beseech you Sir, my Royall Father,
Take this lovely Child to kisse, and blesse it.

Max. Defend me Iupiter, shee's mad, starke mad.

Diocl. Why does the faire Leodice so vexe 115
Her Kingly Father with so base a brat?

Cris. Zoonds base?

Shoo. Peace knave, peace; what wilt thou doe?

Leod. Base Brat? Alas, had the poore foole a tongue
Or power to speake, hee'd sweare you did him wrong:
By all our gods it is as nobly borne 120
As the proudest here.

Max. Strange frenzy,
Why does my Daughter so dishonour me?

Leod. I take but this poore Childs part, and so should
you:

- For looke you Father, this base Brats Mother
 125 Lay in my Mothers belly; were shee alive,
 Shee would acknowledge it, and comfort give,
 And it shall call you Grandsir if it live.
Max. Here's strange and darke Enigmaes,
 Speake plaine, whose Child is't?
Leod. This shoomakers.
- 130 *Max.* And yours? 'Slife he has layne with her,
 Shee's his Whoore; attach the Villaine,
 Tortures shall force his basenesse to confesse it.
Cris. Most Royall Soveraigne, suffer not wrath
 To kindle in your bosome, his [*indicating Crispianus.*] base-
 nesse and mine
- 135 Runne even in one streame: it is my brother,
 Princes by birth, the King of Brittaines sonnes;
 Our names Elred⁴ and Offa, for these names
 Of Crispine and Crispianus we but borrowed
 To keepe our lives in safety.
Max. Can this be true?
- 140 *Leod.* Father it is, and this long since I knew,
 Lov'd, and then married, a twelve Moneth since:
 This token, could it speake, would tell you all.
Max. Whom Heaven would save from danger, ne're
 can fall.
 My blessing compasse both: nurse, what say you to this?
- 145 *Nurs.* Nay, I was asleepe when 'twas done yfaith.
Diocl. Shee winkt a purpose. *Enter Queene.*
Lut. The Queene my Lord.
Max. Most welcome, and most wisht for, Royall Prin-
 cesse,
 Your fetters of⁵ imprisonment wee here
- 150 Take off, goe, imbrace your sonnes.
Quee. O my deare sonnes!
Max. With them receive your Daughter to your love:
- ⁴Texts, "Eldred."
⁵Texts, "off".

Wonders hath falne since you have a Prisoner beene;
You, and your Sonnes, and we are growne a kinne.

Quee. Fame spread abroad the wonder, and the fame 155
Of our dread Lords the Emperours, which in stead of death
Hath given an happy passage to our lives.

But Royall Sir, should I forget this shooe-maker,
We breake a bond, wherein we all stand bound:

My sonnes of you hath loving Parents found. 160

Shoo. Faith Madam, I did the best I could for 'em: I
have seene one married to the Emperours daughter.

Bar. Wou'd you had marryed me no worse.

Max. You all have done your best
To make our comforts full: for which wee'le pay
Rewards to all, and crowne this happy day. 165

Bar. Wee have a boone my Lord the Emperour.

Max. What is't?

Bar. That seeing these two Princes,
Fellow servants with us, being of the Gentle Craft,
May have one Holy-day to our selves.

Max. What Month would you have it kept in? 170

Bar. The five and twentieth of October,
That none of our Trade may goe to bed sober.

Max. Take it:
These lines of Fate thus in one circle met,
If Dioclesian please shall here close up. 175

Dioc. In what circumference?

Max. Thus; 'tis more honour
To make Kings, than be such: then let these twaine,
Being English borne, be Brittain Kings againe.
This in the North shall rule.

Dioc. This in the South:
Brave Crispianus, to requite thy deed, 180
Great Dioclesians hand shall Crowne thy head.

Max. To Crispine this : and this rich gift beside ;
A Crowne presented.

The faire Leodice to be his Bride.

Crisp. I have an humble suit unto your Highnesse.

185 *Max.* What is't my Sonne?

Crisp. 'Tis this ;

A Church then, and a beauteous Monastery
 On Holmhurst-Hill, where Albon lost his head,
 Offa shall build ; which Ile St. Albons name,
 In honour of our first English Martyrs fame.

190 *Max.* Build what Religious Monuments you please,
 Be true to Rome, none shall disturbe your peace.
 Set forward Princes, Fortunes Wheele turnes round ;
 We Kingdomes lose, you the same houre sit Crownd.
 And thus about the World she spreads her wings,
 195 To ruine, or raise up the Thrones of Kings.

FINIS.

NOTES TO ALL'S LOST BY LUST.

- Title page.* The same Latin motto is given for Dekker's *Wonder of a Kingdom*, which also has the same prologue. If priority of publishing be the test of disputed authorship here, we must assign the prologue to Rowley, as Dekker's play appeared three years later.
- Argument*, 16. "The Dove being thus ruffled." For the figure cf. Fletcher's and Massinger's *The False One*, V—4. *Eros*. "They ruffled me."
1. 23-25. "with condition that hee . . . to drive Roderigo out." . . . A common case of anacoluthon.
- 26-78—27. "the African Lord of all, is scorned by Iacinta." Absolute construction: "the African being lord of all."
- 78—33, 34. "to runne ful-butt at one another," to run headlong, or incontinently, at one another, *i. e.*, so that Roderigo should not have too much advantage from Julianus's blindness. Cf. Webster's *Northward Hoe*, I, 1.
- 79 (Prologue)—8. This bracketed line is another absolute phrase with a condition implied: "*if* the quire of the nine Muses sang here."
- 79—10. "fetherd ignorance," a difficult phrase. It might mean half-fledged ignorance or ignorance that plumes itself, but a more probable solution seems to be ignorance with a feather in his cap, like the insolent dandies described in *The Gull's Hand-book*, who sit on the stage and scoff. Cf. next line.
- 79—10. "poet," apparently monosyllabic here, though it is clearly dissyllabic in line 1 above.
- 79—15. "white," perhaps a pun is here intended on the meaning "bulls-eye" with bow in the next line.

- 79—19. This line breaks the sequence of couplets, having no rhyme to complement it, and the sense shows that no such line has been lost.
- 79—19. "Delphicke powers," *i. e.*, "well-judging divinities," powers whose verdict is as just as that of the Delphic oracle.
- 81—1. "Give leave," *i. e.*, "retire." The lords then leave the king to private conference with Lothario.
- 81—4. "alternate roundure," *i. e.*, reciprocal embrace.
- 81—5. "cold as Aquarius." Mr. Morris quotes E. Kirk, *Influence of the Zodiac on Human Life*, p. 97: "Aquarius is an aerial, sanguine, masculine, fixed, rational, speaking sign;" and again with reference to l. 7, concerning Pisces: "The people born under it have a deep, hidden love nature." A simpler explanation is that the Water-bearer might naturally be supposed to have a cold nature, whereas the two Fish are none other than Venus and Cupid so transformed.
- 81—15. "wooing application," *i. e.*, manner of wooing. The figure seems to be that of a liniment or a poultice.
- 81—19. "invasion," quadrosyllabic as in divisions in l. 24.
- 82—23. "Gibraltar." Pronounce Gíbbaltár, the older and historically more correct accent.
- 82—24. "Whose watry divisions, etc." Paraphrase: the watery divisions of which (*i. e.*, the Straits of Gibraltar) bound their Africa from our Christian Europe.
- 82—27. "Their silver moones," *i. e.*, the Moorish crescents. A close parallel is found in Peele's *Battle of Alcazar*, I, 1, and again in Fletcher's *Knight of Malta*, I, 3, and II, 1, and in Massinger's *Renegado*, II, 5.
- 82—27. "blind guide." No doubt an allusion to the "blind leaders of the blind" (here "infidels") in the New Testament.
- 82—32. "Were they, etc." Paraphrase: "If they were what they resemble." Similitude: likeness.

- 82—38. “so high (as) to quench.”
- 82—41. “maiestical,” trisyllabic.
- 82—44. “champion resolution,” *i. e.*, resolve to champion in the sense of “to fight in single combat.” Cf. *Macbeth*, III, 1, 71.
Macbeth. “Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
 And champion me to the utterance.”
- 82—47-48. Hard lines to divide metrically. Perhaps “And yet we” should be taken to complete l. 47. In any event 49 must be awkward, but Rowley often omits an accent after a pause.
- 82—53. “But.” We should say: “And have, on the contrary. . . .”
- 83—60. “broke up.” We should say: “broken open,” or simply “broken.”
- 83—60. “till,” *i. e.*, “before the time when.”
- 83—61. “which out staide,” *i. e.*, if this period be allowed to pass without anyone’s prying into the secret.
- 83—70. “our bloud royal, etc.” “Our” means of course “my.” For a similar thought cf. *Macbeth*, especially the soliloquy III, 1. We shall note many parallels in these two plays.
- 84—90-91. “another’s wearing of abler limbs,” *i. e.*, the wearing of another man with abler limbs. The Elizabethan possessive must often be so analyzed; *e. g.*, “his friend who died,” meaning “the friend of him who died.”
- 84—90-92. These three lines are parenthetical, the object of “This honour” being taken up with l. 93-4.
- 84—98. “Heaven put before,” *i. e.*, I should have said first, “By the grace of Heaven.”
- 84—98. “as,” *i. e.*, “such as.”
- 84—109. “calt.” The lettering is dubious, but upon reconsideration I feel sure this word should read “cast,” *i. e.* ruined, as in Mr. Morris’s text. In looking over

my notes made four years ago, I find the following parallel cited from Heywood's *English Traveller*, III, 2:

Old Lionell. "Yes, I told him."

Reignald. "Then am I cast."

- 84—111. "Moulded in my compasse." Lothario, as we see later, was excessively fat. For the use of the word "compass" to mean "girth" cf. Falstaff's puns.
- 84—115. Paraphrase: "In honor may it thrive, in baseness be ruined."
- 84—118. "Times antient bawde, opportunity." For the figure cf. *Rape of Lucrece*, l. 876 and 886:
 "O Opportunity, thy guilt is great. . . .
 Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!"
 Also Ford's *Lady's Trial*, III, 3, and Webster's *Westward Hoe*, IV, 1.
- 84—121, 85—122. "a second bawd to time, etc." Paraphrase: "I told your highness of a second bawd besides time and yet (she is) not the second *in* time, for time never made such a one before."
- 85—135. "If words will serve—[supply] why well."
- 85—136. "Hesperides," the fabled islands of the west whence Hercules fetched the golden apples as one of his labors.
- 85—139. "Apelles." This famous Greek painter is a character in Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*.
- 85—147. *ipsissima, i. e.* nonpareil, quintessence.
- 86—153-5. For the thought cf. Massinger, Middleton and Rowley's *Old Law*, I, 1, and Webster and Rowley's *Cure for a Cuckold*, III, 1.
- 87—183. "compass." Mr. Morris silently emends to "compast," explaining "I was within compast": "I was right in my recommendation." But cf. 84—111, note, 115—61-67, and 118—132. Surely Lothario implies, "In those days I was not too fat too join in your feats."

- 87—1. "Your passions erre my Lord." After this we must supply, "as you would recognize" to fill in the ellipse in sense.
- 87—3. "their" must refer to "passions."
- 87—10-11. These euphuistic similes (cf. 91—10-11) are rare in plays of the Jacobean period.
- 87—14, 88—15. "that poverty a goodnesse dis-esteem'd." The meaning: "Poverty is a virtue, and yet without reckoning that virtue to her account, see what other virtues she has!"
- 88—21. "things of prise," *i. e.*, tangible things, things that can be grasped.
- 88—26. Paraphrase: "Prove your valor as a champion in the field."
- 88—30. "her memory enjoy'd," *i. e.*, the memory of having enjoyed her.
- 89—51. "'tis a gallant Mistress." As we have so many parallels to Macbeth, it may not be far-fetched to compare the figure of war likened to a mistress with the passage describing Macbeth as "Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof."
- 89—55. Paraphrase: We limit time to as short a period as our best haste can make it.
- 90—77. "The ratling sheepskin," *i. e.*, the drum.
- 90—83. "single" has here the meaning both of "alone" and "weak." The pun is common in Shakespeare.
- 91—25. "Oh 'tis," etc. The subject of this sentence is "happiness," implied from "happy" in the preceding line.
- 92—33. "his noble Lady my sister, that shall be." We should of course invert.
- 93—57. "weare her owne hair." This may allude to a fashion of wearing false hair or may be connected with the meaning "peculiar nature" found in I Hen. IV, iv, 2, 61, "the quality and hair of our attempt." The

- meaning is not clear, but I cannot believe there is any association between this phrase and the American barbarism "Keep your hair on," which Mr. Morris suggests.
- 94—84. "wrought out," perhaps "worked out," a nautical term.
- 95—114-115. "for the groat sake, etc." Mr. Morris explains that one shilling sixpence was the usual fee to the clergyman and a groat (fourpence) to the clerk. This would make two and twenty in all.
- 95—3. "Pandora." The word "Bandora-wires" occurs in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, I, 3. The bandora (a Spanish word) was a sort of guitar, cf. Hawkins' *History of Music*, III, p. 345. "Pandora" was very probably used here to make a pun on the word "pandar," as Mr. Morris observes.
- 96—7. "Violl de gamb," viz, the viol de gambo or violin-cello. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, I, 3, 23, and Ford's *Fancies, Chaste and Noble*, I, 2. That the word "viol" had an indecent suggestion for the Elizabethans we see from Middleton and Dekker's *Roaring Girl*, p. 196 (Vol. III, Pearson's edition), "there be a thousand close dames that wil cal the viall an unmannerly instrument for a woman."
- 96—14-25. "maw:." a game of cards. Cf. Singer's *Researches into the history of Playing Cards*, I, 258 ff. The following lines contain puns on the technical points of the game. The five-finger (five-spot) is the highest card, cf. Middleton's *Family of Love*, V, 3. "Then I hope you will be as good to us as the five-finger at maw." The knave was probably next best, as in the modern game of "fourty-five."
- 96—32. "Asmotheus, Cerothus." Asmodeus, is a sensual devil of Jewish demonology who appears in the Book of Tobit. Mr. Morris suggests the Cerothus may be

for Don Cleofas who flies over Madrid with Asmodeus in Le Sage's novel, *Le Diable Boiteux*, and is shown the interior of the houses. From this idea Foote wrote his play, *The Devil on Two Sticks*. The verbal correspondence, however, is not close, and further, we require another sensual demon. A possibility is Sarsith, who is defined as a seraph, master of the heart. (M. Schwab, *Vocabulaire de L'Angelologie*, p. 206, Paris, 1898.) A less plausible suggestion is Zarathustra, but how Rowley might have laid his hand on either is a matter of uncertainty.

- 97—40, 41. "companion," often a derogatory epithet: "low fellow." Malena here mistakes and assumes that the worse meaning was intended.
- 97—50-57. "common" and "proper." We find here a series of puns on the double meanings of these words; "common" meaning "ordinary" and "wanton," and "proper" meaning "decent" and "belonging (to)." A parallel passage occurs in Jonson's *Alchemist*, I, 1, 177:
Face. "For which, at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,
 And not be stil'd Dol Common, but Dol
 Proper,"
- 98—60. "Now you come to me," *i. e.*, now you follow, or come along with, me.
- 98—74. Paraphrase: "Lose those organs with which thou lookest."
 "Withal" at the end of a phrase means simply "with."
Macbeth, I, 5, 27 ff. "the golden round
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 To have thee crowned withal."
- 98—83. "Stubborn as an Elephants leg, no bending in her." This allusion is to an old superstition of "unnatural natural history" that the elephant's legs could not bend and the animal therefore leaned against a tree at night. In a Christian form of the *Physiologus*, a hunter

half cuts through the tree, which breaks with the elephant's weight. The other elephants then attempt to raise their fallen comrade, but in vain until a little elephant most unexpectedly performs the feat. The "little elephant" in this fable typifies Christ. Contemporary parallels occur in the *Old Law*, V, 1, and Fletcher's *Laws of Candy*, I, 2.

98—87. "Give leave." Cf. 81—1.

99—103. "the war is love." One of the countless echoes, in the Elizabethan Drama and elsewhere, of Ovid's well-known passage, "Omnis amator militat."

100—117-119. The meaning is: "If you embrace my love, I will beg for yours; but if you refuse and call it lust I will speak to you as a king, commanding your obedience."

100—125. "or ere," two words, each meaning "before." Cf. Psalms: "Or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world."

101—5. "individual," *i. e.*, solitary, separate. A vague pun is intended in the next line.

102—30. "Menalippaes belt." Cf. Heywood's *Brazen Age*, Vol. III, p. 183 (Pearson's ed.), where Homer speaks as chorus.

"Alcides takes his place, and proudly beares
The heavens huge frame: thence into Scithia hies,
And there the Amazonian Baldricke gaines,
By conquering Menalip (a brave prise)
The warlike Quene that ore the Scithians raignes."

Again in the second part of *The Iron Age*, Vol. III, p. 360, of Pearson's ed., Penthesilea, speaking of two of her trains says: "these two ladies

Discend (sic) from Menelippe and Hyppolita
Who in Antiope's raigne, fought hand to hand
With Hercules and Theseus;"

- 102—32. “striker.” That this word frequently gives an indecent meaning appears in *The Spanish Gypsy*, IV, 2, 211, in *The Unnatural Combat*, II, 2, in *The Parliament of Love*, V, 1, and other plays unconnected with Rowley’s name.
- 102—34. “fight high.” Cf. Massinger’s *Picture*, I, 1.
- 103—51. “Chalks best for the score,” *i. e.*, to write the reckoning with.
- 103—54. “buy anyware.” A cant expression.
- 103—60. “the very conceit,” *i. e.*, the mere idea.
- 104—1. “Descend thy sphere.” Mr. Morris paraphrases: “Fall from thy sphere,” but the context requires the imperative, third person: “Let thy sphere descend.” Cf. *Macbeth*, V, 8, 13, “Despair thy charm,” which Professor Kittredge prefers to take as “Let thy charm despair.” The idiom was common, as we see in the Lord’s Prayer: “Thy kingdom come, etc.”
- 104—9. “palsey,” probably alluding to the trembling of the hand from chill.
- 104—14. “Mahu.” Cf. *King Lear*, III, 4, 132-3: “The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Modo he’s called, and Mahu.”
- 105—9. The text shows that this line is spoken to the lords.
- 106—7. “as his pleasure returns us,” *i. e.*, as he returns word to us what his pleasure is.
- 107—15-16. “sated pleasures, etc.” Pregnant construction. “I know your pleasures, when sated, would throw up what they have received, which is too cloying for them.”
- 107—27. “confutes thee, ever into silence.” The omission of the comma would make the sense clearer. We should say, “Confutes and puts thee ever into silence.”
- 108—37. “seed and reasons.” The allusion is obscure.
- 109—66. “white devil,” devil that does no harm, cf. “white

- magic." Of course the meaning might be "devil disguised in white," which meaning is that of the title to Webster's play, *The White Devil*.
- 109—67. "change of friendship," *i. e.*, exchange of friendship, as described in the following lines.
- 111—130-1. "game of shittlecocke, etc." For the metaphor cf. Heywood's *Wise Woman of Hogsdon*, III, (Vol. V, p. 313, Pearson's ed.):
 "My shittle-wits runne a Wool-gathering."
- 111—133. "B to a battleder." Mr. Morris quotes from Ray's proverbs: "He knows not a B from a battledoor."
- 111—145-8. The returning a borrowed kiss is a common stage device of the Elizabethans.
- 111—156 ff. It would be interesting to know if this passage inspired Addison to write his *Dissections of a Beau's Head and a Coquette's Heart* in the *Spectator*.
- 113—4. For "fleshy," read "fleshly." Lothario's corpulence has already been mentioned.
- 113—6. "Astonish hell for fear," *i. e.*, amaze hell with fear.
- 113—10. "widows almes." Perhaps a pun on "mite" and "might."
- 113—16 (stage direction). "spits," as does Jane in *A Fair Quarrel*, III, 2, 118.
- 114—15. "the spiders bladder." Cf. *Parliament of Love*, II, 2.
- 114—16. "toads intrals." "The toad, ugly and venemous," of *As You Like It*, and the
 "Toad that under cold stone
 Days and nights has thirty-one
 Sweltered venom sleeping got,"
 will occur to everyone.
- 114—21. Jacinta imagines Lothario to have been born under some meteor; meteors being of evil omen, supposedly caused by poisonous exhalations.

- 114—24. “aches.” Pronounce “aitchës,” with two syllables.
- 115—53-4. Paraphrase: “Heaven instruct thee by faith when awake, to believe thy dreams true.”
- 116—89. “office,” here “instruments of office.”
- 118—137. “Sir death,” a growling exaggeration of the curse, “s death,” a shortening of “God’s death.”
- 119—161. “Before her possible speeds,” before she can possibly get there.
- 119—5. “linsie wolsie,” *i. e.*, “shoddy.” Linsie wolsie is a cheap cloth.
- 119—8. “coat of tissue,” viz. tissue of gold or fine silk.
- 119—12. “Libra,” the zodiacal sign of The Scales.
- 119—14. “big,” *i. e.*, swollen with pride.
- 120—25-26. “forestall.” Margaretta means here to forestall heaven by praying to obtain forgiveness of a sin she has yet to commit. In II Hen. IV, V, 2, 37, “forestall’d remission” has been the subject of much comment. In the light of our passage it would seem to mean “a pardon asked before the offense was committed.” In other words the Chief Justice, who is there in question, will not admit that he is guilty nor accuse himself by asking for pardon when he has committed no offense.
- 121—53. “my nose etc.,” meaning: “I can smell out your real design.”
- 121—55. “Ticktack.” Mr. Morris explains this as a game of backgammon with men and pegs.
- 121—55. “whipper ginny,” a game at cards. Nares.
- 121—55. “In and in.” A game at dice. See Mr. Bullen’s note on Middleton’s *Inncr Temple Masque*, l. 70.
- 122—72. “two stone lighter.” This pun is found in Massinger’s *Renegado*, I, 2.
- 122—77. “effect thy owne content,” *i. e.* do that which is contained in you.

- 123—10. "complexion"; temperament, literally "mixture" (of the four humors according to Galen's hypothesis). The proportions of these "humors" would determine a man's disposition.
- 124—43. "He gives me ayme, etc." Cf. the note on Mas-singer's *Bondman*, I, 3, in Gifford's ed., vol. II, p 27-28. In archery a man stood near the target and after a shoot told the archer how far he was wide of the mark. This was called "giving aim." The expression occurs in *A Fair Quarrel*, I, 1; *The Spanish Gypsy*, II, 1; *Val-entinian*, II, 2; etc., etc.
- 125—66-67. "No man's fellow," etc. Paraphrase: I am no man's equal here, yet I am a good fellow in the right place.
- 125—67. "In place where," *i. e.* in some place I could mention. Cf. Tam. Shrew, IV, 3, l. 151. Perhaps Jaques means to imply: "I could claim equality with someone here if I chose."
- 125—75. "equall match," *i. e.* even bet.
- 126—88-89. "be covered": put on my hat. Jaques could now assert his equality as a brother-in-law.
- 126—96. "honourable bones a breeding," *i. e.* my sister is with child by your honor.
- 126—103. "eats raw fruit." Cf. *Duchess of Malfi*, II, 1.
- 126—107. "Cuckow pintle." A sort of vegetable, the arum or wake-robin. (A vulgar pun is of course intended.)
- 127—125. "Bonos nocios, mi frater." Meant to be Spanish for "Good-night, my brother." Perhaps the printer, not Rowley, produced this abortion.
- 127—131. "wag-tayles." This word had numerous meanings in Shakespeare's time. In *King Lear*, where Kent calls Oswald a wag-tail, it must mean "a cringing, obsequious courier," "a spaniel" (to keep the figure intended). Bullen in a note to *Michaelmas Term*, III,

- 1, l. 211, defines it as "a term of endearment." The word here, however, must be a cant term for a courtesan, cf. *Fatal Dozery*, II, 2; *Match me in London*, I and II, and Ford's *The Sun's Darling*, IV, 1.
- 127—132. "Mermaids". A cant term for harlots. Cf. *Old Law*, IV, 1 (note in Gifford's ed. of Massinger), *Fair Quarrel*, IV, 4, l. 115, etc.
- 128—147. "yellow laundies." Jaundice was a figure for peevishness. Cf. *Merchant of V.*, I, 1, 85.
- 128—160-1. "Better, etc." Paraphrase: She bears it better than her birth (would lead one to expect) and as well as the title (*i. e.* addition) which I have given her would demand, viz. nobly.
- 128—171. "light pageant worke," *i. e.* a temporary structure. A pageant was properly a cart on which a scene from a miracle play could be given.
- 130—202. "Ulcers, etc." The meaning is: Ulcers must be eaten out with caustics, not allowed to skin over by superficial treatment. For the figure cf. *Measure for Measure*, II, 2, l. 136:
- "Authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top."
- And notably Hamlet, III, 4, 145 ff.
- "Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, running all within,
Infects unseen."
- Also *A Fair Quarrel*, III, 2, l. 106:
- "Skinn'd over a green wound to breed an ulcer."
- 130—211. "that," supply "which."
- 130—4. "I cry you mercy": I beg your pardon.
- 131—18. "prisoners." Prisoners were customarily the prize of their captors, cf. the scene in *I Henry IV*, I, 3.

- 131—30. "We'le mixe 'um both together," *i. e.* we'll let the one forgetfulness cancel the other.
- 131—36. This expedient of making Julianus think of his daughter just before she enters, and afterwards speak of her to herself has often been duplicated effectively. Cf. especially Euripides' *Iphigenia among the Taurians* and *As You Like It*.
- 137—2. "slumbringly, etc." The word here evidently means "drowsingly," pointing to a distinction of degree between "slumber" and "sleep." Then "slumber" always occurs first in such phrases as "I slumbered in a sleeping" from the opening lines of "Piers Ploughman," and "They all slumbered and slept" from the Bible.
- 138—10. "Antonios tragedy," no doubt the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, known as *Antonio's Revenge*, in which the hero perishes.
- 139—4. "set," etc. Paraphrase: "staked upon a chance throw (of the dice)."
- 140—15. "royalize the fact," *i. e.* make the deed one of royal prerogative.
- 141—The Fatal Chamber. Of course Roderick merely goes off the stage and comes in by another door. For an identical parallel cf. Heywood's *English Traveler*, V (vol. IV, p. 69, Pearson's ed.).
- 141—3. "Tis holliday, etc." A weaker presentation of this idea occurs in Beaumont's *Woman-Hater*, V, 5.
 "Nay, now thou are come I know it is
 The devil's jubilee; hell is broke loose!"
- 141—8. "geomantick devils," *i. e.* devils called up by the power of "geomancy" or the art of divination by throwing up a handful of earth and noting the shapes it assumes. Here perhaps merely "earth devils," cf. *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, sc. IX, l. 50-1:
 "those geomantick spirits
 That Hermes calleth *terrae filii*."
 The word also occurs in Day's *Larv Tricks*, IV, 2, 64.

- 141—12. "What's he that me presents," *i. e.* that plays my part.
- 141—14. "reall." Perhaps a pun was intended on "real" and "royal."
- 142—33-34. "more" and "Moore," a pun is intended.
- 142—36. "plaid me right." Mr. Morris glosses: "acted fairly toward me." A stronger interpretation would be: "acted my fate truly in the play" where he appeared undiademed. Like Macbeth, Roderick means to combat even supernatural prophecy.
- 143—26. "here's clothes." Lothario means those he has on. The hangman regularly acquired the clothes of his victims, cf. I Hen. IV, I, 2, 55 ff.
- 144—41. "runs o'th score," *i. e.*, "lives on credit."
- 145—5. "Biscany." The Christians after the battle rallied in the north, where they maintained themselves successfully.
- 147—27. "being struck dead." The subject of this clause is of course "mischief."
- 147—42. "by her offense, etc.": by the offense done her.
- 148—58. "my supposde friend": my supposititious friend.
- 149—94. "feathered follies." Cf. Prologue, l. 10 and note.
- 149—94. "gigglotories": "ficklenesses," found only here. Cf. *Cymbeline*, III, 1, l. 31: "giglot fortune," where "fickle" is obviously the right meaning.
- 150—102. "Ile pledge thee," *i. e.*, do what you do.
- 150—104. "(thou) being dead."
- 150—117. "heaven be the Clarke to't," (and say "Amen").
- 151—140-142. The feeling against traitors was stronger at this time than we can well imagine. For instance, we are revolted by Westmoreland's breaking faith with the rebels, II Hen. IV, IV, 2.

NOTES ON A SHOEMAKER, A GENTLEMAN.

- 165—7. "Cordwiners," *i. e.*, "shoemakers." The name "cordwainer" comes from Cordova, Cordovan leather being famous in this time.
- 165—24. "forraigne Natives," (simply) foreigners," "those born abroad."
167. "Leodice," always pronounced as a quadrosyllable word accented on the second syllable.
- 170—39. The belief was of course widespread, *e. g.*, I *Henry IV*, V, 4, 83, where the dying Hotspur exclaims:
"O, I could prophesy.
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue!"
- 171—64-65. "what poverty is't." Paraphrase: "What (outward) poverty would not be rich if it protected your lives?"
- 173—128. "that," viz, sorrow.
- 174—154. A comma after "come" instead of after "force" would make the meaning clearer.
- 174—158. "Statuës;" trisyllabic. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, III, 2, l. 188: "Even at the base of Pompey's statuë."
- 175—169. Bacon was Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Albans.
- 175—183. "For the ungentle habits of Rowley's heroine cf. A. L., p. 114, 15, note.
- 176—198-9. Cf. A. L., p. 148, 48-51.
- 176—219. "which may stand (each) in ken of other."
- 176—224. "all lingued fame," *i. e.*, "fame composed all of tongues." Cf. the description in Virgil, and in II *Henry IV*, the prologue, Rumor "painted full of tongues."
- 176—227. "seven fold Head," *i. e.*, the seven hills of Rome.

- 177—228. "Thunders." Perhaps we should read "Thunder's."
- 177—5. "goe a hie lone." If the text is right, this might mean "walk alone," *i. e.*, without crutches.
- 177—11-12. Sisly may have been twisting the thread while she held it with her foot.
- 178—28, 29. "my pipe . . . Ela." Ela was the highest note of the scale. Nares.
- 184—18. "nice poynts": "over-particular quibblings."
- 184—25, 185-27. The meaning seems to be: "Besides your own necessity, think of his loyalty and submissive devotion." Perhaps the speech is unfinished.
- 186—72. "chast Wedlocke." A common opinion of the time. Cf. *The Phoenix and the Turtle*, of whose ideal love is written:
- "It was married chastity."
- 186—76. "my best (course)."
- 187—92. "comming," *i. e.*, "when I came."
- 194—164. "coate me down": "quote me," "cite me."
- 196—49. "Hidra headed Christians": Christians that spring up like the heads of the Hydra, two new ones growing where one was cut off.
- 197—66. "convaide": taken or sent away secretly.
- 200—35-40. The situation of a noble woman making love to her inferior is best portrayed in *The Duchess of Malfi*, a later play.
- 200—52. "Put to these Roses," *i. e.*, put on these rosettes (on the shoes).
- 200—54. "greene sicknes." A disease which chastity was supposed to bring on; cf. *Pericles*, IV, 6, 12 ff.
- 201—80. "drawing on"; obviously a pun, perhaps connected with drawing on to an illness.
- 202—112. "swear and lye," *i. e.*, swear and break oath. Cf. *Macbeth*, IV, 2, 47-57, where Lady Macduff's child puns on the modern meaning of the words.

- 204—153. "Metroposcopie." Obviously for "metaposcopie," Cf. *The Alchemist*, I, 3, 43, where Face asks Subtle how he has obtained certain knowledge. The latter answers:
- "By a rule, Captaine,
In metaposcopie, which I doe worke by,
A certain starre i' the fore-head, which you see not."
The "science" was evidently to read fate by the forehead as here.
- 204—155. "speculatory magick," *i. e.*, conjuring with a mirror (*speculum*).
- 206—218. "Phebe," *i. e.*, Diana, the moon.
- 209—86. A typical pun, showing that no situation was serious enough to check the habit in Rowley.
- 213—55. "Parmacadius." Probably *parmaceti* (or *spermaceti*).
- 216—139. We have jargon in this play in Welsh, Greek and Latin. In point of fact nonsense would be more effective than Cicero for the groundlings.
- 216—149. "Lady D'Oliva." There is no conceivable connection between Dame Sisly and the hero of Chapman's *Monsieur D'Olive*, nor is a better explanation forthcoming.
- 218—193. "how dare you thou a gentleman." Thou was used only to inferiors and equals.
- 220—46. "Globe of Earth." A bad anachronism, if one should be pedantic.
- 224—12-13. "Set not the board, etc." Dicing terms, meaning: "Don't stake when fortune is playing against you."
- 228—63. "short-heel'd shoes." That a cant phrase is suggested here we see from the fact that the courtesan in the *Match at Midnight* is named Sue Shortheels.
- 232—186. "Walflit." Perhaps we should read "Walslit."
- 232—194. "wagtaile." Cf. A. L., 127, 131, and note.

- 233—200. "mary maskins." A combination of Mary or merry with a diminutive of "mass." Nares. No doubt a profane exclamation.
- 233—205. "Bow-bell," the famous "big bell at Bow." A cockney is technically one who is born within sound of this bell.
- 233—211. "Wiperginie." Cf. *All's Lost*, above, 121—55. The point of this allusion is obscure.
- 233—216. "Knipperdolin," an adherent of Bernhard Knipperdoling, a leader of Anabaptists at Münster, 1533-5. Often used to mean simply a fanatic. Perhaps the wife's continual talking is like that of an excited devotee, perhaps the shoemaker merely wants another long word.
- 233—224. "Claperdudgion." Cant term for a beggar or low fellow. Nares. Literally, one who rap on his plate.
- 233—228. "Pigsnie." Diminutive of pig; a burlesque term of endearment. Nares.
- 234—253. "Gigumbob." Nares quotes "Homer's Ilias Burlesqu'd," 1722:
 "Talthibius to the fleet do's rove
 To fetch a Giggumbob for Jove."
- 236—326. "Bassilomions." Apparently one of the numerous cant terms for "knaves."
- 240—104. "sheede," apparently a causative: "cause to be shed."
- 244—232. "(we) shall presently up with him, etc."
- 248—52. "Rumny Marsh," Romney Marsh on the south coast of Kent.
- 251—168. "three mans song," *i. e.*, three part song; probably used here because the shoemaker was the third man in the secret.
- 251—173. "my Currier": Courier. Whether here in the sense of a letter carrier or a driver the allusion does not determine.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The place of publication is London unless otherwise indicated.

1691. AN ACCOUNT OF THE ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS, by G. Langbaine, sub. Middleton and William Rowly (sic).
1808. SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS, by C. Lamb, Vol. I, p. 335-40, ed. 1903, New York. (Contrary to the statement in Mr. Morris' bibliography, three quotations from *All's Lost* will be found here.)
1875. A HISTORY OF ENGLISH DRAMATIC LITERATURE, by A. W. Ward. Revised 1899.
1885. THE WORKS OF THOMAS MIDDLETON, edited by A. B. Bullen.
1886. THE NINETEENTH CENTURY REVIEW for January contains an article on Middleton by A. C. Swinburne.
1887. THE BEST PLAYS OF THOMAS MIDDLETON, Mermaid Series, edited by H. Ellis, with an introduction by A. C. Swinburne. New York.
1890. A CHRONICLE HISTORY OF THE LONDON STAGE, 1559-1642, by F. G. Fleay.
1891. A BIOGRAPHICAL CHRONICLE OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA, 1559-1642, by F. G. Fleay. (Rowley and Middleton are treated together under Middleton.)
1894. DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Article on Thomas Middleton, by C. H. Herford.
1897. DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Article of William Rowley, by T. Seccomb.

1897. AN INQUIRY INTO THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE MIDDLETON-ROWLEY PLAYS, by Miss P. G. Wiggin. Radcliffe Monographs, No. IX, Boston.
1902. PUBLICATIONS OF THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, Vol. XVII, pp. 1-70. An article entitled, On the date and composition of *The Old Law*, by E. C. Morris.
1906. MODERN PHILOLOGY, Vol. IV, pp. 193-205. An article on *The Birth of Merlin*, by F. A. Howe.
1908. THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE, by A. C. Swinburne, contains a chapter on Rowley, pp. 187-199, New York ed.
1908. ELIZABETHAN DRAMA, 1558-1642, by F. E. Schelling. Boston.
1908. MIDDLETON AND ROWLEY'S SPANISH GIPSIE AND ALL'S LOST, edited by E. C. Morris in The Belles-Lettres Series, Section III. Boston.

N. B.—The foregoing list contains only those works which have been found of use in the actual editing. Separate references are given to books bearing on the subject of Rowley's place in the drama, and on the sources of the plays.

GLOSSARY.

N. B.—Only what seems to the editor unusual meanings of the following words are cited.

A.

advantage, at advantage, from a point of vantage.

Alchaides, alcaydēs, Moorish noblemen.

antipathies, opposites.

apprehensions, (merely) ideas, things apprehended by the mind.

apprehensive, quick to apprehend, quick-witted.

article (as verb), to set down as an article or condition of a bargain.

asterismē, collecton of stars, heaven. Properly, a constellation.

B.

Bacularions. The Ox. Dict. gives “baculure” as an obsolete form of bachelor.

ballets, ballads, songs.

budget (143—25), bag, here for carrying away the bodies of hanged men.

by-neckt, two-necked.

C.

cadence, fall.

carry (124—26), manage; (125—56), carry off or away.

cease, cause to cease.

character, handwriting.

charge, military employment, the command of a body of troops.

check, rebuke.

Civill, Seville.

close, hide close, keep concealed, here almost pleonastic.

cod, pod.

Colt, a cant term for "ass," "useless fellow." Cf. Prince Henry's pun on Falstaff's being, not colted, but uncolted.

conceit (as verb), understand a figure of speech.

condition, moral character.

considerate, deliberate.

convey, conveyance.

cordiake, heart-ache.

cotations, quotings.

curiosity, care, finish of style.

Cymerian, black. The Cimmerii were a fabulous people supposed to live in perpetual darkness.

D.

dangerous, threatening, with the connotation of "dominant" from its derivation. Cf. the phrase "in his danger," *i. e.*, mastery.

deadly, like death.

deface, do harm; rarely, as here, intransitive.

destiny, destined event, abstract for concrete. Cf. *Romco and Juliet*, "ancient damnation."

deter, frighten off, the literal sense.

discover, reveal, (almost) betray.

dislocate, displace, come to easy terms with. Schmidt.

dissolving, solving.

E

effect (87—189), bring it about. The intransitive use is rare.

effects, acts.

empirick, quack. Cf. *All's Well*, II, 1, 1. 125. (Schmidt.)
endow, give a portion in.
events, results; event in the literal sense of outcome.
eye-able, conspicuous.

F.

fadome, embrace. A fathom is the length of the outstretched arms.
fantastical, imaginary, non-existent.
figure (as verb), resemble, assume the shape of.
futurities, things that are to happen in the future.

G.

gaskins, loose trousers.
geer, jeer.
gentle, noble.

H.

Howlet, owl.

I.

illustrate, set off.
inherit (141—17), possess.
impale, inclose as in a pale.
impressive, easy to impress, so, deeply impressed.
infinites, infinitely precious things or infinitely great degrees.
insufficiency, incompetency (for a task).

J.

joynter, jointure, share of an inheritance.

L.

labels, ear-rings. Cf. *Witch of Edmonton*, III, 2.
league, armistice: "take a league," declare a true. •

- limbeck*, alembic, a vessel for distilling purposes.
linstocke, port-fire, torch for firing cannon. Cf. *Henry V*, III (chorus.)
loyter-pins, a loitering time. Perhaps "pins" means "legs," as in modern colloquial British.
lurden, sluggard or dullard.
luxurious, lustful.

M.

- maiestical*, full of majesty.
malicatoon, melicotton, a kind of late peach (Gifford's *Jonson*). The word occurs in *Bartholomew Fair*, I, 1, and in Webster's *Devil's Law Case*, I, 2.
marry, Mary! an exclamation.
monster, prodigy.
murdering piece, culverin, heavy cannon.
murrin, murrain: a disease of cattle. The word is often used in a sort of rough curse.

N.

- nice*, fastidious, over-particular.
noddy, the knave (a card term), Ox. Dict.

O.

- open*, guileless.
over-curious, over-particular, hypercritical.
owe, to own, possess.

P.

- packe*, naughty fellow. The passage is quoted in Ox. Dict.
party, person. Rather a low expression.
passage, encounter.
performance, carrying out to the end.
Phantasticall, whimsical, contradictory.
power, an army.

poyse, weigh, balance.

prefix, limit beforehand, cf. Schmidt.

presently, forthwith, immediately.

purchase, (simply) get.

pyramis, pyramid. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, II, 7, 40,
"pyramises."

Q.

quit, requite.

quite (as verb), requite.

R.

recure, cure.

refuse, decline to attempt, hold back from Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, III, 7, 40: "no disgrace

Shall fall on you for refusing him at sea,"

Schmidt wrongly glosses the word here as to "say no to."

reventerate, beat back, in the literal sense.

Rosa-solis, a spirituous liquor. Nares, who quotes a recipe for it.

ruled, advised.

S.

security, carelessness.

sentence, either "pass sentence on" or "sum up my fate in an epigram (sentence)."

serpentine, serpent-like, *i. e.*, poisonous.

'*sfoote*, (or) '*sfut*, God's foot.

shrewd, cursed.

slightly, slighly, disparagingly.

soadered, soldered. (Possibly a misprint.)

solstice, zenith.

sound, swoon.

sowter (Lat. *sutor*), shoemaker.

speed, succeed.

speedlesse, unprofitable. Cf. the proverb: "The more haste,
the less speed."

standers, standards.

steerage, steering, power of steering.

stile, title.

strapado, properly a torture by jerking the arms. Here
simply thwacking.

swarty, black, swarthy. The adjectival form seems not to
occur elsewhere.

T.

talent, talon.

tane, ta'en (taken).

tax, take to task.

thrift, economy, profit.

travell, labor, exertion.

U.

unready, *make unready*, undress.

W.

wanion, *with a wanion*, (apparently), with a vengeance.
Nares.

wanton, childish, perverse, with the original sense of "un-
brought up."

wantonnesse, playfulness, frivolity.

writes, is. Cf. "write man," 2 Hen. IV, I, 2, 30.

Y.

yarke, *v* and *n*, a variant of *yerke*. Cent. Dict.

yeeld, give a return, yield an income.

yerke, jerk, pull.

yorke, apparently a cross between "yerke" and "work."

Z.

zounds! (for) God's wounds!

