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THE Honest VVhore.

WITH

The Humours of the Patient Man,
and the Longing Wife.



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Tho: Dekker.



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The Honest Whore.

ACTVS PRIMVS. SCEANA PRIMA.

Enter at one dore a Famerall, a Coronet lying on the Heare, Scutchins and Garlands hanging on the sides, attended by Gasparo Trebatzi, Duke of Millan, Castruchio, Sinezi, Pioratto Fluello, and others at another dore. Enter Hipolito in discontented appearance: Matheo a Gentleman his friend, labouring to hold him backe.

Duke.

BEhold, yon Commet shewes his head againe;
Twice hath he thus at crosse-turnes throwne on vs
Prodigious lookes: Twice hath he troubled
The waters of our eyes. See, hee's turnde wilde;
Go on in Gods name.

All. On afore there ho.

Duke Kinsmen and friends, take from your manly sides
Your weapons to keep back the desperate boy
From doing violence to the innocent dead.

Hipolito I pray thee deere *Matheo*.

Matheo Come y'are mad.

Hip. I do arrest thee murderer: set downe.
Villaines set downe that sorrow, 'tis all mine.

Duke I do beseech you all, for my blouds sake
Send hence your milder spirits, and let wrath
Ioine in confederacy with your weapons points;
If he proceed to vex vs, let your swords
Seek out his bowels: funeral griefe loathes words.

All Set on.

Hip. Set downe the body.

Mat. O my Lord!

Y'are wrong: i'th open street? you see shee's dead.

Hip. I know she is not dead.

Duke Franticke yong man,
Wilt thou beleeeue these Gentlemen? pray speake:

THE HONEST WHORE.

Thou dost abuse my child, and mockst the teares
That heere are shed for her: If to behold
Those roses withered, that set out her cheekes:
That paire of starres that gaue her body light,
Darkned and dim for euer: All those riuers
That fed her veines with warme and crimson streames,
Frozen and dried vp: If these be signes of death,
Then is she dead. Thou vnreligious youth,
Art not asham'd to empty all these eyes
Of funerall teares (a debt due to the dead)
As mirth is to the liuing: Sham'st thou not
To haue them stare on thee? hark, thou art curst
Euen to thy face, by those that scarce can speake.

Hip. My Lord.

Duke What wouldst thou haue? is she not dead?

Hip. Oh, you ha kild her by your cruelty.

Duke Admit I had, thou kill'st her now againe;
And art more sauage then a barbarous Moore.

Hip. Let me but kisse her pale and bloudlesse lip.

Duke O fie, fie, fie.

Hip. Or if not touch her, let me look on her.

Math. As you regard your honour.

Hip. Honour! smoake.

Mat. Or if you lou'd her liuing, spare her now.

Duke I, well done sir, you play the Gentleman.
Steale hence: 'tis nobly done: away: I'le ioyne
My force to your, to stop this violent torment:
Passe on.

Exeunt with Funerall.

Hip. *Math.* thou dost wound me more.

Math. I giue you physick noble friend, not wounds,

Duke Oh well said, well done, a true gentleman:

Alack, I know the sea of louers rage
Comes rushing with so strong a tide: it beates
And beares downe all respects of life, of honour,
Of friends, of foes, forget her gallant youth.

Hip. Forget her?

Duke Na, na, be but patient:

For why deaths hand hath sued a strict diuorce

THE HONEST WHORE.

Twixt her and thee: what's beautie but a coarſe?
 What but faire ſand-duſt are earths pureſt formes:
 Queenes bodies are but trunkes to put in wormes.

Mathao Speak no more ſentences, my good Lord, but ſlip hence; you ſee they are but fits, I'll rule him I warrant ye. I, ſo, tread gingerly, you Grace is heere ſomewhat too long already. S'bloud the ieafte were now, if hauing tane ſome knockes o'th pate already, he ſhould get looſe againe, and like a madde Oxe, toſſe my new blacke cloakes into the kennell. I muſt humour his Lordſhip: my Lord *Hipolito*, is it in your ſtomacke to goe to dinner?

Hipolito Where is the body?

Mathao The body, as the Duke ſpake very wiſely, is gone to be worm'd.

Hip. I cannot reſt, I'll meete it at next turne,
 I'll ſee how my loue lookes, *Mathao holds him in's armes.*

Mathao How your loue lookes? worſe than a ſcarre-crow, wraſtle not with me: the great fellow giues the ſal for a duckat.

Hipolito I ſhall forget my ſelfe.

Mathao Pray do ſo, leaue your ſelfe behind your ſelfe, and go whither you will. S'foot, do you long to haue baſe rogues that maintaine a ſaint *Anthoines* fire in their noſes (by nothing but two peny Ale) make ballads of you? if the Duke had but ſo much mettle in him, as is in a coblers awle, he would ha been a vext thing: he and his traine had blowne you vp, but that their powder haz taken the wet of cowards: you'll bleed three pottles of Aligant, by this light, if you follow em, and then wee ſhal haue a hole made in a wrong place, to haue Surgeons role thee vp like a babie in ſwadling clouts.

Hipolito What day is to day, *Mathao*?

Mathao Yea mary, this is an eaſie queſtion: why to day is, let me ſee, *Thurſeday.* *Hipolito* O, *Thurſeday.*

Mathao Heere's a coile for a dead commodity, ſfoote women when they are aliue are but dead commodities, for you ſhall haue one woman lie vpon many mens hands.

Hipolito She died on monday then.

Mathao And that's the moſt villanous day of all the week to die in: and ſhe was well, and eat a meſſe of water-grewel on
 monday.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Monday morning.

Hip. I, it cannot bee,
Such a bright taper should burne out so soone.

Mat. O yes my Lord, so soone: why I ha knowne them,
that at dinner haue beene as well, and had so much health, that
they were glad to pledge it, yet before three a clock haue bene
found dead drunke.

Hip. On thurseday buried! and on monday dyed,
Quick hast birlady: fure her winding sheete
Was laid out fore her body, and the wormes
That now must feast with her, were euen bespoken,
And solemnly inuited like strange guests.

Mat. Strange feeders they are indeed my Lord, and like
your Ieaster or yong Courtier, will enter vpon any mans trea-
cher without bidding.

Hip. Curst be that day for euer that robd her
Of breath, and me of blisse, henceforth let it stand
Within the Wizards booke (the kalender)
Markt with a marginall finger, to be chosen
By theeues, by villaines, and black murderers,
As the best day for them to labour in.
If henceforth this adulterous bawdy world
Be got with child with treason, saeriledge,
Atheisme, rapes, treacherous friendship, periury,
Slauder, (the beggars sinne) lies, (sinne of fooles)
Or any other damn'd impieties,
On *Monday* let 'em be deliuered.
I sweare to thee *Mathao*, by my soule,
Heereafter weekely on that day I'le glew
Mine eie-lids downe, because they shall not gaze
On any female cheeke. And being lockt vp
In my close chamber, there I'le meditate
On nothing but my *Infelices* end,
Or on a dead mans scull draw out mine owne.

Mat. You'le doe all these good workes now euery mon-
day, because it is so bad: but I hope vpon tuesday morning I
shall take you with a wench.

Hip. If euer whilst fraile bloud through my veines runne,
On

THE HONEST WHORE.

On womans beames I throw affection,
 Saue her that's dead: or that I loosely flie
 To'th shore of any other wasting eie,
 Let me not prosper heauen. I will be true,
 Euen to her dust and ashes: could her tombe
 Stand whilst I liu'd so long, that it might rot,
 That should fall downe, but she bee ne're forgot.

Mat. If you haue this strange monster, Honestie, in your belly, why so Iig-makers and Chroniclers shall picke something out of you: but and I smell not you and a bawdy house out within these ten daies, let my nose bee as big as an English bag-pudding: I'll follow your Lordship, though it be to the place aforenamed.

Exeunt.

Enter Fustigo in some fantastick Sea-suite at one dore, a Porter meetes him at another.

Fust. How now Porter, will she come?

Porter If I may trust a woman sir, she will come.

Fust. There's for thy paines, godamercy, if euer I stand in need of a wench that wil come with a wet finger, Porter, thou shalt earne my money before an *Clarissimo* in Millaine; yet so god sa me shee's mine owne sister body and soule, as I am a Christian Gentleman; fare-well, I'll ponder till she come: thou hast bene no bawd in fetching this woman, I assure thee.

Porter No matter if I had sir, better men then Porters are bawdes.

Fust. O God sir, many that haue borne Offices. But Porter art sure thou wentst into a true house?

Porter I thinke so, for I met with no thieues.

Fust. Nay, but art sure it was my sister *Viola*.

Porter I am sure by all superscriptions it was the party you

Fust. Not very tall. (cIPHERED.)

Porter Not very low, a midling woman.

Fust. 'Twas she' faith, 'twas she, a pretty plumpe cheek like

Porter At a blush, a little very much like you. (mine.)

Fust. Gods so, I would not for a duckat she had kickt vp her heeles, for I ha spent an abomination this voyage, marie I did it amongst Sailers and Gentlemen: there's a little modicum

more:

THE HONEST WHORE.

more, Porter, for making thee stay, farewell honest Porter.

Porter I am in your debt sir, God preferue you. *Exit.*

Enter Viola.

Fu. Not so neither good Porter; gods lids, yonder she coms. Sister *Viola*, I am glad to see you stirring: it's newes to haue me heere, ist not sister?

Viola Yes trust me: I wondred who should bee so bold to send for me: your welcome to *Millan* brother.

Fust. Troth sister I heard you were married to a very rich chuffe; and I was very sorry for it, that I had no better clothes, and that made mee send: for you know we Millaners loue to stru: vpon Spanish leather. And how does all our friends?

Viola Very well; you haue trauelled enough now, I trow, to sowe your wilde oates.

Fust. A pox on em; wilde oates, I ha not an oate to throw at a horse; troth sister I ha sowde my oates, and reapt 200 duckats if I had em heere, marry I must entreat you to lend me some thirty or forty till the shippe come, by this hand I'le discharge at my day, by this hand.

Viola These are your old oathes.

Fust. Why sifter, do you thinke I'le forswear my hand?

Viola Well, well, you shall haue them: put your selfe into better fashion, because I must employ yon in a serious matter.

Fust. Ile sweate like a horse if I like the matter.

Viola You haue cast off all your old swaggering humours.

Fust. I had not saild a league in that great fish-pond (the Sea) but I cast vp my very gall.

Viola I am the more sory, for I must employ a true swaggerer.

Fust. Nay by this yron sifter, they shall find I am powder and touch-boxe, if they put fire once into me.

Viola Then lend me your eares.

Fust. Mine eares are yours deere sifter.

Viola I am married to a man that haz wealth enough, and wit enough.

Fust. A Linnen Draper I was told sifter.

Viola Very true, a graue Citizen, I want nothing that a wife can wish from a husband: but heeres the spite, hee haz
not

THE HONEST WHORE.

not all things belonging to a man.

Fust. Gods my life, hee's a very mandrake, or else (God blesse vs) one a these whiblins, and that's worse, and then all the children that hee gets lawfully of your body sifter, are bastards by a statute.

Vio. O you runne ouer me too fast brother, I haue heard it often said, that he who cannot bee angry is no man; I am sure my husband is a man in print, for all things else, saue onely in this, no tempest can moue him.

Fust. Slid, woud he had beene at sea with vs, hee should ha beene mou'd and mou'd agen, for I'le besworne la, our drunken ship reel'd like a Dutchman.

Viola No losse of goods can increase in him a wrinkle, no crabbed language make his countenance sowre, the stubbornnes of no seruant shake him, he haz no more gall in him than a Doue, no more sting then an Ant: Musitian will he neuer bee, (yet I finde much musicke in him) but hee loues no frets, and is so free from anger, that many times I am ready to bite off my tongue, because it wants that vertue which all womenstongues haue (to anger their husbands:) Brother, mine can by no thunder, turne him into a sharpenesse.

Fust. Belike his bloud, sifter, is well brewd then.

Viola I protest to thee *Fustigo*, I loue him most affectionately, but I know not ——— I ha such a tickling within mee ——— such a strange longing; nay, verily I doe long.

Fustigo Then y'are with childe sifter, by all signes and tokens; nay, I am partly a Physitian, and partly something else. I ha read *Alberus Magnus*, and *Aristotles Emblemes*.

Viola. Y'are v'ide ath bow hand still brother: my longings are not wanto'n, but wayward: I long to haue my patient husband eate v'r, a whole Porcupine, to the intent, the bristling quills may, sticke about his lippes like a flemmish mustacho, and be s'hot at me: I shall be leaner then the new Moone, vnlesse I can make him horne mad.

Fust. S'foote halfe a quarter of an houre does that: make hir a cuckold.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Viola. Puh, he would count such a cut no vnkindnesse.

Fust. The honestest Cittizen he; then make him drunk and cut off his beard.

Viola Fie, fie, idle, idle, hee's no French-man, to fret at the losse of a little scal'd haire. No brother, thus it shall bee, you must be secret.

Fu. As your Mid-wife I protest sister, or a Barber-surgeon.

Viola Repaire to the *Tortoys* heere in *S. Christophers* streete, I will send you mony, turne your selfe into a braue man: instead of the armes of your mistresse, let your sword and your military scarfe hang about your necke.

Fust. I must haue a great Horse-mans French feather too sister.

Viola O, by any meanes, to shew your light head, else your hat will fit like a coxcombe: to be brieft, you must bee in all points a most terrible wide mouth'd swaggerer.

Fust. Nay, for swaggering points let me alone.

Viola Resort then to our Shop, and (in my husbands presence) kisse me, snatch rings, iewels, or any thing; so you giue it backe agen brother in secret.

Fust. By this hand sister.

Viola. Swear as if you came but new from Knighting.

Fust. Nay, I'll swear after 400 a yeare.

Viola Swagger worse then a Lieuetenant among fresh-water souldiers, call me your loue, your ingle, your cosen, or so; but sister at no hand.

Fust. No, no, it shall be cozen, or rather cuz that's the gulling word betweene the Cittizens wiues and their old dames, that man em to the garden; to call you one a mine aunts, sister, were as good as call you arrant whore: no, no, let me alone to cozen you rarely.

Viola Haz heard I haue a brother, but neuer saw him, therefore put on a good face.

Fust. The best in Millan I warrant.

Viola. Take vp wares, but pay nothing, rife my bosome, my pocket, my purse, the boxes for mony to dice withall; but brother, you must giue all back agen in secret.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Fustigo By this welken that heere roares I will; or else let mee neuer know what a secret is: why sister do you thinke I'lle cunny-catch you, when you are my cozen? Gods my life, then I were a starke Assle, if I fret not his guts, beg mee for a foole.

Viola Be circumspect, and do so then, farewell.

Fust. The *Tortoys* sister? I'lle stay there; forty duckats. *Exit.*

Viola Thither I'lle send: this law can none deny,
Women must haue their longings, or they die. *Exit.*

Gasparo the Duke, Doctor Benedick, two seruants.

Duke Giue charge that none do enter, lock the dores;
And fellowes, what your eyes and cares receiue,
Vpon your liues trust not the gadding aire
To carry the least part of it: the glasse, the houre-glasse.

Doctor Heere my Lord.

Duke Ah, 'tis meere spent.

But *Doctor Benedick* does your Art speake truth?
Art sure the soporiferous streame will ebbe,
And leaue the Cristall banks of her white body
(Pure as they were at first) iust at the houre?

Doctor Iust at the houre my Lord.

Duke Vncurtaine her:

Softly sweet *Doctor*: what a coldish heate
Spreads ouer all her body.

Doctor Now it workes:

The vitall spirits that by a sleepe charme
Were bound vp fast, and threw an icie rust
On her exterior parts, now 'gin to breake;
Trouble her not my Lord.

Duke Some stooles: you cal'd

For musick, did you not? Oh ho, it speakes,
It speakes, watch firs her waking, note those sands.

Doctor sit downe: A Dukedome that should wey mine
Owne downe twice, being put into one scale:
And that fond desperate boy *Hipolito*,
Making the weight vp, should not (at my hands)
Buy her i'th tother, were her state more light
Than hers, who makes a dowry vp with almes.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Doctor I'll starue her on the Appenine
Ere he shall marry her: I must confesse,
Hipolito is nobly borne, a man,
Did not mine enemies bloud boile in his veines,
Whom I would court to be my son-in-law?
But Princes whose high spleenes for empery swel,
Are not with easie Art made paralell.

2 *Ser.* She wakes my Lord. *Duke* Look Doctor *Benedick*,
I charge you on your liues maintaine for truth,
What ere the Doctor or my selfe averre
For you shall beare her hence to *Bergaine*.

Inf. Oh God, what fearefull dreames?

Doctor Lady. *Inf.* Ha.

Duke Girle.

Why *Infalisha*, how ist now, ha, speake?

Inf. I'me well, what makes this Doctor heere? I'me well.

Duke Thou wert not so euen now, sicknes pale hand
Laid hold on thee euen in the deadst of feasting,
And when a cap crown'd with thy louers health
Had toucht thy lips, a sencible cold dew
Stood on thy cheekes, as if that death wept
To see such beauty altered.

Inf. I remember

I sat at banquet, but felt no such change.

Duke Thou hast forget then how a messenger
Came wildely in with this vnsauory newes
That hee was dead.

Inf. What messenger? who's dead?

Duke *Hipolito*, alacke, wring not thy hands.

Inf. I saw no messenger, heard no such newes.

Doctor Trust me you did sweete Lady.

Duke La you now. 2 *Servants* Yes indeed Madam.

Duke La you now, 'tis well God knowes.

Inf. You ha slaine him, and now you le murder mee.

Duke Good *Infalisha* vex not thus thy selfe,
Of this the bad report before did strike
So coldly to the heart, that the swift currents
Of life were all frozen vp.

Inf.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Inf. It is vntrue,
'Tis most vntrue, O most vnnaturall father!

Duke And we had much to do by Arts best cunning,
To fetch life back againe.

Doctor Most certaine Lady.

Duke Why la you now, you'le not belecue me, friends
Sweate we not all, had wee not much to do?

2 Ser. Yes indeed, my Lord, much.

Duke Death drew such fearefull pictures in thy face,
That were *Hipolito* aliue agen,
I'le kneele and wooe the noble Gentleman
To be thy husband: now I sore repent
My sharpnesse to him and his family;
Nay, do not weep for him, we all must die:
Doctor this place where she so oft hath seene
His liuely presence, haunts her, does it not?

Doctor Doubtlesse, my Lord, it does.

Duke It does, it does.

Therefore sweet girle thou shalt to *Bergamo*.

Inf. Euen where you will, in any place there's woe.

Duke A Coach is ready, *Bergamo* doth stand
In a most wholsome aire, sweet walkes, there's Deare,
I, thou shalt hunt and send vs venison,
Which like some gods in the *Coprian* groues,
Thine owne faire hand shall strike; sirs, you shall teach her
To stand, and how to shote, I, she shall hunt:
Cast off this sorrow. In girle, and prepare
This night to ride away to *Bergamo*.

Inf. O most vnhappy maide.

Exit.

Duke Follow it close.

No words that she was buried on your liues,
Or that her ghost walkes now after shee's dead;
I'le hang you if you name a funerall.

1 Ser. I'le speake Greeke, my Lord, ere I speake that dead-
ly word. (*Exeunt.*)

2 Ser. And I'le speake Welch, which is harder then Greek.

Duke Away, look to her; *Doctor Benedick*,
Did obserue how her complexion altered

THE HONEST WHORE.

Vpon his name and death, O would t'were true.

Doctor It may my Lord.

Duke May? how? I wish his death.

Doctor And you may haue your wish; say but the word,
And 'tis a strong Spell to rip vp his graue:

I haue good knowledge with *Hipolito*;

He calls me friend, I'le creep into his bosome,

And sting him there to death; poison can do't.

Duke Performe it; I'le create thee halfé mine heire.

Doctor It shall be done, although the fact be fowle.

Duke Greatnesse hides sin, the guilt vpon my soule. *Exeunt*

Enter Castruchio, Pioratto, and Fluello.

Cast. Signior *Pioratto*, signior *Fluello*, shal's be merry? shal's play the wags now?

Flu. I, any thing that may beget the childe of laughter.

Cast. Truth I haue a pretty sportiue conceit new crept into my braine, will moue excellent mirth. (lie?

Pio. Let's ha't, let's ha't, and where shall the scéne of mirth

Cast. At signior *Candido's* house, the patient man, nay the monstrous patient man; they say his bloud is immouicable, that he haz taken all patience from a man, and all constancie from a woman.

Flu. That makes so many whores now a daies.

Cast. I, and so many knaues too.

Pio. Well sir.

Cast. To conclude, the report goes, hee's so milde, so affable, so suffering, that nothing indeed can moue him: now do but think what sport it will be to make this fellow (the mirror of patience) as angry, as vext, and as mad as an English Cuckold.

Flu. O, 'twere admirable mirth, that: but how wil't be done Signior?

Cast. Let me alone, I haue a trick, a conceit, a thing, a deuice will sting him i' faith, if he haue but a thimble full of bloud in's belly, or a spleene not so big as a tauerne token.

Pio. Thou stirre him? thou moue him? thou anger him? alas, I know his approued temper: thou vexe him? why hee haz a patience aboue mans iniuries: thou maist sooner raise a spleene

THE HONEST WHORE.

splene in an Angell, then rough humour in him: why I'll giue you instance for it. This wonderfull temper'd Signior *Candido* vpon a time invited home to his house certaine Neapolitane Lords, of curious tast, and no meane pallats, conjuring his wife of all loues, to prepare cheere fitting for such honorable trencher-men. Shee (iust of a womans nature, couetous to try the vttermoſt of vexation, and thinking at last to get the start of his humour) willingly neglected the preparation, and became vnfurnish, not onely of dainty, but of ordinary dishes. He (according to the mildnesse of his breast) entertained the Lords, and with courtly discourse beguiled the time (as much as a Citizen might do:) to conclude, they were hungry Lords, for there came no meat in; their stomackes were plainly gul'd, and their teeth deluded, and (if anger could haue seiz'd a man) there was matter enough yfaith to vexe any citizen in the world, if he were not too much made a foole by his wife.

Flu. I, I'll sweare for't: sfoot, had it beene my case, I should ha plaid mad trickes with my wife and family: first, I would ha spitted the men, stew'd the maides, and bak't the mistresse, and so serued them in.

Pio. Why 'twould ha tempted any bloud but his,
And thou to vex him? thou to anger him
With some poore shallow iest?

Cast. S'bloud Signior *Pioratto* (you that disparage my conceit) I'll wage a hundred duckats vpon the head on't, that it moues him, frets him, and galles him.

Pio. Done, 'tis a lay, ioine gol's on't: witnesse signior *Fluello*.

Cast. Witnesse: 'tis done:

Come, follw me: the house is not farre off,
I'll thrust him from his humour vex his breast,
And winne a hundred duckats by one iest.

Exeunt.

*Enter Candidoes wife, George, and two Prentises
in the shop.*

Wife Come, you put vp your wares in good order here, do you not think you, one peece cast this way, another that way? you had need haue a patient maister indeed.

George

THE HONEST WHORE.

George I, I'le besworne, for we haue a curst mistresse.

Wife You mumble, do you mumble? I would your Maister
or I could be a note more angry: for two patient folkes in a
house spoyle all the seruants that euer shall come vnder them.

1 Prentise You patient! I, so the deuill when hee is horne
madde.

Enter Castruchio, Fluello, and Pioratto.

All three Gentlemen, what do you lack? what ist you buy?
See fine hollands, fine cambrickes, fine lawnes.

George What ist you lacke?

2 Prentise What ist you buy?

Cast. Where's signior *Candido* thy Maister? (presently.

George Faith signior, hee's a little negotiated, he'le appeare

Cast. Fellow, let's see a lawne, a choice one sirra.

George The best in all *Mullan*, Gentlemen, and this is the
peece. I can fit you Gentlemen with fine callicoes too for dub-
lets, the onely sweet fashion now, most delicate and courtly, a
meeke gentle calico, cut vpon two double affable taffataes, ah
most neate, feate, and vnmatchable.

Flu. A notable-voluble tongde villaine.

Pio. I warrant this fellow was neuer begot without much
prating.

Cast. What, and is this she saist thou?

George I, and the purest she that euer you fingerd since you
were a Gentleman: looke how euen she is, looke how cleane
she is, ha, as euen as the brow of *Cinthia*, and as cleane as your
sonnes and heires when they spent all.

Cast. Puh, thou talkst, pox on't 'tis rough.

George How? is she rough? but if you bid pox on't sir, 'twill
take away the roughnesse presently.

Flu. Ha signior; haz he fitted your French curse?

George Looke you Gentleman, here's an other, compare
them I pray, *compara Virgilium cum Homero*, compare Virgins
with harlots.

Cast. Puh, I ha scene better, and as you terme them, euener
and cleaner.

George

THE HONEST WHORE.

George You may see further for your minde, but trust mee
you shall not find better for your body. *Enter Candido.*

Cast. O heere he comes, let's make as tho we passe,
Come; come, wee'le try in some other shop,

Cand. How now; what's the matter?

George The Gentlemen find fault with this lawne, fall out
with it, and without a cause too,

Cand. Without a cause!

And that makes you to let 'em passe away:

Ah: may I craue a word with you Gentlemen?

Flu. He calvs vs.

Cast. Makes better for the iest.

Cand. I pray come neere, - y' are very welcome gallants,
Pray pardon my mans rudenesse, for I feare me

Ha's talk't aboue a Prentice with you, - Lawnes!

Looke you kind gentlemen - this! no: - I this:

Take this vpon my honest-dealing faith,

To be a true weaue, not too hard nor slack,

But eene as farre from falshood, as from blacke.

Cast. Well, how do you rate it?

Cand. Very conscionably, 18.s. a yard.

Cast. That's too deere: how many yards does the whole
peece containe thinke you?

Cand. Why, some 17 yards, I thinke, or thereabouts,
How much would serue your turns? I pray.

Cast. Why let me see - would it were better too.

Cand. Truth, 'tis the best in *Millan* at few words.

Cast. Well: let me haue then a whole peny-worth.

Cand. Ha, ha: y' are a merry Gentleman.

Cast. A pennorth I say. *Cand.* Of Lawne!

Cast. Of lawne? I of lawne, a pennorth, s'bloud dost not
heare? a whole pennorth, are you deaffe?

Cand. Deaffe? no Sir: but I must tell you,
Our wares do seldome meete such cuttomers.

Cast. Nay, and you and your lawnes be so squeamish,
Fare you well.

Cand. Pray stay, a word, pray Signior: for what purpose is it
I beseech you?

THE HONEST WHORE.

Cast. 'Sbloud, what's that to you: I'le haue a peny-worth.

Cand. A peny-worth! why you shall: I'le serue you present-

2. Pren. S'foot a peny-worth Mistresse! (ly.

Mist. A peny-worth! call you these Gentlemen?

Cast. No, no: not there.

Can. What then kinde Gentleman, what at this corner

Cast. No not there neither. (heere?

I'le haue it iust in the middle, or else not,

Can. Iust in the middle: ha-you shall too: what?

Haue you a single peny?

Cast. Yes heere's one. *Cand.* Lend it me I pray.

Flu. An excellent followed iest.

Wife. What will he spoile the lawne now?

Cand. Patience, good wife.

Wife. I, that patience makes a foole of you: Gentlemen, you might ha found some other Citizen to haue made a kinde gull on, besides my husband.

Cand. Pray Gentlemen take her to be a woman, Do not regard her language. -- O kind soule: Such words will driue away all my customers.

Wife. Customers with a murren: call you these customers?

Cand. Patience, good wife. *Wife.* Pax a your patience.

George. S'foot mistresse, I warrant these are some cheating companions.

Cand. Looke you Gentleman, there's your ware, I thanke you, I haue your mony; heare, pray know my shop, pray let me haue your custome.

Wife. Custome quoth a.

Cand. Let me take more of your mony.

Wife. You had need so.

Pio. Harke in thine eare, th'ast lost an hundred duckats.

Cast. Well, well, I know t: ist possible that *Homo* Should be nor man, nor woman: not once mou'd; No not at such an iniury, not at all! Sure hee's a pigeon, for he haz no gall.

Flu. Come, come, y'are angry tho you smother it: Y'are vext ifaith, -confesse. *Cand.* Why Gentlemen Should you conceit me to be vext or mou'd?

THE HONEST WHORE.

He haz my ware, I haue his mony for't,
And that's no Argument I am angry: no
The best Logitian cannot proue me so.

Flu. Oh, but the hatefull name of a peny-worth of lawne,
And then cut out, i'th middle of the peece:
Pah, I guesse it by my selfe, would moue a lambe
Were he a Linnen-drapeer - twould i' faith.

Can. Well, giue me leaue to answer you for that:
We're set heere to please all customers,
Their humours and their fancies: - offend none:
We get by many, if we leese by one.
May be his mind stood to no more then that,
A peny-worth serues him, and 'mongst trades 'tis found,
Deny a pennorth, it may crosse a pound.
Oh, he that meanes to thriue, with patient eye
Must please the deuill if he come to buy.

Flu. O wondrous man, patient 'boue wrong or woe,
How blest were men, if women could be so.

Cand. And to expresse how well my breast is pleas'd,
And satisfied in all: - *George* fill a beaker. *Exit George.*
I'll drinke vnto that Gentleman, who lately
Bestowed his mony with me. *Wife.* Gods my life,
We shall haue all our gaines drunk out in beakers,
To make amends for peny-worths of lawne. *Enter George.*

Can. Here wife, begin you to the Gentleman.

Wife. I beginne to him! *Cand.* *George* fil't vp againe:
'Twas my fault, my hand shooke. *Exit George.*

Pio. How strangely this doth show?
A patient man link't with a waspish shrow.

Flu. A siluer and gilt beaker: I haue a trick to work vpon
that beaker, sure 'twill fret him, it cannot choose but vex him.
Sig. *Castruchio*, in pitty to thee, I haue a conceit, will saue thy
100 duckats yet, 'twill doo't, and work him to impatience.

Cast. Sweet *Fluello*, I should be bountifull to that conceite.

Flu. Well 'tis enough. *Enter George.*

Can. Here Gentleman to you,
I wish your custome, y'are exceeding welcome.

Cast. I pledge you *Sig.* *Candido*, -heere you, that must re-
ceiue a 100 Duccats.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Pior. I'll pledge them deepe yfaith *Castruchio*
Signior *Fluello*.

Flu. Come: play't off: to me,
I am your last man.

Cand. George supply the cup.

Flu. So, so, good honest George,
Heere Signior *Candido*, all this to you.

Can. O you must pardon me, I vse it not.

Flu. Will you not pledge me then?

Cand. Yes, but not that:

Great loue is showne in little:

Flu. Blurt on your sentences, - S'foote you shall pledge
mee all.

Cand. Indeed I shall not. (then.

Flu. Not pledge mee? S'bloud, I'll carry away the beaker

Cand. The beaker! oh! that at your pleasure sir,

Flu. Now by this drinke I will.

Cast. Pledge him, hee'll do't else.

Flu. So: I ha done you right on my thumb naile,
What will you pledge me now?

Can. You know me sir, I am not of that sin.

Flu. Why then farewell:

I'll beare away this beaker by this light.

Cand. That's as you please, 'tis very good.

Flu. Nay it doth please me, and as you say, 'tis a very good
Fare-well Signior *Candido*. (one:

Pio. Farewell *Candido*.

Cand. Y'are welcome Gentlemen.

Cast. 'Heart, not mou'd yet?

I thinke his patience is aboue our wit.

(*Exeunt.*

George I told you before *Mistresse*, they were all cheaters.

Wife Why foole, why husband, why mad-man, I hope
you will not let 'em sneake away so, with a siluer and gilt
beaker; the best in the house too: go fellowes make huc and
cry after them.

Cand. Pray let your tongue lie still, all will be well:
Come hither *George*, hye to the Constable,
And in calme order wish him to attach them,

Make

THE HONEST WHORE.

Make no great stirre, because they're Gentlemen,
And a thing partly-done in merriment.

'Tis but a size above a iest thou know'st,

Therefore pursue it mildely, go be gone,

The Constable's hard by, bring him along, -- make hast a-

Wife. O y'are a goodly patient Woodcock, are you not
now? (Exit George.)

See what your patience comes to : enery one saddles you, and
rides you, you'le bee shortly the common stone-horse of *Mil-*
lan: a woman's well holp't vp with such a meacocke; I had ra-
ther haue a husband that would swaddle me thrice a day, then
such a one, that will bee gul'd twice in halfe an houre : Oh I
could burne all the wares in my shop for anger.

Cand. Pray weare a peacefull temper, be my wife,
That is, be patient: for a wife and husband

Share but one soule betweene them : this being knowne,

Why should not one soule then agree in one?

(Exit.

Wife Hang your agreements: But if my beaker be gone.--

Enter Castruchio, Fluello, Pioratto, and George.

Cand. Oh, heere they come.

George The Constable syr, let 'em come along with mee,
because there should be no wondring: he stais at dore.

Cast. Constable Goodman *Abram*.

Flu. Now Signior *Candido*, Sbloud why do you attach vs?

Cast. Sheart! attach vs!

Cand. Nay sweare not gallants,

Your oathes may moue your soules, but not moue mee,

You haue a filuer beaker of my wiues.

Flu. You say not true: 'tis gilt.

Cand. Then you say true.

And being gilt, the guilt lyes more on you.

Cast. I hope y'are not angry sir.

Can. Then you hope right, for I am not angry.

Pio. No, but a little mou'd.

Cand. I mou'd! 'twas you were mou'd, you were brought

Cast. But you (out of your anger and impatience) (hither.
Caus'd vs to be attacht.

Cand. Nay you misplace it.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Out of my quiet sufferance I did that,
And not of any wrath: had I showne anger
I should haue then perswade you with the law,
And hunted you to shame, as many worldlings
Do build their anger vpon feebler grounds,
The more's the pittie; many loose their liues
For scarce so much coine as will hide their palme:
Which is most cruell, those haue vexed spirits
That pursue liues, in this opinion rest,
The losse of Millions could not moue my brest.

Flu. Thou art a blest man, and with peace dost deale,
Such a meek spirit can blesse a Common-weale.

Can. Gentlemen, now 'tis vpon eating time,
Pray part not hence, but dine with me to day.

Cast. I neuer heard a carter yet say nay
To such a motion. I'le not be the first.

Pio. Nor I.

Flu. Nor I.

Can. The Constable shall beare you company,
George call him in, let the world say what it can,
Nothing can driue me from a patient man.

Exeunt.

*Enter Roger with a stoole, cushin, looking-glasse and chafing-dish,
Those being set downe, he puls out of his pocket, a violl with white
cullor in it; and two boxes, one with white, another red painting, he
places all things in order and a candle by them, singing with the
ends of old Ballads as he does it. At last Bellafront (as he rubbes
his cheeke with the cullors) whistles within.*

Ro. Anon forsooth.

Bell. What are you playing the roague about?

Ro. About you forsooth: I'me drawing vp a hole in your
white silke stocking.

Bell. Is my glasse there? and my boxes of complexion?

Ro. Yes forsooth: your boxes of complexion are heere I
thinke: yes 'tis here: here's your two complexions, and if I had
all the foure complexions, I should nere set a good face vpon't,
some men I see are borne vnder hard-fauoured Planets as well
as women: zounds I looke worse now then I did before, and it
makes

THE HONEST WHORE.

makes her face glister most damnably, there's knavery in daw-
bing I hold my life, or else this is onely female *Pomatum*.

*Enter Bellafronte not full ready, without a gowne, she sits
downe, with her bodkin curles her haire, cullers her lips.*

Bell. Where's my ruffe and poker you block-head?

Ro. Your ruffe, your poker, are ingendring together vpon
the cup-bord of the Court, or the Court-cup-bord.

Bell. Fetch 'em: Is the poxe in your hamines, you can goe
no faster?

Ro. Woo'd the pox were in your fingers, vnlesse you could
leauē flinging; catch. *Exit.*

Bell. I'll catch you, you dog by and by: do you grumble?

Cupid is a God, as naked as my naile, She sings.

I'll whip him with a rod, if hee my true loue faile.

Ro. There's your ruffe, shall I poke it?

Bell. Yes honest Ro. no stay: pry thee good boy, hold here,
*Downe, downe, downe, downe, I fall downe and arise, downe I
neuer shall arise.*

Ro. Troth M. then leauē the trade if you shall neuer rise.

Bell. What trade? goodman *Abram*.

Ro. Why that, if downe and arise or the falling trade.

Bell. I'll fall with you by and by.

Ro. If you do I know who shall smart for't:

Troth Mistresse, what do I looke like now.

Bell. Like as you are: a panderly Sixpenny Rascall.

Ro. I may thanke you for that: infaieth I looke like an old
Prouerbe, *Hold the candle before the deuill.*

Bell. Vds life, I'll stick my knife in your guts and you prate
to me so: what, *She sings.*

Well met, pug, the pearle of beauty: vmb, vmb.

How now sir knaue, you forget your dutie, vmb, vmb.

Marry muste Sir, are you growne so daintie, fa, la, la, &c.

Is it you sir, the worst of twentie, fa la, la, leera la.

Pox on you, how dost thou hold my glasse.

Ro. Why, as I hold your dore: with my fingers.

Bell. Nay pray thee sweete hony Ro. hold vp handsomely
Sing prety wantons warble, &c. We shall ha guests to day.

I lay

THE HONEST WHORE.

I lay my little maiden-head, my nose itches so.

Ro. I said so too last night, when our Fleas twing'd me.

Bell. So, Poke my ruffe now, my gowne, my gowne, haue
(I my fall?)

Where's my fall *Roger?* *One knockes.*

Ro. Your fall forsooth is behind.

Bell. Gods my pittikins, some foole or other knocks.

Ro. Shall I open to the foole mistresse?

Bell. And all these bables lying thus? away with it quickly, I, I, knock and be damn'd, whosocuer you be. So: giue the fresh Salmon lyne now: let him come a shoare; hee shall serue for my breakefast, tho he go against my stomach.

Roger Fetch in Fluello, Castruchio, and Pioratto.

Flu. Morrow coz.

Cast. How does my sweete acquaintance?

Pio. Saue thee little Marmoset: how dost thou good pretty roague?

Bell. Well, Godamercy good pretty rascall.

Flu. *Roger*, some light I pray thee.

Ro. You shall Signior, for wee that liue heere in this vale of misery, are as darke as hell. *Exit.* for a candle.

Cast. Good Tobacco, *Fluello?*

Flu. Smell? *(Enter Roger.)*

Pio. It may be tickling geere: for it plaies with my nose

Ro. Here's another light Angell, Signior. *(already.)*

Bell. What yon pyed curtal, what's that you are neighing.

Ro. I say God send vs the light of heauen, or some more Angels.

Bell. Goe fetch some wine, and drinke halfe of it.

Ro. I must fetch some wine Gentlemen and drinke halfe

Flu. Here *Roger.* *(of it.)*

Cast. No let me send pry thee.

Flu. Hold you canker worme.

Ro. You shall send both, if you please Signiors.

Pio. Stay, what's best to drink a mornings? *(to her.)*

Ro. Hypocras sir, for my mistres, if I fetch it, is most deere

Flu. Hypocras!ther then, her's a teston for you, you snake.

Ro. Right syr, here's iij, s. vj. d. for a pottle and a manchet. *Ex.*

Her's

THE HONEST WHORE.

Cast. Her's most *Herculian Tobacco*, ha-some acquaintance?

Bell. Fah, not I, makes your breath stinke, like the pisse of a Foxe. Acquaintance, where supt you last night?

Cast. At a place sweete acquaintance where your health danc'd the Canaries y'faith: you should ha' beene there.

Bell. I there among your Punkes, marry fah, hang-'em: I scorn't: will you neuer leaue sucking of egges in other folkes hennes neasts?

Cast. Why in good troth, if you'le trust me acquaintance, there was not one hen at the boord, aske *Fluello*.

Flu. No faith Coz, none but cocks, signior *Malanella* drunk to thee. *Bell.* O, a pure beagle; that horse-leach there?

Flu. And the knight, *S. Oliver Lollio* swore he would bestow a taffata petticoate on thee, but to breake his fast with thee.

Bell. With me! I'le choake him then, hang him Mole-catcher. it's the dreamingst snotty nose.

Pio. Well, many tooke that *Lollio* for a foole, but hee's a subtile foole. *Bell.* I, and he haz fellowes: of all filthy dry-fisted knights, I cannot abide that he should touch me.

Cast. Why wench, is he scabbed?

Bell. Hang him, hee'le not liue to bee so honest, nor to the credite to haue scabbes about him, his betters haue 'em: but I hate to weare out any of his course Knight-hood, because he's made like an Aldermans night-gowne, fac'd all with conny before, and within nothing but Fox: this sweet *Oliver* will eat Mutton till hee bee ready to burst, but the leane iawde-flaue will not pay for the scraping of his trencher.

Pio. Plague him, set him beneath the salt, and let him not touch a bit, till euey one haz had his full cut.

Flu. Lord Ello, the Gentleman-Vsher came into vs too, marry 'twas in our cheese, for he had beene to borrow money for his Lord of a Citizen.

Cast. What an Ass is that Lord, to borrow mony of a Citizen!

Bell. Nay, Gods my pitty, what an Ass is that Citizen to lend mony to a Lord!

Enter Matheo and Hypolito, who saluting the Company, as a stranger walks off. Roger comes in sadly behind them,

THE HONEST WHORE.

with a pottle pot, and stands aloofe off.

Matheo. Saue you Gallants, signior *Fluello*, exceedingly well met, as I may say.

Fluello. Signior *Matheo*, exceedingly well met too, as I may say.

Ma. And how fares my little pretty Mistresse?

Bell. Ee'ne as my little pretty seruant; sees three court dishes before her, and not one good bit in them: how now? why the deuill stand'st thou so? Art in a trance?

Ro. Yes forsooth. *Bell.* Why dost not fill out their wine?

Ro. Forsooth 'tis fild out already: all the wine that the signiors haz bestow'd vpon you is cast away, a Porter rannc a little at me, and so fac'd me downe that I had not a drop.

Bell. I'me a curst to let such a withered Artichocke faced-Rascall grow vnder my nose: now you looke like an old he cat, going to the gallowes: I'le bee hang'd if he ha not put vp the mony to cony-catch vs all.

Ro. No truely forsooth, 'tis not put vp yet.

Bell. How many Gentlemen hast thou serued thus?

Ro. None but fiae hundred, besides prentices and seruing-

Bell. Dost thinke Il'e pocket it vp at thy hands? (men.

Ro. Yes forsooth, I feare you will pocket it vp.

Bell. Fye, fie, cut my lace good seruant, I shall ha the mother presently, I'me so vext at this horse-plumme.

Flu. Plague, not for a scal'd pottle of wine.

Ma. Nay sweet *Bellafronte*, for a little pigs-wash!

Cast. Heere *Roger*, fetch more, a mischance. Y'faith Acquaintance.

Bell. Out of my sight, thou vngodly puritanicall creature.

Ro. For the tother pottle? yes forsooth. *Exit.*

Bell. Spill that too: what Gentleman is that, seruant? your Friend?

Ma. Gods so a stoole, a stoole, if you loue me mistresse, entertaine this Gentleman respectiuely, and bid him welcome.

Bell. Hee's very welcome, pray Sir sit.

Hip. Thankes Lady.

Flu. Count *Hypolito*, ist not? cry you mercy signior, you walke heere all this while, and we not heard you? let mee bestow

THE HONEST WHORE.

Stow a stoole vpon you, beseech you, you are a stranger heere, we know the fashions ath' house.

Cast. Please you be heere my Lord. *Tobacco.*

Hip. No good *Castrucbio.*

Flu. You haue abandoned the Court I see my Lord since the death of your Mistresse, well she was a delicate piece - beseech you sweete, come let vs serue vnder the collors of your acquaintance still: for all that, please you to meeete heere at my lodging of my cuz, I shall bestow a banquet vpon you.

Hipo. I neuer can deserue this kindnesse sir.
What may this Lady be, whom you call cuz?

Flu. Faith sir a poore gentlewoman, of passing good carriage, one that hath some sutes in law, and lyes here in an Attornies house.

Hip. Is she married?

Flu. Hah, as all your puncks are, a Captaines wife, or so: neuer saw her before, my Lord.

Hip. Neuer trust me a goodly creature.

Flu. By gad when you know her as we do, you'le swear she is the prettiest, kindest, sweetest, most bewitching honest Ape vnder the pole. A skinne, your fatten is not more soft, nor lawne whiter.

Hip. Belike then shee's some sale curtizan.

Flu. Troth as all your best faces are, a good wench.

Hip. Great pittty that shee's a good wench.

Ma. Thou shalt ha i' faith mistresse: how now signiors, what, whispering? did not I lay a wager I should take you within seuen daies in a house of vanity.

Hip. You did, and I beshrew your heart, you haue wonne.

Ma. How do you like my mistresse?

Hip. Well, for such a mistresse: better, if your mistresse be not your maister.

I must breake manners Gentlemen, fare you well.

Ma. S'foote you shall not leaue vs.

Bell. The Gentleman likes not the tast of our company.

Om. Beseech you stay.

Hip. Trust me my affaires becken for me, pardon me.

Ma. Will you call for me halfe an houre hence here?

THE HONEST WHORE.

Hip. Perhaps I shall.

Ma. Perhaps: *fab!* I know you can sweare to me you will.

Hip. Since you will presse me on my word, I will. *Exit.*

Bell. What fullen picture is this seruant?

Ma. It's Count *Hypolito*, the braue Count.

Pio. As gallant a spirit, as any in *Millan* you sweete Iew.

Flu. Oh hee's a most essentiall Gentleman, coz.

Cast. Did you neuer heare of Count *Hypolitoes* acquaintance?

Bell. Mary muffle a your Counts, and be no more life in 'em.

Ma. He's so malcontent! *firra Bellafronta*, and you be honest gallants, let's sup together, and haue the Count with vs: thou shalt sit at the vpper end punck.

Bell. Punck, you souc'd gurnet.

Ma. Kings truce: come, I'll bestow the supper to haue him but laugh. *(lancholy.*

Cast. Hee betraies his youth too grossly to that tyrant ma-

Ma. All this is for a woman.

Bell. A woman! some whore! what sweet Iewell ist?

Pio. Wo'd she heard you. *Flu.* Troth so wud I.

Cast. And I by heauen.

Bell. Nay good seruant, what woman? *Ma.* Pah.

Bell. I pry thee tell me; a busse and tell me: I warrant hee's an honest fellow; if hee take on thus for a wench: good roague who?

Ma. By th' Lord I will not, must not, faith mistresse: ist a match firs? this night, at *Th' antilop*: I, for there's best wine, and

Om. It's done at *Th' antilop.* *(good boyes.*

Bell. I cannot be there to night.

Ma. Cannot? by th' Lord you shall.

Bell. By the Lady I will not: shall?

Flu. Why then put it off till Fryday: wut come then cuz?

Bell. Well. *Enter Roger.*

Ma. Y'are the waspishest Ape. *Roger.* put your mistresse in mind to sup with vs on Friday next: y'are best come like a madwoman, without a band, in your wastcoat, and the linings of your kirtle outward, like euery common hackny that steales out at the back gate of her sweet knights lodging.

Bell.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Bell. Go, go, hang your selfe. *Cast.* It's dinner time *Matheo*.

Omn. Yes, yes, farewell wench. *Exeunt.* (shal's hence?)

Bell. Farewell boyes: *Roger* what wine sent they for?

Ro. Bastard wine, for if it had bene truely begotten, it wud not ha beene asham'd to come in, here's vi.s. to pay for nursing the bastard.

Bell. A company of rookes! O good sweet *Roger*, runne to the Poulters, and buy me some fine larkes.

Ro. No woodcocks?

Bell. Yes faith a couple, if they be not deere.

Ro. I'le buy but one, there's one already here. *Exit.*

Enter Hipolito.

Hip. Is the Gentleman (my friend) departed mistress?

Bell. His back is but new turn'd sir.

Hip. Fare you well. *Bell.* I can direct you to him.

Hip. Can you? pray.

Bell. If you please stay, hee'le not be absent long.

Hip. I care not much.

Bell. Pray sit forsooth. *Hip.* I'me hot,
If I may vse your roome, I'le rather walke.

Bell. At your best pleasure-whew-some rubbers there.

Hip. Indeed I'le none: -Indeed I will not, thanks.

Pretty fine lodging. I perceiue my friend

Is old in your acquaintance. *Bell.* Troth sir, he comes

As other Gentlemen, to spend spare houres;

If your selfe like our rooffe (such as it is)

Your owne acquaintance may be as old as his.

Hip. Say I did like; what welcome should I finde?

Bell. Such as my present fortunes can affoord.

Hip. But would you let me play *Matheo's* part?

Bell. What part?

Hip. Why imbrace you: dally with you, kisse:
Faith tell me, will you leaue him and loue me?

Bell. I am in bonds to no man sir. *Hip.* Why then,
Y'are free for any man: if any, me.

But I must tell you Lady, were you mine,

You should be all mine: I could brooke no sharers,

I should be couetous, and sweep vp all.

THE HONEST WHORE.

I should be pleasures vsurer: 'faith I should.

Bell. O fate!

Hip. Why sigh you Lady, may I know?

Bell. T'has neuer bin my fortune yet to single
Out that one man, whose loue could fellow mine.

As I haue euer wisht it: O my Stars!

Had I but met with one kind Gentleman,
That would haue purchas'd sin alone to himselfe,
For his owne priuate vse, although scarce proper;
Indifferent handsome: meetly leg'd and thyed:

And my allowance reasonable -y'faith,
According to my body -by my troth,
I would haue bene as true vnto his pleasures,
Yea, and as loyall to his afternoones,
As euer a poore Gentlewoman could be.

Hip. This were well now to one but newly fledg'd,
And scarce a day old in this futtle world:

'Twere pretty Art, good bird-lime, cunning net:
But come, come, 'faith-confesse: how many men
Haue drunke this selfe-same protestation,
From that red ticing lip?

Bell. Indeed not any.

Hip. Indeed: and blush not I.

Bell. No in truth not any.

Hip. Indeed! in truth! -how warily you sweare.

'Tis well: if ill it be not: yet had I

The ruffian in me, and were drawne before you
But in light collors, I do know indeed,

You could not sweare indeed, But thunder oathes
That should shake heauen, drowne the harmonious spheres,
And pierce a soule (that lou'd her Makers honour)
With horror and amazement.

Bell. Shall I sweare,
Will you belecue me then?

Hip. Worst then of all,
Our sins by custome, seeme (at last) but small.
Were I but o're your threshold, a next man,
And after him a next, and then a fourth,

Should

THE HONEST WHORE.

Should haue this golden hook, and lasciuious baite,
Throwne out to the full length, why let me tell you:
I ha seene letters sent from that white hand,
Tuning such musicke to *Matheos* eare.

Bell. *Matheo!* that's true, but belecue it, I
No sooner had laid hold vpon your presence,
But straight mine eye conueid you to my heart.

Hip. Oh, you cannot faine with me, why, I know Lady,
This is the common passion of you all,
To hooke in a kind Gentleman, and then
Abuse his coyne, conueying to your louer,
And in the end you shew him a french trick,
And so you leaue him, that a coach may runne
Betweene his legges for bredth.

Bell. O! by my soule
Not I: therein I'le proue an honest whore,
In being true to one, and to no more.

Hip. If any be dispos'd to trust your oath,
Let him: I'le not be hee, I know you feine
All that you speake, I: for a mingled harlot,
Is true in nothing but in being false.
What! shall I teach you how to loath your selfe.
And mildly too: not without sense or reason.

Bell. I am content, I would faine loath my selfe
If you not loue me.

Hip. Then if your gracious blood be not all wasted,
I shall assay to do't.
Lend me your silence, and attention, - You haue no soule,
That makes you wey so light: heauens treasure bought it:
And halfe a crowne hath sold it: - for your body
Is like the Common-shore, that still receiues
All the Townes filth. The sin of many men
Is within you, and thus much I suppose,
That if all committers stood in ranke,
They'd make a lane, (in which your shame might dwell)
And with their spaces reach from hence to hell.
Nay, shall I vrge it more, there has bene knowne

THE HONEST WHORE.

As many by one harlot, maym'd and dismembred,
As would ha stuf't an Hospitall: this I might
Apply to you, and perhaps do you right:
O y' are as base as any beast that beares,
Your body is ee'ne hir'd, and so are theirs.
For gold and sparkling iewels, (if he can)
You'le let a Jew get you with Christian:
Be he a Moore, a Tartar, tho his face
Looke vglie then a dead mans skull.
Could the deuill put on a humane shape,
If his purse shake out crownes, vp theu he gets,
Whores will be rid to hell with golden bits.

So that y' are crueller then Turkes, for they
Sell Christians onely, you sell your selues away.
Why those that loue you, hate you: and will terme you
Lickerish damnation: with themselues halfe sunke
After the sin is laid out, and ee'ne curse
Their fruitlesse riot (for what one begets
Another poisons) lust and murder bit,
A tree being often shooke, what fruit can knit?

Bell. O me vnhappy!

Hip. I can vex you more;

A harlot is like *Dunkirke*, true to none,
Swallows both English, Spanish, fulsome Dutch,
Black-doord Italian, last of all the French,
And he sticks to you' faith: giues you your diet,
Brings you acquainted, first with monsier Doctor
And then you know what followes.

Bell. Misery.

Ranke, stinking, and most loathsome misery.

Hip. Me thinks a road is happier then a whore,
That with on poyson swels, with thousands more
The other stocks her veines: harlot: fie, fie,
You are the miserablest creatures breathing,
The very slaues of nature: marke me else,
You put on rich attires, others eyes weare them,
You eate, but to supple your bloud with sin:
And this strange curse ee'ne haunts you to your graues.

From

THE HONEST WHORE.

From fooles you get, and spend it vpon slaues:
Like Beares and Apes, y' are bayted & shew tricks
For mony; but your Bawd the sweetnesse licks.
Indeed you are their Iourney-women, and do
All base and damn'd workes they list set you to:
So that you ne're are rich; for do but shew me,
In present memory, or in ages past,
The fairest and most famous Courtezan,
Whose flesh was deer' st; that rais'd the price of sin
And held it vp; to whose intemperate bosome,
Princes, Earles, Lords, the worst has bin a Knight,
The mean' st a Gentleman, haue offred vp
Whole Hecatombs of sighs, and rain'd in showres
Handfuls of gold, yet for all this, at last
Diseases suckt her marrow, then grew so poore,
That she has beg'd ee'ne at a beggars doore.
And (wherin heau'n has a finger) when this Idoll,
From coast to coast, has leapt on ferraine shores,
And had more worship, then the outlandish whoress
When seuerall Nations haue gone ouer her,
When for each seuerall Citie she has scene,
Her Maydenhead has bene new, and bene sold deere
Did liue well there, and might haue dy'd vnknowne,
And vndefam'd; back comes she to her owne,
And there both miserably liues and dies,
Scorn'd euen of those that once ador'd her eyes,
As if her fatall-circled life, thus ranne,
Her pride should end there, where it first beganne.
What do you weep to heare your Story read?
Nay, if you spoyle your cheeks, I'le read no more.

Bell. O yes, I pray proceed:

Indeed 'twill do me good to weepe indeed.

Hip. To giue those teares a rellish, this I adde,
Y' are like the Iewes, scatter'd in no place certaine,
Your daies are tedious, your houres burdensome:
And wer't not for full suppers, midnight Reuels,
Dancing, wine, ryotous meetings, which do drowne,
And bury quite in you all vertuous thoughts,

THE HONEST WHORE.

And on your eye-lids hang so heauily,
 They haue no power to looke so high as heauen;
 You'de sit and muse on nothing but despaire,
 Curse that deuill *Lust*, that so burnes vp your bloud,
 And in ten thousand shiuers breake your glasse
 For his temptation. Say you taste delight,
 To haue a golden Gull from Rize to Set,
 To meate you in his hote luxurious armes,
 Yet your nights pay for all: I know you dreame
 Of Warrants, Whips, and Beadles, and then start
 At a dores windy creak: thinke euery Weezle
 To be a Constable, and euery Rat
 A long tailed Officer: Are you not slaues?
 Oh you haue damnation without pleasure for it!
 Such is the state of Harlots: To conclude,
 When you are old, and can well paint no more,
 You turne Bawd, and are then worse then before:
 Make vse of this: farewell.

Bell. Oh, I pray stay.

Hip. See *Matheo* comes not: time hath bar'd me.
 Would all the Harlots in the Towne had heard me. *Exit.*

Bell. Stay yet a little longer, no: quite gone!
 Curst be that minute (for it was no more,
 So soone a maid is chang'd into a whore)
 Wherein I first fell, be it for euer blacke,
 Yet why should sweet *Hipolito* shun mine eyes;
 For whose true loue I would become pure-honest,
 Hate the worlds mixtures, and the smiles of gold?
 Am I not faire: why should he flye me then?
 Faire creatures are desir'd, not scorn'd of men.
 How many Gallants haue drunk healthes to me,
 Out of their dagger'd armes, and thought them blest;
 Enioying but mine eyes at prodigall feasts!
 And does *Hipolito* detest my loue?
 Oh, sure their heedlesse lusts but flattred me,
 I am not pleasing, beautifull nor yong.
Hipolito hath spied some vgly blemish,
 Eclipsing all my beauties: I am foule;

Harlot!

THE HONEST WHORE.

Harlot! I, that's the spot that taints my soule:
 What! has he left his weapon here behind him,
 And gone forgetfull? O fit instrument
 To let forth all the poyson of my flesh!
 Thy M. hates me, cause my blood hath rang'd:
 But when 'tis forth, then hee'le beleue I'me chang'd.

Hip. Mad woman, what art doing? *Enter Hip.*

Bell. Either loue me,
 Or split my heart vpon thy Rapiers point:
 Yet do not neither; for thou then destroy'st
 That which I loue thee for (thy vertues) heere, heere,
 Th'art crueller, and kil'st me with disdain:
 To die so, sheds no blood, yet 'tis worfe paine.
 Not speake to me! not bid farewell! a scorne!
 Hated! this must not be, some meanes I'll try.
 Would all Whores were as honest now, as I.

Exit.

Hipol.

Exeunt.

SCENA 7.

Enter Candido, his wife, George, and two Prentices in the shop: Fustigo enters, walking by.

Geor. See Gentlemen, what you lack? a fine Holland, a fine
 Cambrick, see what you buy. *(you lack?)*

1. Prent. Holland for shirts, Cambrick for bands, what ist

Fust. S'foot, I lack 'em all, nay more, I lacke money to buy
 'em: let mee see, let me looke againe: masse this is the shoppe;
 What Coz! sweet Coz! how dost i'faith, since last night after
 candlelight? we had good sport i'faith, had we not? and when
 shal's laugh agen?

Wife. When you will, Cozen. *(husband.*

Fust. Spoke like a kind Lacedemonian: I see yonders thy

Wife. I, there's the sweet youth, God blesse him.

Fust. And how ist Cozen, and how, how ist thou squall?

Wife. Well, Cozen, how fare you?

Fust. How fare I? troth, for sixpence a meale, wench, as wel
 as heart can wish, with Calues Chaldrons, and Chitterlings,
 besides, I haue a Punck after supper, as good as a roasted Apple.

Cand. Are you my wiues Cozen?

Fust. I am sir, what hast thou to do with that?

Cand. O, nothing but y'are welcome.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Fust. The Devils dung in thy teeth: I'll be welcome whether thou wilt or no, I: What rings this Coz? very pretty and fantastickall i' faith, let's see it.

Wife. Puh! may you wrench my finger.

Fust. I ha' sworne I'll ha't, and I hope you will not let my othes be crackt in the ring, will you? I hope, sir, you are not malicolly at this for all your great looks: are you angry?

Cand. Angry? not I sir, nay if she can part So easily with her ring, 'tis with my heart.

Geor. Suffer this, sir, and suffer all, a whorson Gull, to---

Cand. Peace *George*, when she has reapt what I haue sowne, She'll say, one graine tastes better of her owne, Then whole sheaves gather'd from anothers land: Wit's neuer good, till bought at a deere hand. (body.

George. But in the meane time she makes an Ass of some-

2.Pren. See, see, see, sir, as you turne your back, they do nothing but kisse.

Cand. No matter, let 'em: when I touch her lip, I shall not feele his kisses, no nor misse Any of her lip: no harme in kissing is. Looke to your businesse, pray, make vp your wares.

Fust. Troth Coz, and well remembred, I would thou wouldst giue me five yards of Lawne, to make my Punck some falling bands a the fashion, three falling one vpon another: for that's the new edition now: she's out of linnen horribly too, troth, she's as neuer a good smock to her back neither, but one that haz a great many patches in't, and that I'me faine to weare my selfe for want of shift too: prythee put mee into wholesome naperie, and bestow some cleane commodities vpon vs.

Wife. Reach me those Cambricks, and the Lawnes hither.

Can. What to do wife, to lauish out my goods vpon a foole?

Fust. Foole! Sneales eate the foole, or I'll so batter your crowne, that it shall scarce go for five shillings.

2.Pren. Do you heare sir: y' are best bee quiet, and say a foole tels you so.

Fust. Nailes, I think so, for thou telst me.

Cand. Are you angry sir, because I nam'd the foole?

Trust me, you are not wise, in mine owne house.

And

THE HONEST WHORE.

And to my face to play the Antick thus:
 If you'le needs play the madman, choose a stage
 Of lesser compasse, where few eyes may note
 Your actions errour; but if still you misse,
 As here you do, for one clap, ten will hisse.

Fust. Zwounds Cozen, he talkes to me, as if I were a scurvy Tragedian.

2. Pren. Sirra *George*, I ha thought vpon a deuice, how to breake his pate, beate him soundly and ship him away.

Geor. Doo't. *2. Pren.* Ile go in, passe through the house, giue some of our fellow Prentices the watch-word when they shall enter, then come and fetch my maister in by a wile, and place one in the hall to hold him in conference, whilst we cudgell the Gull out of his coxcombe.

Geor. Doo't: a way, doo't.

Wife. Must I call twice for these cambricks and lawnes?

Cand. Nay see, you anger her, *George* prythee dispatch.

2. Pren. Two of the choicest peeces are in the warehouse, sir.

Cand. Go fetch them presently. *Exit 1. Prentice.*

Fust. I, do, make haste, sirra.

Cand. Why were you such a stranger all this while, being my wiues cozen?

Fust. Stranger? no sir, I'me a naturall Milaner borne.

Can. I perceiue still it is your naturall guise to mistake me, but you are welcome sir, I much wish your acquaintance.

Fust. My acquaintance? I scorne that ifaith; I hope my acquaintance goes in chaines of gold three and fifty times double: you know who I meane, Coz, the posts of his gate are a painting too.

Enter the 2. Prentice.

2. Pren. Signior *Pandolfo* the Marchant, desires conference with you. *Can.* Signior *Pandolfo*? Ile be with him straight, Attend your mistris and the Gentleman. *Exit.*

Wife When do you shew those pieces?

Fust. I, when do you shew those peeces?

Omn. Presently sir, presently, wee are but charging them.

Fust. Come sirra: you Flat-cap, where be these whites?

Geor. Flat cap: heark in your eare sir, y'are a flat foole, an Ass, a Gull, and Ile thrum you: do you see this cambrick sir?

THE HONEST WHORE.

Fust. S'foot Coz, a good iest, did you heare him? he told me in my care, I was a flat Foole, an Ass, a Gull, and I'le thrumb you: do you see this Cambrick sir.

Wife. What, not my men, I hope?

Fust. No, not your men, but one of your men ifaith.

1.Pr. I pray sir, come hither, what say you to this: heere an excellent good one. (yards.

Fust. I marry, this likes me well, cut me off some halfe score

2.Pren. Let your whores cut, y' are an impudent Coxcomb, you get none, and yet I'le thrumb you, - A very good Cambrick sir.

Fust. Agen, agen, as God iudge me: S'foot, Coz, they stand thrumming here with me all day, and yet I get nothing.

1.Pren. A word I pray sir, you must not be angry, Prentices haue hot blouds, yong fellowes, - What say you to this peece: Looke you, 'tis so soft, so delicate, so euen, so fine a thrid, that a Lady may weare it.

Fust. Sfoot I think so, if a Knight marry my punck, a Lady shall weare it: cut me off 20 yards: th'art an honest lad.

1.Pren. Not without mony, gull, and I'le thrum you too.

Omn. Gull, wee'le thrum you.

Fust. O Lord, sister, did not you heare something cry thrum? zounds your men here make a plaine Ass of me.

Wife. What, to my face so impudent?

Geor. I, in a cause so honest, wee'le not suffer Our Maisters goods to vanish mony-lesse.

Wife. You'le not suffer them.

2.Pren. No, and you may blush,
In going about to vex so milde a breast,
As is our Maisters. *Wife.* Take away those peeces.
Cozen, I giue them freely.

Fust. Masse, and I'le take 'em as freely.

Omn. Wee'le make you lay 'em downe againe more freely.

Wife. Help, help, my brother will be murdered. *Enter Can.*

Can. How now, what coyle is here? forbear, I say.

Geor. He cal's vs Flatcaps, and abuses vs.

Card. Why sirs: do such examples flow from me?

Wife. They are of your keeping sir, alas poore brother.

Fust.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Fust. I faith they ha pepperd me, sister: looke, dost not spin? call you these Prentices? I'le nere play at cards more when clubs is trump: I haue a goodly coxcomb, sister, haue I not?

Cand. Sister and brother, brother to my wife.

Fust. If you haue any skill in Heraldry, you may soone know that, break but her pate, and you shall see her bloud and mine is all one.

Cand. A Surgeon, run, a Surgeon: Why then wore you that forged name of Cozen?

Fust. Because it's a common thing to call Coz, and mingle now a daies all the world ouer.

Cand. Cozen! An name of much deceite, folly, and sin,
For vnder that common abused word,
Many an honest tempred Citizen
Is made a monster, and his wife train'd out
To foule adulterous action, full of fraud.
I may well call that word, A Cities Bawd.

Fust. Troth brother, my sister would needs ha me take vpon me to gull your patience a little: but it haz made double Gulles on my coxcomb.

Wife. What, playing the woman blabbing now you foole.

Cand. O my wife did but exercise a iest vpon your wit.

Fust. Sfoot, my wit bleeds for't, me thinkes.

Cand. Then let this warning more of sence afford.

The name of cozen is a bloody word.

Fust. I'le nere call Coz againe whilst I liue, to haue such a coyle about it: this should be a Coronation day; for my head runnes Claret lustily. *Exit. Enter an Officer.*

Cand. Go with the Surgeon to haue great respect.

How now, my friend, what, do they sit to day?

Off. Yes sir, they expect you at the Senate-house.

Can. I thank your paines, I'le not be last man there. *Exit.*

My gowne, *George*, go, my gowne. A happy land, *Off.*

Where graue men meet each cause to vnderstand,

Whose consciences are not cut out in bribes,

To gull the poore mans right: but in euen scales,

Peize rich and poore, without corruptions veyles,

Come, where's the gowne? *Geor.* I cannot find the key sir.

Cand. Request it of your Mistresse.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Wife. Come not to me for any key.
He not be troubled to deliuer it.

Cand. Good wife, kind wife, it is a needfull trouble,
but for my gowne.

Wife. Mothes swallow downe your gowne:
You set my teeth an edge with talking on t.

Cand. Nay prythee, sweet, I cannot meet without it,
I should haue a great fine set on my head.

Wife. Set on your coxcomb: tush, fine me no fines.

Can. Belecue me (sweet) none greets the Senate-house,
Without his robe of reuerence, that's his Gowne.

Wife. Well, then y'are like to crosse that custome once,
You get nor key, nor gowne, and so depart:
This trick will vex him sure, and fret his heart.

Exit.

Cand. Sta, let me see, I must haue some deuice,
My cloke's too short: fy, fy, no cloke will do't:
It must be something fashioned like a gowne,
With my armes out: oh *George*, come hither *George*:
I prythee lend me thine aduice.

(Open chest.

Geor. Troth sir, were it any but you, they would breake

Can. O no, break open chest! that's a Theeues office:
Therein you counsell me against my bloud:

'Twould shew impatience that, any meeke meanes
I would be glad to embrace. Masse I haue got it:

Go, step vp, fetch me downe one of the Carpets,

The saddest colour'd Carpet, honest *George*,

Cut thou a hole i'th middle for my necke,

Two for mine armes, nay prythee looke not strange.

George. I hope you do not thinke sir, as you meane.

Cand. Prythee about it quickly, the houre chides me:

Warily *George*, softly, take heed of eyes,

Exit George.

Out of two euils, hee's accounted wise,

That can pick out the least; the Fine impos'd

For an vn-gowned Senator, is about

Forty cruzadoes, the Carpet not boue foure.

Thus haue I chosen the lesser euill yet,

Prefer'd my patience, foyle'd her desperate wit.

Geor. Here, sir, here's the Carpet.

Enter George.

Cand.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Cand. O well done, *George*, wee'le cut it iust i' th' midst:
'Tis very well I thanke thee, help it on. (ticoat.

Geor. It must come ouer your head, sir, like a wench's pe-

Cand. Th'art in the right, good *George*, it must indeed.

Fetch me a night-cap: for I'le gird it close,
As if my health were queazy: 'twill show well
For a rude carelesse night-gowne, wil't not think' st?

Geor. Indifferent well, sir, for a night-gowne, being girt and

Cand. I, and a night-cap on my head. (pleated.

Ge. That's true sir, I'le run and fetch one, and a staffe. *Ex. Ge.*

Can. For thus they cannot chuse but conster it,
One that is out of health, takes no delight,
Weares his apparell without appetite,
And put's on heedlesse raiment without forme. Enter *Geo.*
So, so, kind *George*, be secret now: and prithee do not laugh at
me till I'me out of sight. *Geo.* I laugh? not I sir.

Cand. Now to the Senate-house:

Methinkes, I'de rather weare without a frowne,
A patient Carpet, then an angry Gowne. Exit.

Geo. Now looks my M. iust like one of our carpet knights,
onely hee's somewhat the honestest of the two. Enter *Cand.*

Wife. What, is your Maister gone? *didoes wife.*

Geo. Yes forsooth, his back is but new turn'd.

Wife. And in's cloake, did he not vex and sweare?

Geor. No, but hee'le make you sweare anon: no indeed, he
went away like a Lambe.

Wife. Key sinke to hell: still patient, patient still!
I am with child to vex him: prythee *George*,
If e're thou look' st for fauour at my hands,
Vphold one iest for me. *Geo.* Against my maister?
Wi. 'Tis a meere iest: say wilt thou doo't? *Ge.* Well, what iest?

Wife. Here, take this key, thou know' st where all things lie.
Put on thy Maisters best apparell, Gowne,
Chaine, Cap, Ruffe, euery thing, be like himselfe,
And 'gainst his comming home, walke in the shop,
Fayne the same carriage, and his patient looke,
'Twill breed but a iest thou know' st, speake, wilt thou?

Geor. 'Twill wrong my maisters patience.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Wife. Prythee *George.* *Geor.* Well, if you'le saue mee harmlesse, and put mee vnder couert barne, I am content to please you, prouided it may breed no wrong against him.

Wife. No wrong at all: heere take the Key be gone:
If any vex him, this: if not this, none.

Exeunt.

SCENA. 8.

Enter a Bawd, and Roger.

Bawd. O *Roger, Roger,* where's your mistres, where's your mistris: there's the finest neatest Gentleman at my house but newly come ouer: Oh where is she, where is she, where is she?

Rog. My mistris is abroad, but not amongst 'em: my mistris is not the whore now that you take her for.

Baw. How, is she not a whore? do you go about to take away her good name, *Roger?* you are a fine Pandar indeed.

Ro. I tell you, *Madona Finger-locke,* I am not sad for nothing, I ha not eaten one good meale this three and thirty daies: I had wont to get sixteene pence by fetching a pottle of Hypocras: but now those daies are past. We had as good doings, *Madona Finger-locke,* she within dores and I without, as any poore yong couple in Millan.

Baw. Gods my life, and is she chang'd now?

Rog. I ha lost by her squemishnesse, more then would haue builded twelue bawdy houses.

Baw. And had she no time to turne honest but now? what a vile woman is this? twenty pound a night, I'le be sworne, *Rog.* in good gold and no siluer: why here was a time, if she should ha pickt out a time, it could not be better! gold enough stirring; choice of men, choice of haire, choice of beards, choice of legs, and choice of euery, euery, euery thing: it cannot sink into my head, that she should be such an Ass. *Roger,* I neuer beleue it.

Rog. Here she comes now.

Enter Bellafronte.

Baw. O sweet *Madona,* on with your loose gowne, your felt and your fether, there's the sweetest, proprest, gallantest Gentleman at my house, hee smels all of Muske and Amber greece, his pocket full of crownes, flame-coloured doublet, red satin hose, Carnation silke stockings, and a legge and a body, oh!

Bell.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Bell. Hence, thou our sexes monster, poysonous Bawd,
Lusts Factor, and damnations Orator,
Gossip of hell: were all Harlots finnes
Which the whole world containes, numbred together,
Thine farre exceeds them all: of all the creatures
That euer were created, thou art basest.

What serpent would beguile thee of thy office?
It is detestable: for thou liu'st

Vpon the dregs of Harlots, guard'st the dore,
Whilst couples go to dauncing: O course deuill!
Thou art the bastards curse, thou brandst his birth,
The lechers French disease; for thou dry-suckst him:
The Harlots poyson, and thine owne confusion.

Baw. Mary come vp with a pox, haue you no body to raile
against, but your Bawd now?

Bell. And you, knaue Pandar, kinsman to a Bawd.

Rog. You and I *Madona*, are Cozens.

Bell. Of the same bloud and making, neere allyed,
Thou, that slaue to six-pence, base-mettal'd villaine.

Rog. Sixpence? nay that's not so; I neuer took vnder two
shillings foure-pence, I hope I know my fee.

Bell. I know not against which most to inueigh:
For both of you are damn'd so equally.
Thou neuer spar'st for oathes, swear'st any thing,
As if thy soule were made of shoe-leather.

God dam me, Gentlemen, if she be within,
When in the next roome she's found dallying.

Rog. If it be my vocation to sweare, euery man in his vo-
cation: I hope my betters swear and dam themselues, and why
should not I? *Bell.* Roger, you cheate kind Gentlemen.

Rog. The more guls they.

Bell. Slaue, I casheere thee.

Baw. And you do casheere him, he shall be entertain'd.

Rog. Shal I? then blurt a your seruice.

Bell. As hell would haue it, entertain'd by you!
I dare the deuill himselfe to match those two.

Exit.

Baw. Mary gup, are you growne so holy, so pure, so honest
with a pox?

THE HONEST WHORE.

Rog. Scurvey honest Punck! but stay *Madona*, how must our agreement bee now? for you know I am to haue all the comings in at the hall dore, and you at the chamber dore.

Ba. True Rog. except my vailes. Rog. Vailes, what vailes?

Ba. Why as thus, if a couple come in a Coach, and light to lie downe a little, then *Roger* that's my fee, and you may walke abroad; for the Coach-man himselfe is their Pandar.

Ro. Is a so? intruth I haue almost forgot, for want of exercise: But how if I fetch this Citizens wife to that Gull, and that *Madona* to that Gallant, how then?

Ba. Why then, *Roger*, you are to haue sixpence a lane, so many lanes, so many six-pences.

Ro. Ist so? then I see we two shall agree and liue together.

Ba. I *Roger*, so long as there be any Tauernes and bawdy houses in Millain.

Exeunt.

SCENA 9.

Enter Bellafronte with a Lute, pen, inke, and paper being placed before her.

Song.

THe Courtiers flattering Jewels,
(Temptations onely fuels)

The Lawyers ill-got monies,

That suck up poore Bees Honyes:

The Citizens sonne's ryor,

The gallant costly dyer:

Silks and Veluets, Pearles, and Ambers,

Shall not draw me to their Chambers.

Silks and Veluets, &c.

Shee
writes.

Oh, 'tis in vaine to write: it will not please,
Inke on this paper would ha but presented
The foule black spots that stick vpon my soule,
And rather make me loathsomer, then wrought
My loues impressiō in *Hipolitoes* thought.
No, I must turne the chaste leaues of my brest,
And pick out some sweet means to breed my rest.
Hipolito, beleeue me I will be,
As true vnto thy heart, as thy heart to thee,

And

THE HONEST WHORE.

And hate all men, their gifts and company.

Enter *Matheo, Castruchio, Fluello, Pioratto.*

Mat. You, goody Puncke, *subandi* Cockatrice, O yare a sweete whore of your promise, are you not thinke you? how well you came to supper to vs last night: mew, a whoore and breake her word! nay you may blush, and hold downe your head at it well enough: Sfoot, aske these Gallants if we staid not till we were as hungry as Sergeants.

Flu. I, and their Ycomen too.

Castr. Nay faith *Acquaintance*, let me tell you, you forgat your selfe too much: we had excellent cheare, rare Vintage, and were drunke after supper.

Pior. And when wee were in our Woodcockes (sweete Rogue) a brace of Gullies, dwelling heere in the Citty, came in, and paid all the shot. *Mat.* Pox on her, let her alone.

Bell. O, I pray doe, if you be Gentlemen:
I pray depart the house; beshrew the doore
For being so easily intreated: faith
I lent but little care vnto your talke,
My minde was busied otherwise in troth,
And so your words did vnregarded passe:
Let this suffice, I am not as I was.

Flu. I am not what I was! no Ile be sworne thou art not: for thou wert honest at fve, and now th'art a Puncke at fifteene: thou wert yesterday a simple whore, and now th'art a cunning Conny-catching baggage to day.

Bell. Ile say Ime worse, I pray forsake me then,
I doe desire you leaue me, Gentlemen,
And leaue your selues: O be not what you are,
(Spend-thrifts of soule and body)
Let me perswade you to forsake all Harlots,
Worse then the deadliest poysons, they are worse:
For o're their soules hangs an eternall curse,
In being slaues to slaues, their labours perish,
Th'are seldome blest with fruit; for ere it blossoms,
Many a worme confounds it.
They haue no issue but foule vgly ones,
That run along with them, e'ne to their graues:

THE HONEST WHORE.

For stead of children, they breed ranke diseases,
And all you Gallants can bestow on them,
Is that French Infant, which ne'r acts, but speakes:
What shallow sonne and heire then, foolish gallant,
Would waste all his inheritance, to purchase
A filthy loath'd disease? and pawne his body
To a dry euill: that vsurie's worst of all,
When th' Interest will eate out the Principall.

Mat. Sfoot, she gulles em the best: this is alwayes her fashion, when she would be rid of any company that shee cares not for, to enioy mine alone.

Flu. Whats heere, Instructions, Admonitions, and Caueats? Come out you scabbard of Vengeance.

Mat. *Fluello*, spurne your hounds when they foiste, you shall not spurne my Puncke, I can tell you my bloud is vext.

Flu. Pox a your bloud: make it a quarrell.

Mat. Y'are a slaue, will that serue turne?

Omnes Sbloud, hold, hold.

Cast. *Mathao*, *Fluello*, for shame put vp.

Bell. O how many thus mou'd with follie, haue let out their soules in brothell houses, fell downe and died iust at their harlots foote, as 'twere in pride.

Flu. *Mathao*, we shall meet.

Mat. I, I, any where, sauing at Church:
Pray take heede we meet not there.

Flu. Aduce Damnation.

Castr. Cockatrice, farewell.

Pia. There's more deceit in women, then in hell. *Exeunt.*

Mat. Ha, ha, thou doest gull em so rarely, so naturally: if I did not thinke thou hadst beene in earnest: thou art a sweete Rogue for't yfaith.

Bell. Why are not you gone too, signior *Mathao*?
I pray depart my house: you may belecue me,
In troth I haue no part of harlot in me.

Mat. How is this?

Bell. Indeede I loue you not: but hate you worse
Then any man, because you were the first
Gauemony for my soule: you brake the Ice,

Which

THE HONEST WHORE.

Which after turnd a puddle : I was led
By your temptation to be miserable :
I pray seeke out some other that will fall,
Or rather, I pray seeke out none at all.

Mat. Is't possible to be impossible ! an honest whoore ! I
haue heard many honest Wenchcs turne Strumpets with a
wet finger, but for a Harlot to turne honest, is one of *Hercules*
Labours. It was more easie for him in one night to make fifty
queanes, then to make one of them honest againe in fiftie
yeares:

Come, I hope thou dost but jest.

Bell. Tis time to leaue off jesting,
I had almost jested away my saluation :
I shall loue you, if you will soone forsake me.

Mat. God bwith thee.

Bell. O, tempt no more women :
Shunne their weighty curse,
Women (at best) are bad, make em not worse:
You gladly seeke our Sexes ouerthrow :
But not to raise our States for all your wrongs:
Will you vouchsafe mee but due recompence,
To marry with me ?

Mat. How! marry with a Puncke, a Cockatrice, a Harlot?
marry soh, I'le be burnt thorow the nose first.

Bell. Why la?

These are your othes : you loue to vndoe vs,
To put heauen from vs, while our best houres waste :
You loue to make vs lewd, but neuer chaste.

Mat. Ile heare no more of this : this ground vpon,
Th'art damn'd for altring thy religion. *Exit.*

Bell. Thy Lust and Sinne speake so much!
Goe thou my ruine, the first fall my soule tooke ;
By mine example I hope few maidens now
Will put their heads vnder mens girdles :
Who least trusts, is most wise :
Mens othes doe cast a mist before our eyes.
My best of wit, be ready, now I goe,
By some deuce to greet *Hipolito.*

THE HONEST WHORE.

SCENA 10.

Enter a servant setting out a Table, on which he places a Scull, a Picture, a Booke, and a Taper.

Ser. So, this is Monday morning, and now must I to my hufwifry: would I had beene created a Shoemaker; for all the Gentle-craft are Gentlemen euery Monday by their Coppie, and scorne (then) to worke one true stitch. My master means sure to turne me into a student, for heere's my Booke, heere my Deske, heere my Light, this my close chamber, and heere my Puncke: so that this dull drowfie first day of the weeke, makes mee halfe a Priest, halfe a Chaundler, halfe a Painter, halfe a Sexton, I and halfe a Bawd: for all this day my office is to doe nothing but to keepe the doore. To proue it, look you, this good face and yonder gentleman (so soone as euer my backe is turnd) will be naught together. *Enter Hipolito.*

Hip. Are all the windows shut? *Ser.* Close sir, as the fist of a Courtier that hath stood in three reignes.

Hip. Thou art a faithfull seruant, and obseru'st The Kalender, both of my solemne vowes, And ceremonious sorrow: Get thee gone, I charge thee on thy life, let not the sound Of any womans voyce pierce through that doore.

Ser. If they doe (my Lord) Ile pearce some of them: What will your Lordship haue to breakefast?

Hip. Sighs. *Ser.* What to dinner? *Hip.* Teares.

Ser. The one of them (my Lord) will fill you too full of wind, the other wet you too much. What to supper?

Hip. That which now thou canst not get me, the constancie of a woman.

Ser. Indeed thats harder to come by then euer was Ostend.

Hip. Pre thee away.

Ser. Ile make away my selfe presently, which few seruants will doe for their Lords; but rather help to make them away: Now to my doore-keeping, I hope to picke something out of it. *Exit.*

Hip. My *Infelices* face, her brow, her eie, The dimple on her cheeke: and such sweete skill,

Hath

THE HONEST WHORE.

Hath from the cunning workmans pencill showne,
These lippes looke fresh and liuely as her owne,
Seeming to moue and speake. Las! now I see,
The reason why fond women loue to buy
Adulterate complexion: here 'tis read,
False coulours last after the true be dead.
Of all the Roses grafted on her cheekes,
Of all the graces dauncing in her eyes,
Of all the Musick set vpon her tongue,
Of all that was past womans excellence,
In her white bosome; look! a painted boord,
Circumscribes all: Earth can no blisse affoord.
Nothing of her but this? this cannot speake,
It has no lip for me to rest vpon,
No lip worth tasting: here the wormes will feed,
As in her coffin: hence then idle Art,
True loue's best pictur'd in a true-loues heart.
Here art thou drawn sweet maid, till this be dead,
So that thou liu' st twice, twice art buried.
Thou figure of my friend, lie there. What's here?
Perhaps this shrew'd pate was mine enemies:
Las! say it were: I need not feare him now:
For all his braues, his contumelious breath,
His frownes (tho dagger-pointed) all his plot,
(Tho 'nere so mischuiuous) his Italian pilles,
His quarrels, and (that common sence) his law,
See, see, they're all eaten out; here's not left one:
How cleane they're pickt away! to the bare bone!
How mad are mortals then to reare great names
On tops of swelling houses? or to weare out
Their fingers ends (in durt) to scrape vp gold!
Not caring so (that sumpter-horse) the backe
Be hung with gawdy trappings, with what course
Yea rags most beggarly, they cloath the soule:
Yet (after all) their *Gay-nesse* lookes thus foule.
What fooles are men to build a garish tombe,
Onely to saue the carcase whilst it rots,
To maintain't long in stinking, make good carion,

THE HONEST WHORE.

But leaue no good deeds to preferue them sound,
For good deeds keep men sweet, long aboue ground,
And must all come to this; fooles, wise, all hither,
Must all heads thus at last be laid together:
Draw me my picture then, thou graue neate workeman,
After this fashion, not like this; these coulours
In time kissing but aire, will be kist off,
But here's a fellow; that which he layes on,
Till doomes day alters not complexion:
Death's the best Painter then: They that draw shapes,
And liue by wicked faces, are but Gods Apes.
They come hut neere the life, and there they stay,
This fellow drawes life too: his Art is fuller,
The pictures which he makes are without colour.

Enter his seruant.

Ser. Her's a person would speak with you Sir.

Hip. Hah!

Ser. A Parson, sir, would speake with you.

Hip. Vicar?

Ser. Vicar? no sir, has too good a face to be a Vicar yet, a youth, a very youth.

Hip. What youth? of man or woman? lock the dores.

Ser. If it be a woman, mary-bones and Potato pies keepe me for medling with her, for the thing has got the breeches, 'tis a male-varlet sure my Lord, for a womans tayler ne're measur'd him.

Hip. Let him giue thee his message and be gone.

Ser. Hee sayes hee's Signior *Matheoes* man, but I know he lies.

Hip. How dost thou know it?

Ser. *Caus* has nere a beard: 'tis his boy I thinke, sir, who'e're paid for his nursing.

Hip. Send him and keep the dore. *Reades.*

Fata si liceat atheni,

Fingere a bitrio rest,

Temperem Zephyrus leui vela.

I'de saile were I to choose, not in the Ocean,

THE HONEST WHORE.

Cedars are shaken, when shrubs do feele no bruize.

Enter Bellafronte like a Page.

How? from *Matheo*?

Bell. Yes my Lord.

Hip. Art sick?

Bell. Not all in health my Lord.

Hip. Keep off.

Bell. I do:

Hard fate when women are compeld to woove.

Hip. This paper does speake nothing.

Bell. Yes my Lord,

Matter of life it speakes, and therefore writ

In hidden character, to me instruction

My Maister giues, and (lesse you please to stay

Till you both meet) I can the text display.

Hip. Do so; read out.

Bell. I am already out:

Looke on my face, and read the strangest story!

Hip. What villaine, ho? *Enter his servant.*

Ser. Call you my Lord?

Hip. Thou slaue, thou hast let in the deuill.

Ser. Lord blesse vs, where? hee's not clouen my Lord that
I can see: besides, the deuill goes more like a Gentleman then
a Page. good my Lord *Boon couragio.*

Hip. Thou hast let in a woman, in mans shape.

And thou art damn'd for't.

Ser. Not damn'd I hope for putting in a woman to a Lord.

Hip. Fetch me my rapier, -- do not: I shall kill thee.

Purge this infected chamber of that plague,

That runnes vpon me thus: Slaue, thrust her hence.

Ser. Alas my Lord, I shall neuer be able to thrust her hence
without helpe: come Mer-maid you must to Sea agen.

Bell. Here me but speake, my words shall be all Musick:
Here me but speake.

Hip. Another beates the dore,
T'other Shee-deuill, look.

Ser. Why then hel's broke loose. *Exit.*

Hip. Hence, guard the chamber: let no more come in,

THE HONEST WHORE.

One woman serues for man's damnation,
Beshrew thee, thou dost make me violate,
The chastest and most sanctimonious vow,
That e're was entred in the court of heauen:
I was on meditations spotlesse wings,
Vpon my iourney thither; like a storme
Thou beattst my ripened cogitations,
Flat to the ground: and like a theife dost stand,
To steale deuotion from the holy land.

Bell. If woman were thy mother; if thy heart,
Be not all Marble (or if't Marble be)
Let my teares soften it, to pittie me,
I do beseech thee do not thus with scorne,
Destroy a woman.

Hip. Woman I beseech thee,
Get thee some other suite, this fits thee not:
I would not grant it to a kneeling Queene,
I cannot loue thee, nor I must not: See,
The copy of that obligation,
Where my soule's bound in heavy penalties.

Bell. She's dead you told me, she'le let fall her suite.

Hip. My vovewes to her, fled after her to heauen,
Were thine eyes cleere as mine, thou mightst behold her,
Watching vpon yon battlement of Starres,
How I obserue them; should I breake my bond,
This boord would riue in twaine, these wooden-hippes
Call me most periur'd villaine, let it suffice,
I ha set thee in thy path; Ist not a signe
I loue thee, when with one so most cleere,
Ile haue thee fellowes? All are fellowes there.

Bell. Be greater then a King, saue not a body,
But from eternall shipwrack keep a soule,
If not, and that againe, sinnes path I tread,
The grieffe be mine, the guilt fall on thy head.

Hip. Stay and take Physick for it, read this book,
Aske counsell of this head what's to be done,
He'le strike it dead that 'tis damnation,
If you surne Turke again, oh do it not,

THE HONEST WHORE.

Tho heauen cannot allure you to doe well,
 From doing ill let hell fright you : and learne this,
 The soule whose bosome Lust did neuer touch,
 Is Gods faire Bride, and maidens soules are such:
 The soule that leauing Chastities white shore,
 Swims in hot sensuall streames, is the diuells whore.
 How now, who comes? *Enter his seruant.*

Ser. No more knaues my Lord that weare smockes: heeres
 a Letter from Doctour *Benedict*: I would not enter his man, tho
 hee had haire at his mouth, for feare he should be a woman,
 for some women haue beards, mary they are halfe witches. Slid
 you are a sweet youth to weare a cod-peece, and haue no pins
 to sticke vpon it.

Hip. I'll meet the Doctour, tell him, yet to night I cannot:
 But at morrow rising Sunne I will not faile:
 Goe woman, fare thee well. *Exeunt.*

Bell. The lowest fall can be but into hell:
 It does not moue him, I must therefore fly
 From this vndoing Cittie, and with teares
 Wash off all anger from my fathers brow,
 He cannot sure but ioy, seeing me new borne,
 A woman honest first, and then turne whore,
 Is (as with me) common to thousands more:
 But from a strumpet to turne chaste, that sound
 Haz oft beene heard, that woman hardly found. *Exit.*

II. S C E. *Enter Fustigo, Crambo, and Poli.*

Fu. Hold vp your hands gentlemen, here's one, two, three:
 (nay I warrant they are sound Pistolls, and without flawes, I
 had em of my sister (and I know she vses to put nothing that's
 crackt) foure, foue, sixe, seauen, eight and nine; by this hand
 bring me but a peece of his blood, and you shall haue nine
 more: I'll lurke in a Tauerne not farre off, and prouide supper
 to close vp the end of the Tragedy: the Linnen-Drapers re-
 member, stand to't, I beseech you, and play your parts perfity.

Cra. Looke you signior, tis not your gold that we weigh..

Fust. Nay, nay, weigh it and spare not, if it lacke one graine
 of corne, I'll giue you a bushell of wheate to make it vp.

Cram. But by your fauour signior, which of the seruants

THE HONEST WHORE.

is it, because wee'l punish iustly.

Fust. Mary 'tis the head man, you shall taste him by his tongue, a pretty tall prating fellow, with a Tuscalonian beard.

Poli. Tuscalonian! very good.

Fust. Cods life, I was ne'r so thrumbéd since I was a Gentleman: my coxcombe was dry beaten, as if my haire had bin hemp.

Cram. Wee'l dry beate some of them.

Fust. Nay, it grew so high, that my sister cryed out murder, very manfully: I haue her consent (in a manner) to haue him pepperd: else I'le not doo't, to win more then ten cheaters do at a rissing: breaque but his pate, or so, onely his mazer, because I le haue his head in a cloth as well as mine, hee's a Linen Draper, and may take enough. I could enter mine Action of Battery against him, but we may perhaps be both dead and rotten before the Lawyers would end it.

Cram. No more to doe, but inskonce your selfe 'ith Tauerne, prouide no great cheare, a couple of Capons, some Fesants, Plouers, an Oringeado-pie, or so: but how bloody soc'r the day be, fally you not forth.

Fust. No, no, nay if I stirre, some body shall stinke: I'le not budge: I'le lie like a dogge in a manger.

Cram. Wel, wel, to the Tauerne, let not our supper be raw, for you shall haue bloud enough, your belly full.

Fust. That's al, so god sa me, I thirst after, bloud for bloud, bump for bump, nose for nose, head for head, plaister for plaister, and so farewell: what shall I call your names because I'le leaue word, if any such come to the Barre?

Cram. My name is Corporall *Crambo*.

Poli. And mine, Lieutenant *Poli*.

Exeunt.

Cram. *Poli* is as tall a man as euer opened Oister: I would not be the Diuell to meete *Poli*, Farewell.

Fust. Nor I, by this lighr, if *Poli* be such a *Poli*.

Exeunt.

Enter Candidoes wife in her Shop, and the two Prentises.

Wife. What's a clocke now?

2. Pren. Tis almost twelue.

Wife.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Wife. That's well,
The Senate will leaue wording presently:
But is *George* ready?

2. *Pren.* Yes forsooth, hee's furbusht.

Wife. Now as you euer hope to win my fauor,
Throw both your duties and respects on him,
With the like awe as if he were your maister,
Let not your lookes betray it with a smile,
Or ieering glauce to any Customer,
Keepe a true setled countenance; and beware
You laugh not whatsoe'r you heare or see.

2. *Pren.* I warrant you mistris, let vs alone for keeping our
countenance: for if I list, there's not a foole in all *Milaine* shal
make me laugh, let him play the foole ne'r so like an asse, whe-
ther it be the fat Court foole, or the leane Cittie foole.

Wife. Enough then, call downe *George*.

2. *Pren.* I heare him comming.

Enter George.

Wife. Be ready with your legs then, let me see
How curtsie would become him: gallantly!
Beshrew my bloud, a proper seemely man,
Of a choice carriage, walks with a good port.

Geo. I thanke you Mistris,
My back's broad enough, now my Masters gown's on.

1. *Wi.* Sure, I should think twere the least of sin,
To mistake the Maister, and let him in.

Geo. Twere a good Comedy of Errors ifaith.

2. *Pren.* Whist, whist, my Maister.

Enter Candido, and Exit presently.

Wife. You all know your tasks: Gods my life!
Whats that he haz got on's backe? who can tel?

Geo. That can I, but I will not.

Wife. Girt about him like a mad-man,
What, haz he lost his cloake too?

This is the maddest fashion that ere I saw.

What said he *George* when he passed by thee?

George

THE HONEST WHORE.

Geor. Troth mistress nothing : not so much as a Bee, he did not hum : not so much as a bawd, he did not hem : not so much as a Cuckold, he did not ha : neither hum, hem, nor ha, onely stared me in the face, passed along, and made haste in, as if my lookes had wrought with him, to giue him a stoole.

Wi. Sure hee's vext now, this trick haz mou'd his spleene, Hee's angerd now, because he vttered nothing : And wordlesse wrath breakes out more violent, May be hee'll striue for place, when he comes downe : But if thou louest me *George*, afford him none.

Geo. Nay, let me alone to play my masters prize, as long as my mistress warrants me : I am sure I haue his best clothes on, and I scorne to giue place to any that is inferiour in apparrell to me, that's an Axiome, a Principle, and is obseru'd as much as the fashion ; let that perswade you then, that I'll shoulder with him for the vpper hand in the shop, as long as this chaine will maintaine it.

Wife. Spoke with the spirit of a Maister, though with the tongue of a Prentise.

Enter Candido like a Prentise.

Why how now mad-man, what in your tricke fi-coats?

Cand. O peace good mistress.

Enter Crambo and Poli.

See what you lacke, what is't you buy ? pure Callicoes, fine Hollands, choise Cambricks, neate Lawnes : see what you buy : pray come neare, my maister will vse you well, hee can afford you a penny-worth.

Wife. I that he can, out of a whole peece of Lawne ifaith.

Cand. Pray see your choice heere Gentlemen.

Wife. O fine foole ! what, a mad-man ! a patient madman ! who euer heard of the like ? Well sir, I'll fit you and your humour presently : what, crosse points ! I'll vnty em all in a trice, I'll vex you ifaith : boy, take your cloke, quick, come. *Exit.*

Cand. Be couered *George*, this Chaine and welted Gowne, bare to this coate : then the world's vpside downe.

George. Vmh, Vmh, hum.

Cram. That's the shop, and there's the fellow.

Poli. I but the maister is walking in there.

Cram.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Cram. No matter, wee'l in.

Poli. Sbloud, dost long to lie in Limbo?

Cram. And Limbo be in hell, I care not.

Cand. Looke you, heere's choice Cambrickes.

Cram. No sir, some shirting.

Cand. You shall.

Cram. Haue you none of this strip'd Canuas for doublets?

Cand. None strip'd sir, but plaine.

2. Pren. I thinke there be one peece strip'd within.

Geo. Step sirra and fetch it, hum, hum, hum.

Cand. Looke you gentlemen, I le make but one spreading, here's a peece of cloth, fine, yet shall weare like yron, tis without fault, take this vpon my word, tis without fault.

Cram. Then tis better then you sirra.

Cand. I, and a number more, O that each soule Were but as spotlesse as this innocent white, And had as few brackes in it.

Cram. T would haue some then :

There was a fray heere last day in this shop.

Cand. There was indeede, a little flea-biting.

Poli. A Gentleman had his pate broke :

Call you that but a flea-biting?

Cand. He had so.

Cram. Zownes do you stand to it? *He strikes him.*

Geo. Sfoot, clubs, clubs, prentises, downe with em,

Ah you rogues, strike a Citizen in's shop?

Can. None of you stirre I pray, forbear good *George.*

Cram. I beseech you sir, we mistooke our markes, deliuer vs our weapons.

George. Your head bleeds sir, cry clubs.

Cand. I say you shall not, pray be patient, Giue them their weapons: sirs, y are best be gone, I tel you here are boyes more tough then Beares: Hence, lest more fists do walke about your eares,

Both. We thanke you sir. *Exeunt.*

Cand. You shall not follow them:

Let them alone pray, this did me no harme,
Troth I was cold, and the blow made me warme,

H

I thanke

THE HONEST WHORE

I thanke em for't : besides, I had decreed
To haue a veine prickt, I did meane to bleede:
So that there's mony sau'd : they are honest men,
Pray vse 'em well, when they appeare agen.

George. Yes sir, wee'l vse 'em like honest men.

Cand. I, well said *George*, like honest men, tho they be ar-
rant knaues, for that's the praise of the Citty; helpe to lay vp
these wares.

Enter his wife with Officers.

Wife. Yonder he stands.

Off. What in a Prentices coate?

Wife. I, I, mad, mad, pray take heede.

Cand. How now! what news with them?

What make they with my wife?

Officers, is she attach'd? Looke to your wares.

Wife. He talks to himselfe : hee's much gone indeede.

Off. Pray plucke vp a good heart, be not so fearefull:

Sirs hearke, wee'l gather to him by degrees.

Wife. I, I, by degrees I pray : Oh me!

What makes he with the Lawne in his hand?

Hee'l reare all the ware in my shop.

Off. Feare not, wee'l catch him on a sodaine.

Wife. You had need do so, pray take heed of your warrant

Off. I warrant mistris : Now signior *Candido*.

Cand. Now sir, what news with you?

Wife. What news with you he saies? Oh hee's far gone!

Off. I pray feare nothing, let's alone with him,

Signior, you looke not like your selfe me thinkes,

Steale you a tother side, y'are chang'd, y'are altered.

Cand. Chang'd sir, why true sir, is change strange, tis not
the fashion vnlesse it alter. Monarkes turne to beggars, beg-
gars creepe into the nests of Princes, masters serue their Pren-
tices, Ladies their seruing-men, men turne to women.

Off. And women turne to men.

Can. I, and women turne to men, you say true, ha, ha, a mad
world, a mad world.

Off. Haue we caught you sir?

Cand. Caught me! well, well, you haue caught mee.

Wife.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Wife. He laughs in your faces.

George. A rescue (prentises) my masters catch-pol'd.

Off. I charge you keepe the peace, or haue your legs gartered with yrons, we haue from the Duke a warrant strong enough for what we doe.

Cand. I pray rest quiet, I desire no rescue.

Wife. La, he desires no rescue, las poore heart,
He talkes against himselfe.

Cand. Well, what's the matter?

Off. Looke to that arme,
Pray make sure worke, double the cord.

Cand. Why, why?

Wi. See how's head goes, should he get loose,
Twere as much as all our liues were worth.

Off. Feare not, wee'l make all sure for our owne safetic.

Cand. Are you at leisure now? well, what's the matter?
Why doe I enter into bonds thus? ha!

Off. Because y'are mad, put feare vpon your wife.

Wife. O I, I went in danger of my life euery minute.

Cand. What, am I mad say you, and I not know it?

Off. That proues you mad, because you know it not.

Wife. Pray talke to him as little as you can,
You see hee's too farre spent,

Cand. Bound with strong cord,
A sisters threed yfaith had beene enough,
To leade me any where: wife, doe you long?
You are mad too, or else you doe me wrong.

George. But are you mad indeed maister?

Cand. My wife saies so,
And what she saies *George*, is all truth you know:
And whither now, to Bethlem monastery, ha! whither?

Off. Faith ee'n to the mad-mens pownd.

Can. A Gods name, still I feele my patience sound. *Exit.*

Ge. Come, we'l see whither he goes, if the master be mad,
we are his seruants, and must follow his steppes, wee'l be mad-caps too: farewell mistris, you shal haue vs all in Bedlem. *Exeunt*

Wife. I thinke I haue fitted you now, you and your cloths,
If this moue not his patience, nothing can,

THE HONEST WHORE.

He sweare then I haue a Saint, and not a man

Exit.

SCENA XIII.

Enter Duke, Doctor, Fluello, Castruchio, Pioratto.

Du. Giue vs alittle leaue; Doctor, your news.

Doct. I sent for him my Lord, at last hee came,
And did receiue all speech that went from me,
As gilded pilles made to prolong his health:
My credit with him wrought it : for some men
Swallow euen empty hooks, like fooles that feare
No drowning where 'tis deepest, cause tis cleare :
In th'end we sate and eate : a health I dranke
To *Infelices* sweete departed soule,
This traine I knew would take.

Du. Twas excellent.

Doct. He fell with such deuotion on's knees
To pledge the same.

Duke Fond superstitious foole!

Doct. That had he been inflam'd with zeale of prayer,
He could not poure't out with more reuerence :
About my necke he hung, wept on my cheeke,
Kist it, and swore he would adore my lippes,
Because they brought forth *Infelices* name.

Duke Ha, ha, alacke, alacke.

Doct. The Cup he lifts vp hie, and thus he said,
Heere noble maid : drinks, and was poisoned.

Duke And died?

Doct. And died, my Lord.

Duke Thou in that word hast peec'd
Mine aged houres out with more yeares,
Than thou hast taken from *Hipolito*.
A noble youth he was, but lesser branches
Hindring the greater growth; must be lopt off,
And feede the fire : Doctor w'are now all thine,
And vse vs so : be bold.

Doct. Thankes gracious Lord :
My honored Lord :

Duke Hum,

Doct.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Doct. I do beseech your Grace to bury deepe,
This bloody act of mine.

Duke Nay, nay, for that,
Doctor, looke you too't : mee it shall not moue,
The'yre curst that ill do, not that ill dbe loue.

Do. You throw an angry forehead on my face:
But be you pleas'd backward thus far to looke,
That for your good, this euill I vndertooke.

Duke I, I, we confter so :

Doct. And onely for your loue.

Duke Confest : tis true.

Doct. Nor let it stand against me as a barre,
To thrust me from your presence : nor beleue
(As Princes ha quick thoughts) that now my finger
Being dipt in bloud, I will not spare the hand,
But that for gold (as what can gold not do?)
I may be hir'd to worke the like on you.

Duke Which to preuent.

Doct. Tis from my heart as farre.

Du. No matter doctor, cause Ile feareles sleep,
And that you shall stand cleare of that suspition,
I banish thee for euer from my Court.

This principle is olde, but true as Fate,
Kings may loue treason, but the traitor hate. *Exit*

Do. Ist so? nay then Duke, your stale principle,
With one as stale, the Doctor thus shall quit,
He falls himselfe that digs anothers pit:
How now! where is he? will he meet me?

Enter the Doctors man.

Doctors man. Meet you sir, hee might haue met with three
Fencers in this time, and haue receiued lesse hurt then by mee-
ting one Doctor of Phisicke : why sir, he haz walkt vnder the
olde Abbey wall yonder this houre, till hee's more cold then a
Cittizens countrey house in Ianuere, you may smell him be-
hinde sir : la you, yonder he comes.

Doct. Leaueme.

Enter Hipolito.

Doctors man. Itch lurch if you will. *Exit.*

Doctor. O my most noble friend!

THE HONEST WHORE.

Hip. Few but your selfe,
Could haue intic'd me thus: to trust the Aire
With my close sighs: you sent for me, what news?

Doct. Come, you must doff this blacke, die that pale cheek
Into his owne colour, goe, attire your selfe
Fresh as a Bridegroom when he meets his Bride,
The Duke haz done much treason to thy Loue,
Tis now reucal'd, tis now to be reueng'd:
Be merry, honour'd friend, thy Lady liues.

Hip. What Lady?

Doct. *Infalice*, Shee's reuiu'd,
Reuiu'd: alacke! Death neuer had the heart,
To take breath from her.

Hip. Vmh: I thanke you sir,
Phisicke prolongs life, when it cannot saue:
This helpes not my hopes, mine are in their graue,
You doe some wrong to mocke me.

Doct. By that loue
Which I haue euer borne you, what I speake,
Is truth: the maiden liues, that funerall,
Dukes teares, the mourning was all counterfet:
A sleepe draught cosned the world and you:
I was his minister, and then chambred vp,
To stop discouery.

Hip. O treacherous Duke!

Doct. He can not hope so certainly for blisse,
As he beleeuues that I haue poison'd her:
He woo'd me too't, I yeilded, and confirm'd him
In his most bloody thoughts.

Hip. A very diuell!

Doct. Her did hee closely coach to Bergamo,
And thither

Hip. Will I ride, stood Bergamo
In the Low Countries of blacke hell, I'll to her.

Doct. You shall to her, but not to Bergamo:
How Passon makes you flie beyond your selfe:
Much of that weary iourney I ha cut off,
For she by Letters hath intelligence,

THE HONEST WHORE.

Of your supposed death, her owne interrement,
And all those plots, which that false Duke her father
Haz wrought against you : and shee'l meete you.

Hip. O when!

Doct. Nay see : how couetous are your desires,
Earely to morrow morne.

Hipol. O where good father?

Doct. At Bethlem monasterie : are you pleas'd now?

Hipol. At Bethlem monasterie ! the place well fits,
It is the schoole where those that loose their wits,
Practise againe to get them : I am sicke
Of that disease, all Loue is lunatike.

Doct. Wee'l steale away this night in some disguise :
Father *Anselmo*, a most reuerend Frier,
Expectes our comming, before whom wee'l lay
Reasons so strong, that he shall yeeld in bonds
Of holy wedlocke to tie both your hands.

Hip. This is such happinesse,
That to belecue it, tis impossible.

Doct. Let all your ioyes then die in misbeliefe,
I will reueale no more.

Hip. O yes good father,
I am so well acquainted with Despaire,
I know not how to hope : I belecue all.

Doct. Wee'l hence this night, much must be done, much
But if the Doctour faile not in his charmes, (said :
Your Lady shall ere morning fill these armes.

Hipol. Heauenly Phisition ! farre thy fame shall spread,
That makst two Louers speake when they be dead. *Exeunt.*

Candidoes wife, and George : Pioratto meets them.

Wife. O watch good *George*, watch which way the Duke
comneth.

Geo. Heere comes one of the butter-flies, aske him.

Wife. Pray sir, comes the Duke this way?

Pio. Hee's vpon comming mistris.

Exit.

Wife. I thanke you sir : *George*, are there many mad folkes
where thy maister lies?

George.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Geo. O yes, of all countries some, but specially mad Greeks they swarme: troth mistris, the world is altered with you, you had not wont to stand thus with a paper humbly complaining: but y'are well enough seru'd: prouender prickt you, as it does many of our Cittie-wiues besides.

Wife. Dost thinke *George* we shall get him forth?

George. Truly mistris I cannot tel, I thinke you'l hardly get him forth: why tis strange! Sfoote I ha knowne many women that ha had mad rascalls to their husbands, whom they would belabour by al means possible to keepe em in their right wits, but of a woman to long to turne a tame man into a mad man, why the diuell himselte was neuer v'sde so by his dam.

Wife. How does he talke *George*! ha! good *George* tell me.

George. Why y'are best goe see.

Wife. Alas, I am afraid.

George. Afraid! you had more need be asham'd, he may rather be afraid of you.

Wife. But *George*, hee's not starke mad, is he? hee does not raue, he is not horne-mad *George*, is he?

George. Nay I know not that, but he talkes like a Iustice of peace, of a thousand matters, and to no purpose.

Wife. Ile to the Monasterie: I shall be mad til I enioy him, I shall be sicke vntill I see him, yet when I doe see him, I shall weepe out mine eyes.

George. I, Ide faine see a woman weep out her eies, that's as true as to say, a mans cloake burnes, when it hangs in the water: I know you'l weepe mistris, but what sayes the painted cloth?

Trust not a woman when shee cries,

For shee'l pump water from her eies:

With a wet finger, and in faster showers,

Then Aprill when he raines downe flowers.

Wife. I but *George*, that painted cloth is worthy to be hang'd vp for lying, all women haue not tears at will, vnlesse they haue good cause.

George. I but mistris how easily will they finde a cause, and as one of our cheefe-trenchers sayes very learnedly:

As out of wormewood Bees sucke Honey,

As from poore Clients Lawyers sirke money.

THE HONEST WHORE.

*As Parsley from a roasted cunny:
So, tho the day be ne'r so sunny,
If wines will haue it raine, downe then it drines,
The calmest husbands make the stormest wines.*

Wife. Tame *George*, but I ha done storming now.

Geo. Why that's well done: good mistris, throw aside this fashion of your humour, be not so fantastical in wearing it: storme no more, long no more. This longing haz made you come short of many a good thing that you might haue had from my maister: Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke, Fluello, Pioratto, Sinezzi.

Wife. O I beseech you pardon my offence,
In that I durst abuse your Graces Warrant,
Deliuier forth my husband, good my Lord.

Duke. Who is her husband?

Flu. Candido my Lord. *Duke.* Where is he?

Wife. Hee's among the lunatickes,
He was a man made vp without a gall,
Nothing could moue him, nothing could conuert
His meeke blood into fury, yet like a monster,
I often beate at the most constant rocke
Of his vnshaken patience, and did long
To vex him. *Duke.* Did you so?

Wife. And for that purpose,
Had warrant from your Grace, to carry him to
Bethlem Monastery; whence thei'l not free him,
Without your Graces hand that sent him in.

Du. You ha longd faire, tis you are mad I feare,
Its fit to fetch him thence, and keep you there:
If he be mad, why would you haue him forth?

Geo. And please your Grace, hee's not starke mad, but only
talkes like a yong Gentleman, somewhat fantasticaly, that's
all: there's a thousand about your Court, Citty, and Countrey
madder then he.

Duke. Prouide a warrant, you shall haue our hand.

Geo. Here's a warrant ready drawne my Lord.

Duke. Get pen and incke. *Enter Castruchio.*

Cast. Where is my Lord the Duke?

Duke. How now! more mad men?

I

Cast.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Cast. I ha strange news my Lord.

Duke. Of what? of whom?

Castr. Of *Infelice*, and a marriage.

Duke. Ha! where? with whom?

Cast. *Hipolito.* *Geor.* Here my Lord.

Du. Hence with that woman, void the roome.

Flu. Away, the Duke's vext. *Exeunt.*

Geo. Whoop, come mistris, the duk's mad too.

Geo. Who told me that *Hipolito* was dead?

Castr. He that can make any man dead, the doctor: but my Lord, hee's as full of life as wilde-fire, and as quicke: *Hipolito* the Doctor, and one more rid hence this euening; the Inne at which they light is Bethlem monastery: *Infelices* comes from *Bergamo*, and meetes them there: *Hipolito* is mad, for he means this day to be married, the after noone is the houre, and Frier *Anselmo* is the knitter.

Du. From *Bergamo*? ist possible? it cannot be.

Cast. I will not sweare my Lord,
But this intelligence I tooke from one,
Whose braines worke in the plot.

Duke. What's he? *Cast.* *Matheo.*

Flu. *Matheo* knowes all.

Pior. Hee's *Hipolitoes* bosome.

Duke. How farre stands Bethlem hence?

Omnes. Six or seauen miles.

Du. Ist so? not married till the afternoone:
Stay, stay, lets worke out some preuention: how!
This is most strange, can noue but mad-men serue
To dresse their wedding dinner? all of you
Get presently to horse, disguise your selues
Like Country Gentlemen,
Or riding Cittizens, or so: and take
Each man a seuerall path, but let vs meete
At Bethlem monasterie, some space of time
Being spent betweene the arriual each of other,
As if we came to see, the Lunatickes.
To horse, away, be secret on your liues.
Loue must be punisht that vniustly thriues. *Exeunt*

THE HONEST WHORE,

Flu. Be secret on your liues: *Castruchio*,
Y'are but a scuruy Spaniell; honest Lord,
Good lady: Zounds their loue is iust, tis good,
And I'le preuent you tho I swim in blood. *Exit.*

Enter Frier Anselmo, Hipolito, Mathao, Infelices.

Hip. Nay, nay, resolue good father, or deny.

Ans. You presse me to an act, both full of danger, and full
of happines: for I behold your fathers frowns, his threats, nay
perhaps death to him that dare doe this: yet noble Lord, such
comfortable beames breake through these clouds by this blest
mariage, that your honor'd word being pawnd in my defence,
I will tie fast the holy wedding knot.

Hip. Tush, feare not the Duke.

Ans. O sonne! wisely to feare, is to be free from feare.

Hip. You haue our words, and you shall haue your liues,
To guard you safe from all ensuing danger.

Mat. I, I, chop em vp, and away.

Ans. Stay, when ist fit for mee, and safest for you, to enter-
taine this businesse? *Hip.* Not till the eueing.

Ans. Be it so, there stands a Chappell hard by,
Vpon the west end of the Abbey wall,
Thither conuey your selues, and when the Sunne
Hath turn'd his backe vpon this vpper world,
I'le marry you: that done, no thundring voice can breake the
sacred bond, yet Lady, here you are most safe.

Infe. Father, your loue's most deere.

Mat. I, well saide, locke vs into some little roome by our
selues, that we may be mad for an houre or two.

Hip. O good *Mathao* no, lets make no noise.

Mat. How! no noise! doe you know where you are? sfoot
mongst all the mad-caps in *Millan*: so that to throw the house
out at window wil be the better, and no man will suspect that
we lurke heere to steale mutton: the more sober wee are, the
more scuruy tis. And tho the Frier tell vs, that heere wee are
safest, I am not of his minde, for if those lay heere that had lost
their money, none would euer looke after them, but heere are
none but those that haue lost their wits, so that if hue and crie
be made, hither they'l come, and my reason is, because none

THE HONEST WHORE.

goes to be married till he be starke mad.

Hip. Muffle your selues, yonders *Fluello.* *Enter Fluello.*

Mat. Lounds!

Flu. O my Lord, these cloakes are not for this raine, the tempest is too great: I come sweating to tell you of it, that you may get out of it.

Mat. Why what's the matter?

Flu. What's the matter? you haue matterd it faire: the Duk's at hand.

Omnes The Duke!

Flu. The very Duke.

Hip. Then all our plots are turn'd vpon our heads; and we are blowne vp, with our owne vnderminings. Sfoote how comes he? what villaine durst betray our being heere?

Flu. *Castruchio* tolde the Duke, and *Matheo* heere told *Castruchio.*

Hip. Would you betray me to *Castruchio*?

Ma. Sfoote, he damn'd himself to hell, if he spake on't agen.

Hip. So did you sweare to me: so were you damn'd.

Mat. Pox on 'em, if there be no faith in men, if a man shall not beleue othes: he took Bread and Salt by this Light, that he would neuer open his lips. *Hip.* O God!

Ans. Son be not desperate, ha patience, you shall trip your enemy downe by his owne slights: How far is the Duke heere?

Flu. Hee's but new set out, *Castruchio*, *Pioratto* and *Sinezi* come along with him: you haue time enough yet to preuent them, if you haue but courage.

Ans. Ye shal steale secretly into the Chappell, And presently be married: if the Duke Abide heere still, spite of ten thousand eies, You shall scape hence like Friers.

Hip. O blest disguise! O happy man!

Ans. Talk not of happines til your clos'd hand
Haue her by'th forehead, like the locke of Time:
Be not too slow, nor hasty, now you clime
Vp to the Tower of blisse, only be wary
And patient, thats all: if you like my plot,
Build and dispatch: if not, farewell; then not.

Hip. O yes, we doe applaud it, wee'l dispute
No longer, but will hence and execute.

Fluello.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Fluello, You'l stay here, let vs be gone,
The ground that frighted Louers tread vpon,
Is stucke with thornes.

Ans. Come then, away, tis meete; *Exeunt*
To scape those thornes, to put on winged feet.

Mat. No words pray *Fluello*, for't stands vs on.

Flu. Oh sir, let that be your lesson:
Alas poore Louers! on what hopes and feares,
Men tossel themselues for women: when she's got
The best haz in her that which pleaseth not.

*Enter to Fluello, the Duke, Castruchio, Pioratto,
and Sinezzi from severall doores muffled.*

Duke. Who's there? *Cast.* My Lord.

Duke. Peace: send thar Lord away.
▲ Lordshrp will spoile all, lets be all fellowes
Whats he?

Cast. *Fluello*, or else *Sinezzi* by his little legs.

Omnes. All friends, all friends.

Du. What, met vpon the very point of time?
Is this the place? *Pio.* This is the place my Lord.

Du. Dream you on Lordships! come no more Lords pray:
You haue not seene these Louers yet! *Omn.* Not yet.

Duke. *Castruchio*, art thou sure this wedding feate is not till
afternoone? *Castr.* So tis giuen out my Lord.

Du. Nay, nay, tis like, the cues must obserue their houres.
Louers watch minutes like Astronomers,
How'shall the *interim* houres by vs be spent?

Flu. Lets all go see the mad men.

Om. Masse content. *Enter Towne like a sweeper.*

Du. O here comes one, question him, question him.

Flu. Now honest fellow, dost belong to the house?

Tow. Yes forsooth, I am one of the implements, I sweep the
mad-mens roomes, and fetch straw for'em, and buy chaines
to tie em, and rods to whip em, I was a mad wag my selfe here
once, but I thank father *Anselm*, he lasht me into my wits agen.

Duk. *Anselme* is the Frier must marry them,
Question him where he is.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Cast. And where is father *Anselmo* now?

Town. Mary hee's gone but euen now.

Du. I, wel done, tell me, whither is he gone?

Tow. Why to God a mighty:

Flu. Ha, ha, this fellow's a foole, talkes idely.

Pio. Are all the mad folks in *Millan* brought hither?

Town. How all! there's a question indeede: why if all the mad folkes in *Millan* should come hither, there would not bee left ten men in the Citty.

Duke. Few Gentlemen or Courtiers heere, ha.

Town. O yes, abundance, abundance, lands no sooner fall into their hands, but strait they runne out of their wits: Cittizens sons and heirs are free of the house by their fathers copy: Farmers sons come hither like geese (in flockes) & when they ha sold all their corne fields, here they sit and picke the straws.

Si. Me thinks you should haue women here aswell as men.

Town. O I, a plague on 'em, there's no ho with 'em, they're madder then March hares.

Flu. Are there no Lawyers amongst you?

Town. O no, not one: neuer any Lawyer, we dare not let a Lawyer come in, for hee'l make 'em mad faster then wee can recouer 'em.

Du. And how long ist e're you recouer any of these?

Town. Why according to the quantitie of the Moone thats got into 'em, an Aldermans sonne will bee mad a great while, a very great while, especially if his friends left him well, a whore will hardly come to her wits agen: a puritane there's no hope of him, vnlesse he may pull downe the Steeple, and hang himselfe i' th bell-ropes.

Flu. I perceiue all sorts of fish come to your net.

Town. Yes in truth, we haue blockes for all heads, we haue good store of wilde-Oates heere: for the Courtier is mad at the Cittizen, the Cittizen is madde at the Countrey man, the Shoemaker is mad at the Cobler, the Cobler at the Carman, the Puncke is mad that the marchants wife is no whore, the marchants wife is mad that the Punke is so common a whore: god so, here's father *Anselmo*, pray say nothing that I tell tales out of the Schoole. *Exit. Omn.* God blesse you father.

Ansel,

THE HONEST WHORE

Ansel. I thanke you Gentlemen. *Enter Anselmo.*

Cast. Pray may we see some of those wretched soules,
That heere are in your keeping? *Ans.* Yes, you shall.
But Gentlemen, I must disarme you then,
There are of mad-men, as there are of tame,
All humourd not alike: we haue here some,
So apish and phantasticke, play with a feather,
And tho twould grieue a soule to see Gods image
So blemisht and defac'd, yet doe they act
Such anticke and such pretty lunacies,
That spite of Sorrow they'l make you smile:
Others agen we haue like hungry Lions,
Fierce as wilde Bulls, vntameable as flies,
And these haue ostentimes from strangers sides
Snatcht rapiers sodainely, and done much harme,
Whom if you'l see, you must be weaponlesse.

Omn. With all our hearts.

Ans. Here, take these weapons in,
Stand off a little pray: so, so, tis well:
I'll shew you here a man that was sometimes
A very graue and wealthy Cittizen,
Haz seru'd a prentiship to this misfortune,
Beene here seauen yeares, and dwelt in *Bergamo.*

Duke. How fell he from his wits?

Ansel. By losse at Sea:
I'll stand aside, question him you alone,
For if he spie me, hee'l not speake a word,
Vnlesse hee's throughly vext. *Discouers an old man wrapt*

Fln. Alas poore soule! *Cast.* A very old man. *(in a net.)*

Duke. God speed father.

1. Mad. God speed the Plow, thou shalt not speed me.

Pio. We see you old man for all you daunce in a net.

1. Mad. True, but thou wilt daunce in a halter, and I shall

Ans. O doe not vex him pray. *(not see thee)*

Castr. Are you a Fisherman father?

1. Mad. No, I am neither fish nor flesh.

Fln. What doe you with that net then?

1. Mad. Dost not see foole? there's a fresh Salmon in't: if
you step one foot further, you'l be ouer shooes, for you see I am
ouer

THE HONEST WHORE.

ouer head and eare in salt-water: if you fall into this whirle-
 poole where I am, y' are drown'd: y' are a drown'd Rat. I am
 fishing here for five ships, but I cannot haue a good draught,
 for my Net breakes still, and breakes, but I'll breake some of
 your neckes and I catch you in my clutches. Stay, stay, stay,
 wheres the winde? wheres the winde? Out you Gullies, you
 Goose-caps, you Gudgeon-eaters! do you looke for the wind
 in the heauens? ha, ha, ha, ha, no, no, looke there, looke there,
 the winde is alwayes at that doore: hearke how it blowes,
 puffe, puffe, puffe. *Omnes* Ha, ha, ha.

1. Mad. Do you laugh at Gods creatures? do you mock old
 age, you Rogues? Is this gray beard and head counterfet, that
 you cry, ha, ha, ha? *Sirra*, art not thou my eldest sonne?

Pier. Yes indeede father.

1. Mad. Then thart a foole, for my eldest sonne had a polt-
 foot, crooked legs, a veriuce face, and a peare colourd beard:
 I made him a Scholler, and hee made himselfe a foole. *Sirra*,
 thou there: hold out thy hand. *Du.* My hand, well, here tis.

1. Mad. Looke, looke, looke, haz hee not long nailes, and
 short haire? *Flu.* Yes, monstrous short haire, and abhomi-
 nable long nailes. *1. Mad.* Ten-peny nailes, are they not?

Flu. Yes ten-peny nailes.

1. Mad. Such nailes hed my second boy: kneele downe
 thou varlet, and aske thy father blessing: Such nailes had my
 middlemost son, and I made him a Promoter: and he scrap,
 and scrap, and scrap, till he got the diuel and all: but he scrap
 thus and thus, and it went vnder his legs, till at length a com-
 pany of Kites, taking him for carrion, swept vp all, all, all, all.
 If you loue your liues, looke to your selues: see, see, see, the
 Turkes Gallies are fighting with my ships, Bownce goes the
 gunnes: ooo! cry the men: romble, romble goe the waters:
 Alas, there; tis suncke, tis suncke: I am vadone, I am vndone,
 you are the damn'd Pirates haue vadone mee: you are by the
 Lord, you are, you are, stop 'em, you are.

Ans. Why how now *sirra*! must I fall to tame you?

1. Mad. Tame me! na, I'll be madder then a roasted Cat:
 see, see, I am burnt with gunpowder, these are our close fights.

Ans. I'll whip you if you grow unruly thus.

1. Mad.

THE HONEST WHORE.

1. *Mad.* Whip me! out you toad whip me? what iustice is this, to whip nice because I am a beggar? Alas! I am a poore man: a very poore man: I am staru'd, and haue had no meate by this light, neuer since the great floud, I am a poore man.

Ans. Well, well, be quiet, and you shall haue meate.

1. *Mad.* I, I pray do: for looke you, heere be my guts: these are my ribs: you may look through my ribs; see how my guts come out: these are my red guts, my very guts, oh, oh.

Ans. Take him in there.

Omn. A very pitteous sight.

Cast. Father, I see you haue a busie charge.

Ans. They must be vsde like children, pleas'd with toyes,
And anone whipt for their vnruleesse:
I'll shew you now a paire quite different
From him that's gone; he was all words, and these
Vnlesse you vrge em, seldome spend their speech,
But haue their tongues: la you, this hithermost
Fell from the happy quietnes of minde,
About a maiden that he lou'd, and died:
He followed her to Church, being full of teares,
And as her body went into the ground,
He fell starke mad. This is a married man,
Was iecalous of a faire, but as some say,
A very vertuous wife, and that's spoil'd him.

2. *Mad.* All these are whoremongers, & lay with my wife:
whore, whore, whore.

Fin. Obserue him.

2. *Mad.* Gaffer Shoomaker, you puld on my wifes pumps,
and then crept into her pantofles: lie there, lie there: this was
her Tailer; you cut out her loose-bodied Gowne, and put in a
yard more then I allowed her, lie there by the Shoomaker: O
maister Doctor! are you here? you gaue me a Purgation, and
then crept into my wiues chamber, to feele her pulses, and
you said, and she said, and her maide said, that they went
pit a pat, pit a pat, pit a pat: doctor, I'll put you anone into my
wifes Vrinall: heigh, come aloft Iacke: this was her schoole-
maister, and taught her to play vpon the Virginalls, and still
his Jacks leapt vp, vp: you prickt her out nothing but bawdy

THE HONEST WHORE.

lessons, but I'll pricke you all, Fidler-Doctor: Tayler-shoomaker: shoomaker, Fidler, Doctor, Tayler: so, lie with my wife agen now.

Castr. See how he notes the other, now he feedes.

2. *Mad.* Giue mee some porridge.

3. *Mad.* I'll giue thee none.

2. *Mad.* Giue me some porridge.

3. *Mad.* I'll not giue thee a bit.

2. *Mad.* Giue me that flap-dragon.

3. *Mad.* I'll not giue thee a spoonefull: thou liest, its no Dragon tis a Parrat, that I bought for my sweet heart, and I'll keepe it.

2. *Mad.* Heere's an almond for Parrat.

3. *Mad.* Hang thy selfe.

2. *Mad.* Heere's a rope for Parrat.

3. *Mad.* Eate it, for I'll eate this.

2. *Ma.* I'll shoot at thee, if thou lt giue me none.

3. *Mad.* Wut thou?

2. *Ma.* Ile run a tilt at thee, if thou giue me none.

3. *Mad.* Wut thou? doe and thou dar'ft.

2. *Mad.* Bownce.

3. *Mad.* O I am slaine! murder, murder, murder, I am slaine, my braines are beaten out.

Ans. How now you villains! bring me whips: Ile whip you.

3. *Ma.* I am dead, slaine, ring out the bell, for I am dead.

Duke. How will you doe now firra? you ha kill'd him.

2. *Mad.* I'll answer't at Sessions: he was eating of almond Butter, and I long'd for't: the child had neuer been deliuered out of my belly, if I had not kill'd him, I'll answer't at sessions, so my wife may be burnt ith hand too.

Ans. Take 'em in both: bury him, for he's dead: (hole.

3. *Mad.* I indeede, I am dead, put me I pray in a good pit

2. *Mad.* I'll answer't at Sessions. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bellafronte mad.

Ans. How now hufwife, whither gad you?

Bell. A nutting forsooth: how do you gaffer? how do you gaffer? there's a French cursie for you too.

Flu. Tis Bellafronte.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Pio. Tis the puncke by'th Lord.

Duke. Father, what's she I pray?

Ans. As yet I know not,

She came in but this day, talkes little idly,
And therefore haz the freedome of the house.

Bell. Doe not you know me? nor you, nor you.

Omn. No indeed.

Bell. Then you are an Ass, and you an Ass, and you are an Ass, for I know you.

Ans. Why what are they? come, tell me, what are they?

Bell. They are Fish-wives, will you buy any Gudgeons?
Gods fanty, yonder come Friers, I know them too: how doe you Frier?

Enter Hipolito, Mathao, and Infalice disguise in the habites of Friers.

Ans. Nay, nay, away, you must not trouble Friers:
The Duke is heere, speake nothing.

Bell. Nay indeede you shall not goe: wee'l run at barley-breake first, and you shall be in hell.

Mat. My puncke turn'd mad whore, as all her fellowes are?

Hip. Say nothing, but steale hence, when you spie time.

Ans. I'll locke you vp, if y'are vnruly, fie.

Bell. Fie, mary so: they shall not goe indeede till I ha tolde 'em their fortunes.

Duke. Good father, giue her leaue.

Bell. I pray, good father, and I'll giue you my blessing.

Ans. Well then, be briefe, but if you are thus vnruly,
I'll haue you lockt vp fast.

Pio. Come, to their fortunes.

Bell. Let me see, 1. 2. 3. and 4. I'll begin with the little Frier first, heer's a fine hand indeed, I neuer saw Frier haue such a dainty hand: heere's a hand for a Lady, heere's your fortune, You loue a Frier better then a Nun,

Yet long you'll loue no Frier, nor no Friers sonne.

Bow a little, the line of Life is out, yet I am afraid,

For all y'are holy, you'l not die a maid: God giue you ioy.

Now to you Frier *Tucke.*

Mat. God send me good lucke.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Bell. You loue one, and one loues you:
You are a falſe knaue, and ſhee's a Iew,
Heere is a Diall that falſe cuer goes.

Mat. O your wet drops!

Bell. Troth ſo does your noſe:
Nay lets ſhake hands with you too:
Pray open, heere's a fine hand:
Ho Frier ho, God be here,
So he had need: you'l keepe good cheare,
Heere's a free table, but a frozen breaft,
For you'l ſtarue thoſe that loue you beſt.
Yet you haue good fortune, for if I am no liar,
Then you are no Frier, nor you, nor you no Frier,
Ha, ha, ha. *Discouers them.*

Du. Are holy habites clokes for villanie?
Draw all your weapons.

Hip. Doe, draw all your weapons.

Du. Where are your weapons? draw.

Omn. The Frier haz gulld vs of 'em.

Mat. O rare tricke!

You ha learn'd one mad point of Arithmeticke.

Hip. Why ſwels your ſpleene ſo hie?
Gainſt what boſom would ye your wepons draw
Hers, tis your daughters: Mine, tis your ſonnes.

Du. Sonne! *Mat.* Sonne, by yonder Sunne.

Hip. You cannot ſhed bloud here but tis your owne,
To ſpill your owne bloud were damnation:
Lay ſmooth that wrinkled brow, and I'll throw
My ſelfe beneath your feet:
Let it be rugged ſtill and flinted ore,
What can come forth but ſparkes that will burne
Your ſelfe and vs? ſhe's mine, my claime's good,
She's mine by mariage, tho ſhe's yours by blood.
I haue a hand (deare Lord) deepe in this act,
For I foreſaw this ſtorme, yet willingly
Put forth to meet it: Oft haue I ſeene a father
Washing the wounds of his deare ſonne in tears,
A ſonne to curſe the ſword that ſtrucke his faither,

THE HONEST WHORE.

Both slaine 'ith quarrell of your families,
Those scars are now tane off: and I beseech you
To seale our pardon, all was to this end,
To turne the ancient hates of your two houses
To fresh greene friendship,
That your Loues might looke
Like the Springs forehead, comfortably sweet:
And your vext soules in peacefull vnion meete,
Their bloud wil now be yours, yours wil be theirs
And happinesse shal crowne your siluer haire.

Flu. You see (my Lord) ther's now no remedy.

Omn. Beseech your Lordship.

Du. You beseech faire, you haue me in plaee fit
To bridle me, rise Frier, you may be glad
You can make mad men tame, & tame men mad,
Since Fate hath conquerd, I must rest content,
To striue now, would but adde new punishment:
I yeeld vnto your happinesse, be blest,
Our families shall henceforth breathe in rest.

Omn. O happy change!

Duke. Yours now is my consent,
I throw vpon your ioyes my full content.

Bel. Am not I a good girle, for finding the Frier in the wel?
Gods so, you are a braue man: will not you buy me some su-
gar plums, because I am so good a fortune teller.

Du. Would thou hadst wit (thou pretty soule) to aske,
As I haue will to giue.

Bell. Pretty soule, a pretty soule is better then a pretty bo-
dy: doe not you know my pretty soule? I know you: Is not
your name *Mathao*?

Mat. Yes lamb.

Bell. Baa Lamb! there you lie, for I am mutton: looke fine
man, he was mad for me once, and I was mad for him once,
and he was mad for her once, and were you neuer mad? Yes
I warrant, I had a fine iewell once, a very fine iewell, and
that naughty man stole it away from mee, a very fine and a
rich iewell.

Duke. What iewell pretty maide?

Bell. Maide, nay that's a lie: O'twas a very rich iewell, calld

THE HONEST WHORE.

a Maiden-head, and had not you it leerer.

Mat. Out you mad asse! away.

Duke. Had he thy Mayden-head?

He shall make thee amends, and marry thee.

Bell. Shal he? O braue *Arthur* of *Bradley* then!

Du. And if he beare the mind of a gentleman,
I know hee will.

Mat. I thinke I rifled her of some such paltry iewell.

Duke. Did you? then marry her, you see the wrong
Haz led her spirits into a lunacie.

Mat. How, marry her my Lord? sfoote marry a madwo-
man: let a man get the tamest wife he can come by, shee'l bee
mad enough afterward, doe what he can.

Duke. Nay then, father *Anselmo* here shall doe his best,
To bring her to her wits, and will you then?

Mat. I cannot tell, I may choose.

Duke. Nay then Law shall compell: I tell you sir,
So much her hard fate moues me, you should not breathe vn-
der this aire, vnlesse you married her.

Mat. Well then, when her wits stand in their right place,
I'll marry her.

Bell. I thanke your Grace: *Mathæo*, thou art mine:
I am not mad, but put on this disguise,
Onely for you my Lord: for you can tell
Much wonder of me, but you are gone: farewell.

Mathæo, thou didst first turne my soule blacke,
Now make it white agen: I doe protest,
I'm pure as fire now, chaste as *Cynthiaes* breast.

Hip. I durst be sworne *Mathæo* shee's indeed.

Mat. Cony-catcht, gulld, must I saile in your sli e-boate,
Because I helpt to reare your maine-mast first?
Plague found you for't, tis well.

The Cuckolds stamp goes currant in all nations,
Some men ha horns giu'n them at their creations,
If I be one of those, why so: its better

To take a common wench, and make her good,
Then one that simpers, and at first will scarfe
Be tempted forth ouer the threshold doore,

THE HONEST WHORE.

Yet in one senight turnes arrant whore:
Com wench, thou shalt be mine, giue me thy gols,
Wee'l talke of legs hereafter : see my Lord,
God giue vs ioy. *Om.* God giue you ioy.

Enter Candidoes wife, and George.

Geo. Come misstris, we are in Bedlam now,
See, we come in pudding time, for here's the duke.

Wife. My husband good my Lord.

Duke. Haue I thy husband?

Cast. Its *Candido* my Lord, he's heere among the lunaticks:
father *Anselmo*, pray fetch him foorth : this mad woman is his
wife, and tho she were not with child, yet did she long most
spitefully to haue her husband mad : and because shee would
be sure he should turne Iew, she placed him here in Bethlem,
yonder he comes. *Enter Candido with Anselmo.*

Duke. Come hither Signior, are you mad?

Cand. You are not mad.

Duke. Why I know rhat.

Cand. Then may you know I am not mad that
Know y'are not mad, and that y'are the Duke :
None is mad heere but one . How doe you wife?
What do you long for now? pardon my Lord:
She had lost her childe's nose else : I did cut out
Penyworths of lawne, the lawne was mine own:
A carpet was my gowne, yet 'twas mine owne :
I wore my mans coate, yet the cloth mine owne:
Had a crackt crowne, the crowne was mine own,
She sayes for this I am mad: were her words true,
I should be mad indeede : O foolish skill!
Is patience madnesse? I'le be a mad-man still.

Wife. Forgiue me, and I'le vex your spirit no more.

Duke. Come, come, wee'l haue you friends,
Ioyne hearts, ioyne hands.

Cand. See my Lord, we are euen,
Nay rise, for ill deeds kneele vnto none but heauen.

Duke Signior, me thinkes patience haz laid on you
Such heauy weight, that you should loathe it.

Cand. Loathe it!

Duke.

THE HONEST WHORE.

Duke. For he whose breast is tender, bloud so coole,
That no wrongs heate it, is a patient foole :
What comfort doe you finde in being so calme ?

Cand. That which greene wounds receiue from soueraigne
Patience my Lord : why tis the soule of peace : (balme,
Of all the vertues tis neer' st kin to heauen.
It makes men looke like gods : the best of men
That ere wore earth about him, was a sufferer,
A soft, meeke, patient, humble, tranquill spirit,
The first true Gentleman that euer breath'd,
The stocke of Patience then cannot be poore :
All it desires, it haz, what Monarch more?
It is the greatest enemy to Law
That can be, for it doth embrace all wrongs,
And so chaines vp Lawyers and Womens tongues.
Tis the perpetuall prisoners liberty :
His walkes and orchards : tis the bond-slaues freedome,
And makes him seeme prowd of each yron chaine,
As tho he wore it more for State then Paine:
It is the beggars musicke, and thus sings,
Although their bodies beg, their soules are Kings.
O my dread Liege ! It is the same blisse
Reares vs aloft ; makes men and Angels kisse.
And last of all, to end a household strife,
It is the hony gainst a waspish wife.

Duke. Thou giu'st it liuely colours : who dare say
Hee's mad, whose words march in-so good aray?
Twere sinne all women should such husbands haue,
For euery man must then be his wifes slaue.
Come therefore, you shall teach our Court to shine,
So calme a spirit is worth a golden Mine,
Wiues (with meeke husbands) that to vex them long,
In Bedlam must they dwell, else dwell they wrong.

FINIS.



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